Isthmian Echoes

A Selection of the Literary Endeavors of the West Indian Colony in the Republic of Panama

From Articles Contributed to the West Indian Section of the Panama American From February 1926 to December 1927

Selected and Edited by
SIDNEY A. YOUNG

Printed By Benedetti Hnos., Panama, R. P.
DEDICATED

TO THE UNITY, WELFARE AND PROGRESS OF THE WEST INDIAN COMMUNITY IN THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, AND TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
In compiling this volume of the writings of members of the West Indian community in the Republic of Panama, the selection was confined exclusively to articles appearing in the West Indian Section of the daily Panama American from February 1926, to December 1927. It was planned, in this manner, to commemorate the second anniversary of the Section and a comprehensive collection of the community's journalistic endeavors, from defunct or contemporary journals covering the period of the residence of West Indians in the Republic, was not envisaged.

It is to be regretted that such an effort has never been made and, in view of changed circumstances, * that this compilation was too far advanced for that purpose. Such an undertaking would be a colossal task, but the labor would be justified in the presentation of a more accurate outline of the literary ability and a wider perspective of the life and activities of the community. To those pioneer writers whose labors still live in hallowed memory, and whose efforts blazed the brilliant trail which we have essayed to follow, the deepest praise and reverence are offered.

The period covered in this volume was one of the most significant in the life of the community and may well be said to have marked a literary renaissance. The privilege of unfettered expression in the columns of the Panama American devoted to its interests, was accorded the West Indian colony through the

* Mr. Young resigned from the Panama-American on May 30th, 1928. Following his resignation, the West Indian Section has been suspended.
deep sense of human justice and the broadness of vision, beyond the narrow vista of race and color, of Mr. John Kirkman Baxter, editor-in-chief of the Panama American during that period. Mr. Baxter was ever fearless in his defence of right and justice where questions affecting the West Indian community arose. He severed his connections with the paper early in 1928 but left an indelible impress on Isthmian journalism and his memory will always be cherished by West Indians in Panama.

The selection of the articles for this volume, was not based entirely on literary merit, but with the idea of embracing as much as possible, the divergent views and opinions of the community on all matters of local and general interest. From this, it is hoped that the reader may gain a fair insight into the life, customs, problems and degree of culture and intelligence of the West Indians on the Isthmus.

The success of the West Indian Section of the Panama American was made possible through the voluntary contributions of these and numerous other articles, and if in compending what is considered to be the most appropriate of the contributions, the literary ambitions and aspirations of the community may be enhanced, or if the perusal of the views and opinions included herein may serve to strengthen the bonds of unity for communal welfare and progress, or even in the slightest degree help to solve the serious problems with which the community is faced, the labor expended in the preparation of this volume will not have been in vain.

To those contributors to the Section whose articles are included, my most sincere thanks are due and I trust that they will feel a personal pride and interest in whatever success this volume may obtain.

S. A. Y.

August 27th, 1928.

[ VIII ]
INTRODUCTION

During the period between February 1926, and May 1928, my fellow journalist, Mr. Sidney Adolphus Young, then editor of the West Indian Section of the "Panama American"—a local daily newspaper in which that Section was especially dedicated to news items of, for and by West Indians and, generally, to the publication of matters of interest and significance to people of the colored race—a long list of writers, most of whom made their debut in affairs journalistic at this time, contributed readable and thoughtful articles upon various subjects of local and foreign importance, thereby imparting to that department of the paper a literary atmosphere by which thousands were irresistibly attracted.

The best of these articles, together with numerous poems, and a selection of Mr. Young's own editorials and "Sid Says" as well as a number of "Jingles" by his worthy associate editor, Mr. Albert E. Bell, appear in this volume as a sort of scrap book collection, which cannot but be regarded as an imperishable souvenir of the time when, in the high tide of their journalistic efforts, certain members of the West Indian Community on the Isthmus gave their opinions and expressed their sentiments to the public in connection with matters affecting their own economic and social well-being.

The task of putting these articles and poems into the present form has been more stupendous than Mr. Young had at first conceived. The question of selection in addition to the work of
editing the book with an expenditure of personal supervision lay burdensomely upon his shoulders and, certainly, if there is any reward financial or sentimental for his arduous labors he should be more than welcome to it; for while he may have done himself considerable credit, he has rendered to his people an inestimable service.

In this compilation, there is a notable compound of wit, humour and seriousness—three irrepressible elements of social propriety. By the severe critic, some of the writings will be adjudged to be flippant, and some, ultra-serious; but the viewpoint from which their real character should be determined is that which portrays the sincere intentions of their respective authors.

Years after this, our people will look back upon this period as a time when the philosophic force which we call “race consciousness” stamped its indelible impress upon our people. Let this book go forth and tell its own story.

A. F. NIGHTINGALE. B.D.
Editorial Writer, Star and Herald,
Rector, St. Paul’s Church,
Panama, R. P. Aug. 29, 1928
Best of Luck and Best of Wishes
By JOHN MCgroarty *

When tired of all the commonplace routine
That fills our press in this erratic age,
I scan, with meditative mind, serene,
The sterling sense on that "West Indian Page."

There, bold originality holds sway,
And robust English comes into its own;
There, honest hearts pursue their fervid way,
The rough and rugged titans of the Zone.

Read here, the cream of all that page's best,
The keen philosophy, the sparkling wit;
The somber sentiment, the merry jest,
In vivid words, appropriate and fit.

West Indians have fought an uphill fight,
Against unjust and overwhelming odds,
The while their so called "betters" prate of right,
And worship multi-colored "Christian" gods.

Myself, the offspring of a race oppressed,
By centuries of tyranny and wrong;
The warmest love of my plebian breast,
Still centers round the unregarded throng.

*Mr. McGroarty is an American Citizen of Irish descent, who has resided for many years on the Isthmus. His brilliant verses contributed to local periodicals, have earned him the well-merited honor of Isthmian poet-laureate.
They take their meager wage with cheerful hearts,
And smile serenely at ignoble Fate;
With Spartan courage they perform their parts,
And laugh at prejudice, and conquer hate.

Regardless of their race, all men must live,
A right that none may question or befog,
And, as a common man, I freely give
My heart's affection to "The Under Dog."

More power to all West Indians who wield
The trenchant pen, or speak with gifted tongue;
Their talent, in this volume is revealed,
By my good friend and comrade, Sidney Young.

This book responds to Nature's ancient thrall,
Though not with "baby ribbon" much bedecked
And to its gifted authors, one and all,
I pay my earnest and profound respect
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A Conception of Living

By D. L. Tonsingh

In a cosmos replete with wonderful and mysterious entities, it may appear bold and presumptuous to designate man as its greatest known and unknown quantity. Yet the more knowledge I acquire anent the mechanical enigma presented by his physical composition, the vastness of his psychological compass, the beauty and force of his spiritual attributes, the perfect harmonizing and synchronous functioning of these distinct faculties; the more compelled am I to accept the hypothesis as a verity. Man with his dual capacity for action and reaction presents a natural phenomenon, but transcends the natural status. I believe that man with his presentiments and premonitions, his powers of suggestion and auto-suggestion possesses the ability to eclipse the material, to see beyond the natural, to make contact with the supernatural and discover for himself a tri-unal status.

I know that man is able to break from his carnal bondage and rise to heights of selflessness, heights of sublimity where unfamiliar sentiments stir a dormant atom which waking to consciousness, for a moment possess the soul in ecstasy. In that moment man surrenders his individuality and looses his identity. He is merged into a common universe aware only of an influx of forces
quite beyond him; forces which make contact with the awakened atom; forces generated by the ever living fire of which that atom is a spark, which emanate from the ever living God of which that atom is a breath. I believe these to be the only moments in which man truly lives. For the perpetuation of such moments art and religion strive.

Much has been accomplished by the splendor of music, the beauty of art, eloquence of oratory, the euphony of poetry and the sincerity of religious devotion. Transient glimpses have been gained by many but full enjoyment has been reserved for the very few. These have been born to mankind in different generations, centuries apart. They have declared their visions and men have accepted willingly. But they and their immediate disciples have passed away and all that remain to us of their discoveries are empty rites, mere outer garments that fit ill upon the shoulders of the charlatans who now profess disciplehood. It behooves us then to direct our efforts to the cultivation of those selfless and sublime qualities which are so aptly attuned to this latent atom; to convince ourselves and the world of the true value of life, the very essence of living. And if these qualities be classified as romantic and eccentric here, let us carry on courageously, sanguine that they shall be credited to us as virtues in another existence. Let us be faithful in our quest of truth. And when we shall come to the end of our journey if we have not like the superideal Christ discovered to mankind the lost harmonies of perfect living; if we cannot like him say "It is finished," let us endeavor to leave behind haunting and treasured memories. Let us be able to say with all truth; "We have done our utmost to live and help others live."
Peace of Mind
By Asthon Sylvester Gilkes

In its hungering for happiness and joy, the world is like a rare and beautiful flower, parched for water. Its great turmoil, strife and unrest are its unvoiced cry after God, and a mute but eloquent appeal to the faithful. Happiness is an intangible but genuine reality. No words can describe it. It must be felt to be understood. It may be indicated as a state of mind, a condition of the man which embraces his thought and feeling. Man’s efforts to attain happiness has not always been crowned with success. The desire to find happiness has led him to use wrong methods, and stinging reactions have followed. In the land of experience wherein he has sought the pearl of great price, joy has turned to mourning, happiness to sorrow, and pleasure to pain.

Many have friends and loved ones, yet are unsatisfied. Many have plenty, yet are poor. Many have comfort and opportunities, yet are sad and dejected. Many have travelled extensively yet have no where found peace. The treasures that are worth while—radiance, joy, wisdom, uplift, charity, love, truth, courage, strength, goodness, have not touched sufficiently the spiritual depth of their being. Every man and every woman desires the fullness of joy; and the more we come into right living, the more we know about abounding joy.

When man, from the very core of his heart is filled with God’s essence,—the essence that contains life, intelligence, freedom, success, happiness—his every word is also filled with the substance and nature of God. When
a man is happy and free, his activity is like a clear running stream that springs forth from its hidden source and ripples along in musing mirthfulness, refreshing and reviving all that it touches. Then he is no longer cold, indifferent, unapproachable; he becomes warm, helpful, and inspiring; no longer dull, sad and gloomy, but invigorating, encouraging and strengthening.

The heart of man is ever kind, but he forgets. When he is absorbed in the non-essentials of the sense life, and overwhelmed by trifles—when he becomes engrossed in the formations of mortal mind—when he becomes involved in the countless attractions and distractions of the mortal man, his heart grows weary, and he yearns for peace of soul. But when the necessary elements of happiness pervade the entire depth of man’s being, when his feeling and understanding are unified, his conscious thinking bears the mark of his inner state. He has obtained peace of mind.

Sunday July 10th, 1927.

Abreast With Time

By E. E. Blake

THE progress of the world is marked by countless new discoveries in the different branches of science and art. These discoveries are from far and near—some for the welfare of mankind, others for the destruction of mankind. Every day the master mind of man stealthily
creeps on—on to some device, a new form of life, whether of animal or plant—some new process, all of which results from his continuous and skillful researches in God's Creation. There are times when it seems almost inconceivable that finite man, with his numerous defects, susceptible to "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," is capable of the things he accomplishes. Sometimes the reality of these accomplishments are apparently improbable, but in spite of his deficiency, we find him excelling in phases of art and science too numerous to mention.

Citing present day conditions, there is hardly any idle force in nature as the result of man's skill and wisdom. He has harnessed every force—visible and invisible. He has placed every force at his disposal to be his servant in a multiplicity of ways. The sun in his daily round, radiant and glorious, is harnessed—but alas, not enslaved; even the moon and stars, as the result of man's sagacity, have been used as means of enlightening the human race upon matters which have hitherto been mysterious and contemporaneously complex. The countless ocean currents, whose paths, unintelligible and untraceable though they may seem, are now located and advantageously used. Man has intruded on the path of the peaceful river, and has harnessed her to his carriages, to be his servant. Truly, man has taken advantage of the divine command to make himself ruler and master of the entire earth. It would be fallacious to allude that he has just awakened to the real responsibility placed upon him, or the authority vested in him, because since his inception—since that divine command went forth he has assumed the duties which he alone should accomplish. But it would be, and it is safer to say:
man has come to the realization of the real demands of his race and has set about, in an inspired manner, to render service commensurate to the responsibility which rests upon him.

As the centuries roll, we find there are minds excelling in various branches of the arts and sciences. Italy boasts of a Michael Angelo, Greece a Socrates, Spain a Columbus, England a Shakespeare, America an Edison. We find that every land has its heroes. As a race, of what do we boast, and of whom can we boast? Yea we boast of a Washington—not a George Washington, but a Booker T. Washington, of a Weldon Johnson, of a Kelly Miller, a Roland Hayes, and even a Marcus Garvey. We boast of the fact that despite the numerous rebuffs and handicaps that repeatedly bedeck our rugged path our existence seems more tangible—tangible from an educational point of view, tangible from an industrial, social and even a commercial point of view. We boast of the fact that our age of ignorance is receding and that it shall in time disappear beyond the horizon. Remember, no earthly kingdoms can live forever, but with the onward march of civilization kingdoms rise, they rule, and alas—they fall, perhaps to be forgotten.

The ineradicable fact remains: Let our march be attuned to progress—progress, life's eternal anthem.

"Fear not each sudden sound or shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the lapping of the sail,
And not a rent made in the gale."

Wednesday, October 12th 1927.
Survival of The Fittest

By S. M. Nightengale

The theory of the survival of the fittest is agitating the world more than ever before. It is claimed that it is a law of nature that the weakest shall go to the wall and that the strongest shall survive. The carrying out of this doctrine is a standing fact before our eyes daily. The strong man is always willing to trample on the weak invading his liberty and rights, thereby only permitting the strong and well shaped physically to live. In explaining "the doctrine of the fittest," it is said that those who fail in life, fail because they are not fitted to succeed, that they are not "fit." This is called a law of nature. It is purposed to overcome this law of nature, by selecting the parents by a medical examination or other process, and confine parentage to them exclusively. In other words, to prevent humanity from becoming any worse than it is, our people who are to marry and bear children shall be of the very best and highest type and then their children will be finely developed and make perfect citizens and become proper parents to other children. But where shall we begin and what is standard? It is very important to the Negroes to know the meaning of a "better race," and also to discover what race is to be the standard of excellence.

We know, because we see it every day, that of two plants or animals that one will survive which is the fittest to endure the conditions in which both exist. He, the man, or, it, the plant, can be afforded opportuni-
ties in the way of good food, care, and proper training to resist the encroachments of disease and degenerating conditions. Hence we may say, that the question of which man shall survive, depends upon the conditions under which he shall struggle for survival. There is no law of nature here, it is a law of common sense and good government. We are surrounded by conditions best suited for strength and survival, and the conditions which promote weakness, disease and degeneracy are removed or beyond our reach. One condition of society enables one kind of man to succeed, another condition of society enables another kind of man to succeed. And so on all along the long line of different conditions.

The great mistake made by many of the men of our race, is not being able to separate man with reason, from animals or beasts without reasoning powers. There is such a thing as intellectual progress and the betterment of the reasoning faculties, but so long as we limit "survivorship" to the physical and not to the mental powers we well ever be betraying ourselves into degeneracy instead of helping ourselves out of it.

Keep in the Race

By S. M. Nightingale

THE Holy Bible tells us, and man's experience has always demonstrated it, that "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." We Negroes are
fearful that we will not win. Why? Is it not because we are looking backward instead of forward? It is true that we have got much to contend with, let us say; very well, are we going to lie down now that we can see daylight ahead? We are living in the present, acquiring strength for the future, the past is dead and should be buried. The Negro who looks back is useless for present needs. We should get away from the down-trodden notion, the servant idea, and be men with intelligent brain aspiring to higher things.

Every man is what he thinks himself to be, and if we have no aspiration beyond our present occupation, then we will remain in that occupation and nobody can pull us out of it. On the contrary, a man who thinks he is fitted for some better occupation than the one he is engaged in, will soon find that other occupation; he will soon be his own master. No man is kept out of a thing unless he wants to stay out. It is true there are sometimes many difficulties, and especially in the case of some of our fellow Negro brothers, they have been appalling and discouraging. But the light is breaking, the black clouds are disappearing and soon, if we keep in the race, we will find the land of sunshine and happiness. Don’t give up the ship as long as there is a timber to float on. The owner of a stiff backbone is not easily put down by adverse circumstances. No man’s troubles overwhelm him unless he gives in to them weakly. This is the experience of men ever since the world began. We should fight our way up and never look back for then we will surely stumble.

Worry is one of the symptoms of a weak backbone. Everybody should know that small set-backs are not killing matters to mourn over or worry about. We Negroes
have had in our own experience, many cases where our worries and anxieties proved nothing to us but phantoms. We think that we will not survive until tomorrow, but yet we always see the sun shining the next day whatever befalls us today. As a rule things always come out much better than we expect or dared hope. If we have health and good friends to encourage us, why should we worry or fret over small trifles which at all times get us nowhere? We should keep in the race with eyes wide open and continually watch for every opportunity. We should not think that every avenue to opportunity is sealed against us because we do not find a wide open way to get in. We should try a small way first, and keep on pushing and the road will widen. That is, we must not weaken, if we do we will slide back and so be always climbing up and sliding down the hill.

Keep in the race, don’t give up the ship as long as there is a timber to float on.

Saturday Dec. 17th, 1927.

Lack of Spirituality Among Church Men

By I. J. Rigby

We have all heard the word missionary defined so often that we need not define it here. Every Christian man and woman, boy or girl knows what the meaning is. In my journeyings, and with the experiences I have gathered, I have met with many who term them-
selves missionaries, but this term does not apply to ministers alone, for we all know that there are many men and women who were true missionaries, because they had been instrumental in doing good in many ways, although they were not blessed with much of the world's good, and had not many advantages educationally.

In this day and generation there seems to be a lack of spirituality among many who are termed missionaries, and whose duties have been specially assigned in connection with the work of Christ. It appears as if the first thought of the modern-day missionary is his own aggrandizement, and not the welfare of souls or the glorification of God. Many of the churches of today instead of being houses of prayer, are just the opposite, and spirituality is lamentably lacking. Naturally our spiritual leaders should be properly looked after from a material standpoint, they should be made as comfortable as possible in order to do their work more efficiently, but the doctrines taught in some of these churches seem too high for God, and on the other hand, the spiritual life of many has degenerated to such an alarming extent, that the Spirit of God will not enter at all. A missionary, if he is the right kind, and is imbued with the right spirit, should be a "Jack of all Trades," he must be willing to do anything for the uplift of the cause he represents.

I wonder how many of the missionaries in this city of Panama, set apart certain days to visit, and to pray with many unfortunates who would be glad to see them. Is it not a fact that the churches are losing the influence which they once wielded? Why? Because in many instances we have not men who have been called by the
love of the work, and by the spirit; for them the church simply becomes the means to an end. No Missionary, if he is conscientiously devoted to his work should have to worry about his support. He is worthy of his hire, the material things of life are not to be ignored, but the spiritual should not be subordinate to it, for to the right man in the right place, God makes all things possible. Too often the dignity of the missionary is imperilled, and one today finds many a man spiritually unfit to be the leader of a more intelligent class.

We want a greater dispensing of the blessings which may come our way; we want men of sound Christian principles; not necessarily fogeyish, but men who will help to teach these principles of thrift, economy, self respect, and instruction in religion as well as in ordinary learning. Religion must be used as a stepping stone, not only for the missionary, but for his people, for he wins not by destroying the old, but by trying to build up something better.

Sunday April 5th, 1927.

Vibrant Health
By Terence Debourg

A CLOSE study of humanity in this land of sunshine and rain has oft-times set the writer wondering why some people should be more alive more of the time than others. Taking an average group of people, with whom the vicissitudes of life can be said to be equal, the answer is at once found viz.

1. In dealing first with an individual who is feeling vitally alive, we find that he has discarded headache
VIBRANT HEALTH

tablets, and all artificial tonics and is practicing the major part if not all of the following: (a) Sleeping with open windows; (b) indulging in deep breathing, the kind that thoroughly ventilates the lungs; (c) following a course in calisthenics; (d) eating only when hungry, i.e., following the dictates of a normal appetite; (e) indulging in the free use of pure wholesome water, externally and internally; (f) the correct bodily posture while sitting or walking; (g) and last but not the least, cultivating a real love for the green hills, the whistling winds through the trees, the song of the birds the babbling of running water, the music of the rain on the house top and the thousand and one things which go to make a perfect life as enjoyed in the animal kingdom.

2. In contrast with No. 1, I find another individual who hardly feels the sensation of a keen, joyous, moment, due to the fact that his body machine is not radiating, vibrating or pulsating with life as it should, yet is satisfied as it were, taking it as his lot to go through each day with an aching body, complaining and fretting. Whenever his best friend (the Sentry who is always on the lookout for trouble brewing inside the human machine) sends out the S.O.S. signal in the form of a headache, dizzy spells, etc., etc., he quickly hastens to the nearest drugstore and purchases a nerve killer as one would do to a decayed tooth when it is interfering with peaceful slumber in the middle of the night, by saturating a bit of cotton with some kind of chemical and placing it inside the little rotten hole, though it eventually becomes the work of the dentist with his nice little instrument. Therefore it is plainly seen that the safest way out of an intermittent or regular morning headache is to stop killing the pain and get to the root of the trouble.
Strange as it may seem to some, it is nevertheless true that the healing powers of the body are certainly wonderful and that there are a great many who really do not try to help themselves on the road to better health. There are many simple little things that one can do without additional expenditure to secure more "pep and vigor" in the body machine, and if you, dear reader, will just stop and take a little inventory of your body machine, providing you are in the No. 2 class as stated above, you will at once notice some if not all of the following: (1) Your food combination is too mixed, too many different things at one meal, two or three starches together, two or three proteins together all different; (2) you are not taking any exercise whatever; (3) you are sleeping in a room with closed doors and windows and thereby breathing and re-breathing foul air; (4) perhaps you are forgetting to drink water; (5) you may have a rotten tooth that needs the attention of the dentist; (6) and last but not the least, perhaps you need the doctor to take a peep at your coated tongue and ask you something about your colon or lower bowel.

A great many people really do feel bashful or rather prejudiced against playing after they have reached a certain age, when in order to be vitally alive one should at all times whenever convenient cultivate the playful spirit as much as possible. Don’t leave all the playing to the children, for grown-ups are more in need of play periods than the kids; their bodies are young and fresh and it will take a long time to get stiff as our old joints. The idea will be then to oil up this old body machine and thus secure the joys and permanence of vibrant health until we take our exit from this dear old world.
Habit

By S. H. Whyte

A WIDELY accepted theory of psychology is that we think in groves or ruts; that is, our thoughts are groove producers in the mind; that each variety of thought makes its own groove, and the depth of a groove is regulated by duration and intensity of thinking; and accordingly, the amount of effort required to get out of a groove will depend upon the depth of the groove. This mental process is what is known as habit. Translated from the abstract it becomes action. One act! and there you have a seed sown, and God help you that it is not a baneful one, for in nine cases out of ten it will produce others of its kind, and in course of time a splendid character is ruined thereby. "Our acts our angels are for good or ill. The silent shadows that walk by us still." Many and many a time have many of us found ourselves fully cognizant of certain undesirable habits with which we are associated, battling to get away from them, now succeeding, now failing again. The system is predisposed and it acts involuntarily; hence the difficulty to get out of the rut. It must have been a circumstance like this that prompted the legend of "Hercules and the wagoner;" for while it undoubtedly suggested "self-help," it also indicated that the wagon wheels were so deeply sunken in ruts that the wagoner concluded that the task of getting them out was absolutely beyond him.

It would appear that our local West Indian community is sorely suffering from certain bad habits; and
while it is true that from the depths to which we have sunken in them, it might mean Herculean assistance to pull us out, yet it is also true that first efforts will have to be made by ourselves in order that Hercules might help. I believe that a good many of the men that are tricking us today—the charlatans, the fellows who blow hot and cold at the same time, the ones who are on the watch towers announcing safety when the enemy is at the gate, knockers of every serious attempt to bring the people together, and so forth—are not so black and despicable as to be able to act with design at the present crisis: I believe they are merely acting by "force of habit;" that they find themselves in the bed of a deep, bad rut, and, despite their realization of it and their best wishes to get out, they have not the courage and the will to pull themselves out. On that score they are entitled to some amount of sympathy. And yet, because they are blocking the path of progress they should not be left alone because they are entitled to sympathy; they must be urged or helped to get out of their particular rut.

My experience of twenty years on the Isthmus has not afforded me the pleasure of thinking very highly of our community. This is a very sad admission to make, but I am speaking as I feel or rather conclude. Except for being honest workers, and loyal servants, or quick at collecting information from books, we can hardly claim to have made a sterling impression on our surroundings. In our communal efforts we have failed throughout, and we certainly have fallen very short of any respectable mark. If we attempt to form a labour organization, some brother will be ready on the job to keep the people out by some crafty, mischievous state-
ment while others will break it up by dishonesty. When a fellow is found defaulting with the money, there is always some sympathetic group to shield him from prosecution, and thus the tricksters go merrily along from time to time. Whereas, if we would follow the example of others here, who make no bones at putting their defaulting men behind the bars; like them we would not require many such examples to keep the rest in the narrow path. Thus did the West Indian Co-operation, the Colon Federal Labor Union, Panama Federal Labor Union and Silver Employees Association, go down. And we fare no better with the churches. Because the men who are preaching "Christ and him crucified" are most of them self-seekers, and men who lead contrary lives. We have fallen into a condition of moral stagnation and stinkness. A few nights ago at the meeting of the Panama Canal West Indian Employees' Association at Red Tank, the Rev. Father Young said if he were to be asked what was the greatest sin of which the West Indians on the Isthmus were guilty, he would say, that of being uncharitable to their neighbor; and next to that he said, was the "absence of confidence in themselves." I cannot differ from such a seasoned opinion. "Oh, dont get into that thing, for it is being run by Jamaicans alone" is the age-old slogan, and unfortunately the very catchy one, that has been most successful in keeping us apart.

As said by the editor of the West Indian Section of the Panama American of the 4th inst., it is not the ignorant that are making use of it; it is those who hold themselves up as the leaders, and are regarded as such. I challenge their sincerity in this uncharitableness. It is impossible for them to be sincere, for they know that
their actions are wrong. It is unfortunate and regrettable that we did start our career here in dishonesty and insincerity; these evils have followed us or rather walked with us for over twenty-two years and we are now almost helpless in the ruts. Truly says Webster: “Sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny.” Let us bestir ourselves now to get out of these bad habits and a “Hercules” will be found to lend us a mighty arm for it is still true that “Heaven help those who help themselves.”

Sunday Dec. 5th 1926.

First Place

By S. H. Whyte

T HERE is a time in the life of almost every man when he is called upon to decide between two things, or among many, of importance to him, which of them should have the first place, by reason of the fact that he can attend to but one at a time. For the most part, these matters vary in degrees of importance. In such cases it should not be difficult to decide. But it sometimes happen that around two or three matters is such a nearness of importance, that it becomes rather perplexing to decide. In either case a wrong decision might produce results unpleasant and even fatal to all concerned. It might be decision by a youth, whose parents are of slender means, between continuing in school, wearing ordinary or even ill-fitting clothes, to prosecute a course of
study that will in due process of time place him above the ranks of the menials and the drudges, on the one hand, and throwing up school and study for a job, to get fine clothes and gay life, on the other hand. Numerous other and similar examples might be shown.

Now, there are some things that “can keep,” as the saying goes, in other words; there are things that can be put off for a reasonable time, and even all of the time, without any resultant hurt, but there are others that can not—they get spoilt. It is called good judgment, foresight, or a sense of proportions, to be able to decide properly what “can keep” and what cannot, what should come first and what last. Hence we hear it said that he used “poor judgment”—the skipper of a side of cricketers, for instance, who elected to bat on a wet wicket, after he had won the toss, and was thereby disposed of cheaply. Thus, in this quality of judgment, foresight, or sense of proportions, actions have been made or ruined, fortunes won or lost, characters preserved or shattered. It is therefore of the utmost importance that individuals and groups should be keen on its possession.

Now, to apply this subject to our own West Indian community: What have we to say? What about the education of our youths? Are their parents or guardians, or they themselves, making the right choice between the development of the intellect and of character on the one hand, of jobs and fine clothing and harmful pleasures, on the other hand? Are we keeping within measurable cultural distance of our friends at home? Which of these things can keep—getting fine clothes and coarse pleasures or enlightening the mind and building a strong and sturdy character? We have always been taught that “knowledge is power;” that we must “get wisdom and
understanding;” and that “when all is gone and all is spent, learning is most excellent.” Can such be inferred from the present conduct of our community? Then we come to the question of our communal life. The part is less than the whole. The tallest mountain peak in the world does not necessarily mean that the country in which it is located, has the highest average elevation. Civilized communal life is nothing more nor less than government. That is to say, it must be organized. On this question of organization. I shall discuss the judgment, foresight or sense of proportions we are displaying in our mania for multiplying lodges and other similar societies as against our disregard for the establishment and maintenance of trade or labor unions and our utter contempt for the founding of a Central West Indian Association.

Present day civilization is unfriendly with any group of persons who carry on their affairs in a helter-skelter or harum-scarum fashion, as when each individual is thinking of no one but himself, or when the group is split up into numerous sub-divisions that are clashing in a variety of attempts to accomplish the same end, by possibly slightly different methods, at the same time. Such a condition is intelligently regarded as evidence of a want of the governmental instinct. The dictionary tells us that this want of government is represented by the word “anarchy.” Now, no West Indian will admit readily (or at all) that that is the state of our society. But this objection on our part is merely founded on feeling. The facts are overwhelmingly against us. In the cities of Colon and Panama, and the smaller towns of the Canal Zone—La Boca, Red Tank, Paraiso, Gatun and Cristobal, there are about 300 lodges of old established
secret or friendly societies, and the later brands of local mutual aid societies named after the several West Indian colonies represented. In addition to these, the churches have within very recent times elected to intensify this confusion, bent upon keeping all that they can under their control, by establishing church friendly societies. These lodges and societies aggregate a membership conservatively estimated at about 10,000 and own accumulated funds estimated at about $200,000. Almost every month there is announcement of some new lodge or society established. The local daily newspapers furnish us from time to time with some of the doings—of these bodies. For the most part, their activities crowd everything else from the West Indian Page of each of these papers; telling of the grand and sublime (?) degrees conferred, and by what worthies (by name) they were so conferred; of the masterly speeches made and the rich dishes disposed of. Each Order claims several branches in the same city—Shepherds, Samaritans, Land Fishermen, Mechanics (Scotch and English), Star of Bethlehemites, Odd Fellows, I.O.O.F. and G.U.O.O.F. (English and American) Preston Unity, etc., etc. Then there are the Jamaica, Barbados, Antigua, St. Lucia and others of the species insular. Against this wide distribution of efforts on our part, we find on the other hand with the other groups here a very conservative spread. There may not possibly be more than twenty-four lodges of all crafts amongst the other groups. For instance there is one Odd-Fellow Lodge at each of the terminal Zone towns, Cristobal and Ancon. There has been but one Shriners' Mosque in the Canal Zone, since the inauguration of The Mystic Shriners here in August 1913.

Now whereas the West Indians do so much more
than others in distributing their efforts in these activities that do little or nothing to raise the people's standard of living, unlike the others they take little or no part in the building up and maintenance of a labor union. They even refuse to have their numerous societies generalized. The unionizing of the workers is the spirit of the age, and the spirit of all the workers on the Isthmus of Panama, save the West Indian. While a West Indian may be a member of three or four lodges, and find time to attend the meetings, to say nothing of paying entrance fees ranging from $10 to $15 and monthly contributions of a dollar or more, than a member of our Employees' Association. He seeks for every possible excuse to keep away from thinking about his welfare as a worker; about the education of his children, which can only be done by money and brain; about his own physical comforts while at work, or of his discomforts should some physical disability come. And mark you, Bro. West Indian is getting only enough to get his hand to his mouth. Then the accumulated funds of our lodges are securely put away in the local banks at 4% interest per annum, to be exploited at higher interests to others by their better brains. No charity institution of any kind, educational or eleemosynary, stand to our credit. And yet we know that these are some of the principal things for which our various orders stand. This should enable us to see that we are working for our betterment with obsolete tools and methods; methods and tools that are just the opposites of those that are being used by other peoples that are ahead of us in the community.

I am by no means hostile to friendly society activities as a general proposition, for I am actively connected
FIRST PLACE

with a branch and not a disgruntled member either, but it is my honest and considered opinion that we have not been using the proper perspective in the matter; that in addition to committing considerable waste in these activities (as where several lodges of the same order are operating in the same locality, whereas one lodge would have been more effective, economical, and impressive,) we have demonstrated poor judgment, want of vision and sense of proportions, in deciding between them and trades or labor unionism. No work, no lodge: poor workers, poor lodges! To better the condition of the lodges, the standard of living of the workers should be raised. Then, again, instead of centralizing for proper protection and for developing an espirit de corps (or spirit of comradeship) which is so pressingly needed at this time, we are further undermining the little shallow foundation we have had, by decentralizing into insular factions. The right choice for first place is our only remedy now.

It must be observed that not much time has been spent in discussing the seekers after coarse pleasures only. This is because it is hoped that if we get properly organized, by virtue of the right decision, their condition will in due course be improved through the beneficial influence of intelligent organization.

Sunday Oct. 30th 1927.
Undermining The Foundations

By Hector Connor

The spirit of provincialism is subtly undermining the already weak foundation of our communal life. Evidence in support of this fact can be gathered in abundance from the conduct of those probably well-meaning but obviously mis-guided West Indians who believe that the interests of our community can be better cared for through the medium of multifarious insular organizations. The adoption of such a scheme is bound to prove ruinious because it is bad in its very nature. It is so much opposed to the principles of unity that it has a tendency to destroy the gist of concerted action at the very threshold. There is nothing whatever to justify any act of discrimination among West Indians and the effort to have us separated into various distinct entities should certainly not be encouraged.

One of the most hopeful and expectant periods in my life was that which marked the inception of the lamented "Central Organization" which, like a veritable confraternity of fraternities, was destined to effect a general assimilation of all West Indian Societies. Such a super-society under the leadership of capable administrators would undoubtedly answer the "challenge of the age." It would be more than an anodyne ad maybe a proper panacea for all our ills. If our most prominent and leading members of the community were men of broad minds and unselfish spirits the Central Organization would today be a dominant factor and would have undoubtedly gone a far way in marshalling the forces...
of the separate societies and directing them toward the accomplishment of something worth while. They permitted the spirit of individualism to take position of their very souls and the sordid distrust for each other resulted in a crash which splintered the Organization.

It is hardly necessary for anyone to force himself upon the people or to use clandestine means of capturing a big office. According to the popular axiom "leadership is not gotten by assumption, neither is everyone born to lead." The popular assent of the people is not sufficient to make a man a real leader. The qualities of real leadership are innate and it is never difficult to sense The Man among men. One of our outstanding evils has been induced by the presence and activities of a number of little fluxy gewgaws, who fancy themselves fit for leadership and who are always out to trump up little petty schemes by means of which they try to gratify their insatiable lust for power. Some men do not care how insignificant or how useless the society may be, provided they enjoy the honor and distinction of being called president, chief, general, captain or some such vain-glorious title. The present drift in the direction of insularism is not based upon any real belief in the utility of such organization, and those who support them are merely dancing to the tune of music furnished by people who are most interested in this conquest for leadership. Especially at this time when the other fellows are bringing extra pressure to bear upon us we should all endeavour to aim in the same direction. When the famous Immigration Law was drafted the legislators did not stop to consider differences between Jamaicans, Barbadians, Trinidadians and the rest. They made a sweeping declaration against West Indians on a
whole. The burden of prejudice has the same effect upon each and everyone of us, and in order to effectually cast it aside we are bound to heave together.

Insularism is inconsistent with progress. Those who are advocating it with good intentions should be properly advised and those who are merely using it as a cloak to conceal improper motives should be stripped and deprived of its protection. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when all the little impossible fetishes will be cast in a common melting pot and boiled down to a substantial something by the means of which we will be able to move together in one impregnable phalanx.

Friday Oct. 28th, 1927.

One Wish To Make
By Hector Connor

My message for this year is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm because it makes no appeal to sentiment and is not clothed in that kind of colorful garb which has the effect of pleasing the mental eye and evoking applause. One of the greatest misdemeanors of which some of our contemporaries are guilty is the penchant to cater for the good feelings of the public by playing false with the design of gaining commendation. Rather than presenting the truth, according to the dictates of their consciences, they make sure to study the peculiar idiosyncracies of the masses and then cause their writings
to be so nicely seasoned with the things they believe the people like to read. Instead of uttering forceful truths as leaders of thought they degenerate into the baneful position of mere hypocrites and imposters.

The time has come when even those writers who have been truthful, but mildly so, must check up on the euphony and let the truth be told with more exactness, more explicitness, and greater regard for questions of moral right and duty. I wish to call special attention to certain characteristic features of this year’s Christmas. In this connection I suggest that we pause long enough to compare the present state of things with past conditions. Unless I am egregiously mistaken, there seems to be no parallelism. Looking over a lengthy period of years, I see evidences of marked retrogression. Rather than growing more and more glorious, our Christmas season is fast losing significance. This fact stands out as a loud challenge in spite of all that may be said by those nice people who prefer to take the more optimistic view. Obviously we are confronted by a disagreeable and threatening truth and it will not suit us to remain optimistically content. We may, as matter of custom and formality, join in the popular chorus and declare: “Merry Christmas, Peace and Good-will to Men;” but not without marked mental reservation. We are wishing “Merry Christmas” to friends and acquaintances who are unable to enjoy a “Merry Christmas” because economic depression will not permit them to do so.

Christmas now finds thousands of people in various states of delinquency. Thousands are in arrears with their rents, saying nothing in regard to other subsidiary, and probably greater liabilities. Many stalwart men and women are sorely depressed in their hearts and minds because of circumstances which they have not been able
to control. Ninety-nine per cent of our rising youths are to be found drifting heedlessly, if not hopelessly, in the direction of life's thundering cataract. The over-bearing load of poverty defies us to budge. Ignorance and cupidity hold sway among the vast majority, and the baneful stigma of undiminished race-prejudice continually operates to retard our progress. Now in the face of these awful truths and others not herein mentioned, our "Merry Christmas" ceases to be a mere formal absurdity—It assumes disgusting proportions and takes on the shape of something worse than puerile mockery.

I, on my part have but one wish to make. I wish that the year 1928 will give to the Negro people of the republic a real leader—a real, powerful, uncompromising man who will be able to effectually marshall our drifting energies and with our cooperative help, defeat the loathsome conditions which are continually swamp­ ing us in the slough of despond. Thus our progress during 1928 will enable us to say conscientiously and with full meaning: "Merry Christmas. Peace And Goodwill To Men."

Christmas 1927.
ON Sunday, friends and countrymen, I was seated on the porch of my kennel soliloquizing on the possible effects of the various fires now burning about the persons of West Indians in this Isthmian world. What with the immigration fire—the fire of the likelihood of having to pay duty on the rice and codfish we purchase in the commissaries—the fire of the annoyance and bother to which one is subjected for the crime of being in lawful possession of a commissary coupon book, and all the other fires which go to make up the furnace which roasts the West Indian alive. I was well on the verge of uttering a suppliant cry—"From all these fires, Good Lord, deliver us!" But alas! my soliloquy was rudely interrupted by the sound of beating drums in the distance. As they came nearer, I perceived a troop of Boy Scouts preceded by one with a musical baton which he vigorously twirled to the tune, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves," piped on a couple of dozen flutes. Then another troop with bugles and drums, and little boys with poles three times or more their heights came swaggering along while they chirped a music of their own with their feet on the macadamized streets of Silver City which was precisely out of time with the beat of the drums ahead, and as I beheld these various things, I sighed a sigh of relief from the torturous perplexity of a fagging brain.

But my relief was temporary. The echoes of the beating drums had scarcely died when, from the opposite
direction there came a rasping sound, confused by beats of a broken symbol and muffled drum. I peered through the screens and beheld a major of the Salvation Army and his lieutenant with chests forward, heads looking skywards, a brass colored instrument in each mouth, followed by a tremendous number of women and infant girls. In the hands of each of these tiny creatures hung a handled basket laden with fruit and other edibles which they had gathered, I understand, to give unto the Lord. And while they straggled along to the tune—"Hold them dimes for I am coming," which rang out from the major's brass instrument, the women tugged and poked the tiny girls from one side of the street to the other to keep them in line. Imagine, gentle reader, how the police lost the opportunity of taking some women to jail for cruelty to animals, and how they have denied Magistrate Boggs the privilege of pronouncing one of his famous "twenty-five and thirty" with which he is abundantly supplied!

In order to exemplify good citizenship because the Police were not to be found, as usual, when wanted, I was inclined to do an act of mercy by taking away all those baskets from the little girls; but being afraid that the major might have me prosecuted for disturbing public worship, or for stealing hallowed fruit, I comforted myself with the ancient injunction, "Let well enough alone." But deliverance came to those poor little girls. They were saved from the heat of the scorching sun, and the vicious fingers of those stalwart old women, for no sooner did they reach the corner than there came a sudden downpour. They had to take shelter and they obtained a well needed rest from their fervid labors.

My moral is, that from all the fires, in some way
or other, deliverance will come to the scorched West Indian like it did to those little girls. Nature is full of bounty and she will one day apply the "quantum sufficient."

Tuesday Sept. 27th, 1927.

The Dawn of A New Era

By Elijah E. Hunter

The dawn of a new era is as refreshing as it is welcome. It is a notable period. It is a time when new and better conditions replace the old ones. It is like the period of dawn when it succeeds the darkness of the preceding night, and a period which has always been regarded as the time when something of specific value and significance was given, received, or established, and people everywhere were always happy in the thought that something had been accomplished, something done. It is an epoch. It can then be truly said that an epoch has been reached in the educational life of our West Indian people resident in the Canal Zone. A new era has dawned for our colored teachers, for whereas, for twenty years, they were subjected to the humiliation of either accepting odd jobs which were, from one cause or another, absolutely unsuited to them, or suffer the torture of forced idleness and other burdensome and embarrassing conditions for a period of three months, during the annual vacation, now they have been relieved of all these things, and are able to find pleasure in the exercise of their profession with dignity and contentment all
the year round. The conditions created by these three months of compulsory divorcement from one’s calling were certainly distasteful if not demoralizing, and we, one and all, are exceedingly joyful for the relief sought and obtained for this very important body of men—our colored teachers. Truly, this is but the dawn of a new era.

From all that we observe, we are in a position to say that the response given by parents in sending out their children to the school at Silver City, Cristobal, thereby taking advantage of the improved educational facilities provided, is tremendously gratifying. We have no doubt that the same is the case in the other Canal Zone Colored schools. We are credibly informed that some eight hundred odd children were seated at the opening of school at Silver City on July 1st., and we feel that Principal and Teachers have a great task before them. On these men we rely for the standard of elementary education our children shall have, and we trust that they appreciate this and will, as honorable men, officiate in such a way as will ensure the well being of our children educationally, and the advancement or our race in that respect. The majority of our teachers have been trained to teach children, and are fit for the task. Those who are not will sooner or later disqualify themselves and be swiftly weeded out. One thing is certain, both the school officials and the parents will take a hand in seeing that men and women fit to train the young, from an educational standpoint and otherwise, comprise the teaching staff of the Canal Zone Colored Schools, and insist that they all be, as much as is humanly possible, free from moral and all other kinds of turpitude.

Teachers, a new era has dawned for you. Go to it
A HEALTHY SIGN

with renewed vigor and conscientious application and win for yourselves the laurels to which your profession entitles you.

Sunday July 3rd 1927.

A Healthy Sign

By Elijah E. Hunter

WHEN we speak of sign, we do not mean the affixing of one’s signature, initial, seal or mark to a writing, nor do we refer to the disposition of a formality by making a sign of the cross. We do not mean merely, a pantomimic gesture. We do not mean a board or plate bearing an inscription purporting, for instance, to advertise the kind of commodity in a business house, nor the signs which symbolize the four fundamentals in mathematics, nor any conventional mark intended to indicate an operation or prove a relation. What we mean is token, symbol, indication, manifestation. The subject we have in mind is education, and in this connection, we are pleased to be able to register our observance of the healthy signs we see in our community.

In the village called Silver City, there is a general manifestation which is the indication of a desire to take full advantage of the school facilities. It is pleasing to observe, in the mornings, between the hours of seven and eight the movements of teachers and children. Many were the times when we heard mothers calling their
children's attention to the time, and cautioning them that if they were late, they would notify the teacher to hold them (the children) guilty. Is this not a very healthy sign?

Again the children all exhibit a desire to go to school. The exhibition of this desire shows that they have been interested, and that they are happy at school. We have listened to their little conversations, and we have heard them make complimentary references to their teachers. This to our mind, reflects creditably on Mr. T. S. Johnston, the principal of the school, and the staff of teachers. There must be the spirit of co-operation actually at work between principal and teachers, for if this were not so, it would be impossible for over eight hundred children and their parents to have become so happy; a condition which we regret to say, never existed before.

We have previously stated, and we now repeat that we are very much interested in the education of our children, because on this depends the improvement of our standard as a race. We hate illiteracy because it is a curse, and we do not propose to give to the world generations of children who will grow up in such a condition as to become a liability to civilization. We are pleased, indeed, to observe the marked change in attitude of both children and parents toward the teachers—the improvement in general behaviour of the children as exemplified by their conduct in the school-yard and on the streets before and after school hours, and the general upliftment in tone of the juvenile community. We see in these things a healthy sign.

A condition such as we have described could only have been brought about by intelligent co-operation,
oneness of purpose, and a general understanding, and although we make no pretense at being the very embodiment of all wisdom and all knowledge, we are not ashamed to say that we see a sign healthily indicative of a desire to educate our children. To eight hundred little friends and their parents, to principal T. S. Johnston and his staff, we tender our sincere congratulations for the good start made, and we wish them continued and abundant success. Verily, we see a healthy sign.

Sunday July 29th, 1927.

Principles

(MISS Z. L. MOORE)

Principle is the established rule of action which governs the lives of well-thinking individuals. It is that quality which, when in our possession forces the respect of those around us. We can develop it by a careful observance of the fundamental, though in many cases unwritten rules upon which the essentials for life's success are built. Having this quality developed, we will be able to stand supremely above our fellow-men, by our honesty and integrity of purpose. We should, in all our dealings, observe principles, for just and noble principles are the "FOUNDATIONS OF LIFE'S SUCCESS."

Wednesday December 1st, 1927
A ZYMBAWIAN IDYLL

By G. NATHANIEL ROBERTS

Great Bundu stood before the Krall
And bade his warriors halt;
Victorious they from Timgarall
Their faces shone with joy.
Soon would they in the compound
Embrace their spouses lithe
And shower them with spoils of war,
But Bundu did not smile.
The warriors leaned upon their spears
Strong, proud Zymphawians they,
But Bundu's heart was heavy,
Ah, heavy sevenfold.

Urged by the hope of gaining
Komooto as his own;
In war he was a lion,
At play a heartbeest swift,
But still the proud Komooto
Remained impervious, proud,
Then was it any wonder
That Bundu did not smile?
The warriors, midst the shout of joy,
Marched bravely through the gates
Back to their own Zymbawia,
And that night—Bundu smiled.

Saturday March 5th, 1927.
NEFERTITE
By G. NATHANIEL ROBERTS

Almond shaped eyes that pierce,
Set in alabaster frame,
Your comely grace
Throughout the years
Still haunt me.

When as a temple boy
I held the incense pot,
That you might offer sacrifice
To Horus, Isis and Osiris
I loved you.

But your high exalted station
Made me tremble at the thought
'Till one day you smiled upon me,
Ah! 'twas balm unto my heart.
Then You went away.

After all the years of passage,
Once again I see your face
And within my heart I know,
That I love you still.

Wednesday March 9th, 1927.
VICTORY

By G. NATHANIEL ROBERTS

Your frigid silence chills my blood,
    I'm going far away,
Where the temples are not majestic
    But the priests are kinder, far.

He turned to go when conscience spoke.
    "Coward!" It shook his very core,
This voice he could not see—
    Ethereal and weird.

Why run like craven mortal
    Return ye to the fray
And like the ancient Philistines
    Storm the stout walls of masonry.

Fight like the Alexandrian hordes,
    Fight like the Roman cohorts brave,
Let victory crown your struggles fierce
    Or fighting—die.

Americus girded up his loins
    And joined anew the fray,
And legendary song proclaim
    His great and glorious victory.

Thursday March 31st, 1927.
The Lord is risen indeed!
The rock-ribbed sepulchre's enthrall
Could not resist Heaven's high behest,
And Caesar's noble seal no meed
Of strength could offer o'er the Lord of All,
But, unresisting gave at his request.

Salvation's salient work is now complete;
For as the Marys come to mourn their loss
What sight miraculous their gaze behold!
The grave clothes orderly arrayed and neat,
Bespeaks the Master, just from the cross,
Journeying now to take his throne of gold.

Yet even in that day great doubt assailed,
And in the breasts of many it prevailed.
Nor hesitated e'en with the elect
Which He himself, had deigned to select;
For Thomas doubted too,
And was he not of the chosen few?
Yet doth his work march on apace
  Bestowing comfort to the human race;
What though at times the very stewards of light
  See with a narrow and myopic sight?
The truths he couched in direct purity
  Shall stand as verities eternally.

Let delving science look, and baffled shout
  Of fallacies and foibles and of doubt.
The beauty of the budding rose defies
  Man's reproduction—and his heresies.
And who the color to the lilly gives?
  And yet the lilly lives!

O'ercome by the great mysteries I fall
  Upon my knees Oh risen Lord and call.
Grant Lord this one desire unto me,
  That I may rest in paradise with thee,
Where led by Cherubim and Seraphim
  I too may join in singing sweetest hymn.

Sunday April 7th, 1927.
The Onward March of Progress

By A. O. Smith

"Negroes in the United States own 60,000 homes, 80 banks, 100 insurance companies, 400 newspapers and 70,000 other business enterprise."

The above is quoted from the "Golden Age" for May, 1927, and records an achievement of which every Negro reader of this daily on the Isthmus will no doubt be proud. Other achievements of our race have been from time to time recorded, which makes us feel glad to be just what we are, yet there seem to be no effort put forth by us on the Isthmus to make our brethren in the United States and other parts feel as proud of us as we have reason to be of them.

The cause of this condition of affairs seems to be that our advancement is retarded by a tendency in every case to regard any person or group of persons who undertake to sponsor some industrial venture with suspicion. We believe them to be impelled, not in our interests, but to start something for their own personal benefit, and we stand ready to brand the proposition suggested as a scheme in which the sponsors have laid a snare for our undoing. We raise the cry of having been so often burnt, and we manifest an absolute disregard of the proposition, because in some past venture some one had blundered or mis-managed, due to lack of the necessary
experience in the particular line. We are content, because of our few failures, to continue in our lethargy, in the meanwhile priding ourselves with the successes of our brethren in other parts and thus tacitly admit our own lack of business acumen and endeavor.

The failures we have met in the industrial field on the Isthmus may be counted on the three middle fingers of one hand and cannot be compared with the failures experienced by these now prosperous Negroes in the United States. They have not been daunted by failures but have recoiled with each succeeding failure, only to return more determined than ever that success shall be theirs, and so take hold of the situation and correct the cause contributing to the failure of the past. True it is that many a hopeful local proposition have been wrecked by the manner of their presentation by the sponsors, but granted that there was an earnest desire for paralleled achievements, the intelligent thing to have done was to look well into the merits of the proposition, note the sincerity of the leaders, and if doubtful, replace them with others and go merrily along on the onward march to progress.

Not until we have learnt to accept a proposition on its merits, and not judge it by the person or persons proposing it, will our community shine in its true lustre or shed the full ray of influence of which it is capable.

Wednesday August 12th, 1927.
The Five Day Week

By Nahum E. Prescod

The recent declaration of Mr. Henry Ford of a five day week for all his industries, affording that Saturday and Sunday be days of leisure for his employees is a most important edict to all social institutions and especially to the religious element. Without commenting at length on Mr. Ford, I would like to remark that he is not only one of the richest men in the world but he is among the wisest, fairly excelling politicians, socialists and religionists as the far-reaching effects of his declaration will prove if it is generally accepted by other industries and concerns. Mr. Ford has fully outlined how his new schedule will promote industrial prosperity and social upliftment, but it should not be difficult to see that it will also serve to promote moral and spiritual welfare and stabilize all pious institutions which, to my mind is the greatest need of the world at the present time.

There is nothing more wholesome in the weekly schedule for the family as well as for all society and industry than that Saturday be a day for attending to the many private and domestic affairs and even for recreation and diversion in general, and Sunday be a day for rest, meditation and spiritual recuperation. In many commercial concerns in America and in the British Empire including the Army and Navy, it is recognized that leisure is beneficial both to the concern and its

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employees as shown by Mr. Ford; and work is suspended for half-day on Saturday and all day on Sunday. This rule, however, generally applies only to the personnel. Such concerns enjoy the increased efficiency and devotedness to its interest by its employees, which is equal to one-third of its assets; and the employees are able to give better attention to their private and family affairs which is one-third of all that is important to a nation or community of people.

Many men of thought have been seriously watching the moral retrograde of the world. The increase of commerce and traffic with the imposing economic pressure has been eating at the vitality of the world with its increasing ruthless demand on dexterous energy and consequently the essence of all that promotes the good, the noble, the virtuous, the lofty and the excellent is being lost. This age has seen unprecedented wantonness, infamousness, social and religious indecency with all the efforts of pious institutions unavailing. There has not been time for sober reflection, there has not been sufficient time for devotion to spiritual recuperation. With the new five-day week which Mr. Ford advocates, a new atmosphere will be brought about in the lives of thousands of people, an atmosphere of social and religious liberty and an opportunity of recovering the home and the family wherein are bred the soul of a people. Looking at it from the religious point of view it will afford people an opportunity to better dispose themselves to absorb the great Christian principles of life which may do more than conferences and conventions and councils may ever accomplish.

Thursday Oct. 14th, 1926.
The Reality Of A Heaven

By Nahum E. Prescod

I WOULD like to venture a little contention against the Modernists in religion who from time to time allude to Heaven and the Life to come as worn out theory, illusion and fable. They have succeeded in working up a strong sentiment against the Bible teachings of Heaven as a place of eternal bliss, beauty and perfection: a place where there is to be a Holy City adorned with grandeur and magnificence to which a class of people from this earth shall be transported to dwell. Such teachings, are greatly disparaged in these days so that those who cling to them are derided and made to feel that they are unenlightened and incapable of better knowledge.

That these things are real and that such a place exists, there is no doubt in my mind, because they are well supported by unmistakeable proofs. In the first place, authority on such matters must rest in one who knows, and this is settled in Jesus Christ. If any man can dispute His superiority above all others in wisdom and ignore Him as the Master of Destiny, such a man is out of my reach in this contention. I have often noticed writers comparing or classing Jesus Christ with the eminent philosophers in history and with such men as Socrates, Mohammed and Confucius as if He was only like one of them. This is abasing Him and is probably done through prejudice against His peculiarity or through depreciating the astounding exhibitions of His life. The following citations from the Bible are explana-
tory on the subject and worthy, of serious deliberation. At one time when His disciples murmured at some of His great teachings, Jesus said; "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" (Jno. 6:62)—By this remark Jesus is evidently conscious of having been somewhere outside the terrestrial plane—without doubt in Heaven—before He came to earth in human form. Also he evidently returned to this place after His resurrection from the dead when His disciples saw Him ascend from Mount Olivet and longingly and rapturously gazed after Him until His form was no longer visible in the depths of the skies. Jesus speaks in Jno. 14:2: "In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." These words evinces the deep sincerity in which Jesus spoke, desiring to assure His disciples that these things were true, and that it was not in Him to mislead them. He promised to prepare for them a place in the Heavenly abode where He was soon to go. Jesus further taught His disciples to pray: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven" (Matt 6:10). It is evident from this that Heaven is an inhabited place—angels, archangels, cherubin, seraphinm and such beings—where activities of some order are carried on, and the Will of the Almighty is executed according to His pleasure. It is therefore anticipated in this prayer that the activities of earth will be changed and God's Will be executed like it is done in Heaven.

The following statement is sometimes used to confute the idea of Heaven being a place, showing that if Heaven is such a place it could not possibly be within the disciples but please notice that "Kingdom" is what is spoken of. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within (or among)
"You." This statement conforms with another of Christ's statements that His Kingdom is not of this world—and explains inasmuch as His Kingdom is not a physically organized one, it was established in the hearts of His followers who hold Him in respect as their King and are willing to serve Him in His Kingdom. Therefore it provisionally existed in them.

These scriptural references cannot be gainsaid as to being qualified to establish the fact of Heaven being a place in the celestial realm. Further—the wild imaginations of the human faculty resulting in the creation of myths, legends and supposed traditions as recorded in profane history offer a strong suggestion that there must have been or is a place where these fancies are real. These fabrications of the brain and mind may be the disfigured remnants of things which the alienated soul seem to wish for like a person in delirium,—gods, goddesses, fairies, naiads, and such like are follies as they are suggestive of the fact that there may be some very remote origin of reality connected with these things and whence they sprung—somewhere.

As to the class of people that shall he transported to Heaven, this is indicated in the instance cited above where Jesus promised to go and prepare a place for His disciples; they must naturally be transported to that place. It is also otherwise borne out in the Scriptures as the determination of God that this is to be the crowing part of the redemptive work of Christ.

Sunday June 12th, 1927.
An Idea of God

By Gmo. De Portage

One of the first things we learned when we were children was to love and fear God.

As we grew to riper years a number of different ideas of God, every one vastly unlike the others, have come to us and departed, each new idea the offspring of our fears, our hopes, our success or our failure in life. For this reason it seems impossible that one would find in this world any two persons at the same time with exactly the same idea of God.

Really it appears well nigh impossible for finite man to grasp any satisfactory idea of the infinite God. But the idea that I love to dwell upon, for the present—but which might any day undergo radical changes, according to the outlook on life that I might through the force of circumstance be compelled to hold—I shall endeavor to express briefly.

That God is Love, Harmony, Wisdom and Justice.

That humanity's prayers, supplications, sighs and tears are weak discordant notes in the great universal harmony, and therefore lost in the void.

That He made this world and harmonized it with the immutable laws of the rest of His creation.

That God's good time for sounding the key-notes of Love and Harmony to suffering humanity is not much distant, when mankind will pick up the strain and live forever in peace, glorifying the Father of all creation.

Sunday May 9th, 1926.

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The Greatest Battle Ground

By Robert S. Reid

HERE is a great battle raging somewhere; a battle which all humanity is desperately engaged. A mightier conflict has never been known; and could one but view this redoubtable battle-field, more cruel and ghastly scenes would seldom meet his vision. There are two powerful and opposing forces engaged, as they desperately clamour for supremacy. On the one hand the cause is most noble and righteous, while on the other a cause most disgraceful, dishonorable, sinful. Harder and stronger the battle rages, and as the hand of the clock moves, it becomes more and more intense. As each warrior on the one hand opposes those of the mighty enemy, victory is dependent on the individual fighter. He fights single-handed and either wins or loses his own battle. At times he gains ground, and it would seem that he is perfectly free from his foe; but when he thinks not, again comes the onslaught, and alas for him who is not prepared or protected for such a surprise. And so in one continuous round goes this seemingly never-ending battle involving every nation, people, and individual. Momently falls here and there great warriors —warriors for the good as well as for the evil cause. Daily, as the earth revolves, and the sun continues to throw its blessed golden rays earthward, as life remains, new regiments of precious humanity are thrown into the eternal conflict.

In this awesome struggle no defeaning roar of mighty cannons, no tramping feet of armed men, no gal-
lant and sturdy horsemen, no flashing of glittering steel, no voice of command are seen or heard. Nevertheless the battle continues. But hark, amid and high above this great conflict, this battle which rages like a tempestuous sea, there is a voice which may be heard; a familiar voice that is known by those in the ranks of the righteous, even that voice which spoke peace, and stilled the troubled waters of Galilee. He speaks; “He that the Son sets free is free indeed;” “If God be for us who can be against us.” The battle is already won, freedom is proclaimed. ’Tis no historical Waterloo, no great Verdun or Flanders, but tis a far nobler battle, the battle “Right against wrong,” fought daily on the greatest battle-ground,—the human heart. Reader, whose ranks are you in, for what cause are you fighting?

Sunday October 10th, 1926.

Mother’s Day

By Mrs. Beatrice Heslop

TODAY is a day set apart for showering reverence upon our mothers. And, with apologies to Sir Walter Scott I quote; “Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land,” and reset them to suit the occasion thus—“Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never in himself has felt the love and reverence that above all others, should be showered upon his mother?” Is there any one amongst us with soul so dead as not to join
with the many millions today in showing reverence to mothers? If such there be then it were better he was a thousand times dead. Next to God comes our mothers, and I will even venture to say our mothers are our earthly goddesses. Before the infants' minds can be developed sufficiently to learn about God, they have already learned to appreciate their mothers' love, and thus we find that mothers come even before God to the young.

“A mother’s love, how sweet the name,
What is a mother’s love?
A noble, sweet and tender flame
Enkindled from above.”

Surely mother love is a flame lit by God Himself, for naught on earth can quench it. Other loves may endure through favorable circumstances, while skies are bright; but oh, a mother’s love endureth to the end. No matter how wayward the child may be, he or she can always find sweet rest on its mother’s breast. Our fathers may love us and our brothers and sisters too; even friends may love and sympathize with us, but when we need some one to feel with us, to share our every pain; when we are ashamed to let others see our tears, we hide ourselves in the sheltering arms of our mothers, and there find rest and comfort. To quote from a recent article which appeared in one of our local periodicals, “Mother, it is a wonderful thing, other folks can love you, but only your mother understands you; she works for you, looks after you and then the only thing wrong she ever does to you, is to die and leave you.”

Those of us who have never been called upon to stand by the deathbed of a mother can hardly realize the torture, the grief, the pain to see a mother look upon
the face of her child for the last time and see her eyelids close in death. Gone forever. All the world then seems wrong and we have to turn our thoughts then to Him who watches over the motherless and forlorn. Thus, being moved by the feelings of a motherless, and a deep appreciation, love and reverence for mother, I dare to admonish those of you who have mothers alive to so live that your mothers will be proud of you; let her hold high her head with pride, with the satisfaction of seeing you aspiring after lofty things and loving and revering her unto the end.

Sunday May 9th, 1927.

Youth

By Hugh C. Bycroft

YOUTH is seldom appreciated; perhaps because it is not fully realized until it has begun to spend itself like a weary child, and manhood comes on with its maturer ways. Young manhood is likely to be fickle and unsteady when the full force of realization is not awakened and then it is sometimes deplored that youth's fling had not been converted into channels of betterment. Youth is the episode in life that should be observed with the utmost care and watchfulness. It is the springtime of youthful opportunities, or the stage of life in which the seed of fortune, good or bad, is sown. Futures are largely dependent on the proper development, of the individual while youth still holds sway, for as the man
develops, habits for good or bad are also strongly developed, and it is harder to mould a career in the late periods of our life than in our youth.

Youth is effervescent, enthusiastic and sparkling, and sober youth is rarer than the giddy. Our young men sit carelessly day by day baying the moon and revelling in the sheer pleasure of blissful being that is evidenced in the carefree youngster; while time, the grim reaper, gathers continually his rich harvest of precious minutes, until delinquent youth looks and views the shining baldpate of opportunities past. It is well, therefore, that aspiring youth should not be deceived by the sheer joy of living, by the luxuries of lazy idling minutes, or by the appreciation of many millions of minutes ahead. Ambition is a hard master, which decrees that for success every minute must be used, and the minutes of youth count double.

Thursday Aug. 19th, 1926.

Proper Meditation

Hugh C. Bycroft

We are surrounded at times by occurrences which are so alarming that we are compelled to inquire whether such actions could be produced from well-balanced minds, and if so, have they been made the subject of thorough and proper meditation? If we were to comment on the expression of those most affected by these occurrences, we should find that careful thought
was not evidenced, and that this often results in loss and anguish to them. Despite this fact, however, these occurrences continue with marvellous frequency which is astonishing to society and the public at large.

If we were in the habit of giving proper meditation to matters necessitating it, we would many times be in a position to rescue ourselves from the brink of the precipice and be restored to tranquility and happiness, instead of forging headlong into the mire of everlasting shame and disgrace. There are some who advance the thought that we are not all of the same temperament and maintain that this is responsible for their failure to regain possession of themselves after being once tempted, but I think that an analysis of these cases will bring out the fact that the circumstances were never committed to any meditation at all.

The advice therefore is, that in all of our doings, we give each move its proper meditation, even for a second time, making sure in every case that we will be rewarded for the step that we make, and at the same time realizing that any inferior or improper attention or action might mean our downfall and the deprivation of our dignity, happiness and sometimes, life.

Sunday Oct. 16th, 1927.
What Scouting Does For Your Boys

By Clifford A. Bolt
Asst. County Commissioner

Attention parents and guardians. My chief concern, a concern which I share with you all, is for the future of our boys. Of the fifty thousand West Indians resident in this Republic, I venture to say that at least one-fourth is represented by boys and young men. What is to become of these youngsters? What are we doing to make us proud of them? Are we doing anything to make them fit to cope with the onward march of civilization?

To you dear parents and guardians, the Boy Scouts Movement appeals. We bid you interest yourselves in this movement for the benefit of your boys. It has been tried and found equal to the task of making the bad boy good and making the good boy better—in a word, of building character.

We take care of the small boy from the age of nine years in the Cub Division where we keep him until he is thirteen. During this period we teach him to do his best at all times and by means of our system of interesting games we endeavor to make him healthy physically as well as mentally. From thirteen years to sixteen we teach the boy in the Scout Division, to be prepared for all the duties of life and we endeavor to make him independent and self-reliant by means of our advanced games com-
bined with camping, all centering on the fixed purpose of making him responsible to duty, thoughtful of others, fearless and strong.

From sixteen to manhood we prepare our youths for service, and so, step by step we build in the young man that jewel of life—**character**. Does not this movement merit your attention and fullest support?

Thursday October 26th, 1926.

An Evening At Camp

*By Clifford A. Bolt,*

Asst. County Commissioner.

S

oon and very soon the rainy season will have passed and the joy of camping will return. Just last night the writer was conversing with a few of our local scouters and we strayed to the joys of camping. You should have been there. The reminiscences thrilled us, and Oh! how we longed for the camping season to return. If you have never spent a night in the open under canvas in close communion with mother earth, you have never experienced a real thrill.

The last camp I attended was at Pueblo Nuevo. Leaving the de Lesseps Park at six o'clock p. m., we walked leisurely, arriving at our camping site on the hills at eight o'clock. Everyone in that parade was in good spirits, from the smallest cub to our oldest and
biggest officer. After our tents were pitched and we had supper, we held a sing-song. Our sing-song that night was quite different, however, to those held in England, the home of scouting. There it seemed to be always cold, even in the heart of summer. Here, on the contrary, it seems to be always warm, even in the heart of the rainy season. The night in question was one of our splendid dry nights, with a tropical moon shining beautifully over head. We gathered in a circular formation and enjoyed the singing and spinning of yarns to our full. Our last chorus had been sung, rather hoarsely, I must admit, but it was after an hour’s sing-song, and close to ten o’clock. Even little Cub Joe, eight years, was loyally managing to stand at attention, although his eyes were almost closed and his head had begun to nod.

Hastily I looked round the circle of boys and officers and hurriedly gave the order for the singing of the National Anthem. It was wonderful to hear those boys. Following the Anthem we all murmured the evening prayers and dismissed upon which there was a sudden noise of boyish voices, a scrambling for tents and blankets. It lasted about twenty minutes then dwindled down to an occasional murmur. I went quietly to each tent, gave them the once-over, saw that everything was in order and bid them Good Night.

I returned to my tent and rolled into my blanket. How welcome I was to that rest, after journeying from Panama City, then singing, spinning yarns and seeing that everything was in order, can more easily be imagined than told. The murmur lasted a little longer, then a sudden stillness enveloped our camp. All were at rest. Out again I came and moving slowly around amongst my
little family, I felt supremely happy and contented. The glorious moon showered its blessings on the little ones then at rest. I thought for a while. "All these boys are in my care. Is it possible, that I, a mere male, am experiencing one of the many joys of a mother? Yes, for are not both our labours work of love? Don't these happy and sometimes troublesome boys confide in me? Don't I know all their troubles and fears?"

Retracing my footsteps to my tent I entered with "God bless them" on my lips. I scrambled again into my blankets, though tempted to keep awake on such a night. I thought for a moment of the following day, of the best way to keep the boys occupied and at the same time make them enjoy the camp. Then having decided on a set program, I settled down to sleep. All was peaceful and quiet and all was well with the world.

READING sometime ago that Trinidad sportsmen are desirous of arranging contests with Isthmian West Indians in athletic games, I feel that it is not only a good idea in one way but in many for it will help in developing close relationship and love and friendship between children of West Indian parentage born in Panama who will get a better understanding of the lands of origin of their forefathers. Should a number of our young athletes go to Trinidad they may without doubt also see the shores of Barbados and British Guiana. These I believe are the three leading lands of sportsmanship in the West Indies.

It is true that a number of our athletes have been to Jamaica and are probably satisfied but it is my fervent hope that they may be successful in getting to Trinidad. The writer is not a Trinidadian but one who spent his boyhood days in the beautiful land of the humming bird. This beautiful island, the capital of which is Port-of-Spain, lies on the north-east coast of the Gulf of Patia with five islands grouped near and others just about three miles south-by-west of the city. Port-of-Spain unlike Panama is well protected by the northern and central range of mountains. In this way the high winds which blow from the Atlantic sea-board must break before they get to the city. What little passes through the Grand Boca or Dragon’s Mouth can do but little, if any damage to shipping.
The city is well laid out, its streets being parallel to each other. It is commonly known as the metropolis of the West Indies and has a great mixture of peoples, as in Panama. The stores are large and always busy; some of them carrying a sales force of not less than 100 to 150 persons. A quick line of electric cars dispatch passengers every three to five minutes from the junction lines and a belt line around the Savannah, a mile from the water-way of the city which is a part of the city, and can be compared with Bella Vista here. This is one of the finest rides of three and a half miles one can get for his money.

Around the St. Clair Road from the Savannah, if the boys should be lucky enough to get over there, they will see some of the finest buildings owned by white and colored residents of the island. These dwellings though not by the sea-side as in Panama are still in a very beautiful spot at the foot of the northern range which is windy in the daytime, cool at nights, with foggy mornings. One of the finest views that any stranger can behold is the Blue Basin which is nine miles from the city. The basin is at the foot of a hill which is reached by a climb of about half a mile up a narrow winding path with a precipice of from seventy-five to 100 feet below, before getting to the Basin which is about two miles inland. A little after passing the precipice a descent is made to the basin between four hills where the sun only shows its rays for four hours a day from ten o'clock to two in the afternoon. The basin is so deep that the water looks as blue as indigo which accounts for its name. But that is not all, the most picturesque scene is to see this great volume of water flowing as if you were to take a jug of water and pour it from a height into a basin. Many venture to bathe in this basin but it is
dangerous sport. Another wonder the visitor may get a chance to see is the asphalt or pitch lake from which comes the product for the building of the streets of many of the great cities of the world.

I can say much more of this lovely island but I will not tire the reader but only wish that we as a West Indian community will do our best to help some of our deserving young men to get there. The only way is to assist in financing the trip for it is not only a few hundreds of dollars that are needed but at last a couple of thousands. Let us help them to see this island and probably Barbados and British Guiana that they may know some of the places of beauty, culture and sportsmanship in the West Indies.

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**Education**

By B. J. Waterman, H.

EDUCATION is the gateway to success and every man, woman and child should make vigorous efforts to obtain enough of this valuable requirement in order that they might, regardless of creed, color or nationality, be able to cope with other people of the same class and meet the every day necessity of life regardless of their vocation. We read of Booker T. Washington and many others, who under the most trying circumstances, not only educated themselves, but placed their names high in the history of the world as leaders of their race, leaving behind footprints which should be followed by the growing generations. Are the people of today following them? Are they training the future men and women of tomorrow to follow them?
Viewing our local environments, one is led to think otherwise. In spite of the numerous day and night schools, it is surprising to see the number of children of our community who do not attend any of the schools in or out of their vicinity. Something ought to be done for those children, the future men and women of our country. In later years they will blame their parents or sponsors for the neglectfulness; and, as a matter of fact, in most cases the grown-ups are really to be blamed.

Education is capital invested for the future, but how many of us make this investment? not only do some people fail to invest in knowledge, but they also deny a like privilege to those dependent upon them or under their guidance. Day after day as one passes along the streets, one frequently comes across some adult, teaching a child to dance the charleston or tamborito or to sing some late jazz song. The child in most cases cannot read or write, and not the least possible interest is taken regarding this important matter. Such adults should by this time, learn that investment in knowledge is easy and cheap and pays the best dividends, and that they are doing the child or children an irreparable harm in denying them that particular privilege which is so easily available nowadays. They should try to foster in the minds of the children something that will benefit them in later years and be of value both to themselves and the community in which they may reside.

Wednesday May 26, 1926
The Scale of Progress

By H. E. Wynter

The one law of growth is—progress. Eternal progress of man, the universe and all things therein is the Divine order. Our globe started on the scale of progress the moment the words: “Let there be light,” were uttered. From a firemist to settled rocks, to primeval forests; up, up, up to a well defined, settled and organized habitation, our globe has progressed. From the state of the amoeba up through the various stages of development, man thus becomes the Lord of Creation, fulfilling his Maker’s command to “have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea;” in short over this entire lower universe.

Man having risen supreme in his power to express himself usurped the rights of all other forms of life. His fear of death in earlier centuries caused him to set up an institution of salvation intended to alleviate this fear. But today we see these institutions crumbling. Chemistry, the determining science, is solving the process of death and offering a longer lease of life to man. The development of mind over matter is slaying man’s common enemy—disease. The public school, making it possible for all to read and write, assisted by rapid transit in distributing the world’s best literature, has made the inter-exchange of thought possible. The next step in progress will be the assimilation by the people of the fact that individual personality, designated by a known name, survives the death of the body and continues to express its peculiarities by the same process of law that it did before the change of bodies took place. Life, the
driving power of death, stimulate and creates forms through which indestructible individuality continues to express itself.

When steam was discovered the world wondered, and regarded it as a stupendous accomplishment, but with the discovery of electricity it was thought that man had reached the zenith of power. Recently the phonograph, and wireless served to place man still higher on the rings of the ladder of progress. Man by his wonderful and progressive thoughts and ideas has been able to harness all the dynamic forces and energies of the universe and apply them to the use of himself. He has been able through his knowledge to soar into the infinity of space reaching up to other worlds, not only discovering new stars, but also reducing their magnitude and velocity to a definite and minute calculus. All this is progress. And is progress complete here? We answer no! Positively no! Electricity, mighty power that it is, will be superceded by another still mightier force—the dynaspheric. By such a force, an aeroplane for instance, in its flight would be able to extract from the atmosphere the motive power for propulsion, and would not need to be burdened with extra supplies of fuel, lubricants, etc.

Among the lower animals the same process of progress is noticeable, aided by man their superior brother. Is anyone startled by "brother"? Just pass this by if you do not admit it now. Sometime later in your development you will realize it in the ever forward scale of progress.

Sunday, January 30th, 1927.
Segregation Relic of Barbarism

(By A S. Quarless)

The unity of the West Indians in the Republic of Panama seems to be a favorite subject for most of our writers. For the most part they emphasize the point that we are a united group. But, having made a keen observation into this matter I am compelled to discuss the opposite side of the question—segregation.

The meaning of segregation, according to the Century Dictionary is, separation from others; tendency to characterize by segregation or separation into clusters. We know as a fact that we are separated socially and otherwise from each other, depending, however, on the West Indian island we hail from; that we are segregated, separated or divided into clusters, (another name which can be conveniently used for societies, lodges churches etc.) then, are we not disunited? We are told by some or our own people that we are united, in that we have societies, lodges, churches and a variety of institutions for the peoples of the different West Indian islands. Bearing in mind the meaning of the word segregation, could this be interpreted to mean UNITY, or the opposite?

If as Whitney wrote: “The influences of barbarism are prevailingly segregative,” and some of us declare positively that we are united, but only in numerous segregated bodies, which could be advantageously made into fewer and more binding institutions, then, must we

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not logically conclude that we are still under the damnable influences of barbarism? Let us therefore, face the facts and realize that segregation is not conducive to our welfare in this civilized age. China which was for many years divided into different factions with their various creeds and gods, has realized this and we see her today with utmost endeavor paving a way toward the haven of solidarity. We call the people of India heathens, we know the benefits that are desired but not attained because of the caste system, we brand them with malignant epithets, knowing that their political paucity, economic serfdom, and industrial stagnation are the results of segregation; yet we proverbially, see the mote in our brother’s eyes before taking the beam from our own. Shall we as a people continue to segregate, blinding ourselves to its horrible results? Cannot we see it as a product of barbarism? Must we then, allow the octopus of barbarism, the terror in this sea of life, to grip us with his tentacles of segregation, and pin us down to the very depths of obscurity, or shall we consolidate into a massive and powerful iceberg of UNITY?

Tuesday March 29th, 1927.

A Love of the Beautiful

(By A. S. Quarless)

St. Paul wrote: “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of
good report, if there be any virtue think on these things," or, in other words—cultivate a love of the beautiful. We should try at all times under all circumstances, without any regard to what we are or where we are to cultivate a love of the beautiful.

Usually, there are two sides to every question, as well as more than one way of looking at an object, circumstance or occurrence. To look at this world with all its tribulations and trials, its ups and downs, and the many and innumerable obstacles which beset our pathway through the clear crystal of hope, is like plodding our way to that magnificent luminary the sun, which as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our doubts and tribulations behind us. Furthermore we will be enabled to see that all implements of destructiveness were not made primarily for the infliction of cruelty on our brothers,—so to speak, but for the protection of ourselves from the attacks of wild beasts on the one hand, and the envious, grafting, and perverted nature of man on the other. That electricity, water, fire, and other such substances, through their utility have proven indispensable assets to man; yet they can be and are also used destructively.

Nature expresses herself very drastically at times. It might be through the eruption of a volcano; the uncontrollable waters of a tidal wave, the storm which so furiously tosses the ship about or the outbreak of an epidemic. But, what is more orderly, beautiful, poetic and romantic than nature, who also expresses herself through the imagination of a Dante, the wit of a Wilde, the genius of a Shakespeare, the vocabulary of a Milton, or the rapturous and soul uplifting music of a Beethoven! Obviously, we should not allow ourselves to look at this
world and everything that is in it through the triangular prism of ignorance, superstition and vice, but look at it in a way the reflection of which will be order, love, harmony and beauty. In order to get these results we must first of all develop that great human attribute tolerance, which is like the balmy breezes of the South, and consequently our endeavors shall not be in vain for we will be automatically cultivating a love of the beautiful.

Wednesday Dec. 21st 1927.

Who is to Be Blamed?
(By Philip Lewis)

Can you say who is to be blamed for the life now being lead by young girls of this city?" This is the pertinent question asked by the writer of a letter to the Editor of the W. I. Page of the Star and Herald under date of 16th September. The question I have said is pertinent and requires an equal reply. But will the Editor reply? I do not believe he will. It is indeed pitiable to see the lawlessness, rowdyism and immoral conduct that is carried on in the streets of Colon during the daytime and up to late hours at night by young girls ranging from ten years and over; one very often wonder what is our race coming to, what our mothers and fathers are thinking of; what can be done to help our young girls and boys? But looking back we find that the force of the tide of environment is more encouraging to waywardness than to self-respect.
WHO IS TO BE BLAMED?

The writer states: "I hope His Excellency Governor Arosemena will enforce a law to suppress this rapidly growing evil which endangers the reputation of the decent areas of the city." Well, I do not know how Governor Arosemena can enforce a law that does not exist. If the law-makers of the republic will see the evil and make such laws prohibiting lawlessness and prostitution, and for the protection of children and young girls, then we will see that some thought is being exercised toward our young people. The living conditions in the city of Colon make it hard to prevent the ever increasing appetite for evil conduct and vulgarity in the young. Take for example: a father with his wife and five children huddled together in one room, and where,—right in the heart of the "district." In every corner one can find a number of the baser sort residing. Every moment in the day the basest kind of expressions are heard, the vilest sorts of conduct are seen. Can the young mind be impressed otherwise than to evil?

The younger girls are induced to dance-halls and theatres by the elder and more experienced ones. The inducements given seem greater to these young minds than the homely counsel of their parents. In the Colony of Trinidad there is a law which forbids any girl under the age of sixteen years to be out on the streets after eight p.m. without a parent or guardian; neither are they allowed to go into rumshops or such places of defilement. Children are not allowed to see any motion picture except those passed by the Inspector General of Police for children.

But how can the Government here protect our girls from lawlessness, rowdyism, vulgarity and prostitution? How can it safeguard our future mothers from evil,
degradation and disgrace when the same government is encouraging it? For instance, any girl from twelve years and up can go to the police department at Colon and apply for a prostitute’s license which is given to her for a small fee. This gives her the power to open prostitution and every imaginable conduct pertaining thereto. Upon such ground it is impossible to call upon the government for protection of our young girls. This is the answer to the question.

I believe the writer of that letter means good. His heart yearns for the suppression of evil and the protection of our juveniles, but he must remember that if the spring is salt, it is impossible to get fresh water in the bed of the river.

Sunday. September 18th, 1927.

An Appeal to Mothers
(By Mrs. Bertie Callender)

Reading the various articles appearing in the columns of your valuable paper the Panama American. I too am constrained to express my thoughts regarding the precious young of the race of which I am a member. I feel that if our mothers were prepared for motherhood we would have better boys and girls but our mothers never think that their bodies are the moulds and that it is for them to mould their children and make something out of them.

A child’s training should begin five years before
AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS

the birth of the child. I am afraid that there are all children today and no mothers. The mothers of yester-
day thought that their place was in the home to see to the proper training of their boys and girls. But the mothers of today feel that their place is in the theatre, ballroom, and places that furnish pleasure which leads to shame. How often does one meet a girl of tender age on the street acting in a way not becoming to her; should one venture to speak to her the answer would be shocking, and should one venture to speak to the mother or guardian of that child, the answer would be the same received from the child.

Take a walk to the various dance halls and there our girls of tender age are found bending their tiny bodies from side to side. Ask those same girls about work. They think work is a disgrace but not to go down into the depths of sin for a quarter or a half dollar to enjoy a frivolous dance that will bring them to shame and disgrace.

Mothers awake from your lethargy and face the responsibility of training your boys and girls. It is for you to make them great, remember no race can go higher than its womanhood. The fate of a child said the great Napoleon is always the work of the mother and this extraordinary man took pleasure in repeating that to his mother he owed his elevation. Women of my race, stop and think and let your children say of you what Napoleon said of his mother. The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the mould of character.

Sunday, November 20th 1927.
"Success in Life
(By Cybert R. Campbell)

There is no more common thought among our people than that foolish one that by and by, something will turn up, by which the hopeful will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an ignis fatuus. Chance has never yet satisfied the hope of a suffering people. You may follow luck to ruin, but not to success. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Action, self-reliance, the vision of self and future have been the only means by which the oppressed have seen and realized the light of their own freedom.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. you must win them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts—a part of your self. To have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy you are too small for it.

Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable; but nine times out of ten the
SUCCESS IN LIFE

best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to swim for himself. The world has now reached the stage when, humanity is really at the parting of the ways. It is the question of "man mind thyself." The political readjustment of the world means that those who are not sufficiently prepared, will be at the mercy of the organized classes for another one or two hundred years.

In giving you being God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and forces are expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish, guard and use well the forces that God has given you. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy or immorality, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save, protect and use them, that you may be a bright star to your race and the world.

Thursday June 30th, 1927.
THE CALL

By LEON A. GILKES

The sun sinks to rest,
    In its home in the west,
And the shadows of evening fall;
    The birds cease their song
They sang all day long
    To their mates in the tree-tops tall.

The soothing sea breeze
    Shakes the leaves of the trees
And they sway to and fro in tune;
    The murmuring sea
Dances on in its glee
    And follows its mistress the moon.

The moon's silvery light
    Soon enlightens the night
And calls us to wonder apart;
    Love beckons away
'Neath the moonbeams to stray
    And whisper love's song of the heart.

Then come heart of mine
    We'll no longer repine
For those days of youth that are past;
    The Spirit of Love
Around us and above,
    Bid our hearts love on to the last.

Sunday March 28th, 1926.
GOOD FRIDAY

By LEON A. GILKES.

Day of darkness, dreadful day,
When on the cross our Saviour they lay,
Pinioned His hands with dangerous nails,
And with a spear His body assails.

Awful day, remembered by all,
He has submitted for our fall,
Given Himself for wretched man
To rescue him from Satan’s ban.

Cruel day! our Saviour sighs
And to heaven lifts His eyes,
Supplicating the Father’s throne,
My God! My God; Hast Thou left me alone?

Pitiful, tender, His heart filled with love,
Father, forgive them! He pleads up above—
What they have done they do not know.
And to a whisper His voice sinks low.

Woeful day! our Saviour dies:
Mingle with Mary and John your cries,
Dies, the shameful death of the cross!
Tell us, O Calvary is it a loss?

Good Friday, 1926.
Hallelujah! Christ this hour
Hath prevailed o'er Satan's power,
Death hath given up its prey,
Glory crowns this Easter day.
Victory! Victory! let us sing,
Let the earth with glory ring,
Christ hath triumphed over sin,
We are justified through Him.

Pierced hands, the wounds still there
In his riven side doth bear
Marks, of cruel death and shame;
Suffered all this for our blame,
Suffered them for you and me.
All these woeful pains bore he,
Hail the day that sees Him rise
Christians, laud it to the skies!

Glorious day, so calm and bright
Filled with God's own Holy light,
Day of days supremely far
That stands out a guiding star—
Which to all mankind doth say,
Christ was risen on this day;
Joyful! Glorious! Victorious! arose
Christ, our Redeemer, to conquer his foes.

Easter, 1926.
TO A CHILD

(Dedicated to Gwendolin Idalia Deane.)

By LEON A. GILKES.

Come to me, little one, come to my arms;
Who is the loved one that has given such charms
To thy little figure, thy dimpled cheek,
Thy angelic expression, and budding lips sweet?
Would that my soul was as pure as thine;
Stained is mine by the sins of time,
Would that my thoughts were as simple and mild
As thine own are, my darling child!

Thursday April 8th 1926

A Call to West Indian Employees

By I. I. Myers,

(Member B. of Directors P. C. W. I. E. A.)

Fellow West Indian Employees:—I crave leave to engage your attention for a moment. Although many other writers have time and time again brought the matter of the Panama Canal West Indian Employees Association to you, I notice that many of you have not yet responded. Many who once heard the call and answered have retired to the land of “WAS.”
I am now joining with those who have been urging you to wake up and see the necessity of the Panama Canal West Indian Employees Association.

This is the middle of 1927! What about your Annual Dues of One Dollar? Many of you have grown lukewarm! Why? Have you no patience? Are you so careless? Do you still cultivate that lazy spirit of expecting all good things to rush up overnight? Will you not “cast off dull sloth” and join with those who “learn to labor and to wait.” Don’t go back to sleep I pray you. Let’s keep on plodding together.

There are some—yea many—who have never enrolled as members. What on earth can be your reason, no sane man will hazard to guess. Do you feel that “Laborers should not be organized?” Do you feel that it is of no use? Do you think that the Gold Employees—American citizens—are more in need of a labor organization than we are?

Is it that you prefer an organization that would pretend to seek your interests—but not by intelligent and sane representation?

I challenge you, if you have a reason which you are not ashamed to express, come into one of the district meetings, or join the writers in the public press and tell it to us. It will change our opinion of you, and probably do us all some good.

If on the other hand you have reasonably concluded that you have no justifiable reason for keeping out of the organization or that your reason is not worthwhile, then be a man; Be men, Fellow West Indian Employees, and throw in your lot with the Association for the common good of all.
A CALL TO WEST INDIAN EMPLOYEES

Let us be honest. The Association needs the financial and moral support of every West Indian Employee of the Panama Canal, and despite all pretensions, despite your indifference, despite the spirit of inertia—every West Indian Employee needs, and will eventually be benefitted by the P.C.W.I.E. Association.

Your place is in the ranks. Be men! Be men! Fall in! Send in your dollar now, and swell the membership. Sane, intelligent, constant and timely representation is bound to win for us a “Higher Valuation” in the eyes of this Government, and the authorities. It is bound to win respect for us as a people. Will Panama Canal West Indian Workers be satisfied to remain parasites, leeches and drones; to suck the blood of others, to live and enjoy what others toil and labor for; but what they are too lazy or too callous, or bigot-minded to assist in working for? Where is your mind? Where is your pride? Where is your soul? Where is your conscience? Are they up and alive? If so, you will become members—this month—July 1927.

You can ill afford to keep out any longer.

Friday July 15th 1927.
A REVIEW
By C. C. MOULTON

ALTHOUGH those of us who had prophetically seen the trend of events, and the probabilities of their ultimate effects, were looked upon as the ill-fated John the Baptist, it is now gratifying to note that quite recently an appreciable number of our people have begun to see clearly and act wisely. This unprecedented change suggests the belief that gradually we are getting to be of one mind, one heart and determination: to strive unitedly to set our house in order.

There never was a time more opportune than now, when the command "Close Ranks!" should be announced and obeyed. It is no layman's idea. The issue is inescapable. The seriousness of the day demands it. The callous surroundings and vicissitudes impose it on us with no little amount of concern. But, in spite of it all, we still see on the superfice of our social and economic stratum, an hilarious array of frantic youths addicted to vain-glorious jazz and promiscuous joyriding.

This pleasure of a not too constructive kind, seems assisted and abetted by a group that revel in the agencies of Bacchus and spasmodic philandering: depicting the tragic dance of fireflies above a consuming flame. This system of frivolity has become a cause for sneers of primitive bigotry against us, which no self-respecting people should ever entertain without protest. And those of us who see, make this denouncement. We realize it is high time to do so. Subversive motives, or, revilings in

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undercurrent form, perhaps cleverly set against the understratum of our premises, demand attention. Unfriendly propaganda freighted with false and vilifying imputations, breaks our silence. And because of this, and in order to remove any erroneous impression that might have been made on the minds of those who know little about us, we are constrained to make a statement of facts for rationally intelligent public opinion at home and abroad.

In 1903, the Department of Panama seceded from the Republic of Colombia and became a Republic. Simultaneously, the United States Government was granted a concession to build an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus, for the purpose of facilitating shipping enterprises and to reduce economic transport difficulties from the shoulders of civilization. When John F. Stevens and Colonel William C. Gorgas came to Panama and surveyed the project of building the waterway, they found a problem wrapped in unsanitary meshes of climatic and sinuous entanglements. Turks, Russians, Indians, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks and others, were imported and thrown against the force of Nature. These could not withstand the task; it was too far outside the ambit of their existence and healthy growth; and therefore, they had to be repatriated. Administrative discretion in regard for economy and efficiency, soon saw that the failure of DeLesseps threatened; that something to avoid a suspension of the undertaking must be done, if the Washington Government was to be kept in a state of optimism regarding man’s phenomenal triumph (in the making) on the Isthmus.

All during this time, there had been squatting on the Isthmus, a large number of West Indians, particular-
ly from Jamaica, who were engaged in agriculture and trades. Some had participated, against their will, in former revolutions, especially those led by Prestan the Colombian Liberal. Others were among the first group of employees initiated in the Canal building service during the primitive construction days of 1903 and 1904. These, in the employ of the Isthmian Canal Commission for building the Panama Canal, did their work well with less suffering, spoke English and Spanish, and became invaluable assets to Uncle Sam in his great undertaking. Commissioner Jackson Smith, the official then in charge of the Department of Labor, Quarters and Subsistence, was taking keen observance of the brain and brawn of these people.

In a conference on the difficulties of the labor problem in connection with the Europeans brought into the Tropics, Mr. Jackson Smith strongly recommended the contracting of British West Indians to the Isthmus as the only solution. His recommendation was adopted and followed. In consequence, throughout the construction of the Canal, forty-seven men were brought from Jamaica (more or less) by contract; and, from Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Montserrat, Antigua, Martinique, Guadeloupe and other small islands approximately 29,000 laborers, skilled and unskilled, and tradesmen. Others than those contracted, immigrated of their own volition. With this force, the old squatters and a comparatively small force of American workmen, foremen, superintendents and heads of departments, amidst the antithetical feelings of joys and sorrows, sunshine and rain, the Canal building operations proceeded day and night between 1904 and 1914. It was in the latter year that President Wilson pushed a button from the White House in Wash-
ington, D. C. and blew up the Gamboa dike that kept the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific apart. The Canal was finished and ready for business.

In the same year, 1914, on the completion of the Canal, at the behest of Colonel George W. Goethals, by authority vested in him from Washington, D. C., all squatters were relieved of their real property and all surplus workmen on the Canal ordered to live outside the Canal Zone. Consequently, the squatters, numbered among a great many unemployed on the Canal Zone, immigrated by force of circumstances into the cities of Colon and Panama which were at that time improved in sanitation, municipal arrangements and commerce. Here, as one can readily observe and rationally conclude, was the original cause of the effects of today. Here was the "Fire in the Flint." With a steady decrease of labor required on the Canal Zone, Panama and Colon have since become a market of surplus labor, a condition symptomatic of economic and social stringencies, while the agricultural development of the interior of the young Republic of Panama, remained a problem to be solved.

Anent the difficult aspects of economic and social adjustments confronting West Indians in a strange place, the Malthusian Theory of Economic Existence had to be thrown aside; and, the providential revelations that daily presented themselves to this people, accepted as a means to thwart the menace of the wolf at the door. Our benevolent associations (thanks to home preparation and foresight along these lines) served as a means of discussing some of the vital questions and finding a temporary solution for the most stringent ones. Consequently, in process of time, quite a goodly number of our people have maintained trades in skilled occupations,
such as tailors, shoemakers, dressmakers, milliners; harness-makers, coach-builders, painters, carpenters, mechanics and cabinet makers; also, artists, musicians, teachers, preachers, authors, lawyers, physicians, dentists, pharmacists, nurses, occulists, chiropractors as well as accountants, stenographers, office economists and small businessmen.

It is desired not to lose sight of the fact, that aside from working out our portion of the problem of maintaining economic and social tranquility, although surrounded by the circumstances mentioned, our community spent to live apace with civil and religious demands, approximately forty million dollars per year, between the shops, stores and landlords of the Republic of Panama and the commissaries of the Canal Zone. That is to say: the 30,000 whom we were twenty years ago, are now 45,000, more or less, spending from $65 to $75 per month each, at, or less than, the nominal rate of subsistence. Those who help in the maintenance and operation of the Canal are endeavoring to obtain better wages to commensurate with the high cost of living which now prevails on the Isthmus.

Man, everywhere encountered, is man. By virtue of this axiom, each must have more or less some vestige of Divine Spark in him. Whether he be Druid, Yogi, Brahman, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew or Christian, he must either have an Obi, Yaweh, a Jehu, Jehovah or some Diety to whom he ascribes praise and worship. West Indians in Panama are not exempted from this human rule. We are Christian. Our original progenitors were brought from the southern and western confines of the African continent, as well as from various parts of Europe, such as Spain, Portugal, England, Scotland, Ger-
many, Ireland, France, also, from North, Central and South America. In regard to the African element, the fact should not be disregarded that it was from the Western part of Africa, where according to Roman History the head of the Atlantis Civilization sprang and was maintained. Out of this latter, a process of ancient African emigration and immigration swung between the eastern and western parts of the world.

It is said that at that time, the world was one solid mass until some cosmic disturbance brought about an upheaval and consequent partition of the mass into two hemispheres. Substantiating this theory, history does not gainsay nor contradict that the African, with perhaps an intersperse of Asiatic culture, did give birth to the Incas, Aztecas and Hijos del Sol (Sons of the Sun) the primitive civilizations of the Western Hemisphere. Early Christian missionaries encountered many American Indians engaged in industries, arts and religions based on Sun Worship and other rites similar to those of Ancient Africa. It must not be forgotten, too, that the Moors of Africa civilized Spain, and that later, after Spain became a power she enforced her culture on the Latin American Indians. It can be remembered also that Ancient Thebes had a population of 3,500,000 mostly of this same African race. These built the Hypostyle Hall at Karnack, decorated the tombs of the Kings near Luxor and raised the Momnonian Colossi.

In mathematics and art, the Greeks were trained by the Egyptians. When the Appian Way was not thought of in Rome, people of the African Continent were smelting iron and working on precious jewels that have amazed the world and put our contemporaries to think and ponder in astonishment.
The discoveries from the tomb of the noble King Tut-ankh-amen, for instance, and the evidences of Ancient African Culture, based on an aesthetic philosophy and symbolic mythology, are being revealed today by hieroglyphics on rocks, stones, structures and the excavations from Egypt and the Sahara. These evidences are not only identified in East, West, Central and South Africa alone, but strong indications thereof, are also being discovered in Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Mexico, Guatemala, and even in Panama itself, where Bayano with an Indian following threatened to hamper Spanish oppression against the unfortunate "indigenas y esclavos." It was in the West Indies where we saw the light of a new day. We naturally embraced the good it brought to us. The result is, that in comparatively the same manner that Druids, Sun Worshippers, Aztecas, Chibchas and other peoples climbed out of their Autochthonic or primeval state, and passed through fires of metamorphic refinement, so also, have West Indians passed through a similar process before they were duly initiated into the society of Christian peoples.

The foregoing citations are alluded to in order to throw some light on the minds of chauvinists, who, from the social point of view, manifest, not only international ignorance or indiscretion in their ill opinion of a people friendly and altruistic—a people who mourn with their neighbors when the latter mourn, and rejoice with them when they rejoice; who were always ready to make sacrifices for their economic value which continues to be highly beneficial for the continued prosperity and virility of the Republic. It is psychologically true that just as soon as unfriendly influences commence to permeate apace of any group, social equanimity is threatened with the pro-
probability of precipitations resulting into cleavages jeopardizing assimilative adhesion. But, there is one consoling feature, and that is: unfriendly propaganda being a self-confounding and retributive business, it does not impress the minds of the highly intelligent class whom the detractors seem to take upon themselves to serve.

The highly cultured are far-seeing and judicious in these matters and, in the majority of cases, their ideas, from the social and economic points of view, coincide with the intelligentsia of the group tortured. My "Peep into the Past" is therefore to hint that as "Man everywhere encountered is Man," he is somehow directly or indirectly related one to the other either by spirit, blood and character or idiosyncrasy, not merely climatic, Mr. Lathrop Stoddard ought to discover this fact by now, if he hasn't.

Our watchword is to make the best of life and discard the unworthy, that our opportunities henceforth, as hitherto, be morally and materially beneficial to ourselves and those round about us. There is good and bad in every civilized community; but, in our efforts to concentrate for the best, our eyes are set on a better and yet more encouraging future, not for ourselves only, but in social and mutual cooperation with our true neighbors. And that, without any piece of bigotry or boast about it, is the true Christian principle.

Having stated the facts, we lay our case before the intelligent minds of the world.

April 16th, 1926.
“Trusts and the Entrepreneur”
By L. Christy Williams.

The growth of Business presages, in any appreciable community, a gradual pooling of capital which in time comes to be recognized as the modern trust. Largely, competitive industries are the first to develop price fixing combines and trade associations, and later to evolve the monopolistic trust. Good business sees in the development, the elimination of waste, systematized distribution, and a general centralization which should work for the good of the public in lowering and stabilizing prices. But this latter is too much to expect of human nature, and modern trusts develop gargantuan proportions. In the knowledge of the power of monopoly, they disregard the public interests, charging for their wares, "all the traffic will bear." They control large battalions of labor and keep a finger in the political pie. Their motto becomes "exploitation first last and always." This type of trust succeeds up to a certain point, after which the voice of the people must be heard.

Although there is not any tangible evidence of the trust manifestation in the Republic at present, the trust idea is nevertheless gaining force, and the beginnings can be noted in at least one industry. Independence has been afforded by a lack of cut-throat competition, and in just such a degree as competition becomes keener the trust idea will be enhanced. Whether such trusts as will be established will be for the good of the public or will be operated in the sole interests of the capitalists, will

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depend on the controlling figures in the specific schemes. Common sense indicates that whereas the Henry Fords are general benefactors, there will be a disconcerting ratio of others whose idea is "to hell with the public." The small beginner in business nowadays cannot hope to succeed except in a line which has not been touched by bigger capital, and these are becoming increasingly narrower and narrower. The individual who hopes to start out in any line of business today and make a success of it must choose a line that will not come under the notice of bigger capital because of its inability to be nationalized and systematized. The success of trust-like operations depend on how much territory (in a business sense) can be covered. The beginner must be careful that for every dollar he invests, he has in safe-keeping 33-1/3 cents which he can send out in relief, and the moment he notes the beginnings of trust-like development in his line, he had better get out. Trusts are soulless, bloodless things.

The West Indian Entrepreneur had better understand these principles and adopt them. The man with small capital has more chances of losing what he has, than of gaining anything out of it, and instead of chanceing that little capital alone in a cold, steel-grey business world, he had better combine it with other capital so as to make of it an integral in a huge chain, and so stand a better chance of retrieving it than of having his probable life's saving snuffed out in the high gale of monster business.

In the very near future, there will be no room for the small business man, as even those interstices between one industry and another which would be impractical for bigger interests, will be semi-monopolized
by those individuals who had the foresight to take advantage in time. When the ideal trust condition has been accomplished; when business will be so combined that two or three combines will hold the price fixing perquisite; when the public will be told to take it or leave it, will our community be offered special privileges. Will they receive the best goods for the least money, or will they be compelled to go without many of the staple articles?

An established trust can invariably out-distance any new attempt, because of the excellent resources and reserves from which it can draw for strength. During the stages of its development also, there is no doubt but that a rather benign attitude will promote confidence and a false security in the minds of the public and will make the trust idea vastly popular until shareholders begin to demand a fair dividend. With this excuse, all sorts of acts not exactly impeccable, will be perpetrated on a defenseless public. The only way to offset unfavorable trust conditions, is to establish competitive trusts. But will conditions be favorable then, for the establishments of such competition, or will national legislation be invoked to provide a protective stamping ground for these great mammoths and tyran-thosaurus of industrialism. Combination can provide an investment service which could be made to answer in time as an industrial stabilizer. Are you convinced that you should combine resources?
Retrospect—Instrospect—Prospect
By L. Christy Williams

Retrospect

As far back as the French Canal project, West Indians have been arriving here in the pursuit of a decent livelihood. The bulk of these immigrants being in the beginning common and unskilled labor. Others more educated and adventurous came later to endure the hardship for a time that they may return to their own homes and make a start. Many of these bled and died in the work of constructing the modern marvel, and some returned after marvellously saving a little money out of the meager wages. Of those spirits which were the more advanced, many went on to fill out their Ivies in some chosen vocation, and many more became inured to the system, remaining to assist in the maintenance of the World's Greatest Waterway

Up to this point we must not overlook the fact that the predominant idea was personal interest; every man content to live in his own interest alone; going without luxuries in order to save or spending all in pleasure as the individual plan was realizable. No thought of organizing into groups or associations for anything but religion or pleasure was ever initiated. Consciousness of united power had not yet been inculcated by the people. If we could accept the vocable "Individual-Prospect" as denoting this era, we might pass on.

Before we start fully on our way, however, let us pause to consider the cause of a ten-year lack of con-
certed effort by our people. Was the cause contentment, lack of intelligence or of leadership? We know it was not contentment at the treatment received, as it was shown later on when they were allowed to make representations. It could therefore never have been contentment. There was no paucity of latent intelligent and capable leadership. But it would appear that the full significance of an organized people was not realized. And this is not strange if we stop to consider that the West Indian in his several island homes, is a religious and peace loving person; each man living his own life, reaping whatever of success he may, bearing reverses with a supreme belief in the goodness of the Almighty, and the justice of his government and ever holding to the humane virtue of benevolence. This bucolic existence together with the fact that in those countries labor unions and kindred organizations have in some cases never been heard of, are responsible for the inaptitude shown in taking to the progressive idea of unity for strength. If we accept this proposition, we must also accept the proposition that it was natural for him to endeavor to live here as he lived in his far away home.

The first conception of the power of organization came with the first "strike" which was unorganized, but brought about a livelier interest from the authorities. Actuated, no doubt by the result of this strike, the Panama Canal West Indian Association came into being, finding ready support, but due to the slow progress made in relations with the government, was supplanted by the Brotherhood.

Up to this point we may trace the fact that the people were learning the value of organization. But with the failing of the strike, and later on, in business the failing
of the West Indian Trading Co., the confidence of the people was badly shaken, and they pulled back into their shells and again took up the idea of "Individual Prospects" where they left off. And thus another decade is coming fast to a close with very little to show in the way of a concerted effort toward our communal development.

**Introspect**

In Retrospect, we saw the immutable evidence of failure. Today we are to look within for underlying causes. The effect of failure has a parent—cause. We shall see whether the relics of the storm can afford anything from which we may acquire some knowledge of its severity or some information that would enable us to prepare in case of future storms. We have seen that the people were unaccustomed to large social organizations, which accounted for their aversion to such bodies. But when the novelty of union brotherhood took hold of their imaginations, the specious representations made met with fertile soil and no obstacle was found. All the power and the grandeur of the Union were accepted as fact and unequivocal truth, applicable alike to Silver Employees of the Panama Canal as to those employees of private owned railways in the United States. No leader in that movement paused to compare the different economic conditions of the peoples affected in the Brotherhood. The radiance of this new found idea dimmed the rays of shining truth, and the glitter and the glamour were accepted not as symbols of an actuality but the actuality itself. This will-o-the-wisp of hope led these beginners to the brink of disaster. Thus, we may mark this up as a proof of the ever present danger of fanaticism, so easily inspired, but difficult to govern.
The failure, close after the Strike of the West Indian Trading Co., is another reason why West Indian industry has stagnated. Although the real reason for this failure has never been made public, it is almost a safe proposition that inefficient and wasteful management without the proper safeguards for government was, more than any other contributory cause, responsible for the loss of thousands of dollars. And this ability to spend other people's money without the same consideration we give to the spending of our own, is not a trait native to us alone, but we find that most of the greatest business failures throughout the world have been due to waste. The direct cause of waste, however, is surplus. Where the business does not employ its funds continually in its own or other investments, and a surplus of cash or credits exists, then a self sufficiency develops which in the end undermines the whole structure. Let us therefore, in any future business venture, strive to so control its destiny that only very serious and adverse economic conditions may frustrate the plans.

Up to this point, we have covered the two principal failures, which contributed more to the apathetic condition of the people towards collective progress than any of the various bank failures, oil stock promotions, etc., which have helped to impoverish the already poor people. It is due to these that the mass has shied from the path of progress. When the enthusiasm cooled, the pendulum swung back to zero, and ensuing events have done much to keep it there, but no people can maintain their right to existence, if they do not catch up with the spirit of success. Stagnation is death. But if we are to predict any transition from this lethargic state, we must first predict an understanding of the cause or causes of
past failures. We must glean from the wreck and ruin of the past, whatever we can of experience, of strategy or of technique, which might be used again as landmarks pointing out the pitfalls in the path of progress. We must learn that the history of mankind is nothing but a series of failures, then successes. Failures first so that experience and strength may be gained for the stemming of the rough currents of life. We must not forget that every invention, every outpost reached by science or civilization, have had its list of innumerable failures, and out of these last, triumphant man has always brought about the realization of his vision. We have been prone to accept defeat far too easily and too overwhelmingly. This is the lesson to be learned from careful introspection and it is worth learning.

Prospect

Panaman industrial life is in the process of confirming the dreams of those prophetic souls who have from time to time predicted for it the title of the greatest little commercial center in the world. Little by little the city is being remodeled and expanded. Its interior is being opened and developed with all the dispatch of a progressive people. Competition in all classes of trade is becoming keener and keener, and out of this, monopolies and trusts are being organized with great persistency. Everywhere can be seen the tendency of jockeying into position for the great commercial future so much predicted. And all this irrespective of the great mineral resources which are to be exploited, opening in themselves great centers of industry, which must be followed by development along a thousand and one lines.

Anyone with a good vision taking into considera-

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tion all the factors above, can dare to predict a very different Panama in the next ten years. A decade of progress such as is being made now, must see this country as the teeming metropolis of Central and South America, with her resources being fully exploited; her exports gradually growing; her cities extended and prosperous; her people more cultured, and the intellectual pro-rata high.

Those communities foreign or otherwise which take part in this development, will naturally take part in the success achieved. And here we must ask ourselves whether we shall be represented, and how. Respect will naturally be had for the most thriving and progressive communities, and the most backward will of course be relegated to the class of peonage. Competition will take care of this and brains will be the factor of comparison.

The past is a living proof of the fact that a dilatory attitude towards progress with a sublime belief in providence will never attain for us anything in this life, or in the life to come. "For unto every one that hath shall be given but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This is not merely a truism. It is an actual fact of existence. Those who possess power of brain, derive more power from its constant exercise; those who possess money derive more money from its constant use; and so on through every department of life, those who have nothing still lose the little that they had.

The injunction then, is that every man of us, and every woman of us, and every child of us able to understand this message should endeavor to gain more power. More power of thought; more power of money;
Cespedes Burke

David A. De Leon, LL. B.

J. U. Coke

Arthur Pyle
more power of investing. And if we desire to jockey into position to accept our responsibility in the progress to be made by this little country, we must start now to organize our resources; to seek means of developing our latent industrial possibilities; and to seek to increase the general intelligence, so that we may come into the spirit of progress.

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Yesterday

By L. Christy Williams

As the twilight ends the glorious day and declares the diurnal bivouac, today is being transposed for to-morrow. The change in the nature of human consciousness is insignificant, yet monumental. As the seconds fling the minutes into being, they in turn cast the hours from which the day is born, matured and die only to spawn a new succession. Days multiply, creating months, months years, years decades, decades centuries, centuries eras, eras eons, and so forth into eternity.

Speculation might carry us into the abstract, where we might pause to question, what is present? Present is, but immediately is not, because that which was but shortly present is now forever past. Past is fixed and can never again become present. So, continuing along this strain, we might say that we have only the future, but analysis might then demand, what is future? Since that which was present is now past, a void or vacuum has been created, which has subsequently been filled by another state of being present. This state was very lately future, and so we find that future is as elusive
as present. That which was future, is now present, and ergo by the same reasoning is now past.

The pale grey dawn damp with fog yields slowly to the crimson morn, and Sol wields his sceptre o'er the new born and dew-adorned day. His powerfull yet antiseptic and beneficient rays penetrate the remote corners and crevices of the earth, saturating with energy animate as well as inanimate objects; purging the stagnant waters, spending his wrath upon the great ocean expanses and the wide deserts until, declining, leave the cool park shades and quiet avenues for the edification of all, bidding a gracious adieu by emblazoning the lambent sky with a thousand irridescent and gaudy hues. Thus a day is spent. Thus are we deluded into a sense of complacency, of serenity and of security. But ever and anon the immortal words of Longfellow recur:

"Art is long and time is fleeting
And our hearts thought stout and brave
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Time, the grim reaper is incessant in his harvesting, and light hours, free hours, spare hours weld themselves into life itself and into the unremitting void of eternity. For Nature is forever changing and time is her indicant and recorder. Ever onward moves the vanguard of life, some keep time with the changes, others move with the momentum, and yet others from the impedance or resistance. The most progressive are forever alert, their eyes to the east to meet the rising sun, the most backward dwell in retrospect, their gaze on the setting sun.
A LETTER

Box 907 Ancon P. O. C. Z.

May 9th, 1927.

Dear Sid:

SINCE writing my little bit in the interest of the Central Organization, I have become aware of a tremendous amount of adverse criticism affecting that body.

I have been told that I've undertaken a tremendous task, I can appreciate that, but what surprises me most of all is the re-actionary attitude of those very persons who were responsible for its instigation, who were quite in accord up to very recently, and moreover, who sat on the committee on constitution.

Such a sudden and striking change of heart would indicate either that insufficient foresight had been employed or that these persons cannot rely on their own judgments. If, however, there is other cause for such a quick turn of mind, how could anybody understand anything by sudden and complete silence. "Silence is Golden" said the oracle, but at least in this respect it is disastrous.

It is my opinion that criticism indicates interest of a very intense nature. A man would not criticize anything except he has found in it something that interests him. He has not only been interested, but when he is a just
critic, he has seen beyond the thing to its ultimate results and consequences, hence he can conscientiously criticize it for its weakness in certain forms or for that which is lacking in it.

The kind of criticism indulged in at the present time is vague because no one hears exactly why it is indulged in, or even what is being criticized. Criticism, even of the most malignant kind, can always be made constructive, especially when applied to an organization, but when the criticism itself is so elusive that, figuratively, one cannot place one's hand on it, then it amounts to silent passivity.

I certainly believe that the Central Organization with its platform of social betterment, representation, protection, and business development, grandly embraces those ideals of communal improvement for which there is irrefutable necessity, and as such demands the earnest attention of each and every West Indian. I doubt whether there can be a definite repugnance to the organization simply because of its prospectus. Indeed if the criticisms are centered on that, I will have to admit that I do not understand these people, I never shall, and I shan't waste my time trying to understand the un-understandable. But if it is accepted that any organization can be remodeled and rehabilitated in a system of democracy more capable of voicing the sentiments of the people and definitely expressing their views and aspirations in the evidence of its being, then I challenge any conscientious critic to come out of cover, launch his reforms and let them be considered side by side with the present scheme, and let impartiality decide the proper course to adopt.
Modern constitutions, especially in respect to social organizations, are not compiled like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. They can be amended. I recognize the fact that the constitution of the Central Organization should be broad enough to be in accord with those of the organizations and associations which it contemplates accepting as its members. Perhaps the evident confusion is the result of an unconscious desire for just such an adjustment, and the failure to arrive at this realization. Continuing in this light, I would make bold to ask the leaders, and those who offer the greatest resistance: Why not adjust? I would say to the one: No amount of pessimism will bring about this adjustment; and to the other: criticism and calumny certainly will not help anybody. In our communal life, failure has followed failure. Must I conclude that we have therefore annexed a failure complex? The Central Organization has been the biggest thing attempted here. With its failure to even organize, will any effort be ever worth the while?

You will pardon me Sid, if I annoy you with my importunity, but even if I am an individual as you are, I realize that individuals do not escape group distinctions or segregations. For this reason I endeavor to constantly remind the rest of the crowd that they cannot afford to sit still in this vast and seething turmoil we call the modern world; that no amount of repeating the magic word “abracadabra” will achieve for them what they desire now and will ultimately need.

With best personal regards,

Yours very truly

L. Christy Williams.
The Doctrine of Love

R. H. Thompson.

I HAVE read quite carefully the various articles appearing in your columns and in the "Workman's" on recent topics. Some commenting adversely and otherwise on Mr. Gaskin's assertions, one of which is, that Christianity is not suited to the Negro. As an ardent believer in the Impartial Fatherhood of God and The Universal Brotherhood of Man, and a student of the higher philosophy of life, it does not behoove me to inconsistently participate in non-essentials, as so many folks are inclined to quibble over. In view of existing conditions and circumstances, I opine that some of those scribes ought to handle their subjects with more thoughtfulness and prudence. Now I must say at the outset that, the mind that is naturally turned towards spiritual philosophy, to that mind it is palpably evident that there are two aspects or phases to every question of paramount importance. By not understanding the philosophy of Christianity thoroughly, the respective scribes on that subject have only tried to make confusion worse confounded. There is an esoteric as well as an exoteric aspect of Christianity. In other words, inner and outer phases, or the spirit and the letter.

The latter is embodied in the traditional and conventional Christian precepts, namely; the fall of man, his total depravity, the virgin birth, the vicarious atonement, the ressurection of the body and the ascension.
THE DOCTRINE OF LOVE

into heaven, etc. If this is the phase of Christianity to which Brother Gaskin alluded, then I must most positively and conscientiously say that he is absolutely right. And I go further and declare that as such it is certainly not suited to any self-respecting and thinking human being under twentieth century enlightenment. It is the letter which killeth and is still killing hundreds of thousands daily with hypocrisy, inconsistency, mental dishonesty and brutal selfishness.

Comparatively speaking, conventional Christendom with all its preposterous and cantankerous prechaments has accomplished insignificantly little during nearly two thousand years with its paganistic ideas. Here and there have been some good and great souls in connection with the system, but most of these arose on the scene not so much because of, but in spite of all its traps and trimmings and vaunted prechaments: for we must remember that the unprejudiced and unbiased study of comparative religions has clearly shown that they all had and still have equally great and good souls. Most every one of the old and venerable philosophers, wise men and saints of other religions made the keynote of their religious systems sound in the word love. They all preached love for God and love for mankind in general. The doctrine of love was in nowise common or peculiar to Jesus. Socrates, the Egyptians, Buddha, Confucius, Lao-Tze, Zoroaster and Mohammed preached a doctrine of love in common with similar precepts arising from the sermons and meditations of Sextus, Philo, Plato and others. Christians have been falsely led to believe that no love existed in the world until Jesus came.

By the way, I have just read of a Christian parson who, having murdered a man on a Saturday, the very
next day, Sunday, preached from his pulpit using the text, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," thus justifying himself in a diabolical crime. Such is orthodox Christianity pure and simple.

If you want to kill a tree, get at the roots; deal with cause; leave effects alone, they will soon vanish as the mist under the sun's rays.

Sept. 2nd 1926.

Leaders Lack Spiritual Vision

By R. H. Thompson

It is a sad but true fact that in spite of the boasted civilization and intellectuality of our times, there are comparatively and insignificantly few people on this planet of ours who really and truly realize and recognize the true aims and purposes of the life which we are here to live. The whence and the whither, the whys and the wherefores, are invariably at an incalculable discount with the generality of mankind, and even so, amongst the few who come to us purporting to be leaders of light and thought. The perceptive, discriminating and analytical ability of the vast majority of these persons, are so paralyzed with glamor, superficialities and conventional notions and false interpretations of life, their minds are so intensely and strenuously occupied with mere materialism and ostentation, that they have become as it were, veritable automatons or phonographic
babblers, with no conscientious and intelligent conviction of their own, no constructive, edifying or illuminating thoughts to offer suffering humanity.

If your would-be humorous and hypercritical critics would abandon such farcical twaddles which they would term journalistic, and begin to think seriously and profoundly over the true meaning of life and the deplorable negative conditions which confront us, and about ways and means whereby they may be ameliorated, I am sure they would grasp or realize the true meaning and significance of life, and thus be better able to understand Pope's immortal lines: "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan; the proper study of mankind is man."

We have read and we have listened attentively to quite a lot of finely spun but sophisticated treatises and arguments on that precious word, unity, relative to West Indians on the Isthmus, but we have not been yet able to see any worth-while demonstration of such a large number of "united" people here. Unity implies intelligence and harmony, and the practical demonstration of something tangible, and right here let me say, that we must not confound intelligence with mere learning, as we were wont to do. Genuine unity is always constructive and productive. A nice opportunity is now offering itself to "united" West Indians on the Isthmus for the establishment of a laundry in Panam whereby scores of our people could obtain employment, will they act on the suggestion? When we look around us and see so much negative and degenerating influences at work in the very midst of so very many orthodox churches, lodges, secret orders, benevolent and friendly societies and so forth, all pretending to be functioning under the banner of Jesus Christ, we are irresistibly
driven to the inevitable conclusion that they are off the track. When we see these very people so desperately, unthinkingly and selfishly clinging to the almighty dollar, even at the expense of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, we know verily that they know nothing whatever about the fundamental laws and principles of Nature or of their own being. Some of the so-called spiritual leaders of the people have so sadly failed, partly through love of ease and inordinate indulgence in sensuous and narcotic habits that their finer forces and perceptive faculties are on par with mere intellectuality. Consequently they are puffed up and are lamentably lacking in spiritual vision, and thus the people are perishing.

The vast majority of the human race is developed only in the consciousness of materiality, thus most people are not able to apprehend the things of spirit. Their only measure or standard of success lies in property or dollars and cents. This is a tremendous mistake. We all need more or less, some of the good things of this world; but however valuable in themselves they may be, we know that they are only means to an end and that unless we are wisely using them for the unfoldment and development of our Godlike qualities and attributes and unselfishly and disinterestedly for the benefit of others, we are doomed to irretrievable loss. Man's highest blessedness can be secured by the divine and impartial law of Nature alone.

"All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Tuesday July 12th, 1927.
The Vital Principles

By R. H. Thompson.

PROBABLY there was never a time since man began to think, when the problems of life for the individual, for society, for the state, for the future of humanity, seemed more tremendous than they appear in recent years, as we take a long look ahead into the new times. There is seething unrest; there is serious doubt of the sanctions of religion; there is a sense of approaching change; there is suspicion that premises and foundations once unquestioned are now being undermined; there is challenging of existing institutions—social, economical, ecclesiastical. The current state of affairs materially, morally and spiritually are far from being satisfactory. The current forms of religion count millions of votaries. How firm a grip have they upon men's hearts and consciences? Do they succeed in giving weary mankind rest, comfort and inspiration? How far do they content and satisfy thoughtful minds? How strong a leverage do they offer for ethical and social uplifting? Is conventional Christianity proving inadequate to new needs, intellectual and humanitarian? Or, rather, is man about to take a new grip upon the substance of religion? Is he dissatisfied with the husks, because a new appetite for reality is now possessing him? These are transcendentally important questions, and should be carefully answered.

In my humble opinion, there can be no genuine political, social or economical structure that does not rest on a substantial religious foundation. Upon a score of puzzling problems—about the suffrage, about the treatment of the colored race, about rights and liberties, about colonies and dependencies, about labor unions,
about education, about prison and crime, about temperance and the home—we shall not only be likely to build after more enduring and permanent plans for having a foothold upon the far-reaching lines of a religious foundation, but what is even more important, we shall be sure to come to every one of these practical problems with a certain temper and attitude that we could not bring to them without true religion. What the world lacks lamentably today is certainly not more money, but more of the vital principles of love and altruism.

Surely no man understands any subject of human interest and importance unless he knows all its sides and aspects. He can not be a good engineer without knowing the possibilities of mischief and destruction that lies in his engine and in the force of steam. He can not be a good pilot and know nothing of the reefs at the entrance to the harbor. As the old proverb says, "Everything has two handles." How can I be sure that I hold this thing by the right handle until I have taken pains to see what the other handle will do? How can a man be permanently happy as long as there remains a supposed skeleton in any dark closet of the house of his thoughts? What is right? What is true? What view takes in all the facts? These are the questions of the lover of truth. Human action need not be any less earnest, humane, and efficient after once we have shaped our course by asking these questions.

Religion is like every other object of human thought. What is there against which a plausible case may not be made? There is a very wretched handle by which the mind may take up the problem of the world. I hold that we do not know the world till we have taken it by this handle. I take the religious handle, because hav-
ing tried the other, I find it impossible to hold. The fact is men are far more religious than they know. If religion were fear or superstition, we would have to own that the world is outgrowing it. But in the deeper sense, it means a universal relation, binding men together and urging them towards unknown ranges of higher development in which it stands for the perennial sanctions of morality, in which it distinguishes right from wrong, and never lets man off from truth and duty—in this sense, there is a native religion in every sane and intelligent man.

Civilization is man’s adaption of all sorts of material and outward means to express and to develop large and joyous character for the individual and for society. The problems of the modern world, the distribution, use and enjoyment of wealth, the functions of government, the possibilities of a true democracy; all find solution in the ideal conception of the life of man, possessed with the divine good will. There is natural harmony which ought to prevail between the outward organization and the inner life. Thus the bodily organism at its best is never alien to the good spirit, but is really its servant. Good will, which is the health of the soul, tends to promote the health of the body. The fruits of civilization do not consist in factories, machines, wealth, splendid cities,—surely not in armies and warships. They are to be found in nations and peoples who have learned to live together in peace and good will. Civilization itself is only another name for the kingdom of God. Each new experience of the good life, each new venture, trusting its principles, is new testimony to the divine philosophy, without which such life could have no lasting inspiration. Never did the world call more loudly than today both for the life and thought that fits and begets this life.

Sunday July 25th 1926.
Death and the Soul

By Cespedes Burke

The word death brings to us solemnity, grief, bereavement, tears, and whether we turn our backs upon the word for fear of it or its use, we must some day, in accordance with nature's laws or the law of the Divine Providence turn to meet, face to face, the grim visitor of that name.

Death, our uninvited guest; even were we in fear of this grave enemy and willed to forget him and his horrors until he shall have called upon us personally, we cannot do it, because by an immutable law he is continually brought before our mind's eye. This cruel and unsympathetic victor accepts no excuse when he, like a thief at night or an unwelcome guest pays his visits. He tears tender youths from the loving breasts of their mothers. He deprives us from time to time of the love and admiration of those whom we love best; our parents, guardians, friends and relatives. His frequency in our neighborhood is such that he must constantly be remembered, and in general be dreaded. Whether he came yesterday or comes tomorrow, he comes; and whether his visits are within our immediate circle or not, we know that he visits all, for, as we go along the streets we see the symbols of lamentation being worn by the bereaved, and as we journey by the cemetery where the last remains of the dead are interred, we see monuments raised on behalf of the dear ones who have succumbed to the cruel grasp of death.
When in the heights of mirth, enjoying the pleasures of this world, we hear the muffled sound of the drum and we witness the procession which accompanies the corpse of death's victim as it is borne to its last resting place; when we see the relatives and friends paying their last tribute to the dead; when we listen to the funeral oration and more so the solemnity of the obsequies, each made more impressive by the sincerity of the officiating minister; when we hear the pronouncement of the dreadful words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" and yea, when we look and behold the corporeal form of him whom we love best being covered with dust and with this, the mournful song is sung "Sleep on beloved," we shudder, and the fear of God Almighty is awakened within us. Then we begin more earnestly to concentrate on Him who is the maker and giver of all things. Him, whose power is infinite; Who is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. Him, who breathed in man the breath of life by which man became a living soul. We feel the inner-man speaking to us and urging us to be more mindful of the soul (man's incorporeal existence;) and whilst reflecting on this, the words of the poet Longfellow come so applicably and so soothingly,—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnst
Was not spoken of the soul.

We acknowledge death as the destiny to be shared by all that breathe, and while we think of the question of the soul after death, Bryant in his Thanatopsis gives us his words of admonition: "So live, that when thy summons come to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that pale realm of shade, where each shall take his
chamber in the silent halls of death; thou go not like the quarry-slave at night scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Sunday May 30th, 1927.

Let The Dead Bury Their Dead
By Cespedes Burke

Among some of the most outstanding scriptural quotations from the supernumerary of others that have baffled intellectual geniuses including theological experts, is to be found the one that has formed the caption of this contribution. Many and varied are the interpretations placed on this parable, but, according to Mr. Ingersoll we are but making ourselves ridiculous when we attempt to explain a parable. Even among the most primitive of peoples, the habit has been formed of accompanying the dead to their last resting place, witnessing their interment, and where the consanguinary or other relationship is sufficiently propinquous, to shed tears, and in general mourn the loss of the departed with the bereaved.

We do not know whether this biblical injunction was originally intended merely to be observed figuratively, but, were we to venture an interpretation, our convictions, based on the customs of the peoples within whose environments we find ourselves, would force us to the conclusion that, the quick and the dead are sometimes
conveniently classified as “dead”, presumably due to
the fact that the spirit of those closely associated with the
dead (the incorporeal) are as it were, dead during their
grief-striken period; thus the significance—“Let the
dead bury their dead.”

Today, as the last issue of this “rag” comes to us,
(which we shall treasure) and the paper takes its exit
and ceases to be a formidable power for good in local
journalistic circles, its many readers have come to mourn
its loss, responding to the moral obligation of burying
our dead. We come not with that spirit of satirical irony
with which Mark Anthony’s oration over Ceaser’s dead
body is characterized, but appreciating as we do the be­
enefits to be derived from competition, and realizing fully
that which the paper has already accomplished, we free
ourselves from all levity when we say: “We mourn with
you.” And in order that our spirit of latitudenarianism
might be more fully represented, it might be stated that
we rejoice over the birth of, and lament the loss of any
periodical or portion thereof in which the interest of our
people is represented. While an inversion of the axiom
Good things come in small parcels does not necessarily
hold good in the life of other local contemporaries, the
aphorism in itself has been one of the distinguishing
features by which the little Panama American has been
exemplified, for truly, a ‘multum in parvo’ it has been.

“I count my loss but gain,” said Shakespeare. This
expression would seem insolubly enigmatical were it not
for the fact that during our life time some of us are
called upon to enter into the inner recesses of such an
experience. Therefore, whatever loss there has been to
the constituents of the Panama American staff, (I allude
particularly to the West Indian Editor) consolation
might be found in the Shakespearean quotation referred to, when in retrospecting we find that it has kindled a light in West Indian journalism on the Isthmus; for, is it not a fact that since the advent of the West Indian Section of his periodical, directed by this invulnerable Sidney A. Young, many contributors have emerged from obscurity and have registered themselves indelibly among local journalists?

Some of us in order to avoid the tirade of our critical public have been forced to delve into literature and dabble theoretically in science and art as a means whereby we could maintain a recognized standing in the field of local journalism, which has been like vipers in an Egyptian vase, each one trying to get its head above the others. Thus, on being awakened, we became possessed with a greed for literature, equivalent to the graminiverous propensity of the rabbit.

With this periodical going into oblivion, and considering the present state of inactivity of the Workman, we see a great desideratum, and prognosticate a return to the former condition of the present luminaries, or only a phosphorescent sparkle of West Indian intelligence luming on the horizon of the "only avenue of escape." And to those who take a dissimilar view of this situation, let them see in black and white and consider the applicability of the ipsissima verba of Schiller animadverting upon a journalistic issue—"Against public stupidity, the gods themselves are powerless." I conclude this eulogy dedicated to your paper and your efforts, Mr. Editor, in that sentimental intonation of Ingersoll at the grave of his brother—Were everyone to whom this periodical has appealed to come forward and place a white rose upon the desks of its personnel this minute,
the said personnel would bask within the radius of its fragrance, and their heads elevated above a wilderness of sweet flowers.

April 28th, 1927.

The Will to Succeed

By David A. Leon L. L. B.

THERE are so many of our young men and women, who merely wander about from day to day, without a serious thought as to whether or not there is a chance for them to succeed in life. Some merely ask themselves the question "what chance have I to amount to something in life" without really meaning it. The answer to such a question, however, can be found very easily, if only we would, but stop to think whether or not "we really want to amount to something." There are a great many who are only willing to accept success, if it can be obtained without serious effort on their part. They lack the patience with which to convince themselves that "success is first of all the will to succeed," that it isn't the kind and encouraging words that might be said by others that will help to success but that we have got to work, and work real hard if we are to accomplish anything, that success follows opportunity, and that you cannot be a success without first grasping the opportunity; that opportunity is to be found everywhere, and in every place, if we will but only observe it, and observe it very keenly. If they would only realize that there are others in this world who are succeeding, with no better chance than theirs then they will be nearer to success.
We ought to spend a little more time in criticising ourselves, rather than criticising and condemning other people as it is only the man or woman who blames himself or herself for his or her failure and disappointments, that is apt to put failure behind. Success can only be accomplished through our own thoughts and deeds, not those of others. What you really need is the "will to succeed." "I shall succeed, in spite of all obstacles and by sheer hard work alone, if necessary," should be your determination. It is such determination and will power that men like Rounsevell and Baxter have that kept the Panama American going after announcing its willingness to die, and die honorably; that permitted it to come back with a determination to live and live honorably. Their refusal to die brought them not only words of cheer, but such substantial support that today we see a new Panama American, on its own lot, in its own building and operating its own machinery; which means a bigger and better Panama American, and which will eventually spell success to the many shareholders. I mention the word success at this time, because what seems at first impossible, became a reality; and I have no doubt whatever that the same courage and determination these men had to keep the Panama American alive will make it a paying and profitable concern within a few years.

It is the worrying that men have done that is responsible for all the progress in the world today. They were dissatisfied with what they had, because they had the will to achieve something better. Therefore if you really want to amount to something in life, the time to start is now, not tomorrow. The hour that you waste now, will never come back and your life by the hour is just so much shorter. Opportunity knocks but once. It is the biggest
thing in every life. Merely talking about it will not do any good and merely thinking about it will not make it real for you. Nothing will help but the will and determination, which respond to the needs of the hour and which enable us to master any undertaking. These experiences are not exceptional or unusual, they are part of the common experience of nearly all men who have achieved any form of success. Successful men get to realize that they have within them, hidden in some of the many recesses of the mind, latent powers, unsuspected talents and dormant faculties which are awaiting calmly the hour of their call to action. The human mind is far from being the simple everyday thing man regards it. There are hidden chambers and unexplored regions.

There seems to be within every man possibilities of which he never even dreamed. There seems to be capabilities, the extent of which has never entered into even his wildest imagination. Some sudden call, some new responsibility, some new turn of fortune's tide and the man is called upon to demand of his mentality all that it is holding in store for him, and he is never disappointed provided he has the nerve and courage to make the demand.

Few have that courage and nerve, HAVE YOU?

Sunday, November 20th 1927.
Shavings
By J. U. Coke

Not so long ago, an experienced and well known gentleman in the person of the Hon. Young of Jamaica B. W. I., now deceased, came here in a delegation on a governmental mission, and during the stay, gave an address at Liberty Hall, H. St., in which he spoke in part of the West Indian people’s enthusiasms which he compared with dry shavings. Let a blaze of fire get in some dry shavings, and those shavings will all blaze like a furnace for a little while, and then go out very quickly altogether. So, he said, was the manner on a very large scale with our West Indian people’s enthusiasms. Let something new spring up that carries some weight, or a good deal of kick, whether it be a hopeful promise or a hard blow of displeasure, at the moment 98 per cent will blaze up like the proverbial shavings pro or con, but after a little while 95 per cent will go out absolutely.

The above remarks may be painful to admit but nevertheless are frozen facts. According to the Bible, we are told that in the time of Christ, when making his official entry into Jerusalem, the poor or common people hailed Him with loud acclamations, but the then big fellows, high priests, doctors, and lawyers, were angry and would rebuke the people, but Jesus told those big fellows that if the people should hold their peace, the stones would cry out. Today we can use a similar reference. Our big men over here, the educated ones, are sometimes angry to countenance some of the poor un-
learned ones appearing in the public press, but if we hold our peace we can be sure that the stones will not cry out these days.

We need an awakening. We need the best working means and program that will help to make us what we ought to be aside from that of the Hon. Marcus Garvey. Cannot some of our men here who have the ability, see the necessity and throw off forever that lethargic and selfish state, put on the armour of strength and courage like men to work honestly for the general betterment of our poor oppressed people? Can't the ignorance of some of our people touch their hearts and arouse them to action for all times?

What if they are criticized and unthanked for the first time? Can they not prove their value by determination trusting that success shall eventually crown their efforts? Our eyes seem to be so accustomed to a harness-like blind that unless something unusual happens to that blind so that it falls off, until then, if a lion was on one side of us and a tree on the other, we would be unable to see and escape because we are forced to see in front only. I cannot help reiterating that neither the press nor the pulpit can be employed or used to advantage in our cause, unless we can afford to expose all our ills, and make our every attempt known to the general public. In view of all these facts and circumstances, there seem therefore no other way effective to do any thing for the general good and betterment of West Indians here but through a successful operation of a Central Organization. The too many and constantly increasing lodges and societies of West Indians here, otherwise called fraternity, in 99 cases out of 100 are only fraternities in name, as judged by the enmity and cut-throating that
Isthmian Echoes

Some of the members of those societies display all around. These same petty societies have blinded the eyes of so many that they willingly and wilfully refuse to see beyond them.

I am not taking issue with any particular lodge or society for they have their good sides as well in some degree, but what looks sickening is, the unnecessarily large number which is ever on the increase. They proudly claim to teach scriptures and good morals but where are the deeds therefrom? The sick and the burial business are about the highest principles lived up to provided a member makes his full payment. What else? What else? If these lodges were only about five or ten in all, who could doubt their strength, power, and usefulness. But what profitable or important good can these little groups which are but fractions of divisions of subdivisions do by themselves? Of so many that exist, what good have they done for the betterment of the West Indian community since their existence? What good can they do? What good will they do? And what good are they doing? what institutions have we erected through our numerous fraternities? What enterprise have we built up? How many hundreds of even the very members of these societies have we been able to employ?

Could we do any of the aforementioned things? Can we do any? Could a successful Central Organization do any? Are we only financial in them until we are out of employment? Can we seek employment within them? Can we create employment through our initiative by a great big organization?

These questions are necessary and important, and should be dealt with both individually and collectively.
SHAVINGS

We may be in a strange land as some may argue, but we have been here now for nearly a quarter of a century, and may be here for how long yet we do not know, therefore we must of necessity do something real and good. First among other things we need self reliance self preservation, and self-help. The pessimist may say oh, that is bunk, life is short, why worry? But remember the pessimist is a fellow who never makes good. If all other successful people have helped themselves to success, what is wrong with us? We want to do the right thing in the right way, at the right time; and if a central organization rightly handled cannot do it, goodness knows what will.

Sunday May 22nd. 1927.
The Old Year and The New

By ARTHUR PYLE

Another Year its wonted sway
Has passed with all its deeds enrolled;
Mysterious eras glide away—
So passeth human souls untold.

Man's vigorous course will ever run
To meet the far receding wave,
Then fade away as the evening sun
In transit to the silent grave.

Twelve months fulfilled that transient Year
Now soared triumphant as of old;
Mixed in elements of greater sphere,
Embracing space where ages rolled.

Swallowed up in everlasting glee,
The season with its joys are gone,
Through infinite nothingness we see
Evolving Year, influent morn.

Issuing from entangling brush;
Its zephyrs fanned both hill and dale
Advancing with deliberate hush,
This new born Epoch rends the veil.
Ten thousands watched the circling tide
That hangs upon the vacant air;
And welcomed with ennobling pride
The triumph of a grand New Year.

With exalted and supreme delight,
Camest though from nature's awful waste,
To reign with all thy Conquering Might,
Thy influence mankind to taste.

Mysteriously thy course pursue,
Converting bitter into sweet.
Spread thou, new glories 'fore man's view;
And peace and plenty at his feet.

Enrich earth's vineyard with fruitful scenes,
Moistened by nature's early dew.
Scatter success like radiant streams
Upon our hopes with rosy hue.

Monday January 3rd, 1927.
Salutation To The Sun

By ARTHUR PYLE

The eastern hills with crimson tinged just at the peep of dawn,
And I on time awake to see the portals of the morn.
Tis thou O Sun! What loveliness my eyes doth now behold.
Before me spreads on morning's shore a sea of burnish'd gold;
'Twas from thy beams when bursting forth from dusky mantled form
That I observed thy crimson hue the mountains to adorn.
And as that gilded halo grows giving a brighter day,
I felt a kindred warmth of life from thy effulgent ray.

I now salute thee, sovereign Sun, thou monarch of the sky!
Think of the countless troops of stars that round thy orbit lie;
Think of the fleecy clouds that hide those twinkling gems from sight;
And understand the causes are from thy effusive light.
Oh! how I wish my eyes could pierce the vast expanse above,
Whence springs all joys and happiness and thy life-giving love.
Would not I see the jewel'd rod that starts thee from thy base?
Perhaps the hand that decked thy robe I might e'en see through grace.
MEETING OF NIGHT AND MORNING

But such a wish seems hard to gain since Nature veils thy throne.
Perhaps through second sight I'll glimpse the wonders of the unknown.
Till then I'm satisfied to gaze upon thy beauty there.
Entranced thus I'm led to ask—"Is heaven to earth so near?"

For in amazement I behold the flames of day extend
in ruby hue o'er floral vale; due westward and descend.
Gently the evening shade has come closing a busy day.
Resplendent Sun thy journey ends and darkness round the lay,
And all the glow in lustre flame that's on the western screen
Will be a mirror to my soul whilst thou remain unseen.

Thursday March 26th, 1927.

Meeting of Night and Morning
By ARTHUR PYLE

Dense mantle wraps the nightly shrine,
In viewless waves the darkness lay
A lonely star was seen to shine
Awaiting e'en the break of day.

This new-born day shall soon efface
The darkness from the verdant globe
Then beauty lavishly will trace
Her wonders on the morning's robe.
Methinks I see the dawn at last!
A peeping from behind the hills,
A dais in royal color cast.
A sapphire-show o'er dewey rills.

Now heaven stands a flaring sphere,
Just where the morning meets the night;
And jutting rocks fling back the glare
That plays on my indulgent sight.

Those gilded clouds that Fate adorns,
O'er hangs the em'rald earth we tread;
And gently wind bestirs the palms,
Rousing each creature from its bed.

They are coming from their cottages, some
From plains and some from trees;
Still there are others yet to come
To taste the sweet refreshing breeze.

Upon the landscape all doth gaze,
And note the sun's reflecting ray
Cast anchor on the polish'd wave,
And kiss with radiance—the day.

The mountains fortress to the sky,
Greet, mutely the auroral world,
While ocean rolls in rapture high;
Trying to spray the streaks of gold.

On shining firmament above!
A marvellous plane since time began
Beyond that ornate realm of love
Attractively the poets scan.
MEETING OF NIGHT AND MORNING

Deeply admiring the things
That proudly wave upon the scene
What solace to the spirit brings,
This universal light supreme.

No impulse dares to blur the sight
Nor claim the thought the way and all,
For this is heaven's eternal light,
Engraved on her azure wall.

As soon as morning springs from night,
We spy the lofty growing trees;
Where birds and bees wing fearless flight
Towards the clustered greeneries.

A morning rollicking with mirth
Hail all ye playmates of the dawn,
Come see the brightness of God's earth:
From Him alone this day is born.

Awake, awake, and utter praise!
Ye pines and ferns and creatures all,
Ye billows shout your freedom lays
To Him who giveth great and small.

Friday February 18th, 1927.
Rationalism vs. Philistinism

By W. A. Gaskin

I don’t know that we can spend a Sunday morning better than in indulging in a rationalistic examination of one of the supposed Messianic prophecies. I have been personally told that I show gross ignorance of the Bible when I made the statement that there is not a passage in the whole Old Testament that makes a specific reference to Jesus of Nazareth. We all know the circumstance that caused the writer of the Gospel according to Matthew to say: “Now this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying: behold a virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.” It is claimed by the great of Christendom that this prophecy has reference to the Son of Mary. Let us examine this claim. Turn to the 7th chapter of Isaiah. Do not pick out any isolated verse; begin to read from the first verse. What do we find? We find that Ahaz, king of Judah, is attacked by Pekin king of Israel, and Rezin, king of Syria. These two kings came up against Jerusalem; in like manner, the Germans came up against Verdun. Naturally, the king’s mind was troubled, being besieged by these two hostile kings. In the meantime God sent Isaiah to Ahaz to comfort him. Isaiah meets Ahaz in the way and tells him not to be troubled because these two kings will not prevail against him. It would appear from the context that Ahaz looked a bit skeptical. Whereupon Isaiah tells him to ask a sign.
of God. Ahaz replied saying that he would not tempt the Lord. Isaiah retorts with: “Hear ye now, O house of David, it is a small thing for you to weary man, but will ye weary God, also? Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign, Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good: For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings.” Meaning, of course, the king of Israel and the king of Syria. This is as plain as the sun at noon-day.

Now I will ask any honest man by what stretch of the imagination can this conversation that took place between this king and this prophet have anything to do with Christ? How can the birth of Christ be a sign to Ahaz, when we remember that poor Ahaz had died seven hundred years before Christ was born? Another point that we have to notice is, with all the prophetic warning, they never called Mary’s Son, Emmanuel. It is no argument to tell us that the two names carry the same meaning, we submit that they are not at all similar nor identical as names. If Christians of today call Jesus, Emmanuel, it only shows how anxious they are to fulfill a prophecy that they do not understand. Hebrew scholars tell us that the word ‘virgin’ does not carry the modern idea with it in the original text. They say: the word means any young woman or marriageable damsel. If Christians were to only read their Bibles, and study the historical conditions of the Jews in their wandering and captivities, they would quickly find out that the Man Christ Jesus did not come up to Messianic expectations. We have to admit that the Jews as a people
must have known for whom they were looking. Neither do we appear wise when we tell them that they do not understand their prophecies. But alas! the Christians will not read their Bibles, hence they know next to nothing about it.

Of course, I am not speaking of the ministers, they know the stuff all right; but they have to give the customers what they ask for. Another thing that we have to teach the Christians is, they must learn to discard the chapter headings. These are no part of the Bible and were placed there to support certain doctrines. Another good rule to follow is, every passage in the New Testament that says: so and so were done that a certain prophecy might be fulfilled, go straight to the prophet mentioned, but do not read the verse that the Evangelist is speaking about, read the whole chapter for yourself, and you will find that the prophet is speaking of a different thing altogether. Come on sisters and brothers, there is too much biblical scholarship in the world today. It is time that you should understand what the Bible is, and what it is not.

July 18th, 1926.

The Inferiority Complex
By W. A. Gaskin

Dear sisters and brothers, I want to speak to you on a very serious subject. My discourse this morning will be on what I will call the Inferiority Complex, I mean that inferiority that is imputed to a man because
of his color. There is a lot of noise being made about one race being superior to another. It would be difficult, I may say impossible, to find a more rash and unscientific statement. There is not a branch of the biological sciences that gives credit, or supports such a statement. I can prove, if proof were needed, that the so-called superiority that one race has over another is geographical and economic, and not biological. The white race holds that it is superior to the Negro race. The former points with a certain amount of pride to its civilization and exclaims; “See what we have done!” But I ask, “Is this the only civilization that the world has seen?” or, “Mr. Nordic, do you think that it will be the last?” I will admit that this civilization is the most complex that the world has seen, but I question if it is the best. If happiness is the end of civilization, wherein lies the superiority of this one above the Mediterranean civilization? Barring science, Europe has not given the world more than Asia or Africa has given.

There have been two factors that have worked against us of the Western World; Slavery and Christianity. Today we are evolving out of the effects of the former. There is still a psychological timidity about some of us that can be traced to slavery, but I am sure this will disappear in the next two or three decades. At the present time there are many of us who respect only superior intellect, but there is a class of obscurants who go so far as to celebrate the fact that they are no more slaves. I pointed out some time ago that this will have a most damaging effect upon the coming generation, a generation to whom slavery should be only an academic question. But when it comes to Christianity, the case is different. So long as Pauline Christianity lasts, and so
long as Negroes continue to subscribe to it, just so long will this inferiority complex last. Christianity is not suited to the Negro; it is a white religion. The Christian God is pictured as a white man with long flowing white beard. His throne is white, his robes are white, the angels are represented to us as white; in short the whole pantheon is psychologized white. The cruelest sin can be made white. Why white? Then the Devil is painted black, he is the prince of the powers of darkness. Of course, Christianity and I are not on speaking terms. I have no use for the cult. Its boasted Golden Rule, according to Ibsen, is no Golden Rule. The Founder emphatically tells us, "Think not I come to bring peace, but a sword." His followers have carried out this doctrine to the letter. They have fought on every battle field in the world. The religion has stagnated the world for one thousand years, and every advance that has been made was made in inverse ratio to its power and influence. This religion has helped to enslave my race and it matters not how many heavens it may promise in the future; to me its past will ever remain.

This religion has lit a torch of race prejudice that two thousand years of civilization has failed to extinguish. Don't ask me how. Recall the woman of Syro-Phoencia. This woman came to Jesus asking Him for help. What did He do? According to the text, He answered her not a word. His disciples entreated him to send the woman away; but yet the poor woman implored Him. "I am not sent," says he "but to the lost sheep of Israel." Yet she worshipped him. "It is not meet," He says contemptuously, "to cast the children's bread to the dogs." "Truth, Lord," says the broken woman, "yet the dog doth eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's
Business, Politics, Religion

By W. A. Gaskin

I H A V E seen where the Editor of the West Indian Section of our contemporary has bemoaned in editorial agony the fact that “the people” have not got the right idea of the connection between business, politics and religion. He says: “With a great number of people everywhere there seems to be a prevalent notion that business and politics, as questions, of public concern and interest, are naturally disconnected from religion.” The Rev. gentleman feeling sure of his ground, goes on to say: “We have to confess that this is a tremendously queer notion, and out of all compatibility with common sense and ethics.” These words are from the pen of a B. D. Now, I am not quite sure that I know the meaning of a B. D. But I am pretty sure that whatever it may mean, it does not mean, a person who understands the evolution of business, politics and religion. Let me say at the
outset of this article that, there must be a certain ethical understanding in business, even if it is degraded to the level of what is termed, business ethics. I do not know if there is anything ethical in politics. As far as I am concerned, politics seems to be a game of scheming from first to last. Hence the greater the schemer, the greater the politician. Tolstoi was right when he said that “An honest politician is as impossible as an abstemious drunkard.”

In spite of the Rev. gentleman’s opinion to the contrary; I am quite unashamed to admit that I do not see any connection between politics, business, and religion. I go a step further and make this astounding and somewhat scandalizing statement: there is not necessarily any connection between religion and ethics. Let anyone examine the fundamentals of the Christian religion, and my contention will be abundantly supported. Christ, who by the way, was not a Christian, never meddled in politics. He told us in language plain and emphatic; “My Kingdom is not of this world.” And fearing that some may feel inclined to mix his religion with politics he said; “Render unto Caesar, the things that are Caesar’s, and unto God, the things that are God’s.” Christ seemed to have had a wholesome contempt for business, and work in general. The Jews of his day thought, as the Nightengales of today think; that they possibly could connect their religion with business. Not so with Mary’s Son. He stepped into the Temple, upturned the tables and chased out the money changers.

These people were there by prescriptive rights, and they were not in the inner court, and above all, it was economic for those who came from afar. Christ knew all this, but he was bent on keeping religion and
business apart. The statement that there is a connection between business, politics and religion, is too frivolous to call for serious refutation. I rather apply myself to the task of showing that there is no necessary connection between religion and ethics. I assert and maintain that a person may be strictly religious and yet not moral. Religion is a factor that concerns itself with the observation of certain rules supposed to be laid down by some god, or gods. The Christian religion is one of the latest in the world; and when it came upon the scene, our moral standard was settled. This religion taught us nothing new in ethics. The Golden Rule is very much older than Jesus. The history of mankind is replete with the names of men who were very religious, but were not sure guides as moralists. The idea that religion is necessarily connected with ethics is founded upon a superficial reading of the facts. If I were in need of documentary evidence, I would have cited such noted religionists as Abraham, Moses and David. Abraham was strictly religious, he believed in God with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness. To prove his faith he would have murdered his only son if the uplifted hand was not stayed by an angel. This is what religion calls for; ethics would have been made of sterner stuff. His behavior with Sarai may be pardoned in a fanatic, but is surely unworthy of a gentleman and moralist. Moses was appointed by God to lead the children of Israel out of the land of bondage; an angel helped him in this affair. So religious was this man that he was privileged to talk to God, face to face. Yet this Moses lied, cheated and murdered on both sides of the Jordan. David! Why pile on the agony on the poor Jews, a people with whom I have no quarrel? A people than whom there were none more religious, and none more bellicose.
It is generally conceded that the first four centuries of Christianity were the most religious. But behold the spectacle the moment that they secured the patronage of Constantine,—the Nero of the Bosphorous. Even a B. D. should know this period. Let us take the gentlemen who founded the Inquisition. They were all nice religious Christians. They believed in the Creed of Athanasius, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and even the Last Judgment. Yet they tortured, manacled and murdered in a manner that would have shamed a South Sea savage. The number of innocent old women that were burnt at the stake as witches, exceed by far the population of Panama. This brand of Christians is in existence unto this day. These are the Christians who try to mix their religion with business. Christ’s greatest denunciation was against a similar brand of Jews.

"Ye hypocrites, Scribes and Pharisees, how can ye hope to escape the wrath to come?" When the Rev. gentleman blusterously cited Luke 3: 11-14, he simply resorted to sheer Baptistry. The verses have nothing to do with the text of the article. All Christians are religious, but very few are moral.

Monday March 21st, 1927.
Will Trinidad Spurn the Call?

By Mrs. Linda Smart Chubb

UNDER heading "Will Trinidad have Female Politicians?" the Editor of the West Indian Section of the Star and Herald recently reproduced the comments of the Editor of the Port-of-Spain Gazette, who argues against the admission of the women of his city to seats in the Council, even though he admits that there are in Trinidad a few women qualified and able for the position. No doubt with a view of securing himself with the ladies and with the men of more advanced thinking, the Port-of-Spain editor offers the following compromise: "We are not opposed to the admission of women to such spheres of activity as they are fitted for, and as they wish to fill," referring to what he had previously defined as "taking their proper place in the task of managing the affairs of the community along the best possible lines." His subsequent effort to keep them out, however, does not bear this out. As outlined by the editor, the requisites for becoming a councillor in Port-of-Spain are: ownership of property and the practical qualification of ability. Without questioning the fact that only property owners may have a voice in the direction of the government, we observe with the editor that there are in Port-of-Spain women who possess this legal qualification. We also note, in passing, his remark that some of these hold property transferred to them by their husbands for reasons good and bad. Why this unnecessary infer-
ence, except to show unfriendliness to the cause of the women? We do not suppose for a moment that Trinidad is the one privileged country in which some men do not also own property acquired by means questionable and otherwise. Now, for the other requisite. Interpreting the editor to mean the qualification of practical ability, we wonder how he knows beforehand that the women have no ability or would not be able easily to acquire it.

Mrs. Greig, who champions the women, is said to have pointed out that they are entitled to representation because they pay taxes and have the franchise. Her reply has been styled by the editor as a "woman’s argument," an expression which reveals the prejudiced state of his reasoning against the sex. What, might we ask, is a "woman’s argument?" Must we incline to the belief that it is the argument of certain men to cast contempt on any logic emanating from the mind of woman—as if logic were a matter of the sexes? Leaving aside this ill-advised adjectival phrase which adds another bit of acrimony to the editor’s contradictory arguments, let us examine for ourselves Mrs. Greig’s reply, of which, unfortunately, we have not the full text. Believing the lady to be the sensible woman whom she undoubtedly must be, we cannot fail to understand that she could not possibly have meant that the two points mentioned by her were the only requirements. She must have stressed them to show that the women did possess those legal requirements and were therefore entitled to a trial. And, in fact, are not the vote, the payment of taxes and the right to property the only initial qualifications held by the men councillors? They were never submitted to preliminary examinations aimed at determining their “practical qualification,” nor their “sincere desire to serve.” For the
rest, they entered upon their duties as beginners in regard to technique, procedure and system. The fact that, as men, they were credited with having an instinct for public affairs, is a supposition which does not always prove true. In more advanced communities of the world where women have been given a chance, without having received any previous civic training, the results were quite satisfactory, and the idea of man having a greater natural ability for administration is fast disappearing like a pie before a hungry child.

The editor of the Gazette goes on to console the women by telling them that they have all they need so long as they have the vote, by which they partly entrust the city councillors with the direction of affairs. Must the women always be content to express their views through proxies? Why should they not, if they are qualified and are willing, exercise the civic rights in their own person? Mrs. Greig contends that if even one woman be found able to discharge these duties for herself the law should be so framed as to permit of her taking her seat in the Council. This, according to the editor, would upset "a calm sense of balance of judgement." We rather see that Mrs. Greig has a calm sense of proportion by not urging more women than those who consider themselves ready for the position. But the editor is afraid; and, though he confesses that there are more than one capable woman in Trinidad, he wonders whether the doors of the Council, once thrown open, would not be mobbed by unprepared women who would be pushed into seats. It seems, after all, that it is not so difficult a matter to get seats in the Council. Considering the editor's own statement that there is a larger number of likely candidates among the male population, we
wonder who would push the women into seats? It would indeed be flattering, if it were true, to learn that the women of Port-of-Spain in large numbers aspire to civic responsibilities, and that the men in larger number are anxious to push them into seats; for, even if the ladies were not all quite able for the posts, their courage in desiring them, places them much in advance of the women of other centers who have not yet begun to ask for such things.

However, so determined is the editor to keep the women out if he can help it, that he refers to the "strain and struggle and anxious thought" which all city councillors perpetually experience, as being too heavy a burden for the mothers and daughters and sisters who are, in his view, temperamentally and physiologically inept. Had we never seen city councillors ourselves, and observed what cheerful though zealous beings they are we would be inclined to picture them as a group of tired-to-the death heroes doomed to an untimely end. We trust that the temperamentally and physiologically inept mothers, daughters and sisters will, in due course, convince the editor that they can take care of their own personal problems. In the meantime it might not be out of place to invite the attention of the editor, to those mothers and daughters and sisters employed by governments—that is by men or by a majority of men—in breaking stones on the public highway, or who permit them to be employed in tilling the fields and in loading vessels with coal and bananas!

To Capt. Cipriani, another champion of the cause of the women of Port-of-Spain, we extend our thanks. When he remembers that the spirits of the Fawcetts and the Stuart-Mills are guiding him, he need not be down-
cast. It is lamentable that the community in which he lives is not quite ready for the question.

With regard to the remarks of the local West Indian Editor of the Star and Herald, who introduced and commented on the observations of the Port-of-Spain Gazette why pretend that we are surprised? This gentleman has before given us samples of his reactionary views. Though the spiritual leaders of men and women alike, and by whom he is equally supported, he sees no harm in continuing the oppression of the latter by the former. "Wherever else in the wide world female politicians may gain places in Councils and Assemblies," he must admit that those places are much in advance of the West Indies which are still backward as not to "possess the kind of political soil in which 'lady statesmen' may flourish." The Reverend Gentleman is, however, quite satisfied, even joyous, over that state of things. If woman came into the world as an after thought, much as one takes dessert after meals, if she introduced transgression into paradise, if she is unclean, if she was born to be under domination, why shouldn't he find the question of women becoming members of the Council of Port-of-Spain, or of anywhere else, not only amusing but strikingly so?

Wednesday Oct. 13th 1927.
Our Responsibility

By Patrick Fleming

There is supposed to be a certain amount of responsibility which rests on the shoulder of every individual as also on nations. Responsibilities that cannot be shirked. Scrutinizing the different governments of the world today, we find each separate people or nation assuming the responsibility of taking care of their own affairs. The leading men, and even women amongst them have stepped forward and have taken the responsibility of directing the welfare of the nation. Every statesman of the different governments realizes that the leader of no other nation can interpret the feelings and desires of any other group but his own. Hence we find a world wide unrest with men stepping to the front of the rank and file to assume the duties and direct the destiny of their own struggling brothers.

The Negro should be no exception to this rule, and should be able to understand that sooner or later he will have to step to the front and assume his share of the universal national responsibility. In fact we can see the time very near when the Negro will be forced to do so.

In conversing with many of our people they use this phrase very frequently; "I don’t like responsibility." We as a people are so much accustomed to having other people take care of us that we become actually blind to our national and even individual responsibility; hence
it is not very unusual that we find certain Negro men of letters criticizing the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, organized and headed by Marcus Garvey, because this association is calling on the Negro peoples of the world to step forward in the front rank, and wake up to the realization of their true existence and status and assume their national responsibility.

Some day the white world is going to be tired of shouldering the responsibility of the Negro peoples of the world and will throw us off, and instead of dropping on both feet we might drop on our heads, and the result will be at least unpleasant if not serious. We should be grateful to those who are taking care of the Negro but as far as we can see, we must get down to business, be vigilant and ready and willing to assume the duties when handed over to us, for the responsibility for the future welfare and destiny of this race rests squarely upon the shoulders of the Negro and it cannot be shirked.

Sunday Dec. 5th, 1926.

Your Possibilities
By Ivy Lucille Phillips

How few of us know our talents and powers and make use of them. Many a poor man eking out a hand-to-mouth existence has within himself rare talents which, if he had known and of which he had made use would enable him now to be living in luxury instead of poverty.
How can you blame God for your unlucky position, when he has endowed you with that with which to make good. It is just as much as if you were given a fertile plot of land, and instead of cultivating it, you did nothing and expected when harvest time came round to fill your barn with wheat and finding it not so, you complained of your misfortune and envied your neighbor for his luck in gathering his crop—entirely forgetting that his did not come by chance. While you were doing nothing he was working—hence his reward. Foolish man, we all say—but that is just what thousands of us are at present doing.

Many a man is envied for his position or profession by those who had an equal or better chance. What is the reason for his being better off than others? I will answer this question. That man found himself in time, while the others never did. "Man, know thyself," study yourself. The greatest study that a man can make is of himself. Your improvement, your development, physically and mentally are never-ending. The more improved you are mentally; the more improved your appearance, your abilities and your opportunities.

New noble and aspiring thoughts give new and finer expressions to the face. Your very carriage is different; where formerly there was a stoop, now you are erect. You are fearless, you are confident; your gaze is a steady one, not shifting nor drooping; for remember, our body actions and expressions must move in harmony with our thoughts. So if you wish to have a winning personality, remodel your brain, improve and develop it, look into yourself and you will find vast hidden possibilities.

August 4th 1926.

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Turning Spare Time To Account

By Sydney J. Williams

O suggest a maxim to our irresponsible youths: “Turn your spare time to account.” This is the clamor from all sides; do not ignore it, for it is a credit entry to your account.

There are thousands of West Indian youths who care not for the morrow; they have no sense of aspiration or ambition to goad them onwards, upwards, towards the goal of success. Some of them idly say, “What’s the use when there is no chance for advancement in Panama?” My answer to this query is: “A man’s capabilities cannot be always ignored.”

The world certainly has need for intelligence. Equip yourself for the position and sometimes, somewhere it will present itself.

We are all under the caption of “undesirable aliens.” We should not, therefore, allow ourselves to remain permanently on the Isthmus. It is a fact, however, that the fields in the West Indies are somewhat crowded, but, nevertheless, if the requisite measures are taken, there will be ample space for us in our respective countries.

This is a timely warning to those who are existing in lethargy. We have witnessed the commencement of legislation against West Indians especially. We are powerless as far as opposition is concerned, but we are not devoid of talent. It is true that with the majority
this is in its embryonic state. But if this be the case, all that is now necessary is its development.

The time is now ripe when we must tread the hitherto untrodden regions; therefore, friends, West Indians and countrymen, be prepared for the fray lest we perish before the advancing army.

The Use of Words

By W. C. King

ONCE in an abnormal state of mind I told a fellow that I paid more attention to actions than words. On that particular occasion I did—my expression in words then fitted in the case under discussion. The fellow retorted that he paid very strict attention to words. He was right. Words mean much. The written or spoken word is more often than not a clear index to the writer's or speaker's mental make-up—his disposition. The technical study of man, however, reveals the fact that those who, for instance, glory in advertising themselves by words as the most honest men and would not dishonestly relieve their brother man of the value of a cent, steal, nevertheless. Such fellows are trained in the fine art of playing tricks with words.

Be that as it may. A certain English columnist was once criticized for his frequent use of highly complex sentences. He defended his policy by informing his critic that complex sentences kept many boys from school, and
that almost general dislike for deep study might be reacting in his (the critic's) case.

It must be admitted that the use of short sentences contribute to smooth reading; but at the same time it does not follow that complex sentences promote barren verbiage, except to those whom the subject "grammar" had caused to take up the bricklaying trade rather than continuing to the eight grade. Again, "words are like leaves," according to Pope, "and where they most abound much fruit of sense is rarely found." While there is some truth in that, we cannot but see with Confucius that "for one word a man is often deemed to be wise and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish." A large vocabulary is valuable but its correct use or its misuse, depends entirely on the state of mind of its owner.

In his luminous column in the Philadelphia Tribune, Eustace Gay says, "All of us know of the people who admit that they are very frank. They must express themselves with brutal candor. They are not a new type by any means, for Plutarch centuries ago, writing to the Macedonians, said, 'they are a rude and clownish people, that call a spade a spade,' from which we gather that unusual frankness is very akin to rudeness and ignorance...." He went on to say that "few of us will have the time or the inclination to become philologists and chase a 'panting syllable through time and space' but we can, at least, study the very ordinary words of frequent occurrence and exercise care in the use of them."

Monday April 4th 1927.
A Firm Purpose

By P. E. Dyett-Skeritt

Little more than three-quarters of a century have elapsed since our forefathers were rescued from the thralldom of slavery. The echoes of the glad shouts and thanksgiving which rose to the heavens from the hearts of those from whose hands and feet the shackles of ignoble servitude had forever fallen, rended the air, as these patient people to whom the glorious sunrise brought a sweet freedom, rejoiced and prayed. But with the passing of the old, and the coming in of the new order of things, there arose new problems, new responsibilities, new possibilities, new aspirations. The new dawn ushered in an era fraught with importance for the West Indian Negro. Henceforth he must achieve, must conquer; he has become solely responsible for his progress or his decline.

The history of the past years is an interesting one and is pregnant with meaning for the ebon-hued sons of the sunny isles of the blue Caribbean. If, however, I read correctly the signs of the times, there is now an awakening silently, yet powerfully. A new moral force and a new racial aspiration are at work. The time is not very distant when our dearest hopes for a greater freedom will materialize and the West Indian Negro will demand not by force of arms, but by moral suasion, the place and power denied him.

What I would tell my countrymen, is this: Have a definite purpose in life and be filled with a firm determination to attain the goal. How many lives have been
wasted, ruined, lost, because they were purposeless and how many golden opportunities have been permitted to pass because of the lack of a definite purpose. The most pitiable object in all human associations is the man who embarks on life's voyage without a definite purpose, who is content to be tossed hither and yon by the ebb and flow of the tide. No such man will ever be a benefit to his race, or a credit to the community. In order that we many fully realize the importance of unity and co-operation, we should realize the importance of working together for one common cause. Unless there is perfect co-ordination and co-operation between each of us we will accomplish absolutely nothing. But if our aims are true and our purpose high and noble, nothing can stop our ultimate triumph.

Sunday January 30th, 1927.

Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled

By D. H. Huntley Morrice

And it came to pass that in a strange land called by men Panama, there lived a race of people of the lands of the Indies who were sorely troubled at heart at the tidings that they and their children were to be taxed by the chief priests and the elders of the land at ten shekel, money of a tribe called the Americans, for every head of the same people of the lands of the Indies, and should they not be able to satisfy the tax-gatherers with the value of each head, they and their
sons and daughters would be captured by the sons of the chief priests and elders of the land and be made to pay the amount of twenty-five shekels or to labor without pay for twenty-five days in lieu thereof.

It came to pass that as these people of the lands of the Indies had no sheep, nor asses, nor oxen, nor other means whereby they may appease the wrath of the chief priests and elders that they were sorely afraid and filled with dismay; for sayeth they, what shall we do? Shall we be taken as slaves with our children and our children’s children? To whom shall we go for help?

Now it came to pass that while the people were sorely put to for means of escaping the coming wrath, there appeared a wise man, even SID, the scribe, and spake these words: “Hearken ye, O my people; let not your hearts be troubled, for were we not invited by a great people, even the tribe called the Americans, to leave our lands of the Indies in the West to come to this strange land. Do you fear that they will not afford protection unto you, O, my people? Is not there another tribe called the British who affordeth protection unto us wherever we may go? Shall we not trust them? O’ my people! be not hasty and speak like those filled with the devil, for they are called “hair-brained” and know not whereof they speak. Do not be despaired, for help cometh in thy time of need.” And the people hearing these words of wisdom spoken by the prophet, even SID, the scribe, were filled with gladness and went on their way rejoicing.
An Advanced Musicale

By D. P. Leacock

The joint musicale, sponsored by the Colonial Classical Orchestra and the Red, Black and Green choir and given at the Excelsior Theatre last Sunday afternoon, was a brilliant success from every angle and the account of which was fully covered in this paper on Monday morning, suffices amply its news value. Therefore I will only make a few remarks on the special features of the program and its attendance. To say that the instrumental success of this musicale demands a place in the sphere with The Atlantic Orchestra is withholding nothing for after death. The program on paper suggested the inference, and the orchestra and Miss Lydia Holder’s performance confirmed it. I have always looked forward to the time when our orchestras on this side would play overtures, selections, etc., with the same precision, command, and rhythmic beauty that they play marches, and, the beginning of that time came last Sunday. The overtures “Zampa,” “Poet & Peasant,” and the selection “Les Conte d’ Hoffman” showed those qualities, a development that speaks well for the Colonial Classical Orchestra. The orchestra was in its glee in “Zampa” and it established a new Isthmian record for velocity in this work. Each member made a desperate effort to be at his best, but Sam Gooding, director and double-bass player; E. Smith, pianist; E. N. Neilson, clarinetist; E. L. Agard, manager and celloist; P. Green, flautist, were especially precise. The attack and tone of the clarinetist and flautist were clean and pretty.
Miss Lydia Holder's piano solo was an innovation. The young lady brought out some intricacies of piano technique that were rapturous, imposing and far-reaching. She ran off a two-octave scale passage before one could take breath! And yet this was not the place which commanded the astonishing hush. It was the arpeggios in melody form, covering three octaves to a smashing climax. At this point many persons in the audience exchanged glances of awed appreciation, with persons beside them; and Director Gooding's face broadened with a smile of satisfaction as he glanced at Agard.

I am also well satisfied with Mrs. A. Walker-Headley's soprano solo "The Angels Serenade" by Braga, J. Daniels' tenor solos, and Miss May Standford's soprano solo. While the remaining vocalists Miss E. Applewhite and Miss Ivy Phillips met very good appreciation and hearty response from the audience, there is something about Mrs. Headley and Mr. Daniels which reaches out much farther, and that is placement, government and experience. They sang not as though they were reciting but delivering a message. Mrs. Headley showed her best form. Mr. Daniels was very sentimental in tone and artistic in phrasing, but they all might do well to keep a strict eye on Miss May Stanford. She is a surprise. She has a good, natural voice and it is full of the possibilities by which it can be developed into a first-rater. She has a dainty small register, a sonorous upper, and a beautiful middle, and they functioned with amazing flexibility and ease. There was no striving effort to produce her high notes, not even in the small register. Although her voice filled the theatre as no other did at upper G, yet it did not give of its full intensity.

The Red, Black and Green choir lived up to its
reputation of being a singular choir in the execution of the Handel-Messiah-music which causes one to think, to wonder, to exalt the composer. Not that which urges one’s feet to shuffle or one’s tongue and lips to whistle because of good melody alone, but that which causes one to realize why men are called great, why there are so few great masters, and why no art can be strictly judged by taste only. It seems to me that the chorus “All we like Sheep have gone Astray” is more difficult to render than the “Hallelujah Chorus.” Space prevents me from justifying my conception, but nevertheless, with the latter the difficulty is in each part being able to come in time, but while this difficulty is not as consecutive in the former chorus, it is there still, for, that contrapuntal treatment and canon form are peculiar to both. The dramatic setting of the “Hallelujah Chorus,” especially in the tempo, may be responsible for much of its favor; but, go a little deeper in “All we like Sheep have gone Astray,” go to the last movement, the adagio, consider its harmonic construction, the adroit progression of the modulation, the master selection of chords, the ecstasy of the bass, the striking effect produced by the organ point at the third, fourth and fifth measures while the soprano progresses in calm serenity, to the last eight note of the fourth measure, when it skips to a sixth and provides the well chosen avenue for the digression of the modulation, forcing the resolutions downwards to the eleventh measure in solemn order. Notice, too, that it led to a finish in the entrancing minor mode. It is regrettable that the orchestra did not accompany the voices in this chorus, for it added much to the other choruses. I would advise that the double bass, played—by Gooding—the cello, the clarinet and the
flute be always used when these choruses are to be sung—whether in a joint musicale or otherwise.

At no special musicale can one see half a dozen of what is known as our most intelligent class. I often wonder if their intelligence and culture would be bedaubed by the music of Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Liszt, Offenbach, Suppe, Haydn, Tschaikowski Herold, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Gounod, Mozart, Puccini, Scarlatti, Schicht, Schneider, Shubert, Shumann, Wagner, Weber, Thalberg, Grieg and Strauss, or by the persons who have intelligence enough to interpret them. Compositions by all those masters have appeared on special programs, and they were played well enough to worth any man’s intelligent appreciation, but there is something wrong!

This program should be offered to the public again some time near. It would be a pity to allow it to pass by without the fullest appreciation.

The Panama Symphony

By D. P. Leacock

The execution of The Panama Symphony Orchestra, Mrs. Olga King and Mrs. Walker-Headley, at the mixed concert given at the Excelsior Theatre last Sunday afternoon, showed marked improvement. It savoured of the air of skilful instrumentalists Mrs. King and the Orchestra’s preparedness were redeemingly evident. I—applaud I also admire and surrender to Murray’s judgment much that cannot be ascribed to “worse-
halfs” and “godfather.” Mrs. King and Murray brought back “My mother Bids Me Bind My Hair” by Haydn, and “Villanelle” by Dell’Acqua and, demonstrated that they perceived what I said in my criticism of those two items. In the former, Murray’s accompaniment was exact, dignified and dexterous; and the masterly and rippling contrapuntal treatment by Haydn now formed a life­buoy on which the melodious voice of the vocalist floated. In “Villanelle” are evident similar preparation, treatment, and interpretation. Mrs. King was more of the swallow and since a bird must first be young it must whistle accordingly.

Mr. George Abbott’s flute solo and duet were easily the most masterful performance of the concert. The cadenzas of “The Last Rose of Summer” by Kummer and especially the duet (“Lo! Hear the Lark”) by Lax were played in consummate bravura. His phrasing and attacks were subtle and are effects much needed by the orchestra, especially when attacking the arsis of a measure. To have caressed the tones as the slow movement of his solo rhythmically demanded, he might have subdued the artistry of the piercing crescendos and that would not have been wholly justified. Mr. D. A. Clarke’s poise showed envious discipline, and put one in a mood to look with sympathy on the disobedience of his clarinet’s reed. His experience with the instrument served him nicely and he played with his usual steady and haunting tone. Mr. L. A. Davis is a baritone using a mixed voice in the upper register and he is full of choir training that must be replaced by solo technique. He sang his solo with the shock of the glottis at every attack and nullified an otherwise good declamation. By selecting a work beyond his range or for a tenor the voice was robbed of control. He has the handicap
of making his audience laugh, though! Miss L. Moulton comes back and promises well. Mr. C. Elcock was always a concert bass and is valuable and, more so, when rid of the necessity for stage presence. With Mrs. King they sang the quartet of "Trovatore II" by Verdi; its rhythm was not distinguishable nor was there that effective balance of voices but it was well received.

The violin solo "Czardas," by Monti, played by Mr. Martin Rodney was well done. Rodney has seen the idea of commingling his feelings with that of the composer and his success is note worthy. Mrs. Adella Walker Headley in a brilliant chest voice sang "The Jewel Song" by Gounod, in a very attractive and joyous style. Here is a voice that fits the temperament of the melody and the spirit of the poem; it chimed at the first "Ah!" and "Is it you?" and rang with a sigh at the paused "Ah!"—all in French adoration and caressant. Someone may say that a rule of melody-writing provides that such words shall take notes on a position of the staff that should incite the bright section of the voice! Yes. But few vocalists study melody-writing, therefore I give much credit to Mrs. Walker Headley for using her instrument for a special effect regardless of maintaining a beautiful tone. It is such tricks that put the voice on a pedestal of its own, but it is those same gestures at which the hymnologist will jest.—

"Art has no fatherland and all that is beautiful ought to be prized by us, no matter what clime or region has produced it."—Weber.

The orchestra still has to make its mark with "Zampa;" in this, Mr. G. A. Rouget came through on the trombone excellently. "The Parsies" and the finale of
"Fest" by Lovenberg and Chrisrup, respectfully, were brilliantly played.

October 14th, 1927.

The Atlantic Orchestra

By D. P. Leacock

It maybe, that "Glory to God in the highest" is the most notable phrase used for the glorification of Jehovah during this season. This conjecture takes a surer form when it is seen that the phrase is teeming with dramatic potentialities accessible to the heralding of jubilant praise, or, again, it may be the very approachable manner of the vowel-sounds found on the strong accents of the phrases; that is, the "oh" in glory, the "aw" in god, and the "i" in highest; and, this is considering only the attack of these words. (While the word "highest" is aspirated, its climax is "i", and its resolution or finale even in its component parts, is amply fitted to the voice, which is generally used to glorify God. But see what the dexterous H. K. Lawson did!—he turned it around to suit the purpose of his orchestra, making a resolution of it in this wise; In the h-i-g-h-est, we will p-r-a-i-s-e G-o-d. And did not the Atlantic Orchestra, in their musicale at the Wesleyan Church last Sunday, praise God in the highest?

The musicale in general, and in particular, the Atlantic Orchestra, with its soloists, Mr. A. Prado, violinist; Mr. J. Biendecho, clarinetist; Mr. Ortega, violinist;
Miss N. Rampie, mezzo soprano; and, Mrs. Olga King coloratura soprano presented music in its most exalted form: that facile unwonted idealism, the angle from which music in our community so seldom receives due attention. The music presented at this musicale was that kind which ennobles and exalts the musician, the instrumentalist, the vocalist, and causes the audience to rely with a certainty on the words of the late President Eliot, of Harvard, who said; "music, rightly taught, is the best mind-trainer on the list." The grand selection. "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Mascagni, was clearly the crowning ensemble of the evening. Its propulsive movement, the masterly balancing of the instruments and their subtle execution compels one to leave the orchestra standing alone. While "Cavalleria Rusticana" was an excellent work through which the soul of every instrumentalist was seen in its artistic and pathetic realm, the overture "Zampa," by Herold, showed their technique and dignified conception of their art, and the "Grand Sacred Potpourri," "Joy of the World," by Barnhouse, demonstrated their humor and pranks, leaving the march, "The Right of Way," to tell their jubilation. This arrangement of the program reflects laudable credit on conductor Handel Lawson. That inestimable knowledge which a conductor should have, in regards to the teamwork of his men, was conspicuously shown by Mr. Lawson's accompaniment of "Cavalleria Rusticana," in the rendition of which he and his men can well be proud.

Mr. Ortega's violin solo, "Vals de Concerto," by Beriot, caused one to conjure a beautiful picture of interpretation. The prelude was for the piano which took the first section and seemingly depicted one who started out to visit a friend's home and to tell him a story, and
on reaching the friend’s home, he begins a sudden rapping on the door. He gets no answer, therefore he calls (this is done by the violinist) and again he is unanswered; he draps again (the piano) he calls (the violin) and this time he is heard and admitted. He then tells an exciting story, recapitulating the story until it is well understood, finishing at a well prepared climax. From this solo and accompaniment came a beautiful bit of artistic playing. “La Traviata,” by Verdi, was another very good rendition. The manipulation of the violinist, the round tones of the cellist, when true to pitch, and the elastic touch of the pianist were high spots. The church choir also made a pretty good showing

Miss V. Rampie sang “Nearer My God To thee,” by Tate, with much ease, grace and charm. She knows what is expected of a mezzo-soprano, and that she gave. She maintains an affable presentation and a delightful pronunciation. She showed very much of Mr. Lowe’s influence. In “Joy of the World,” the clarinetist demonstrated his worth to the orchestra more obviously than in any other number. He knows that he is there not only to play his instrument, but that the clarinet takes a dependent voice in the harmony. His coloring was beautiful and his tones precise. When he played counter, volume was his aim, and when he played theme, clarity was his goal. Mrs. Olga King’s “Xmas song,” by Adam, was a splendid work on which she made herself felt, as usual, leaving her alone to use her beautiful voice. She sang well and was heartily applauded—and Mr. Dottin, the accompanist, also earned high praise. He demonstrated that tempo in music means much more than the mechanical arrangement of time.
Mr. A. Prado in “Gypsy Airs,” was grand. The feature of Mr. Prado’s solo, was that he became a Gypsy just as soon as he was about to perform the work. This is carrying much to the interpretation of a man’s composition, but Mr. Prado carried more. He carried dexterity in its most subtle form; he carried knowledge of his instrument and the composition; he carried refined taste; he carried vision. With these he was fully prepared, and he commanded the situations and lorded over them with amazing and profound playing. He alone could be a Christmas treat, and the audience told him so by its long and generous applause.

December 27th, 1926.
Mr. Albert E. Bell, as associate editor of the West Indian Section of the Panama American, contributed numerous articles on a variety of topics in his weekly column headed JINGLES, which written in lighter vein, have been a feature of the Section. The following selections from Page 161 to 195 inclusive, represent a few of his best contributions during his two years of service.

The Only Reason

I WAS going through the pages of a book of riddles one day, when I came across one which attracted me very much. This riddle asked: “Why does a donkey eat a thistle?” Now, I have always thought it perfectly natural that a donkey should eat a thistle, for I have had considerable dealings with this noble, sure-footed animal and have seen him eat stranger things than thistles; so I could not imagine what reason the answer to this riddle would give for the donkey’s natural desire to satiate his hunger.

I therefore anxiously turned to the page on which the answer was given and here is what I found: “Because he (or she) is an ASS.” On a little reflection, I am compelled to conclude, whether you agree with me or not, that a good many of the things done by that highest class of animals,—man, can be explained in the exact words of the answer to that riddle.

Why does a youth, during his school days, neglect the learning that the adults interested in him are so
anxious to let him have? Why does a young man (or young woman, as the case might be) insist on "burning the candle at both ends," until Dame Nature gets exasperated and collects her toll in the form of a physical break-down? Why does a person squander his hard-earned money on a slim chance of increasing it, trusting to luck, only to lose what he had in the first place? And if he does succeed in winning what he sought, why does he make every effort to get rid of his gains as quickly and as foolishly as possible? Why does a man, when he is constructively criticized and advised by one who has his welfare at heart, not only refuse to accept these efforts on his behalf in the spirit in which they are put forth, but consider them due to unworthy and selfish motives?

Why does a lady with number eight feet try to wear number five shoes? Why does a young man, who has been rejected by his lady-love, mourn, when he has full knowledge of the fact that it has been the custom of that lady's female ancestors to have twins or triplets whenever they bear children? Why does a man marry twice? Why does a matron of over forty summers and elephantine proportions try to dress and act like a flapper of 18 years? Why does a man fail to support an organization, an industry or a cause that will, by his help give excellent and far-reaching results?

These and a thousand other questions that you can think of, dear friends, based on the things that make us backward and ridiculous, can be very well answered in the same words that explain why a donkey eats a thistle.

Thursday March 30th, 1926.
What Is It to You?

The bull frog says to the parrot;  
"Howdy, how do you do?"
Says the parrot to the bull frog;  
"What the h—is that to you."

The above is one of a set of treasured gems of poetry that I keep in my mental storehouse and the occasion very often arises when I feel very much inclined to use the last line in reply to some queries of acquaintances who pretend to be interested in me but are merely inquisitive.

Every one of you, brothers, must feel that way when you happen to be on a few days vacation, due to sickness or some other cause of a perfectly personal nature, and every slight acquaintance of yours with whom you have not spoken for years, asks, whenever you show up in public, "Not working today?"

As soon as this question is put, you sense right away that the questioner merely wants to find out whether you have been permanently kicked out of your job or just laid off temporarily or perhaps come into money on the winning number.

Of course you have to grin and explain that you have the cobble wobbles or that your right gizzard is swollen or that your mother-in-law is dead and you have taken five days off to mourn the irreparable loss.
Perhaps you have lost your job and you then have to explain how come and why; and then your inquisitor being satisfied leaves immediately to spread the news, good or evil.

How consoling it would be if all of us could ask the question of the parrot, when the busy-bodies ask our opinion on matters that neither concern nor affect them or us.

What relief we would feel within if we could only put this question when they try to snoop and pry into our intimate affairs by exerting all their interrogative powers.

Then the use of this question would save a large number of people from the habit of prevarication. Ask a lady her age now and though she feels that you have no right to know, yet to be polite, she chops off 10 or 15 years from the actual figure and hands you the balance as correct.

If custom allowed her to put the unanswerable question of our friend the parrot, the lady would have been saved from indulging in an evil habit and at the same time put the meddlesome party in his place.

I therefore highly recommend this verse to all my friends and give them free permission to use the last line whenever they have a reasonable excuse.

Tuesday April 27, 1926.
Superstition and Our People

THE headline "Science Confirms Superstition" must have attracted the attention of every reader of this page yesterday, and the account following read with great interest, for superstition is a very prominent factor in the lives of our people here and elsewhere.

Negroes, are not by any means the only folks who have developed and still foster superstitions, as some people think. As the article in yesterday's issue pointed out, there are other people who indulge these beliefs and make them a vital part of their existence.

Superstition among our people here and in other parts, however, has not proved a pleasant or helpful factor, for many of our failures, degenerate habits and scandalizing actions are the result of the excess of credence given to local superstitions which drive the lack-brains into the practice of that form of sorcery popularly known as obeah.

The fancies and practices originated with the witch-doctors of darkest Africa and today in these enlightened times and places this blight on civilization still exists among our people. To some of them it is life and death, food and drink, the cause of success or failure, their all in all—their god.

By them all things are attributed to witchcraft, and conditions are reaching the stage when every case of death is thought to be the result of voodooism, every case of sickness, the losing or procurement of employ-
ment, the success or failure in business ventures and everything affecting the course of their lives is counted as due to the effect of necromancy.

Thus the spirit of Christianity is displaced and honest effort and optimistic thoughts are pushed aside to make room for base superstition which continues to retard our progress and will do so until all are convinced that the men and women who collect money for working the charms that their dupes desire, are merely impostors preying upon the gullibility of the simpletons who put their trust in obeah.

Friday May 7th, 1926.

The Serious Bird

OW that we are here let us speak for a moment of that universal character—the man who takes himself too seriously. I knew him in school and since I started on my wayward existence as an adult I have followed him, and up to the present he has not failed to provide amusement for me, so simple-minded am I.

In school when recess is given, instead of rushing out with a whoop to play with his companions, he would seek some quiet nook with a musty text-book and try his best to cram his poor brain with learning, yet when the examination comes around we do not always find him leading the class.

At night, even if parents allow it, he has no desire to go to the movies or any other place of amusement. He
sits at home, too studious to stir, the result being that he does not learn to laugh and jest, he develops no sense of humor, he learn to be pessimistic rather than optimistic; in short he finds no joy in life other than his effort to overdo his studies.

Unfortunately we do not always gain a college professor from this kind of thing. We more often get a morose individual, depressing all who come in contact with him, a being for whom, in our estimation, the world has no place.

Then perhaps one day the worm turns. Some appealing wench or persuasive male friend gets a hold of him and makes him see that he has been missing things and the poor fellow then makes himself more silly than ever by trying to make up for lost time. He turns from one extreme to the other and if some kindly soul does not take hold of him and head him off, his certain end is a place in Gehenna.

However you take him, this serious-minded bird is a queer and amusing animal and is worth while watching.

Friday May 14th, 1926.

The Titled Gentry

HOWDY, neighbor, have you received your lofty title, yet? What I mean is, don't people refer to you as doctor or professor and hail you familiarly with a "Hello Doc!" when you meet them on the street? If they do not,
then there must be something wrong, for it is very easy to acquire a handle to your name in our town.

Any man who learns to play an instrument, or contrives to keep school for his living, or responds to every invitation from our numerous organizations to give speeches will soon become known as a professor, for anything that brings an individual before the local public’s eye, also make him the proud owner of a professorship in that line.

Thus at entertainments we hear the chairman announce that an item, musical or otherwise, will be rendered by Professor So-and-so; then some noble perspiring hero rises from his seat and ascends the platform. His performance may be good, or it may be everything but good, but what of it—he is a professor!

Some gentleman with more nerves than brains does not feel like looking for work, so he decides to keep school. Poor deluded folks send their children to him and after months and perhaps years of this gentleman’s tuition the parents find that the children are just where they started, educationally, the result being time and money lost—but what of it? “Teacher” has been called professor and that will cover a multitude of sins.

These titles are indeed free and easy to get and do the giver and recipient no harm, but they do fool the public sometimes.

Tuesday June 1st., 1926
My Birthday

YESTERDAY, my friends, as little Brother De Portage was kind enough to tell you, was the anniversary of my birth. I did not tell you before, for having been a victim of chronic impecuniosity for several years, I could not afford a "blow out" for the entertainment of my friends, and on the other hand, I wanted you to have the usual excuse for not sending me a token of your esteem—you did not know before the date.

Coming back to friend De Portage, I thank him for his kind remarks, even if some of them were at my expense. It is not often that one hears such nice things about oneself. Pleasant things are generally said about an individual after he has been nicely done up in a coffin and gently lowered six feet into the bosom of Mother Earth. I only regret that the chap did not have a more worthy subject for his article.

On the subject of my birthday, I think an explanation is quite in order here. Please be not led away with the thought that the grand events that took place in this city yesterday had anything to do with my having added another year to my life. Those events were all in connection with the Bolivar Centenary. An unnecessary explanation, you may say, but some people will get wrong impressions. I recall to mind that my birthday in 1911 happened to be the day of the coronation of His Majesty King George V—and on that occasion all the children of my school thought that the brilliant celebration during the day and night was held out of regard for me.
That was a glorious day, brethren, but it would have been a great deal more enjoyable for me if I had not, the previous day, in my zeal as self-appointed assistant cook to a bachelor who lived next door, pulled a kettle of boiling water from the stove onto my thigh. Thus, among my birthday presents that year, was numbered a nice new scald on a very important limb.

On the following day, however, with much setting of the teeth and smothering of groans, I was able to march with the procession of school children to take part in the patriotic exercises which were held at the Victoria Park. On returning to school after the session at the park, I was the recipient of much sympathy from my schoolmates, and more important yet, of a large share of the free refreshments distributed there.

With another birthday at hand, I find I am getting old. Soon I shall lose my remaining teeth and get wobbly in the knees. I may even get bald, develop a protruding stomach and acquire eccentric habits, making the young people point me out and snicker when I pass them on the street.

Then I shall be able to compare past times with the present and remark on changes that have taken place. To have the jump on old Father Time, here is one change I can remark on now: In my youth, when I saw a man with a saw, I would mutter. “There goes a carpenter.” Nowadays if you see a man with a saw, it is a ten to one shot that he is a musician, for the saw has ceased to be merely a tool, and has made a name for itself as a musical instrument. How times have changed!

Putting the Best Outside

ANY years ago, when I was a promising little spindle legged youngster and during the time that I lived in the little country town where I was born, I knew an itinerant butcher who used to come around three times a week to the homes of folks who lived in the central part of the town, with his basket of pork and mutton.

Every morning when he arrived at my home and I happened to be near the door, I would hear him say in reply to the usual inquiry about his health, "Just putting the best outside."

Soon the children of our house got used to this response, which seemed very amusing in its consistent repetition and every morning, as soon as the butcher was seen approaching, we all gathered at the door, for no other reason than to hear him repeat these words.

The matron of the home would come out at his rap, and the usual formalities of greeting would then be gone through as follows: "Good morning, madam." "Good morning, Mr. Blake. How are you?"—and Mr. Blake, with a long drawn out sigh, would reply in his croaking voice, "O-o-oh, just putting the best outside." Then the day’s meat would be purchased and the butcher go his way, leaving the youngsters cackling with amusement.

I still smile at the memory of this hoarse-voiced meat vendor and his hackneyed saying, but as the years have rolled on, I have come to realize how valuable that over-worked sentence can become to people, if they could adopt it as a motto and live up to it—and I can assure you that it takes a genuine effort to live up to such a motto.
No one is perfectly satisfied with things as they exist. There is always some measure of discontent in every life. The poor crave to get rich, and the rich have a desire for greater riches. The wife wants one thing and the husband's liking runs in another direction. The children think their elders are intolerant old fogeys and the parents feel that the youngsters are ungrateful young devils, headed for where devils belong. The employee believes he does too much work for his salary, and the employer expects more service for what he is paying. Everybody everywhere desires something more or something different.

In spite of this, the world goes on and the death rate of people who die of a broken heart is not unusually high, because here and there, in large numbers or small, there are men and women and even children who are willing to "put the best outside."

It is the ability to do this that has kept the homes of our people intact and if not luxurious, comfortable; if not happy, tolerable. It has been established as a fact that there are no better home-makers than the people who are willing to keep their affairs to themselves, especially the unpleasant features of these affairs. The sure home-breaker is the tattler, male or female, who makes unfortunate domestic matters public property. Such a person builds a short cut to the divorce court or illegal separation, as the parties choose.

The butcher's example is therefore worthy of emulation. Under all circumstances and in spite of all conditions let us make an effort towards the achievement of happiness, goodfellowship and the respect of our neighbors.

Friday July 2nd 1926.
Reply to An Aggravated Savage

Once more, dear friends, I have offended the Atlantic Side, this time in the matter of the male alto. I made certain remarks about the alto singer of the Atlantic Glee Singers, and male alto singers in general, and some provoked individual who subscribed himself "Aggravated," and whom I suspect to be Mr. Savage, the alto singer, himself, takes up the cudgel and makes valiant efforts to destroy me body and soul.

"Aggravated" judges that my musical career is limited. That is quite correct; but whose is not? Personally I can boast of only a short period of study of "Solfeo de los Solfeos" by Enrique Lemoine and G. Carulli. During that time I learned the difference between a half note and a quarter note and one or two other little things. I may also mention that I own a bull fiddle, which some people vulgarly call a double bass. This instrument, I have been told, I would be able to play fairly well if I were not too lazy to practice on it.

Beside the above accomplishments may be added my ability to perform on the mouth-organ, the jew’s harp and the phonograph, and friends who have sat beside me in church and other places where there is singing often tell me that I sing a passable bass. Yet, I am quite willing to admit that my musical knowledge is limited.

The aggravated vocalist further proceeds to refer me to Mr. Root of Chicago and Mr. Goode of Kingston,
who, he says, will be more than willing to assist my musical knowledge.

Really, I am sorry, but I do not find it convenient at the present time to take a run to Chicago to see this Root bird, and as for Mr. Goode, I have known him for some time, but I regret to say that the information that he is an alto singer has not elevated him very much in my opinion. I am afraid that my musical development will be sadly retarded for some time yet, if these two gents are the only sources of improvement.

I agree with "Aggravated" that it is a great privilege to hear a male alto singer. Yea, verily, 'tis a great privilege—and opportunity for throwing a superannuated egg or an over-ripe tomato at the singer. I would not miss it for worlds, if it were not for the laws of the land. Mr. Savage will always be safe from me though, for no one can hear him when he sings, anyway.

The peeved writer stated that there is a certain element who will tell me that music was a part of their home training. I think he has me there, for I am sure I did not get music with my other home instructions.

I can remember that when I was a very small boy my respected father possessed and made a show of playing an old cornet with about a thousand dents in it. I cannot remember, however, that he ever attempted to teach me to play the confounded thing. He evidently neglected his duty there, for which I am eternally grateful to him. Did you ever live beside an incompetent cornetist? Or any musician for that matter!

I still feel that there should be a law against male altos, Mr. Root, Mr. Goode and Mr. Savage notwithstanding. But seriously now, I can't afford to get in trouble
with these fellows, so in future when I comment on these things, I shall adopt the style of Mr. Gadsby, ex-president of Chapter No. 14 of the U.N. I. A.

That gentleman, whenever he had to comment on a musical rendition by mixed voices, used to say, as far as I can remember: "De soprano wuz sooperfaine, de alto wuz sooperb, de tenner wuz par-excellent and de bass wuz mos’ dogmatic."

Tuesday October 12, 1926.

No Time For Disunity

Perhaps I am unduly apprehensive and too easily alarmed, but whatever it may be I have to confess that I have a premonition of an impending disaster; there is a feeling in the air that sooner or later there will be a conflict. I do not like this feeling, in fact I fear it, for if it realizes into an actuality it will mean a battle among our ranks, engendered by dissensions and that evil tendency to pull in different directions.

Our people cannot afford any major disagreements now, brethren, there is too much at stake. While the efforts to improve conditions are being made it is not to be expected that everything will glide along smoothly. There will be errors—the errors natural to beginners in any line. There will be slight instances of unpleasantness through differences of opinion and from other causes, but these will give no proper reason why the progress of the endeavor should be impeded by obstructions that are likely to cause permanent cessation of activities.
Those who lead will find it takes forbearance and tact to carry on. Those who are among the followers are bound to discover that patience, sympathy and confidence coupled with a desire for co-operative advancement are very necessary factors in the development of anything worthwhile. We all know and oft repeat the proverb, "Rome was not built in a day." It applies here and now, for the necessity for well-considered and carefully-worked plans is more than evident.

I repeat, friends, that we cannot afford a division among our people now. We must not drop anything that has been started for our common benefit. Even if nothing else were to be considered, think of our pride as a people. Others know of the attempts we have been making to establish ourselves as a united mass which will be worth something more than the name that is usually pinned to us. Our plans and aspirations have been no secret. If we fail now, oh, how we will be laughed at! How ridiculous we will be in the eyes of those who have been watching sceptically for our discomfiture! And we will deserve it, if in the face of the pressing need for consolidation we have any ruptures in our party. We will be fully entitled to the jeers and taunts of those who already despise us, for we shall have proved ourselves a people who are not intelligent enough, not sufficiently alive to put aside selfish ambitions for the preservation of the lives and even the salvation of the souls of over fifty thousand people.

Friday December 3rd, 1926.
My Singing Neighbor

NOT having anything to say this morning, ladies and fellows, I ask, "Have you ever had a singing neighbor?" If you have not, then, as the young lady said to the poor fish who kissed her on the cheek, I regret that you have no experience in this matter. I have had one and this lady of the strident voice has been the cause of varying emotions in my tender breast. At times I was amused, on other occasions I grabbed my hat and like Saul of old, "went forth breathing threatenings and slaughter."

This neighbor of mine had a hymn or a song appropriate to every circumstance and event of her daily life. She was a genius at expressing her sentiments in song. She could register sorrow, joy, anger, pleasure, expectation, disappointment or any other human feeling by the singing of a few verses of some well-kow hymn from Ira D. Sankey's collection of sacred songs and solos, or by bawling out the chorus of some late and popular song written in waltz or fox trot time.

On Sunday morning when Dame Fortune has turned her head in the wrong direction and untold riches have floated into oblivion, this neighbor would reap immense consolation and relief from disappointment by half-heartedly bursting forth with:

"Lord, Oi care not for reeeches,
"Noither silver nor gold," etc. etc.
When she received the tidings of the demise of a friend, mournfully she would advise the departed to—
“Sleep on, beloved, sleep
“And take thoy rest.”

When hubby has proved to be in good spirits and all is peace and concord in the home, the chorus is:
“Oi love moy bee-aby,
“Moy bee-aby loves me.”

But when afore-mentioned hubby has proved that the good “spirits” are in him, and have prompted him to provide business for the hardware stores and the furniture repair man, then the appropriate tune ends with:
“Some de-ay your heart will be bru-oken loike moine,
“So whoy should Oi croy ovah you.”

This lady’s slogan (if she ever adopts one) may well read,—“A song for every case,” and we suppose she satisfies herself by her singing. She nevertheless came within an inch of her life when she so often brought me to the point of exasperation with the musical noise she produced.

Saturday February 19th, 1927.

The Shaking of Hands

Lest I be misunderstood, I will start by stating that I am no advocate for the hand-shake, for while I am not worried to death about the hygienic phase of this practice, I believe that we can get along very nicely
without a big percentage of what goes on now. What I want to raise my voice very loudly about, though, is the way this hand-shaking is done.

Nothing gives me a more creepy sensation down the spine than shaking hands with a man who gives me a limp flipper instead of the firm grip of a real man. On the other hand, nothing makes me warm toward a chap as much as a hearty hand-shake, when I have to conform to this old custom. I regard the hand-shake as a certain index of a man’s character. Of course there will be a crooked or weak-kneed fellow here and there who will give one a firm clasp, but I doubt if there are many of that type.

I very often meet men who are very prompt in offering their hands in greeting and occasionally one gives me a hand like a lifeless thing. When this occurs I never fail to mark that man and make every effort to avoid shaking hands with him again. I may be wrong, but I cannot help feeling instinctively that there is bound to be something wrong with the man who cannot grasp another firmly by the hand and look him straight in the eye, if they have to shake hands.

I have said nothing about the women, for fear it be said that I am suggesting that gay blades go around squeezing ladies’ hands without reason, on the pretext that they are giving hearty hand-shakes. I will say, however, that were I the “falling” kind, I would be quite willing to “fall” for every lady who gives a firm pressure of the hand as an acknowledgement of an introduction or a sign of welcome or greeting.

Saturday March 12th, 1927.
An Improper Attitude

URING my diurnal and nocturnal perambulations I have observed, as perhaps you have also, friends, that it is the general tendency of a good many men who are public servants, to make use of improper remarks to the women with whom they come in contact. This is a frequent occurrence at places like the commissaries, the post offices, the dispensaries and even on public vehicles like the "chivas" and tram cars.

Call me liar, if you like, but I will say that on several occasions I have blushed at the questionable and insinuative expressions made use of by men who are fathers of families, pillars of the church, heads and minor officers of social organizations and men who bear every mark of respectability. This is when behavior of this kind is most shocking, for while it is disgusting when perpetrated by irresponsible young men of loose morals and general slack demeanor, it is doubly so when the more experienced individuals who certainly should know better are the offenders.

Unfortunately, some of the women seem not only to tolerate this kind of thing, but really enjoy it, regarding such remarks as an appropriate opening for exercising their powers of repartee. Others seem to view the conduct of the men in question as a necessary evil attendant upon their services, and so ignore it, while it embarrasses them immensely, and others again try to "stand up for their rights," with the result that the men who were for-
merly merely vulgar become abusive, causing the incident to end very often in a boisterous and scandalous affair.

We cannot feel justified in saying that ignorance is the cause of deplorable occurrences of this kind. It is very often for the lack of thought,—lack of thought on the part of the men who make use of the remarks, forgetting that the first principle of true manhood is respect for the weaker sex, and lack of thought on the part of the women who have allowed this practice to go on, because they either take the wrong course or none at all to remedy the evil. Public opinion and the courts are always in sympathy with the offended woman, and every member of the female sex should make use of every means at hand to ward off the uncivil and discourteous approaches of unthinking males.

An example should be made of a few of these men who wilfully annoy and insult women in public places. If on any occasion an irate husband or father or an outraged lover should meet and openly attack one of these wanton disturbers of feminine peace and the outcome reaches as far as the courts, I hope the magistrate will take into consideration the extenuating circumstances in favor of the attacker.

Saturday April 9th 1927.
The Teachers and the P. C. W. I. E. A.

WHO won the war?” I suppose you will all readily recognize this question which gained marked popularity shortly after the signing of the Armistice, and up to a few weeks ago was reported as having aggravated a delicate situation between representatives of the Anglo-American forces in China.

Well there is a similar question, which, if asked in certain quarters on the Canal Zone, will stir up quite a lively time. The question is, “Who secured the extension of the school year for the colored schools?” Sam Whyte or the light complexioned youth, Mr. Dalby, will readily inform you that it was the P. C. W. I. E. A., while brother Frank Reed or Teacher McCarthy or any other teacher for that matter, will assume his best pedagogic style and treat you to an earful to the effect that it was the efforts of the teachers that culminated in the granting of a longer school period and a shorter vacation.

The Employees’ Association claims that about a year ago a committee appointed for the purpose called upon the Governor, and among other things, requested that the government extend the school term, on the grounds that with a three months vacation with nowhere to go and nothing to do, the children become wanton and out of touch with all the means of advancement which the school and teachers would provide. The teachers, they pointed out, were also affected adversely, as they are actually out of work during the vacation if they cannot obtain employment elsewhere. President Whyte states that in reply to this request a letter was received from the Governor informing the Association that the
school term would be lengthened effective in July 1927.

The teachers, on their side, claim that they got together, drafted and forwarded a petition to the Governor and received a reply which told them that the matter was being considered. Some time after that another communication was received, which informed them the petition had been granted. Thus each side feels that the bull's eye was hit by its particular bullet.

That is the story as I got it, and all I will say is this; Since the teachers got what is equivalent to an increase of three months pay per annum and the children got three months more tuition than before, it can hardly do any harm if the struggling P. C. W. I. E. A. gets the credit.

Saturday May 7th, 1927.

An M. D. Corrected

Señor Guillermo De Portage, the literary grocer, is the narrator of the following anecdote, which proves that folks would understand one another better if there were fewer words in the language:

A party consisting of De Portage, Doc. Fairweather, Arturo Wilson, Frank Lawes and a young gentleman of Oriental origin named Young (not Sid) went on a jaunt through the towns of the Interior. On passing along the road at San Carlos, the party observed some men engaged in some kind of work, and after a casual inspection, Doc Fairweather remarked, "Well, well, here's the town's abattoir."

This statement, however, did not meet Mr. Young's approval and he was quick to correct it. "What are you talking about, Doc?" quoth he, "that is the slaughter house."
ADIES and gentlemen, I am more or less obligated to address you this morning, but after having mounted the platform, adjusted my beautiful necktie, loosened my just-a-little-too-tight collar and mopped my noble brow with my scented handkerchief, I find that I haven’t a tarnation thing to say. However, as few orators ever have anything to say, although they invariably speak for an hour or so whenever they hold the floor, I suppose I shall get along all right.

It is possible that I might have been able to speak to you for a much longer time and with greater effect if my mind were at rest, but it is a sad thing when friends fall out, and that is just what has happened between the sawed-off and popular Sidney Adolphus Young and me.

It happened this way: It was on a bright and sunny Sunday afternoon, and I was taking a leisurely stroll along the main thoroughfare of our beautiful metropolis. As I walked I casually observed the fair young women and elegant sheiks, who, attired in their fancy clothes, were having their usual Sunday afternoon promenade. My mind was at perfect rest, enjoying the works of nature and the tailors and dressmakers, but soon my tranquility was to be rudely shattered.

I had just reached the railroad crossing on my way towards Guachapali, where I had planned to do a little slumming, when it happened. Coming toward me was Sidney Adolphus. Now this was not the first time that
Sid has come towards me, nor was it the second nor the last, either. But coming towards me was Sid, I say, attired in his famous black suit which is rapidly attaining a delicate bottle green tint, and on his feet was a pair of these late-style shoes, with the toes about six inches wide and the color of—well let us say a ripe tomato.

I have to confess, children, that my mouth fell open, and it required the strength of both my stalwart arms to close it again. It was then that I was forced to tell the fellow what I thought of him. The only reason I did not commit a bodily assault on his person was perhaps because my time has not yet come to be the perpetrator of a homicide. After abusing him in plain and fancy language, the most fitting climax I could think of was to refuse to walk with him, and I believe he suffered sufficiently by not having the honor of my company that afternoon.

Speaking of clothes, did you ever have one of those black suits that are subject to change of color without notice? No? Then, as the Roman Johnnies used to say, lend me your ears, if any, and I will tell you about the “changingest” black suit ever tailored. I had the bally thing four years, when it got into my head that I ought to have another suit of some kind, and procured it. The old black suit immediately turned green with envy.

Just to show this suit that I was the boss, I gathered my courage, the suit and five dollars in my hands and paid a visit to a dyer and in a few days I was again the possessor of a real black suit. But things could not go on this way; the time came when I had to have another suit, and I got it. This time the temperamental black suit turned red with indignation.
I re-visited my dyer and the obstreperous brute of a suit again played the role of the dyee, result: a black suit again. But the worst was yet to come. The first night I wore it after it had passed through its death for the second time, the seat of the pants, (excuse me, ladies) gave way and almost left me in a very embarrassing position. But I would not have any black suit in the world vanquish me in that fashion so I had the rent darned. (You do “darn the rent” sometimes, yourself, don’t you?)

The latest news from the front, good readers, is that the first night I put on the pants after the darning, I observed three little white specks, which I took to be pieces of thread, on the leg. After a very strenuous brushing I discovered to my sorrow and chagrin that they were nothing more or less than three little holes in the fabric, and the white I saw was, well that’s my business.

This is the history up to date of this villainous child of the tailor’s art; further developments will be duly reported.

Saturday July 2nd, 1927.

Borrowed Books

This morning I am attempting to cater to the literary minds (if any) in our midst. I want to speak of books. Now, don’t jump to conclusions too quickly. I am not going to discuss the merits or demerits of the various volumes which have been published; their beauty of
language, or their points of appeal. Nor am I going to cite great, near-great or obscure authors, their styles or traits of character.

In speaking of books I merely want to ask: How many have you lost through lending them to friends? If you can truthfully reply that you have lost none, then I shall have to conclude that you have consistently refused to lend your valued literary works, or perhaps you have never had any to lend.

It is my belief that every person who has had any number of books, from one up to an extensive library, has suffered a loss or losses, because of kind friends or relatives who borrowed the books to keep only until they had completed the perusal of them, but have never returned these borrowed articles.

The public libraries also suffer from these borrowers who keep and make their own property the books they withdraw as loans, but these institutions are usually covered by a cash security that is required of each individual who makes use of the privilege to remove books for certain periods; thus, when a book is not returned, the lender entails no financial loss, as the security deposited is forfeited to the library, to be used in replacing the item.

But the individual lender, of course, cannot demand a deposit from an old and trusted friend, before making him the loan of a volume that cost a few cents or a few dollars, as the case might be, so when the piece of light fiction or the weighty treatise, or whatever it may be does not come back home, the owner has to register a total loss.

If I ever meet Old Man Beelzebub, I feel that I shall be willing to suggest to him that he prepare a specially
warm corner in his domains, for those people who make a practice of borrowing books which they never return. The only consideration that may deter me from making that suggestion is the alarming realization that among my limited number of books I have a few that I neither bought nor stole. I borrowed them and did not return them.

Saturday July 9th 1927.

The Exalted Minion

There are several kinds of people that make me sick, to put it plainly, and I am not reluctant about admitting it, for I suppose I make some people feel the same way. If it were necessary I could qualify my remarks by naming the peculiar characteristics of some of the people who affect me disgustingly, but for the moment I wish to deal particularly with the individual who cannot hold a position of authority without making himself ridiculous.

Some men seem to be born to be the under-dog, the serf, the minion, the petty official, and are quite deserving of a kind of sympathetic admiration, because of their conduct in a low station. They will serve faithfully and submissively, ready to heed and answer every beck and call from all and sundry, and by this mode of conduct, sometimes one of this type is promoted above his fellows.

Comes the day when he is in authority and there you have your "Uriah Heep" all over again. Where there
was once a fawning jackal, there now appears the fierce and sinister tiger. He who was once an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with all who came in contact with him now singles out those over whom he finds himself a superior and bullies them to the point of cruelty. He struts and rejoices in his exaltation, but in all this he keeps an eye behind him for the possible appearance of any who may be above him. The presence of such a one is his signal for getting on his knees again. The higher he gets the more profoundly ridiculous he becomes, for his superiors and inferiors alike know him for what he is. He is the leopard who cannot change his spots, and however drunk he may get with authority he still remains a misfit and a poltroon, to boot.

Saturday July 23rd, 1927.

The Thin-skinned Gentry

A week ago, when in this column I made use of certain observations about the type of person who cannot fill positions of authority without making himself ridiculous, I took care to avoid all personalities, but that did not deter at least one gentleman from taking offense. This worthy accosted me last Monday morning and inquired whether I had meant to refer to him as a misfit when I wrote that article.

If the incident had not carried a certain amount of humor with it, I really think I should have been aggravated, for when I put those few words together the individual who was peeved was the farthest person from my mind, because, and here is where it struck me as amusing, this gentlemen, as far as I know, has never oc-
cupied a position of authority. Inasmuch, then, as the article spoke particularly of persons in exalted stations, I have to conclude that it is only the gentleman’s egoism that has made him feel that he was the subject of my remarks.

Believe me, friends, if there is one class of humanity which deserves pity, I believe it is composed of persons who perturb themselves unnecessarily about the words and actions of other folks. Every smile, every laugh, every whisper, every gesture and anything else that is not specifically pointed at someone else, they conceive to be aimed at them. They are always worried, always suspicious, always offended, not because of the actions of the people around them, but because of their overwhelming egoism, their excessive sensitiveness.

“You may think a lot of yourself, Brother Solly, But to us you don’t mean a thing, by golly!

Saturday July 30th, 1927.

A Sign of Awakening

UPWARDS of nine years ago, the Universal Negro Improvement Association established its activities in this country through a branch located in Panama City and designated as Division No. 3. This branch of an organization with headquarters in New York carried on the work for a time in keeping with the policy of the organization, but after various dissensions among its membership a separatist movement was started and the
result was the birth of another branch of the association, known as Chapter No. 14.

The disagreement which caused the formation of the Chapter still rankled among the membership of the two bodies after their separation. Although striving after the same ends, using the same methods and acknowledging the same executive head, Marcus Garvey, the Division, which had since become No. 17, held aloof from association with the Chapter, and the later adopted a similar attitude. There were no exchanges of visits, no co-operation of endeavors, no affiliation of activities, and time and again were seen glaring evidences of hostility on the part of individual members of both branches.

With such conditions existing, naturally little could be accomplished, and today the two factions have very little to exhibit in the way of accomplishments for their labor during nine years of existence. They still occupy rented or leased premises, their children are still negligibly provided with educational facilities, some of their members continue to suffer dire distress. Against these disadvantages all they can present as a balance is the fund which provides for the burial of their dead members and other minor benefit plans which the narrow policy pursued permitted them to introduce.

This has been the record of the past, but now there are evidences of the dawn of a new era. The announcement has been made that the Division and the Chapter have been brought to their senses after all these years of estrangement, through the instrumentality of their officers and intelligent membership. The period of baleful separation is over and there is peace and harmony between the two.
The two bodies have already met as one, in the usual Sunday evening meeting held last Sunday, and during the convention which started that same day they are to have several joint sessions to consider ways and means to improve conditions for the constituents of the Association and to foster the amicable relations which now exist between the local branches. It is understood that the subjects to be dealt with jointly are Education, Commerce, Representation, the introduction of a Distress Fund and a study of the Constitution of the U. N. I. A. for the suggestion of amendments thereto to conform to local conditions.

This is indeed a commendable move and one that should bear fruit. If the U. N. I. A. can achieve nothing but the improvement of educational standards for the children of its members and other Negro children here, the convention will have been well worth the holding. If in addition to this they can arrange to extend the commercial ventures beyond the small grocery store now in operation, and also put the proposed distress fund into effect, this convention should be a historic event and one that will always be remembered with delectation.

Heretofore the annual conventions have been held separately under the auspices of each branch of the Association here, with selfish aims and desires. This year, as a result of the understanding between the Division and Chapter, they will meet as a whole to act upon matters affecting the common weal of the people. We congratulate them on their realization of and apparent willingness to act on the axiom which says that "unity is strength," and indulge the hope that this condition may long continue.

Thursday Aug. 4th 1927.
The Hospital Adventure

This morning, friends and companions, you will not be bored by the usual column of hokum, under the caption, "Jingles" by A. Bell. One reason for this is the fact that I can hardly jingle in a hospital without disturbing the other patients, and as another reason I may explain that I have ceased to be A. Bell, having become "Bed 32." Again, as I have lost part of my speech I can just barely mutter, so there you have the whole matter.

On Monday afternoon last, after bidding my wife and other relatives a fond farewell, I wended my way, by my own free will and consent, up to the Ancon Hospital with a determination to have my gills (what the more respectable folks call their tonsils) removed then or never. The accursed and useless appendages had been causing me endless worries for a long time, so to get even with them, I thought it a good thing to have them dug out.

Shortly after reaching the ward where I was to spend several days, the nurse in charge asked me several questions which I thought I would never have been able to answer, but stumbled through somehow or other. For instance, she asked me what was my father's first name. Now, that amiable and respected old gentleman has been known to me for the past twenty-six years, more or less, by no other cognomen than "Papa," so believe me, it took some reflection to remember that he boasts the elaborate combination, Michael Ovando Bell. When the nurse enquired whether I am married or single, I was rather taken aback, for I have flattered myself for some time that I bear on my person and in my demeanor all
the earmarks of a married man. However, I overcame my astonishment sufficiently to reply, “Yes, Ma’am.”

Immediately after the question, I was directed to the bath-room and here the trouble began. I was surprised that it should be even suggested to me that I take a bath at this time of year; but how could they know that I am a conscientious objector to bathing, except at Christmas time?

However, they did get me under the shower, and I was pleasantly surprised to find that there was hot water there, as well as cold, although I nearly scalded myself to death before I learned to manipulate the handles so as to get enough of each to make the water just the right temperature. After the bath came the clothes which were to be mine for the duration of my stay. A “fawncy” suit of pajamas, if you please, perfect in every detail except that the coat would easily fit George Toppin. The sleeves, since they would do for George, were almost six inches too short for me. After being cleansed and clothed, I was assigned to Bed No. 32, and there I am at the time of writing.

On Tuesday morning, the gills were cut out by Dr. Simmons; most pleasant gentleman you can ever hope to meet. He kept on talking to me all the time he was digging at my one and only throat and almost made me forget the operation. Perhaps the fact that it was not HIS gills that were being cut made him all the more pleasant.

Up in the ward where I have had to stay for the last five days, the nurses and orderlies are all kindly souls, but the one who seems most sympathetic, whose heart apparently overflows with the milk of human kindness, is
a man whom everybody calls "Herbert." Gentle as a mother, is Herbert, quick to answer every call, always bringing a word of encouragement and solicitude, never losing his temper (and you can believe me when I say that there is much a hospital attendant may get exasperated about.) If Herbert is a father he must be a most exemplary one; as a hospital orderly he is of inestimable value to the inmates. I want at this moment to borrow a phrase that seems to be going out of common usage. It may not have any effect other than making you think that I am growing sentimental, but I will say it anyhow: "God Bless Herbert."

Another very obvious and gratifying condition is the willingness and promptness with which convalescent patients assist those who are compelled to remain in bed. Until I entered this institution, I never thought that sympathy was so broadcast and a desire to render aid so spontaneous among human beings in this matter-of-fact and mercenary world. True indeed is the proverb, that we live and learn.

Having rendered my tale of woe, I will now close, lest you be led to shed sundry tears. Incidentally, my friends may be interested in knowing that it is probable that I will be discharged this morning. To you who have never been in here I say: Come on in, the water, oh, er-ah—I mean the beds are fine.

Saturday Aug. 20th 1927.
Sport Shots

By “The Greek”

(George W. Westerman)

W HATEVER hopes Harry Wills, the Brown Panther, and his gang of adherents fondled of seeing him climb once more into the pugilistic calcium, were rudely shattered the other night, when the Giant Stevedore was stretched horizontally on the resin deck as a result of stopping one of Señor Uzcudum’s portentous right hand smashes flush on his once sturdy jaw, but which has become enervated with age, and is now aversive to anything in the line of prodigious wallops such as the Basque Woodchopper sports. It was the second time during the course of his career, which extended over a period of seventeen years, that the doleful decimal of defeat was tolled over the dusky warrior, and this will about wind up his brilliant and extensive career in the roped arena.

Conscientiously, we knew long ago that Wills was a fit candidate for the High Exalted Order of Eligible Has Beens, as far as fistic abilities were concerned, and he and Paddy Mullins who superintend his affairs, and who is reputed to be one of the craftiest pilots in the business, must have realized that much, long ere this, that he was through, was a mere shell of his former great self. Everything was against him except his height and reach (according to the records he has it all over the heavies of to-day in these two respects) and therefore he should have ignored the lucrative inducements of
again donning the upholstered mittens and permanently abandon the idea of ever again stacking up against the present-day fighters.

Against Paulino the wise-acres picked him to win, the sharks were backing him to the limit with abundant of shekel and a great many scribes in reviewing the chances of both fighters concluded that Wills had the better chances of a sure win. He had the opportunity to replace himself in the running but it availed him naught. He found the assignment extremely difficult with fate and Father Time the deciding factors against him.

In the days when he used to chalk up victories after victories over his opponents, we were with him. When he doggedly and persistently trailed the former heavyweight king, Jack Dempsey, for those fruitless seven years in the hope of getting a crack at the diadem which then adorned the high brow of the Manassa Mauler, he shared our warmest sympathy. Unmindful of the awful pasting he accepted from the Lithuanian, Jack Sharkey, last year which started him on the toboggan slide, we were still with him, and now that he has failed in his final effort to stage a successful comeback, should we desert him or flatly throw him down? No! Not by a long shot! Even though we know that he has no one to blame but himself for having lingered in the hempen square until this day, only to have suffered a defeat of this kind, we will yet pull along with him, or until such time as some other Negro heavyweight springs into the limelight and takes the place of our beloved Brown Panther.

Tuesday July 19th, 1927.

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HERE are lots of current gossips and rumors now afloat on the ambient air to the effect that the time is propitious for the bringing back to life of the profound profession of fistic fireworks in our peaceful little hamlet. Whether or not any veracity can be placed on the authenticity of the rumors, it is high time—now that the entire “Dog Works” have taken their not-to-be regretted departure—that some influential and interested gentry get busy and start something in the line of resuscitating the sport of shift, jab and wallop.

No wonder the statements that the boxing game is to be revived from the lethargic state into which it had lapsed during the past months, were regarded by John Mowatt, our own “Young Harry Wills” as the most welcome and favorable, news he has listened to since his return to the Isthmus. Through the negligence of promoters around, coupled with his inability to secure any matches, Wills has been forced to remain idle, with nothing promising in view. Finally, in despair, he began a diligent search in quest of employment, but which has up to date proved futile.

As will be remembered, John went to New York on his second trip sometime last year, and was getting by well enough, when all of a sudden he was flooded with many cablegrams and letters from the heretofore extraordinary promoter, Sol, and many others, request-
ing him to sail for Panama at the earliest date, as the
left hook artist, Buddy Saunders, and the fighting jour­
nalist, Ted Scott, were both hanging around doing noth­
ing, and the prospects of making money were then very
bright in Dear Old Panama.

In response to the summons, Wills hastened hither
with all the haste he could muster, and with a heart full
of expectations. He was welcomed as a hero not to speak
of the great cajolery and acclamations that went with
the reception. But up to the present writing, he has not
fared any better here than abroad. And under these ad­
verse conditions the most we can say is tough luck Harry,
ole boy, and sympathize with him in bucking the under­
current.

Thursday August 25th, 1927.

Sport Shots—(Concluded)

By "The Greek"

(George W. Westerman)

D E Hart Hubbard, famous race athlete and champion
broad jumper of the world, recently created another
thrilling sensation when he startled the athletic world
by setting a new mark in the history of broad jumping,
with a leap of 26 feet 2⅛ inches, thus breaking his own
record of 25 feet 10⅜ inches which he established in
Chicago two years ago, and which was never equalled
or threatened until sometime last month in a set of track
and field games conducted by the American Amateur
Union at Carson Field. At this meet Hubbard apparently
took a notion to better his mark and shattered it, thereby

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affixing a new mark to the records that may never be equalled in years to come, considering that the best of present day jumpers very seldom go over 24 feet and, furthermore, Hubbard's superb jump bested that made by Ned Gourdin a few years aback, with 11 1/4 inches to spare.

Hubbard first gained recognition as a broad jumper of great prominence in the 1924 Olympic games. On that occasion he cleared 24 feet 6 inches, winning the Olympic broad jump championship, but failed by just a few inches of tying the world's record of 25 feet 3 inches made by Ned Gourdin in 1921. With a strong determination to make a name for himself and an ardent desire to set a standard that would put his race in the hall of fame, Hubbard came back four years later, and refusing to be out jumped by other white competitors, smashed Gourdin's record by leaping 25 feet 10 7/8 inches, in a meet for the world's broad jump title.

We can safely say without any reasonable fear of contradiction that De Hart Hubbard is not only the world's Champion and greatest broadjumper the world has ever known, but he is as fleet on his feet as Paavo Nurmi, the "Flying Finn," and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. In the same meet he equalled the world's 100-yard dash record of 9 3/5 seconds. Not so bad a day's work we'll all concur. Breaking and equaling world's records in the same day and in the same athletic events is a very extraordinary feat and one that the world cannot afford to sneeze at. Hubbard's achievements in the athletic world are outstanding enough to encourage and inspire the younger aspirants of the race for athletic honors.

Wednesday October 19th, 1927.

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Bringcum Carrigo

By Ernest J. Jamieson

RINGCUM CARRIGO, commonly termed backbititis, is derived from the English word treachery and is a composite of the Jamaica proverb, "Dawg whey bring bone carry back one." It is a disease that in its infancy makes as its victims small children. Children afflicted with this contagion are known and branded as talebearers. In its most chronic state, when its victims are adults, it is to be as dreaded and abhorred as yellow fever, small-pox, leprosy and such other infectious diseases. Its influence is devastating, insidious, morbid and cruel. It is as infectious as the much feared tubercle-bacilli, and as deadly as the Cyanides. The rattlesnake is not so feared as the enemy of man as those afflicted with backbititis, because the friendly reptile rattles before striking, while the other strikes then rattles.

In all communities we find this disease rampant. In every stratum of society we find adherents to the desires of Bringcum Carrigo who in themselves are a menace to public safety. We find these busy-bodies in every walk of life. In offices, organizations, factories, farms, schools, churches, and all such places where more than two persons are gathered for any purpose whatever, they are found and not until the victim is stung, sometimes at the expense of reputation and prestige, is he able to discern, distinguish, or single them out. They are the underdogs working for no specific purpose, no given goal but the love of mischief-making. They are
traitors, liars, hypocrites; they incite enmity, break friendships, cause suspicion and distrust even among close relatives. They are the instigators of most disputes, and to the very core are contemptible cowards.

If you will notice one of these reprehensible creatures at work, you will find out his first words are “Sh—between you and me, and don’t tell anybody, and because I’m your friend, I’m telling you that so and so etc.” His only wish in telling you that Goalus Zebra who lives next door or works next to you is going the rounds saying offensive things about you is to cause a break between yourself and Goalus Zebra, and it is a natural failing that after having heard that you are being maligned without rhyme or reason, that without careful consideration you rashly return the compliments to both Mr. and Mrs. Goalus Zebra. Your informant elated by your observation, not only finds it convenient, but makes it his duty, to see the Zebra family and by the subtle force, characteristic of his specie, worms himself into their confidence, and patronizingly tells them that without provocation you said that the whole family of Zebra including their Ford car are blinkity, blank, blank, etc., “and please do not say anything to Mr. Horse Shoe,” he continues, “as he will know I told you what was said.” Like a little match he starts the conflagration that will destroy a city. Like a microbe he spreads a vicious social disease. The whole specie should be exterminated and it can be done if you and I will refuse to listen to the scandalmongers of our community who fortunately are all notoriously known.

Sunday August 14th, 1927
Annualy there is an exodus of the children of Isthmian West Indians to the Antilles, the United States and other such centers to enter school, because of the utter lack of institutions of higher learning available to West Indians on the Isthmus. That most of us have made this country our permanent place of abode is obvious, and with the desire to educate our children, find it necessary to place them in foreign schools, sooner or later to return to the land of their birth to eke out a livelihood. Nearly half a century ago West Indians came to this country as early settlers; during the construction days more came; and with the expansion and growth of the country their numbers augmented with the steady flow of immigrants. And what have those early settlers and those that followed done toward the expansion and growth of the West Indian community? What structure have they erected as a monument to West Indian culture and an example for the younger generation? But for a few who have singled themselves out within recent years in some special line of business, the entire West Indian community have shown no progress. Their lack of initiative is appalling. Their failure to cooperate and support their own is catastrophic. They are not unselfish in their efforts to work for communal welfare but except for the adaptability to open, sponsor, and support lodges and fraternal organizations, the West Indians have done nothing tangible for themselves, and yet we find among them men and women of high intellectual ability.
The fifty thousand West Indians on the Isthmus can by a little energy directed in the right channel, establish schools wherein our children may pursue the higher courses of learning; can, if they will, establish themselves in business and become a great factor in the field of commerce and industry, and consequently make themselves a self-supporting entity in this vast field in which to labor. Certain West Indian lodges and fraternal organizations boast of their financial status, but of what use is a hoard of gold in the bank when members and their children perish, hungry for bread or knowledge? Some boast of their strength in numbers; but to what avail is such strength when it is divided among itself? And again others boast of the exclusiveness and intellectuality of their membership; but what useful purpose does such strength serve the community when made manifest only, within the narrow confines of a lodge room? Should the money, brain and members of these societies amalgamate, consolidate themselves into one perfect whole and strive towards the construction of an educational, industrial and commercial program, and with sound leadership carry out that program to the letter, in a very short while they should soon find themselves the hub of the nation's wheel of Progress. It can be done! It should be done.

As an example: only a little over two years ago certain members of the U.N.I.A. and A.C.L., seceded from that organization and after surmounting what then seemed unsurmountable obstacles established what is now known as the United Negro Improvement Association of Colon. From its achievements in that short space of time this organization is now considered the premier Negro organization in the Republic. In two short years
this association has established itself in the educational, commercial and industrial fields, maintaining profitable real estate holdings, two bakeries, three schools—Model, Continuation and Technical. It employs upwards of thirty persons and boasts of an asset of about $40,000. Considering that the association is only two years old, can one dare predict to what great magnitude it will be found in the future?

The pace is now set and well thinking West Indians should throw in their lot with the U.N.I.A. of Colon; or the lodges and other organizations should follow suit in the establishment of schools—higher institutions of learning—and big business.

Wednesday, Sept. 28th 1927.
LIFE

By C. G. WHITTINGHAM

Come thou intransient spirit, fan
The flame of love's devotion;
Come mingle with the soul of youth
Thy essences of passion.
Pour in my heart immortal breath
Conjoined with lasting glory.
Give me thy joys, the flame of life
An everlasting dowry.

From cares, from strife, from toilsome ways
I come to thee for freedom;
O lighten me with cords of truth,
Endow me with great wisdom.
Let knowledge from thy living Throne
Pervade my inner being
Give me the portion of the free—
The blessedness of living.

Saturday January 8th, 1927.
MAIDS OF ETHIOPIA

By C. G. WHITTINGHAM

(Dedicated to E. L. M.)

Through the night the call comes ringing
To all those of Afric's blood;
Echoes on the winds are sounding,
List their message sharp and loud.
Far among the deep'ning shadows
Warning comes where terror lies,
Like a heart-balm for our sorrows;
Maids of Ethiopia, rise!

Through the world our race is hounded,
While oppression grows apace;
But the call has now been sounded
Hear, O daughters of the race.
See the rays of hope are flashing
All along our gleaming eyes,
And our hearts to you are pleading:
Maids of Ethiopia, rise!

Rise! This plea to you means freedom
If you hearken to the call.
Shatter all our foemen's kingdom,
Or 'tis doom and death for all.
While they forge the chains that bind us,
Sever all their hopes afar;
Loose the shackles so disastrous,
Lead and be our guiding star.
Gaze at France's Maid of Orleans,
For her country fought and died;
Girl she was, but all her longings
Were to be her people's guide.
She is gone, but still her spirit
Lingers in a heart which cries;
Afric's calling, can you hear it?
Maids of Ethiopia, rise!

Men have oft decried your value,
Say there's nothing you can do;
Will you make that falseness halt you,
Let the world think it is true?
Freedom waits beyond the border,
Heed the message from the skies;
Gird your standard, work the harder,
Maids of Ethiopia, rise!

Children of a scattered nation,
Where's your womanhood and pride?
Have you lost that dear ambition?
Africa for long has cried.
As the peal of hope goes ringing,
While our country bleeding lies;
O, my heart is ever singing;
Maids of Ethiopia, rise!

Wednesday, January 12th, 1927.
Man in his march towards the goals he names,
Encounters many forces to contest his claims;
Currents to check the power of his will
And with vain counsels all his thoughts to fill

Strong as the foes of light and truth may seem,
Striving to block or warp man's grandest dream;
Nothing should blur the beauties we admire,
Or check our minds from heights we e'er aspire.

O, man! while bleeding mortals ever groan,
List to the wails and anguish of their tones;
Men who did yield to doubtfulness retire
And Failure marked them in its searing fire.

Will you proud man go ever toppling o'er
While nature's cherished joys are e'er in store?
Will you let darkest gloom your powers mar
And doubts to dim Ambitions brightest star?

Go you and span the peaks your Fathers spanned,
You have the gifts, the light to fan;
Look to the skies and there inscribe your name,
Then tread the busy paths—the road to Fame.

Tuesday January 18th, 1927.
Land of Our Fathers

By C. G. WHITTINGHAM

Land of our Fathers, far from thee we've strayed;
   Longing to greet thee ever we have prayed;
While Might wipes Reason from the hearts of men,
   Praises forever in our hearts we blend.

Home of our Fathers, languishing are we;
   Soothe our bruised hearts—O give us Liberty!
Servants and serfs for ages we have been,
   Shame and disgrace forever we have seen.

Cradle of Liberty, rock us by thy hand,
   Weave us and guide us in one glorious band.
Let the perfumes that's wafting from thy shores
   Kindle our spirits, and our hopes will soar.

Light of our Faith, before thy shrine we kneel,
   Print on our minds the stamp of Vict'ry's seal;
Lands we have served, forever turn their backs,
   Conquest seems far, but we will scale the tracks.
Land of the Sun, on us O shed thy rays,
Lighten our pathway in the darkest days;
While might oppresses, scatter thou our pains,
In brightest visions burn away these stains.

Land of Man’s Refuge, now to thee we gaze,
Give us thy blessings, let us now be raised;
Shield us and shelter in this stormy time,
We know the power of thy wondrous clime.

Land of our Fathers, list thy children’s cry,
Take thou our proud hearts, waft us to the sky;
Strengthen our arms to fight the Fight we pray,
For thee dear Country, we’ll our griefs allay.

Tuesday, February 1st, 1927.
Out of the Night

By C. G. WITTINGHAM

Out of the night my spirit flies
To thee O dear beloved;
Long did my thoughts in glory rise;
For, you I've ever loved,

Though oceans kept us far apart
and never did we meet,
Thou hast a place within my heart,
Now, see me at thy feet.

The treasures of my love I bring,
The beauties of my soul;
For you, O loved one, hear me sing
Thy praises as years roll.

List to the joys of blissful notes
The happiness I sing;
Which soar above and ever float,
On thee they rest and cling.

Out of the night I hear the sounds,
Dear one thy words I prize,
The answer in my heart rebounds
And waft me to the skies.
All have I gained since thou O love  
Hast given me thine heart,  
Down from the earth to far above;  
O never will we part.

Why fate did keep you from my sight  
Those years, I cannot tell.  
My love is strong, my love is wide,  
Come thou our bliss to swell.

Out of the night I heard thy voice,  
Dear one I heard its tone;  
I looked up to thy beck'ning eyes  
And fell before thy throne.

Out of the night my spirit flies,  
List to the note it sends;  
My bleeding heart now gaily rise,  
While with your own love blend.

Years did I live with thee afar,  
But out of the night my soul  
Did seek thee with love's piercing star  
And now my joys unfurl.

Friday February 4th, 1927.
The Call of Youth

By C. G. WHITTINGHAM.

Oh list' to the voice of Success it is calling
   To youths who would like to be free,
From Ignorance, horror so dreadful appalling
   And all the vain Vices we see.

Our Life is a Castle—the doors are alluring
   But Danger and Death lurk within;
Yet Glory and Fame hold their sway and are longing
   To see you and I enter in.

The Chalice of Doubt hypnotizes the vision,
   Don't pause, you might drink to your Doom;
If we gaze all around and wander at random,
   The doors which house Failure will loom.

For Youth is the season of brightest assurance,
   The time when Successes are born;
The era when Mankind defies the mere chances
   And strives to reach Victory's throne.

Monday September 5th, 1927.
The West Indian Section of The Panama American made its bow before the public on February 25th, 1926, and was edited by Mr. Sidney A. Young up to the time of his resignation from the paper on May 30th, 1928, following which, the Section was closed to the community.

Mr. Young's writings included a column of his personal opinions, and editorials on all matters affecting the community. A number of the former articles, which were written under the heading "Sid Says" are included herein from page 215 to page 246 inclusive. A selection from his editorials written up to December, 1927, begins on page 247 and concludes this volume.

West Indian Journalism

The subject of West Indian Journalism seems to be a particularly interesting one to the regular contributors to the "Workman." Two weeks ago Mr. W. A. Gaskin deplored the decadence of the profession since the departure of the eminent Mr. Eric Waldrond for pastures new, but he expressed the belief that with "Sparklets" and "Sid" the standard might be resuscitated. He was harsh in his criticism of my venerable contemporary, and a bit fractious with my humble self. Last week Miss Linda Smart, with a woman's prerogative expressed her mind quite plainly on the subject. I gathered that she has no very high opinion of our regular scribblers. Her criticism was acrid in spots but nevertheless constructive. Both Miss Smart and Mr. Gaskin felt that our free lance contributors particularly Mr. Sam Whyte are very good but that production is too infrequent. They both praised the editorials in the "Workman"—no doubt for politic reasons.
I am no literary critic and my own attitude on the question of West Indian journalism can best be illustrated by the well known story of the “Elephant and the Polish Question.” You have already heard it I believe, so it will do you no harm to hear it again. A Pole, an Englishman, a German and a Russian were asked to write a thesis on “The Elephant.” The German gathered from the best libraries a number of text books on natural history, paleontology and what not and after months of study produced a solid work in six volumes entitled; “The Elephant, its origin, habits, etc. etc.” The Englishman took his gun embarked for Africa and on his return wrote an illuminating volume on: “The Elephant and How to Kill it.” The Pole retired to his native country and in the way of all Poles since the partition of Poland, wrote a weighty tome on “The Elephant and the Polish Question.” The Russian drank countless mugs of his native vodka and in a state of the utmost exhilaration produced a four page pamphlet, entitled: “The Elephant—Does he exist?”

In relation to the subject under discussion, I say like the Russian in the story; “West Indian Journalism; does it exist?” From a literary standpoint I do not think that we are inferior to any other people here, but until we can have journals and periodicals of our own that can compare favorably with those of the other local groups and not shoddy and disgusting apologies for news organs, I submit that the designation of West Indian Journalism—is a bit grandiloquent.

Wednesday Feb. 24th, 1926.
Mullins

I WONDER what has become of Mullins. For several weeks now I have not seen his lanky form on Central Avenue nor have I been greeted with his bland and toothless grin. Mullins was an esteemed friend of mine. During his years of adventurous residence he had acquired the status of a local celebrity and became almost an institution. It cannot be that he has passed from the scene of our earthly labors unwept for and unsung.

I remember well the tales he would tell of his adventurous and hectic life. Although speaking the broad and guttural dialect of St. Phillips, Mullins maintained stoutly that he was not a Barbadian but a Jamaican. He was never able to convince anyone, however, of the truth of his statement that he was born in the aristocratic environs of Up Park Camp, St. Andrews, Jamaica, and his most fervid oaths and strong abuse of “Bajans” would leave his hearers unimpressed, even though he would rattle off the names of all the streets and lanes and wellknown characters of Kingston. This was one of the tragedies of his life which he bore with calm philosophy and pained tolerance. According to his story, parts of which he has told me and all of which I have always been anxious to hear, Mullins was an exceptional “navigator.” He had travelled the seven seas and visited seventy-six different countries and his knowledge of the world was, like Mr. Sam Weller’s knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. My own longing for the joys of visiting strange and distant lands was aroused and stimulated by his tales and I would take vicarious journeys to Lapland and Sierra Leone while listening

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to his narratives. Mullins thought the worst country in the world was Norway. “G-g-g-g B’lime,” he would say; “Oi sh-sh-shovel more coal in Norway th-than there is s-s-sea-eggs in B’ados.” He loved England but he detested the City of London and his memory of his stay in the Limehouse District of that wonderful metropolis would fill him with cold fury.

He was stranded in London for several weeks, he told me, after losing his ship consequent to a big night in one of the ale-houses, and he roamed the streets in despair unable to obtain bread neither by the sweat of his brow, in the manner established for all transgressors, nor by his most eloquent entreaties. In order to obtain sustenance, he asserted, he would walk around the homes of the wealthy early in the bleaky London mornings and wait for the maids to empty the refuse from the table of “Dives” following which he would make a tremendous rush and “b-b-b’ croime h-h-had to foight with nearly a h-h-h-hundred dogs” of all class and description for his breakfast.

Mullins was not an ordinary seaman. In fact he was a quartermaster on several boats of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Line and thus his adventures, until the lure of easy money in Panama caught him and the spell of mañana held him. His pet aversion was working for the Panama Canal or for any “b-b-blarsted b-boss.” He consequently monopolized the high offices of gateman, major-domo and general factotum at all public and private entertainments. As a gateman he would not let his dearest friend through without a ticket or a stipendary consideration. As a major-domo he could not be excelled even by the famed Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria and as a general factotum he showed that he
was a man of parts, although he was apt to imbibe not wisely but too well if left in charge of the liquid refreshments. At one of our most brilliant social functions, at which he was engaged as general factotum, I inveigled him into playing the trap-drum during the temporary absence of the drummer, and gaily did our maritime friend accompany the orchestra playing his own distinctive score of a cross between a military roll and the insidious beat of the tom-tom until the dancers in agony implored him to stop. His musical ardor, however, was not dampened though his ability was questioned which gave him cause for serious offense. To palliate him I encouraged him to take a try at the piano but our host vigorously objected.

Mullins was a great admirer of the Boy Scouts and was conspicuous at all their public demonstrations, it was therefore incumbent on certain scout officers to aid him in his whilom way of living like the lillies of the field. I sincerely hope that nothing untoward has befallen this friend of my youth. He would be sorely missed and then I do not know who could ever replace him as a guard in keeping out the bums and rough-necks who always seek to crash into our social affairs. If Mullins is sick, I will have to visit and tend him, and if he is incarcerated in durance vile in any of our local correctional homes for some venial fault to which all flesh is subject, I will have to intercede with the Venerable Sam in his behalf. But if he is gone to where all good " navigators" are supposed to go, I am very much afraid but that St. Peter will lose his job as guardian of the pearly gates.

Friday April 16th, 1926.
A Close Shave

I HAVE just been informed that on Wednesday, an infuriated barber entered an establishment where I make occasional calls and inquired in vigorous and picturesque language for this “* * *”?! % % %!
—blank-blank-blankety-Sidney Young.” The bellicose gentleman told those of my friends there at the time that he had come to “clean him up” (meaning me) and that it was none of my “d—d business” whether his or any other barbershop in this city is dirty, and that I had better not “draw his tongue.” I was anxiously told that this wielder of the clippers and razor, was furious beyond measure, and that it was fortunate for that part of my throat called the aesophagus and denominated by all true sons of Jamaica, “rum bump” that I was not among those present.

As an evidence of the fate which dogged my erring ways, at the precise moment, that the infuriated barber was looking for me with blood and murder in his eyes; I was reclining uncomfortably in the chair of another offended barber, having the closest shave of my life. This other barber, was ominously calm, and inquired in a deeply grieved tone whether or not I was the author of the article which appeared in the morning’s paper about the untidy condition of West Indian barbershops. I nodded a timorous assent and began to look around for all possible avenues of escape. By this time, however, this menacing barber, had lathered my face and was stropping his razor, which latter act I though wholly unnecessary. He leaned over me, tested the razor by passing it over his thumb in the manner known to all
barbers from time immemorial, and said as he laid a heavy hand on my chest; "Now Sid,"—the razor was poised in mid-air—"if you had any fault to find with our barber shops, why didn't you tell me before making a public scandal of it." The razor descended. I gulped, closed my eyes and quickly muttered; "Now I lay me down to sleep." I felt the contact of the keen blade on my once manly but now pallid cheek; a tremor shook my frame and I cursed with the curse of a dying man, that rogue "Jingles" who started this barber shop quarrel. I wondered in that flash of thought that is supposed to pass through the vision of drowning men and men who are getting their "rum bump" slit, whether Sam Whyte would attend my funeral. The razor glided swiftly and coldly to my throat, something warm was trickling down the neckband of my shirt. "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," I breathed through my lips, though no sound escaped me, except a mortal groan.

In the bitterness of my despair; I would have cried out for help, but I remembered that I was dying for the truth and that all men who die for the truth are supposed to die bravely. "But," continued the offended barber who had assumed to my distorted mind, the form of the avening angel; "I can agree with some of the things you said." His voice shook as he wiped away the soapsud that was trickling down my neck. A faint ray of hope glistened in the dismal horizon of my darkened vision. "You are perfectly right," this mysterious barber continued. I opened one eye the merest flicker. He did not seem vindictive. I opened the eye a little wider; in fact, this amazing barber was actually smiling. I had heard of men who smiled when they committed murder, and, I quickly closed the eye again.
"But you ought to hear our side of the story," this from my puzzling Nemesis. I opened both eyes, hope was shining brightly. "Yes," I spluttered with the utmost conviction in my voice, a voice I thought I would hear no more; "Tell me." I had recovered completely and felt like Lazarus when he had come forth at his master's bidding, "In fact," I said, waxing still more convincing; "Don't tell me. Tell the public. You can have the whole West Indian Section of the whole Panama American, if you care." It was remarkable how generous I had become all of a sudden. "Well," said my dread friend of the clippers, whom I had begun to love with an overwhelming tenderness; "I will think about it. We are getting a raw deal from those who should patronize us and the public should know it." Then in a voice from which all malice had flown, he gently remarked; "You ought to use something for those bumps." I nodded assent, too happy to speak. He was the nicest barber I had ever met.

From the safety of my humble desk, I now believe that I am a very brave man. However, if you don't see me in the vicinity of K Street for the next week or two, you will know that I am brave enough to take chances with only one barber, and that I have decided to put into practice what wiser men than I have preached;—discretion is the better part of valor. Yes, that was a very close shave indeed.

Friday June 18th, 1926.
Engañadizo

"El Chombo es engañadizo y todo el mundo lo engaña."

A FREE translation of the heading above, brothers and sisters, is; "The Chombo (Quashie, another name for the poor West Indian) is a fool, and the whole world makes a fool of him." The philosophic observation is not mine. I saw the statement, like the handwriting on the wall, in flowing script on the front of a building in lower Central Avenue. It was scribbled doubtless by some native philosopher. It arrested my attention and I was forced to admit, as you will on a moment's reflection, that the statement is an absolute fact.

Here is an evidence: Within recent weeks you may have observed either in San Miguel, Guachapali, Caledonia, Chorrillo or Central Avenue, a jostling crowd surrounding two Nordic gentlemen who with eloquent gestures and in persuasive tones seem to be gripping the attention and enthusiasm of the mob. On approaching, feeling sure that a new evangelistic mission had hit our metropolis or that new labor leaders had arrived to weld the toiling Silver Employees into the folds of protective unionism; you must have been surprised to find that the two gentlemen were only itinerant peddlers selling "everything cheap." They do a thriving business and the gullible "Quashie" buys, under the seduction of the peddler's melting tones, tawdry and useless trinkets for which he has no use. In the next few months if the
gentlemen remain here and are so inclined, they will have a store on Central Avenue probably at the exact location which Mr. Sydney Fuller, our industrious jeweler, now occupies. This will be the reward of enterprise and thrift and of knowing that "El Chombo Es Engañadizo."

Another evidence: Stationed on the Caledonia side of the crossing is a remshackle lean-to which during the days is bare and unoccupied but at nights is a hive of industry. Here by holding on to a string for which privilege the sum of ten cents is paid, the simpletons of Guachapali and the other tenement districts may take home an ornate vase or some such useless article, provided the string held leads to the winning number. This is just an ordinary raffle, a skin game but a roaring trade is done. The blonde proprietor is eloquent and energetic and the coin comes in from "Quashie" thick and fast. There is probably only one chance in twenty of winning but this does not matter. The idea of a "bargain" or winning something for nothing is "Quashie's" strongest commercial instinct and the astute Nordics, Jews, Chinese and Hindus know how to pander to this instinct and grow fat. In the next few months if this gentleman remains here and is so inclined, he will have a store on Central Avenue probably at the exact location which our Mr. Morais, the furniture dealer, now occupies. This will be the reward of enterprise and thrift and of knowing that "El Chombo Es Engañadizo."

On the other hand let any ambitious West Indian, willing to start from the bottom up, display a like enterprise and he would be spurned by his own people with the remark that "Him want to get rich quick." He might even be called a "d—n thief" to his face. Yet native
D. P. Leacock
Ernest J. Jamieson
G. W. Westerman
C. G. Whittingham
shyster lawyers grow wealthy; oriental "chance men" buy automobiles and build residences in the Javillo Fill; Syrian and Hindu peddlers own stores on Central Avenue, pay higher rent, lease the buildings and drive out the West Indian occupants; Chinese merchants completely monopolize the grocery trade in the districts occupied exclusively by West Indians, and concerns which have steadily treated the West Indian with contempt grow prosperous on West Indian dimes and nickels. "Quashie" labors in bitter sweat for the poor wages he is lucky to get; but he loves to spend his money and he does so gaily and thoughtlessly. No matter that he does this to his own disadvantage, no matter that he is a poor fish, an easy prey, that his main strength goes to strengthen others who will always keep him in contemptible subjugation. This thought does not worry our prodigal spenders in the least. Verily, brothers and sisters, "El chombo es engañadizo y todo el mundo lo engaña."

Tuesday June 8th, 1926.

Greetings

GREETINGS, friends and countrymen, greetings. I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year. Between you and me and the usual door-post I believe that you deserve a lot of good things this year and even if because of your gross sins of commission and omission, you do not merit any particular blessings I still hope that the fates will deal kindly with you.
Here we are at the portals of a bright New Year (that is if it doesn't rain) feeling as virtuous as archangels, as pious as saints, as hopeful as young children, wondering what the new year will bring us; wondering from what deep recess of Dame Fortune's repository will come pouring into our laps the riches of Midas, the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Hercules and the aesthetic taste of Epicurus. Here we are hoping that some shift of chance will bring the realization of all our hopes, the fulfillment of our aspirations, the accomplishment of our ambitions. And, friends and countrymen, it is a grand and glorious feeling.

Even though doomed to bitter disappointments and grim despair, even though we know from past experience that the years will never bring us blessings sufficient to compensate for the slings and arrows which outrageous fortune will send in their train, yet at this birth of a new year hope springs eternal in the human breast and faith shines brightly. By tradition and custom we ascribe to the midnight hour of the poetical death and birth of a year, psychic if not mystic powers and would fain feel a change in the atmosphere, a gentle and soothing zephyr as of from the heavens, and a sweet, illusive and distant chord as of from the music of the spheres; all united to consecrate the transcendent hour. But we happily forget that our chronological record is the creation of man, that New Year's Day was changed from the vernal equinox in March to January First by none other than the victorious Julius Caesar. We forget that each day with the rising and setting of the sun, with our retiring at night and waking in the morn, conveys a greater significance to the individual man, a more epochal event than the mere recording of the years.
GREETINGS

Tonight we will make our pious resolutions to last through the long and weary year, resolutions which we well know cannot even watch with us an hour. After making these dramatic resolves we feel that we have done our duty to ourselves, to society and to posterity, but before the year has well begun to roll in space these sacred resolves will be broken and we will lapse into the accustomed vices and perennial error of our ways. We will attribute our faults and sins to weakness of the flesh and the temptation of the devil and feebly pray for strength to make new resolves with the coming of another year. Thus, friends and countrymen, our New Year’s resolves are fatuous hypocrisies, the results of habit, custom and sentiment. We make them like the proverbial pie crust—to be broken.

The years come and go and we advance or recede in material progress or spiritual wealth but our achievements or our misfortunes are not the work of the years, but of the days. The epochs of our lives are not in progressive decades but in the passing moments when we suddenly resolve to make a worthy change, to adopt a nobler course, to act a more manly part. If you would keep your resolutions, friends and countrymen, make them every day. In the words of the great Marcus Aurelius; “Omni die renovare propositum nostrum,” (every day renew our resolves.) That is the only true road to progress and accomplishment. I suggest therefore, that you begin now, not to make your New Year’s resolve but your daily resolve, and with that I am sure you will have a very Happy New Year for 1927 and the years to come.

New Year’s Day, 1927.
If You Have Tears

WELL, friends and countrymen, I told you just two days ago that “nothing lasts forever,” and to sustain my impeccable reputation for veracity this “rag” is in a few days going the way of all flesh. After Saturday of this week we shall be no longer with you. Elsewhere in these brilliant pages you will find our advance obituary notices by other members of the staff. As Shakespeare said; “‘Tis true, and pity ’tis, ’tis true.” Perhaps, friends and countrymen, you will mourn our going and shed a gentle tear, or perhaps because of the annoyances we have caused you and the bold and independent spirit we have shown, you will rejoice and go wild with ribald laughter over our demise. In any case I am sure that our going, like Old John’s leg, will be sorely missed.

We are dying but after all, did you ever see a more gallant departure or a more valiant struggle, or greater achievements within such a short period of activity. The “rag” is going down as proudly as it lived and this composite page, whose turbulent career I have had the honor of directing, is to the last fluttering bravely in the receding winds. You might mourn our going, friends and countrymen, but we shall mourn for you hereafter. On the sands of Isthmian journalism we shall leave indelible and glorious footprints. Our good will not be interred with our bones and our memory will be a rich legacy which perhaps, you will bequeath to your sons and heirs. The “bolt from the blue” is going out as spectacularly

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as it appeared, if you don’t believe me, ask W. Archipelago Gaskin of the Gold Coast. Speaking for myself, companions of my youth and friends of my advancing years, I shall miss you but at the same time I shall be immeasurably relieved. Oftentimes I have secretly regarded you as an unmitigated nuisance, and but for the monthly check I would fain have no words with you. At other times however, I have felt inspired in your behalf especially when warring with Sam Whyte and Elijah Hunter—ahem.

With appropriate ceremonies and adequate oblations to the tin gods of journalism, I shall discard the shimmering halo of editor-of-sorts, which rested heavily on my classic brow, and return probably to digging ditches or lead a precarious and uncertain, but withal carefree existence as of yore. I may even have to sell chance, if you know what that means; but whatever happens I shall retain a pride of craft, a love for sincerity and honestly expressed opinions, a willingness to battle for the right without fear or favor, a high regard for the public welfare; characteristics which have been identified with the management and production of this paper. More than all, friends and countrymen, I shall cherish the splendid cooperation, the loyalty and goodwill which you gave to the “rag” in general and this Section in particular, which made it an important factor in the life of the community. But, as I said before, “nothing lasts forever.” We have lived gaily and are taking our exit just as gay, and as the dog said when the lawn-mower ran over his tail—it won’t be long now.

Wednesday April 27th, 1927.
Only An Individual

O be perfectly frank with you, friends and countrymen, I am more than surprised to find in so many of the letters of condolences sent in on the announcement of our demise, which we have fortunately postponed, the statement that I have been regarded more or less as the mouthpiece of the community and a champion of your rights. Having accepted, early in the life of this page, the dictum of the Venerable Sam that I was only an editor-of sorts and agreeing in toto with the gentleman who wrote in the Star and Herald that I was rather a poor sort at that, I have felt right along that I was only an individual and entertained no exalted idea of my mission among you. The jibes and jokes with which I have filled this column from time to time have been mere expressions of my ego, a projection of my sense of humor or mischievousness, whichever way you may care to take it. The so-called serious articles initialled S.A.Y. have been the outcome of my very labored thoughts as an individual, and I have never for one minute felt that I was giving expression to the thoughts, desires or feelings of the community even when I have used the collective term, “we West Indians,” nor have I felt myself to be a “superior mind” whose duty it was to “mould opinion and direct thought” as my neighbor the Pharisee claims to be. That is the main reason why I have invited all readers to express themselves freely in these columns on all matters of interest.

Oftentimes when I have cracked a rather stiff joke at the expense of some affluent or dignified member of the community, or viciously attacked the vested in-
terests, defied governments and nations, challenged the Olympian gods and waxed satirical over your inbred customs, manners and behavior, I have been scared stiff and have said to myself, in fear and trembling, said I; "Sid boy, be careful. Remember your job is only to fill this page with news of interest to the West Indian community—and you know what jobs are. You might be kicked out any minute. Furthermore, this is a very funny world and this neck of woods a queer country where the weak has scarcely any chance. It is you alone backed only by your faithful wife and mother and perhaps by the longlegged Albert Edward Bell: You might be desirous of helping Isthman West Indians, but how do you know that these people want to be helped? You know too, what the people themselves have done to well-meaning helpers and officious reformers. They forced Socrates to drink hemlock, crucified Jesus Christ and helped put Marcus Garvey in prison. I know you admire the martyrs old boy, but I bet you don't want to be a martyr. Who does? If you vociferate too much and too loudly against the wrongs of West Indians here, if you try to get them to think for their own good and welfare, their present prosperity and future development; the Panama Government might get offended, the Canal Zone authorities might regard you as an agitator and the British Committee think you a seditionist. And one of these days they will decide that you are an "extranjero pernicioso" and grab you for deportation without giving you a chance to put on your old felt hat, kiss your dear wife and mother goodbye, or collect the quarter that Oscar Denniston, owes you for such a long time. Then they will send you as a deck passenger to Jamaica and you know that you have very few relatives there and no friends, and it is such a long time since you have
been to your own, your native land, that you would have to learn the language all over again. This would be extremely disagreeable and the very people you thought of helping might turn and laugh at your predicament.”

Thus have I reasoned to myself, friends and countrymen. But being the carefree person that I am, I have said; “Oh hang it all nothing lasts forever,” or words to that effect, and expressed in this column the honest personal convictions and opinions which I now understand you so much admire and which you say have done a lot of good.

Now that you state that you are behind me, that I can count on your appreciation and support, I feel a good deal more cheerful but not one whit more secure. That you are investing me with the mantle of “spokesman” and equipping me with the sword of “champion” is very gratifying but entirely your own affair. I shall continue to poke barbs at the barbers the bram dances and Elijah the prophet; express my honest convictions and opinions, and placidly await deportation or whatever dire fate is in store for the imprudent and foolhardy. The idea of expressing the thoughts, aspirations and feelings of 50,000 people is terrifying and does not appeal to me. I am an individual. Thank you.

Thursday May 3rd, 1927.

Pastures New

DO not know what will happen to our community, friends and countrymen, if all our talented young-men leave the old homestead for pastures new and
greener fields. Good old Winslow Gaskin is the latest of our budding geniuses to follow the alluring call of greater opportunities for advancement educationally, culturally, socially and last but not least financially, in the United States of America. When I first came into literary contact with friend Gaskin I nicknamed him "Archipelago" using the first letter of his middle name. An archipelago as you know, is a body of water interspersed with a number of small islands. I felt that Gaskin was a body filled with small ideas which he loved to give didactic expression. On getting to know him better, personally and literarily, I found that if Old Gas was an archipelago, his islands were continents. His ideas, friends and countrymen, were monumental and he expressed them with proportionate force.

It is a tragedy, nay a calamity to a community, when its young men outgrow the bounds which limit their opportunities. These young men filled with high ambition and noble purpose leave for life's great adventure and seldom return, and each departure is a heavy civic loss. Many are swallowed in the vortex of keener competition and the innumerable pitfalls in the hectic metropolitan cities, and nothing is ever heard of them. They become grist in the mills of the gods. But here and there a heroic soul triumphs over all obstacles, a triumph more notable because it is won in new fields and amid strange circumstances. The folks in the old town glow with a vicarious pride in the success of its sons, but the tragedy is that the old town remains stagnant by the lack of the young blood of adventure, enterprise and progress. Our Isthmian community is a prey to this stagnation. We came here as transients and we live as transients. Each of us is only awaiting an op-
portunity to leave for any new field where fortune seems to be smiling brighter and one by one the best of us drift away. Thus our communal progress is retarded and we become petrified.

Good old “Archipelago” is gone and we may not see his likes again. We shall miss his fearlessness, his revolt against the fetid ideas and moth-eaten conventions which keep the minds of many of us wallowing in stupidity and abject fear. His caustic pen, ready wit and clear thinking have set a land-mark in Isthmian West Indian literary circles. Ready to question all the hoary beliefs of erring dogma and to take up the sword for rational thinking, an individual who dwelt in close kinship with the sages of the world, as bold in his expression as he was sound in his reasoning; Gaskin will go far in the world of letters and will add new lustre to the brilliancy of contemporary Negro writers in New York. He was the first to speak kindly of my humble literary efforts. I trust that I may be a prophet of his triumphs in his new field of endeavor.

Thursday June 9th, 1927.

Starving Musicians

I WAS more amused than surprised to note in Saturday’s issue of the good old S. and H. that the Rev. B. D. is taking credit for the suppression of the professional brass bands at funerals. In his spicy editorial of that day
A. F. N. said: "We sounded a note that echoed in other quarters and stimulated action consonant with that adopted by us for the suppression of the intolerable practice." Evidently the ecclesiastical journalist is very much unaware that long before the dear old S. and H. extended its two dinky columns devoted to West Indian News to five columns and engaged an editorial writer in order to compete with this Section, that the question of bands of music at funerals was openly discussed and strongly condemned not only editorially but in letters to the editor from Mr. Burrows of Ancon Avenue, Mr. Reed of Guachapali and other well thinking members of the community. But, of course, some body must get the credit for doing things and if bands of music at funerals are now suppressed, it does not make the slightest difference to me, you understand, whether the Rev. has to go around wearing his arm in a sling from patting himself on the back. I readily admit that with his ministerial background A. F. N. is far more capable than I of rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

But now, friends and countrymen, we face the serious question of what is to be done with our musicians. Brother C. Alfred Rouget, self-styled Lord Mayor of La Boca, and indifferent player of the baritone, trombone and other loud and intricate wind instruments, declared that the musicians must live and that they could not live without playing music for the dead. And here, according to the Rev. B. D. Professor Nibbs of the Beneficent Band is voluntarily declaring that his band will not play any more for funerals. In other words, he and the members of the band are willing, nay glad to face starvation because of the condemnation of
our colleague. This is something stupendous, it is of such stuff that martyrs are made. But while I have a deep and lasting sympathy for martyrs and will even shed a gentle tear for them, I view the matter of thirty or more voluntarily starving musicians in our midst with grave alarm and with preconceived hostility.

My reason for this, friends and countrymen, is that starving at the best is a very disagreeable undertaking and in order to starve one must have consolation, spiritual or otherwise. Now, other men may starve in grim silence but a musician will turn to his instrument for the necessary consolation, for the required spiritual food, if you understand what I mean. And if you have ever lived near a healthy, strong musician enjoying three squares a day who drives you mad with his continual practicing, you can well imagine what it will be to have a starving musician playing on his instrument for consolation. Yes, and to think that it will not be one but thirty or more. Shades of the Hallelujah Chorus, what a calamity! I see through the whole dark plot, the dastardly conspiracy that Professor Nibbs and his members have concocted. They seek revenge for the suppression of their means of livelihood, for their enforced starvation and while they are starving they will drive us mad. Ah, villians! I know thee for what thou art! There is no escape, friends and countrymen. All I have to say is that whatever great disaster befalls the community, you will know who is to be blamed. You will remember, that it is A. F. N. who has taken credit for suppressing the bands at funerals and who has brought this misfortune upon our bowed and innocent heads.

Monday August 29th, 1927.
Being A Philosopher

SOMETIMES I find it more and more difficult, friends and countrymen, to attain that attitude of philosophic calm towards life to which for several years I have assiduously aspired. Every now and again, some circumstance, some sorehead, some public nuisance, or some meddling ass annoys me beyond patience and I fly into a blind and bitter rage. In such a condition I am prone to seek relief for a too high blood pressure by giving vent to a vitriolic outburst of strong and pungent language. I even have at such times a desire for physical combat, and but for the fact that I might get pinched by the first officious policeman whom I may meet, and that my chest measurement is less than 35 expanded, I would go forth, like ye roysterers of old, seeking blood and slaughter.

There are times too, when I contemplate too deeply, or observe too closely the miseries of humanity, the oppression of the poor, the injustices meted to the weak, the unequal distribution of the world’s wealth, the sophistry of religion, the “insolence of office” to use a Shakespearean term and the “vanity of all things” to quote the learned King Solomon. On such fortunately rare occasions, I become either pugnacious or morbid, and would conspire with anyone “to change this sorry scheme of things entire.” Worst of all, when I become race conscious and meditate on this delicate question of white and black, I see red, then become blue because I cannot shatter the whole cosmic scheme to the well-known bits.
These violent eruptions of the mind, friends and countrymen, although infrequent, ill becomes a would-be philosopher. I have the idea that all philosophers maintain a poise of unruffled calmness. The purpose of philosophy is to seek an explanation of all things, and having found it, to be content to know that such and such a condition must inevitably have such and such an effect. In other words so and so must produce so and so, and, what can you do about it? Every true philosopher knows what is wrong with this world, and that is—he did not make it. He knows too, despite the aeons of time which it may take, that this world like all things must come to an end. Given illimitable power and all sources of knowledge, he would create a better, nay, a perfect and permanent world to stay put for time and eternity. Since it is not possible for him to do this, why worry! Your philosopher then adopts an attitude of lofty contempt towards all things. "Phoof," he says, "everything is rotten and in some way or other everything must end."

The changes in life which we choose to call human progress have not been brought about by the philosophers but by the reformers. Those are the fellows who are always running around doing things. Perhaps they did not make the world, but "Begad" they say: "It is going to run the way we want it to." You can be a reformer if you like, friends and countrymen, but I would rather be a philosopher. I have not yet attained to that unruffled calmness in the face of all circumstances, but I have already acquired an attitude of lofty contempt towards all the foibles and hypocrisy of mankind. I have no delusions about the "brotherhood of man,"
"liberty, fraternity and equality," nor in the polite app­ lesauce about "all men being created free and equal," nor the pretty aphorism "pro bono publico." And since a majority of colored Panamanians passed a law barring other colored people from entering the national ter­ ritory as "undesirable" and enacted repressive measures against those already resident in the country, I have been strengthened in my determination to become a—philosopher. Cato, who was a very great philosopher said that this world was made for Caesar. I, who am a (grate) philosopher says he was mistaken. This world was made for white folks and colored folks are giving it to them on a silver platter.

Friday Sept. 16th, 1927.

First Honors

NOTICE, friends and countrymen, that our bartenders and waiters attended a special divine service in a body on Sunday last at the St. Paul's Church. They were fittingly escorted by the blare of trumpets and the beat of drum and the parade was featured by high if not holy spirits. I was unable to witness this soul stirring event and on hearing of it came to certain conclusions of my own. I thought that on the way to church the band led by Professor Rouget would burst forth into that tingling air; "Hail, Hail the Gang's all here, what the — do we care, what the —." I thought too, that when assembled, the mixologists and slick-em boys would sing in close harmony that thirsty ditty; "How dry I am,
how dry I am, nobody knows how dry I am.” I even believed that on the return the band would blare that glorious recessional, “Show me the way to go home,” with everybody joining in the chorus. But my conception of how waiters and bartenders should behave were entirely wrong. Under the cold eye of the dignified Oscar, president, ad hoc, the bartenders and waiters were the acme of decorum. They not only paraded stiffly and sedately to church, but I understand that they prayed with the piety of saints and sang with the devoutness, if not the melody of archangels.

But above all, I was particularly curious to know upon what text the Rev. B. D. would expatiate for this unique service. I felt sure that even if he were an extreme modernist he would not quote the tolerant Ecclesiastes and advise, “Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works.” I felt rather, that he would chant the solemn warning of Solomon; “Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging,” or that he would descant in words of fire, like Habbakuk of old; “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunk.” This, I thought, would be a bit strong, but quite appropriate. Again I was wrong. With impressive gestures and unctuous tones the preacher expounded on the Golden Rule. “Do unto others as ye would that others would do unto you,” formed the burden of his lay, and the assembled mixers and servers of vinuous, spirituous and malt liquors were dully impressed and for the moment converted to the ways of the Lord.

Last Sunday I wrote on the subject of waning church attendance but on the same day the Bartenders
and Waiters Benevolent Association attended church in a body. Lest you might infer that I am cockeyed, friends and countrymen, or that the millenium is at hand, I make haste to say that the subsequent celebrations at the Elks Hall with the epicurean Mr. Geo. Nat. Roberts as chairman and master of ceremonies holding forth in effervescent eloquence, was more in keeping with the accepted standards of how the knights of the bar and the table should behave. Libations were duly poured to the success of the association and even if Jehovah was given first honors, my friends of the bottle and cork-screw ran true to form, and adoration was duly paid to Bacchus. I submit then, that Oscar and his gang, know their onions and you may join with me, friends and countrymen, in wishing the bartenders and waiters,—hic, all prosperity,—hic, and success,—HIC!

Thursday Sept. 29th, 1927.

The Way of The World

I HAVE to express my belated thanks to the students of the Technical School of the Colon United Negro Improvement Association and to Mr. Hector Connor, president of the Association, for their very kind endorsement of the policy of this page and for the very nice things which they have said about the editor-of sorts. It is not the way of the world to offer encomiums
to the living. Rather, we save our eulogy and flowers for the dead. When the demise of this paper was announced the panegyrics from a condoling community filled generous columns for several days. But not so long after it was announced that we had "gyped the undertaker" the fervent "God Bless You" turned into violent execration. However, the experience of hearing what our hypocritical friends had to say about us at what was to all appearances our lamented funeral, and then living to confound them with their crocodile tears is worth the near approach to the realms of shade.

But in order to judge the value of praise or the justice of criticism, it is first of all necessary to judge the source from which both censure and praise arise. To win the approbation of thieves and rogues is to be a thief and a rogue; to be criticized by them is high tribute. The praise of the vulgar is cheap and venal, but commendation from one's peers is priceless. For these reasons I prize the endorsement of the students of the Technical School and Mr. Connor. This I reiterate is not the way of the world. The little words of praise, the kind and encouraging gesture, the hand stretched out to help and all that, are not given to the generality of individuals in their weary lifetime, except when these individuals represent a cause or a movement, then fulsome praises are heaped not so much upon the man as they are reflected from the party or faction which he represents.

Shakespeare said:—"the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." A more apt definition of the way of the world is the maxim of a wellknown order: "The good of our brothers we inscribe in brass, their bad we write upon the sands." This
of course after said brothers have laid them down to rest. Perhaps in life a cheery word, a sympathetic smile the offer of assistance when help is needed, would doubtless soothe a suffering soul. But these are denied. It is the way of the world. We are all preoccupied with our individual cares and troubles. “Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone.” And when you can no longer laugh nor weep the world will bring tears and sighs, wreaths and praises and erect tablets of brass to your memory.

I fancy that in my own case, while I yet live I may again be told that I am “a liability to the community.” Not that this bothers me in the least, criticism from rogues is high praise. But I fancy that should my “summons come to join the innumerable caravan” there might be some loud lamentations and posthumous laudations. And whether I shall be sitting on a lump of red hot coal or a fleecy white cloud, I will turn to my boon companion, Albert Edward Bell, he of the long legs and princely nomenclature, without whom heaven may not be heaven but hell will certainly be hell, and I shall say: “Look you now Marrybert, how many times have I walked up and down Central Avenue and in the byways and alleys of Guachapali and San Miguel, bitter of soul and burdened with the cares of life. And look how many times, a little encouragement would have inspired me to write an editorial masterpiece or stimulated me to face my threatened deportation with due poise and equanimity, while fighting with trenchant pen the battles of my people. And look how often my people and I have passed each other by with but a perfunctory nod, a gruff howdy and an icy smile. And now look you at all the hell they are raising.” To which my boon
companion the aforesaid Albert Edward the wise, will doubtless say: "Well, what did you expect my boy, that is the way of the world."

Tuesday Oct. 25th, 1927.

Magnificent Failures

I have read the reports of several white journalists who at one time or another during his sensational career in the United States interviewed the "President General of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, and Provisional President of Africa." The interviewers unanimously declared that the most striking thing about Garvey is his sincerity. They generally leave him feeling that he is right, that his plans are utterly feasible.

After meeting Garvey it is easy to account for the man's phenomenal influence over his people. Short, squat, with shoulders hunched slightly forward, large, heavy head set forward on a short thick neck, a black face unrelieved by any lightness of complexion, impassive in repose and forceful, strikingly resembling the Sphinx, Garvey is typical of his race. He would probably pass unnoticed in a crowd—until he speaks. He has that most precious of all bounties the gift of eloquence; and as he speaks his small, dark brown eyes seem to glow, his even white teeth flash
through black lips. His speech is smooth and unctuous, without any touch of the American twang despite his long residence in the United States. His English is that of an Oxford scholar and when he speaks—his hearers listen.

I remembered Garvey when he arrived here in 1921. At that time he was cold and aloof. His manners were almost rude. He swayed his followers but failed to win the friendship of his peers. Then Garvey was at the zenith of success, he became a titular god and bestrode the world like a colossus. On Wednesday aboard the Saramacca, deported from the scene of his greatest triumphs, from the center of his worldwide activities, Garvey was easily approachable. He was sleek in appearance, mellow in manners and affable but not effusive, and the delegation which waited on him, standing stiffly and slightly discomfited as in the presence of royalty, was soon put at ease.

I went as an observer. It was my intention to take a detached view, an impersonal interest. But as the set speeches gave way to free conversation, although Garvey did most of the talking, I became an animated participant in the discussion. I needed nothing to convert me to the doctrine that the Negro must look to himself for his own salvation, that he has his destinies in his hands, that he was given the common heritage of mankind and all the attributes, that so long as racial barriers are erected, it is the duty of black men to maintain their racial integrity and strive for racial independence. This is not a doctrine, it is a formula of life. Garvey has failed in everything else except in preaching this formula so that the simplest and least educated black man can understand it. In this his success has been transcen-
dental. He has taken the blindfold from the eyes of his race and said: "Here colored folks look at yourself, you are no worse and a good deal better than many others of your brothers. You have been sleeping and now that you are awake, you are afraid." We looked at each other eye to eye, and as I looked at him, I felt the indomitable courage of the man in his ringing words: "I am not daunted, nothing will stop me, neither imprisonment, suffering or death." And somehow I left feeling that failure that he is, nothing will stop Garvey.

I thought of other magnificent failures, Christ at the time of his crucifixion was the most tragic failure of the ages. Socrates died a failure, so did Columbus. But the works of these men, human and divine, changed the course of the world. They were regarded as cranks, radicals and visionaries, and for them the path of glory led but to the grave. Garvey is regarded by many as a crank and a visionary, an impractical dreamer. Happily, he is not yet dead, and even though I am not a member of his organization and regarded by some of his local followers as anti-Garvey, I accept his formula of life. I do not however, subscribe to the political theory to which he was at first committed, and I learn from Garvey himself that he does not consider the "Redemption of Africa" possible in this or the next generation. I am thus inclined to think that he will ever remain the preacher and that his preachings which have caused his people to think, like the utterances of some of the magnificent failures who preceded him, will some day change the course of the world.

Friday, Dec. 9th, 1927.
EDITORIALS
(By Sidney A. Young)

The Modern Dance

Within recent months agitation has been worldwide against the modern dance. The unrestricted freedom of bodily movement has been proclaimed a social menace and not so long ago a prominent Panaman social club prohibited the dancing of the "charleston" at its functions. All this is in strange contradiction to the present rage in our ballroom circles inasmuch as the "charleston" is not only the terpischorean piece de resistance but the main course.

Enter any of the incongruously decorated halls on the night of a dance and as the orchestra strikes the opening bar of some wild discordant tune, watch the young gallants and sheiks, youths whose arrested mentality can conceive no greater bliss than the eccentric dance; dashing morons to whom attire in the latest balloon trousers and crazy coat is the quintessence of existence. And glance at the outrageously dressed girls whose clinging and abbreviated gowns reveal more than they conceal. Watch the partners draw together.

The music starts, and, sinuous arms surround in a violent embrace the waists of the eager girls, which by the dictates of the modern dance has descended to the
regions of the hips. Shoulders are hunched, the head drawn in gorilla-like. Now begins the most amazing gyrations of the pedal extremities. The legs seem to take on an animation distinct and apart from the rest of the body. The bodies of our future mothers become suddenly and wondrously supple, they are bent in bewildering convolutions. The dancers pull and tug in a confusion of motion. No harmony, no rhythm, no grace. Sweating couples bump and jostle each other, hoarse laughter and indecorous yells add an infernal obligato to the blaring cornet, the moaning saxophone, the jangling piano, the thrumming of the banjo and the schreeching of the musical saw. There is a primitive abandonment, an utter madness. The music stops. Loud cheers. Encore! The bachannalia is repeated until everybody is tired.

The girls resume their seats breathing heavily. Is there sparkling wit, amusing sallies and clever verbal exchanges? Do our Lotharios delight their pretty companions with gallant compliments and playful flattery? No! Buffonery is rampant and horse-play reigns supreme. Standing in groups are our young blades. There is a clapping of hands, clap-ap-clap, clap-ap-clap, some acrobatic idiot is demonstrating a new, agile and intricate step to the admiring gaze of his silly companions. They will all attempt the dexterous contortions in the next dance and now they are spellbound.

This condition is true of the better affairs as well as those abominations known as “Twenty-five cents brams” except that in the latter obscenity, indecency and sensuality are the dominant notes and the nauseating bodily odors act as an anaesthetic on all finer sensibilities. Yet as horrible as it is, only under such disgusting conditions is there any general social contact.

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between our young people. The modern youth will never accept the old-fashioned stiff and boresome dances, despite the well-meaning efforts of Henry Ford, great American industrialist. But the modern dance can be improved, its most objectionable features eliminated without loss of pleasure to the devotees. This is being done by all communities in nearly every civilized country and we may well follow suit before the threatening danger of social degeneracy engulf our impressionable and heedless youths.

Sunday Feb. 28th, 1926.

The West Indian Labor Question

In connection with the two letters published in this column yesterday, we publish elsewhere today, Mr. Adames’ reply to Mr. W. C. Hushing in which he explains the labor situation as it affects the Panamanian workers, calls attention to a law already passed restricting immigration to Panama, and suggests that the remedy for the unfavorable economic condition of the native workers would be the repatriation of surplus West Indian labor. Mr. Adames, ardent toiler in the interest of Panamanian workers, is fighting for preference for the native element. This is ethical and proper. But Mr. Adames believes that West
Indian labor competition constitutes a menace to the native workers. He feels that the West Indians were brought here to build the Panama Canal and now that the work has been completed they should be repatriated. This might be cold logic but it is hardly equable and just.

Speaking in the West Indian agricultural colony of New Providence on the occasion of last Washington's Birthday, Governor J. D. Arosemena of Colon, said; "The Canal was built by French brains, American money and West Indian blood." Mr. John K. Baxter in the Panama American of October 26th, commenting on the speech of Mr. Adames before the Metal Trades Council, referred to in the letters, said; "To the West Indians who came here during the construction period and have spent half of their working lives in the service of the Canal, the United States owes a debt which cannot be ignored. It would be a flagrant injustice to oust them from their jobs and to discriminate against them even for the benefit of the native Panamanians."

These are facts which cannot be questioned. Even the most rabid nationalist must admit that it is but common justice that the West Indians who have given their sweat, blood and life itself in the building of the great Canal, should be permitted to enjoy whatever may be the rewards of their labor. Regarding the restriction of further unskilled immigration to Panama, Isthmian West Indians were and are heartily in favor of such a measure as a means of self-protection in view of the really congested labor market here. The question of West Indian employment in the cities of Panama and Colon however, is purely a matter of ability. It is well known that Panamanians who can master both the
English and Spanish languages and who are even fairly capable are given preferences over West Indians in the commercial houses of both cities. In the field of labor, brawn and dependability are the deciding factors. The West Indian workers are certainly not guilty of accepting lower wages to the detriment of Panamanian workers. The fact is that they have always fought and are still fighting for higher wages even more determinedly than the Panamanian workers themselves.

There should be no surplus labor in Panama. The country abounds in agricultural and industrial possibilities. Its economic potentiality is illimitable. If efforts were to be made for the development on the country by native capitalists, all labor here could be taken care of and there might even conceivably be a demand for still more immigrants.

Wednesday March 3rd, 1926.

The Pope's Encyclical

In an encyclical letter to the Catholic bishops throughout the world, His Holiness Pope Pius XIth directs that the colored clergy be considered on the "same footing of equality as the white and be entrusted with the same powers, offices and dignities in missions in which the white element is scarce or unavailable." This was the principal item in a short United Press cable appearing in yesterday's Panama American.

In the full acceptance and observance of the Christian religion there should be no necessity for such instructions from the head of the world's greatest Christian denomination. But the ages old struggle for racial supremacy, for conquest and subjugation, is more
ancient and firmly rooted in mankind than are the teachings of the founder of Christianity. From earth's creation up to today, the strongest individual, the most powerful tribe, the mightiest nation, the dominant race have always enslaved the weaker, usurped privileges and become lord of all. The doctrine of "might is right" was born co-jointly with the principle of self-preservation.

All mankind have accepted the belief of one very powerful god but according to precepts and tradition he has belonged to the warrior with the longest spear, the army with the most guns, to that race which could use the powers of nature to conquer and enslave others. "Gott mitt uns" said Kaiser Wilhelm as he marshalled his mighty army and his destructive guns in 1914; "Lord of our Fathers, God of hosts by whose grace we hold dominion over land and sea," sang Kipling; "My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," is the American battle cry of freedom. All ancient religions centered on a tribal deity. The Sun-god of the Chaldees and Egyptians, Jehovah of the Hebrews, Jove of the cultured Greeks, Allah of the Mohammedans, Buddha of the Hindus, the Great Spirit of the American Indians, are but special divinities created to protect and make great their followers, and to slaughter the enemies of their adherents. Today the white race claims God Almighty for its own. The colored races are patronizingly given a share in His Mercies and blessings, contingent however, upon their acceptance of the overlordship and superiority of "God's chosen."

The "benighted" Negro either never had or lost his tribal deity in some cataclysm of antiquity. White
missionary work has been concentrated upon him. He has accepted more than any of the darker races the tenets of the Christian religion, but marvellous recompense, he has been discriminated against and segregated more than any other race. Now he has learned with increasing bitterness that those hopeful aphorisms, "Ye are all God's children;" "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man;" "All men are created free and equal," are beautiful and inspiring apothegms that are not applied to him. Yet despite his smouldering resentment, he realizes that the injustice is not in the teaching but in the practice of the religion; that Christ's exemplary life is the hope of all mankind. The colored man's faith is sublime and his hope unbounded and this prevent rancor and unbelief. His only complaint is the loud lament; "How long oh Lord, how long?"

The Pope's encyclical tacitly recognizes this fault of present day Christianity. It is an admission that if all men cannot be embraced in equity and justice in the folds of this great faith, that the Church is but a hollow mockery and Christianity arrant hypocrisy, that Christ's life and death are but an empty sacrifice. The Pope is regarded by the followers of the Roman Catholic faith as God's representative on earth, and his instructions while tardy is bound to have beneficial results for colored people in all spheres of life. The Church still retains its potent leadership and once it insists on equality and fair dealing for all the peoples of the earth, the material world will follow its lead. This will be a slow and retarded process, as such great changes inevitably are, but in the onward march of progress a new day must dawn for the Sons of Ham.

Sunday March 7th, 1926.

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A Change of Policy

THE Panama-La Boca District of the Panama Canal West Indian Employees Association meets tonight. On the agenda is the distribution of the annual report of the Association for the year 1926. Doubtless this report will show that serious efforts have been made to procure an improvement in laboring conditions, increased wages, better facilities and a "higher valuation," for the West Indian workers on the Panama Canal. It will be shown too that the Panama Canal Administration has taken many of the questions presented by the Executive Committee of the P.C.W.I.E.A. under advisement and that the Government has granted certain concessions. The report will reveal a spirit of friendliness and courtesy in the correspondence and interviews held between the Executive Committee and the Governor of the Panama Canal. For the benefits received through the efforts of the Committee, the members and workers in general are obligated to render to the Committee a vote of thanks.

But the fact should be evident in the report that the P.C.W.I.E.A. represents but an insignificant minority of the number of West Indian employees on the Panama Canal roll. As has been previously mentioned in this column it must be apparent to thoughtful members that if so much can be gained with a small membership, that infinitely more could be achieved with a large and powerful organization. Arguments might be adduced to—
prove that a bulky mass might be unwieldy and uncontrollable and that where the few can agree without much loss of time on a question under discussion, the many might be impeded by a maze of conflicting ideas and suggestions, by petty and irrelevant discussion and by a lack of common understanding. These obstructions to mass movement are overcome by systematic methods and able leadership as are evidenced by the governments of the world's greatest nations representing millions of all classes of mankind. But no argument can be adduced against the strength of unity, against the power of the unanimous voice of the people, against the right of the majority.

As the "problem" which is being handled by the Association affects the "existence, food, shelter, education, happiness" of all the West Indian employees of the Panama Canal and indirectly all West Indians on the Isthmus of Panama, it must be patent that all affected should be induced to become a component part of the organization to take an active part in its affairs, to give material and moral support to the efforts that are being made in the battle that is being fought for the benefit of all. The membership of the P.C.W.I.E.A. must admit the glaring truth that so far, the concessions granted and privileges given to the Silver employees by the Panama Canal Administration through the petitions of its Executive Committee, are but minor benefactions, tacit admission of the justice of the complaints and gestures of courtesy on the part of the officials, but not the granting of equitable demands nor the removal of odious evils and restrictions through the pressure of "reason" or moral force.
In the history of the struggles of oppressed peoples, "reason" alone has never secured a beneficial reformation. Reason did not procure the signing of Magna Charta, nor cut off the head of Charles the 1st, nor overthrew the Bastile, nor gained the independence of the American colonies, nor freed slaves, nor obtained increased salaries for the workers of the world, nor dethroned the despots of nations. Capitalists and aristocrats can find as good "reasons" for enslaving the masses as the masses can find for demanding an equitable division of the world's goods. Reason is a faculty of the mind and the human mind has not yet advanced far enough to accept abstract justice.

No advocacy of extreme measures, no suggestion of radicalism is being made, but the only weapon in the hands of the West Indian employees of the Panama Canal is unity, moral pressure through unanimity—force of numbers. The members of the P.C.W.I.E.A. should realize this fact and every effort made to increase its membership from the contemptible 600 to at least 6,000 out of the potential 7,000 workers. Any contrary policy is inept and selfish and bespeaks personal or class ambition and should be changed. We re-affirm that the workers are not all so egregiously stupid and indifferent to their own welfare and if their interest cannot be aroused, something is wrong with the Association and the members should see to it that a change is made. There is no monopoly on "brains."

Friday April 9th, 1926.
West Indians and the Gold Discovery

The discussions in the local and foreign press regarding the recent discovery of a promising gold field in the interior of the Republic by English prospectors and engineers, and the comments on the prospective early development of the fields for which a large share of the working capital has been already subscribed in London, must be regarded with deep concern by Isthmian West Indians. The important points to us are that the immense operating concessions are held by reputable British interests, the capital for operation is all British and executive and administrative powers will be in the hands of Britishers. Despite inducements of material benefits to be gained by a change of nationality, contradictory influences, lack of contact with the affairs of the Empire and apparent neglect by the English Government, Isthmian British West Indians have remained loyal to Britain, are in sentiment and fact British. This was proven during the days of the world war when contingent after contingent of our bright manhood responded to the call and gave their very lives to defend the Empire against a powerful foe. This was proven by the tremendous manifestation of loyalty and affection extended to the Prince of Wales on his visit here in 1920. This loyalty remains today silent but deep-rooted.

On the other hand West Indians from the days of the first French Canal have furnished all the indispensable brawn in the gigantic task of successfully completing and now operating the wonderful Canal.
They have too, been craftsmen in most of the private construction work in both terminal cities and until the recent awakening of native labor have been the main source of the labor supply. The numberless historians of the Canal construction, the famous engineers who directed the epoch making work, those who have supervised labor activities, all with any knowledge of the marvels, tediousness and dangers of the construction work here, have joined in praising and testifying as a matter of common justice, to the efficiency, intelligence and dependability of West Indian labor.

Possessing the qualifications of British citizenship and marked ability in all branches of artisanship and ordinary labor, West Indians will naturally feel that in the development of any enterprise locally by British interests, that they will be given full consideration and with all courtesy and justice to the native population, preference above all other peoples in the matter of employment. This is but a sane, just and proper view. Gratuitous suggestions and recommendations by prejudiced writers in the local press that other sources of labor are preferable because of racial status, are tactless, unjust and insulting to West Indians and should be pointedly represented by the West Indian population. West Indians should make themselves heard on this point even if it is necessary to make representation to the British Legation.

It is realized that there are international complications, that the traditional British courtesy and regard for the rights of small nations will be evidenced by the Panama Corporation in the dealings with the local Government and the native population, but it is hoped that this regard will not overbalance British fair play and justice.
in connection with the welfare of British subjects in a foreign country who have been made to bear the brunt of labor restriction, poor wages and degrading discrimination.

Wednesday April 28th, 1926.

Purchasing Power

In the tale of "Gulliver's Travels" the experiences of the gigantic Gulliver among the pigmies of Lilliputia form and allegory easily applicable to Isthmian West Indians. Lying helplessly bound, Gulliver, a pillar of strength, presented a contemptible figure and was made the object of taunts and sneers by the diminutive people around him. The West Indian colony here constitutes a Gulliver in numerical strength but it is as impotent and in as contemptible a position as Gulliver bound and unresisting. The irony of the situation is that the bands which hold us in this position of contempt are of our own weaving, and they grow stronger day by day as a result of our indifference and negligence.

Probably in no other field is our position so conspicuously disgusting as in the field of commerce. Numerically the most powerful foreign group, commercially we are absolutely dependent on the other resident elements for the necessities of life, for employment and even for charity. Yet West Indians possess to a greater degree than any other colony here, the most potent modern commercial weapon, a veritable panacea
for our civic ills. We possess purchasing power. We are the greatest buyers, the most extravagant spenders. Every industry, every mercantile enterprise, every commercial establishment in the country is in a very large measure dependent on West Indian patronage. If this patronage and support, this purchasing power could only be concentrated and directed, be used intelligently and judiciously, there would be an immediate improvement in our condition, a sudden advance in our position in the community.

Roughly speaking there are approximately 40,000 West Indian men, women and children on the Isthmus. Of this number say 10,000 are employed, about 7,000 on the Panama Canal and 3,000 in the terminal cities. These 10,000 workers draw an average salary of $55 monthly or a total of $550,000 a month, or $6,600,000 a year. Probably not five per cent of this amount is saved but all expended in house rent, food and clothing and a large portion in frivolities. The greater amount of this vast sum is expended in channels from which West Indians do not benefit. In the thousands of Chinese general and grocery stores which reap a rich harvest from the wages of West Indians, not a single West Indian child, man or woman is employed. In the countless Syrian and Hindu cloth stores where a heavy percentage of the monthly wages of toiling West Indians is spent, employment is limited to an insignificantly few girls paid starvation wages and to boys who ought to be in school. Our grievance does not rest alone on the score of employment. The fact is that the oriental merchants do not assist our few and scattered enterprises, they do us no favors and will not even subscribe to our deserving charities. There are other concerns which have likewise
consistently adopted an attitude of utter disregard for the welfare of the West Indian community, yet they also are thriving on West Indian patronage.

On the principle of patronizing those who patronize you, West Indians should be discriminating in their support, and our potent **purchasing power** should be directed to those sources from which we gain reciprocal benefits and advantages. This should be the message of our religious and social leaders to the people: "Spend your money in places where your trade is appreciated, in places from which you will receive favors in return. Buy from concerns which evidence a desire for your patronage." Let us as a people use our vast purchasing strength, let us utilize the commercial boycott to gain equal recognition, equal treatment and consideration and the same high regard that is extended to the other resident colonies.

Tuesday May 18th, 1926.

**Emancipation Day 1926**

EIGHTY-EIGHT years ago today, slavery was officially abolished in the British West Indies. With a stroke of her pen a good and mighty Queen placed the final seal on an act freeing millions of a suffering race from an existence that was worse than death. Millions of unhappy human beings were taken in captivity from their native Africa where in primitive happiness they roamed the wide and virgin forests, and brought to the beautiful and tranquil islands of the Caribes where
they were made the victims of monstrous cruelties, of brutal treatment and vicious indignities, there to succeed another proud and happy race which had succumbed beneath the horrors and rigors of a merciless drudgery. Modern slavery unlike ancient captivity, was not dictated by the exigency of keeping in subjugation a conquered people. It was incited by rapaciousness and greed and leaves the ugliest blot on the pages of the world's history.

The transcendent event which liberated the slaves in the West Indies was accomplished by a slow and laborious process. Fortunately for the people of these islands, emancipation was consummated without conflict, without wholesale shedding of blood, as in the United States of America. In Britain the suppression of the slave trade and the consequent abolition of slavery was realized through an appeal to the justice of the nation, through force of public opinion inspired by the doctrine of a common humanity and a universal brotherhood as taught by the tenets of the Christian faith. To this end many noble souls whose names are now emblazoned in merited honor on the pages of history gave their thought and every effort, expiating in a measure the terrible crime of their compatriots.

In looking back today across the short span of the period of liberation, the descendants of African slaves need feel no humiliation because of their origin. At one time or another in the ever changing fortunes of nations, every race and every people have been slaves. Flaxen-haired Saxons were the slaves of tawny Gauls. Gauls the slaves of yellow Mongols and the swarthy Moors and ancient Ethiopians held captive many a fair-complexioned race. In the light of humanity, the stigma is not
attached to the slave but to the slave-holder, to the perpetrator of slavery. The descendants of African slaves in the New World may well look with pride upon their achievements which present the greatest phenomena in the history of human progress. In less than a century the descendants of illiterate slaves have become the heads of great institutions of learning. In literature, in art, in music, in science, in every field of human knowledge and culture; in commerce and industry, the descendants of slaves have within barely three-quarters of a century challenged the individual supremacy of races with backgrounds of freedom, education and culture extending into the beginning of civilization.

While it is true that the emancipated Negro has not evolved a civilization of his own nor added to the sum total of human knowledge and achievement, he has acquired the wisdom and virtues of his former masters with amazing rapidity and adaptability. 'Tis true too that he has also acquired the vices of the dominant race, but perhaps that physical strength which enabled him to survive the hardships which annihilated a less vigorous race, might also engender a spiritual strength that will enable him to overcome his native as well as his acquired vices. Eighty-eight years is but a dot on the pages of time. The Negro has not reached the apex of development; he has just begun to climb. Another eighty-eight years and who can tell what progress, what wonders he may achieve. His greatest danger lies not so much in the lack of opportunity as from the possibility that miscegenation and a too great imitative propensity may lead to the loss of racial virility and racial consciousness.
We, the descendants of slaves, need not regard Emancipation Day with indifference nor reference to the days of slavery with disdain. Let us look back on the past with satisfaction and toward the future with eager hope and unbounded faith.

Aug. 1st, 1926.

The Immigration Bill

The bill regulating immigration into the Republic of Panama now awaiting its third reading before the National Assembly of the Republic, is of particular importance to West Indians on the Isthmus and to those in the scattered islands of the Caribbean. According to the terms of the proposed law, West Indian Negroes, except natives of Cuba, are prohibited from entering the Republic. Chinese, Syrians, Turks, East Indians and Japanese will also be excluded if the law as it stands passes its third reading. The bill is drastic in its provisions and enacts severe penalties for infractions.

The prohibiting of free immigration has recently become a fad of the legislators of all nations. Often-times these legislations are not in the best interest of the country as a whole, but beneficial only to a certain class as in the United States. It might be argued that self-preservation is the first law of nature and the first instinct of mankind and that under existing conditions in the Republic an increase of the laboring or shop-keeping classes is undesirable. But, Panama is a young country with resources and potentialities as yet far from being developed. What is needed is not prohibition of immigra-
tion but a decentralization of immigrants. Panama's greatest need is for agricultural development. It is also conceivable that with the development of industry in the vast and untouched territories of the interior that there will be a greater demand for labor than the present population can supply.

The right to restrict immigration is granted to all nations and the barring of the physically, mentally or morally unfit is a measure of national safety despite the tenet that the earth is the common heritage of all mankind. However, restriction becomes odious when it is applied only to certain races and peoples. The exclusion of Japanese from the United States furnishes a classical example which is causing grave resentment, unrest and international anxiety. Panama probably has no international complications to fear from the wholesale exclusion of certain races, but it is to be remembered that the act of shutting out other people implies the shutting in of one's self. Furthermore, no nation is too large or too small to stir up ill-will without expecting unfavorable repercussions.

The most startling provision of the bill before the National Assembly is the clause preventing the return of individuals of the prohibited races now resident in the country who may leave it. This is an unusual restriction on personal liberty and the right of individuals. Aliens resident in Panama have contributed greatly to the sum total of the wealth and prosperity of the country, and in this the contribution of West Indians has not been negligible. The passage of this amendment would inflict a grievous hardship on property owners among the prohibited class. It would mean an enforced confinement that seems hardly compatible with a free
and civilized era in a modern and progressive country. It is to be hoped that the spirit of broadmindedness, liberty and justice which inspired the founders of this Republic may be emulated by the present legislators and that the entire bill may be more favorably amended or preferably defeated, particularly the odious clause prohibiting the return of resident aliens of the affected class.

Sept. 24th, 1926.

The Progress of Miscegenation

MISCEGENATION is defined as the mixture of races, or amalgamation as by inter-marriage of black and white people. This inter-mixture of races is as old as the human species. There is an early Biblical record to the effect in Genesis, where "Cain went into the land of Nod and took unto himself a wife." Here Biblical history conflicts with ethnography or the science of the origin of species, but whether all men and and all races had a common origin in Adam or there were still more primitive peoples and races before Adam is and will remain a moot question for the disputing modernists and fundamentalists. There has always been miscegenation. Aside from the natural attraction of opposites every victorious tribe or nation by force of conquest amalgamated with the vanquished race. History relates many wholesale attempts at miscegenation notably the effort of Alexander the Great to mix the men of the East and the Women of the West, the ravishing of North Europe by Genghis Khan and his Mongolian hordes, and
the celebrated rape of the Sabines. History also proves that the most virile races have been those in which there has been the greatest inter-mixture. Ancient Rome reached the zenith of her marvellous power at the time when her empire contained the most extensive mixture of races in ancient history. The Roman soldiers became assimilated with each vanquished tribe and Rome ruled the world for Two Hundred years. Britain is a noted example of the mixture of Gauls, Saxons, Romans, Normans, Angles and Celts and her far flung empire includes every known race. Rich and powerful America is an outstanding example of the human melting pot.

Sociologists claim that the human race would reach its greatest development, that there would be an end to wars, and, the immediate realization of the millenium if all the diverse races of mankind should become assimilated into one. Such a condition, we believe, would probably have occurred long ago but for the inherent desire of each race for domination and conquest. The vanquished have been absorbed by the stronger and the stronger held fast to its former identity by this same desire for domination. So-called racial pride has protested for purity of race, but nature without hurry and without haste, by conquest by absorption and by attraction has been continuing the process of assimilation started by the Biblical Cain.

Today miscegenation is restricted to mean only inter-mixture between the white and black races. This is now looked upon as illicit, unnatural and undesirable, but wherever the two races have met in close contact there has been inter-mixture. More than any other, the white race exalts the doctrine of racial purity, and more than any other the white race has mixed with the
darker races. Miscegenation between the two races has been in progress for over Five Hundred years and the thousands of mulattoes and light-complexioned persons in the West Indies and America attest this fact. As the dominant race, the Caucasian holds fast to its identity and arrogates privileges and advantages. The weaker races outside the pale, have therefore concluded that power, privileges and advantages are concommitant with the fact of “whiteness.” So to be powerful, to obtain privileges and advantages; be white.

There is a conscious though reluctant effort in this direction. Such an idea may even be violently denied but it is evident in the individual selection of mates. A dark-skinned man invariably selects a mate of light complexion, and where the woman has any choice the same thing is done. Individual families have by rapid assimilation changed from black to white or near-white in three generations and thus acquired the benefits of the “superior” race. Miscegenation is not now occurring by force of arms but by force of circumstances. What cannot be accomplished by conquest may be accomplished by absorption. The white race by denying to other races equal treatment and privileges in order to maintain its own doubtful purity, is by the very act defeating the desired end; since the other races find the only effective means of acquiring these privileges is through assimilation. As with individuals and families so with nations, Panama is not singular in attempting to improve its stock by absorption with the white race. But what its legislators should remember is that absorption generally means obliteration.

Tuesday November 2nd., 1926.
The Attitude of the White Britisher

Perhaps one of the things that has contributed greatly to placing the West Indian community here in an unfavorable light in the eyes of the Panamanian and American element, is the attitude of the resident white Britisher towards his darker-skinned compatriot. It is a well known fact that the Britisher is the most urbane of gentlemen, the most tactful of diplomats. This urbaneity and tactfulness are in a large measure responsible for the amazing colonial success of the Great Empire. The method is simply to follow as much as possible, the customs and habits of the people with whom they come in contact or at least, if remaining aloof, to live in harmony with these customs and habits without attempting any radical reformation or change.

The white British colony in Panama has found on arrival here rigid segregation between white and black on the part of the American colony and an absence of social contact between West Indians and the native Panamanians. Perceiving this, the conservative Britisher, inherently disinclined to any change in the existing order of things, accepts the current standard and displays no interest in nor attempt any connection with the large and multi-complexioned colony of British West Indians which is here as in the United States arbitrarily designated Negro and inferior. This attitude is entirely at variance with the custom and practice of white British visitors to the West Indies. There a man is accepted and treated according to his worth, his ability and position, and not according to the shade of his complexion. A white Englishman and a black West Indian of equal position
and standing meet on a common ground of equality. There is mutual respect; mutual regard. Each lives his separate life but each meets the other without condescension and patronage and without resentment or subdued dislike. Each realizes the racial distinctions but feels bound to the other by the common bond of humanity and patriotism.

Here conditions are vastly different. The white Britisher accepts the discrimination and ostracism of his dark-skinned compatriots and supports the custom. It is not here a question of individual culture, intellect, position or ability but simply one of color. An evidence of the indifference of the white Britisher to the darker-hued West Indian is seen in the local observance of patriotic holidays such as Empire Day. In any public manifestation, aside from the officials of the British Consulate and Legation, there is seen only the colored West Indian, despite the fairly large white British colony which includes also white West Indians, or light complexioned West Indians accepted by prevailing customs as white. This condition has given rise to the ironic question by Americans and Panamanians of whether the only Britishers here are black West Indians. In accepting the current custom, the resident white Britisher helps to strengthen the iniquitous color discrimination and injures a large number of loyal compatriots who have and stand willing to give life itself in the defence of the Empire to which all belong. In being tactful and doing like the "Romans," the white Britisher exposes himself to the query on the part of his dark brother if his tactfulness and urbanity are not only a covering for hypocrisy. Traditional British justice, fairplay and equality are cherished memories of the West Indians here. These
memories keep alive his love for the Empire and strengthen his patriotic ardor. But the cold aloofness from those whom he naturally expects greater consideration is disheartening. We believe that common justice and fellowship should not be subverted by the expediencies of diplomatic tact.

The colored West Indians in Panama, are not asking for social contact, but a great deal more interest could be openly displayed by White Britishers in behalf of colored Britishers. The bonds of patriotism and humanity still exist and we indulge the fond hope that perhaps it is not too late to correct a glaring defect on the part of our resident white Britishers.

Thursday Nov. 11th, 1926.

The Standard of Alien Wages

THREE days ago there was published in this Section excerpts from the annual report of the Governor of the Canal Zone to the Secretary of War in reference to the alien employees of the Panama Canal. The report frankly states that the wages and living conditions offered the alien worker on the Canal Zone are based on a comparison with wages and living conditions in the Caribbean area from where the majority of the workers originated. The comparison shows, according to the report, that; “the average alien employee working for the Canal is better off than the average employee performing a corresponding class of work in the adjacent countries, but for the man of more than average ability the
pay and opportunities elsewhere are greater than in the Canal Service.” Living conditions on the Canal Zone are said to be “superior for the corresponding classes” and the cost of living lower.

The comparison may be statistically accurate as well as not. One outstanding feature which weighs in favor of the workers in the “adjacent countries” and against the “alien” employees of the Panama Canal which, however, has not been taken into consideration by the Canal authorities, is that the former are in their native country. They may acquire property, participate in the government and have all the advantages and opportunities of full citizenship. Not so the alien workers here; and to equalize these advantages salaries and opportunities on the Canal Zone should be correspondingly higher. This fact is recognized by the Panama Canal authorities in the payment of the 25 per cent above current rates in the United States to “Gold employees” or citizens of the United States. Men do not travel to strange countries in search of labor merely to receive the same wages and accept the same conditions prevalent in their home but in order to better their fortunes. It might be further argued that since the Panama Canal is owned and operated by the United States Government that the American standard of wages and living conditions should prevail for all workers on the Canal Zone regardless of the country of their origin. Because coolie labor may be had in China and India for a few cents a day does not stand to reason that Chinese or Indian workers in foreign countries should be paid the pittances prevalent in the East. Furthermore, to predicate wages on the basis of the cost of the bare necessities of life is but another form of chattel slavery. The old slave owners
did not pay their slaves the concomitant quid pro quo but furnished them with the bare necessities of life. The new slave owners (employers) reverse the process and pay their slaves (employees) enough for these slaves to furnish themselves with the bare necessities of life. This method of remuneration has been condemned in the present age and the thesis accepted that the “laborer is worthy of his hire.” Enlightened employers pay their employees salaries commensurate with their duties and as high as the earnings of the concern can afford.

It is a notorious fact that the Panama Canal can afford to pay its alien employees more than is being paid at present, yet the basic rate for unskilled labor remains at 20 cents an hour, and the maximum authorized rate for alien employees remains at 40 cents an hour while the salary of gold employees were increased with the ascending scale in the United States. It cannot be said that “Living conditions on the Canal Zone for the alien employee are superior to those for corresponding classes of employees in adjacent countries” when it is admitted in the same breath that “for the man of more than average ability, the pay and opportunities elsewhere are greater than in the Canal Service, where the positions requiring a considerable degree of aptitude, training, and skill are not open to the alien employee as they are elsewhere in the Caribbean area.” With all due respect to the Governor’s report, we deny this statement and affirm that many aliens of more than “average ability” hold positions with the Panama Canal “requiring a high degree of aptitude, training and skill” but they do not receive the commensurate salaries.

An entire adjustment in the pay of alien employees on the Canal Zone should be made based not on the
average rates in the Caribbean area nor on the cost of the necessities of life but on a just compensation for service rendered. At least the American Standard of wages for all workers should be adopted by the United States Government in what is to all intent and purposes United States territory. Perhaps the next annual report of the Governor of the Panama Canal may recommend such a readjustment. It is a consummation devoutly to be hoped.

Saturday Nov. 20th, 1926.

The Backward Peoples Within The Empire

YESTERDAY we reproduced from the Barbados Advocate of November 25th., an editorial dealing with the "Problem of Empire." The results of the Imperial Conference held this year in London were reviewed in the article and the clearly defined and allegedly satisfactory new status of the Dominions as "autonomous communities within the Empire, equal in status, and in no other way subordinate one to the other in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations," was favorably commented on. However, it was also pointed out that while the position of the Dominions has been clearly defined and their independence fully assured, the position of "the backward peoples within the Empire" has not been considered as an imperial question. "Yet," says the writer; "the British Empire will stand or fall on the treatment which it metes out to these dependent peoples." The situation of
the natives in South Africa where a Hottentot tribe which claimed to be independent was "simply rounded up and made to obey" according to a statement by the Premier of South Africa, and the conditions of the tribes in Kenya and other places where "Boers and Britons alike declare that they must impose their will on the subject races, keeping them in the positions of hewers of wood and drawers of water," were forcibly related. These conditions were said to be contrary to the "ideal of just and generous dealing with the final objective of self-government and free development," which is held to be the proud tradition of the British Empire.

The Editor of the Barbados Advocate is to be highly congratulated on his fearless statements. It is seldom indeed that assumptive leaders of thought in the West Indies and among West Indians in foreign countries are bold and honest enough to express the slightest real dissatisfaction with the conditions of the "backward peoples within the Empire" among which people they form a more or less important part. Rather, we have too many of the sycophants who blatantly and hypocritically prate of patriotism and loyalty. These parasites bent on seeking individual honors are blind to the distressing condition of the people. They prostitute truth and honesty for the hope of titles and sell the race and people to which they belong for a pottage of royal favors. There can be no question that conditions among "the backward peoples within the Empire" are far from satisfactory and with the new change in the status of the Dominions these conditions threaten to become worse. South Africa and Australia have drastic restrictive laws against the natives and dark-skinned subjects of the Empire. Reports from South Africa aver that in many
cases the natives are not allowed to own land, and recently, the Color Bar Bill was passed preventing natives from holding any but the most menial occupations. Further, colored immigration to Australia is prohibited. It was hoped that the British Government and Parliament, the heralded palladium of justice and fair dealing, would bring pressure to bear on these Dominions to remove the odious and pernicious conditions which smear an ugly blot on traditional British justice, but now the Dominions have equal status in foreign as well as domestic affairs and the British Government and Parliament have no authority to outline or direct their policies. South Africa and Australia are now free to continue their exploitation of the natives and they have indicated their determination so to do.

In the colonies the situation is no better. There is a hegemony of color. White rule is dominant and is tenaciously holding on to its acquired prerogatives. The question of colored or "backward peoples" is no less acute in the West Indies. There is no open and avowed discrimination between white and black, but there is white preference to an astounding degree. The West India Regiment in Jamaica, probably the only complete Negro unit in the British Army, after 200 years meritorious service has just been disbanded on grounds of economy and will be replaced by white troops. Yet in the face of these deplorable circumstances, whenever a voice is raised in protest, whenever it is suggested that these conditions are incompatible with the proud ideals of Britain and dangerous to the future welfare of the Empire; whenever amelioration is suggested and indicated to be desirable, the sycophants and parasites of the race with one hand waving the flag and the other
stretched out for honors raise the cry of “bolshevism, disloyalty, mischief-making and vicious propaganda.”

Far-seeing imperialists realize that improved conditions must be secured for the “backward peoples within the Empire” and that the Empire will “stand or fall on the treatment which it metes out” to these people. The people themselves must realize that their only progress will be through making their protests heard and by repudiating the traitors who would drown these protests by hypocritical cheers. The Editor of the Barbados Advocate is raising a lone voice in the wilderness and is to be congratulated for his fearless stand in behalf of the “backward peoples within the Empire.”

Saturday Dec. 11th, 1926.

Educating Our Women

EDUCATE a man,” said a famous writer, “and you educate an individual; educate a woman and you educate a family.” This statement is being borne out in every walk of life. No community can rise higher than the position occupied by its womenfolk. Where women are unintelligent, backward and morally debased; where women’s activities are restricted only to tawdry drudgery and sordid propagandoin of the species, there will be social stagnation and corruption, vice and want. Woman’s duty has ever been to inspire, to guide and lead man to the nobler things of life. In her the higher sentiments are idealized and she becomes the source and fountain of all good.
A home in which the mother is intelligent and progressive will be a home in which the children are inheritors of every advantage whereby they may become mentally alert, morally clean and industrious. In such a home happiness, love and understanding will abide to brighten the darkest hour. Conversely, in the home where the mother is loose, vulgar, shiftless and ignorant, the children will be under every handicap, every disadvantage. Such a home will become but a breeding place for children who are mentally deficient and who lacking proper guidance and care, must grow up into depraved and vicious human beings. Good home influence is the great bulwark of our civilization and early home environments make an indelible impress for good or ill on the character and abilities of the inhabitants.

The most casual observer will see the need in our community for an intensive campaign of education for our women. They are in the preponderance in our churches and various societies and they are also in the preponderance outside these improving influences. But wrapped in their routine ceremonies the churches and societies have not devoted as much of the time as is necessary to the welfare and improvement of our neglected female population. All along the streets and alleyways are ignorant women and erring girls, the victims of circumstance and ignorance. Here right at our doors, is a field more needy of intelligent missionary effort than any of the tribes in darkest Africa. This afternoon a special service will be held at the Panama Baptist Church for women, to be conducted by prominent women of the community. Fluent speakers will deliver addresses dealing with the important part played in the history of the world and the growing activity of women in
all world affairs. From time to time the various local divisions of the U.N.I.A. have special Women's Day observances at which laudatory speeches are wafted on the air and forgotten. These are of service in a way but what is needed is not oratory alone which reaches the already progressive woman, but concentrated effort for the enlightenment and emancipation from vice and superstition of our numerous sisters of misfortune and ignorance.

Sunday March 20th, 1927.

A New Awakening

PRIDE of race is said to be the keystone of racial progress. Long before the era of written history, before the first rude hieroglyphics were carved on stone or the first crude symbolical signs were painted on the skins of animals, primitive man told in song and story the proud deeds of his tribe. The lowly folksong of the humblest tribe and the noble epics of Greece and Rome described from generation to generation, the feats of heroism, the triumphs and the achievements of the tribe and nation. Thus past glories were lived anew and exalted tradition inspired new achievements or brought bright hopes of greater glories with the consciousness of innate powers.

Today the nations of the world revel not only in their individual history but in the reflected glory of the race to which they belong. Even when divided by
national ambition, the urge of conquest, greed and envy; the common bonds of race have had a unifying effect. It is the misfortune of the Negro that his minstrels are mute, that his history has not yet been written; or rather, that from the dim recesses of the past, his former glories have not been deciphered by himself and his folksongs and epics lost in the void of time. So he has been led to believe that he had no former existence, no resplendent past, no period of greatness in the rise and fall of nations throughout the ages, and to accept in the scale of racial achievements his valuation from indifferent if not hostile sources. With his acceptance of the civilization and standards of the dominant race, he has come to despise his origin and to be shamed by a past which he has not unravelled. It was not so long ago that a colored West Indian would be angered to be called a Negro. His African origin and the comparatively recent years of bitter captivity were buried in voluntary forgetfulness and so his more remote past. For him the path of destiny seems to be in the direction of forming a new race on the lines of those of his former masters. He thought of himself as a foster-child and had hopes that legal adoption would invest him in blood relationship in the ideal of the “Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.” But today there is a new awakening. The Negro has realized that his adoption has not raised him to any higher status than that of the bastard of the races. In every direction his path is blocked by questions of his race and he has been made to feel an outcast in the human family. Opportunity beckons brightly only to have the door of accomplishment closed in his face.

There is no other recourse, and reason indicates that for the Negro to succeed he must fall back on his
race. The tragedy of his recent history is that he has spent the greater portion of his life in living away from himself. He has measured himself by the standards and virtues of the dominant race but heretofore he has not measured the standards nor questioned the virtues of the dominant race. This is one of the tendencies of the new awakening to question the theory of racial superiority and to find the cause or causes of human progress. One of the causes of human progress has been pride of race and the intelligent Negro of today, viewing his achievements under the most distressing handicaps of segregation, injustice and the denial of ordinary human rights, and looking back into the history of the rise and fall of nations and races, is beginning to feel proud of his race.

Wednesday March 23rd, 1927.

Boisterousness

One of the most outstanding of the least desirable characteristics of a great proportion of our people is that of boisterousness. In every walk of our activities, from our most solemn to our most hilarious actions there is this fetish for noise. The beat of the tom-tom seems to be still ringing in our ears and to all appearances we are in the primeval forest, and so our manners and our speech are given free expression without restraint and without dignity. This characteristic of boisterousness is noticable in our individual and our collective life. Half of the misery in the neighborhood of tenement dwellings is due to this curse of obstreperous and irrepressible in-
dividuals, whose prayers to the Almighty Father, soliloquies of pensive moments, amorous declarations, guarded secrets, polite conversations and petty quarrels are all uttered as if to the deaf.

Our neighborhoods throb all day and a great part of the night with this clashing of inharmonious sounds, with this ceaseless drone of noises. Children at play, women in idle gossip, men in useless arguments all attempting to demonstrate the lustiness of their lungs and the power of their voices. It seems that whatever is to be done can only be accomplished to the tune of a deafening roar. Even in the quaint customs of singing at wakes for the dead and at "nine nights" the participants show no regard for the peace and quiet of their neighborhood. Their hymns are sung and games played with a vigor enough to wake the dead. This disgusting habit is also carried on in our public gatherings and people living in the vicinity of lodges and clubs are disturbed with the unnecessary and distressing uproar. Further, the lack of restraint in speech is followed by an abandonment in manners that is at once rude and repulsive.

It is time that our people realize that boisterousness shows ill-breeding, uncouthness and a lack of the finer qualities which make human association bearable and enjoyable. Some restraint, some repression should be used in our general behavior. Quietness at play, dignity in general behavior should be a lesson imparted daily by parents to their vociferous progeny. It is a lesson which the parents themselves should inculcate and by their own behavior and actions impress these qualities on their children. Our tumultuous behavior seems to be due more to carelessness than to vicious-
ness and in every case can be easily remedied to the peace and quiet of our neighborhoods and to higher estimation by the people of other nationalities among whom we move. Due regard for the rights and conveniences of other persons is the basis of our civilization. Peace and quiet are necessary to the enjoyment of life, are essential in the complexities and confusion of modern life. The neighborhoods in the terminal cities in which a majority of West Indians reside are unfavorable because of their turbulency. It is time that a little order, a little decorum, a little dignity and respect for ourselves and others should characterize our actions in public and private. As a people we can do without the prevailing plague of boisterousness.

Thursday, May 26th, 1927.

Assimilation or What

RECENTLY it was announced in these columns that Sr. Rafael Arosemena, Inspector of private schools in Colon had initiated a program requiring the teaching of the Spanish language and Panamanian history and civics on a uniform basis in the private schools, with the view of assimilating into the national spirit, the hordes of children born of West Indian parents. The announcement created only the slightest interest among West Indians yet this new departure is bound to have far-reaching results on their future status in the Republic.

The anomalous position of Isthmian West Indians is again brought into clear relief. Clinging with singular steadfastness to their national status as subjects of the
British Empire, the West Indians here have not, as has been frequently iterated in these columns, shown any particular interest in the historical and cultural aspects of the country in which they have come to form an integral part. They have regarded themselves throughout their years of sojourn as transient residents with the one purpose of making money and returning to their homelands. They have also instilled this idea into the minds of those of their offsprings born here overlooking the fact that in virtue of their birth, the children are citizens of the Republic.

On the other hand the Panama Government and people have signally failed to make any efforts towards the assimilation into the national fabric of the more or less 50,000 West Indians domiciled here. But on the contrary near-sighted politicians have attempted to indebly stigmatize these West Indians through a constitutional amendment as undesirable aliens, forgetting that the West Indians have become an important factor in the economic life of the country and that their numerous progeny are natives of the soil and a valuable asset to a young and undeveloped country such as this. At the closing sessions of the last Assembly the President of the Republic presented a bill seeking a constitutional change to provide that children born in this country of parents denominated in the “undesirable alien” class would retain the nationality of their parents until these children reached the age of twenty-one years when they would make a voluntary declaration of their choice. At the same time certain clauses of the immigration Law prohibited foreigners in the restricted class from ever becoming citizens of the Republic. The President’s bill did not come up for final reading before
the adjournment of the last Assembly and it is not known whether it will be presented at the next. Its provisions, as has been mentioned in a previous article, would serve to absolutely block the vast number of West Indian children born here from the privileges of citizenship in the country of their birth, robbing them of that valuable stimulus to education and ambition—civic pride.

In startling contrast is the enlightened program of Mr. Arosemena. It is a definite step to assimilate these children into the national scheme. This question of assimilation is of the gravest importance. It requires depth of thought and broadness of vision by both Panamanians and West Indians. To the majority of Panamanians the thought of absorbing the large West Indian population with its difference of language, customs and in a small measure race, as citizens of the republic is one that is not looked upon with favor because thoughtful consideration has never been given the subject. Likewise the majority of West Indians look askance at any change in nationality of either themselves or their offspring and are without a definite program either national, cultural or economic. Yet West Indians in large numbers have always been here and will always be here. Assimilation in the process of years and in the natural course of things is inevitable. Perhaps it were best that the question be faced boldly and handled intelligently now, rather than left to the vagaries of blind chance, yet both peoples are reluctant to face the issue.

Mr. Arosemena’s program is a step in the right direction. It is obvious that the present condition especially in relation to the children is not to the best interests of the Republic nor can it be said to be to the best interests of Isthmian West Indians. If the vast number of West
Indians here could be induced to regard themselves as permanent settlers with an important role to play in the development of the country, and be assured that such a condition is desired by the Panama Government and people, there would be an immediate and transcendent change to the mutual benefit of both Panamanians and West Indians.

Thursday June 23rd, 1927.

Helping Ourselves

Ever so often, our spokesmen raise their voices through the medium of the press in loud lamentations, bewailing the deplorable conditions with which the West Indian community here is faced. Day after day and year after year the same mournful dirges are wafted on the ambient air. As an example, on every hand we hear that housing accommodations are inadequate, and the pity of it is that the jeremiad is all too glaringly true. The people are compelled to live in discomfort and squalor with the constant menace of indecency and immorality. Apartment dwellings for the better class are lacking and the one-room tenements which is what the majority can afford are hardly better than cells. The people are without privacy and young children are exposed to every social danger and vice. This condition is becoming worse each year with the natural growth of the population, and it is both deplorable and dangerous.

For years the West Indian community has mourned this unhealthy situation and pleas have ascended to
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landlords and house-owners for better houses. But land­
lords are notoriously a hard-hearted and tight-fisted class. The question to the average landlord is not how to build better or bigger rooms and apartments, but by what devious abuse of the laws of architecture or by what defiance of structural rules he may squeeze more rooms and apartments in his buildings. The cry of the West Indians for better buildings has gone unheeded. Probably, too, if more commodious buildings were erect­ed there is the possibility that the rentals would be far beyond what the average decent West Indian family could afford to pay under the present vicious economic system.

With such a situation facing the community, it seems surprising that the idea has never entered the minds of our comparatively well-off business men, our wealthy fraternal organizations and countless other bodies with money lying fallow in the banks at a meagre four per cent interest, that a building society could be formed of West Indians resident on this neck of land, to acquire property and set up buildings by West Indians for West Indians. The individual West Indian land-owners have followed the precedent estab­lished by the native land-owners and little hope can be expected form them. But that the proposition of a build­ing society to erect adequate apartment buildings for West Indian occupancy is sound and bound to be a pro­fitable venture, not even the most timid and distrustful person among us will dare to deny.

It is a fallacy to believe that we cannot accomplish anything worth-while. It is abominable stupidity to mag­nify the failures of the past and raise their ugly shadows to prevent any present or future efforts. The idea that
we have no individuals in whom we can repose confidence and trust; no men of ability, high principles, honesty and integrity, is preposterous and unworthy. That we are suspicious of each other, reluctant to follow unselfish leadership, always looking for ulterior motives in the projects which many of our ambitious and far-seeing men have presented from time to time, is not a condemnation of these men, but remain to our collective shame and dishonor. The time is at hand when as a community we must look to the main chance of helping ourselves, of building on a firm foundation for our betterment and the welfare of posterity. The wails of lamentations must cease and we must begin to shout with vigor and determination the battle-cry of progress and endeavor. We need better housing accommodations, better schools, more West Indian business enterprises and we can and must provide them. There are times when tears and supplications deserve contempt rather than pity, and the West Indian colony here is never so deserving of contempt as when we sit in abject apathy begging the aid of others without attempting to help ourselves.

Friday July 29th, 1927.

Slaves of Chance

The trend of present events may well gain for our Isthmian inhabitants the sobriquet of a community of gamblers. In every strata of our society, among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the venerable aged and the impressionable young, the profligate and those with pretensions to virtue; the illusion of sudden
wealth, the lure of getting something for nothing has become a fixed and insidious idea and the motivating force of all our endeavor.

We are threatened with destruction with this grim menace to the community, but it is not so much in the question of abstract morality, not in any breaking of the Decalogue, nor even because of the dire fate which the pious commonly believe will overcome all gamblers. Perhaps of all the vices, gambling in one form or another has been more widely practiced from time immemorial and more can probably be said in justification and extenuation of the custom than of any other of the faults of mankind, since life itself is in the wider meaning of the word, a gamble. All mankind is wagering the short span of life and its little conscious knowledge against the illimitable and unknown prospect of human fate. We each and every one can only play the game, act our brief part upon the stage and await hopefully, fearfully or indifferently, for the final score of our loss or gain. But our community is confronted with a specific condition and there is a specific danger in our present course. This lies in the fact that with very few exceptions we have all become not only votaries but slaves to the gods of chance. In following the weekly turn of the local wheel of fortune, we repose all hope, all faith in the smile of the fickle jade. Slowly but surely we have forgotten that ambitions may be realized and high purposes accomplished by the homely virtues of thrift, self-sacrifice, perseverance, endeavor and faith. With upturned eyes and hurried footsteps following the will-o-the-wisp of sudden wealth, we overlook the yawning precipice of poverty and ruin. Each week sees our individual and communal losses growing heavier, but hope springs
eternal in the human breast and we follow on while ills upon ills accumulate, our dreams recede in the distance and our fondest hopes turn to bitter despair.

Intemperance is the greatest of vices and our community woefully needs a little restraint, a little balance. It is realized that our very poverty is a spur which encourages us to risk a dollar or two in the hope of larger returns. But it might also be pointed out that a dollar saved is a dollar earned, and, many a mighty fortune have had humble beginnings in a few dollars saved. Luck is the ability to seize an opportunity, and money saved is the best snare with which to grasp the opportunity to acquire future wealth. We have allowed ourselves to become the slaves of chance, and chance is an uncertain master. It might be well to strike a blow for our liberty and a return to the excellent virtues of thrift and industry.

Sunday August 21st, 1927.

The Federation of the West Indies

The movement towards a federation of the British West Indian islands can no longer be considered as the vaporings of an empty dream or the idle thoughts of visionaries. The movement has taken on form and shape. An article from the "Jamaica Mail" published in this column on Friday last, declared that federation was the goal not only of Britain's island possessions in the Caribbean but of the British territories in East Africa including Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyka. A proposal to this effect has already been made by the East African
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colonies. In the West Indies, no proposal for federation has yet been made to the Home Office, but a conference will be held in Barbados in the Month of December to discuss ways and means of bringing about a federation of the western island group. The more progressive leaders of thought have visualized a unification of the political and commercial interests of the islands as a monumental step which will immeasurably benefit the entire life of the islands.

Under existing circumstances the West Indian islands present such divergent forms of government, ranging from the free representative government in Barbados to the absolute Crown Colony system in the Leeward Islands, that political co-operation between them is almost impossible. Federation would bring about a uniform system of government, education, customs, tariffs, closer commercial interchange and social intercourse, which without the slightest shadow of a doubt would redound to the prosperity and progress of the islands. In extent and area, the British West Indian islands do not fill a very great place in the vast bounds of the Empire, but their strategic position are of inestimable value as outposts in the New World. As a united and federated group it is conceivable that they will attain far greater political importance in the great commonwealth of nations. In this can be seen greater prestige for the islands and greater respect by the governments of the world for native West Indians forced to travel abroad. The vision is one that must awaken a sense of pride and stir the soul of every true West Indian.

However, there are grave difficulties in the way of realizing this glorious ideal of the federation of the West Indian islands. The matter of distance and lack of
transportation facilities between the islands constitute one of the greatest obstacles in the way of unification and central control. Jamaica, one of the most important of the group is far to the north and almost out of touch with the other closely centered islands including Barbados, and Grenada. This is a problem that might be solved by aerial transportation, but the development of such a system is a question that as yet has not been even remotely considered. There is also the insular pride, prejudices and mistrust of the population of the islands. In the first flush of enthusiasm this might not come to the surface, but when the question of precedence, or privileges and offices, of compromises and sacrifices, are discussed, the acid test will be met. This will be the crucible of West Indian intelligence, broadmindedness and idealism.

To judge from experiences on the Isthmus, where although West Indians from every island in the group have lived for almost two decades in close contact there is still a degree of petty jealousy, rabid insularity and a consequent lack of cohesion in matters appertaining to the common good; the chances for the ultimate accomplishment of this transcendent movement, would not appear to be very rosy. But, it is hardly fair to take the situation here as a criterion of culture or a standard of intelligence among the progressive element in the West Indies which is propagating the idea of West Indian federation and working for its realization, and among whom selfishness may exist but crass stupidity is not considered to be a virtue.

The outcome of the conference to be held in Barbados will be watched with the keenest interest. On its results will rest the destiny of a people who in their up-
ward march of progress have reached the rubicon which they must cross to greater freedom and a more glorious development or remain a servile and backward group ignominiously in the rear of all progressive peoples.

Tuesday August 23rd, 1927.

Thunder on the Left

(Among the notionable dictes of antique Rome was the fancy that when men heard thunder on the left the gods had somewhat of special advertisement to impart, then did the prudent pause and lay down their affairs to study what omen Jove intended—From an old English work.)

In a United Press cable dispatch from Washington appearing on the front page in Sunday’s “Panama American,” it was reported that President Green of the American Federation of Labor had forwarded a letter to J. H. Sealey, secretary of the Metal Trades Council of the Canal Zone, requesting the Council to arrange an agreement with the Labor Federation of the Republic of Panama to help obtain occupation for capable native Panamanians in the Canal Zone. It was stated that the Panaman delegates to the recent conference of the Pan-American Federation of Labor charged that native workmen were being totally excluded from employment on the Panama Canal and preference given to workmen from Jamaica and Barbados. The matter has been referred to a committee appointed by the Metal Trades Council, for study and recommendation.
This startling announcement is but a louder clap in the ominous reverberations of thunder which have been roaring on the left of the West Indian community for the past few years. It is time for us to become prudent, to lay down our affairs and to study what portents the signs of the times convey. There can be no doubt of the fact that the outlook for the future of West Indians is extremely dark and foreboding. Living in the smug contentment and false security of a "fool's paradise," the community received its first rude shock of awakening in the proposal and eventual passing of the present restrictive Law 13 of 1926 declaring West Indian immigration as undesirable and, with undue discrimination, circumscribing the privileges and liberties of West Indians resident in the country. Hard upon the Immigration Law, a measure was passed by the same National Assembly providing that seventy-five per cent of the employees of all concerns in the national territory must be natives. The immediate enforcing of this law proved impracticable and it was placed in abeyance for two years during which time employers are to gradually make the changes prescribed by the legislation. Compliance with this law will mean the eventual discharging of thousands of West Indians employed by private concerns in the terminal cities, many of them giving valuable service over a period of several years. Now too, even the commercial interests of the country are seeking legislation to the disadvantage of their West Indian patrons by requesting the enactment of a law whereby a heavy duty would be imposed on goods purchased in the Canal Zone commissaries and brought across the border by workmen resident in Panama and Colon.

From the time of its inception the Panama Federa-
tion of Labor has been agitating against the West Indian employees of the Panama Canal. The matter was taken up at the conference of the Pan-American Federation of Labor which met in Santiago de Chile in 1920 but no action was taken. It was again brought up at the conference held this year in Washington, with President Green's letter to Secretary Sealey as the result. What the outcome of this will be cannot be predicted, nor can the situation be dismissed with the indifference that has characterized most of the affairs affecting the welfare and every-day life of West Indians on the Isthmus. The Panama Metal Trades Council has never shown itself particularly friendly towards the West Indian employees of the Panama Canal and has itself been recently agitating for the replacement by American citizens of West Indians holding important positions on the Panama Canal.

The contention of the Panama Federation of Labor that West Indians are given preference in employment by the Panama Canal authorities to the exclusion of Panamanians, is baseless and false. Where the difference in language is overcome, Panamanians are employed and given preference over West Indians. It is beyond all reasonable justice that Panamanian workers should oppose the employment of West Indians both in the national territory and on the Canal Zone. The valuable service given by West Indians in the building of the Panama Canal, need not be recounted here. It stands as a colossal monument to their ability and industry. Furthermore West Indian workmen are not keeping the natives out of employment, neither in Panama nor the Canal Zone. There is enough work for all who are able and willing to work, and Panaman workmen should know that in the world of economics, employment is not
generally based on favorable legislation but on ability and industry.

Perhaps the agitation of the Panama Federation of Labor against West Indian workmen, and likewise the opposition of the Panama Metal Trades Council to the holding of important positions and the earning of a fair salary by West Indian employees of the Panama Canal, might like the present Immigration Law reach a state of innocuous desuetude. But, according to present indications, this will not be due to the efforts of the West Indians in their own behalf but either by the intervention of providence or the intercession of governments which may be inspired by the humanitarian feeling that colored West Indians like other mortals have an inalienable right to life and the pursuit of happiness.

The American workers on the Canal Zone and the natives in Panama are organized, their pleas and demands are being heard with the strength of unanimous voice not in Washington but around the world. Of over 8,000 West Indian employees of the Panama Canal only 600 can see any reason for organizing for their welfare and protection. Thunder is being heard on the left. The clouds may roll away; and again they may break in a devastating storm bringing suffering and hardships on the community, sufferings which perhaps organization and unity could have easily prevented.

Higher Rates of Pay

NOTHING of a more revolutionary nature has occurred in the Administration of the Panama Canal within the past fifteen years than the shattering of the $80 maximum monthly wage for that host of faithful
and efficient workers of the Canal classified as Silver Employees. The Executive Order signed by President Coolidge on September 14th authorizing the Governor of the Panama Canal "to increase above the limit of $960 per annum the pay of One Hundred alien employees in the positions they occupy under the Panama Canal and Panama Railroad Company when such employees by long and efficient service have rendered themselves of greater value to those organizations than can be adequately compensated by the limit heretofore established;" is an act of common justice, an appreciation of devout and able service that is accentuated more by its tardiness than its liberality.

No greater reflection on the administration of the Panama Canal ever existed than the arbitrary condemnation of the largest group of its workers to a fixed-wage limit beyond which there was no hope of promotion and advancement regardless of the ability, skill and length of service of the employee. This salary proscription was particularly iniquitous when it was known that the limit fixed and the remuneration awarded were inadequate for anything more than mere existence. The theory of a mere living wage for the laboring class has been long ago exploded, and there was no justification for such a condition neither in practical economics nor in social equity. Today it is found that high wages and national prosperity go hand in hand. The paying of high wages is responsible for the phenomenal prosperity in the United States during the last decade and the boasted high morale and efficiency of the American employees of the Panama Canal are due in a large measure to the fact that they are paid wages considered to be com-
mensurate with their service and far above the hypothetical "living wage."

The Silver Employees of the Panama Canal who are benefitted by the increase authorized by the President of the United States and the higher rates recently established by the Governor of the Panama Canal must indeed be thankful for even "small mercies." That they merit these increases in wages is indisputable. No more loyal, no more capable band of workers exists in the service of any government or great industrial concern. That they have not always been given the just fruits of their labor cannot be said however to be due entirely to exploitation by the great and powerful United States Government, but in a great extent to their own contributory negligence in not organizing intelligently and effectively; in not following the principle of collective bargaining in their just demands not for a mere "existence wage" but a "cultural wage." Wages sufficient to provide for the finer necessities of life.

We may well concede in this outstanding change of policy on the part of the Panama Canal a victory for the Panama Canal West Indian Employees Association. "Higher Valuation" has been the main platform of the organization, and higher valuation for the services of West Indian workers of the Panama Canal has come. The representations of the P.C.WI.E.A. may not have had a direct bearing on the present change but there can be no gain-saying the fact that the efforts of the organization must have had some indirect influence in the premises. Silver employees of the Panama Canal now have the permanent hope for promotion and advancement. Perhaps they may be thus encouraged to learn how to organize to make this hope an assured realization.
They cannot forever depend on the kind sentiments and altruism of the powers in control. It is time that they learn to take action, intelligently and effectively in their own behalf.

December 15th, 1927.

Garvey's Task

Several months ago one of the foremost colored writers in the United States contributed an excellent article to one of the leading magazines on the life and status of the Negro in the Western Hemisphere, the influences which were handicapping and leading to the disintegration of the race and those which were moulding it closer as a homogenous group. The writer tributed Garveyism as the greatest social force in the history of the Negro but predicted its decline and asked the pertinent question—after Garveyism what? To this he made the portentous reply—bolshevism!

The trend of events, however, has proven that the predictions of the eminent writer as to the decline of Garveyism and the ominous aftermath were unfounded. The Negro is constitutionally and temperamentally not a revolutionary. His progress has been marked by an amazing adaptability to changing circumstances and an astounding virility and not by violent upheavals. Furthermore, with the increase of education the Negro has learned to think for himself and he has begun to be sceptical of all the theories and precepts, all the nos-
trums and cures offered by the white man for the amelioration of his social ills. He has seen that bolshevism has not worked out successfully in the ten years of its existence in Russia and that like Christianity its tenets and principles of brotherly love and communal welfare may be subverted and become conditioned on race and color or on social position and economic standing. It is therefore safe to say that the Negro as a group will neither become bolshevist, anarchist nor a humble follower of any new utopian schemes devised by another race. The Negro has arrived at what has been aptly called the state of race-consciousness and he will not accept any new gods that are not of his own making.

For this colossal awakening, this stirring of the soul of a people, Marcus Garvey, the lowly Jamaican, is more than any other one living individual responsible. History will record in the perspective of passing years whether Garvey is merely a prophet preaching in the wilderness the ethnic redemption of a continent, whether he is a Moses who will lead his people to greater self-realization and accomplishment or whether he is a Messiah whose doctrine will become a new spiritual force. But this is certain, he has already assumed the role of martyr. Garvey’s imprisonment in the Atlanta Penitentiary on the technical charge of using the United States mail to defraud in an attempt to further his ambitious scheme of operating the Black Star Line, and the commutation of his sentence by President Coolidge after he had served three years of a five year sentence, closes a dismal chapter and unfolds a new in the turbulent career of the man.

Misguided visionary or inspired zealot, inept business executive or super-egotist, terms by which he has been variously called, Garvey’s doctrine that the Negro
has a magnificent past of culture and greatness buried in the vast archives of unread history, that the future promises the greatness of nation-hood and that the Negro though backward in the march of modern civilization is not inferior to the other races and is entitled to equal treatment respect and consideration, has fired the imagination of his followers and aroused their souls. His visions of empire may have been far-fetched but the essential honesty of the man has never been questioned by the millions of black people all over the world who accept Garveyism as a new religion.

The release of Garvey has filled the hearts of his people with jubilation, but whether in prison or free, dead or alive, Garvey’s doctrine will continue. The man has done his task. His greatest enemies must concede him this. From the standpoint of concrete accomplishments he has failed tremendously but in the infinite labor of giving hope to an oppressed people, of raising them in their own estimation, his success is transcendent. We rejoice at Garvey’s release and gladly render a humble tribute.

Monday, Dec. 5th, 1927.

Appreciation

A CORRESPONDENT has suggested that “appreciation for the charitable effort that have been made during the Christmas and New Year’s season by the Americans on the Canal Zone in behalf of the poor West Indians, should be publicly made through the columns of the press.” The suggestion is timely and perfectly in order and tardiness in acknowledging the kindly deeds extend-
ed to indigent West Indians by the American colony during the festive season, does not detract from the sincere gratitude that is felt by the entire community. Many of the acts of kindness which brought sunshine and the spirit of Christmas into numerous desolate homes and despairing hearts, were made in private and were privately acknowledged with individual thanks. But the press would be neglectful in its duties if it did not give prominence to these spontaneous and worthy acts.

The deeds of kindness are too widely scattered to permit individual mention. So widespread in fact as to be almost commonplace and so unostentatious as to be almost overlooked. Probably every West Indian who came into close contact with American employers and American co-workers were made to feel in one way or another the universal spirit of kindliness and cheer at Christmas time. Certainly every West Indian indigent institution was remembered with bounteous gifts. Every year this season of gladness is made glad for numerous West Indians by the kind remembrances of American friends, and every year the appreciation and acknowledgment become greater and bind closer the common ties of both peoples in the great labor to which they have consecrated their efforts. Mutual understanding has increased with the years and with understanding comes increased respect and regard.

With wide racial and national differences, inherited prejudices and grave misunderstandings, it is not to be expected that cordial or even sympathetic relationships could be developed between the two communities within the passing of a few years. Regrettable and unfortunate though it may be, it is nevertheless the fact that mutual dislike and intolerance have been more in
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evidence during past years, than mutual goodwill and regard. The worst and most unfavorable characteristics of both peoples have been magnified in the eyes of each by a common lack of understanding. The vices of individuals have been attributed to the race and virtue regarded as exceptional and extraneous. The American colony as the dominant group and the West Indian as the exploited group will not easily find a middle ground. One will ever be determined to retain its privileges and favored position and the other would seek equal privileges and benefits. The conflict of these aspirations inevitably develop resentment.

But apart from the resentment and prejudice of the groups as entities, individual regard has developed. Furthermore, racial differences have not proven strong enough to submerge the finer human sentiments of charity and gratitude. These sentiments are developing with the years, more and more at the time when “peace on earth goodwill to men” is commemorated, and these warmer sentiments will doubtless lead to the early developing of the colder emotions of justice and equality.

From the American colony on the Canal Zone the West Indian community highly appreciates the kindliness of today and ardently hopes for the justice of tomorrow.
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