

THE ADVOCATE

Published every Saturday at Suite 312-313 Mabley Building, Phone Broadway 5807.

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ADVOCATE AGENTS

E. Richardson, Broadway & Everett Sts. Holliday & Holliday, 125 N. Sixth Street. Elks Sanitary Barbershop, 90 N. Sixth Street. A. H. Morrow, Compositor Vernon Baker Agent. Edgar Williams, agent and reporter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per Year \$2.50 Six Months 1.50 Three Months .75 Payable in advance Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

IMPORTANT!

All communications for publication or otherwise should be addressed to The Advocate Publishing Company, Suite 312-313 Mabley Building, Portland, Oregon. Advertising rates made known on application.

"Don't ask for rights. Take them. An don't let any man give them to ye. A right that is handed to ye fr awthin' has somethin' the matter with it."—Mr. Dooley.

"They have rights who dare maintain them."—James Russell Lowell.

RACE HATRED

Perhaps there is nothing in this country that is harming the Negro race more than the fatal doctrine of hate which our own newspapers and so-called leaders are instilling into the hearts of our people. There is no occasion for it. It makes us bitter and savage and is turning twelve millions of people who are by nature friendly and genial into a mental mass that will work eternal injury to this race if it continues.

Few leaders ever talk to a group of our people but that they condemn some individual or some section of our great country for what he calls "its treatment"; every race newspaper and every race magazine that reaches our homes has its major part taken up with vicious attacks upon the other race. And yet the Negro claims to want to follow in the footsteps of one by the name Christ and asks others to follow after him. What can there be in this strange religion that preaches human love and fosters human hate?

Let us get down to a little practical and hard common sense and try to regard this nation of ours through the eyes of reason instead of through the eyes of hate. There are twelve millions and more of Negroes in the United States—twelve millions! Is your mind able to grasp the meaning of twelve millions? And for these twelve millions our press gathers from here and there instances of racial mistreatment and blasts it from one end of the nation to the other, arousing to fiery heat the resentment of these millions. Can you comprehend what it means for the minds of twelve millions of people to be constantly agitated by garbled stories of individual mistreatment made racial? Suppose the daily press were to blazon forth every incident from every village of the mistreatment of white men by white men, good God! What it would mean! It would not be long before this nation of ours would be a seething country of unleashed savagery.—Exchange.

WANTED—A NEW WAY TO DODGE THE LAW

Several years ago it appeared to some political genius in Texas that since general elections in the state merely ratified what was done in the democratic primaries, keeping Negroes out of the primaries would be a short and simple means of eliminating them as a factor in the elections. Not that many Negroes had shown a keen desire to join the democratic party, but they might, if they did, they might easily hold the balance of power between the white candidates and factions in the party. So a law was passed making Negroes ineligible to vote in a democratic primary in Texas. They could not be so explicitly excluded from voting

at elections, but it was thought that perhaps this primary law would hold it did not. The United States supreme court has decided unanimously that such a discrimination is contrary to the fourteenth amendment. Of course it is. It was intended to be contrary to it in effect, for it aimed to deny to the Negro in reality the political rights which the amendment gave him in principle. The decision is notable and interesting. Not less interesting is the fact that, as soon as the decision was announced, high officials of the state of Texas at once began to offer suggestions as to other possible means by which the clear intent of the federal constitution might be evaded. There is no reason to think that the Texans are sinners more than others in their desire to make inoperative a law which they think would have unfortunate local effects. It is an American trait. We render lip homage to law in general, but we reserve our practical loyalty for those laws which meet specific needs within our own experience. The southern states are confronted by a situation which seems to them to require that Negroes be deprived of the vote in order to protect the interest of the social order. The specific need (or the supposed need) counts for much more than the general provision of the constitution and the law is evaded. Many good people, knowing that the constitution of the state of Illinois requires a redistricting of its estate every ten years for purposes of representation, and that it has not done, are perfectly satisfied that it should not be done, because redistricting would mean more representation for Chicago and that would presumably mean more wet votes in the legislature. The law is clear, but they think it would be disastrous to restrict more wet voters in the legislature. Therefore they are not in favor of enacting this particular law. So long as this general state of mind exists even among good people, it is going to be very difficult to attain effective enforcement of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act on the sole argument that they are law and all law should be enforced. This habit of choosing the laws which we want to be enforced and ignoring the others, but it actually exists. So long as it does, a good deal of attention will have to be devoted to the line of argument suggested by the title of Mr. Nolan R. Best's book "Yes, it's the law, and it's a good law."—The Christian Century.

THEY STOPPED THE MOB

It certainly is a credit to the Negro that when in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, the white hoodlums and best young citizens of a Northern city undertook to storm the jail at Coffeyville and lynch colored suspects of assault on white women, two of whom were quickly released as innocent, and then had the audacity to attempt to attack the colored section, these colored folk met them with a volley of bullets. For this Coffeyville is in "Bleeding Kansas," where John Brown fought to make it free.

STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS

Colored Americans are the only race responsible members of which are in favor of submitting to discrimination on the claim that their race always will be discriminated against. The Jews are still contending, after more than a thousand years of discrimination and are winning even social rights today. The Irish at home have contended for seven hundred years and are winning because they will die rather than submit. The race that says its of no use to resist, down itself and the world then will say, "Negroes are not worthy of equal rights; they are by nature without self-respect and have no guts." The world respects only those who respect and resist proscriptions for race.

WOMEN ARTISTS MUST BE "REBELS"—GERALDINE FERRAR

"Every artist must be a rebel," says Geraldine Ferrar, America's famous diva, in an interview by John B. Kennedy in the current issue of Collier's Weekly. "But a rebel with reason." This particularly applies to women who would succeed in art, according to the story of her career unfolded by Miss Ferrar. "I was not in the solution to the problem of life is to learn, but to lose nothing of individuality in learning. Add to your ego. If you are a woman with a living to make, be verile about it or you will not make the right kind of livelihood. Above all things be yourself. "For twenty-five years I have lived in excitement and the white heat of popularity. Every year has been lived to the full. I have lived as I liked—no dieting, and, incidentally, little drinking. I don't smoke. My throat has always been weak and troublesome. And I don't exercise, unless walking is exercise. "I was not standardized in youth. I refuse to be standardized in middle age. Standardization may succeed in industry, but never in art." Miss Ferrar proclaims that she has been first and last a Yankee business woman, and in the interview she reveals two distinctions, having been a child prodigy at the age of twelve who survived to mature fame, and also being possibly the first woman operatic star to publish her exact age—45.

THE WEEKS BEST EDITORIAL (White Press)

A NEGRO CAUSE WORTH SUPPORTING (From The Union, Springfield, Mass.) The local campaign for an increased membership in, and also support for, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People merits cordial endorsement. The Association occupies a field where work for the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the Negro citizens of the United States is urgently needed.

CLOSED BUT NOT LOCKED

Have you ever seen a sign on an office door "Walk in without knocking," says the Philadelphia tribune, "all you have to do is to turn the knob and walk in. There are hundreds of doors closed to Negroes but they are not locked. All you have to do is turn the handle and try to find out whether it is locked or simply closed. Then, too, there may be a few locked doors which you have the necessary key if you only have the courage to walk right up and try it. But unless you try they will never swing open. Doors just simply don't open by magic. Force of some kind is necessary. Of course if you never try to ascertain whether the door is locked or whether your key will fit you will never know." The door to a place on the police force or a job in some of the many state and city departments; a teacher in some of the city schools, are closed. Apparently they are locked to all men and women of black skin. Suppose they are, have you tried your key? The ballot is a master key and it might fit any or all of these doors if our group would unitedly try it up-

COOPERATION GREAT NEED

(The News, Parkersburg, W. Va.) When the white people of this nation combine to work as energetically for a solution of racial differences as the Negroes then a very great step forward in these relations will be noted. The Seventeenth Annual Report of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been released telling of the Association's activities for 1926.

It shows that the Association expended \$78,834.27 during the year, in defense of the Negro's civil rights in America; included in the work of the Association is anti-lynching propaganda, the financing of Supreme Court cases arising out of segregation and other civil rights issues.

Officers of the Association traveled 71,082 miles during 1926, and visited 35 States of the Union, 13 of them Southern States, and held 452 meetings. The forward to the Report states: The present increasing attention to law and the Negro's status in law marks a new development of the Association's work. Local victories, while they can be and are used to educate the public, are no longer mere sentiment or agitation. They represent advances as concrete as that can possibly be made in this world. Their effect is definitely measurable in the field of social relations.

PRESS QUESTIONNAIRE

- 1. Do you believe prohibition has proven a good thing for America? 2. Has prohibition lessened the social problem of intemperance? 3. Do you see less drunkenness now than under saloon conditions? 4. Would you prefer to raise a family where prohibition is not enforced? 5. Does prohibition increase crimes of violence and robbery? 6. Would you prefer the sale of light wines and beer to absolute prohibition? 7. Is prohibition fair to the poor man? 8. Do you think prohibition has been a benefit to the Negro race?

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 1912, OF THE ADVOCATE

Published weekly at Portland, Oregon, County of Multnomah, ss. Before me a notary public in and for the State and County, personally appeared Mr. E. D. Cannady who, having been duly sworn by law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Advocate, and the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date as shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 postal laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to-wit: Publisher Mr. E. D. Cannady, Portland, Oregon; Managing Editor, Mrs. E. D. Cannady; business manager, Mrs. E. D. Cannady. That E. D. and Mrs. E. D. Cannady are the sole owners of The Advocate. That the known bond-holders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none. E. D. Cannady, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1927. M. A. Henley, Notary Public for Oregon. My commission expires Jan. 1, 1928.

FOREST RANGERS HAVE REAL WORKING JOB

The forest ranger's position is not a "pay-time job," as a number of commercial correspondence schools picture it says the forest service. Activities of several correspondence schools which claim to prepare men for ranger jobs and practically guarantee government employment on the national forests upon completion of the course have come to the attention of the forest service, and a number of letters asking about rangers or positions which came to forest service headquarters are believed to be the result of extensive advertising on the part of some of these schools.

Many of the statements in these advertisements are misleading and in some cases absolutely false say the forest service. These advertisements frequently convey the impression that the forest ranger's job is largely a play-time job, or an outing in the woods, while as a matter of fact, the position of forest ranger is a permanent one of large responsibility, requiring hard work often under difficult conditions and requiring both experience and ability.

Advertising matter has been circulated to a considerable extent by the so-called preparatory schools for forest rangers. In view, however, of the requirement of the law that rangers must be as for as practicable, citizens of the state in which the work lies it is pointed out that there are only limited opportunities for forest ranger positions for young men of many of the states in which there are no national forests.

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IS THERE ANY HELP IN WHITENESS?

"Negroes trying to be white" This is a rampant jee that has been hurled at the colored people for years. We, too, have jabbed each other with the taunt over time. But Negroes do not wish to become white. What they want is a man's chance with the same color which their Creator bestowed upon them. When we think of the recent Snyder-Gray murder of New York City, we are willing to say, as never before, that there are some things about being white that we are glad Providence has spared us. Here has been committed probably the whitest crime ever achieved by Nordic brutality. Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray are Anglo-Saxon white folks. Their illicit lust and relations drove them to an act that could not be found again, probably, among any other peoples of the earth except the Nordic white peoples. Deliah-like, the same day of her dark deed she took her husband into her arms and pretended that she loved him to death. On that very night she and her lawless over-dressed the lawful husband, slugged him to death, and pretended that he had been robbed. This unspeakable act was committed by a woman that would have been allowed to enter any theater and any church in the South all because of her color which that we are glad Providence has spared us. A respectable colored man or woman who would not have committed such an

WATCH SLEEVES GROW

Paris is doing some exceedingly interesting things with sleeves this season, as the dress pictured proves. The square neckline is also coming in for greater prominence than during the past few seasons. The model, developed in figured silk, is plaited at the sides and belted with ribbon in contrasting color. Medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch material. Pictorial Printed Pattern No. 3709. Sizes, 14 to 18 years and 34 to 44 bust, 45 cents.



"THAT LITTLE GAME"

A cartoon illustration titled "THAT LITTLE GAME" showing a group of men playing cards. One man says, "NOW I'LL PULL A LIL' BLIND STAB DRAW FOR A CHANGE. I'LL KEEP THESE TWO, WHATEVER THEY ARE, AND I'LL DISCARD THREE. GIVE ME THREE, DEALER. THREE." Another man says, "I'LL BET TWO BITS YOU FALL DOWN." A third man says, "HAW HAW—READ 'EM AN' WEEP. 'FOUR SEVENS.' ANY I CLEAVER? HO-HO-HO." A fourth man says, "THAT'S ENUFF! I'M GOIN'! NIX ON BUCKIN THAT CRAZY FOOL. I'M THROUGH." A fifth man says, "BLOW OUT MY BRAINS, SOMEBODY.—THEY'RE USELESS." A sixth man says, "LET'S QUIT AND SPARE HIS LIFE." A seventh man says, "UG." The cartoon is signed "Lucky Boob".

Advertisement for "Merchandise of Merit Only" by Lipman Wolfe & Co. The text reads: "Paris is doing some exceedingly interesting things with sleeves this season, as the dress pictured proves. The square neckline is also coming in for greater prominence than during the past few seasons. The model, developed in figured silk, is plaited at the sides and belted with ribbon in contrasting color. Medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch material. Pictorial Printed Pattern No. 3709. Sizes, 14 to 18 years and 34 to 44 bust, 45 cents." Below the text is the Lipman Wolfe & Co. logo and the slogan "Merchandise of Merit Only".

"KEEP IT DARK"

By Virginia Washburn Oregon's own Author Copyright by Western Syn. Service

He got no further. The words merely added insult to injury. With a diabolical cry the enraged Italian descended upon him, upsetting dishes in every direction. Grabbing the luckless Vernie by the collar, he dragged him to the side door of the dining room, and boosted him into the alley way attention to Gust."

"I never do," Vernie said truthfully. "Then to his surprise Nellie slipped a paper into his hand, and whispered 'It's a telephone number. Call me up tomorrow between ten and twelve. Ask for Violet Schwartz. Vi's my friend.' "Sure, I'll call," Vernie promised, as he put the paper in his pocket. "Don't you care about this smash-up. Papa's peevish don't last long," Nellie added, then without warning she reached up and put just her pretty plump arms around Vernie's neck, drew his blushing face down to hers and kissed him.

"For one delirious, dizzy moment the floor and the ceiling collided, the furniture spun around and around the enraptured Vernie. He felt himself giddy from high powered emotions. His heart bursting with happiness, he managed to stammer, "Y-you l-love me, Nellie?" "For answer the vivacious Nellie ran lightly to the door, paused and turned. "Follow the swallows!" she dared roughly, then disappeared down the hallway. "I will if they'll let me!" Vernie called, entirely rattled.

Picking up his clothes he made for the stairs. As he joined Gust, who stood in the lobby awaiting him, an angelic smile flooded his countenance. Upon reaching home, Vernie and Gust were admitted by Mother Botts. As soon as she saw them her motherly heart told her something was wrong. Full of fear she waited for Gust to speak, and tell her the worst if need be. "Go to your room," Gust thundered at Vernie. "Vernie did as he was bid with alacrity, glad of the chance to contemplate Nellie's kiss in silence. No sooner had the door closed upon him, then Gust, full of his experience at the Palms, turned to his mother, to tell her about it. "I saw right through their game-throuty Vernie out into the alley. Just a clever stall to humiliate him, to make him submissive to marriage. I've fixed them," he added. "Well the old man sue for the suit?" Mother Botts asked in fear. "Not on your life! He won't put any suits on me," Gust declared. "But these Grabawinis. Like as not Vernie will be sued for breach of promise. We've got to watch him every minute. I don't trust that Italian girl. She's a fussy one—a regular man-catcher. It'll take some one smarter than Vern to get out of their clutches."

"So many deficiencies!" Mother Botts sighed heavily. "Vernie's such a bright boy. How does it happen?" "Where's Little?" Gust asked suddenly. "She went to the show with Maggie McGaffey." Gust pulled out his watch. "I'm late for lodge now," he remarked. "I'd better go. Tomorrow we can tell what's best to be done. Don't let Vern out of the house tonight. And if Amabel Diggitt or Beasley Gottlieb call him up, tell them there's nothing doing. Now mind, Ma," he warned, as he hurriedly left the house.

Alone, Mother Botts went to the kitchen, and cut off a thick slice of fresh coffee cake. Putting it on a plate, she carried it to Vernie's room. When she entered, she found her black sheep propped up in bed, holding before him the score of Carmen. So engrossed was he, that he did not hear his mother enter. His thoughts were far away with the role of Toreador. On his face there was the triumph of the fated bull fighter strutting before a Spanish grandstand, catching the kisses and flowers thrown him by the languishing senoritas. "Mama has coffee cake for you, dearie—you like it?" she invited. Vernie wrinkled up his nose. "Yum! Yum! I hate it. Wish I had a barrel of it." He rubbed his stomach with one hand as he laughed aloud at his own foolishness. "Put it down here, Mama!" She did as she was bid. Greedily he thrust the fresh cake, juicy with apples, into his mouth, and ate. His mother sat upon the edge of the bed and watched him, her eyes aglow with admiration.

"Did the bulls frighten you, Vernie?" she asked, her mind on the pickpocket episode, as related by Gust, who in Vernie had wormed the full facts from Vernie. "Frighten me?" he exclaimed, his mind on the score of Carmen. "Bull fighters never get frightened, Ma. They kill the bulls." he finished bravely. "Sing just a little for Mama," Mother Botts begged, paying no heed to Vernie's digression. Vernie needed no second invitation. Springing from the bed, he seized a

"Oh, you wanta Vernie, the buma de wait! He's out in the alley with the rest of the garbage. I just bounced him for disordered conducts." Before the surprised Gust could recover himself from the shock of this unexpected news, the door opened, and the irrepressible Vernie, bent on returning to work, entered the lobby. At sight of Gust, he smiled a broad sweet smile of welcome. "Vern, come here!" Gust ordered. "M-m-mind your business!" "I'll take care of mine and yours too," Gust warned. "Get your clothes and come home!" Gust's temper still had the better of him. There was the sound of quick footsteps. Old man Turner entered. At the sight of Vernie he lost control of himself and yelled, "He spoiled my suit, and he'll pay for it. I'll go to the petty claims court to collect," pointing at Vernie with a threatening forefinger. "Take the salary he's got coming," Gust recommended. "Vernie's got no salary coming here," Grabawini put in. "I've gotta bill against him for busted dishes."

"I'll get my money!" Old man Turner shouted. "Try to get it!" Gust was disagreeably on the offensive. "Vernie'll get his when he gets home." "Don't you dare touch Vernie," Nellie challenged, as she entered the room and came forward, her cheeks flushed with indignation. "I heard your threat. Vernie's going to stay with me—you—you bully." In defiance she moved in front of Vernie, as if to protect him. "No you don't, young lady!" Gust's jaw shut like a steel trap. "You've got my brother lined out wrong. You can work your love lunk on some other poor fish, you'll not work it on Vernie."

"W-w-w-w!" Vernie started to speak on behalf of Nellie. "Shut up! Get your clothes and come on, Vern." "You don't own Vernie," Nellie taunted. "It's a cinch you don't!" Gust retorted. "It's no wonder Vern can't get anywhere with a hound like you on his trail." With this parting verbal torpedo, Nellie turned and fled the lobby. Reluctantly Vernie went up the stairs. Reaching his room he gather-

ed his few belongings and was just ready to leave when he felt a soft hand placed in his. Turning he saw Nellie. Her dark eyes were burning with ardent affection. "You'll come out all right, Vernie. I'm going to keep my promise and get you into Grand Opera. Don't you pay any attention to Gust."

"I never do," Vernie said truthfully. "Then to his surprise Nellie slipped a paper into his hand, and whispered 'It's a telephone number. Call me up tomorrow between ten and twelve. Ask for Violet Schwartz. Vi's my friend.' "Sure, I'll call," Vernie promised, as he put the paper in his pocket. "Don't you care about this smash-up. Papa's peevish don't last long," Nellie added, then without warning she reached up and put just her pretty plump arms around Vernie's neck, drew his blushing face down to hers and kissed him.

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Advertisement for Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The text reads: "sin 1857 Eagle Brand has raised more healthy babies than all other infant foods combined. Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. An Amazing Success Feen-a-mint The Chewing LAXATIVE Chew It Like Chewing Gum A pleasure to use. Very efficient. Children love it. No taste but the taste of sweet mint. The most popular laxative because it's a 'satisfier.' 15c and 25c."