

**THE MONITOR**  
 A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED PRIMARILY TO THE INTERESTS OF COLORED AMERICANS  
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**ARTICLE XIV. CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES**  
**Citizenship Rights Not to Be Abridged**  
 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

**TAUGHT BY ELECTION**  
 THE RECENT elections held throughout the country afford much food for thought and teach some plain and important lessons. In some places, like Detroit, Michigan, for example, vital political issues were subordinated to the paramount issue of tolerance versus intolerance; or to the consideration of the question as to whether a man's religion or race rather than his character and qualifications to render efficient public service as an American citizen, should be the determining factor. This is the issue between Klan and anti-Klan forces and he it said to their credit that the voters of Detroit and many other places gave the only answer, and that decisively, that real 100 per cent Americans could give. In some other places the forces of intolerance won but with such reduced majorities as to snuff their power is weakening, though sufficiently strong yet to constitute a real and serious menace not to be underestimated. It is unfortunate that at this age religion or race should be raised as issues which becloud important governmental policies local, state and national; but the issue being raised it must be met and settled right and that is upon the ideals of a true democracy. This issue vitally affects us as a group and its right settlement will help our status as American citizens.

The returns from New York and New Jersey, where the Democrats, who love us no more ardently than do our professed Republican friends, but who, appreciating the value of votes in winning an election have shown a disposition to treat us fair won largely by our votes, are not without significance. Here is a clear and unmistakable declaration of political emancipation. It is very evident that the race is learning to cast its vote where it is believed the largest and best direct results will be obtained irrespective of party. This is a great gain. Loyal as we have been and desire to be to the Republican party, the division of our vote and its evident alignment in the recent election, serves notice that when and where that party shows indifference to it, it will be met with indifference from us. Racial political emancipation and a clearly defined and uncompromising battle against racial and religious intolerance are among the lessons taught by the recent election.

**UNITED ACTION**  
 OUR PEOPLE everywhere are waking up to the necessity of unity. We have not learned this lesson yet, but we are gradually learning it. Wherever groups of our people assemble some one emphasizes the necessity of union and concord and the foolishness of separation and disunity. Forming one tenth of the population we are not seriously considered because we have not yet learned team work. We should unite everywhere for mutual protection of our rights as citizens and for the purpose of industrial and economic development.

**THE COMMUNITY CHEST**  
 THE DRIVE for the Community Chest to provide funds for thirty-one charitable and welfare organizations begins Monday morning. The sum asked is \$511,000. This

**THE NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION NOT NEGLIGIBLE**  
 A moment's thought will easily convince open-minded persons that the contribution of the Negro to American nationality as slave, freedman and citizen was far from negligible. No element of American life has so subtly and yet clearly woven itself into warp and woof of our thinking and acting as the American Negro. He came with the first explorers and helped in exploration. His labor was from the first the foundation of the American prosperity and the cause of the rapid growth of the new world in social and economic importance. Modern democracy rests not simply on the striving white men in Europe and America but also on the persistent struggle of the black men in America for two centuries. The military defense of this land has depended upon Negro soldiers from the time of the Colonial wars down to the struggle of the World War. Not only does the Negro appear, reappear and persist in American literature but a Negro American literature has arisen of deep significance, and Negro folk lore and music are among the choicest heritages of this land. Finally the Negro has played a peculiar spiritual role in America as a sort of living, breathing test of our ideals and an example of the faith, hope and tolerance of our religion.—Du Bois, "The Gift of Black Folk."

be together for your God, Country and RACE.  
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 Chairman.

**DARROW AND THE NARROW**  
 By William Pickens  
 (For The Associated Negro Press)

The most impressive thing about the trial of Dr. Ossian Sweet and the other ten colored people in Detroit, so far as the effort to select the jury, was the fact that the GREAT MAJORITY of white people, even in a cosmopolitan northern city, admit under the probing of the attorney for defense that they are "too prejudiced" against colored people to sit properly on a jury to try them. It was evident to the onlooker that some of them did not intend to make this admission when they came up to be tested and questioned, but the quiet, good-natured, but persistent mind of Clarence Darrow would finally bring them to it. At last a prospective woman-juryman would cry out, as if in complete capitulation: "I am very prejudiced!" Or some man would finally confess: "Because of something that happened five or six years ago, I guess I couldn't have an unbiased judgment." Or some other fellow who had been left on the wrack since yesterday, and who is suddenly asked now whether he had made up his own mind that he could be a just judge and accept the evidence independent of his bias, said defeatedly: "I guess I had better not sit."

To an intelligent colored man, sitting by and looking off, these people seem to be possessed of some awful disease, and Clarence Darrow, cool and humane, seems to be probing into them for the source and center of it. He does not act as if he wished to hurt them. He seems evidently doing his best to hurt as little as possible. Now and then by some good-natured remark, or some humorous turn to the response of his half-writhing patient, he makes them all laugh even the patient himself. But, although he seems not to want to hurt, he seems determined to find the root of that cancer of race-hatred, of inhumanity, of brutal prejudice. He usually finds it. To the onlooker, who has had much experience with this prejudice, it was evident that sometimes the man under the knife was doing his best to conceal his prejudice and to get to stay on that jury—for reasons best known to himself. There was one horn-rimmed-spectacled fellow who was lying, just as sure as we are alive, when he said that he did not belong to "any kind of a secret society" except the lodge which he mentioned. We wondered as we looked on whether Darrow also felt that the fellow was lying.

Darrow never raised his voice, never appeared to feel anything, never appeared to resent any degree of prejudice which the subject disclosed. It was as if the human soul to be examined took the seat there before him in the jury row, fully clothed in PRESUMPTIONS and assumptions. And then Darrow would begin to take the clothing off that soul, first by one question and then another,—first the outer cloak of concealment and then on down to the last under garment, until the soul was ashamed of its exposure, toward RACE and JUSTICE. Sometimes the soul was ashamed and defiant, even sometimes almost boastful of the incurableness of the disease which was discovered within.

It is a serious commentary on American civilization—this trial. And it is nothing less than a great human show to see this broad-minded American, DARROW, gently, humanely, and yet relentlessly exposing the ugliness of these other American souls who are so NARROW.

**"COLOR," COUNTEE CULLEN'S FIRST VOLUME OF POEMS WINS POPULAR FAVOR**

Although Color, just published by Harpers, is Countee Cullen's first volume of verse, this youthful poet is so well known to poetry lovers, that critics were clamoring for review copies long before the book issued from the press. Readers of Harper's Magazine, The American Mercury, The Nation, etc. are familiar with Mr. Cullen's verse, and he has been often before the public as the winner of poetry prizes.

While at De Witt-Clinton High School, Mr. Cullen was awarded first prize in a contest conducted by the Federation of Women's Clubs with his poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Life." He has twice won the second prize in the contest held by the Poetry Society of America. Recently, he was awarded the Amy Spingarn prize for poetry in the contest conducted by The Crisis. Only several days ago, the Associated Press carried the news that he has been awarded the John Reed Memorial prize.

Countee Cullen graduated from New York University last June, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in March. Now, he is at Harvard, working for a Master's Degree. It was in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, that an interviewer for The Christian Science Monitor found the twenty-two-year old poet last week. She wrote of him in a two column account of her talk with him: "Mr. Cullen's father is a clergyman. There clings about the son the indefinable benediction of a gentle background, with kindness and sympathy and courage for its embellishment." Mr. Cullen told The Christian Science Monitor reporter that after he finishes his graduate work at Harvard, he will possibly teach. "Perhaps it is not what I would wish most," he said, "but it will enable me to go on writing, which I must. My race has things to say which will help the others to understand us. You will

know that we who have been given voices must not remain apart from our obligation. It is not for us to mourn prejudice, but to help to fashion the earnest which will eventually overcome it."  
 Many of the poems in Color are, to use his own phrase, "expressions which will etch the truths of our race more distinctly than simple propaganda can."  
 Take, for instance, this poem:

**FOR A LADY I KNOW**  
 She even thinks that up in heaven  
 Her class lies late and snores  
 While poor black cherubs rise at seven  
 To do celestial chores.  
 And his poem:

**HARSH WORLD THAT LASHES ME**  
 (For Walter White)  
 Harsh World that lashes me each day,  
 Dub me not cowardly because  
 I seem to find no sudden way  
 To throttle you or clip your claws  
 No force compels me to the wound  
 Whereof my body bears the scar;  
 Although my feet are on the ground  
 Doubt not my eyes are on a star.

You cannot keep me captive, World  
 Entrammelled, chained, spit on, and spurned.  
 More free than all your flags unfurled,  
 I give my body to be burned.  
 I mount my cross because I will,  
 I drink the hemlock which you give  
 For wine which you withhold—and still,  
 Because I will not die, I live.

I live because an ember in  
 Me moulders to regain its fire,  
 Because what is and what has been  
 Not yet have conquered my desire.  
 I live to prove the groping clod  
 Is surely more than simple dust;  
 I live to see the breath of God  
 Beautify the carnal crust.

But when I will, World, I can go,  
 Though triple bronze should wall me

round.  
 Slip past your guard as swift as snow,  
 Translated without pain or sound.  
 Within myself is lodged the key  
 To that vast room of couches laid  
 For those too proud to live and see  
 Their dreams of light eclipsed in shade.

On the jacket of Color, Carl Van Vechten says:  
 "One of the best Negro writers, Countee Cullen is the youngest of them all. He was barely twenty-one when The Shroud of Color (published in November, 1924, issue of the American Mercury) created a sensation analogous to that created by the appearance of Edna St. Vincent Millay's Renaissance in 1912, lifting its author at once to a position in the front rank of contemporary poets, white or black."  
 Walter White says:  
 "Countee Cullen belongs to that company of lyricists of which A. E. Houseman and Edna St. Vincent Millay are the bright stars.... His verse has an emotional depth which is extraordinary in one of Mr. Cullen's years. He etches his emotions and pictures with acid clearness, while underneath lies a genuine and sympathetic understanding of the joys and sorrows of life itself."

If your local book-seller does not have Color in stock, you can order it direct from the publisher, Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

**KLAN FLIRTING WITH NEGROES, JEWS**  
 New York.—(By The Associated Negro Press). According to information gathered by investigators for the New York World the Ku Klux Klan began a fight in Tuesday's election which is expected to sound the death knell of the Knights of Columbus. It is understood that the klansmen have been courting the favor of Jews and Negroes in the hope of being able to destroy their arch enemy, the Roman Catholics.

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