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WALKING ABOUT ZION.

Bishop J. S. Caldwell, D. D.

Mr. Editor:

A few weeks ago I decided that I would take a few days off from my immediate work and visit the brethren who were engaged in annual conference work. I find this a good thing to do sometimes, because it gives one who is engaged in a similar work an opportunity to get the view-point of other people. I have always been a student of other men and things, and the information gained has always stood me well in hand. My first stop was at Livingstone College, Salisbury, North Carolina. Here I found President Suggs and his co-workers hard at work. I had a chance to look over the campus and to look through the class rooms where the teachers were in action. From all appearance, the institution is on the upward grade and harmony seems to prevail. President Suggs conveyed me by automobile from Salisbury to Statesville, North Carolina, where Bishop L. W. Kyles, D. D. had convened the Western North Carolina conference.

This is the largest conference numerically in our denomination. Bishop Kyles seems to be happy in the prosecution of his work in this great conference. The men seem to be vying with each other in their effort to make the conference a hundred per cent along all lines. Over a thousand dollars was raised on Educational night and turned over to Prof. Suggs. Every interest of our great Church was looked after by this conference.

Bishop Kyles and his happy faculty is keeping his conference in good humor. Being a hard worker himself, he sees to it that his men who are assigned responsible tasks perform them well.

Dr. W. H. Goler, D. D., Financial Secretary, was in evidence throughout the session of the conference. He preached a splendid sermon to a large congregation on Sunday. The old man eloquent, is still in the ring when it comes to preaching the gospel.

The Publication House, Charlotte, N. C., was next visited. Manager Watkins and Dr. J. Francis Lee were at their posts. Editor W. H. Davenport was on the wing attending conferences.

Things at the Publication House seem to be going on as of yore. We could wish for more connective literature on the shelves of our Publication House. We believe that this business concern should give back to the Church in the way of literary output more than it does. This can only be made possible by our conferences and people generally patronizing the House by sending their printing there to be done and paying for the same. The manager informed me that several thousand dollars are being carried on his books over due from persons who have had work done and have not paid for the same. You cannot make brick without straw. Wherever the fault for this state of affairs may be, we have got to correct it, or have no publishing plant worth the name. If the church within does not support its own business concern, death from starvation is inevitable.

Concord, N. C., my old home was the next place visited. Here we found Bishop G. C. Clement and the brethren of the West Central North Carolina conference in session. Bishop Clement is an old hand at the business of holding conferences. He goes about his work without circumspection. This was the first session of the new administration. We heard it said on all sides that the men are supporting the new administration with a hearty will. A new presiding elder district was set off and several other forward looking measures inaugurated. It was in the bounds of this conference that I received my first appointment. It goes without the saying that I was glad to see the brethren.

Winnboro, S. C., where Bishop

E. D. W. Jones and the Palmetto conference brethren were in session was the next point reached. We presided over this conference for a number of years. Bishop Jones, while young as an Episcopate, goes about the work of the conference with unusual ease. He is kind, sympathetic and yet positive. He is well acquainted with the usage of the Church and imparts with great power and efficiency the information which the men so much need in annual conferences. We were treated royally here as we were at all the others.

The cause of Mother Zion in New York and Mother St. Peter's, at New Fern, N. C., was given hearty support by the bishops and men of all these conferences. The souvenirs which we presented at one dollar each, were taken until we had no more. The men in all the conferences pledged us their support in distributing these souvenirs among their members.

On invitation of Bishops E. G.

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EXCLUSION ACT BRINGS DEMAND FOR BLACK AMERICANS.

CALIFORNIA'S AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRIES SUFFERING FROM SCARCITY OF FARM LABOR.

By Geo. Perry.

Los Angeles, Calif. Nov.—(Pacific Coast News Bureau.) For the first time in the history of the South-west, the black American has become a factor in the future development of its wonderful agricultural possibilities. Exclusion of the Japanese, Chinese and Hindu farm labor through the enforcement of the anti-alien land law; and the increase of cotton production in California, are the factors responsible for the present scarcity of experienced farm labor.

With a total acreage of 445,000 acres with a predicted yield of 256,932 bales the 1924 cotton crop will yield approximately \$40,000,000 to the farmers of Southern California, Lower California, and the Salt River Valley in Arizona. Through arrangement the aliens will be permitted to harvest the 1924 crop yield; but thousands have left, and have at this early date caused such a serious shortage of efficient farm help that distress calls are heard in many sections. In the Yuman Valley district below Needles with cotton averaging a bale an acre, 3,000 cotton pickers are needed. In the San Joaquin Valley district north of the Negro town of Allensworth, with 4,000 cotton pickers employed at \$1.50 per 100 more are needed.

In fact so serious is the outlook for 1925 that definite steps have been recently taken by several communities and concerns to colonize certain sections, particularly in the cotton districts, with experienced Negro farmers from the South. One concern is opening 2,000 acres for Negro colonization in the Palo Verde Valley, a promising locality near the Colorado River, with a cotton production of 13,500 bales valued at \$2,295,000. Another concern has a project near Victorville, while others are planning similar methods of insuring the California cotton industry of a plentiful future supply of efficient farm labor.

In order to supervise the colonization of the Negro in the various projects the California Colored Realty and Development Assn. (Inc.) a Negro Real Estate men's organization, was recently formed in Los Angeles for the purpose of co-operating with the land owners, farm organizations and realty boards in systematic campaign of activity, publicity and supervision with the object of interesting and locating reliable, efficient and industrious Negro farmers of the South in the approved colonization projects under way in Southern California.

THE SEASON WE CELEBRATE IS THE DEAD YEAR.

By T. Thomas Fortune.
(In The Negro World)

The human creature is so constituted that he is never happy. Perhaps happiness unalloyed is an unattainable thing. We have spasms of happiness, it is true, but they are always followed by convulsive agonies, more or less traceable to the spasms of happiness. In every pleasure there appears to be some hidden poison that spoils it all or leaves a feeling of loss and remorse. We can't understand, and perhaps we never shall. It seems incredible that human beings should be eternally doomed to such condition of existence as has been imposed upon them as far back as we have historical record of the hopes and aspirations of the race.

The season we celebrate from Thanksgiving to New Year's day is one of sorrow over the death of the Old and the birth of the New Year; and this is all the more strange because we all imagine that it is a season of relaxation, reunion, festivity and pleasure, into which we carry all our pent-up hopes and disappointments. However we will, however, the shadow of the dead year seems to go over with us into the new year, and in our supremest relaxations and pleasure we feel "that coming events cast their shadows before."

Christian people have been hoping for the coming of a new and better life ever since Jesus made the supreme sacrifice on Calvary, but they have had for the most part only the army of destruction, led until recent wars by the cavalry horse—which may easily spell the Cavalry of Death. Who of us knows? Certainly oceans of blood have been spilled by wars and rumors of wars among the Christians of the Faith since the Atonement. "Peace on earth; good will to men," appears as remote and unattainable as when the echoes first carried the message out of Palestine into all the world. Indeed, there appears to be more of race and creed hatred among mankind now than when the Christian era was supposed to have presaged and ushered in a new and better life for us all. Nothing has gone wrong in the "plan of salvation," perhaps, and it may be because we are ignorant of the mystical meaning of the word "salvation," and I have a mind that is the case. We don't understand the physical meaning. We often think one way and talk and write another way. We don't understand. Will we ever? It doesn't look as if we shall to me?

But it is not for me to strike the doleful note in this season of relaxation and enjoyment, in leaving the old and going into the new year, the new life, as it were. My philosophy has always been to make the most possible out of life under any and all circumstances, and in that way I have found, we are bound to get a little happiness out of living to offset the big bunch of misery which we have with us all of the time. So then, let us cheer up in the generous spirit of the season! We have much to gain by looking on the bright side of life and everything to lose by looking on the dark side.

OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS.

THE NEW BISHOPS IN ACTION.

J. Francis Lee, A. M., S. T. D.

It was a great privilege, as well as a pleasure to visit the various conferences and see the new bishops in action. The writer spent Saturday and Sunday of the week with Bishop Jones in the Pee Dee conference. Bishop Jones was at his best. He presided with the grace of ease, and with the air of dignity. While he is

positive, he is very kind to his men. They love him and almost worship him. He has received a great response from his conferences in South Carolina. He is really putting over the programme in the South.

From Bishop Jones, the writer went to Bishop Shaw in attendance upon the Cahaba conference. Indeed he was in three of Bishop Shaw's conferences, spending with Bishop Shaw a part of three weeks. The Bishop is sweeping things before him in Alabama. While he is largely evangelistic he can settle right down to cold-blooded business. He is gracious and kind; but he is also very candid and positive. He sees to it that the brethren come up with their assessment, even though he takes the last dollar from them, and he will then put his hands into his own pockets and share with them his last dime. Every conference in Alabama, perhaps with one exception, brought up the full assessment, and that conference went far ahead of last year. The Bishop is putting on a great programme for Alabama, and the men believe in him and respond to him. The writer visited also the North Alabama and the South Alabama conferences.

We went from Bishop Shaw to Bishop Wood at the West Tennessee and Mississippi conference. Bishop Wood, although a little unwell, had matters fully in hand; and he had the conference greatly inspired. The men are responding to the efforts with splendid heart. It seemed that Bishop Wood had his full assessment just about in sight. It was our privilege to preach the Sunday morning

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THE TAIN.

By William Pickens.

(For the Associated Negro Press.)

The claim that a New York millionaire had married some girl who has colored people's blood in her veins, brought forth headlines of the usual nonsense about being "accused" of being a Negro, about "denying the taint," and about the boo-hoosing of sapheads and idiots, who are easily frightened into asservating: "I ain't colored."

Who is it that "ain't colored" in the United States, if to have a few drops of Negro blood or other people's blood in one's veins makes one "colored"? Why, nobody can know. There are unknowable millions of "white" Americans who are crossed by that standard. Race prejudice has been forcing mulattoes to "cross the line" for ten generations. And what do you suppose those mulattoes have been doing all this time?

And it is idiocy for an editor to speak of "taint" in blood, meaning only that a person belonging to one race has a minor quantity of the blood of another race in his veins. The only tainted blood is diseased blood, or the blood that flows in the veins of the maniacs and idiots who write such rot as we all have the privilege of reading when some supposedly 100 per cent white person marries another person who is known to have other blood besides Teuton or Nordic in his veins. If to have in your veins the blood of some other race is to be "tainted" then about everybody, "white" and "colored" in this country is tainted. That is, we do not need to consider the few who are not.

A fellow, supposedly "white," got married to a girl of the same kind in Boston, and after the ceremony he went into her room and found her boo-hoosing as if her heart would break. Asking what the trouble was, he heard this great confession: "Dear, I've got colored blood in my veins and I just can't fool you any longer. Boo-ooo-ooo!"

He patted her on the shoulders, feeling much relieved, but found it convenient to ignore the fact, and especially to keep it from others. Then there are many more thousands still who have "colored blood" without even their own knowledge.

Seems to us that only the knowledge of it is the thing that does any harm. Then forget it! The best taint about blood is when 'Taint' consid-

THE COLOR LINE NOT IN IT.

By Rev. H. Walter Featherston, D. D.

In a syndicated article appearing in current issues of our Advocate is the following: "The Bishop (Thirkield) said through the Southwestern Christian Advocate of New Orleans: 'Their (Negro bishops) election by a body of eight hundred delegates from the whole world, not only is a body with contagious enthusiasm and a vision of its significance as related to the whole world, is an event of far-reaching importance. It forever gives assurance that ours is not a white man's Church but a Church as broad as humanity and as all-inclusive as the redemptive blood of Jesus Christ.'" This is presented as evidence of an attitude toward race members in the Methodist Episcopal Church that would be responsive to ours; and is pleaded as a reason for not favoring the pending Plan of Unification. This and other kindred utterances in the same article by other authors to the same intent have put me to wondering: Do I belong to "a white man's Church"? When I came into it in 1865 there were 207,766 Negroes in it, and some of them were exhorters and class leaders, a few were local preachers, and all of them were real members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and to her glory may it be said. On the Congo there are about nine hundred members of our Church, and they are the blackest Negroes on earth. In a little while they will be coming as delegates to our General Conference, some of these very black Southern Methodists, and some of them will be preachers and later on one will be a bishop.

By common consent for centuries the human race has been divided into white, yellow, and black people. We have in our Church 2,300 Japanese, 8,414 Koreans, 10,907 Chinese, and 4,802 Indians, aggregating 26,423 yellow people. Several hundred of these are preachers, and by and by some will be bishops, and they are not white people, but all of them are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and some of them come and serve as delegates in our General Conferences, and more of them will come. Besides all of these, let us put 371,540 preachers and members of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the much-loved and honored Bishop Lane is the senior bishop, for they are our wards, and are in a very essential sense black Southern Methodists.

Is our Church "a white man's Church"? God forbid! Is it not rather, as Bishop Thirkield says of his, "a Church as broad as humanity and as all-inclusive as the redemptive blood of Jesus Christ." I cannot understand the significance of all of this about the two Negro bishops in the Northern Methodist Church which we read from the pens of some outstanding opponents of the pending Plan of Unification if it does not more than suggest that our Church must be made and kept, unlike the Methodist Episcopal Church, a distinctly "white man's Church." A thousand times no, it must not be. It is a branch of Christ's Church, and he has said of it: "Go, make disciples of all the nations." (Matt. 28:19.) "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation." (Mark 16:15.) No man, woman, or child is too yellow or too black, too pagan in race or too low in civilization, too ignorant or too vile to become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, if he sincerely repents and truly believes on the Lord Jesus Christ.

It seems not to have occurred to the good brethren of the opposition that the "color line" is not in any sense an ecclesiastical issue. It may be a political or social question but not ecclesiastical in any of its bearings. The Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians, and the Presbyterians have Negroes in their churches, and