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"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 32.

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## THE PATHWAY TO THE NEGRO'S FINDING HIMSELF

An Address by Mr. W. P. Evans, of Laurinburg, delivered before the Catawba Synodical Sabbath School Convention and School of Methods at Johnson C. Smith University, August 25th.

### Part II

The muddy waters of the Pee Dee had been wasting over its rock-ribbed basin for years, but the energy and ingenuity of men dammed the stream, harnessed the power, and today hundreds of cotton mills and as many cities and towns are being electrified and illuminated by the work of men's hands and brains.

Colored boys, men, women and girls, harness your wasting energies, combine your financial strength and build up Negro enterprises so as to employ your educated men and women.

Old men dream dreams; our young men have visions; Where there is no vision the people perish, because the needs of our people this day demand it. Our great leader, Dr. R. R. Moton, had a vision which has led him to be instrumental in organizing a National Negro Million Dollar Finance Corporation so as to aid and allet poor young colored men striving to do business and to apply their educational qualifications.

The Chinese have a National organization that backs every poor Chinaman coming to this country to open a Chinese laundry. The Jews have a National financial association that lends money to any poor Jew starting in business.

I have faith in Dr. Moton's vision and his Negro Finance Corporation because I have faith in myself and in my race. Just forty years ago I had a vision. (Pardon a personal reference which I must use to show that what one Negro has done another Negro can do.) Forty years ago I left Wilmington, my home city, friends and parents, and cast my lot in what was then a very small town, Laurinburg. I had a vision that I could do business like a white man, and with about one dry goods box of goods I moved into a little two-by-four brick store on Main Street and went to work selling groceries and second hand shoes, putting in eighteen hours per day, eating scant rations for breakfast and dinner, and for supper soda crackers, smoked herrings and a cup of tea; but I had the determination, and, best of all, I had a loving wife by my side, who bore hardships and made sacrifices, mediums to our success.

The next year I rented a larger store, so I could carry dry goods and notions on one side and groceries on the other. Later, during my toil, I was able to lease a lot and build a store and residence together. My store had the first plate glass front ever built in the town, and after getting thus far on, my vision increased, and I soon had running the first wood and coal yard in the town. Then I saw the need of better homes for colored people. I built the first wainscoted and plastered house ever rented to a colored man in Laurinburg.

I saw business in farming and at one time planted three hundred acres in cotton, which amount no colored man of the county had planted. And so I have labored and served until today I have a store that is no discredit to any people, employing eight to fifteen men and women of my own race in the various lines of my business activities.

Every Monday morning we collect, or at least try to collect, rent from twenty-four houses and lots. Since I, only one man, have done even this much, how many hundred

times more can the combined strength of Dr. Moton's Finance Corporation do towards proving to the world that a black corporation is as potent in the promotion of black enterprises as the Jews in the promotion of Jewish enterprises.

Young men, you will mean more to the race as a peanut vender than as a headwaiter in some Northern hash-house, because in business there is some progression and independence. The race's redemption lies in business cooperation.

The laws of success in business are honesty, faithfulness, perseverance and courage. To attempt to get along without honesty means moral disaster; without faithfulness you get inefficiency; without perseverance you waste your time. If you leave out courage there is a weak place that will mean a break-down in some sudden emergency. Young men, get busy. Stop whining over grievances and seize opportunities and instead of fussing over the chance to spend a dollar, work for the chance to make a dollar.

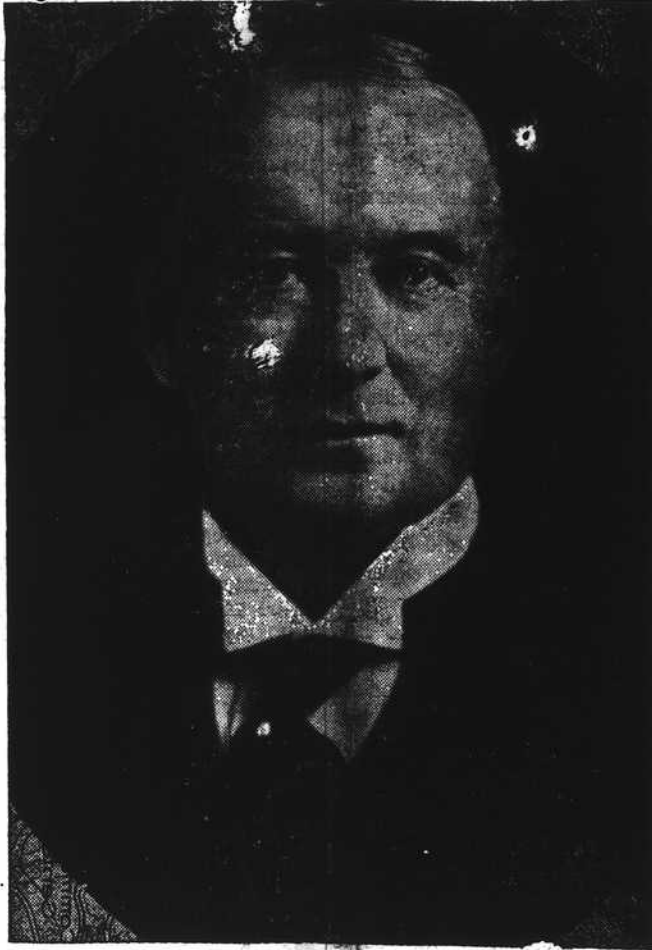
Fellow citizens, the great Negro problem is our problem and we must solve it. We must roll the stone away from the sepulchre of ignorance, selfishness, non-cooperation and petty jealousy among ourselves. The white man nor the red man, nor the foreign man will ever change the condition of the Negro. We ourselves will change the attitude of the world toward us as soon as we change the attitude of ourselves towards one another.

The world loves courage, manhood and womanhood and as soon as we have the courage to stand for race pride and cooperation, making the Negro first, last and always, and the manhood to preserve and protect the virtue of our wives and daughters; as soon as we, like the Jew, will walk by everybody's else enterprise to get to one of our own; as soon as we exchange cheap politics for business, indolence for thrift; as soon as we remove Negro earmarks from dirty restaurants and slouchy barber shops; so soon will a second freedom come and we will command the respect of all people of the world.

Mothers, you need no longer to rub the skin off your knuckles in the wash-tubs educating your son to be a doctor; you need no longer educate your son to be a merchant, if you won't patronize the colored merchants already struggling to do business. Fathers, you need to foster, support and build up Negro business enterprises so that you will prepare high grade business men as husbands for your high grade daughters.

Make sincere friendship with the best white people in your respective communities, and, to have friends, you must show yourselves friendly. The races that have grown strong and useful have not done so by depending upon fault-finding with others, but by presenting to the world evidences of their progress in agriculture, industry and business, as well as religion, education and civic growth.

When every Negro farmer in the South land shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures; and, disturbed by no creditor and enslaved by no debt, shall sit amid the teeming gardens and vineyards and dairies and barnyards, pitching his crops



MR. JAMES B. DUKE

(Photo by courtesy of Charlotte News)

in his own wisdom and growing them in independence; making cotton his clean surplus and selling it in his own time and in his chosen market, and not at a master's bidding; getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt but does not restore his freedom, then shall be the breaking of the fullness of the Negro's New Day, and the race will find its rightful place along with other people of the world.

The many and varied needs of our people in building a foundation for the race's superstructure should lead our educated young men and women to an ideal life of service equal to or greater than that of our lamented Dr. Washington, who truly gave his life for his people. He who would save his life will lose it, but he who would lose his life for the sake of his down-trodden and benighted people will find it again and will live on and on throughout the lives and ages of posterity.

The fundamental aim of education should be manhood and service. Dr. Washington said: "I would not care to live if there were no perplexing problems to solve, no weak to uplift, no ignorant to enlighten." Let me say to you, be courageous. Courage is a primal virtue. Discouragement hides God's means and methods. It blots out of sight everything that is helpful and friendly to us. It paralyzes our ability and self-confidence, destroys our efficiency and cuts down the effectiveness of every one of our faculties. Cultivate human sympathy; be reciprocal and yearn for the chance to do something for others.

The fleeing herd deserts its fallen companion; the wolf pack devours its wounded comrade; but man, made in the image of God, lifts up the fallen and supports the weak.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara, as it rolls over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountains to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run fertilizing rills into the adjacent fields. It hasn't a grist mill or a cotton mill on either of its banks. It sulks in rainy weather with chilly fogs. No one cares where such a river

was born and no one cares when it dies into the sea.

But there is another river. Water lilies sleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one of its banks and six cotton mills on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains and they hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is the man who lives for himself; the other river is the man who lives for others.

Every Black Man Should Own His Home.

The home is the foundation of civilization. It is not in the expensive landscaping surrounding it, not in the luxury with which it may be furnished, but it is in the home as an institution that humanity finds solace, comfort and a character - building atmosphere. We can each one of us own our own home. We can build one through the Building and Loan Association and have six years to pay for it in weekly payments, or we can build one by getting the wife and children to deny themselves fine dressing and high living for a while.

In short, get in debt and take on burdens and weights, then come on up and you will soon have your home. We must take on weights and responsibilities before we can accomplish much. The seeds you plant don't come up until you place the weight of the soil on top of them.

When we neglect so great a duty, the duty to own our homes, we commit wrongs in our community. And we cannot demand the rights we are always clamoring for until we correct the wrongs we are always committing in the community.

Young men, start in business. Cast down your buckets where you are. There is opportunity right here for Negro business. No one of you need to be rich to start. John D. Rockefeller was born in a little country place, and he was a poor plow boy, too. One day he was digging potatoes and espied a wild turkey hen. He followed her to her nest and found her nest full of young turkeys which he took to his home and raised. Near Christmas he carried them to town and sold them and put

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## MR. JAMES B. DUKE DIES IN NEW YORK—IS LAID TO REST IN NORTH CAROLINA

Mr. James Buchanan Duke, one of the country's greatest captains of industry and philanthropists, died last Saturday at his home in New York City, after an illness extending over eight or ten weeks. The body was taken to Durham, Mr. Duke's boyhood home and the scene of his early struggles for burial, and the funeral service was held there Tuesday morning.

About a year ago Mr. Duke astounded the country and immortalized himself by setting aside from his vast wealth \$40,000,000 to be held in trust for educational and charitable purposes in North and South Carolina. The income from the bulk of this fund is to go to four educational institutions—namely, Duke University (formerly Trinity College) at Durham; Davidson College, Furman University at Greenville, S. C., and Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte. Johnson C. Smith University's share of the total fund is 4 per cent, or about \$1,600,000. The income from this will be available annually beginning in 1926.

A large delegation of friends and admirers of Mr. Duke left Charlotte at six o'clock Tuesday morning on a special train for Durham to attend the funeral service. Dr. H. L. McCrorey, President of Johnson C. Smith University, was invited to join this party and was accorded Pullman reservations for the trip.

Following is a beautiful account of the funeral service written by the Editor of the Charlotte Evening News:

### HUNDREDS STAND WITH BOWED HEADS

By Julian Miller  
In Charlotte News, Oct. 13.

Durham, Oct. 13.—North Carolina's appreciation of the labors and affection for the life of James B. Duke followed him here today to the final place of sleep of his body as it was borne to the mausoleum in Maplewood cemetery while surging thousands stood in respectful and reverent silence.

The city to which he came as a country lad 50 years ago to earn through the sale of eggs the first 25 cents of the colossal wealth he later accumulated, hushed its activities for two hours, between 10 and 12, as the last obsequies were being spoken in the palatial Duke Memorial church which the deceased had erected in memory of his father.

The houses of business in Durham were closed, the hum of industrial machinery was silenced as the community that claimed him through the years as its greatest contribution to the world of achievement sought to show him its final honors.

The body of Mr. Duke, accompanied by members of his family and intimate friends from New York, reached Durham at 7 o'clock this morning with its seven coaches, the entourage being in charge of Mr. G. G. Allen, Mr. Duke's business confidante, and president of the British-American Tobacco Company, Thomas F. Ryan, capitalist, R. E. Reeves, banker, Frank Fuller, counsel for the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, and other close business friends of the deceased. Mrs. Duke and the only child of the illustrious magnate, Miss Doris, accompanied the remains. The only Brother, Benjamin N. Duke, is critically ill in his New York home.

After the body reached Durham it was taken under escort from the railroad station to Duke University where it lay in state until removed to the

church for the 11 o'clock public funeral service.

The members of the senior class of Duke University served as an escort of honor to the Duke Building and four hours later when the remains were brought into the church, the entire student body with bared heads marched in a body. At the church, the students lined up on either side of the street to Maplewood as the seemingly endless lines of limousines went their slow and tedious way to the tomb.

### 250 From Charlotte

The Charlotte special train of ten cars, leaving this morning at 6 o'clock, brought a party of 250 friends and employes of the dead capitalist, arriving at Durham at 10 o'clock after a non-stop run with the exception of Greensboro. The special train carried a diner, five Pullman cars and three day coaches and was in personal charge of R. H. Graham, division passenger agent. Not only executives of the companies Mr. Duke organized and directed, but scores of subordinates, many from the ranks of the street car men, the gas stations, the lighting department, each of the ramified sub-divisions of the utilities company being represented.

In addition to these, there were nearly 1,000 friends of Mr. Duke from the business and professional ranks of the life of Charlotte, all having made the journey to pay their final tribute of esteem for the State's most outstanding benefactor and for a citizen Charlotte intermittently claimed as its most conspicuous citizen.

The Charlotte delegation was piloted to the church from the train which stopped at Duke's crossing, within a block of Memorial church, by W. S. Lee, vice-president of the Southern Power Company and its chief engineer, John Paul Lucas, of the public relations department, and John W. Fox, and a section of the church was reserved for the entire party, which was given seats before the doors were opened to the public. The Charlotte delegation reached the church just as the hearse conveyed the remains of Mr. Duke into the building.

### Casket Heavy.

The bronze casket, weighing 1,500 pounds, was laboriously borne into the church by ten pall bearers of Durham citizens. At 10:45 the marvelously melodious chimes sent forth mellowing notes of "Nearer My God to Thee" and the doors swung open to admit the throng that crowded about the premises. First came the board of trustees of Duke University and then the members of the faculty of the institution reserved seats being held for these while the few remaining seats were occupied quickly by some of the old time friends of the deceased of this city and general section of the State. In the audience sat not only professors of Duke University, but among the visitors from a distance were President Martin, of Davidson College, Dr. W. L. Lingle, of Union Seminary, chairman of the board of trustees of Davidson, Dr. H. L. McCrorey, president of Johnson C. Smith University, of Charlotte, and representatives Furman University, all of which institutions were lately remembered munificently in the \$40,000,000 Duke Endowment Fund. Bankers, cotton mill executives from the two Carolinas and distinguished representatives of the professions joined in the democratic crowd that uncovered in the

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