

## THE DALLAS EXPRESS

MEMBER  
NATIONAL NEGRO PRESS  
ASSOCIATION.Published every Saturday morning  
at the year at 2000 Swiss Avenue  
by  
THE DALLAS EXPRESS PUBLISHING  
COMPANY.  
(Incorporated)  
Dallas, Texas.New York Office, Front & Front  
13 N. 24th Street.  
Chicago Office, Front & Front, Boy  
Chicago Office, Front & Front, Can  
also Building.  
Nashville Office, Front & Front, In  
dependent Life Building.W. E. KING,  
Editor

J. R. JORDAN, Manager.

Entered at Post Office at Dallas,  
Texas, as second-class matter, under  
act of Congress, March, 1879.

## IMPORTANT.

No subscription started for a year  
period than three months. Payment  
for same must be 50 cents.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75  
Three Months......50  
Single Copy......25

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Any erroneous reflection upon the  
character, standing or reputation of  
any person, firm or corporation which  
may appear in the columns of The  
Dallas Express will be gladly cor-  
rected upon its being brought to the  
attention of the publishers.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919.

Go to church Sunday.

Ignorance is a chain in which there  
few weak links.Quit calling others of your race  
"Nigger." Have sense.Truth crushed to the earth shall  
rise again some day.Lost we forget—go to church Sun-  
day. It will not hurt you.If you knew enough you would  
know that you alone can prevent  
your success.All white men are not your enemy.  
While registering a general complaint  
remember this.There are thousands of things in  
this country made in the image of  
men, but they are not men.The town with a colored population  
of five hundred or a thousand souls  
should have at least six stores.It has been said that advice is use-  
less—the wise man does not need it;  
the fool will not heed it. Next?Arkansas burned recently at the  
stake a colored man. And thus the  
state shows its idea of the civiliza-  
tion of the times.Some Negroes don't believe they  
have heard the truth until a white  
man tells it. These creatures do not  
need abuse. They need teaching.Quit cussin' out the white man  
and go to work. The advantage he  
has over you, was not attained by  
cussin' and we cannot catch him  
by cussin'. Get busy.Instead of complaining about the  
other fellow closing the door of op-  
portunity in your face push it open  
and go in. The treasures therein  
are for whoever will.People talk at random. Why will  
not the German delegates sign the  
Treaty? The answer is that they  
will. And if they refuse they ought  
not have done it. See?The time for the grand lodge, the  
protracted meeting and to cut the  
watermelon, is not far away. Be  
ready for the last act. The other  
acts will take care of themselves.The colored man or woman who  
attends a Jim Crow moving picture  
show or who buys a ticket with  
which to enter the bazaar room in  
a white opera house, does more to  
keep alive color discrimination, than  
all the rough necks on the country.There are still ignorant Negroes  
want a white undertaker to bury  
them, notwithstanding the same un-  
dertaker would not speak to them  
in life. Don't abuse these ignorant  
creatures. Pray for them and teach  
them.DIDN'T KNOW THEIR STUFF.  
The Progressive Republican Party,  
a tributary to the Democratic party  
evidently did not know its stuff the  
other day when it undertook to elim-  
inate Senators Penrose and War-  
ren from important chairmanships of  
committees in the next house. Sen-  
ator Johnson reckoned without his  
boat.Do we not know brethren, that  
wherever a church can live, there  
should be planted a grocery store  
next door.Let us while striving to live here-  
after, spend some energy trying to  
live here. Here comes before here-  
after.Lost we forget—lynching we still  
have with us.Quite finding fault with the way  
you are treated at the bank of the  
white man. Are you not a man?  
Start a bank. Take the same view  
of all things else. Quit whining  
like a cur. Discover the manhood  
which is in you. Rise level to the  
difficulties which confront you. Con-  
vince the world that whoever tack-  
led you tackled a man and your  
troubles will take the wings of the  
morning.

## TIME TO GET TOGETHER.

This is a time for all shades of  
Republican political opinion to be  
blended into one. The Democratic  
menace is still enthroned at Wash-  
ington and the country will not be  
safe until it is driven from power.  
With the return of peace, the republic  
needs the directing power of a party  
which can bring things to pass and  
make other things happen. Every  
American, it matters not with what  
party he casts his vote, knows that  
the ultimate hope of the country has  
been, is now and for a time to  
come will be the Republican party;  
whose mission on earth was and  
is to preserve for posterity, "a gov-  
ernment of the people, by the people  
and for the people" and further to  
see to it that that "government does  
not perish from the earth."

We are facing the ever to be re-  
membered campaign of 1920, when  
under the wise direction of this Re-  
publican party, the people of the  
Republican party, the people must  
with their votes arrest the Demo-  
cratic party and name the day when  
it shall leave Washington. To do  
this the party of Lincoln, Grant and  
McKinley, must bestir itself. It must  
not get drunk on over-confidence and  
it must not fail to present the Demo-  
cracy a solid front. This done, the  
way is open—the course is clear.  
Let us bury our differences, and re-  
member that strife is a beast which  
cannot be killed by a blow, but will  
disappear if it is let alone.

## WE HAVE THE REMEDY.

Why continue to call the attention  
of the governors and others in au-  
thority in the mob territory to the  
almost daily acts of the "peaceable  
assemblages of the best citizens,"  
whose idea is to uphold civilization  
with a rope and a barrel of kero-  
sene? Is it presumed that these  
acts are unknown? Is it not a fact  
that it is known that they are in-  
contemplation, long before undertaken?  
The only men who need information  
are those who furnish the victims.  
Nor is it necessary to inform them.  
They usually know when "peaceable  
citizens" are about to assemble to  
protect the state, by suspending the  
processes of the courts. It appears  
to us, that the time has come for the  
element which furnishes the victims  
to act. In our opinion they alone  
can stop the lynching pastime.  
Southern white newspapers, and  
as for that matter newspapers at  
the north, are powerless to prevent

## lynchings.

White men being the only men  
in this country who believe in and  
practice lynching of colored men, are  
not the men to petition to stop their  
own institution. They did not start  
it to stop. Like slavery, petitioning  
the slave holders never did make  
any of them free the slave and turn  
against the system.

If the colored people will make  
up their minds that lynching shall  
not happen, at least to them, we  
will all live to see the system dis-  
appear; but so long as twelve mil-  
lions of colored people, have no more  
sense than to join some sort of As-  
sociation and pay a few fellows to  
write letters and get up begging lists  
to the governors over states which  
practice lynching; lynching will re-  
main a nuisance unabated. Let us  
have sense.

## ENOUGH SAID.

That Scott-DuBois row-tempest in  
tea pot affair—let us hope that it  
has subsided. This is not the time  
to quarrel, gentlemen. Mr. Scott  
has done his bit in the army without  
getting the results he wanted. Mr.  
DuBois, great association has done  
what it could outside the army, and  
like Mr. Scott, has not been able  
to get results satisfactory even to  
himself. The common enemy in the  
army and out of the army, holds the  
heights. This is a time for mighty  
men to stand together to humble a  
mighty foe. Of the distractions of  
race leaders and the hostilities of  
petty chiefs, we have had quite  
enough, this is the time for them to  
take position shoulder to shoulder  
and turn their guns on the element  
in this country which has set its  
face against the advancement of the  
colored race.

TEXAS NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE  
MEETS AT CUNY, TEXAS, JULY  
1, 2, 1919.

The Local Negro Business Leagues  
and other organizations looking to  
the betterment of the race are here-  
by called to meet at Cuney, Texas,  
July 1 and 2, 1919.

The representation fee is \$2.00  
for each member who participates.  
Leave time early enough to reach  
Cuney, the morning of July 1, or the  
evening before. Hon. R. L. Smith  
is president of the Texas League;  
Hon. H. L. Price is secretary.

## OLD REGULAR

MAKES A SWING AROUND THE  
SOUTHWESTERN CIRCUIT—VIS-  
ITS MANY TOWNS—COLLECTS  
ENCOURAGING INFORMATION—  
THE TRAIL—OUTLINES THE  
DISTANCE HE WILL TRAVEL  
THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS—TAGS  
THE STOPS—DON'T LAUGH.

Staff Correspondence.

Somewhere in Southwest, Texas,  
May 31, 1919.

The issue of May 17th did not  
contain the deliverance which I pre-  
pared for our readers. The issue of  
May 24, contained all of the matter  
prepared for two weeks previous,  
except the humor. The cold type  
refused to laugh. The issue of May  
24 and of May 31, contained abridged  
installments of what I saw while  
journeying about in North and North-  
west Texas. Going as far toward the  
setting sun as Wichita Falls, where  
the population is oil mad and grease-  
crazy. I turned my steps and re-  
traced my way toward the South land  
the Southwest. In my path I took  
the time to stop and speak at Hen-  
rietta, Denton, Levellville and then  
I stopped and put on a clean shirt  
at Dallas. This was Saturday, May  
24. I took advantage of the op-  
portunity to vote for certain amend-  
ments and against certain others.  
Which way I voted is my secret. As  
usual, I find upon the face of re-  
turns, that I was not with the ma-  
jority. In the scriptures it is plainly  
written that we must "follow not the  
multitude to do evil." This time I  
obeyed the scriptures. Although for  
the most part I am not among the  
winners, I have no regrets.

After depositing my ballot and  
buttoning my shirt I took a West-  
bound train for Fort Worth, where  
I took another west bound train.  
On Sunday I arrived at Weatherford,  
speaking in the afternoon at C. M.  
E. church, Rev. C. G. Smith, pas-  
tor and at night I was with the  
Baptist, Rev. J. A. Jordan, pastor.  
Monday night I spoke before the Min-  
eral Wells Business League in the  
C. M. E. church, Rev. C. M. Mc-  
Pherson, pastor. John Laxine is  
president and J. B. Ransome is se-  
cretary of the local League. Tuesday  
night I spent a few minutes with  
the Queen of the Prairies, and the next  
night I stood before a magnificent  
audience at San Angelo, where the  
local Business League has a large  
and active membership. The popu-  
lace turned out, filling the Townhall.  
A select choir rendered the music,  
while a splendid reception committee  
held the repeat in obedience.

I spoke an hour and a half and the  
crowd said: "Enough." I made my  
home while at San Angelo at the  
residence of Mrs. Clara Hughes, who  
is patiently and patriotically await-  
ing the return of her son, one of the  
heroes on the other side over there.  
I arrived in Brownwood, Thursday  
afternoon at somewhere around 6:30  
o'clock. Mr. R. A. Hester met me  
at the train. I went to his home.  
I took supper at the residence of  
Prof. Hardin, one of the best known  
educators in the southwest. I spoke  
to a splendid audience at the A. M.  
E. church. The choir made a new  
high record.

After getting my breakfast I took  
a fast Santa Fe for Belton. I un-

loaded there at 12:30. Rev. Mc-  
Linn, the pastor of the A. M. E.  
church met me at the train. I spoke  
at his church that night to a fine  
audience. The next night, I spoke  
to the Belton Citizens League at the  
K. of P. Hall and I am of the opinion  
that I helped the situation.

Sunday at 3:30 p. m., I opened my  
guns on a fine audience at The Eighth  
Street Baptist church of which Rev.  
Joe Pius Barbour is pastor. The  
Temple Business League one a fine,  
forceful organization, is not dead,  
but sleeping, but it showed signs of  
life after I bombarded for a while.  
I believe it will come to life. Prof.  
L. J. LeQuey, secured a place for  
me to sleep at the house of Mr. Ed  
Woods, but I took a 2:50 a. m. Santa  
Fe train for Cleburne, and arrived  
there in a slush of rain near sleet,  
having made the loop from Dallas  
to Cleburne, covering a distance of  
a thousand miles in ten days.

My readers will be encouraged to  
know that everywhere the colored  
man is coming into his own. He is  
stepping up. He is seriously realiz-  
ing that he who would be free, him-  
self must strike the blow. In the  
matter of economy, he is wearing  
clothes and eating food more sub-  
stantial. He is determined to do  
more saving, and make his material  
standing better.

In the matter of intelligence, he  
is studying his books. He is read-  
ing the newspapers. He is finding  
out the tremendous power of brains.  
He is thinking of the future. He is  
finding out what he wants to be.  
He is realizing that, no man can  
stand in the way of his progress, if  
he will use all the opportunities  
within his reach.

I saw the white man in all this  
territory throwing away his time  
watching the colored man. There are  
many of the moral morant among  
them, who still believe that white is  
a badge of superiority and that  
black is the sign of inferiority.  
Acting on that principle, as was  
to have been expected, little progress  
is being made. Meanwhile, the white  
man born elsewhere is coming in  
gobbling up the country. Abundant  
rains are making the waste places  
glad, verify the western desert  
blooms and blossoms as the rose.  
Then too, there is the oil boom! And  
it is some boom. Hither to value-  
less land is being quoted now at  
fabulous prices. Grease! grease!  
Greece, is the beverage of the peo-  
ple. Pipe lines are being laid, wells  
are everywhere in the boring. Truly  
in the west, the old earth has passed  
away, that a new earth may come  
to take its place. As for the heavens,  
I am silent on that point.

In all this activity, the Afro-Ameri-  
can appears. He is growing more  
venturesome—learning to take a  
chance instead of standing around  
waiting for a chance to be given  
him. He is taking the measure of  
the times. He is standing in the  
market places. He is getting his  
bearings. The future will bear his  
imprint. He is marching on.

In a business way he is awakening  
from a long sleep, and as a result  
of his awakening, his restaurant,  
barbershop, rooming house, small  
store, garage, oil station, and what  
not, are coming to join his church  
and school. He is determined to  
make it so, that the future historian

"WORLD'S - FAMOUS TYPIST"  
AND "SHORTHAND WIZARD,"

Who will conduct eight weeks Summer School in Shorthand and Typewriting in Memphis.



GEORGE W. HENDERSON

Graduate of West College, The Photographic Insti-  
tute, Comm'l High School; Cin'ti; Spencer College, Pat-  
terson N. J. Cuyahoga Tehrs' College, Cleveland Dyers'  
Bus. College Boston; Rogers Wms. Univ., B. S., et M. S.,  
Nashville Austin High School; Certif'd Techr Phonogra-  
phy-Phonetics; Certif'd High School Techr for State of  
Tenn.; Grad. Techr Arts et Sciences; Grad. Comm'l Law;  
Dean of Comm'l Dept. et Professor of English and So-  
ciology (2yrs.) Rgr Wms. Univ.; Offic'l Reporter Nat'l  
Negro Press Ass'n., Member Nat'l Comm'l Tehrs' Fed.,  
Pres. and Founder Henderson Business Colleges.

## Summer School

Open For Enrollments

Monday, June 16th.

COME TO MEMPHIS AND CAPITAL-  
IZE.

Your leisure time by taking a  
course in shorthand or Typewriting or  
both. HENDERSON BUSINESS COL-  
LEGE will prepare you in the short-  
est possible time, and at the least  
expense, to qualify you for an office po-  
sition. Two months of youth are  
worth a year of manhood. Prepara-  
tion NOW means a better salary—a  
higher position in the weeks to  
come. Those who enroll now have  
the advantage of completing before  
fall—the best time to secure a po-  
sition. SPECIAL RATES GIVEN TO  
TEACHERS AND GRADUATES OF  
BOTH PRIMARY AND SECONDARY  
SCHOOLS. We guarantee to teach any  
BODY WHO CAN READ TO USE  
A TYPEWRITER BY THE TOUCH  
METHOD IN SIX WEEKS. We se-  
cure positions for our graduates.  
Students arriving daily from Geor-  
gia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi,  
Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Ken-  
tucky, the Virginias and the Carolinas  
WRITE QUICKLY FOR RESER-  
VATIONS. As OUR DORMITORY  
QUARTERS ARE LIMITED. Ad-  
dress:

GEO. W. HENDERSON, Pres..

HENDERSON BUSINESS COLLEGE  
528 St. Paul Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

## Remember

WE TEACH

## Stenography

BY CORRESPONDENCE

who comes to write of the doings of  
the west, cannot do so, unless the  
historian mentions the colored man.  
The colored man is marching on.

## Where I Go From Here.

Today is Tuesday June 3, and  
tonight I speak at Alvarado, June  
4, I will be in Dallas at the meeting  
of the Equal Rights League; at  
Grandview, June 5; Ennis, June 6;  
Kaufman, June 8; Dallas, June 9  
to the K. P. Grand Lodge; Honey  
Grove, June 15; Ladonia, June 16;  
Port Arthur, June 19; Pineland,  
June 22; San Augustine, June 23;  
Center, June 24; Nacogdoches, June  
25; Long Branch, June 27; Cuney,  
July 1, to attend the State Business  
League; Tatum, July 6; Corsicana,  
July 8.

## Don't Laugh.

When you see the average man  
on a pleasure trip, he is without his  
wife.

Many a man who surrendered to  
love at first sight, regrets that he  
did not take a stand look.

The man who is a dude before he  
marries, is usually subdued after-  
wards.

Some men think that whisky is  
counterfeit, because they cannot pass  
it.

## Boosting The Country.

A man disappointed at what he  
saw in Europe, returned to America  
and he thus expressed himself in ad-  
miration of the U. S. A.:  
"You may take a trip to Europe to  
see the ruins. No need. They are  
here. Look at the Suffragettes!  
The average man who has heard glow-  
ing about Europe has not seen his  
own beloved country.

Tell him that you have seen a boat  
blocked in Houston Bayou by mud  
cats; grasshoppers stop a train in  
Oklahoma; rabbits eat up the crops  
in Colorado; and about the size of  
peaches in East Texas, and he  
screams, 'take that bull to the pack  
house, for I don't eat meat. Think  
of our climate, instead of dying to  
get to heaven, move to California,  
where you can play snowball at  
breakfast, and on the same spot pick  
oranges at noon, and bathe in the  
ocean at night. As for productiv-  
ness, we have the world skinned.  
We can raise everything in the United  
States which we need, build a Chi-  
nese wall around it and tell the bal-  
ance of the world to go to h—l."

## No Deserter.

A Congressman said at a dinner  
the other evening:

"What we call 'desert' the En-  
glish call a 'sweet' Offer an English-  
man apple pudding as desert and  
he wouldn't understand you."

"A party of English Tommies were  
entertained in Chicago at a mag-  
nificent banquet last year. At the  
end of the eleventh course a waiter ap-  
proached a Tommy with a superb  
dish of apple pudding and said:

"Desert, sir?"

"Desert?" said the Tommy, as he  
laid half the pudding off on his  
plate. "Desert? Not me, when I  
can get a feed like this for nothing."

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Prepared for the Worst.

Just as two Irishmen were in the  
middle of a large field one of them  
turned and saw an angry bull making  
for them.

With a yell of warning he bolted  
and just managed to clear the hedge.  
His companion, less nimble, ran  
wildly round the hedge to find an  
opening.

Twice he went around without es-  
caping. Then, as he passed his  
anxious friend for the third time,  
he shouted:

"Tell my missus my insurance  
policy is in the bottom drawer. This  
is my last time round."—St. Louis  
Globe Democrat.

## Such Is Love.

It was glorious spring, but it was  
dusty, and the rude wind blew grit  
into their faces as the youth and the  
maid turned the corner.

"Sweetness," he cooed gently, draw-  
ing her close to his manly heart,  
"did you get any in your eyes?"

"Yes, my jewel," she simpered, mop-  
ping her optic with a handkerchief  
which she had extracted from some  
hiding place in her attire.

"Ah! in which of our glorious orbs  
reflecting the light of heaven did  
that beastly piece of dust intrude?"  
he questioned fiercely.

"My right," she said; and added,  
"Sweetheart, did you get any in your  
eyes?"

"Yes, my dove," he responded,  
while he mopped away at his eye  
with the same handkerchief which  
she used.

"How sweet," she exclaimed, "and  
yours was the right eye, too?"

"Yes, light of my life!"

"Adolphus," she whispered rap-  
tulously, "do you think I could have  
been part of the same grain of  
dust?"

"I hope so," he answered fervently.  
"Wouldn't it be lovely, honey?" she  
whispered.

"Glorious!" he breathed.  
And the wind moaned in agony,  
and the cats, and dogs howled, and  
the singboard of the Frog and Fly-  
ing Machine fell opposite with a  
crash to the pavement.—Tit-Bits.

## Unusual Taste.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is  
an admirable stock farm. One day  
last summer some poor children were  
permitted to go over this farm, and  
when their inspection was done, to  
each of them was given a glass of  
milk. The milk was excellent.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?"  
the farmer said, when they had drain-  
ed their glasses.

"Fine," said one little fellow. Then  
after a pause, he added, "I wish  
our milkman kept a cow."—Journal  
of the American Medical Association.

## The Higher Musical Education.

Mrs. Newrich (in store)—I want  
a piece of music for my little girl,  
who is learning to play the piano.

Clerk—Yes, madam; here is "Twil-  
ight" for 25c. How would that suit?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she's further ad-  
vanced than that. Why last week  
she played a piece that cost 50c.  
Haven't you got something for about  
a dollar?—Boston Transcript.

"I'm a bit suspicious of this new  
maid."

"Why, my dear? Didn't she bring  
a letter of recommendation?"

"Oh, yes, a strong letter of recom-  
mendation, but it was written by the  
husband of her former mistress."—  
Birmingham Age-Herald.

"And you call yourself a lover of  
peace!" said Mr. Radfery.

"I do," answered Mr. Dolan.

"After intentionally droppin' the  
brick on Casey?"

"Yes, I've never known Casey to  
be so peaceful as he was just after  
I dropped that brick.—Washington  
Post.

Belle. All Maud's family are blonds.  
Where did she get such black eyes?

Nell. I guess her husband gave  
them to her.

"I've got to get the money out of  
that old screw for this bill. How  
would you try it? With tact?"

"No; with a monkey wrench."

"The professor seems to be a man  
of rare gifts," remarked Mrs. Nay-  
bor.

"He is," agreed the professor's  
wife. "He hasn't given me one since  
we were married."—London "Tit-Bits."

"What's that private all swelled  
up about? He hasn't any medals on  
him."

"Well, you see, he was an army  
cook and all the girls in town want  
to marry him."—Judge.

"Your new hired man seems to  
be pretty stupid, Ezzy."

"And he doesn't deceive his looks  
much, either," replied honest Far-  
mer Hornbeak. "He knows less  
'round the farm here every day than  
the average person does on the wit-  
ness stand."—Country Gentleman.

Big Mistake.

"You ask me what a pessimist is?"

"Yes."

"A pessimist is a person who is  
disappointed at not finding pearl  
shells he can't enjoy a nice, juicy  
oyster."

"They say money talks. How does  
it talk?"

"I suppose, for one thing, it talks  
cents."

Victoria's Vanity Box.

Wherever the lovely Victoria goes,  
She carries a vanity box.  
Which she opens invariably after a  
dance

And always most carefully locks;  
But stealing behind her, I ventured  
to peep

O'er her shoulder so pinky fair,  
And saw in the scented receptacle  
all  
The secrets she guards with such  
care.

A mirror, a vial of costly perfume,  
A pencil to darken her eyes,  
A very small silver-tipped bottle of  
rouge,  
Quite frequently used, I surmise;  
A lipstick of carmine, a hairpin or  
two,  
A powder puff, fluffy and fine.  
And a picture—and, oh! I forgive her  
the rest.  
For the face in the picture was  
mine.

K. E. W.