

Baha'i Movement Seen as Force of Religion

West Side Attracts Early Chicagoan

James G. Gordon, Here Since 1881, Helps Develop Barren West Section Into Thriving Business Center

[Editor's Note—Don't fail to read "Chicago Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." These articles will be found not only authentic, but informative as well. They will cover a period of 50 years, dealing with political facts largely unknown by the present generation.]

By A. N. FIELDS
CHAPTER XXXVI

The state of Virginia, whose early history contributed so much to the consummation of the nation, has made a number of worthy contributions of men and women of value to our Race. No other state of the Union has been so productive, either in quality or numbers, in giving to the Race characters so mature in thought and so sincere in purpose as those natives of that state who left their environment in their early days to seek a freeman's opportunity in another land.

Virginia was really the central place from which thousands wended their way after the Civil War, seeking to make for themselves and their posterity a place of happy habitation in states where the law was more uniformly observed and as applicable to all men alike. Several of them came west and found an asylum friendly to their purpose and encouraging to their hopes.

A few nights ago, in a palatial residence at 2675 Warren Blvd., it was the privilege of the writer to interview one of those native sons born in Madison, Va., in the county of Madison, and who left his home at the age of 18, settling on the West side of Chicago in 1851.

ARRIVES IN CITY; SETTLES ON BARREN WEST SIDE
This worthy character bears the name of James G. Gordon. It was refreshing to discuss with Mr. Gordon the many advantages and disadvantages he had encountered in the past half century in this city. At the time of his arrival much of the locality in that section of the city in which he now resides was fields and woods.

He joined in the task aggressively of not only to build himself but to do a man's part in advancing the civic, political and industrial progress of the West side. His first occupation was that of coachman, which position he held for three years, using his spare time in learning the art of bookbinding.

He was a secretary and founder of the 21st district for membership in the lower house at Springfield. He was defeated in the election and has since sought no other office. He has been for 45 years a member of St. Stephen's church and has served in various capacities.

He was secretary and founder of West Chicago Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 3865; this lodge is said to be the wealthiest in the state.



JAMES G. GORDON

West side and has not spared his zeal and effort in the promotion of any worthy cause.

She is a native of Indianapolis, Ind., the daughter of George and Emma Stevenson, and prior to her marriage was for six years a stenographer in the recorder's office in Cook county.

In political affairs Mr. Gordon always followed the ideals of the Republican party. In 1920 he permitted his name to be submitted for election of the 21st district for membership in the lower house at Springfield. He was defeated in the election and has since sought no other office.

Reminiscences From an Old-Timer's Scrap Book

By HENRY TEENAN JONES

A little personal history from the old scrap book, having to do with some of the things in which I made an attempt to earn a living. My first effort in this city found me in the early '70s at the Grand Pacific hotel filling a position, or rather a job, as storerom boy, the duty of which was to bring up certain articles from the hotel storeroom to the pantry.

That one did not last long; I rather think the steward's figures were a bit watching me on the job. So the hotel could get along without the job, or me.

My next job was at the Tremont hotel as a bell boy, and I failed to hop there very long before the head clerk sent me to the barber shop.

My next job was second porter in the Commercial Hotel Barber shop. Monday was a general cleaning day, and the shop had bathing attachments in the basement. On the second Monday that was there the head porter, and I got mixed up in a dice game, and in separated myself from a job.

Thereafter, from barber shop, and from barber shop to clubroom, something always happened, and I never had the thrill of quitting a job.

They always were ahead, relieving me of the job before I got ready to quit, so I assumed that I had been placed wrong. For that reason I made an effort to place myself differently, and started in to graduate as a poker player.

For a while the breaks were in my favor, but it was not for long, and an opportunity presented itself to take another chance at the work.

A man by the name of Shattuck had charge of the dining service of one of the railroads. I rather think it was the Northwestern. His proposition was that a fellow by the name of Tom Preston and I should go to

New Philosophy Wipes Out All Prejudices Based on Race, Color and Creed

Wilmette Temple of Light a Thing of Surpassing Beauty

WITH 800-PIECE IOWA BAND



The 800-piece Iowa band—largest musical aggregation in the world—which played Tuesday and Wednesday at a Century of Progress, brought to Chicago four young musicians of the Race. They are, left to right, standing: James Petrum, first clarinet, and William Bailey, first trumpet. Seated, left to right: Henry B. Williams, first saxophone, and Maynard Black first trumpet. Petrum is the son of Mrs. Marguerite Spotts, 6306 Elberhart Ave., Chicago. The band came here from Ottumwa, Iowa.

By LOUIS T. GREGORY
WILMETTE, Ill.—This beautiful village, a suburb of the great city of Chicago, brings annually together a gathering unique among the great assemblages of the earth. While the great busy world of dollars and want, bustle and traffic, business and chaos, war-like preparation, speed and accident, heedlessness and indifference to all save material values is in full swing, a band of resolute idealists meet here in earnest consultation about the state of the whole world.

They soar on wings of the spirit above the world of dust. They enter the Elysian fields of divine joyousness. They greet and comfort each other with cheering words and noble deeds. They forget their private griefs and limitations in seeking light and happiness for humanity.

This is the Baha'i annual convention and present are 35 delegates representing communities of this religion from Maine to California and from Seattle to Miami, with a greater number of visiting friends from the West, North and South, white, yellow, brown and black are seen in friendly and fraternal groups. A majority group in American life. But these are most cordial and show no sense of superiority over their comrades of a darker hue in American life. They reside in the world of unity and see no differences. Here in the East and the West, orderly in thought through the practical ideas of the West. Herein is the materialistic West, idealized through the profound meditation and spiritual knowledge of the mysterious East.

The building in which this gathering meets is also unique among the many structures of the world. Its architecture is strikingly different. It has nine sides, nine doors of entry, and is completed. It is approached by nine walks. It will have nine fountains flowing and will reveal the nine digits of the complete. All inclusive number. It represents in symbol perfection and unity. It shows that this is the plan of a world that is full grown. A world of prejudice, ignorance and strife is immature. One of justice, freedom, knowledge and kindness. A world of men uplifted, is one that has come into its own, fulfilling God's requirements for mankind. This is the plan which is being advanced in the new cycle of light and dispensation of the day of God. And so this great temple, the completion of this unique structure now so well on its way. During the past 11 years in which this system has been in vogue, the convention has shown its freedom from prejudices by electing on seven such occasions a colored and Jewish member of this important body and more than once an Oriental has been included. It is significant that one-third of the membership is usually of the gentler sex.

ALL RACES WELCOMED AS BAHAI MEMBERS
Baha'is are made up of all races, nationalities and religions. It was rather impressive today to see a Jew and a Catholic at a table with a Jew and a Catholic at the midday luncheon. Such sights are now so common that they cause not the slightest excitement. Among the prominent colored Baha'is are the well-known Dr. James B. Stewart, a scholar and professor of philosophy of Howard university; Mrs. Coralle Franklin Cook, Mrs. Shelley N. Parker of Chicago; Mrs. Lethia C. Fleming of Cleveland; Attorney A. H. Martin, Archbishop R. G. Harrow of Brooklyn; Attorney J. W. Davis of Washington and Dr. Phillips of Pasadena.

The Baha'i religion is a special bounty to the world at a time of such need. It unfolds the plan and program of God to a stricken world. It is constructive and healing. It contains the reality of every faith. It antagonizes nothing that is good. It restates with clearness and force all the religious teachings of the past. It makes them simple and understandable and applicable to life today. It also unfolds new truth. It fulfills that wonderful prophecy that Jesus Christ wherein he declared that "He, the Spirit of Truth, would come to guide us into all truth. It clarifies and explains all the mysteries of religion. It is divine education. It demolishes all superstitions, all prejudices to Chicago as Mr. Harvey's guest without his ever knowing it. It is divine education, authori-

And the End Is Death!

By JULIUS J. ADAMS

One of the first lessons in journalism is that allusions and quotations should be used only sparingly in news stories. Good reporters follow this rule religiously except in feature articles when a timely saying from some one of the old masters may make a better opening than anything we moderns can conjure.

Right now I am constrained to go to the appearance of the immortal Hamlet for a fitting beginning to this piece. It is this:

"To be or not to be: that is the question—'tis nobler in mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take up arms against a sea of troubles and—by opposing—end them." [From memory.]

Pretty Miss Juanita Perrin must have considered the lines uttered by the prince of Denmark in his contemplation of suicide just before she sent a bullet through her brain in the home of her lover on May 16.

Certainly, she thought of what she was doing because she took time to pen a letter to her mother and to the news, on what an shoulders she was living today, she would doubtless lay the blame for her tragic death.

Miss Perrin, her bags packed and ready to leave her sweetheart's home, she having become an unwelcome guest, could not get the sorrow she felt. She sat down at her little oak writing desk and wrote her mother, Mrs. Will Perrin, route 2, Deora, Iowa. She said she:

"Dear Mama: I had begun to wonder what had happened to you. Sorry you keep on being so busy. I haven't seen you since Mother's day and they were quite surprised. I talked to the kids and they said you had about Jimmie D. I haven't seen Robert, but I thought she'd gone as she was supposed to, on a picnic. There's no news here. I had a slight accident. I had three stitches taken in my side, but it's not serious. Love to papa. Here's some more stamps. Love to the family. Yours, 'JUANAITA.'"

MOTHER PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW FACTS
The language of the note bespeaks intelligence, but it also reveals an impetuous nature. Filigree and flourish. The girl was worried, but like most girls who try to bear their burdens when they are shining—shining in the light of the orthodox code of social ethics—she told no one of her misdeeds.

Maybe her mother didn't know Juanita was living in the home with Merle Dean, former soldier and postal employee. She therefore couldn't tell mama just what was going on in her soul; mother hardly would understand. Strait-laced mothers, especially those in such places as Louisville, Miss., could hardly understand, much less countenance a daughter living with a chap who had with her sweetheart without a chap. Even in this modern day, mothers down there are exceedingly mid-Victorian in their ideas about the behavior of girls, at least.

Then, shortly after writing her mother and tucked snugly in her envelope was this letter. It was addressed to Merle, and stated:

"Merle: You've succeeded in ruining my life and you've humiliated and made everything for me unbearable. I'm not playing and you'll continue to pay. You deserve everything you're getting and really deserve more. You wouldn't let me go when I wanted to. Now you suffer the consequences." The note was not signed, but was

found by Dean in his case, Miss Perrin had been somewhat disturbed as he chatted with police in the house before the body was removed, but there seems to be no connection between the death and other than a suicide. Furthermore, his stock will probably climb. Women, sometimes ruled by curiosity, may angle for his friendship in order to learn what manner man he is, that a woman would end her life rather than go without his love.

Except for the possibility that Dean might occasionally sink into periods of remorse and his soul will fear rebellion, he will live on in peace, while she rests beneath the sod in her native state.

Perhaps thousands of young women and other thousands of young men, many of them living like Miss Perrin and Dean lived, will read this article. Some will think seriously about while others will doubtless think nothing about it.

The modern trend is for sweethearts to be somewhat possible to occupy not only the same house but the same room. This proposition works out all right until one of the pair becomes a bit cranky and the other desires to break off. In few cases, the separation is carried out amicably. Either he feels he has been used or she thinks she has been made the goat. Then a fight—Maybe death!

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Wayland Rudd Becomes Moscow "Matinee Idol"

By HOMER SMITH

MOSCOW.—From an understudy of Frank Wilson in "Porgy" to a member of the staff of the world-famous Meyerhold theater and an idol of Moscow theater-goers whenever he appears on the stage is the record of Wayland Rudd, the American Negro actor, who this month completes his first year in the theatrical world of the Russian capital.

During the year Comrade Rudd has devoted himself intensely to orientation to a theater, the like of which in methods, representation and administration, exists nowhere else in the world.

Comrade Rudd now speaks Russian with considerable facility, no small feat in itself, considering the highly inflectional nature of the language. V. Meyerhold, director of the theater and world renowned for his theatrical genius and originality, is using Comrade Rudd at every available opportunity so that in the important winter season he may be able fluently to speak the Russian language.

COMPARES RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN THEATERS
"What is your opinion of the Russian theater as compared with the American theater?" Comrade Rudd was asked as he and the correspondent sat in a hotel in Red square.

Placing his open hand on his forehead—"Idiotism," Comrade Rudd glancing pensively at the ceiling, he replied: "The Russian theater is much more serious than the American theater. It does not have money as its primary aim, but is more in the nature of a cultural institution. Pieces are rehearsed much longer before presentation, and of course, all of the theaters are repertory houses."

Maybe you'll doubt it, but it's true that Joseph Norris Smith, 14-year-old son of Norris of the Marino and Norris trio, is the only Race member in the Modern School Surlin in the city of Moscow. As one of five candidates was elected "captain" of the school for the year 1933 by the small margin of 12 votes.

Eight years ago, when Joseph was placed in the school, one of the students called him a name. Some of the other students reported the insult to the principal who immediately expelled the offender.

Papa Norris' nose is kept to the grindstone, he says the heavy expense of his son's education. But his sacrifices are not in vain. From Joseph's report card it is evident that he is the most brilliant scholar in his class, if not in the whole school. And his parents proud of him—yours will be—what parents wouldn't be?

NO ARTISTS OUT OF WORK IN RUSSIA
"Ah, that is different," he jestfully replied. "At the end of one year I