

# GARVEY GUILTY

## MUST SERVE JAIL TERM FOR FRAUD

New York, June 22.—Pompous, blustering, erring Marcus Garvey, bane of the poor multitude and high-

handed disturber of the homes of the lowly, jerked his bucket head sharply up Monday night, before the midnight hour, and snarled as twelve fair-minded American citizens, after deliberating eight hours, returned to a court room packed with adherents



Marcus Garvey  
(P. & A. Photo)

of the exposed leader and operatives of the department of justice, all eager, expectant, for the climax in the serio-comic drama enacted in the court of Judge Julian Mack for 27 days, and announced that the provisional president of Africa and other pipe dream empires, had been found guilty of the charges originally preferred against him—use of the United States mails to defraud.

The fat, chunky ruler snarled and snapped. Quiet, wild defiance had been marked in every hard line of his shining countenance as the long minutes ticked their way to the fatal ending. Uncasiness playing in the hearts and minds of his fanatic friends had kept a general stir in the court room, the yellow lights playing slothfully over the greasy, multi-colored faces of the watchers. There, from a close point of vantage, sat and squirmed a square-headed, heavy, dark man. He gazed hard, now at Garvey, then at Judge Mack. He wore the green, red and black colors of Garveyism. His frame suggested membership or leadership in the African legion.

### Countrymen There

Behind him chattered three of Garvey's West Indian countrymen—their attempts at whispering like the gusts of a squall. Their ears and their necks grew red as they vehemently pressed one point and another. They evidently still believed in the masquerader, and hoped for him.

There were others, downcast people, angry people, mad at the man they charged with fooling them out of their small savings. These were a ragged, motley, bear-eyed group, men and women, workers.

And around and through all the crowd sauntered the agents of the department of justice. Their vigilance was unceasing. These last 27 days had seen a deluded megalomaniac buck the greatest government in the world while the fingers of many thousands, stripped of their earnings, were hungering to grasp his throat. He had been bolstered, however, by those vain worshippers of a fallen fetish who still held and hold fast in him, and swear by him. Garvey's strangling legionnaires have all along maintained a system of espionage and blackmail, anonymously expressed, that has been placed at the bottom of numerous riots, deaths and "poison pen" notes cropping up in various parts of the country. Early in the trial one of these legionnaires, emboldened by that fanaticism with which the boasting Jamaican fired his cohorts, openly threatened those who might testify against the cornered leader.

This man was arrested, thrown into jail and additional police protection added to the court room force. The trial went on. Numerous witnesses declared that they had received threatening letters. During the last week of the monstrous drama the

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# MARCUS GARVEY AWAITS PENITENTIARY SENTENCE

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Judge and prosecuting attorney received anonymous and death-threatening notes. Garvey, the notes warned, must not be found guilty nor punished. Death was promised those responsible for any punishment meted out to the defendant. The letters took into account the slaying of the Rev. J. W. H. Eason in New Orleans and the sending of a human hand to a New York editor as evidence that the writers could do whatever they wished to whomever they would. They explained that Garvey's soldiers were at that time drilling, with guns and ammunition bought with solicited moneys, and had vowed to rescue their commander, come what might.

Thus when the jury announced its verdict, many in the court room were set for the attempt at rescue.

## Abuses Prosecutor

Garvey's first cry might have been the command. Instead he snapped invective an anathema at Maxwell S. Mattuck, prosecuting attorney. His loud voice, crescendo outbursts and imperious manner commanded attention. A torrent of wild words thumped from his big mouth before the people in the court room could sense what was happening. The eruption ceased as suddenly as it had started, the muscles in the man's thick neck relaxed, his head dropping, while his eyes played queerly over the chamber.

In that brief space the man Garvey had been pitiable. Those who had attended the session of the trial filled and drugged with periods of the man's stupidity, had learned to smile and think. His bumptious intrepidity had been the make-believe of a clown. He had played a part to stave off destruction of his dreams. But the jury's verdict proved that the man is by nature weak. The self-styled leader of 400,000,000 people could not stem the wild waves of hurt pride, hatred and obstinacy that surged within his breast. Like a child he raved.

That was the setting. That was the manner in which the grand leader, the maker of "empires," the master merchant, the great captain, listened to the presage of his doom. He had pleaded during the trial that he would wish to be wiped off the face of the earth if he felt himself guilty of having robbed his poor Race. In the last tense moment he proved that he was utterly incapable of helping his Race because he could do nothing with himself.

## Followers Cry

Hundreds of his followers, filling the corridors of the federal building, sobbed. Garvey merely looked mad. There was no gratitude in his eye for the faithful; there was only anger against the law and those who said they had lost their money in his huge schemes.

He was left alone in his anger and to his doom. Co-defendants in the trial, George Tobias, Elie Garcia and Orlando M. Thompson, were acquitted.

The court deferred sentence until Thursday.

Bail was denied the new "Ponzi." The threats of his friends worked against him. Judge Mack sent him to the Tombs prison to await sentence. Eighteen department of justice agents and eight policemen led the fuming Napoleon through the corridors lined with his milling cohorts to the freight elevator and down to a cell.

## The Sentence?

Thus was checked the mad march of the West Indian printer's devil who dreamed of a new world he'd make on the "dead selves" of others. Thus comes to an end the menace of Garveyism. What sentence will he get? The maximum punishment is a \$25,000 fine or five years' imprisonment, or both.

It seems safe to prophesy that the man who had dreamed of strutting from one end to the other of the large continent of Africa will now pace the narrow confines of a federal penitentiary.

So-called Garveyism loomed portentously in the American sky during the closing days of the World war. It was a response to the cry of that deluded John the Baptist, Woodrow Wilson, who preached an apocryphal doctrine of the self-determination of smaller peoples. It was not fair, nor meant to be fair. Garvey waded in. The time was ripe. Soldiers of the Race had spilled their blood upon Flanders fields and had grown into a new meaning of manhood. They had begun to feel themselves. The "New Negro" emerged, anxious for a chance to do. Garvey broke out, anxious for a chance to do him.

## Lived Quietly 32 Years

For 32 years he had lived the quiet life destined for him. Then he leaped out of his bounds and proclaimed the new order he was to usher in, backed up by the 400,000,000 of Race people in various parts of the world. It was a grandiose undertaking, ignorantly and vainly conceived.

Garvey preached his plan in America and Europe. The stigma of Race pride was ripe. Garvey's pollen, mere "goofer dust," bore fruit. He reared one structure on another—the Universal Negro Improvement association, the Black Star line, the African Communities league, the Universal Factories and a newspaper was founded to spread his propaganda. He called to his aid bright

minds, men who soon learned to distrust him and freed themselves of his taint. Dues were said to have been charged of a huge membership and stock sold to an amount aggregating more than a million dollars. More than half was lost. "Phantom" ships were bought. Discarded hulls were purchased as exorbitant prices with poor peoples' money for which they never got any return.

## "Moses" of the Race

Garvey was called a "Moses" of the Race. A few years' experience brought him many followers and numerous court scrapes. During the heyday of his career he was kept out of Chicago by a judgment of \$5,000 against him in an action involving the Defender. At one time in Chicago he was dragged from the Eighth regiment armory to jail. But he did not stop. His followers fooled him and themselves. He thought he was invincible, even though, as Dr. Dubois wrote, he might be incompetent.

The last two years saw the beginning of the end. More and more of his stockholders grew restive. His faithful followers grew more violent. Outrages were committed in all parts of the country. The losses of the stockholders and the outrages of the followers forced him into court. The trial came up after many delays. It pictured Garvey as ignorant, profligate, vain and doubtful in integrity. The jury has reported that it believed he used the mails to defraud, selling his stock to the ignorant. Thursday Judge Julian Mack will indicate with a sentence how important a breach he considers Mr. Garvey's crime to be.