

of Love came and slew the wicked servants and put the King of Evil to flight.

So the King of Love and the beautiful Queen lived happy ever after. Long after the Queen had passed away the little garden bloomed and finally encompassed all the land. The name of the Queen became a by-word for all that was good and true. Her memory lived on forever. She was never forgotten. The seeds were planted in the hearts of the people and the hearts of the people were the garden.

Just a few short weeks ago, the Manager and Editor of this little magazine began to dream. Our dreams were vague as dreams usually are. We had an idea but the idea was vague. We knew we wanted to do something but the something too was indeed a vague abstraction. Then the dreams and the idea began to take shape and develop into a more concrete form. Then we knew what the "something" was. We wanted to employ our minds, our hearts, our efforts, our achievements in doing something for the grandest Race under the sun.

So we went forth to realize that dream.

We began to *look* busy. Then we finally got people to believe we *were* busy. Then we finally *got* busy and after a month of anxiety, smiles and heart-throbs the Progressive Westerner was rolled from the press.

Now the fight is on. A fight for the right, for success, for those inalienable rights, for the Race. We hope to plant the seeds of hope for a noble Race, Faith in a noble Race, Peace for a noble Race and Love for a noble Race. Envy, Malice, Hatred, Jealousy may spring up to make the way harder for us, but we love our Race and all

Humanity and Love conquers all things. We hope to take our place with the other Progressive Afro-Americans and do our part. We want to join the army of those who are endeavoring to lift the Race to a still higher plane, to a higher life where Life is high and noble.

Then too the Western Negro wants to know what the Eastern Negro, the Southern Negro, and the Negro all over the world is doing and if we are doing anything at all we want to let the world know it. We want to let the world know that we too are lovers of our race.

If at any time those servants of the King of Evil should arise, we hope the love of Race will set all such dark and unworthy passions to flight. We are striving upward dear Reader, will you help us with your aid and support? Our little magazine perhaps is not all it should be but most great things have had small beginnings. We intend to be progressive. We are going onward and upward. We will find success. This shall be our motto:

Farther on we will go farther,
We shall count the milestones
one by one.

Jesus will forsake us — **never**,
It will be better farther on.

So watch the Progressive Westerner progress.

We have set our eyes on a goal somewhere away up yonder and if we miss our mark we will land somewhere *up there*. We hope to plant the seeds now in the calm summer morning of our life which we hope shall spring up and rebound to the Honor and Glory of the Negro Race. We hope indeed that our influence for good and for truth will encompass the land. And after