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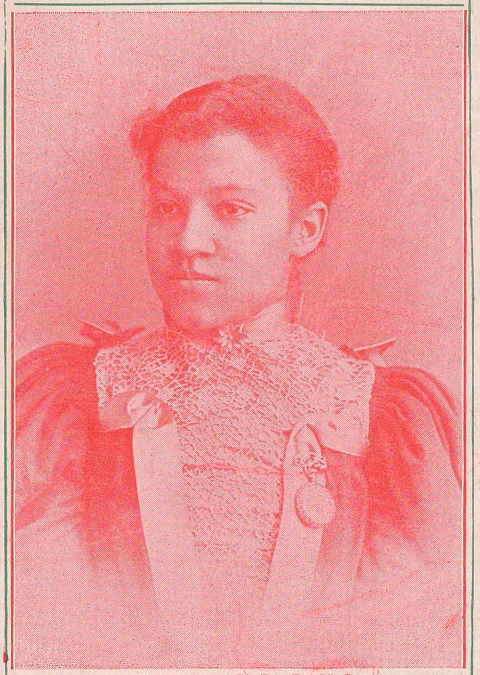
...An Illustrated Monthly, devoted to Literature, Science, Music, Art, Religion, Facts, Fiction and Traditions of the Negro Race. . . . . .



MISS MAUD D. DAVIS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(See page 260.)

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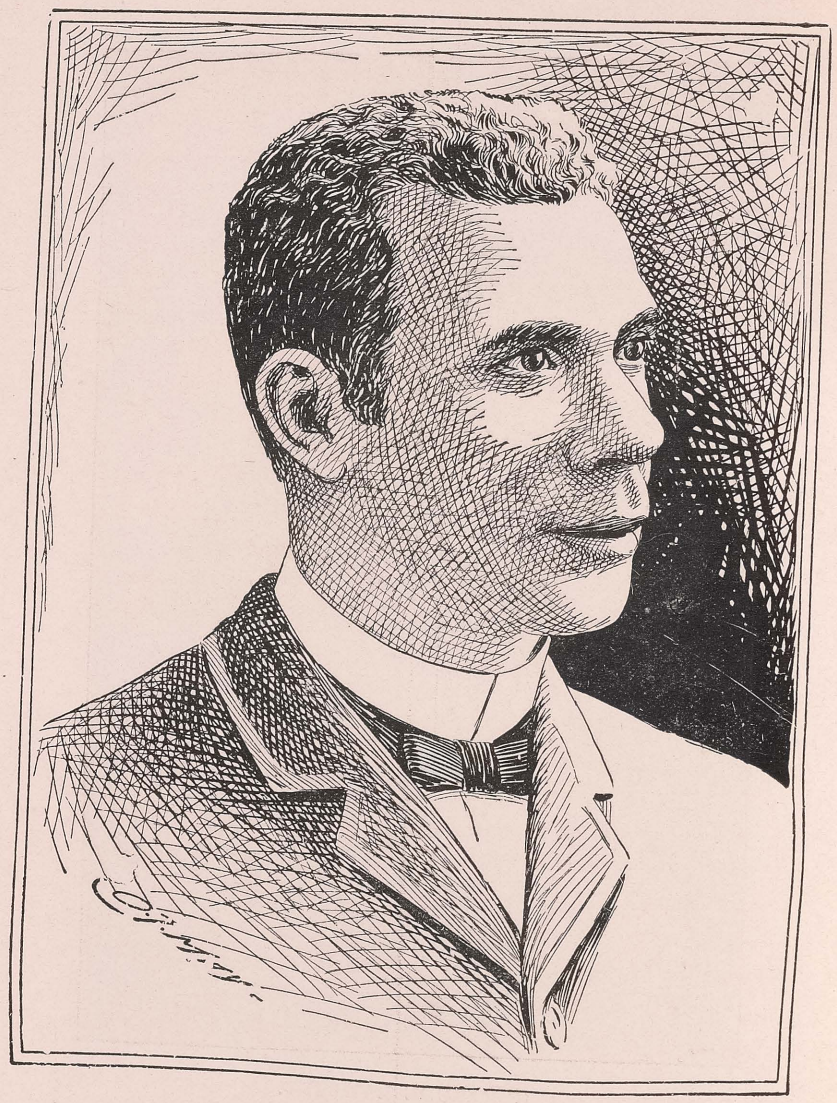

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Principal of Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1900. NO. 4.

THE STORM BEFORE THE CALM.

[Extracts from speech delivered by BOOKER T. WASHINGTON before A. M. E. Conference, May 23, 1900.]

WHEN a great ship at sea is being tossed during anxious days and nights by winds and wave, and its very life seems threatened by the elements of nature, then is the time for all on board, and especially those charged with the duty of managing the vessel, to keep a cool head, a clear conscience and a steady hand. In the midst of such danger and excitement, it becomes doubly important that every insignificant and selfish consideration be lost sight of, that every fibre of energy of each individual on board the endangered vessel be bent in one direction, that of bringing the filled craft into a harbor of safety.

If ever a race needed supreme faith, calmness, unity and invincible determination, these qualities are needed by the black race in America at the present time, when it is passing through a season of trial and testing such as has seldom fallen to the lot of any race in the history of the world. But beyond all, we must not lose hope and courage. In the midst of the storm let us be guided by the compass. The ocean track through which our vessel is to pass was carefully and safely charted in Holy Writ more than eighteen hundred years ago. Let us examine this chart:

In much patience, in affliction, in necessity, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchfulness, in fastings, in pureness; by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor

and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

It is in storm that the vessel is tested and not in the calm. In our case, the world should be constantly reminded that the problems that have grown out of our presence as a race in this country, are not of our seeking or making.

White Americans should always bear in mind that their duty toward the American Negro is a unique one. Yea, more than that, it is a sacred obligation. The black man was not only brought to this country without his consent, but in the face of his most earnest protest. Every cry, every wail, every moan of anguish of the broken-hearted heathen mother, as she saw her child forced aboard the slave-ship, every suicide and every groan and every pleading in the middle passage that marked the journey of the Negro from the shores of Africa to the shores of America, was an earnest plea to the white man not to desecrate the soil of America by engrafting upon it the serious problems which are today demanding solution. But the voice of right, then, as I fear it is today in some quarters, was smothered by the voice of selfishness; the voice of the statesman was throttled, then as now in too many cases, by the voice of the short-sighted demagogue, and we went on sowing the wind, and now we reap the whirlwind. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." Whatsoever a nation or a community sows, that it shall also reap. But all this belongs to history. Our duty is with the present.

No one who looks deeply, calmly, conscientiously, into the present thought of activity, can overlook the fact that we are now passing through a stage of race-development which is serious at every step, and demands as never before our deepest thought, ripest investigation, and most unselfish assistance. Political history in our case points to no path blazed through the forest which is an absolute guide in the task before us. Ours is a task which demands and which should have the earnest assistance of the wisest statesmen, investigators and philanthropists of both races in all sections of the country.

Our duty is to face the present and not to wail over the past. In the midst of the present seeming doubt, uncertainty and timidity on the part of many, one or two things seem clear. We shall not settle our present problem by time spent in useless debate as to whether the white man North or the white man South was responsible for the introduction of American slavery.

No settlement will be permanent and satisfactory that does not command the confidence and the respect of the Southern white man, the Northern white man and the Negro himself. Further, I am convinced that nothing can be gained, but much lost to the cause of the Negro by time spent in the mere badinage of words of blame and censure between the white man North and the white man South. In the same spirit, I would add that the Negro cannot make stronger his cause by aimless railings against the Southern white man; neither can the Southern man assist much in the solution of the difficulty which is so vital to him, by mere condemnation of the Negro. Both the teachings of history and the warnings of the present, emphasize that the question of the Negro will not be settled, will not remove itself from across our pathway of progress, till it is settled in *absolute unchangeable justice to all parties concerned* —justice to the North who freed the Negro; justice to the Southern white man in whose midst the Negro resides, and justice to the Negro himself. The foundation of citizenship, it seems to me, rests upon the intrinsic worth of each individual or group of individuals. No law can push the individual forward when he is worthless; no law can hold him back when he is worthy. The worthy may be inconvenienced, but not defeated. No praise on the part of ourselves or on the part of friends can help us if we are meritless. No abuse from any quarter can permanently injure us if we possess intrinsic worth.

In all the history of government I do not believe that in any large degree any race has been permitted to share in the control of government till a large number of the individual members of that race have demonstrated beyond question their ability to succeed in controlling successfully their own individual business affairs.

My own belief is, that the time will come when the Negro in this country will secure all the recognition which his merits entitle him to as a man and a citizen; but such recognition will come through no process of artificial forcing, but through the natural law of evolution. In a word, we have got to pay the price for everything we get, the price that every civilized race or nation has paid for its position, that of beginning naturally, gradually, at the bottom and working up towards the highest civilization. What I am most anxious about is that the Negro shall be himself, not a second or third rate imitation of some one else.

As Thomas Carlyle puts it: "An original man; not a second-hand, borrowing or begging man." Let us stand on our basis, at any rate; on such shoes as we ourselves get. On frost and mud if you will, but honestly on that; on the reality and substance which Nature gives us, not on the semblance; on the thing that she has given another than us. If we are poor, let us be poor, and not attempt in our poverty to imitate the rich, and thus hold ourselves up to the ridicule of the world. There is no more sad sight in Christendom than to see a young colored man who is minus a bank account, minus a foot of real estate, minus a home for himself or parents, minus the saving habit, spending all he earns, and too often more than he earns, in the vain attempt to deceive the world by superficial show. But the world has a way of not being deceived, and in the long run rates every individual and every race at its true worth.

For a number of years I have tried to advocate the advantage of industrial training for the Negro, because it starts the race off on a sure foundation, and not on a false and deceptive one. Last year when in England I observed in Birmingham, London and elsewhere in the large polytechnic schools, that thousands of men and women were being trained in the trades that cover work in the earth, metal, wood, tin, leather, cloth, food preparations and what not.

When I asked: Why do you give this man or this woman training in this or that industry; the answer came that when these students come to us, we ask in each case, what are the

prevailing occupations of the people in the community where the student lives; not what he ought to find to do, not what the instructors might want him to find to do, but what the economic and other conditions prevailing in his neighborhood will actually permit him to do.

With this knowledge obtained, the student was trained, for example, in work in leather, because at his home that was the prevailing industry; that was the occupation at which he could find immediate and profitable employment.

The same logical and common-sense principle should be supplied to our own race. For example, the great bulk of our people live directly or indirectly by work in the soil. This gives us a tremendous advantage in the way of a foundation.

From the beginning of time agriculture has constituted the main foundation upon which all races have grown useful and strong. In the present condition of the race it is a grave error to take a Negro boy from a farming community and educate him in about everything in heaven and earth; educate in him a sympathy with everything that has no bearing upon the life of the community into which he should return, and out of sympathy with the most that concerned agricultural life.

The result of this progress is that in too many cases the boy thus trained fails to return to his father's farm, but takes up his abode in the city, and falls, in too many cases, into temptation of trying to live by his wits, without honest, productive employment. If there is one thing at the present time that should give us more serious concern than another, it is the large idle class of our people that linger about the sidewalks, barrooms, and dens of sin and misery of our large cities.

Every influential man and woman should make it a part of his or her duty to reach the individuals of this class, and either see that they find employment in the cities or are scattered to the four winds of the earth in agricultural communities, where they can make an honorable living, and where their services are needed.

If it be suggested that the white boy is not always so dealt with, my answer is that the white man is three thousand years

ahead of us, and this fact we might as well face now as later, and that at one stage of his development, either in Europe or America, he has gone through every phase of development I now advocate for the race. No race can be lifted till its mind is awakened and strengthened. By the side of industrial training should always go mental and moral training. But the mere pushing of abstract knowledge into the head, if it is to end there, means little. We want more than the mere performance of mental gymnastics. Our knowledge must be harnessed to the things of real life.

Would you limit or circumscribe the mental development of the Negro boy? Emphatically, no. I would encourage the Negro to secure all the mental strength, all the mental culture, whether gleaned from science, mathematics, history, language or literature, that his pocketbook can afford and circumstance will permit him to pay for. With all emphasis I repeat that the Negro's education should be directed and controlled for years to come, that the greatest proportion of the mental strength of the masses will be brought to bear upon the everyday practical affairs, something which is needed to be done and something that they are permitted to do in the community where they reside.

When it comes to the professional class which our race needs and must have, I would say: give them that training which will best fit them to perform, in the most successful manner, the service which the race demands. But would you confine the Negro to industrial life, to agriculture? No; but I would teach the race that here the foundation must be laid, and the very best service which any one can render to what is called the higher education, is to teach the present generation to provide a material or industrial education foundation. On this industrial foundation will grow habits of thrift, the love of work, economy, ownership of property, and a bank account. Out of it, in the future generations, will grow classical education, professional education, positions of public responsibility. Out of it will grow moral and religious strength. Out of which will grow that wealth which brings leisure, and with it opportunity for the

enjoyment of literature and the fine arts. In the words of the late Frederick Douglass: "Every blow of the sledge hammer wielded by a sable arm is a powerful blow in support of our cause. Every colored mechanic is, by virtue of circumstance, an elevator of his race. Every house built by black men is a strong tower against allied forces of prejudice." It is impossible for us to attach too much importance to this aspect of the subject. Without industrial development there can be no wealth; without wealth there can be no leisure; without leisure, no opportunity for thoughtful reflection and the cultivation of the high arts. I would set no limitation upon the attainments of the Negro in arts, letters or statesmanship.

The surest way to reach these ends is by laying the foundation in the little things of life that are immediately at the door. The man who has never learned how to make money to pay his own debts, is not the one to be entrusted with the duty of making laws to pay the national debt.

I have read recently an account of a young colored man in the District of Columbia, who graduated from college and then from a school of technology. He did not go about seeking a position which other brains and other hands had created, but used his knowledge of the sciences and mathematics in creating a bootblack establishment, where he manufactures his own blacking and polish.

Starting with one chair, he now has a dozen; starting with one place, he now has several. What matters it to this man whether Republicans, Democrats or Populists are in power in Washington? He knows that he has a business that gives him independence, and with its expansion and growth will come wealth and leisure, and the highest educational opportunities for his children. Oh! for a thousand men with the force of character and common sense to begin on such a foundation.

It is not stepping-stones alone, the mere matter of the Negro learning this or that trade, for which I plead; but through the trade, the industry; out from the trade or industry I want to see evolved the full-fledged, unhampered, unfettered man. I plead for industrial development, not because I want to cramp

the Negro, but because I want to free him. I want to see him enter the great and all-powerful business and commercial worlds.

By the side of every church I want to see the factory. Surrounding every schoolhouse I want to see a hundred farms. By the side of your church certificate I want to see you place the bank-book. It is far from my purpose to advocate a mere theory. Most of what I have sought in this address to emphasize, I have tried to live by practice.

This leads me to the discussion of the most delicate part of the subject: that of the permanent residence of the Negro, the relation of the two races, and the question of citizenship.

Whether our habitation is to be in the South, the North, or West, the islands of the sea, or in Africa, I think you will agree with me that the elements of strength to which I have referred will be most valuable qualities for our race. My own belief is that we are to remain permanently in this country, and the great bulk of us at the South; and until those who advocate a return to Africa prove their faith by their works, I shall judge them by their actions, and believe that they agree with me, that this is the better country to live in, because they are most careful to reside here themselves. Nearly all opportunities and privileges rest upon an economic and industrial basis; and when I say this, I mean every time that this economic and commercial basis must be fortified and surrounded by mental development and religion. But there is the foundation. This granted, I do not believe that with all her faults and wrongs, you can find in an habitable portion of the globe where there is such opportunity for business, for commercial development, as the Negro has open to him in our Southern States. The black man who cannot succeed in business in the South cannot succeed out of it. But you suggest that commerce, mere dollars, are not all of life; there is something higher, and beyond mere visible accumulation. In this I agree with you; but the history of all races and nations show that they came into the enjoyment of these higher things through the economic gate. This is a great historic and economic fact, which we cannot change, and

in the words of another: "When we cannot make our theories agree with the fact, we had better change our theories."

In our present mental, economic and moral condition, the same difficulties will confront us no matter to what portion of the globe we go, in equal numbers. With economic development will come protection to property, security to life, and the right of trial by jury *in all cases*.

There is no reason for despondency. The Negro in the South is in a more hopeful condition than the serfs of Russia, has brighter prospects than the peasants of France, and throughout the United States exercises more influence and control in government than an equal number of white people in the same material condition, that can be found anywhere in Europe. We may have to struggle for decades and centuries before we get on our feet, but out of the struggle we will gain a strength and confidence that we can secure in no other way. We shall get more out of struggle than out of contentment. Place today every desire at our feet, and within a few centuries our usefulness, strivings and ambitions will disappear.

Now I come to that part of the discussion upon which you and I most likely disagree — that of the relation of the races. In this matter I favor the Negro taking an absolutely impregnable position, a position way up on high ground; a position where in future years there will be nothing to regret and nothing to explain. I want to see the Negro be greater, if possible, in sympathy, than the white man. No race or individual can cherish or practice injustice and cruelty against another race or individual, without growing weaker and narrower, with the conscience becoming seared and blunted to all the higher and sweeter things of life. If for no higher reason, in self-defense we should learn to love instead of hate.

I want to see the black man take his place on high ground, away up in the atmosphere of usefulness, generosity, love and forgiveness. If any white man would be mean, let us be good; if any white man would be little, let us be great; if any white man would push us down, let us push him up. If others can excel us hating, let us excel them in loving. If others can

excel us in acts of cruelty, let us excel them in acts of mercy. You may call this cowardice. If so, it is the kind of cowardice that the Christ taught and practiced, and it is the kind of cowardice that will in the long run win our cause.

In closing, may I repeat a thought with which I began. It is my faith that the matchless combination of the Northern white man and the Southern white man and black Americans who, during three centuries have exhibited virtue, patience, wisdom, skill, physical power and perseverance enough to clear the forests, build the railroads and highways, tunnel the mountains, plant the cities, defeat the foreign foes, and establish a system of schools and churches that has made ours the most inviting country known to man; I say the forces that could achieve these results will not be baffled or defeated in the settlement of our race problem.

No, there will be no war. Race wars have been predicted in this country for three centuries, and the first has not occurred. The main weapons of defense used by the Negro have been the hoe, the plow, the pick, the school, the church, kindness, forgiveness, meekness, his fore-day prayers, his midnight groans, his songs and inherent faith in the justice of his cause. The Caucasian in the South needs the Negro, the Negro needs the Caucasian. The black man has gotten much from the white man. The white man has gotten much from the black man.

We must teach the white man to judge us by the best type of our manhood, not our worst. This is not an age for pessimism, doubt, halting and prediction of disaster. The world is going forward, not backward. The accumulation and accelerated momentum of the universe for four thousand years is in favor of giving men everywhere more sympathy, and more brotherly kindness. This is the policy that the white man in the North pursues; this is the policy that the white man in Europe pursues; this is the policy that the black Cuban pursues in reference to the white Cuban. This is the policy that the Negro in Jamaica pursues with reference to the white man in Jamaica. While in national politics I am a Republican,

and expect to remain such until I can discover something better, yet I am free to say that there is little reason why in the future we should pursue the policy of arraying ourselves in all local matters solidly in politics against the men whose interests are mutually our own, and to whom we go naturally for assistance and advice.

The Negro in the South has as much right to consult the interests of his immediate employer in regard to his voting as the laborer in New York or Ohio. I have little faith in the Negro who abuses the Southern white man in public and goes in the dark to beg for money to help him out of difficulties. Let us be manly and straightforward. In the future more than in the past it should be the policy of the best representatives of the two races in the various communities to come together in small meetings, to come face to face, to shake hands and talk as brother to brother, concerning the problems that surround us. Since the Negro is the weaker race, in most cases he must take the initiative. During recent weeks we have heard many mutterings as to the citizenship of our race. The South's material prosperity is in a large degree bound up in the Negro. There are hundreds of counties in the South which if deprived of the black man's presence and toil, would soon be a howling wilderness. They cannot afford to jeopardize its prosperity by any practice that keeps alive in the Negro a spirit of unrest, of fear, of suspicion, a feeling that life and property are not safe, a feeling that opportunities for education may be removed and he, eventually, deprived of his citizenship.

All this tends to keep the Negro shifting from one portion of the country to another, and worst of all, results in his leaving the large plantation districts of the South, where his labor is needed, for the cities, where it is not, as a rule, needed. In these latter days we hear much about a new method of settling this problem: that of removing from our fundamental law that great sheet anchor of our faith, the precious Magna Charta of our citizenship, the Fifteenth Amendment. This guarantee of our rights was placed in the Constitution by the ripest thought of the nation at the time it was enacted. It was

placed there as a result of the sacrifice of a million lives, as the result of the expenditure of millions of dollars, and there, in my mind, at the behest of the conservative and patriotic opinion of both the South and the North, it will remain while the Constitution itself stands. Why divert attention and force from something that can be done, to something that can not be done?

In saying what I have, I would not convey the impression that mere law can make one individual equal with another. No law can make ignorance equal with intelligence. The feet do not rule the head, simply because there are two of them. What the Negro does ask is, *equality of opportunity*, that the door which rewards and encourages virtue, intelligence, thrift, economy, usefulness, the possession of property, to be kept wide open to the humble black man from one shore of the continent to the other.

Close this door against the Negro now, and within a few years the temptation will be to close it against a class of white men.

The minute you recognize a law which taxes a Negro for the support of the government and denies him the opportunity to make his wishes felt at the ballot-box, that minute you begin to undermine our whole theory of government and throw to the winds the principles for which the Revolutionary War was fought. The minute you deprive one-eighth of the population the right of franchise by reason of the accident of birth and race, that minute this country ceases to be a republic. I stand today where I have always stood, advising the race that in their present condition it is a mistake for them to enter actively into general political agitation and activity; but when the foundation of our citizenship is attacked, I think I have a right to speak, and I speak here in the same spirit that I have already spoken in the heart of the South. It is in the interest of the Southern white that there shall not be one law which can be made to apply to the white man and one to the Negro. Take away from any class of people in a free government the hope of reward that the ballot holds, and you produce a state of stagnation, ignorance, crime and corruption. A people thus deprived of hope of reward become an eternal millstone about the neck of the body politic.

JACKSONVILLE (FLA.) LITERARY AND MUSICAL QUARTETTE.

(See page 261.)

MRS. ROSA D. BOWSER, RICHMOND, VA.

(See page 231.)

MISS A. LOUISE BARRETT.

Founder of the Fleur-de-lis Social Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(See page 259.)

Any subterfuge, any makeshift, in the form of the law, that gives the ignorant white man a right to express his wants at the ballot-box and withholds the same privilege from the ignorant Negro, is an injustice to both races. In most cases such law gives the Negro the incentive to become a voter by getting property and intelligence, but says to the white man, in so many words: remain in ignorance and poverty, and a way will be found for you to exercise the franchise. No question is ever settled rightly till settled by the absolute laws of justice. In this matter there is but one way out of the difficulty in the South, and that is for each state that finds it necessary to change its constitution, to make an election law (excepting possibly the soldiers who fought on both sides in all wars) that shall be based on intelligence, or property, or both, that shall apply every day in the year honestly, squarely, fearlessly to both races. Surely if the Negro is willing to meet the test, the white man should not shrink from it.

TALLY-HO.

HOMER THALE.

FAR off and faint a bugle calls,
Tal–ly–ho.
Re-echoes over rills and falls,
Tal–ly–ho.
Still nearer rings the music clear,
The robins blend their warbl'd cheer,
The daisies list their heads to hear,
Tal–ly–ho.

Swift o'er the nearest hill they swing,
Tal–ly–ho.
Gallants halloo and maidens sing,
Tal–ly–ho.
Fast-spinning wheels with sunshine gleam,
Red ribbons bright and tresses stream,
Hearts bound and ruddy faces beam,
Tal–ly–ho.

In narrow glens and shady glades,
Tal–ly–ho.
The glad shouts die, the splendor fades,
Tal–ly–ho.
Now, ere the merry course is run,
Sonorous, from some purple dun,
The horn salutes the setting sun,
Tal–ly–ho.

THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO IV.

ROGER DOLLOFF, a detective, while journeying to San Francisco to investigate the robbery of the Third National Bank, meets with serious injury in the wreck of the Overland Limited, and is nursed back to health by Marie Chartier, a passenger on the same train. He falls in love with, and marries her, and they resume the interrupted journey. The cashier, who has robbed the bank, fears betrayal by his accomplice and secretly and in disguise embarks on a sailing vessel bound for Panama. While Dolloff is conferring with the president of the bank, Marie is confronted by a man at their hotel, and faints from the shock of recognition.

CHAPTER V.

WITH a long, shuddering sigh Marie opened her eyes and gazed up into the face of her unwelcome visitor. He had closed the door, and, seated in a chair, was calmly awaiting her return to consciousness.

"Ah, my beauty," said he, when she turned away her head to escape the sight of his evil face, "I took you rather by surprise, didn't I?"

"I thought you were dead," she cried in a low, strained voice.

The man smiled sneeringly and shrugged his shoulders. "So I was, for a time — to the world, at least," he replied. "But now I am very much alive again, and having by great good luck found my loving and dutiful wife, I am ready to assume once more the bonds that bind us."

Marie shuddered at his words, and glanced about like a wounded animal seeking some avenue of escape.

"You do not appear very glad to see me," he resumed after a pause, in which he smilingly observed her evident agitation.

"Glad!" she cried, "one is not usually glad to have the ghost of a hideous memory rise up to taunt one. I have suffered the misery of a lifetime through you already. Why did you deceive me into believing you were dead?"

"Because it suited my purpose at the time," answered the man coolly. "Now it suits my purpose to let you know that

I am alive. By heavens, you are prettier than ever, my dear; though you always were a good-looking jade. Good looking enough, at least, to use as bait for young fools with more money than brains. I'm deuced glad to find you again. We can drop into some city where I'm not known and play our old game. I'm a bit down on my luck just now, but with you to help me, my beauty, I can snap my fingers at the devil."

Marie, with one hand tightly clenched against her breast, regarded him with mingled hate and terror. "James Fairfax," she said, "I will have nothing to do with your devilish schemes. When I was an innocent girl you lured me into your power and made my life a hell for three long years. You were a gambler, and worse, and forced me to play decoy while you fleeced your foolish victims. Then you deserted me; left me among strangers, without a cent or a friend to turn to in my extremity, and sent your tool to tell me that you were dead. He played his part well. I believed him, trusted in his honor, and only by accident discovered what his intentions toward me were in time to make my escape from a worse fate than you had doomed me to. I am older now, and through hard and bitter experience have learned to protect myself from such villains as he and you. Leave me and go your own way; I do not wish to look upon your face again."

"So that is your little game," muttered Fairfax angrily. "I'll soon make you sing a different song, my lady. With all your high and mighty ways you can't deny that I am your husband, and as such I intend to enjoy the privileges implied by that position," and he leered upon her with a gloating smile.

"Come, my dear," he resumed, "give me a kiss and let's be friends. There's nothing to be gained by making an enemy of me, and if you will be sensible, I swear I'll treat you right. Come, is it a bargain?"

"No!" cried Marie. "I defy you. If you do not go away at once I shall summon assistance, and if you attempt to trouble me in the future I know how to defend myself. You belong in prison, and I shall not hesitate to tell what will send you there if you do not leave me in peace."

Fairfax rose and cast upon her a look of baffled hate. "Confound you," he hissed, "I'll find a way to bring you to terms yet. You have not seen the last of me," and opening the door left her to reflect upon the terrible position in which this unexpected complication placed her.

CHAPTER VI.

DOLLOFF, entering the hotel lobby with thoughtfully puckered brow, deep in the problem of the bank robbery, brushed against a slightly built, well-dressed stranger, who scowled uncivilly at his word of apology, ran lightly down the steps and was swallowed up in the passing throng. Halfway across the lobby, Dolloff's faculty of quick observation had gained the mastery of his abstraction, and the man's identity, brief as had been the glance bestowed, forced itself upon him.

"Some deviltry afoot, or 'Happy Jack' Fairfax would not be in evidence," was Dolloff's inward comment. "This is new ground for him. I'll drop into headquarters this afternoon and give the chief a quiet tip," he thought, and dismissed the episode from his mind. But in the afternoon other matters claimed his attention, and unwittingly he let pass the opportunity of eliminating a dangerous and puzzling factor of the case in hand, that was destined to cause him much future vexation.

So deeply was he engrossed in the problem laid before him by the bank president, that Marie's nervous and distrait manner passed unnoticed, and when they had lunched, and later sought out a quiet and unoccupied corner of the piazza, Dolloff lighted a cigar and fell into a brown study that lasted until his plan of campaign had been fully mapped out.

The days that followed were busy ones for Dolloff, and at the week's end the tangled skein was in a fair way to be unraveled. The sudden flight of the cashier, by revealing his complicity in the crime, had shed a light upon certain hitherto puzzling features, and simplified Dolloff's task to an appreciable degree. Furthermore, the chance meeting in the hotel lobby had set

Dolloff to wondering whether Fairfax, whom he knew for a clever and unscrupulous rogue, had any connection with the case. No grain of suspicion was too slight for Dolloff's careful weighing, and somewhat to his own surprise, he was not long in establishing the fact that Fairfax had played an important role in the robbery. But when, at his request, a quiet cast of the fine-meshed police dragnet was made, with abortive result, Dolloff savagely reproached himself for allowing that slippery individual to glide through his fingers. Fairfax had apparently disappeared from San Francisco without leaving a trace behind, and Dolloff, for once, was forced to admit himself outwitted.

His disappointment on this head, however, was partly compensated by his unexpected stumbling upon a clue that led to establishing the fact of the cashier's flight upon the "Mary Jane," disguised as a member of the crew. With professional pride, and the thought of the enticing reward to spur him on, Dolloff's action was immediate and decided. A brief conference with the bank president, a hurry of preparation, and eight days after the vessel upon which the fugitive cashier had taken refuge had dropped the Golden Gate astern, Dolloff was bidding Marie a hurried adieu at their hotel, while a swift steam yacht lay in the harbor with nervously panting engines, only awaiting his appearance on board ere starting in pursuit.

A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and even with the advantage of steam over canvas, an eight days' handicap is not to be lightly considered. Dolloff, outwardly calm, was inwardly seething with the excitement of the chase, and paced the deck of the yacht by day and by night, anxiously watching for the appearance of the white sails of the "Mary Jane" on the distant horizon. But that craft was a swift sailer, and in ballast only, and with favoring winds to waft her on her way it is small wonder that when Dolloff, from the bow of the yacht, caught his first glimpse of the low-lying shores of Panama, the trim little schooner swinging innocently in the offing should be short one member of her crew.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR a few days following Dolloff's hurried departure in pursuit of the absconding cashier, Marie remained closely secluded in her room at the hotel, scarcely daring even to venture forth upon the piazza, so great was her fear of encountering the baleful gaze of the man who had wrecked her happiness, and whom unkind fate had thrown once more in her way when she had fondly believed that the unlovely past had been forever buried.

The problem that confronted her was an agonizing and perplexing one. She had honestly believed Fairfax to be dead, and in that belief had married Dolloff. The latter she had come to love with all the fierce intensity of a woman once betrayed, who finds at last a worthy object for the bestowal of her affections. Contrasted with the cruel, heartless craftiness of Fairfax, who had not scrupled to force her into assuming a most humiliating position, Dolloff's honest love seemed to her a very great boon indeed, and crowned her with a womanly glory that was inexpressibly grateful to her bruised heart.

Eagerly grasping at proffered happiness, she had striven to banish the memory of other days from her mind, and but for the confounding reappearance of the embodied ghost of her painful recollections, she would in time doubtless have succeeded in so doing. Now, in the measure of her tribulation, she was almost thankful for Dolloff's absence, that she might have opportunity undisturbed to consider her future course of action.

Knowing Fairfax as she did, she had no hope that he would leave her in peace for long, and at thought of the impending disclosure of her past life to Dolloff, as well as the false, though innocently assumed position she occupied toward him, she grew sick at heart, and felt the impulse for unreasoning flight strong within her.

For several days she wrestled in solitude with the crisis that confronted her, till her nerves were worn and shattered, and the slightest sudden noise plunged her into the depths of nervous

apprehension. The one thing above all else which she most dreaded now was another meeting with Fairfax. In him she felt was embodied all her past trouble and sorrow, her present hopelessness, and the misery that threatened to overshadow her future life.

At last the suspense became intolerable, and with the one idea of hiding from Fairfax until Dolloff should return, she decided to leave the hotel and seek a refuge in some quiet spot in the outskirts of the city. To that end she cast about for the desired location, and having found it, addressed a brief note to Dolloff, left it in charge of the hotel clerk, and one evening just at dusk, heavily veiled, entered a closed carriage and was driven rapidly away.

In her agitation Marie failed to notice that beside the driver sat a second figure, with hat drawn down and head averted. A half-hour later, after winding through a maze of streets to a quiet and nearly deserted portion of the city, the carriage suddenly stopped, the door was flung open and a man sprang quickly in beside her. A flickering ray from a nearby street lamp fell for a moment upon his face and revealed to her his identity. With a scream of terror Marie rose, and strove to dash headlong from the carriage; then Fairfax's arms closed about her, she felt a moist cloth pressed against her face, a sweet sickening odor in her nostrils, a sense of suffocation — and then, a blank.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Dolloff found that his quarry had escaped, his chagrin assumed tragic proportions, for he readily conceived that, with the whole vast expanse of the South American continent to choose from, a man might easily hide beyond the barest possibility of discovery. In the absence of the convenient formality of extradition, the cashier was already legally safe from arrest, but Dolloff was resolved that if he succeeded in overtaking the fugitive he would, if necessary, overpower him by superior force and spirit him on board the yacht.

Feeling himself safe at last, the pursued one had been at no pains to cover his tracks after landing from the "Mary Jane," and Dolloff easily ascertained that he had purchased some simple necessities, engaged the services of a peon guide, and headed direct for the gold fields of Venezuela.

When he learned that the chosen route would necessarily lead through a certain mountain pass, Dolloff determined to stake all upon one last bold stroke. The cashier had nearly two days' start, the pass in question was four days' journey distant, and as it was unlikely that he would travel at a more than leisurely rate of speed, Dolloff's one chance plainly lay in overtaking him before he had crossed the mountains.

With this object in view, Dolloff, accompanied by two sturdy members of the yacht's crew and a peon guide, turned his face to the western slope of the towering Andes and set forth.

The devious way led through the almost impenetrable fastnesses of the lowlands along the coast, where the tropical verdure, untouched by frost, flourishes in rank profusion; where the deadly miasma rises at nightfall like a funeral pall, and swift death, in hideous guises, lurks beneath the surface of every quiet pool and behind every rotting log.

With only the briefest pauses for rest and food, they pushed on, until on the morning of the third day the entrance of the mountain pass lay before them. At various places their guide had pointed out traces of the passing of the fugitive, and Dolloff, weary, haggard and worn, had urged his companions to renewed effort. The stiff ascent of the mountain told sharply upon them in their exhausted state, and at the end of an hour's climb they were forced to stop for a brief rest.

Late in the afternoon they came to the further entrance of the pass, and as they looked forth upon the dense forest in the valley below, Dolloff's heart sank. The man they sought had emerged from the pass before them, and further pursuit would be hopeless.

Suddenly their guide pointed to a slight column of smoke ascending above the forest some distance away. Evidently some traveler had pitched his camp for the night.

Carefully taking note of the direction, they descended the mountain side and plunged into the forest, the peon leading the way with unerring instinct. When a considerable distance had been traversed, the ringing blows of an axe came faintly to their ears. Pressing through the dense growth in the direction of the sound, they came at last within sight of a temporary camp, and a moment later, Dolloff, peering cautiously from behind a sheltering tree, beheld at last the man he sought.

[*To be continued.*]

A MEMORIAL OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

C. HENRY HOLMES.

He was a noble hero, born in an humble state,
But with a will like Nero, his cruel chains did break.
If in the glorious transept, worth and fitness reign,
If in the unknown regions, all are rewarded the same,
If to the hero modern, honor is rightly given,
His is a sapphired crown in the bright kingdom of heaven.

Tell of sagacious raids on the black tiller of soil,
Bringing from under-byways
Into freedom's sunshine and joy.
Tell of the noble plea the companion of martyred John Brown,
Earth but records — heaven rewards
The worthy with worthy renown.

Tell of the noble traits of character true as steel,
Tell of the fear-fraught days which every true patriot feels.
Tell of the powerful mind that forces the just decree,
Fair Ethiope placed with thee her hopes in blessed security.

Wet are the cheeks of millions; loudly do they lament,
Whence thou art swiftly riven from the mundane transient.
Death — unsatiable devourer — thou checkmate of good men's deeds,
Visiting earth each hour, unmindful of worldly needs,
But to thy name and prestige, posterity ever lauds,
Honor in life, happy in death, near the throne of the living God.

THE FIRST PAN-AFRICAN CONFERENCE OF THE WORLD.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, A PROF. F. G. S. I.

JULY 23–25, 1900, marked a new era for the colored race throughout the world. Under the eaves of the Parliament in Westminster Town Hall was held a three-days' conference for the discussion of the native races question. The bishop of London being absent at the commencement of the meeting, the chair was taken by Bishop Alexander Walters, whom we all know so well. Among those present were Mr. Benito Sylvain, Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia's aid-de-camp, Mr. F. E. R. Johnson, ex-Attorney-General of Liberia, Mr. Geo. J. Christian, British West Indies, Prof. J. L. Love, Washington, and Mr. H. S. Williams, Hon. Secretary and Chief Promoter of N. A. A. Council, and many cultured gentlemen of African descent from various parts of America, Africa, and the British Empire. The Bishop of Hereford wrote regretting his inability to take part, and said he felt fully assured that the English people's most sincere desire was to give throughout the Queen's domain a fair and open field to all subjects, without distinction of race or color. The chairman said for the first time in the history of the world colored men had gathered together from all parts of the globe with the object of discussing and improving the condition of the colored race. In America it was their misfortune to live among a people whose laws, traditions and prejudices had been against them for centuries. It had ever been the policy of a certain class of Americans to keep the Negro down. The real question which concerned them in America was, Was the Negro to have, or be granted, equal rights? It took two hundred and forty years for his complete personal emancipation, and one hundred years to attain his standing as a soldier; they could hardly expect, therefore, to get his complete political and social rights in thirty-five

years. They had been able to eliminate forty-five per cent of their illiterates, and today they represented $735,000,000 in real estate and personal property; they had been and were now engaged in a long and severe struggle for full social and political rights, and they asked for sympathy, consideration and encouragement.

Mr. C. W. French, St. Kitts, W. I., said that colored men claimed from the British government just that recognition which they were entitled to as men; that black men and white men should be allowed to compete for political and social rights without distinction.

Miss Jones, an educator from Kansas, addressed the convention on "The Preservation of Race Individuality."

Then the chairman announced that a bureau would be formed in London soon, with the object of influencing legislation on behalf of the colored races.

At noon precisely the Bishop of London entered Westminster, and expressed his best hopes for the success of the convention. They were met to discuss questions with which they were intimately concerned, and to consider matters on which they felt very strongly. He hoped that might be the forerunner of many conventions of the same kind. The problems with which they were concerned were not problems which would settle themselves in a hurry. It was a sign of a tendency, at all events, to settle them, when there was such an assembly as that gathered together for the first time in the history of the world. They had reached a stage in which they realized how small a place the world was. After all, the sense of human brotherhood was a real thing, and even that sense, magnificent as it is, was as an ideal, created very great practical difficulty. Brotherhood must be fair all round. A short time ago it was possible to say that, if there were any people on the earth's surface who wanted to be left alone, it was best to leave them alone. That seemed a very easy way of settling such questions. But he was afraid it was not to be so as a matter of fact, since it was no longer possible for any race or nation to go on absolutely by itself. Somehow or other the forces of the

world would not allow it. People did make their way all over the world's surface, and it was no longer a tenable proposition for the inhabitants of any part of the world's surface to say: "We do not want to see anybody else, we prefer to isolate ourselves; we won't have visitors, and we won't render account to any outsiders; leave us alone." That had now become impossible, owing to forces which they could recognize but could not regulate. The question they had to settle now was: How was the universal intercourse of man, which they had to recognize as an established fact, to be carried on in the best possible way? It was an important problem, and created many difficulties; the intercourse which took place in the first instance was not very often between the best specimens of either side, and not carried on from the best and noblest motives. It was an intercourse none the less which had to be regulated, and great difficulties were created by refusing to recognize the fact that it was taking place. It had to be regulated somehow or other, and for the purpose of its regulation it was necessary that the experience and knowledge of those who knew native races, who were concerned in their progress, and had a right to represent them, should be placed at the disposal of the public. More mistakes were made through ignorance than through anything else in the world. It was most important, therefore, that all Europeans should know what were their views, aspirations, objects, and needs.

They had met to confer on matters of very real importance, and if they brought to bear the results of their knowledge, and would state their objects, ideas and hopes of the future clearly and definitely, they would confer on this nation a very great benefit. They should be plain, straightforward and business-like as possible. The public wished to know the definite, practical points in which they could give help, and where they were to begin. They were aware that the future of any race must be in the hands of that race itself, who should learn to protect the race against the result of the too rapid contact with other and more advanced forms of civilization; how to develop institutions in the best way; and how to educate the people up

to a sense of the responsibility of self-government. After all, they must look forward in their dealings with other races ultimately to confer on them, and that as soon as possible, some of the benefits of self-government that they themselves enjoyed. Now to do that wisely and well was no easy matter. They did not want the period of tutelage to be unduly prolonged, and they desired that the result of the tutelage should be wise, judicious, kindly and tending to the ultimate development of the native races. They might rest assured of the real sympathy of the English people. Any help that the delegates could give in the settlement of the problems would be most gladly welcomed.

At 8 P.M. Bishop Walters again took the chair. Probably the most striking paper of the convention was read by Mr. Benito Sylvain, aide de campe au Negus Menelik, on "The Necessary Concord to be Established between Native Races and European Colonists." He said that the black population had everywhere proved itself worthy of freedom. The metropolis of the British Empire had been rightly chosen as the meeting-place of the conference. The British people, of all civilizing powers, were responsible for the anti-liberal reaction which had characterized the Colonial policy for the last fifteen years. The British government had tolerated the most frightful deeds of colonizing companies. Before very many years had passed away the rights of the natives must be recognized by every colonial power. Natives must be no more considered like serfs,—taxable, and workable at their masters' discretion,—but as an indispensable element for the prosperity of the colonies; and consequently they must have an equitable participation in the profit, both material and mental, of colonizing. "No human power could stop the African natives in their social and political development. The question now was, whether Europe would have the improvement for or against her interests. The Pan-African Association, which must be the issue of the conference, would assist by all means a realization of such a desirable understanding."

After a musical selection Mrs. A. J. Cooper of Washington

read a lengthy paper on the subject of "The Negro Problem in America," and the one that will perplex Congress next session more than Imperialism.

Tuesday, the 24th, at 10.30 A.M. Bishop Walters again took the chair. The subject for discussion was: "The Progress of Our People in the Light of Current History." Mr. F. S. R. Johnson (ex-Attorney-General of Liberia) opened the discussion, claiming for the Africans that they were brave, industrious and manly, and only wanted time to develop a capacity for self-government. The growth of the Republic of Liberia had been in the face of the antagonism of unscrupulous white traders who hated all restraint, especially from colored people. He was followed by Mr. J. E. Quinlan, a land surveyor of St. Lucia, in stirring remarks on Mr. Meyer, an East Indian; Mr. Phipps, a barrister of Trinidad; next by Mr. D. Tobias, an American author, who claimed and proved that civilization had been commenced by black men. Then the chairman pointed out three things they must keep in view: (1) to recognize conditions; (2) to ask for simple justice as men; and (3) push to achieve what they desired. The discussion was continued by Professor Dubois of Atlanta University; the Rev. H. Smyth, Chaplain Arnette and Professor Calloway, who is in charge of the display of the work done at the Paris Exposition by the Negroes in the United States. Prayer was offered and the meeting adjourned. In the afternoon the members proceeded in a body to Fulham Palace on an invitation to tea on the part of the Bishop of London. At 8.30 the conference again met under the gavel of Bishop Walters, Mr. Benito Sylvain playing in artistic style the favorite Haytien waltz, after which speeches and music were mingled with monster peals of oratory until 10.30, when the meeting closed.

Wednesday, the 25th, at 10.30 the Bishop again sounded the gavel and silence reigned as before. He made a brief address in recognition of the services rendered by white men to the Negro cause, both in this country and America. He was followed by Mr. G. W. Christian (Dominica), subject: "Settlement in South Africa." He said the Dutch farmer or Boer considered the average Negro as a beast of burden only, and

inferior to humanity. He was not allowed to own land, or even to go from one place or the other unless it pleased their Boerships to give them a pass, no matter what position he might hold nor how much education he might acquire. He could only travel in that part of a train more fit for pigs than human beings, and the franchise was out of the question; hence the Transvaal war. The Negro in Rhodesia, as in the British West Indies, was compelled to work without adequate wages, and the chiefs were forced to find groups of black men for the mines, where they were forced to work for months at the absolute mercy of a company. They paid them in useless wares, and after months of hard labor they returned home with nothing. *This is a part of the white man's civilization in South Africa.* Is not this a revival of slavery? In the coming settlement of South Africa the natives would receive very little consideration from the Colonists. If justice was to be done, the Imperial government must guarantee protection by laws that no local legislation could alter, and no prejudiced judges or juries could pervert. In addition, territories should be reserved for the natives, and native chiefs be given some measure for Home Rule over their tribes.

Next Doctor Clark, M.P., in extending invitation to take tea on the House of Commons, said: "A few months ago I was in South Africa, and dined with Cecil Rhodes and many officials, but my object was to find out something from some of the natives, so I selected an African gentleman, a native 'black' nearly six feet tall, an interpreter to the court who received a good salary from the government. I asked him to dine with me; he accepted, and I found him cultured, and I learned a great deal more from him than anyone else in Natal of the real sentiment of the Queen's black subjects. At 9 P.M. he said: 'You will have to excuse me, sir, I must leave you!' 'Why so sudden?' I said. 'Well, you know there is a law here that if any black man is seen on the street after nine o'clock in the evening he is arrested and put in jail with any other common prisoner or criminal.' Gentlemen, I, as a member of Parliament, was surprised at this state of things under the Queen's flag. Our

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

(See page 236.)

DR. S. E. COURTNEY,

BOSTON, MASS.

Chairman Local Committee of the National Negro Business League.

(See page 256.)

BISHOP ALEXANDER A. WALTERS.

Re-elected president of the Afro-American Council at Indianapolis, Ind.

JAMES EPHRAIM McGIRT.

A young poet from Greensboro, N. C.

Colonial government needs attention, and we, as members of Parliament, will not let it pass; it shall be adjusted."

He was followed by the Hon. H. F. Downing, who said the black race had no intent to comply with the wish of those who desired that they should remain slaves in perpetuity. They did not seek freedom by force of arms; they would win it by deserving it. In their humility and long suffering they had risen from the lowest depths. The world would see in time to come their worth. He was followed by Mr. C. P. Lee of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. H. S. Williams, Hon. Sec. Mr. Felix Mascheles and others. In the afternoon a report from the committee was read and adopted providing for the formation, as the outcome of the conference, of a permanent Pan-African Association, with its headquarters in London and its branches in all parts of the world. A general meeting of the association will be held every two years, the next in the United States, while in 1904 it will convene in the Republic of Hayti. Bishop Walters was elected president; the Emperor of Abyssinia and the presidents of Liberia and Hayti, honorable members of the association. Afterwards the conference adopted an address to the various governments, asking better treatment of the black race. The evening was one of music, song and speeches by the Rev. H. H. Joseph, M. C. W. French and others. The meeting then adjourned to meet in two years in the United States of America, place to be selected by the president; thus ended the first Pan-African conference of the world.

MRS. ROSA D. BOWSER.

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers this month a truly representative type of the intelligent colored woman, in the person of Mrs. Rosa D. Bowser of Richmond, Va. She is a prominent educator, Christian worker, a scholar; has figured conspicuously in Sunday-school, church, and various benevolent organizations. She is the founder of the Richmond

Woman's League, which took an active part in raising funds for the defence of the celebrated Lunenburg case. She is now president of the Richmond Mothers' Club, which gathers for general discussion of home and family topics, domestic and social relations. She is a member of the Executive Board of the Southern Federation of Colored Women, and chairman of the Executive Board of the Women's Educational Missionary Association of Virginia. The Mothers' Club, of which she is president, will forward a petition to the City Council for the establishment of the Curfew Law in the City of Richmond.

Another matter which is at present receiving her attention is the establishment of a day nursery in this city in the fall; and, as soon as they are able, a kindergarten will be attached.

For three years she has been on the Standing Committee of Domestic Economy for Hampton Conference. As a result of her services in that connection it may be judged from the following clipping from the report of the Hampton Negro Conference for July, 1899. It says:

It was a matter of congratulation to all present that the Negro Reformatory, for which a contribution was taken at the last conference, has been put on its feet by a generous gift of Mr. C. P. Huntington; and there were many expressions of gratitude.

Mrs. Bowser made an appeal to the conference to help bear the burden of supporting this reformatory. She said that she felt the responsibility of the neglected little ones who are to be seen in crowds about log cabins or in the streets of the cities. Continuing, she said:

"Let us be interested in ourselves; these children are on the downward road; they will help to swell the criminal classes; we cannot afford to let them go to ruin; as fast as the bad rise, we rise with them; and so long as they are degraded, we are degraded. If the parents can not, or will not, bring up their children so that they can become good citizens, then it is clearly the duty of some one else to look after them. In the Virginia penitentiary there are 1,259 colored persons to 287 whites; not one of the female prisoners is white, but of the whole number 66 are colored women and girls. This shows that our homes are not what they should be; we must make home attractive to the young people, and keep them out of the streets. For those who have joined the criminal class a place is provided where they can be reclaimed. In Hanover county stand ready and waiting 1,382 acres of land and large buildings, with proper equipments for

teaching agriculture and the trades. Let us see to it that this preparation is not in vain; that the children are there who ought to be there, and that the work is carried to a successful issue; do not leave the matter to be attended to by white people alone. It is for us to take the burden upon our shoulders, and push the good work forward."

For the last two years, as chairman of said committee, she has reported for a wide section the work done by such organizations in many states north and south. This fact is attested by a recent article which appeared in the *Odd Fellows Journal* of Philadelphia, Pa.:

The report on Domestic Economy was made by Mrs. Rosa D. Bowser of Richmond, Va.; it was a most excellent report. Her splendid diction and delivery showed high literary culture; her pleasant and striking manner, coupled with the excellence of her remarks, won for her the rapt attention of the audience. She was, as remarked one of prominence, at her best. Mrs. Bowser told of the vast amount of good being done by the mothers' meetings and similar organizations; of the children and homes becoming cleaner and purer; of the instilling of truth and morality into their young minds. It is felt by the conference that all men and women of education are becoming convinced of the fact that in order to break down the great bars of ignorance we must have a trained motherhood, as the mothers are the first and greatest teachers of humanity.

From the origin of the Reformatory Movement she has been president of the Woman's Department, and has manifested great influence; and it has been due largely to her influence that prominent persons have contributed to the enterprise.

She was an instructor in the Peabody Institute held in Lynchburg, Va., a few years ago, and served as principal in the first night school of this city during its continuance, serving at the same time as teacher of the highest grade of the district day school, which position she now holds.

She is a versatile writer, and for quite a while she was Virginia correspondent to the *Woman's Era*. The colored women of her native state may truly feel proud of her.

NORTHEASTERN FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

OLIVIA WARD BUSH, RECORDING SECRETARY.

THE Northeastern Federation of Women's Clubs held its fifth annual convention in the People's A. M. E. Church, Winter St., Providence, R. I., Aug. 9 and 10, 1900. This convention was a success in every particular, and there is every reason to believe that our women are making rapid strides along the line of progress. There were many noticeable features of the convention which were pleasing in the extreme, and worthy of favorable mention.

The reports from the various clubs of different states showed evidence of excellent work having been done in the past, and the possibilities of greater work in the future.

The papers read by members of Federation highly commended by all, such as the paper, subject: "Manners," by Miss Clara Smith of Boston; also the subject "Progression," read by Miss Byrdie Boyd of the West Medford Progressive Club. Mrs. Julia Henson of Ruth Circle of King's Daughters, Boston, Miss Cook of Norwich, Miss Ella Wilson of Worcester, Mrs. T. Thomas Fortune of New York, and Mrs. Minnie Simpson of Woman's Era Club, Boston, read interesting papers, the subjects of which were well calculated to meet the heartiest approval of all who were present.

The Northeastern Federation has for its president Miss Elizabeth Carter of New Bedford, Mass., who though a young woman of much responsibility and one whose abilities are constantly in demand, very kindly consented to serve as president for another year; her renomination was the voice of the entire convention, though at first declining, by reason of her busy life. But after an earnest, touching appeal from Mrs. Charlotte France of Boston, Miss Carter, actuated by a sense of duty and high regard for the work, gave her consent. The officers for

the ensuing year are: Miss E. C. Carter, president; Mrs. T. Thomas Fortune, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Agnes Adams, 2d vice-president; Mrs. Clara Burr, 3d vice-president; Miss Roberta Dunbar, 4th vice-president; Miss Mary E. Jackson, general secretary; Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush, recording secretary; Mrs. Dora Millar, treasurer; Mrs. S. Dickerson, northeastern organizer.

The work of the Federation for this year has been divided among its committees, and favorable results are anticipated.

The New Century Club of Providence has for its president Miss Mary E. Jackson, who with the assistance of a number of earnest, active women, entertained the Federation royally. The warm hospitality of the people of Providence, who gladly opened their homes to visiting strangers, will long be remembered.

The worthy efforts of the young men of Providence who volunteered financial and personal assistance on "Gentlemen's Day" were very much appreciated.

The vocal solos rendered by Miss Mamie Williams, Miss Corinne Rovelto, and Miss Etta Moses of Providence, added very much to the programme, as did the instrumental selection by Miss Margaret Kinlod of Newport, and Miss Flossie Freedom of New Bedford.

The newspaper press of Providence deserves the highest commendation for the interest manifested and for well-written reports of the proceedings of the convention.

The Northeastern Federation are grateful for the hearty welcome of the Rev. Coffee, pastor of the People's Church, who though ill at the time, sent a letter of congratulation and welcome.

The People's Church as a new edifice, with its modern improvements and pleasing interior, added much to the comfort and cheer of visiting delegates and friends.

The Northeastern Federation of Women's Clubs closed its fifth annual session with the assurance and gratification of having accomplished material good, and are looking hopefully to the future for far greater results along the lines of its object: "Elevation."

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

ABOUT the time of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, when the name of Cyrus Field, its promoter, was on every tongue, a child was born in the City of Louisville, Ky., who was named for the man who linked two continents together. The parents of Cyrus Field Adams were Rev. Henry and Margaret P. Adams. Rev. Mr. Adams was pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and a man held in high esteem by all classes of citizens for his learning and piety. Young Adams attended the private school conducted by his father, until he was eight years old, when he was sent to Cincinnati and placed in the public schools of that city. At the age of twelve he entered the high school of Oberlin, Ohio, and later the college. He did not complete the course, as the death of his father occurred and he was obliged to leave the school and go to work in Cincinnati. His first employment was as office boy for a real estate firm. He was next employed as messenger by the banking firm of Andrews, Bissel & Co. When the firm went out of business, young Adams, who had saved a little money, began business for himself as a dealer in foreign stamps, coins, and other curiosities, and he was quite successful.

In 1877 he moved to Louisville, Ky., where he accepted a place as teacher in the public schools, and also continued his curiosity business. In 1879 Mr. Adams and his brother John Q. commenced the publication of the *Bulletin*, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the Afro-American race, which on account of its great enterprise was in a short time accorded the leadership among journals of its class. In 1882 although kept busy with his newspaper, school duties and curiosity business, Mr. Adams found time to study German, and after applying himself to the study for little more than a year, he began the instruction of a class in the language. This class was composed principally of the teachers of the Afro-American public schools of Louisville, and Mr. Adams

used the natural method, teaching a fair conversational knowledge of the language in six weeks.

In 1884 Mr. Adams visited Europe and traveled through the principal countries, spending some time in Germany perfecting himself in the language of the Fatherland. When he returned to America he was appointed professor of the German language in the State University, Louisville, Ky., where he remained one year. For two years Professor Adams traveled through the United States teaching German-in-six-weeks classes in the principal cities. That he was successful is evidenced by the fact that he is the possessor of eight gold and diamond medals presented by his classes in various parts of the country.

In 1885 he launched *The Appeal*. It has built up a large clientele all over the United States, and is said to have the largest circulation of any newspaper of its class. The paper has been Republican at all times and under all circumstances. During the recent campaign it was one of the most vigorously edited Afro-American newspapers, and it struck many hard blows for protection and sound money.

Mr. Adams has one of the largest collections of stamps in the United States (six thousand varieties), and is something of a linguist, being conversant with several modern languages. Three years ago Mr. Adams published an edition of his paper dated Sept. 22, 1993, in which the white and colored races changed places; that is, the whites were represented as a decadent race, and the colored people taking toward them the attitudes of toleration and condescension assumed by the whites toward the Negroes of this day. Telegrams of the time were cleverly paraphrased, white men taking the place of colored men in cases of accusation and crime. This issue of *The Appeal* attracted wide attention, because there was, in spite of the satire, the spirit of fun running through the treatment of most of the incidents.

BETH'S TRIUMPH.

(A Two-Part Story.)

ANNE BETHEL SCALES.

PART II.

THE opportunity to tell De my troubled state came almost unsought. He was a resident of the city, and on Thursday our club (which was analogous to one composed of young men) with these young men, were invited to dinner at De's mother's. After the coupling off incident to such occasions had taken place, I found myself with De in a cozy retreat formed by climbing roses and honeysuckle, where the very pestering bees and silver-throated birds seemed to prate of the many secrets that had been told in this ideal home of theirs. The proximity of another night and this scene made me doubly determined to unburden my mind, so after a few casual observances upon the banquet, weather and the coming Commencement night, I led uncertainly to a subject that was nearer home.

"De," I said with a familiarity warranted by years of Platonic friendship: "Do you know this Mr. Warwick,—the latest lion in town?"

"Yes; I — at least I have seen him. Why?"

"Well, I came here to tell you, and I intend to do so, but first you must promise not to repeat what I tell you to anyone unless I give you permission; looking and acting according to the ethics of the case, I have no right to tell you; I was not told not to repeat it, and yet I think I understand that secrecy was meant." He faithfully promised to do as I requested. Then occurred to me the words so aptly written by the French novelist,— and I laughingly expressed them: "Is it difficult for a woman to keep a secret? Then I know more than one man who is a woman." De refuted the quotation as unjust to the memory of the many times he had prudently acted in capacity of

confidant and adviser. I acknowledged the injustice, and grew serious. I told him almost verbatim the story that Louise had intrusted to me only three mornings before; at which he looked so fierce and angry that I declared positively I would not finish the narrative unless he took it all more passively than that. He told me to proceed, and became tacitly thoughtful.

"Now, De, I have yet to tell you something which you will probably call superstition. It is about a dream that I speak, and I don't want you to class it as 'bosh' or anything else, until you have heard me. The night succeeding the morning on which Louise made me her confidante, I had a dream of possible fearful significance, I believe. We cannot always attribute dreams to either physical or natural causes. When there is a special cause, and an undeniable one, we may judge it to be the source from which sprung a certain effect; but acknowledge that there is a limit to any one natural source. And when mystical affairs stupify us by their varied and intricate innuendoes and the revelation of our own ignorance of the supernatural and spiritual existence, it is the acme of egotism to assume that all unsolved problems which taint of the weird are the outcome of superstitious illiteracy. The day of Jacobs, Josephs and seers, whose dreaming has foretold great good or evil, has passed, 'tis true, but since all admit that history repeats itself,— why allow it to be robbed of its repititious power in this instance alone? I do not attempt to attach any importance to my dream in your mind by any especial effort or convincing argument, but as for myself I shall continue to believe that its persistence meant more than doctrinaire scoffers of mental and spiritual communication would have us believe.

I only wish that I could impress the central points as indelibly upon your imagination as they seem on my brain; the sensible connections, and location of place, people, and the peculiar but clear unraveling of a drama in that dream-world of mine, which would have made gold for its author and fame for its histrionic abettors.

"A high, level, fertile country, noisy cattle, and everywhere a mark of rural plenty. An old roomy red-brick farm-house,

and straggling, tumble-down Negro quarters of ante bellum days. Taken in all, the place reminded me of the description Professor Gregory had given me of the springs where our club intends spending July. He said that if we did not care to stay at the hotel, that there was a large brick house near, kept by two elderly persons, who would be very likely to accommodate our party; there were no children only a son,— a traveling hypnotist of considerable renown. To this point my dream had accurately coincided with all given statistics, but here, too, occurred a diversion.

"Our club of three girls, with Mrs. Wyatt as chaperon, completed the party. I do not know how long we had been there, or when we came — we were there; and enjoying the novelty of our freedom as only girls can, when restrictions incident to plaits and aprons are removed. I can't explain, but we seemed to have lived weeks in the placid calm of those surroundings, before any sense of danger came to me. We had finished our luncheon, and were standing on the veranda waiting for our hats which Louise had gone to get, when a thought as lazy as I am, came to me. 'Girls,' I said, 'it's too warm now to walk over to the springs. I tell you what — let's explore the upper regions of this ante-bellum-looking house. Mrs. Warwick says the top story isn't used, except for the stowing away of odds and ends, but I am sure that making legends for its musty curio will furnish a more pleasant respite than a walk in the sun.'

"'Twas peculiar, but even here Louise's opinion carried more weight than mine. She had heard my remark, and called out from the hall: 'No, we won't; Mrs. Wyatt, you and Lucy let Miss Beth go spook-hunting alone if she wants too,— we are going to the springs.' And to the springs they went.

"I remained from sheer pique, and five minutes later walked stealthily down the gloom-curtained hall of the top story. I was afraid of my own foot-fall, the silence was so oppressive. The last door on the hall was open,— I wondered why,— and crept softly forward. The inner door to that room was also open, and displayed a picture intense in its suggestive pathos.

The room was cozily furnished, but arranged in untidy confusion of sofa-pillows and chairs. In its center stood a quaintly dressed little lady, with white hair, save for a few shining threads of black in the careless knot. She was holding a baby in her arms and speaking to her companion, a man who stood with face turned from me. He was after the Yankee fashion: tall, large, and might have been called angular, had he not lounged against the mantel with such easy grace. My interest in the group was heightened as I listened to her words. She was saying in a frightened, petulant voice:

"'But Jerome, the doctor says that my malady is not dangerous, nor ever likely to prove so; then why is it you want to take baby away? I have *never* complained till now; you and Doctor Bell say that I am a victim of a mild form of insanity, and I have believed you; yet there are times when you are away for a long while and a weight seems lifted from my brain,— I feel free, oh, so free, and perfectly rational, doubting those who say I am crazy. Oh, my husband, give me some hope! See, I can even reason with you; I consider your welfare; I read, and do not see that I understood better in the old days than I do now; look at our baby, darling,— there has never been one moment since he came to us that I have had a desire to do other to him than kiss his round, fair limbs, and pray God to at least let me keep my beautiful boy till the shell that holds my poor doubting, loving, aching heart, is hidden beneath his verdant grasses and glistening snows. Jerome, Jerome, I kneel to you — do not take my baby. I am not mad; it is only weakness I feel. I *know* that I am not mad; I am not even weak now. I wish that dear Jesus would let my little child speak, and plead his own cause. Dearest husband, don't you love me? Then look at our boy — he cannot speak, but let his silent helplessness and his mad mother's sorrow plead for him. Listen; I read it this morning: "Yet a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;" let me keep baby till then, Jerome; you won't wait long — I tell you I know it, I feel it.' The highly tensioned nerves relaxed,— her husband caught her fainting form, took the baby from her convulsed clasp, and

with it still in his arms, turned to the door from which I had silently witnessed his pathetic domestic scene.

"When Mr. Warwick — for it was he — saw me standing in the hall, I felt that I was more frightened than he was. As far as I know he did not even start, or show the least surprise. I realized in a moment that I was the dove and he the snake. He came to me just as suave as he is now.

"Ah, you must pity me after this scene; my crazy widowed sister; poor girl, she thinks me her dead husband. I must take the baby away; she might injure it. The doctor says she may become raving mad at any time now. Heavens! Watch out! Run for your life, she will kill you; she is clutching for your throat! See how mad and wild she looks. The long-dreaded has come,— my poor, poor sister. Help me to hold — '

"I waited to hear and see no more; when I came to my senses I was back on the last hall, standing panting in the door. Where had I been? What had I seen? I declare to you, De, that I did not remember at that time one thing that had happened. I knew that some terrible experience had shattered my nerves, but all power of associating ideas had left me. I could not have told any one what had transpired — I did not know.

"This was my dream for three consecutive nights. I do not know that it varied one iota. Why could not there be some truth in it, De? This Mr. Warwick need not be a lawyer because he says so. And, too, compare Louise's incapability to act or think clearly in the library the night of the banquet, with the swift oblivion that envelopes my mind; the illusion produced by his words, — of the fainting woman becoming suddenly mad. She did not come to herself or clutch at my throat — it was in the dream as true as reality, and showed the marvelous control that strong wills exert over weaker systems. The points clustering around the dream were true — and I believe that it was true, also. I believe deep in my soul that Mr. Warwick is no lawyer; that he has a wife and child, and lives much nearer to us than he acknowledges. If we can

prove him the fraud that my hypothesis tells me he is, he will not only cease to destroy Louise's happiness, but will leave town."

"And so, Beth, you want the much-abused me to trot off to Farmville vicinity and follow up a nightmare that involves a crazy woman in the top story of a brick house?"

"Please don't jest, De. This chase is not so wild as you think. You have two play-days in which to ease my heart, if it does no greater good. The distance is not great — please go."

I expect that the so-called incorrigible Beth is crying again, for De adds hastily:

"Of course I will go; it's a little favor, and I don't mind in the least, Beth. What say you to tomorrow evening at 3.45?"

"De," I replied, "I could not love my brother more. You are the very dearest boy in the world."

"Pshaw! it's nothing; don't thank me, you make me think that I was a wretch to hesitate."

After that evening I did not see De until Sunday at church, and then his face wore a troubled expression — something rare for him.

"So glad you are alone; may I accompany you?"

"Beth, you are a brick, after all. I never was so surprised in my life. I stayed with Mrs. Warwick all night, in the very house you described. There is one difference: her son's wife is not so very closely confined, and Mrs. Warwick does not seem to think secrecy is necessary. The girl — she is a girl, though her hair is nearly white — thinks herself crazy, and so do other people. I do not; she is no more crazy than I am at present, but will be, if there is not a change in her surroundings. How she worships that baby! It is a pitiful sight to see her crying and moaning over it; calling herself its poor crazy mother, who is going away soon. Once I caught her saying to her mother-in-law: 'Please don't let Jerome take baby; I am not mad.' Just as you told me before I left, and you have no idea how strangely it moved me, Beth. Yet I am glad, for now you, Louise and Tom will be happy. You must not worry one bit

over the matter. Tom and I will see that this hypnotist incognito finds suddenly that L —— is not a very good climate for his health, or some excuse equally transparent. Leave it to me, and your ears will not be surprised by tidings of any rash act, either."

"I am perfectly willing to trust you, De." And I was.

Tuesday morning Louise ran to me her face all radiant with happiness: "Oh Beth, little sister, De tells me, positively, too, that horrid old Mr. Warwick got in some kind of trouble, and had to leave town! Aren't you so glad? Say that you are, quick!" I answered, and got a kiss for my pay.

Few who saw and heard the happy, queenly girl on Commencement night, whose pathetic eloquence melted tears from the frozen eyes of the usually impregnable faculty, would have thought that only a week before she had almost unconsciously escaped being heroine in a tragic episode. She did not know; and her ignorance made De and I happy. Her sun had passed so close to the storm-cloud and had not touched it.

AFRO–AMERICAN.

CHAS. FRED WHITE.

O, country, 'tis of thee,
Land of the Lynching Bee,
Of thee I sing.
How long will this base wrong
Pollute thy freedom's song?
Perpetrated by a throng
Of heartless fiends.

My native country, thee,
How I long to be free!
Thy name to love.
I long to see the time
When this most heinous crime
Will be changed to deeds divine,
Like those above.

Let wailings swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees:
"God's will be done."
Let mortal souls awake —
Let all that breathe partake —
This spell of crime to break,
Ere the nation's gone.

O gracious God, to thee,
In thine all-wise mercy,
We now appeal!
May this land soon be brought
Out of this doom it's wrought;
For long, in vain, we've sought
Freedom to feel.

RACIAL HATRED.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

THE North Carolina ementes of 1899, the New Orleans slayings of the early summer, and the recent race riots in New York, have indicated a latent antipathy to the colored race as such, and recall those terrible and historical race persecutions which in ages past befouled with innocent blood the histories and the honor of nearly every nation in Europe.

The Jews in nearly every nation of the Old World; that mysterious race, the Zingaro or gypsies, given to gibbet and sword in so many dominions of Europe; the hapless Moriscoes of Spain under the descendants of Ferdinand and Isabella; the Armenians in Turkey and Asia Minor, and the Indians and Australian aborigines of the newer continents, have all in time suffered the cruel and brutal rage of those races who, become overpowered, and forgetful that God is just, have oppressed, robbed, beaten and murdered their brother men, and justified their crimes by the assumption that their race and color gave them a superior claim not only to the ownership, but to the unquestioned dominance of the world, and that this right might be unquestioned, conferred the right to take, and slay, in the name of humanity, civilization and (blasphemy unutterable) the justice and beneficent purposes of God.

This epidemic of negrophobia indicates a popular "homicidal mania" as dangerous to society as it is shocking to humanity. The American press has, of course, discussed it in all its bearings, but largely in that cold-blooded and philosophical way, which alike today characterizes the investigator of morbid anatomy and the average journalist. Some refer to the several riots and lynchings as mere striking incidents of unusual provocation and blindly bloody revenge. Others made them the text of political diatribes against Southern States and Democratic northern cities. Another class adopted that most

COURTESY OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

THEODORE W. JONES.

A well-known warehouseman and expressman of Chicago, Ill., a delegate to the first meeting of the National Negro Business League at Boston, Mass.

(See page 256.)

COURTESY OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

JAMES N. VANDEWALL.

Of Orange, N. J., who started a business career with one dollar. Now a prosperous and wealthy man of affairs. A delegate to the first meeting of the National Negro Business League at Boston, Mass.

(See page 256.)

dangerous and horrible of all twentieth-century dogmas, now expressed *ad nauseam* as an excuse for all moral, social and political crimes whatsoever: that the inexorable laws of nature and of God demand that some one dominant race should destroy another through slavery, lust and bloodshed, that the benign results of the "survival of the fittest" may bless humanity and glorify God.

The following editorial from the New York *Journal* is a comparatively meritorious and generous, but nevertheless suggestive disquisition of this kind:

The city of New York, having carefully criticised the mote in its Southern neighbor's eye, is now busy with a beam in its own. Negroes are hunted indiscriminately because some one Negro did harm. Good men and women of the African race are made to suffer because a bad colored man did harm and managed to evade instant punishment.

These persecutions of Negroes in America, of Jews in Hungary and Roumania, of Armenians, of various peoples by various other peoples all over the globe, cannot be explained by mere reference to "human brutality."

The principal lesson which they teach is that nature has not ceased her processes of selection and elimination merely because man has arrived with his modern plumbing and his perfected firearms.

All through animal creation — and plant creation, too, for that matter — the struggle for existence goes on.

And the struggle is fiercest between animals alike in structure and in needs, compelled to struggle for the same physical blessings.

Red squirrels in a wood, gray squirrels in a wood, get along all right with the opossums and coons.

But put in red squirrels and gray squirrels together, and harmony departs. Both want *all* the nuts and *all* the good holes in the trees.

Very soon the red squirrels kill off all the gray squirrels.

At first comes a mixing of colors, showing that the red squirrel has killed off his gray rival and taken his mate. Soon comes obliteration of the gray squirrel entirely.

Men of various shades of color and of religious belief have fought through all the ages, and they are still fighting, whenever the excuse is offered.

Against this fighting tendency certain laws and customs are laboriously built up. But an emotion sufficiently big sweeps them away, and the hatred of one animal for another somewhat like him breaks forth in all of its early savagery.

The dog hates his near relative — the wolf; he does not hate the cow or donkey.

The white man, still a savage, hates those of other colors. The few exceptions do not count.

The good and wise continually struggle to stem this tide of natural aggression, and in that way they do their duty.

It is difficult to avoid the melancholy conclusion that our racial destiny is to be worked out down here for some time yet on a basis of brutal fighting.

Nature aims to give the finest specimens control. She calmly keeps them all at war, knowing that those who combine superiority of muscle, brain and cunning will come out on top, and people the globe with the best sample obtainable.

It would be pleasant not to believe this. It would be most pleasant to foresee a time when the Chinese, the missionary, the Negro, the hoodlum, the Buddhist and the atheist should all lie down together and be led by human kindness; but we regret to say that we see no prospect of such a time.

We are bound to think that they will get along more or less badly, with frequent bursts of hatred and violence damaging to one or the other, until finally out of all the fights and all the ages of discussing and throat-cutting a decent world race will emerge and begin to live peaceably and decently. We do not say by any means that the Negro race must die out, or that the white-skinned man must rule.

Long centuries ago, when our Northern white race was shivering in rocky caves, the Negro was carving his heavy lips and other features on the face of the Sphinx, and founding the basic religions whence our beliefs are derived.

His turn may come again.

It is hardly probable that its editor realized that over one-sixth of the population of the United States lie under this ban of race feud and color hatred, and must in accordance with his views submit to injustice and oppression, unending and remediless; appeal to the wages of battle against hopeless odds; or seek a Moses who shall lead their tens of millions into a land where freedom is not merely a name. Such theories, where

published and accepted of a people, are a notice to the threatened race to prepare themselves for a life-and-death struggle, which in decades, perhaps generations and cycles of strenuous conflict, shall prove that the Negro, Indian, Malay or Mongolian is a man fearless of death, impatient of injustice and oppression, strong of hand and wise in counsel, and in all ways worthy of the protection of the law and of the fraternal esteem of all just and generous humanity.

And yet no true friend of the races, white, red and black, no patriot, statesman or economist, dares to advise a resort to that dreadful and merciless wages of battle which in effect has once before arbitrated the right of the American Negro to freedom and citizenship. No white laboring man who realizes the tendency of the times can fail to see that the attack on the independence of the Negro is only the skirmish line of aristocratic legislation and agitation, which shall in the end, through the same ever-levelling forces, reduce white men to the same degradation and helplessness to which they have helped to down the Negro race.

These tendencies are more fully realized today by American business men and mechanics than is generally supposed, even by reporters and editors who are supposed to be in touch with public sentiment. The greater part of the American people prefer that the Negro should have all the rights and privileges that any other American citizen is entitled to under the law.

They are prepared to view with equanimity and approval any reasonable, just and efficient policy which shall unite all law-abiding Afro-Americans for mutual protection, support, benefit and education; and, if necessary, for such legal discrimination against their oppressors as shall destroy all hope of profiting by injustice and oppression. Far more efficient than steel or gunpowder is the common purpose of a people to refrain from any business associations with the oppressor, and to strengthen each other in the accumulation of that wealth which is today more potent than any purely mental or moral consideration.

The Afro-American descendants of Cush, who in the remote past built the walls of Babylon and Nimrod, and thence trans-

ferred to Egypt the arts and learning which illumined barbaric Hellas and savage Italy; to be in turn the lights which have made Saxon, Norseman, Gaul and Celt the dominant races of the world, will hardly fade away before the milder burdens which have succeeded to the sterner ages of merciless wars and slavery remediless. Physically the race is too strong and too prolific to be destroyed, and is certainly too numerous to undertake an exodus into another land and more peaceful heritage.

Only in patient effort, lofty purpose and sturdy manhood on the one part, and generous forbearance, encouragement and kindness on the other can Americans, black and white, find a safe and honorable solution of these present evils.

Undoubtedly there will be brutal Negroes who will rob, ravish and slay; and brutal whites who will exhaust their limited resources in torturing and mutilating the guilty, and inflicting unjust and cruel injuries on innocent men, women and children. Undoubtedly, too, men will cater to senseless racial prejudices to secure political and business preferment; and the timid and indolent will fail to do their duty in this, as in all other great exigencies.

But the very horrors of recent developments of these dangerous conditions have already brought about a revulsion of feeling against all oppression which is founded on the purpose of further debasing a supposedly inferior race.

IN DEFENCE OF THE RACE.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

TOO OFTEN it is an observable fact that the white people in general, especially those of the South, seem to take a pleasure in stigmatizing the whole of the black race for the wrong a part of them commit, instead of holding the wrongdoers individually responsible. Among every race of men there are transgressors; and why the black man's moral infirmities are always

a subject for platform speeches, for newspapers, for magazine articles and of conversations is beyond my understanding. Our white friends seem to forget the ill treatment the Negro, as a race, received at the hands of Christian white people during the two hundred and fifty years of slavery. They seem to forget the bias laws and the tyrannical usurpation which is now the ruling spirit in the South. There the black man is blamed for all things done not in harmony with the moral and civil code. There the white man is excused for everything and is blamed for nothing. Such is the condition of the two races in the states south of Washington; and such will be the condition so long as the now-prevailing spirit of tyrannical usurpation continues to rule.

A writer in a recent issue of one of the leading Boston dailies is pleased to inform the good people of Boston that the Negro's moral infirmity of stealing does not appear to be overcome by any considerable amount of book learning. Is it reasonable to expect perfection to come out of imperfection? Was not the system of slave laws under which the Negro toiled unpaid for two and a half centuries the cause of this moral infirmity? Is the system of civil laws, under which the Negro now lives in the South, perfect? Does it give justice to every man, white and black? Does it punish white men for defaming the characters of young colored women? Does it burn white men at the stake for an accusation not proven by the courts of law? These are important questions which everyone should consider before they stigmatize such men of the colored race in the South as Hon. Booker T. Washington and other respectable educators, and excellent scholars who are taught by them.

It is not expected that the mob and lynching societies in the South would agree or approve of the methods of Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett and other friends of the Negro here in the North any more than the methods adopted by the Abolitionists were approved by the slaveholders of the South.

FOR FREEDMAN'S RIGHTS.

M. F. HUNTER.

THE following item is from the Boston *Daily Globe* of recent date:

NEW ORGANIZATION FORMED BY WHITE MEN AT ROCHESTER.

Some of the best white men at Rochester, N. Y., have organized the National Freedman's Rights and Educational Association. The Hon. W. A. Sutherland has accepted the position of honorary president; Frank E. Kittredge of Albion was elected secretary and treasurer; J. W. Thompson, director and lecturer for the association. A monthly newspaper, to be known as the *Advocate of Justice*, will be published at Albion, under the management of Frank E. Kittredge. The objects of the association are defined as follows: "To guard the social and political rights of the Negro under the Constitution of the United States; to foster and encourage a spirit of justice toward the colored race, and, by the dissemination of literature, by lectures and public meetings, through the medium of the press and by correspondence, to banish as far as possible all race prejudices, and in the spirit of amity to revive interest in the correct solution of the Negro problem, which is the most difficult and perplexing one now confronting this country, and which never can be finally settled until it is settled right."

These things are very encouraging, and will continue so as long as the following is true:

To my friends of the white race I would say we are one in this country. The question of the highest citizenship, and the complete education of all, concerns ten millions of my people and sixty millions of yours. We rise as you rise; when we fall you fall; when you are strong we are strong; when we are weak you are weak; there is no power that can separate our destiny. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

This is solemn counsel and warning. This nation has got to make of the Negro race, that was brought here by violence, and compelled to stay and multiply here, its own blessing or

its curse. There is now no possibility of escape. The degradation of the Negro means the degradation of all; his elevation the elevation of all. The nation is a solidarity that cannot be separated in interests and development. Any consideration of the race problem that does not start with that premise is certain to go wrong.

To rule — or not to rule — that is the question.
Whether it is easier for the Irish to rule
In America — or Salisbury change his mind
In England — and give us rule.
We'll try and get this country to disfranchise, then vote
At last — and by our tricks to say we gain
The blessings of our Holy Father.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished,—
To vote — perchance to repeat — aye, there's the rub,
For on election day the Negroes may vote
After all my talk and toil,
Must give me pain — there's the point
That makes calamity of all our tricks.
For who wants to bear heretic rule —
The black man's vote —
The laws of America —
That patient waiting of His Holiness the Pope
When he expects us to win with hands down.
But that the hope of disfranchisement of the Negro —
The voting twice of all my countrymen,
Puzzles America, and makes her rather bear the ill
She has, than suffer under one she knows not of.
These enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, seems to lose the name of action.

— *From American Citizen.*

NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS MEN'S CONVENTION.

W. WINFREE.

THE evolution of "The Man with the Hoe" gives us as the metamorphosis "the man who makes the hoe" — and "the man with the dollar."

The call to arms by our "leader," Booker T. Washington, was as fervently answered as that of the "minute-men" of "ye olden tyme." The plow, the anvil, the pen, the machinery, the counting-room, the office,— yea, all, were forsaken as they conscientiously answered "Here I am!" in answer to the summons. There may have been a few Putnams.

Never before has there been such a representative gathering of colored men, representing so much intelligence and wealth proportionately. Mayor Hart, of the fair city of Boston — a city which welcomed and entertained so indiscriminately the delegates to the first Negro Business Men's Convention — has had an experience which few mayors have had; that is, to be upon a platform with two other mayors, who were Negroes, representing municipalities with as thorough a government, though on a small scale, as his own: Mayor Montgomery of Mound Bayou, Miss., and Mayor John C. Leftwich of Klondike, Ala. Boston stood with awe; the kind philanthropic friends' faces beamed with delight, for their "bread cast upon the water" had truly done some good at our schools, such as Hampton Agricultural and Tuskegee, where hundreds of students were hungry — hungry for the knowledge which the money given to aid these schools has fed their intellects — and they have well shown their aptness by such a meeting. One of the most favorable peculiarities of this meeting was the absence of "points of order and personal privileges." Parliamentary rulings were relegated to the distance.

No article would be complete without mention being made of

Mr. Louis Baldwin of Cambridge, Mass., the "Tom Reed" of the Negro race, who acted as chairman of this body politic.

The mayor of the city of Boston sent an invitation to each delegate to attend a sail down the harbor, which took place on Saturday, the 25th, and was very much enjoyed; some of the delegates had never been upon salt water before. Music and luncheon were served en route.

A stop was made at Long Island, where the city almshouse is situated, whose wards, hospitals and chapel were visited in a body, the superintendent receiving for the city.

Out of seven hundred occupants only seven are colored which is the exact ratio of the population of the United States. After an impromptu musical program had been gone through to the evident delight of the inmates, the party embarked for the return. Many warships were in the harbor for the sight of the visitors; and, after making a detour so as to take in the Charlestown Navy Yard and school-ships, the party landed, amidst many praises for Boston's hospitality.

The party, headed by Booker T. Washington, then marched to the historical spot where Crispus Attucks fell, and each individual had the opportunity to also stand there.

Booker T. Washington is permanent president; E. E. Cooper of Washington is secretary; T. Thomas Fortune is chairman of the board. Much credit is due to the local committee.

HERE AND THERE.

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

MICHIGAN STATE FEDERATION OF COLORED WOMEN.

THE Convention of the State Federation of Colored Women held at Detroit was called to order in Bethel A. M. E. Church by the president, Mrs. Lucy Thurman of Jackson. Mrs Thurman is stopping at the home of her brother, Bishop C. F. Smith, 39 East Columbia Street. For twenty-five years she has

been connected with the W. C. T. U., having held the offices of national lecturer, lecturer of the department of mercy and national superintendent of work among colored people. In 1895 she was a delegate to the London convention, where she was an invited guest of Lady Henry Somerset. Last June she was also a delegate at Edinburg, Scotland. Mrs. Thurman has the honor of being the organizer of the first colored woman's club in Michigan, it being organized at her home in Jackson over fourteen years ago.

The morning session was largely devoted to routine business. About three hundred people were present, forty of whom were delegates. The reports of various clubs from different parts of the state were listened to. The oldest club was represented by Mrs. Mamie Beck of Jackson. Mrs. Beck has the double honor of being the most beautiful woman at the convention, as well as giving the best address. In part she said: "Our hearts should be filled with gratitude toward God for his wonderful benefits to our race. Forty years ago our grandmothers sung lullabies with heavy hearts, never knowing when their children might go to the auction block. Today we are recognized as equal to our white brothers. Let us see that no time is wasted in pushing on in the advancement of our cause."

Mrs. Nellie Gray represented the youngest club, the Fleur-de-lis Society of Detroit.

The report of the Phyllis Wheatly Society of Detroit was ably handled by Mrs. E. H. Pierce. She spoke of the Revolutionary colored poetess for whom Washington showed his personal regard, and for whom the society was named. She told of the Phyllis Wheatly Home which exists in Detroit, for the sake of aged colored people or for those in need. The home now has eight inmates.

Mrs. Senator Bruce was unable to be present at the morning session. She is considered the first colored woman socially in the world, the Martha Washington of the colored race. She is dignified and cultured, a charming woman to meet.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington arrived late upon the scene. She made a few remarks touching upon the tender side of the

Negro's character; seeming to think that in their power to minister to the needs of men lay their claim for equality with the whites.

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FLEUR-DE-LIS SOCIAL CLUB.

PERHAPS the most unique organization among the young men and women of Brooklyn, N. Y., for social and literary advancement, is the Fleur-de-lis Social Club. The club had its inception in the thrift and industry of Miss A. Louise Barrett, who, realizing the necessity for such an organization, communicated her plans to Miss Maud D. Davis and others, who took kindly to the suggestion, which resulted in what is now recognized as one of the most flourishing social clubs in the borough. The membership is limited to thirty, and among them are some of the most intelligent and progressive young men and women in the city. The club meets twice a month. The meetings are well attended, and great interest is manifested by the members in the discussion of such questions as have to do with the well-being of the young people in the community. The officers are: Mr. John LaMotte, president; Miss Isabella Hall, vice-president; Miss Maud D. Davis, secretary; Mr. W. E. Tyler, treasurer; Mr. Henry Irving, chaplain; Miss Pearl Myles, corresponding secretary.

TRINITY LYCEUM.

TRINITY LYCEUM is the youngest of the many literary societies in Brooklyn. Its advent was hailed with delight by the young people of the Holy Trinity Baptist Church, with which it is connected. The quarterly programme for the fall term has on it the names of some of the ablest and best informed public speakers of Greater New York. Special attention is given to music, vocal and instrumental, and declamations. The young people are taking advantage of these opportunities to develop their gift along these lines. Much credit is due Mrs. S. W. Timms, wife of the pastor of the church, for her self-sacrificing efforts for the furtherance of this organization. The following-named persons are the officers for the ensuing term:

President, J. J. Yancey; vice-president, Mrs. A. Jefferson; 2d vice-president, J. B. Harris; secretary, Miss Annie L. Davis; financial secretary, Mrs. E. Harris; chaplain, R. E. Ward, superintendent of the Sunday-school of said church; critic, John LaMotte; corresponding secretary, M. V. Dixon. The installation of officers will take place Oct. 4.

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COLORED men and women of this country have written at least 1,200 books and pamphlets. The remarkable fact was revealed by the researches of Mr. Daniel Murray, assistant librarian of Congress, who has been collecting books written by American Negroes, to send to the Paris Exposition. It is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that no one would have believed that the colored race in this country was so prolific in the production of literature. When Mr. Murray began his task he felt incredulous as to his ability to obtain three hundred titles. He has of course fully identified the authors of every one of the 1,200 items; often he has been at considerable trouble so to do.

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THE Howard manufactures (Chicago, Ill.,) of shoe polish has recently purchased two new delivery wagons, which make four altogether, one for each section of the city. This firm has made phenomenal success in the manufacture of shoe polishes. Mr. A. C. Howard started this business by carrying around a few samples of his invention in his pockets, and step by step he has improved his business, so that to-day finds him the president of a firm the equal of which has never been seen among colored people. These last two wagons are the finest that "ever came over the pike." They have a fine exhibit at the Paris Exposition, agents all over the country, and several branch houses here in the city.

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MISS MAUD D. DAVIS of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the recording secretary of the Fleur-de-lis Social Club of that city. She is a valued teacher in the Concord Baptist Sunday-school of

Brooklyn, and a young lady of sterling worth. Having a quiet, sweet and lovable disposition, her advice is sought by those who are many years her senior. When Miss A. Louise Barrett suggested to Miss Davis the idea of forming the Fleur-de-lis Club, one of the first thoughts advanced by that young lady was the raising of the standard of moral and social ethics among the young people of the community, and especially those who might become members of the club. She is a recognized social leader, and contributes her pro rata to the social and literary status of the club.

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WE take great pleasure in the mention of Mr. Herman P. Hurlong, now traveling with the Jenkins Orphanage Band of Charleston, S. C. Though young in years, he displays much talent in his renditions of selections for the piano and pipe organ, as well as in his general knowledge of music. Mr. Hurlong is also a fair writer, and has a few compositions of his own construction which are pleasing to hear; not least notable among these is his latest, a popular march, "The Charleston Messenger." It is well constructed, and is the reflection of much ability in its young composer.

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THE magazine received the hearty approval of the members of the National Negro Business League, which met in Boston Aug. 23 and 24.

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MISS RUTH DORSEY, Miss Stella Hudson and the Misses McInnes, Jacksonville's quartette, are representatives from the musical and literary circles of that city.

THE Misses McInnes are carrying on a lucrative tailoring business, the only one of color in Jacksonville.

MISS DORSEY is now in Boston attending a special course at the New England Conservatory in vocal music and the pipe organ. She has been organist for Bethel Church for some time, to her credit.

MISS STELLA HUDSON comes to the New England Conservatory this fall.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR announcement on the first two pages of this issue, of the forthcoming book, "Contending Forces," should receive the careful attention of every reader. The book will certainly create a sensation among a certain class of "whites" at the South, as well as awaken a general interest among our race, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

The book will be ready for sale in October, and we want an active agent in every town and city to represent us. Write at once for full particulars.

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THE NEGRO AN EXPERIMENT.

THE Negro's advent into America was an experiment of the Dutch traders, which has cost the American people dearly. His freedom and enfranchisement was an experiment. His education is an experiment. This latter phase has been so closely watched by the people, that they have partly neglected their own. Who is to blame but the American people? The Negro was taken in all his crudity and simplicity, and his development matured under the hand of the artificer; any enhancement of nature or degradationary acquirements was the favor or fault of the artificer.

The purest gem can be effectually ruined by the hand of an inexperienced lapidary.

The blind following of party in politics was an experiment; the wholesale promises of office, never kept, was an experiment — an experiment to rob him to the end of his endurance.

Faithful, patient and long-suffering, he forgave, and plodded onward with his eyes toward heaven.

What has science done for religion? D. Holbach said: "Theological notions appear to have been invented only to put man's reason to flight, to confound his judgment, to deceive his mind and overturn his cleverest ideas."

Well, the Negro's idea of religion has changed with the advent of education, and he no longer blindly marches onward asking for nothing more than religion; and as he looks towards

heaven with one eye, he is watching who is going through his pockets with the other.

We recognize that it is manly to cast your vote for your own convictions; but when the ballot-box has a hole in the bottom, and it slips on through, convictions and all,— what then?

We have followed one party and some have followed both; what do we receive? A toothpick and a match from one and a match and a toothpick from the other.

Not voting you may claim is a sacrifice of manhood; granted: but we have tried the other experiments and gained nought. Why not this? We cannot gain less; and if in the meanwhile we are consummating and getting the molecules and atoms more closely connected by business meetings and racial contact, in years to come we will present such a stalwart phalanx of concentrated vim and manhood that it will take the combined efforts of all parties to keep us as a body from asserting ourselves manfully as citizens, and we will be heard.

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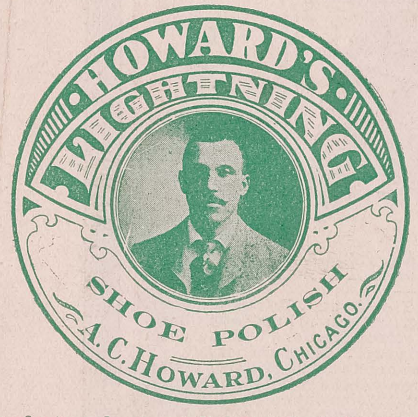
THE "POOR WHITES."

Rev. W. R. Webster, vice-president of the Mallalieu Seminary of Kinsey, Ala., and a representative of Grant University of Chattanooga, Tenn., is in the city seeking aid for, as he terms, "the poor whites." He claims that these people were firm believers in the Union during the Civil War, and strongly opposed to slavery. "In many cases," he says "they are more degraded than the Negroes, and hold a lower social standing."

This is quite an acknowledgment; yet they are allowed to cast a vote, whether they can read the ballot or no.

We believe that they should be helped educationally, for higher civilization will effectually banish barbarism; yet why seek succor under false pretenses? If they were not in favor of slavery, and owned no slaves, it was purely because they were too poor. We as a race fear no restriction, whether as to land-owner or from an educational basis, if the same rule shall apply to all. Why bar us from the instrument of manhood — the ballot — for the reason of so-called illiteracy; then come asking for succor, claiming to be worse off than the very race from which the ballot has been denied? Is this justice?

Howard's Lightning Shoe Polishes.



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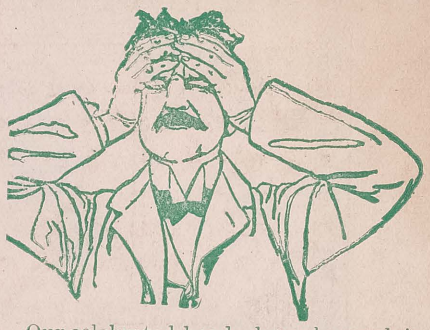

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