

Jerome B. Peterson

Vol. XVII

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5

THE
COLORED AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

FEATURES



A Sermon at Thanksgiving

By REVERDY C. RANSOM

Can Africa Be Redeemed

By W. S. RAINSFORD

Long in Darke

By W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

Ohio and Emancipation

By WILLIAM H. LEWIS

Along the Lynching Line—The Mask

By WILLIAM AUGUSTINE PERRY

Social Equality and a Solution

By CAPT. JOHN T. CAMPBELL

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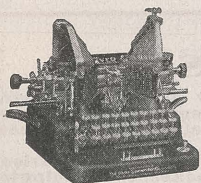
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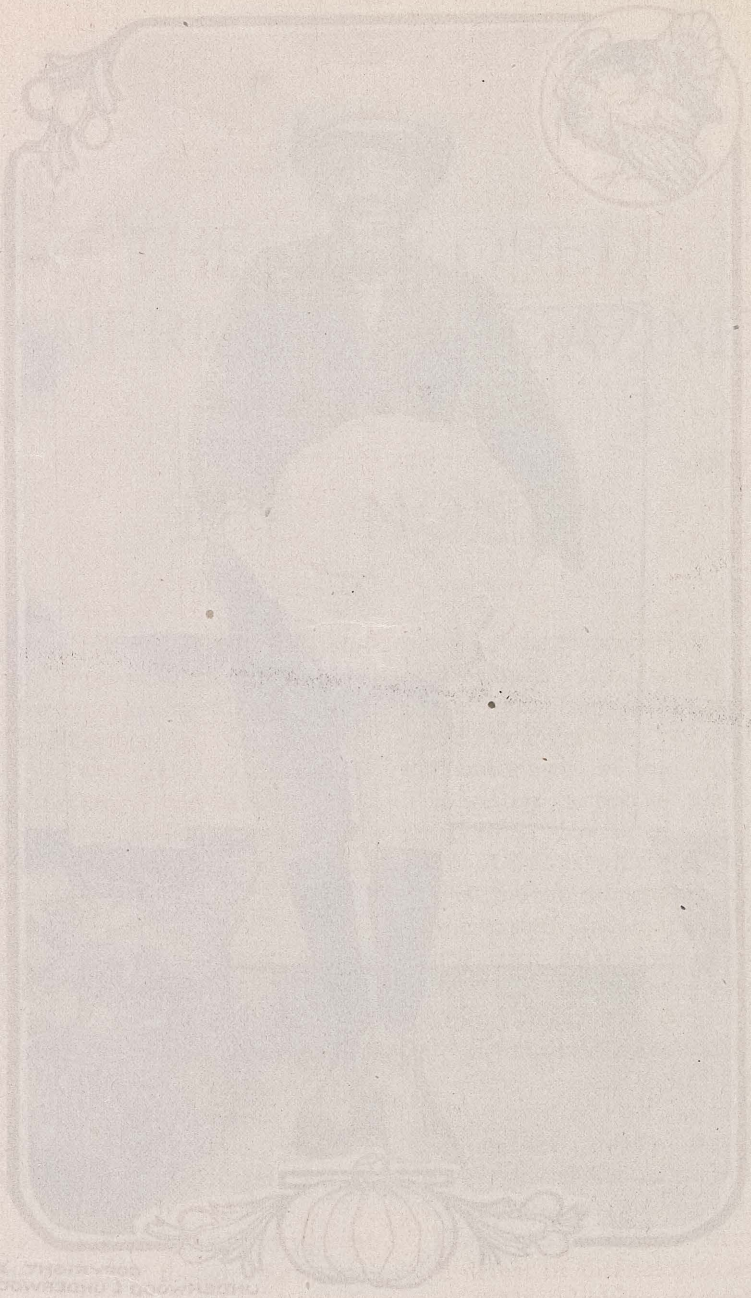
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The Colored American Magazine

GEORGE W. HARRIS, Editor

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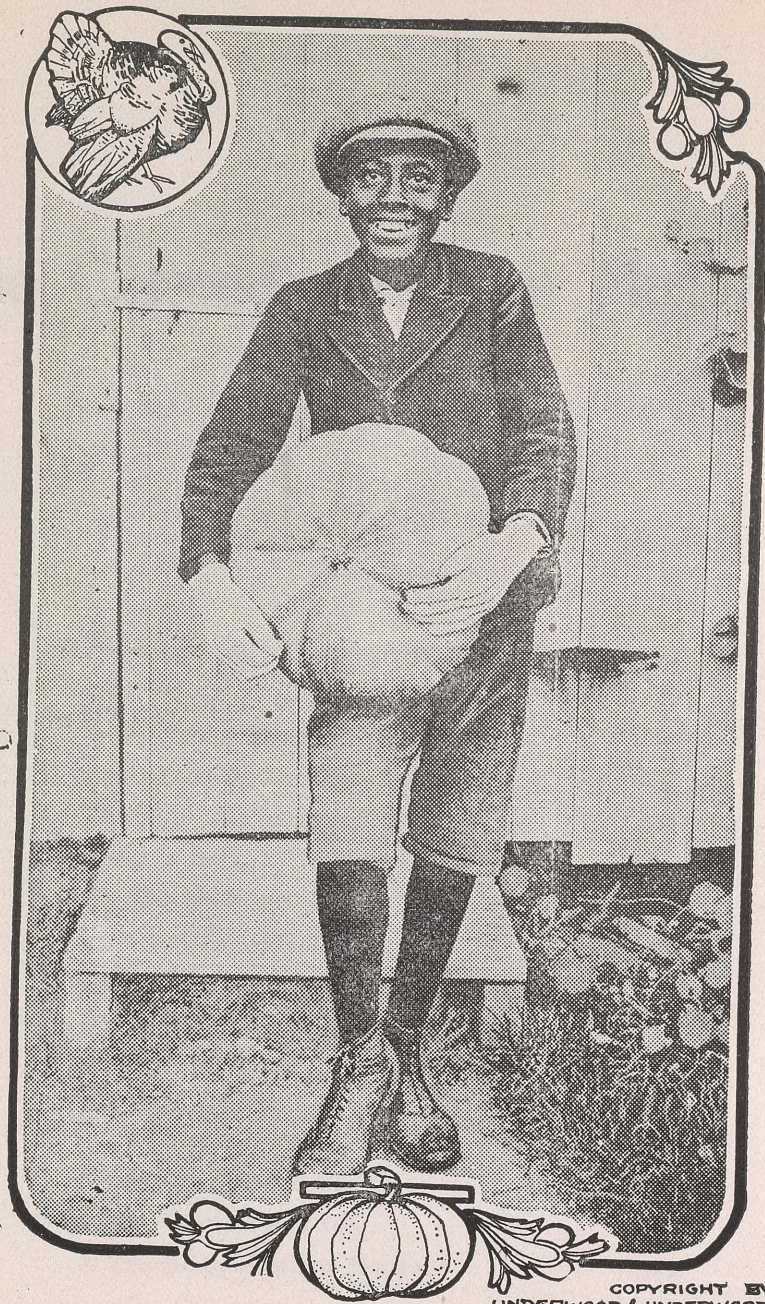
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The gold is on the pumpkin, and the key mark is on the
is shown with yellow glass in the sunny southern climate.



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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1909

NO. 5

THE MONTH

The past month has been one of significant and portentous things for the Negro. Forward among these was the **election on November 2**. On that day it may be said was fulfilled the prophecy of the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, to the effect the boundaries of disfranchisement would be coterminous with those of the Confederacy.

POLITICAL

The disfranchising constitution amendment, under which the Democratic organization expected to shut out 50,000 Negro voters in Maryland, was defeated Tuesday, November 2, by a majority of 5,000 to 6,000. The Legislature will be Democratic in both branches, insuring the re-election of United States Senator Rayner.

Four years ago an amendment similar to the one defeated, though more drastic in its provisions, was rejected by 34,058 majority. At that time Governor Warfield and his following of Democrats, together with the entire independent vote, were against the amend-

ment. A large proportion of the Warfield element voted for the amendment.

The vote in some of the strongly Democratic counties was not as heavy for the amendment as had been expected. The western section of the State rolled up its usual Republican majority. Hundreds of ballots which represented votes against the amendment were thrown out in the eastern and southern counties, in which trick ballots were used. These ballots were so confusing that few men excepting Democrats who were posted beforehand could mark them intelligently. Some of these ballots were four or five feet long, without any party designations, and the names of the various candidates were mixed to trick the voter.

FEDERAL BLOW AT LYNCHING

Hardly less significant than this decisive defeat of disfranchisement was the remarkable decision against Sheriff Shipp, of Chattanooga, in the lynching case.

Joseph F. Shipp, sheriff, his deputy, Jeremiah Gibson, who was the jailer,

and residents of Chattanooga, Luther Williams, Nick Nolan, Henry Padgett and William Mayes, were convicted last spring by the Supreme Court of contempt for conspiring in the lynching in March, 1905, of Ed. Johnson, a Negro, whose case on appeal was being passed upon by the Federal Circuit Court. Johnson was convicted by the Tennessee State courts of assault upon a white woman and was sentenced to be hanged.

Attorney-General Bonaparte immediately instituted proceedings against Shipp and his jailer and twenty-five others, supposed to have been implicated in the lynching, charging them with contempt of the Supreme Court. Many of the accused were exonerated and in the end only six were found guilty. It lies in the discretion of the court to fine or imprison the men or to inflict both penalties. No intimation was given at the time of the trial last spring nor during the consideration of their petitions as to what course might be pursued.

When the convicted party was summoned to appear in Washington for sentence on June 1, their departure was made the occasion of a remarkable ovation. Twenty-five hundred Southerners gathered at the Chattanooga station, cheering them, assuring them of their support, and presenting them with choice bouquets.

At Washington they immediately entered their petition for a rehearing, and this has just been answered in the negative. The action of the Supreme Court is unusual in that it is one of the first cases on record where the Supreme Court will sentence offenders. But it is

chiefly important because of the cognizance the federal tribunal takes of lynching. It establishes a precedent which Negroes may much avail themselves of in future. Whenever a Negro has been denied due process of law and he appeals the case to federal courts, the local officials will be bound by this precedent to a sincere and stubborn protection of their wards.

No reasons were stated for the denial. But the simple summons was issued requiring Sheriff Shipp and his co-defendants to appear before the court on November 15 and undergo sentence.

WEST INDIANS COMING NEARER

An event of the month of more than passing importance was the visit to New York of officials high in position in Hayti. They brought the slightly startling news that henceforth President Simon and Hayti will endeavor to be nearer and co-operate with Afro-Americans. Among those to discuss President Simon's wishes that the Negroes of both countries become better acquainted were Beaumanoir Simon, nephew of the President and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy; Arthur Breton, chief engineer of the Republic; Joseph Robert Taylor, commanding the navy, and Eugene Ferdinand, chief collector of ports.

Commander Taylor, who speaks English fluently, and Commander-in-Chief Simon were in particular disposed to speak of President Simon's feeling of good fellowship for the Negro in the United States, and many who met the distinguished Haytians during their stay in New York were inclined to believe that the time is not far off when the

people of both countries will regard one another in a more friendly light.

Upon being informed that the representative of Hayti sent to Washington and other cities in the United States had never shown a desire to affiliate with the Negroes in Uncle Sam's domain, socially or otherwise, although they had been given every opportunity to do so, the members of the Haytian party expressed much surprise, and referred to H. Paulus Sannon, the new Minister for Hayti, who is well liked by the Negroes of Washington, D. C. It was news to them that Minister Sannon is the first official from Hayti to associate with the members of the race at Washington.

NEITHER WHITE NOR BLACK

The Naturalization Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington has just declared that Turks, Armenians and Syrians and other Asiatics may not become American citizens. They are not "free white persons" as mentioned in the law. Neither are they of African blood. Hence Thodor Naum Papas, a Turk of Springfield, Mass., has been denied naturalization and has been asked to return his first declaration papers for cancellation. There are many such "Asiatics" in this country now applying for admission, but they, too, as things now stand, must be denied.

In view of the increasing immigration of South Europeans and Asiatics to this country this question is destined to become of much importance. With the Northern European nations already drained America in future must depend on natural increase for her citizens. New definitions must be made as to who is

white and who is black. The East Indians though of the Aryan race are in large measure black in complexion. The Tartars of Russia, a European nation, are of mongrel extraction. There is a Caucasian clan in Japan. Who can tell what per cent. of Southern Europeans have a Negroid strain in their ancestry?

POLITICAL CHIEFTAINS PASS

In the death of Colonel Perry Carson of the District of Columbia and R. Henri Herbert, document clerk of New Jersey, the Negro lost political chieftains of the old and new schools respectively. Col. Carson a decade ago had a national political name and was one of the most picturesque political figures, black or white, of his time. He was of the Douglas, Bruce, Pinchback school of political leaders, remarkably astute in taking advantage of their opportunity and effective in the councils of the Republican party. Time and again, as the so-called boss of Negro Washington, he went as delegate to national conventions. Changing conditions relegated Perry Carson as other Negro political leaders to the rear, but in his native ability and impressive appearance he was always a credit to his race. Like Frederick Douglass, he stood in the breach in trying times. He set a large example in ability and effectiveness for future Negro political leaders to emulate.

R. Henri Herbert was well known in political circles as a staunch Republican and he held several important positions in New Jersey. In 1881-1883 he was doorkeeper of the New Jersey Senate and in 1900 and 1901 clerk to the committee on printed bills of that body. He

was special commissioner from New Jersey to the New Orleans Cotton Centennial in 1883 and to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901.

He leaves a mother, Mrs. Ellen Herbert, with whom he lived; a brother, John M. Herbert, and two sisters, Miss Ida Herbert and Mrs. H. L. Kemp, of Brooklyn.

EDUCATIONAL

Education was phenomenally remembered in the will of the late multi-millionaire Kennedy, who left thirty million dollars to various institutions. He bequeathed \$100,000 each to Tuskegee and to Hampton.

A few months ago the Manufacturers' Record, published in Baltimore, Md., offered a number of prizes for the best essay on the subject of "Good Roads." Isaac Fisher wrote an essay on the subject, sent it to the editor of The Record and was awarded the second prize of \$100. Here were hundreds of the brightest brains in the white race competing for these prizes, and a young Negro educated at Tuskegee, Ala. His parents were slaves. He worked his way through school, and is now president of the State Normal School at Pine Bluff, Ark. This Negro was victorious, coming out second in the face of such severe competition.

The Armstrong Manual Training School at Washington, of which Dr. Bruce Evans is president, has devised a co-operative school lunch which has been widely commented on as the solution of the midday school lunch problem. Prepared by advanced students in the cooking class and sold at cost, the cheap and

clean meal has proved an unqualified success during its first fortnight's trial. The Washington Star thus comments in part:

"According to a report in The Star last evening, the problem of lunches for school children may be solved by the public schools themselves. It would be a creditable achievement. The school child's lunch has been productive of much perplexity on the part of parents and school authorities and of some disturbance and indigestion in the children themselves.

"The Armstrong Manual Training School is conducting a co-operative lunch. The experiment was begun two weeks ago, and thus far has been successful, and its promoters aver that even when the novelty of the enterprise shall have worn away the co-operative lunch will continue popular.

"It was the girls of the cooking classes who started this lunch, and these members of the student body are not only preserving their schoolmates from the illogical luncheon so much affected by young pupils, but are enlarging their own experience in the purchase, preparation and service of food."

The Armstrong lunch could be copied with advantage by all manual training schools and schools in which cooking is in the curriculum. It points out the way not only in the solution of the school lunch problem, but in making more practical the training of the student of the cooking art.

DEATH OF GENERAL HOWARD

Kelly Miller, President of the Alumni Association of Howard University, has issued a letter urging that the former pupils of Howard University hold me-

morial meetings in honor of the late General O. O. Howard, who died recently. The letter:

"To the alumni, former pupils and friends of Howard University, greeting:

"You have already been made aware of the death of General O. O. Howard, founder and patron of Howard University. General Howard stands out before the world as the incarnation of Christian philanthropy.

"To us who have been the special beneficiaries of his labors, his death has a deeper significance and meaning. I am sure that every loyal son of Howard has been profoundly moved by the tidings of his taking off.

"As President of the Alumni Association of Howard University, I propose memorial meetings in his honor in the different cities where a considerable number of Howard men are to be found."

BUSINESS

Luke T. Pollard, of Pittsburg, has been offered it is reported, \$50,000 for new cuspidor device.

The New York Age comments with much enthusiasm on the success of the Atlanta Savings Bank as indicated by its report made public in October. The Age says: "One of the most commendable and encouraging moves ever made by the Negroes of Georgia was their establishment during January of this year of The Atlanta State Savings Bank. Doing

\$60,000 worth of business during the first months of its existence, the bank has not only made good, but has succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders. The success of this splendid young institution carries with it many features which should be noted by Negroes throughout this country.

"First of all, the bank was started by experienced Negroes already successful. J. O. Ross, the president, was trained at Atlanta University. Through honesty and industry he rose from poverty to affluence in the Atlanta commercial world. No less successful, experienced and well known are its secretary, cashier and treasurer, Messrs. Hamilton Strawbridge, C. C. Carter and David T. Howard, respectively. Behind them is a board of acting not talking directors. Secondly the bank started modestly in outlay and on principles of business and not sentiment. They opened a savings department with one dollar as the minimum deposit. They have given the same rate of interest, discounted notes and advanced money just as their neighboring white banks. Thirdly, they did not antagonize but gained the co-operation of their white neighbors through their strict fidelity to business principles."

Prosperity has come to the Negroes of the South with 15 cents a pound cotton. The beginning revival of business has likewise affected generally the Negroes of the North.

The American Tower of Babel or the Confusion of Tongues

Thanksgiving Sermon by
REV. REVERDY C. RANSOM, D. D., Bethel A. M. E. Church, New York,
Nov. 25th, 1909.

Text: Genesis 11:9. "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the Earth."

The fruits of the field and the vine, the products of forest, quarry and mine, the rains of Heaven, freedom from pestilence and disease, lie in a realm in which the power of man does not enter. They are the gifts of God.

It is a long-established custom in this country, when the harvests have been garnered and all the bounties gathered from the lap of nature have been safely laid by, to call a solemn assembly to return thanks to the Giver of all these benefits.

It is also a time of reunion, when children who have gone forth from the family roof-tree, some to be wife and mother, others to make their way in the great world, return and around the family fireside and the well-provided family board, rehearse old memories and revive the affections of the years gone by.

We are assembled here this morning to join with our fellow-countrymen in thanks to God Almighty, for these and innumerable blessings that have come to us.

During the year our nation has enjoyed peace and prosperity. Speaking broadly, labor has been generally employed and capital has received its just reward. We have had peace with all the world; no pestilence or great catastrophe of nature of appalling proportions has visited our shores. It is our prayer that this nation may, more and more, seek to stand so firmly upon the foundations of justice and righteousness that it will merit a continuance of the blessings of God.

Turning from this phase of those considerations which give its chief emphasis to this day, I, in common with the large majority of clergymen in this country, have chosen to take up for discussion, a phase or phenomenon of our national life; to discuss a question which is national in its aspects and vital in its relation to the peace and future well-being of this nation.

I have chosen for my theme "The American Tower of Babel, or the Confusion of Tongues Over the Negro."

The Negro and the Negro question have passed through many phases, dating back nearly three hundred years ago when he first set foot upon this soil. The Negro question first came up for discussion at the time the foundations of the Government were laid. For in the Constitutional

Convention there were friends of freedom, some of whom were slaveholders. As a compromise measure over the adoption of that instrument, it was agreed that the slave trade should be prohibited after the year 1808. The question next appears in the discussion over the boundary lines of slavery, that is, as to whether slavery should be confined to the territory south of Mason and Dixon line and as to whether within such territory, new States might be formed as slave-holding States, and finally as to whether new territory north of Mason and Dixon line might be admitted into the Union as a slave-holding State.

Along with the discussion of these questions come the fugitive slave law, involving the right of the master to take his slave even from the boundaries of the free State and carry him into slavery. Another, and by all odds the most momentous and burning discussion of this question, arose over the subject of emancipation. Over this the tides of battle ebbed and flowed for more than a generation. The best statesmanship of the nation, ministers of religion of the highest standing, reformers, poets, writers and thinkers of every school, brought their contribution to this discussion. It caused great religious bodies to divide asunder; it separated families; it severed the ties of friendship, and finally brought on one of the greatest wars of modern times; until more than a million men stood in the field of battle in the awful carnage of war, until in the red streams of the blood of the slain the question of freedom triumphed. Abraham Lincoln's immortal Proclamation of Emancipation has been signed and sealed by one more enduring and omnipotent than the great seal of the United States—it had upon it the superscription and seal of Almighty God.

While there was much division, yet speaking in general terms, the nation was of one speech in the adoption of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution. It was felt that these great amendments had fixed forever the place of the Negro in this nation, that the awful cost of treasure and blood was not too great a price to pay for equal freedom and liberty to all men under our flag.

The South devastated, impoverished, defeated, was for a time helpless yet sullen and in a sense defiant and unrepentent. The North was busy with its work of reconstructing the nation after the awful ravages of four years of bloody war. There was a brief lull after the conflict and then confusion began to arise, first over the question of the Negro's civil rights. Charles Sumner's Civil Rights Bill was an attempt to settle this matter finally, but the enemies of the Negro were again active and this bulwark for his protection was ruthlessly set aside by the Supreme Court of the United States declaring it unconstitutional. This was the entering wedge, to be followed by all the tides of indecencies, injustices, humiliations, degradations, insult and outrage that have come in under that form of legislation known as the Jim Crow laws. There are no Jim Crow laws in Northern States, yet so powerful does this react, that the Negro meets at almost every place of public entertainment and in all those phases of conduct which in the line of business and duty must bring men together, the spirit of the same proscription which animates the Jim Crow laws of the South.

From this point and around this point the confusion of tongues has been increased and multiplied for the last thirty years; it has concerned itself in the discussion of his place socially. In the South the Negro's place socially is always interpreted to mean social equality. I have never believed that the South was sincere in its pretended fear of social equality, and so far as the Negro is concerned we are quite sure that it is a question which gives him no concern. He only asks to be permitted, like other men, to walk unhindered in the paths of men.

The confusion has gathered volume and increasing virulence around the question of the Negro's sphere industrially and as to the kind of education he should receive. Some of his opponents justify their attitude by appealing to Heaven, on the ground that God himself has decreed that the Negro's place is one of inferiority and that only in the capacity of a menial should he be permitted to make his contribution to our industrial life. The trades unions have largely adopted this view by debarring Negro artisans from membership and excluding them from employment wherever possible, so that it has come to be that the millions of Negro toilers in this land have less protection and receive less incentive to produce, up to the limits of their capacity, at just reward, than any class of toilers in this country or the enlightened nations of Europe.

The question of Negro education is one which for twenty years has The Negro himself can perhaps do more than any other to silence confusion, by proving for himself, and for the blacks throughout the world, that he is capable of attaining to the very highest and best within this civilization. For the Negro here is the only Negro on the face of the earth in vital, daily contact with the white man within the same government on terms of equality. If he fail through ignorance, incapacity, laziness, shiftlessness, courage, in a sense, the black race throughout the world has failed.

We are to prove that the indifference of color which divides us is only superficial and entirely non-essential. We are here to prove our common humanity and manhood. From the shores of this country the Negro and the white man should go forth, hand in hand, to teach Russia, Japan, England, India, Europe and Africa, how men of different races may live together upon terms of equality, of fraternity and of peace.

I see, as from the Tower of Babel, the scattered groups returning from the confusion that has so long kept them separated and divided. They have learned that despite all differences of speech, they have at all times had one word in common—that word is MAN. Now we have learned to articulate in unison another word—that word is BROTHER. Now standing face to face, they say—"MAN AND BROTHER." The recognition is instant. Barriers are broken down; the confusion is silenced, and in brotherly co-operation they set themselves to the task of building their civilization a tower of strength, because all the men who toil and strive, who hope and aspire, are animated by a common purpose, that is the peace, happiness and the common good of all.

Can Africa Be Redeemed?

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

What has been defined as the finest, clearest and bravest word spoken in recent years in the interest of the native African is this in the *Outlook* for October 16 from the pen of Rev. W. S. Rainsford, late rector of St. George's Church, in New York. Since leaving New York Dr. Rainsford has spent much time in Africa, and has studied conditions thoroughly. This magnificent article of hope for the black man and condemnation for the European invaders should be read and pondered by every intelligent American Negro.—Ed.



AFRICA is the land of failures.

We have as yet no knowledge which enables us to do more than guess at the cause of such universal failure. But the sad fact remains. Religious and political influences that have succeeded elsewhere have failed in Africa. If we except the Egyptians and the ancient Carthaginians, no African people have written their name distinctly on any record of olden or modern time.

Africa proper has never had a chance. In oldest times, as in most modern, its fate has been to be ravaged by the gold-seeker and the slave-hunter. No nation seems to have cared or thought it worth while so much as to try to bring to its dark millions the blessings of order and settled rule. Religious movements that transformed the rest of the world and gave or preserved to mankind art, literature, civilization, and hope in dark, tempestuous times, if they ever seriously tried to help Africa, failed. They seem, indeed, never to have deeply penetrated the continent, and soon lost foothold even on the coast. In Africa, Christianity may

be said to have failed. Its tribes have had no savior, governor, or guide. For ages, so far as we can tell, its teeming millions have stood still.

How was it, in those far-away days when the man was slowly rising from the clod, when first there came to the half-beast savage a dawning sense of law and beauty, that these unguided feet halted or went astray? Did some far forefather throw life's once-offered chance for himself and his offspring away? Why for all other peoples has existence been, on the whole, an advance, while for these gentle, lovable dark men, who are so easily made happy, who up to their lights perform man's duty so well, there has been no progress, no marching forward, but merely an age-long period of "marking time?"

The hopes and longings that in other branches of our race ripened to fruitage have never, so far as we can tell, blossomed for them. Or if they blossomed, the fruit withered in the green.

Why has no influence from within or without drawn them or spurred them upward? What is it that has ever held the black man back? Probably many causes

combined to produce this tragedy of arrested development, causes that science is not likely ever fully to know, for the African, as far as we know, has no history and no tradition.

NATURE TOO KIND.

But one cause, and one most important to the student of humanity, we may understand and be guided by. It is the particularly favorable nature of the African environment. In his case, that richness and favorableness are in themselves his greatest hindrance. The opulence of his sunny native land is his undoing. He scratches the ground with wooden hoe, and twice in the year it answers him with abundant harvest. For months in the springtime he can wander where he will. So long as he keeps out of enemies' country he has no need for thought of the morrow. The bees alone can and do feed him, and the honey-bird daily guides him to the luxury he craves. This is on the high table-lands where the thorny mimorsas grow on hundreds of square miles of luxuriant green uplands. In the lower country, near the coast-line, life is easier still. The sea is swarming with delicious fish. Bananas grow with little cultivation all the year round. Beans, sugar-cane, cocoanut, and a great variety of vegetables ripen easily. The only shelter he needs is quickly constructed from the sedges of a neighboring river-bank or the long, tough elephant grass. So long as he is left in peace and is safe from the slave-hunter, his is a life of careless ease, of sunshine, and of plenty. If he is a herdsman, as are many of the more inland tribes, existence may be more precarious, but under usual circumstances

his life could not be accounted a hard one. His goats, sheep, donkeys, camels, and cattle multiply exceedingly, and he pays nothing for their pasturing. Of the East African native, then, it may indeed truly be said that his lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places and that he has a goodly heritage. Yet perhaps that it has been too goodly, too easy, and too luxuriant has been his undoing. It has supplied him with an environment in some respects so favorable that from the very beginning there never has been called forth in him (by the hard insistence of mother nature) those sterner qualities that alone have enabled the conquering races to remain masters of the field in life's long welter of battle. The struggle for existence that has turned half beasts into whole man has been tempered fatally for him, and in consequence some quality of character, some soul-bone or soul-muscle that the fully upstanding man cannot live without he has never developed.

THE AFRICAN ETERNAL.

Africa is pre-eminently the black man's country! he is necessary to it, it cannot possibly prosper without him. All its possible advancement depends on his advancement. There he was found, and there he will remain, though every white man perish from the continent. Continental conditions are being made plain, rivers traced to their sources, mountains robbed of their mystery, impenetrable forest regions opened to the light; animals a few years ago unknown to science stand stiffly in our museums, and of all these we know something. Now it is time that human pity and Christian compassion should turn with a fuller, deeper

purpose to the study of real Africa, to the study of the man.

A superficial, if sympathetic, study of the interesting group of tribes living on and near the beautiful uplands of northern East Africa was, of course, all that was possible in my case. I moved among them, camped by their firesides, and chatted night after night to them for more than a year during my two journeys through that country. I tested their courage and tried their endurance, and, as a result, I bade them good-by with a sincere regret.

It is easy, very easy, to see what this native lacks. His main idea is to get food. I was often amazed at the amount of half-cooked food my people could consume at a sitting, or series of sittings. In the safari were a few Kavorondo, and these were champions in this respect. Once, I remember, we were camped in a good game country, and the camp remained stationary for some days. Potio for three days was given out—that is, each man received four and a half pounds of good, well-ground Indian corn-meal. There was at the time a large supply of zebra meat in camp, and each man had at the very least a ten-pound chunk of this venison, of which they are inordinately fond, for his own eating. Next morning David Rebman (the head man) brought round the Kavorondo to my tent door. They said they wanted "dowa." David explained that since eleven o'clock of the day before they had eaten all their three days' potio, and the zebra meat into the bargain—a truly appalling amount. This accounted for their call on the medicine-chest. I asked them why



HON. ROLAND P. FALKNER
Chairman American Commission to Africa.

they had been such gluttons. Quite seriously they answered: "Bwana, we had our potio, there are many lions about here, and some of the men are sick.. You never can tell when death will come. We would hate to die before we had eaten our potio." I told them they might fast for the next three days. They did not seem at all disquieted at this prospect, but as they went away one of them said quietly that bwana koubwa (the big master) evidently did not know much about eating. If he would but come to Kavorondo land, they would gladly show him how two reasonably competent Kavorondo could eat up a whole sheep at one sitting!

THEIR TRUTH AND VIRTUE.
In their regard for truth there is the

widest difference among the tribes of East Africa. The remoter, the wilder, the tribe, the more truthful you will find the tribesman. The Waganda by the lake, who are comparatively well known, and among whom missionaries, both English and French, have labored with great success for many years, have attained to a degree of culture quite unexampled in East or Central Africa. These are sadly acknowledged, even by their missionary guides and teachers, to be both dishonest and untruthful. The Kikuyu are noted liars and thieves. The Massai and the Nandi will deliberately lie to you, though I have noticed that if you know the man to whom you are appealing and ask him directly to tell you the real truth or be silent, he will pluck a blade of grass and hold it for a moment between his fingers; if, after having done so, he repeats his previous statement, it will be the truth. You find a quite extraordinary regard for truth among some of the smaller and unknown tribes. I cannot fancy any man more scrupulously accurate than the N'dorobo, a tribe popularly (and, I feel sure, mistakenly) supposed to be people of a low order of intelligence. The El-gao would proudly declare that no liar could remain in the tribe. They asserted as much also of their neighbors, the Marquette, with whom they were not always on the best of terms. No scientific man could possibly desire more careful, more accurate, more painstaking witnesses to facts that come within their observation than were these wild men, who had never conversed with any white man but myself and my guide, Mr. A. C. Hoey. Their power of observation was excel-

lent, their statement of the incidents of a quite bloody battle in which they had engaged three years before was, as I happened to be able to prove, wonderfully free of all exaggeration.

How, then, can we account for this remarkable difference in regard for the truth between tribes that have lived near each other for ages? Environment in part accounts for it. These truth-speakers have been independent, they are men of the mountain or of the impenetrable forest, no one has lorded it over them, while the Waganda have been crushed under the ruthless tyranny of their kings, and the Kikuyu have been, till lately, a timid, ill-nourished people, cowering before the onslaughts of the irresistible Massai.

In the case of the Massai and of their cousins the Nandi, though they do not seem to place any value on truth for truth's sake, as do these other peoples, still, in matters that affect ribal possessions, they are truthfulness itself.

You can leave a bunch of cows, sheep, or goats for years in a Massai or Nandi munyata (village) and be quite certain that an accurate tally will be kept and delivered to you of every calf, lamb, or kid born in your absence; the beasts that died or were killed by wild animals and every particular regarding your property will be accurately remembered and accounted for.

I have known of a man of mixed native blood who was driven forth from the Nandi tribe before the Nandi war in 1906 for (as he himself confessed to me) making love to girls he had no right to make love to. He had to escape by night, in

order to save his life. Since his enforced flight the war had taken place, and the Nandi had lost by capture one-third of their immense herds. He had not ventured to visit the village for five years, yet he had no slightest doubt that on his return a completely accurate accounting would be made with him and he would be told just how many cattle he stood possessed of. Such a standard of truthfulness is remarkable. Few Western American cattle-owners, a few years back, would have dreamed of exacting it or would themselves have adhered to it.

The East African is so far behind his white instructor that the latter's processes of thought are quite beyond his understanding. As I said before, he is an atheist; he has no idea of causation; death itself he makes no effort to explain, unless it be to attribute it to a witch doctor. Witchcraft is not a religion with him, but perhaps it is the nearest thing he knows to religion. The spirits help the witch doctors, the witch doctors set the spirits at their evil work; but back of it all is no idea of Creator or of Supreme Cause producing good or evil. He is content with things as they are. Only when some calamity strikes him does he look about for its cause, and, if it continues, he will probably burn some witch doctor alive. If he believes in nothing else, he believes in witchcraft, and this, his one belief, offers to the missionary a most difficult obstacle. Only as this is eradicated can the native be helped and saved. His belief in witchcraft creates the very thing that he dreads. There are witch doctors whose influence for evil is appalling. Taking advantage of the power



SOUTH AFRICAN BOERS.

that ignorance is too ready to give them, they are often wholesale poisoners. They will force their enemies, or the men whose herds or possessions they covet, to submit to some tribal ordeal, and, since all ordeal arrangements are in their hands, those whom they wish to destroy die by poison or by the infliction of a tribal penalty. Thus their powers increase, as do their possessions, until the day arrives when native patience reaches its limit, and the witch doctor has to have a dose of his own medicine forced upon him; his thatch hut is set on fire at night while spears guard the door, or he or she is pegged down under a raw cowhide, early one morning, on the hard-trodden earth in front of the native village. If the rain promised by his witchcraft comes, the hide will not tighten, and he can escape with life, but if no rain comes,

the equatorial sun soon does its work, and the miserable being, male or female, underneath is baked and suffocated to death.

Among some of the tribes, notably the Kikuyu, there can be no doubt that witch doctors are often wholesale poisoners. Among others the verdict delivered by those best informed will be at least one of "non-proven." But the whole subject of witchcraft and its evils is one with which the white man finds it most difficult to acquaint himself.

I have only space to touch thus briefly on some of the most evident of the moral and social shortcomings of the East African native. I do not believe, nor do I think that many who know the native believe, them to be capable of any sudden social, moral, or religious conversion. They must be helped slowly; they are Nature's retarded children, and to hurry them is in the end but to push them backward and downward.

But to deny, on the other hand, their capability for steady progress and development toward better things is to deny the evidence of palpable facts. Even such unsatisfactory opportunities as were of a man like my Brownie or John or afforded me were quite sufficient to convince me that on the score of heedless wastefulness the East African native does not deserve the universal censure poured on him.

I struggled with my men, and, I must admit, struggled in vain, to induce them to save their earnings, which seemed to melt away as soon as we reached Nairobi. I did not expect to be able to accomplish much in the case of the casual porter who

was without home or family, but it did disappoint me when I found that often the hard-earned savings of the men I had been intimately associated with, as well as the liberal bakshish I gave them, seemed to go almost as quickly as did the ten rupees a month of the mere burden-bearers of our band. It took me many months of quiet searching and hours of talk and expostulation before I got any light in the matter; but finally I did.

I myself traced again and again the money I had given to the best of my men. It took much cautious perseverance on my part to draw out the information I poorer than himself, while the relatives needed, but when I had done so, I found that the money had not really disappeared. It had gone into the impoverished hands (not pockets; no native has a pocket, and no one has thought of opening a savings bank for him) of his multitudinous relatives—old, middle-aged, and young. A poor porter, earning his ten rupees a month, was often quite ready to feed, clothe, and lodge several relations. David seemed to me numerous enough to require a Nairobi Social Register to record them, and that register, be it understood, would include a suburban region of several hundred miles! My men were "in funds," the friends and relatives were not! That was enough. When their own time of need should come, those they had helped could be counted on to do for them what they, without hesitation, were now doing for others. Better far, they argued, give the rupees to those they knew than trust them to some Hindu trader who might run off to India suddenly, or to bury them in the



LIBERIAN ENVOYS TO AMERICA ASKING AID.

floor of the hut, from whence often they were stolen.

AFRICAN WILLING AND ABLE.

I must touch next on another supposed evidence of the native's hopelessness—his incapacity or unwillingness to undertake and carry through any hard work. On every hand this is the common accusation brought against all natives alike—brought by those who have had little opportunity to study their present condition or have taken no thought of their past unfavorable environment. The charge in many instances is entirely and in many more partially untrue.

Give the East African the work that he is fitted for, be patient with him, be just, and at the same time be firm, and he can do and often has done extraordinarily good work. On the other hand, put him to a work that his ancestry has for ages unfitted him for, put the Massai cattleherder (if you can catch him!) to hoeing the veldt, or the corn-raising Kikuyu to heavy lumbering or raising railway embankments, and the result will be unsatisfactorily in the extreme. Put him under the control of men who cannot speak his language, who take no trouble to understand him, who have little patience, and he will most likely cause no end of trouble and annoyance.

Give the native time and some little chance, and he soon shows aptitudes which are full of promise for his own future and that of the country. See him work when he is accustomed to the work exacted of him. As a burden-bearer he is not a child of yesterday. He has, or some of his people have, carried burdens

for generations. In the line of steady, patient, successful burden-bearing under circumstances of extreme difficulty he is probably without a rival on the globe. He will travel farther and faster, he will endure greater hardships, and more successfully resist disease, eat more frugally, and cost less than any other human burden-bearer on earth. Carrying sixty to ninety pounds a man, from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day, through poisonous, thorny thickets of malarial swamps, over lava-strewn stretches, under tropical sun, from early morning till late evening for several thousand miles, I have seen him march; a cupful of coarse meal or gritty rice and beans his daily ration. And he does it all right cheerfully, too, starting with a song in the morning, and tramping into camp to the wild notes of his reed or horn whistle in the evening. Six shillings a month and finding his own rations is his pay in Uganda. In British Central Africa things are dearer, so he gets his potio and ten rupees a month.

So much for the African porter. The longer I knew him, the more I liked and honored him. He is far indeed from being a hopelessly "lazy savage." I learned to respect him as a man who sets himself to earn the money he is paid, who gives what he promises to give, and gives it, on the whole, ungrudgingly. But I grew to wonder increasingly at the pent-up stores of energy within him. My porters recuperated quickly, even when they were very severely exhausted at the close of a long and possibly waterless march. No white man's head or shoulders could possibly have endured the

strain laid on theirs. They would lie down for a few moments—and a few moments seemed enough—then, without orders, in the vast majority of cases, the remaining work was undertaken, and that work was considerable. Much tent-pitching (a hard and difficult task); large piles of wood to be cut, with worse than indifferent axes and pangas (native knives); a platform of logs and scrub to be laid for the loads so as to keep them above the damp ground—and, be it remembered, there is no such thing as *soft* wood in Africa, for the softest wood there is much tougher than our oak. When cut, too, the wood had often to be carried for a distance of more than a mile. Then there are bomas of thorn scrub for the mules and donkeys. And, lastly, the work to be done for themselves — tent-pitching, wood-gathering, and cooking. The day had begun at 4.30 a. m., the big meal of the day would not be over till seven at night, and surely the safari has done enough to use up its energy. But no, far from it; in the center of the camp burns the bwana's fire, where the askari stand on guard in a wide horse-shoe curve around it; the porters' fires are lit, and little yellow spires of flame rise with scarcely a waver heavenward in the windless, blue-black African night. All now is jollity, chatter, and song. Some one starts a dance, and soon, tribe not to be outdone by tribe, they all join in. In swaying line of bending circles, scores of naked black figures dance to their own chanting with immense energy and untiring enthusiasm.

That these simple, lovable folk have

been left behind in the great world race is true; but, if so, it is no less true that the divine sources of energy so needful to all progress are still most surely ebullient within them. They can toil without exhaustion, and after the severest toil have plenty of surplus energy left for play. In thirteen months' daily marching among a band that generally numbered over one hundred men I only knew of one serious quarrel. Who shall say that of such material good men cannot be made? Who shall deny to such a race a future?

LAZIEST TRIBES NOT LAZY.

By the shores of the great lake dwell the naked tribe of the Kavorondo. They are supposed to be the laziest and least enterprising of people. Yet the supercargo of the smart lake steamer told me that his trained and organized band of Kavorondo long-shoremen could, if he called on them, work for sixteen hours at a stretch without food, handling heavy steam freight on a sun-smitten wharf, in an atmosphere as enervating as can be found in East Africa, and that after this long stint of work was once done they would race up and down the wooden pier at Kasumo for the mere fun of the thing! Then, be it remembered, these men were well fed, kindly and justly treated, and taught to take a pride in their work. Vacancies in the band could always be filled at once. The Kikuyus first met the white man only a few years ago. They had held their own against the Massai with exceeding difficulty, and owing chiefly to the fact that a thick belt of prim-



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WHO SENT COMMISSION TO AFRICA.

eval forest defended their rich agricultural country. During their past but small opportunity was afforded them to accumulate anything. The richer their shambas or the larger their goat or sheep herds, the greater became their danger. English occupation meant the immediate curbing of Massai aggressiveness; the Kikuyu won a breathing-spell. What has been the result? Within fifteen years the tribe has changed. They are to-day raising great quantities of grain, and their men and women are fast becoming the porters and field-workers of East Africa. Only four years ago a Kikuyu could not be persuaded to take any work, however well paid, outside the narrow limits of his own country. He would throw down his burden and slip into the bush if he found the safari's route pointed away from his home. He might be convoyed or guarded to some point on the railway where he had work given him, but the terror of the unknown would finally prove too much for him. Leaving his job, sacrificing his pay, the timid savage would slink away, perhaps to die by the roadside as he staggered toward the distant slope of Kenia, his forest home. He is now another man; he is his own man, and the small cash of the country is finding its way into his hands; he is richer than any other native, with the exception of the Massai. He is, of course, still deeply marked with the moral scars of his long misery; he is a liar and a thief, and parts quite readily with his women folk, but he is undoubtedly on "the march upward."

I stood one muggy morning watching a band of Waganda carrying earth for the foundation of a new wing to the miserably dirty little hotel at Eutebbi (lately the official capital of Uganda). Each man had an empty kerosene can, a box of some kind, or a basket on his head, into which he scooped the dirt he was removing with a small hoe. The earth had to be excavated from one place and dumped at another. The journey was forty yards; the men strolled along in line; if one of them wanted to converse with a passing friend, he did so leisurely, and all the line waited till the conversation ended before proceeding. Each of them balanced his load with one hand while he held a long pipe of tobacco to his mouth with the other. One by one they tilted their loads on to the heap of earth. I examined the loads carefully; they did not average five pounds. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but so it was. Some one of their number had settled for all the gang what the load should be; there was scarcely an ounce of difference in the weight, and the Waganda were intelligent enough to know what not to do. Their wage was twopence a day; it was worth a penny. A few hours afterward I found myself in a 'rickshaw bound for Mengo, the native capital, twenty-four miles away—one Waganda in the shafts, three behind. The road, for this country, was good but very hilly, and in places very soft. The 'rickshaw was a clumsy, native-made affair, the wheels heavy enough for a pony-cart, and far heavier than those

of a well-known American buggy. I weighed two hundred pounds, my friend one hundred and forty, and we had cameras and two good-sized bags—a heavy load for men to draw in a truly awful machine from a traction point of view. Our few Waganda, however, made nothing of it, and went off in the sweltering heat, chanting one of their endless grunting songs. When the road was good, we made at least eight miles the hour. We did the twenty-four miles, with one change of men, without one moment's stop, in four hours. Considering the circumstances, this was surely extraordinarily good going. The men at first sweated profusely, but before covering twelve miles they had run themselves dry. Only one of the eight men employed, so far as I could see, drank a drop of water during the whole run. The willingness and heartiness with which the whole thing was done, and their evident content with the modest tip given them, of three shillings for the whole eight, were impressive. The men came from the same tribe and had about the same physique as my friends of the earlier morning, but one group had found an employer who organized and directed them, the other had not, and therein lay the difference.

WONDERFULLY FINE TOOLS.

I have said nothing about the native as a craftsman, but undoubtedly he has in him the makings of a very good craftsman, and no one has made as yet much of an effort to help him along this most evident line of advance. On any safari it is easy to pick out a num-

ber of handy men. The Wakamba make quite beautiful iron and brass work. I have seen some chains made by them that, considering the coarseness of their tools, were wonderfully fine. Several tribes smelted their own iron and sometimes their copper. In parts of East Africa they understand irrigation, and streams of water are carried across wide chasms and along steep mountain sides with no small engineering skill.

The point that I wish, then, to insist on, even at the risk of wearying my readers, is this: these people must have time given them. They are full of promise; those who know them always love them. I think I am safe in saying so much. I do not mean the missionaries only, but almost all the men I have met, in Africa and out of it, who have lived among the natives and studied them, love them and are hopeful of their future.

Four things the native must have accorded to him: patience, sympathy, leadership, and a settled policy of government. He has sometimes, though only very recently and partially, had the two first. He has never yet had the two last, and till he has had all four for generations he surely has had no fair chance. His past has been uneventful and gloomy. Foreign adventurers caring nothing for him have ravaged his coasts. Tribal tyranny has drenched with blood the interior. Deserts, marshes, jungles, have cut him off and hemmed him in.

From the outside world, until quite recently, no beneficent influences have

ever reached the East African. He is but a mere child; he has his long life before him. Give him, then, time, and give him a chance.

AFRICAN NOT UNGRATEFUL.

Of all the faults his critics ascribe to the East African, of none is he more commonly accused than of ingratitude, and in my judgment that charge is not deserved. He is a savage, with the savage's power of memory undeveloped. He readily forgets both evil things and good. He acquires knowledge quickly, and his untrained mental faculty as quickly forgets it. But he is far indeed from being ungrateful or unfaithful to any trust he has accepted. I do not speak for myself alone, I speak for all the men I have met who know the country and have tested the native, when I say that no more faithful attendant in danger exists than the East African gun-boy. He takes his life in his hand daily; he follows, often (if allowed to) precedes, his bwana as they together creep along foot by foot, yard by yard, in the treacherous grass that may hide at but a few feet's distance the deadliest antagonist that the scientifically equipped hunter can face—the wounded lion or the waiting buffalo. He pays heavily, too, for his daring; again and again he is cruelly mauled. A man I had on my first trip was mauled by a wounded lion twice in six months, and, though his master was a cowardly fellow, who could not shoot straight, and ran away and left him the first time, Malin stayed faithfully by him, since he had engaged himself for the trip; so he was deserted

in danger a second time, and almost lost his life. Long weeks of pain, sometimes of permanent disablement, and hence poverty, await these poor fellows, and sometimes they are killed then and there. They are not allowed to shoot, for their business is to have the gun they carry ready at an instant's notice, to be handed, loaded, to their master. If they could shoot in self-defense, it would not mend matters, as, for some strange reason which I am quite unable to account for, even the bravest of them can hit nothing with a rifle. Their life is thus absolutely dependent on the skill and courage of the stranger they so resolutely follow.

I cannot conceive of men more brave, of men more absolutely devoid of all nervousness, men more utterly faithful and self-sacrificing, than those good fellows who came with me. My one difficulty with them was to prevent them from thrusting their own bodies in front of mine into the dangerous cover where death lurked. I found myself one morning in long grass, with lions all round me, all of them unseen, two of them wounded, deep nerve-shaking grunts coming from all sides only a few yards away. My Somali danced hither and thither like a nut on a hot frying-pan; my Wakamba (Brownie) never moved a muscle.

One thief, and one only, I had in my sefaris in thirteen months' traveling. He stole my precious letter-bag, photos, hunting-knife, and seventy-five rupees. When I got back to Nairobi, I talked the matter over with Brownie.

The man was a Wakamba, one I had taken on at Nairobi for a short safari only. I asked Brownie what he could do to catch the thief and save the honor of his people; he undertook to do his best. He took up the man's trail, followed him for several hundred miles, first to one outlying village, then to another, and, finally, at Kilinduni, the port of Mombasa, ran him to ground. The job cost both of us much trouble and me not a little expense.

So much for the native's capacity for better things. But were that capacity even far less than it is, were he a far more brutalized man, were he lacking, as he is not, in those qualities which enable him to advance when he is wisely helped and ruled and educated, there remains one factor in the problem of his future which is often forgotten and yet may not be evaded. He is in Africa to stay. He will increase. The country cannot be a country without him.

In other lands colonized by the Caucasian the native has not been necessary, absolutely necessary, to the development of the land seized on. In Australia no one needs poor Jackie. In the United States and Canada the native was ever a rover, a mere huntsman or the most indifferent of farmers. The incomer was gladly rid of him. The red man perished or was driven back. No one dreamed of employing him to develop the country that strong hands had wrested from him. In Africa all this is reversed.

THE AFRICAN INDISPENSABLE.

Africa is the black man's country.

Nothing has been done, it seems unlikely that anything of consequence can be done, in its vast tropic regions without him. Here and there isolated spots may be found where the white man can make a home and rear his children. Too often his most abiding memorial in it has been the graves of his dead. In other countries, too, settlement and occupation have proceeded gradually. By slow degrees the conquered has come under the influence of the conquering colonizer. In Africa's case it may be said that a vast continent, neglected for thousands of years, has, in a sudden access of international jealousy, been hurriedly cut up and partitioned among the great nations of the earth, each of them solely bent on outdoing his competitors and grabbing for himself all that might be grasped.

The national pirates have laid violent hands on possessions they had no moral or other claim to, but their booty is valueless to them without the aid of the forgotten and despised native. This is the state of things to-day, and, so far as the future can be forecast, this must ever remain the truth of Africa. The one atonement that it is in the power of civilization to make to the native is to improve him, lead him forward, help him to develop his magnificent country, and see that he benefits by that development.

Personally I am not at all doubtful that this will be done, for, apart from all emotional or moral considerations, Africa cannot advance without him, and as a mere matter of business his

safeguarding and fair treatment will therefore be assured.

The economic waste of such government or non-government as obtains in the rich Congo country, to leave out of account its monstrous wickedness, must soon be evident to intelligent men.

The folly of submitting much of richest Africa to the Portuguese, who seem to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing in three hundred years, will also in time be apparent. The Congo regions and those parts of the country held still by the Portuguese are in a worse than backward condition. The tribes within them have at present no chance; they are almost as ignorant

and terror-stricken as they were hundreds of years ago. They have gained, so far as I could learn, nothing by passing under the control of selfish and brutal European powers. Nothing has been done to help the native either in the Congo or in Portuguese East Africa. To all intents and purposes he is a mere slave, the slave of a government, that is to say, a slave in far worse plight than is the slave of a master. It is in the master's interest, however cruel he may be, to protect his chattel, while government or corporation slavery is only interested in forcing from him his stint of ivory, rubber, or toil.

"HIGHTS UV AMBISHUN."

Dere's times on life's mountin' clim'in,
 W'en my han's gits bleedin' so
 Dat I gits disgusted tryin',
 An' say, "Gwine ter clim' no mo'!"
 Den I 'gine ter think 'ow many
 Hights great men reached and kep',
 Dat was not gain'd thru foolin',
 But toilin' w'ile udders slep'.
 Den I clim' on wid fresh courage,
 An' de tho'ts ter nevah stop,
 (Tho my feet be so' an' bleedin')
 Clingin' on sharp edge fragments,
 'Til I gains de mountain top.
 Dere's times daylight goes stealing
 Wid de sun away f'om me;
 Den de night grows dark an' foggy;
 Der's no stars dat I kin see.
 But I 'spec' ter keep on clim'in',
 Fer I 'no' dere is er crown
 On de mountain top er waitin'
 W'en I lays my burden down.
 An' up dere 'tis blessed sunshine!
 An' rubies an' silver an' gol',
 An' fer him who en's de journey
 A crown uv vict'ry unto'!

STANFORD E. DAVIS.



DR. W. E. B. DUBOIS.

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Long in Darke

BY DR. W. E. B. DUBOIS

Charming to almost weird is this tale told by Dr. Dubois in a recent *Independent* of the colored community in Darke County, Ohio, known as Long. Much food for thought is contained herein.—Ed.

Throughout the United States there are numbers of communities of black folk, segregated, secluded, more or less autonomous, going their quiet way unknown of most of the surrounding world. Some of these, like Mound Bayou, Miss, and Cass County, Mich., have been exploited in the press; others, Gouldtown, N. J., and Buxton, Ia., are almost unknown. Particularly are the Ohio Negro settlements unheard of, and yet there are in Ohio and Indiana perhaps a dozen such communities, romantic in history and rich in social lessons. Black men as well as white looked toward Ohio for economic freedom in the first days of the nineteenth century. It was wild John Randolph, of Roanoke, that gave his emancipated slaves the choice of Liberia and Ohio. They chose Ohio, and came in 1846, and last month 150 of their descendants held a reunion.

It was this reunion that sent me searching for my folk in Ohio, and thus almost by accident I ran on Long in Darke County.

Long is a settlement of colored people, a hundred years old, and Darke County is in Southwestern Ohio, sixty miles north of Cincinnati.

The land is dark and level. Great

fields of corn stand strong and luxuriant. The tobacco is green and silent, and all about are piled sheaves of yellow wheat and oats. Far out in the distance there are no hills, but only the shadows of oak and beech woods and the dim dying away of level lands. The houses stand from a hundred to a thousand feet apart. Some are old and built with some shade of the style of Southern mansions. Most of them are newer, representing a renaissance of building in the last decade or two. They show forth different ideas and degrees of living. Here is a cottage, with smooth-shaven lawn and flowers; yonder a little, irregular house, with no step, but wandering path and gardens; further on are great barns and a straight, busy house, naked of porch or ornament. There where I stayed is a yellow house, surrounded by a porch with climbing clematis, barns and out-houses, and in front a view of great stretches of green corn and tobacco. Further up the road two churches crouch, looking each other squarely and suspiciously in the face. They are wooden, small and rather bare. Near them is a two-story house, with lodge rooms above and a new grocery store, kept by two pretty girls, below. Three

schoolhouses are scattered in the hamlet, and one Quaker seminary, with traditions and history of some sixty years or more. The dusty road which runs down through the hamlet, stretching its $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles through Indiana and Ohio, with its hundred families on either side, is not apt to be deserted, and especially on Sunday it is lively with buggies and well-fed horses and the voices of young people riding up and down.

Down the narrow lane at the back of the house where I lived lies a grove of young, straight and golden-green trees. Here the annual Sunday School picnic is held, and here, on the Sunday when I was there, came three hundred buggies with a thousand people. Looking at the people first you would have noted little unusual—they were well fed, well dressed, quiet and white. That is, mostly white—here and there a tinge of gold and olive and brown, and one or two black faces—mostly white, you would have said. Then, when you inquired, you would have learned that most of these people were "black," for Long was settled by octoroons and quadroons in 1808.

In this grove last year was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Long. There was, it seems, in the eighteenth century a certain Pennsylvania Dutchman who went to Virginia and had a daughter, too darkly beautiful to marry under Virginia law. He had for a neighbor, however, a man as moral as he himself, whose son was born of an Indian-Negro squaw. This boy walked to

Ohio in 1804, squatted on new land in the wilderness, and returned and received the Dutchman's daughter as his wife. But the Dutchman loved his darker daughter, and straightway leaving his white family, accompanied his colored children to Ohio, where he lived and died on the 782 acres which they bought. Fifty descendants of this couple now live and half of these farm on 400 acres of the original land.

Later others came from North Carolina and Tennessee and the rest of the South. One white planter brought his colored son and ten grandchildren and placed them on 700 acres, and even as late as 1850 a came a white Mississippi planter and two black wives, with fifteen sons and daughters and \$3,000 in gold.

Then came a fight for life. The surrounding communities looked with disdain and hatred on these folk whose faces were scarce darker than their own. If a black man came to town he was liable to be chased by hoodlums, and when the whites came out to stop the dedication of a Wesleyan church there was so bloody a battle with fists and brickbats that the experiment was never tried again.

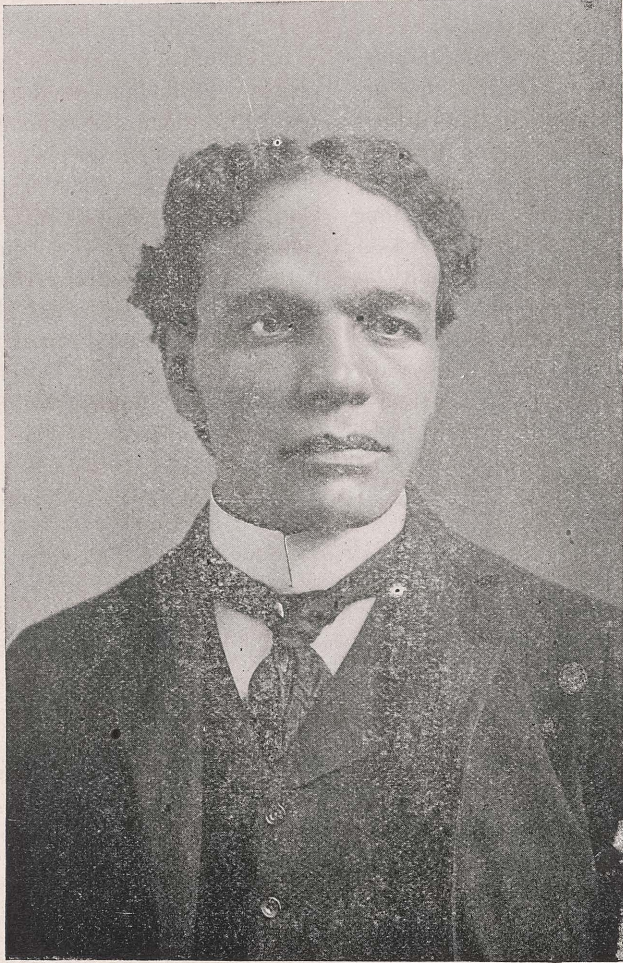
Internal development followed. The church was built and land bought and cultivated. The settlement became one of the main lines of underground railway service from the Ohio River. The Wesleyan church split in an attempt to exclude tobacco users and members of secret societies, and wild young law-breakers and illegitimate children appeared. Then the war came and slowly

the community gripped itself. Its sons and daughters went forth into the world and became doctors and lawyers and one a bishop. Some fifteen of the men at various times took white wives from the surrounding community and traveled away, never to return. Their children today in Chicago and New York are probably "hating niggers." The women were more loyal, and refusing to intermarry, took hold of the community. For thirty years they have kept liquor selling out of the village, smashing the last kegs themselves. To-day the community is quiet, well-to-do and law-abiding. The white Judge of the County Court, who spoke to them while I was there, said, "I have to come to you; you never visit me." A visiting presiding elder, who

has known the place intimately for more than twenty years, knows of but two illegitimate children, and one of those was begotten abroad. The people own 5,000 acres of land worth a half million dollars, excluding improvements, and from a community of five or six hundred people. Fully half of them to-morrow could lose themselves among their white neighbors and never be suspected of black blood. Yet they keep themselves aloof, quiet and loyal, refusing to associate with any one who cannot associate with their friends and relatives. Beneath the placid beauty of their fields run the waters of bitterness, but it cannot spoil their cherished past nor the singular comeliness of their growing boys and beautiful women.

WE CAN WAIT STILL LONGER.

Let us be patient; we can wait still longer,
 Firm in the faith
 That the great Power above is vastly
 stronger
 Than aught beneath.
 We know the strength in men which God
 doth nourish
 No other can defy;
 That every mortal sin that here doth flourish
 Is mortal and must die.
 But in that faith is wrapped our high endeavor,
 And with a valiant heart
 We must close up the broken ranks, and never
 Fail in our part.
 We know that hate and every evil passion
 Must bide its time;
 That the eternal beauties God doth fashion
 Must be sublime.
 Then with increasing fervor let us labor,
 Still wage our bloodless war,
 Keeping our spirit toward our erring neighbor
 Sweet to the core.
 And each unselfish effort now expended,
 How great soe'er the cost.
 In the grand structure, when the work is
 ended,
 Will not be lost.
 —Henry S. Kent, in the Chicago Public.



HON. WILLIAM H. LEWIS

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Ohio and Emancipation

BY WILLIAM H. LEWIS

The following masterly discourse on Ohio and the spirit of freedom was delivered by that most eloquent New England Negro, Assistant United States District Attorney Lewis before the Progress Association of Colored People of Cleveland, Ohio, August 2, 1909.—Ed.



It is fitting that the celebration of the freedom of a race should take place in God's outdoors, for earth, air and sky have been the symbols of liberty since the beginnings of human speech. It is doubly fitting that, regardless of historic date and day, the celebration should take place in the season of the year when all nature acclaims the freedom of life, and man's heart is filled with the joy of living. I shall, therefore, be deemed guilty of no exaggeration when I say that this is the grandest auditorium I have ever seen, and that this is the happiest audience I have ever addressed. If I shall therefore fall far short of this occasion and your expectations, as I fear I must, I earnestly hope that the lateness of your invitation, and an ardent desire to serve, will prove an ample apology.

Happy am I, sir, that a kindly fate, and a favoring providence have brought my feet at last to tread the sacred soil of Ohio, unique commonwealth carved out of the heart of the great Northwest Territory, dedicated by God and the American people forever to human freedom. Her constitution, adopted 107 years ago, reaffirming the ordinance of

'87, prohibiting slavery accepted by the men of the South as well as the men of the North who made her population, attests the character of her people. Subjected to the corroding influences of slavery on her southern border, yet fed by the spirit of liberty descending from the rugged hilltops and beautiful valleys of New England on the North, her people have maintained her soil inviolate and kept it "too pure for the footsteps of a slave." In truth, it may be said of Ohio that every day in her history has been Emancipation Day. As Mansfield said of England, it may also be said of Ohio:

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive her air, that moment they are free."

From the very beginning of her history the slave writhing beneath his chains in Kentucky and Virginia, and the slave States beyond, the Ohio River was the River of Jordan, for just beyond the river beautiful was the promised land of freedom flowing with milk and honey. The tired and hunted fugitive seeking an asylum, or fleeing the oppression and wrongs of his own land, found here the latch strings of the commonwealth on the outside, and the heart and hearthstones of her people received them, lodged them

by day—fed the hungry, clothed the naked, defended them with their lives and by night spirited them to the lands of freedom beyond.

Some of these fugitives fell in love with this land, so that defying the bay of the slave hound, the cruelty of the slave catcher, the vengeance of the master if returned, remained to share the destinies of the State and its people. You, their descendants, a hundred thousand or more, who to-day enjoy the liberty, the freedom, the blessings of the Commonwealth of Ohio, I congratulate you upon the courage, common sense, no less than the good taste of your ancestors.

The underground railroad with its trunk lines and ramifications through Ohio, conducted by Levi Coffin, assisted by Elizur Wright, Owen Brown, Joshua I. Gaines, Charles Langston and hundreds of other great and good men, was the greatest system ever conceived by man to serve the cause of human freedom; it helped to make good to thousands the precious principles of the Declaration of Independence long before Abraham Lincoln gave to the world the Emancipation Proclamation.

OHIO AND MASSACHUSETTS.

The anti-slavery history of Ohio finds no parallel, no equal, save only in the history of Massachusetts. Side by side arm in arm, with that ancient Commonwealth, Ohio went through the glorious period of agitation and education which, as Phillips once said, was "God's method of marshalling the nation's conscience to mould its laws." Anti-slavery agitation, beginning here in 1834 just five years after Garrison's voice was first raised for

freedom in Massachusetts, not only strengthened the ordinance of freedom in the Northwest, but created that condition of public sentiment in West Virginia and Kentucky which saved to the Union Kentucky, and created the free State of West Virginia during the great Civil War.

Birney and the Philanthropist in Cincinnati, Carrison and the Liberator in Boston, spread the gospel of emancipation with such vigor, the one lost his printing press and the other barely escaped with his life. Finney was kidnapped in Columbus just as Burns was returned at Boston, and Price was rescued in Oberlin just as Shadrach in the Puritan City. Massachusetts sent Sumner and Wilson to the Senate; Ohio Chase and Wade, whose simple names render eulogy superfluous. Your incomparable Giddings in Congress finds his complement in the matchless Phillips upon the rostrum. In a day even in Massachusetts when learning and religion stood aloof, held back from the cause of man, Oberlin College and Lane Theological Seminary rendered valuable service to the cause of freedom.

The war for the Union was simply a war for the maintenance of Ohio ideals and of Ohio ideas of human rights! In the great American conflict which destroyed slavery, preserved the nation whole, her people gave freely of their treasury and their blood, and the bones of her children lie mouldering upon every battlefield of the Civil War that the foundations of the Union might be cemented anew by the dust of heroes in the bed rock of human rights.

The genius of Chase filled the nation's treasury; the iron will of Stanton created and maintained her armies, and then Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Roscrans, Macdowell and Garfield led her armies to victory.

Since that day Ohio has wrested from Virginia the sceptre and furnishes all the Presidents. Her people, true to their history and traditions of the Commonwealth, have abolished here, as far as human laws can do so, every distinction between man and man, creed and creed, color and color and class and class. The black laws were abolished a decade and a half before Emancipation, and to-day you enjoy a code of civil rights second to none in the world.

The colored people of Ohio do well to celebrate this day, because Ohio was the first fruit of the ordinance of 1787—Emancipation the rich ripe harvest of those ideas of civil and religious liberty which were transplanted into this beautiful valley from the parent stock in New England.

Let the fact of Emancipation, let the day be celebrated while generation remains who knew the day of slavery and of redemption; while the children who heard the story from the lips of the fathers survive, for a few generations hence both will live only in song and story.

The history of this race of ours will prove no exception to the history of other races.

THE PANORAMA OF SLAVERY.

The race called Anglo-Saxon was once sold as slaves in the markets of the Imperial City. At the time of the Norman

Conquest Britons were made to wear brass collars as emblems of their servitude, and as late as the seventeenth century Englishmen were sold as slaves in the West Indies.

Individuals of every other European race have at some time been slaves.

They have forgotten the day; we shall too in time.

I have a little girl, the apple of my eye, her father's joy and pride, just no doubt as many of you have. A little playmate said to her once in childish repartee, "My people fought to free yours," to which my little girl replied, "Well, what of it?" That ended the discussion. That from the second generation! What will be the answer of the next?

I shall not stop upon this occasion to rehearse the story of African slavery, of the Negro's part in the war for the Emancipation; the honest effort of the American people to make reparation for the crime against humanity, during the reconstruction, and the subsequent period of reaction and repression, because the story is deep graven upon your hearts; besides hundreds of white men and colored men throughout the country keep the story fresh in your mind by stirring up the fires of race prejudice and political strife.

My country is not the only country that has held slaves. Athens, eye of the ancient world, the mother of arts; that little city which lighted the torch of learning for all time, held slaves and we are told that the Battle of Marathon was fought by slaves unchained from the door posts of their master's houses. The servi of Rome, captives taken from many

lands, followed in chains the triumphal progress of her conquering captains. Servitude did not cease in France until the Revolution. Before the time of Frederick the Great a German might have been bought at a county fair.

British Emancipation furnishes the most glorious chapter in English history. I do not mean by this to justify slavery. I believe with Lincoln that "if slavery was not wrong nothing was wrong." We have made the same mistake that other nations have made, and we shall correct that error and its consequences just as other countries have.

I pass over too the matchless, marvelous progress of the race during forty years of freedom; from 4,000,000 slaves to 10,000,000 freedmen; from mere chattels to the ownership of \$550,000,000 of property, the reduction of its illiteracy in the United States to 44.5%, and, in this very State of Ohio, to 17.9%.

The current issue of *Life*, commenting upon the wail of despair of an English writer named Archer, gives us this endorsement: "They are we suppose by all odds the ablest, the most civilized and competent ten million Negroes in the world." * * * "Some how and some time those Negroes are going to have something like a fair show." I believe it! I believe that we shall receive a fair show here in the United States and in every other State of the United States. What Massachusetts and Ohio are to-day, Virginia and South Carolina will be to-morrow—the fairest and most progressive commonwealths of the world, not only because of material wealth and extent of territory, but because of the

justice accorded to the humblest individuals within their borders.

It is true that our brothers in a few of the Southern States are disfranchised and discriminated against. I do not minimize their wrongs, but I believe that nothing is to be accomplished by dwelling upon the wrongs of slavery and the reconstruction—they are happily past. In the adjustment of the relations between citizens of another State and the relations between the white citizens and colored citizens in the Southern States, Northern colored men—in their earnest zeal for better things—should be careful not to hinder, not to retard, not to jeopardize the progress toward that happy consummation which both races are working out to-day. Mere indiscriminate denunciations, vituperations, recrimination and abuse on our part will accomplish nothing, and it is a poor cause indeed that needs it.

LIBERTY OUT OF CHARACTER.

When I was a boy in Virginia I used to declaim with patriotic fervor (and what school boy has not?) those famous lines from Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Since I have grown older, I have happily found that liberty, privilege, opportunity (which is only another name for liberty) can be gained in some other way. I have found that my next door neighbor had very little interest in the past wrongs of myself and my people; that such prejudices as he had against me and mine I could not denounce out of him, or kick out of him; that whatever of personal friendship and political support I obtained from him was by real or supposed character, ability and

conduct; and my colored brother in the next street could not help me in the slightest degree save in the proportion as he too made himself a worthy citizen. He might have injured me irreparably had he kept up a continual howl about my being deprived, on account of color, of an opportunity to rise or serve the city, State and the nation.

A race in the minority, like the individual in society, who is always in the minority, must advance, if at all, by the same line that the individual advances, by tact, ability, conduct, character, common sense and diplomacy. I do not mean to preach the gospel of selfishness—each man for himself and the devil take the hindermost—but what I do mean to say is that the race will rise just as the individual rises; that the methods by which the individual rises may furnish some suggestions for the masses.

Our old time methods of agitation, denunciation and exposition of our wrongs to-day falls upon deaf ears and finds little sympathy anywhere. For twenty years we have agonized and resolved over the sufferings of our brothers in the South without having done one tangible thing to help them. Is there any new method? If so, is there any great harm in trying it?

Those lines of Lowell's in "The Crisis," of 1844, are equally appropriate in the present crisis:

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.

Lo! Before us gleams her campfires, we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter's sea.

Nor attempt the future's portal with the past, blood-rusted key.

I believe in to-day, the here and now; this is the day of all days; all the sorrows and griefs and wrongs of yesterday are behind us. They are "one with Ninevah and Tyre." Back of to-day stands the accumulated wisdom of the ages, the ripened experience of all mankind. Shall we of to-day be guided by the experience of the past, or persist doggedly in the old program?

SOUTHERN FEAR SUICIDAL.

The Southern States for many years enjoyed the pleasures and profits of their peculiar system and patriarchal form of government, the slave at the bottom, the landless white next, and the aristocracy on top. The fortunes of war placed the slave on top; a revolution by the middle classes of whites has supplanted both slave and master. We see in these facts the evolution and progress toward a real democratic form of government which the Southern States never before had. The process is not yet completed and must inevitably continue until it includes the black as well as the white. The white has not yet come to trust the black politically—hence disfranchisement. The white trusts him to-day with everything else, his money, his family and almost his life. The Southerner is fearful of the integrity of his race and blood because of contact with the Negro—hence the policy of discrimination. Southern colored men (and I am sorry to say the educated as well as the ignorant) have made two mistakes: First, in all matters pertain-

ing to their freedom and citizenship they have regarded the Southern white man as their natural and implacable enemy. I do not say that this has been without reason, but it was bad policy and a poor principle upon which to act. Second, the biggest mistake of all, and which is responsible for the first, they have looked to the Federal Government to right their wrongs. This was not only natural, too, since the National Government abolished slavery, conferred citizenship, and laid upon the state the duty to make no discrimination in the voting power against race or color.

I charge that educated colored men of the South, with rare exceptions, so rare that you could count them one, have signally failed in the leadership of the masses. They have either stood aloof, silent sullen and embittered under wrongs endured, or have been violent, outspoken and abusive. They have not realized that human prejudice, which we all have more or less of one kind or another, are infirmities of the soul which cannot be legislated out, cannot be agitated out, cannot be whipped out of an individual or race, but can be reached only through education, persuasion and human sympathy.

Slavery enslaved master and slave alike; put chains upon the slave's body but fetters upon the master's soul. I charge that the educated colored men are not taking advantage of the human failing which will often grant a request when it will refuse to yield to a just demand. They have forgotten that though man's heart may be apparently surcharged with the blackest hate and prejudice, that

somewhere from his inner consciousness flows the milk of human kindness. They have failed to realize that under present conditions that the field of diplomacy has scarcely been touched in the solution of race problems; that even a Macchiavelli was worth more to Florence than all her foreign troops; that Tellyrand was as good as any two army corps with Napoleon and equal to five against him.

That great section of our country, once dominant in the affairs of the nation, whose marvellous natural resources are as yet untouched, will never catch up with the rest of the world so long as its best brains and best energies are devoted to keeping any class of its citizens down. That great American teacher and philosopher, Booker T. Washington, has well observed that "No man can keep another man down without staying down with him."

The solution or adjustment of the race question, which will relieve the colored people from considering even their rights or wrongs, placing them upon an equal footing with other citizens, will unlock to them the door to such progress in every avenue of life that will prove the marvel of the age, and make the advancement of the last twenty years seem like the school-boy's stage, "crawling snail-like to school."

FACES TOWARD THE SUNRISE.

Yesterday was the anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies. It is said that the night before Emancipation in those islands, the people by thousands went up into the mountains to watch the coming of the dawn. They turned their faces toward the east. At

the first glimpse of the rising sun, they filled the morning air with songs of joy and thanksgiving. From that day the people have always kept their faces toward the rising sun. Less than three-quarters of a century have elapsed and to-day there is no race problem in those islands. For shame! Shall it be said that Americans are less just and generous than Englishmen? Shall it be said that a kingly form of government conserves the rights of man better than a democracy, ruled by the people? Are we ready to confess to the world the failure of the republican government; to confess that the principles of the Declaration of Independence, for which the fathers fought during the Revolution, were idle dreams? After the new birth of freedom in the terrible crucible of the Civil War, so beautifully described by Lincoln at Gettysburg, shall after all the government of the people, for the people, by the people, perish from the earth?

I BELIEVE IN AMERICA.

No, I believe in the fairness, the justice of the American people, a brave people, a courageous people. I believe in my own race, as I believe in my mother. I believe that we working together in mutual sympathy and trust shall be able to solve the problem of democracy and prove to the world that a republican

government is not a theory, but a real, actual, and everyday possibility.

I thank God as an American that sectional lines between the North and South are rapidly vanishing; bitterness and animosity engendered by slavery are passing away; that the North, the South, the East, the West are joined together in a union deathless and indestructible, a government of the people, not for a day or a generation, but for all time.

As 10,000,000 of American citizens we seek peace and progress under the flag of our state and country, but there can be no lasting peace without that righteousness which exhalteth a nation; there can be no permanent progress without substantial justice. We shall not fail! The progress of humanity is ever upward, even onward; where yesterday groaned the slave, to-day stands the freedman with the ballot in his hand.

The day of privilege and cast is done; this is the day of human brotherhood; millions of slaves in Russia are to-day learning the first principles of self-government, and the Young Turk is tasting the first draught of constitutional liberty; we, who have been learning the lesson through upward of a hundred years need not despair.

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Along the Lynching Line---The Mask

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTINE PERRY



T. OLIVE'S express agent came down late to breakfast. In spite of his long stay in bed, he apparently was not in the best of spirit.

"Why didn't you call me, Mary?" he demanded of his wife.

"I thought you needed the rest, dear, after so much worry about the investment," she replied tenderly. "Everything's all right in the office. You can sit right down. Mandy's kept the breakfast nice and warm for you."

He sat down and munched at his food like a sick man.

"Why don't you eat, John? Cheer up, dear. It will come out all right. Father will—"

"You haven't said anything to him about it, have you?" he interrupted anxiously.

"Not yet, but—"

"Then don't for God's sake. You'll ruin me if you do, Mary."

"I don't see how. You know—"

"You women never see anything," he sneered. "'Twould be a pretty thing to let your father know I have been using the company's money when he's one of them, wouldn't it?"

"Well, what are you going to do, Jonn? You know you've got to send in your report to-morrow, and I know father wouldn't—"

"Mary, to let your father know will never do; and besides, you certainly haven't forgot he didn't want you to marry me. If he gets wind of this, it will only make matters worse for me—and you too. I'm going to take the 10.45 for Macon. Joe'll help me out."

"I should think Joe had enough difficulties of his own. Hasn't his assistant got him into some trouble about a lost express package?"

"I'm going partly to help him out of that, too," he quickly added.

"Besides, John, you know that \$25,000 is coming through to-day for the Colored People's Insurance and Sick Benefit Association."

"Oh, don't bother about that. If the darkies come inquiring about it, just tell 'em 'tisin't here."

"But if they should come, can't I tell them—"

"I'll have to hurry if I'm going to catch that 10.45. It's half-past now," he interrupted as he jerked out his watch.

"Oh, John, I do dread to be left alone with all that money around. I fear something, I don't know what," she pleaded, following him as he disconcertedly prepared to go. "You know what happened last week."

"Pshaw! You needn't be afraid, if that's all. We're taught the niggers a lesson they'll never forget as long as they can see any trace of a white man and

way after that. None of 'em will dare to put their infernal black hands on a white woman around here again. They're scared to death since they saw old smooty Mose going up in smoke and his black hide sissing and sputtering like a frying sausage." And he grinned with a smile of satisfaction.

"Oh, John!" cried his wife, shuddering.

But he could not appreciate the horror with which she heard this recital, and he continued:

"The black devil was getting too bigity around here anyhow. Come, dear, cheer up! Nobody's going to harm my pretty li'l cherub," and he put his arms around her. "Joe and I'll fix things up all right, and you'll be happy when I return to-night and tell you all about it." And as he kissed her good-bye, he left, saying, "I'll be back on the seven o'clock mail."

She watched him disappear down the street. Then she turned into the express office, and after giving a few instructions to the assistant, she retired to the rear of the house where dinner was being prepared.

"Aunt Mandy," she said to the cook, "can't you stay a little longer to-night? John's gone to Macon and won't be back till the seven o'clock mail comes in, and—"

"Land, Miss Ma'y, I'se got to go to de 'tracted meetin' to-night."

"Aunt Mandy, do you think protracted meetings do your people any good?"

"Miss Ma'y, now you shouldn't ax me a queshtion like dat. Ef I'd a' axed you dat, you'd a' biled all ober wid 'dignation; 'deed you would. An' I ain't a-

gwine to ax you nuther. I'm jist gwine to tell you dis," replied the Negress with arms akimbo. "Our 'ligion's jist ez good ez yourn. De kit'le can't call the pot black. You white folks burned Mose Johnson de uder day fur 'saultin' Kitty Brown ez you say; *yes*, an' he neber done it nuther, lak I tell you. Some low-down white trash of a man black his face an' did it. An'—"

"Mandy!" sharply interrupted the expressman's wife, her face glowing with indignation, "be quiet! You shan't speak to me in that way. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Suppose we hired white servants instead of you colored people—"

"I recon you would ef you could. You ain't fergot de Sweden cook dat beat of' Miss Jones mos' to def an' got erway 'fo' anybody could know whut hed hap'en. Whar's dat Iris' butler whut Mr. Johnsin wuz a 'spoutin' 'bout? Whut come o' dose Italuns whut ol' man Dancy's hed down yonder on his plantation?"

"What if we didn't support your schools and build your churches," continued the mistress as if she had not heard Aunt Mandy's retort; "suppose we didn't protect you; what would become of you if we shipped you back to Africa?"

"De Lawd would prevuide," answered the cook, as she turned her attention to the stove and began to hum to herself.

"If Mose was innocent, Mandy, why didn't the Lord provide then?"

"Miss Ma'y, I'se said all I'se got ter say," replied the Negress without turning her attention from her cooking, but she changed her melody to

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Assuming a different expression "Miss Ma'y" continued calmly: "You're wrong, Aunt Mandy. During slavery time things were different. The slaves were personal property and that made things different. That's why there are *colored* people. You should—"

"Yas'm, and dare's lots o' niggers whuts *pursonal property* to-day, lak I tell you, an' dats why dare's some *more colored* people; an' more'n dat, dares plenty o' white people whuts *pursonal property*," broke in the cook, hardly disturbing her melody as she stirred the mess she was cooking.

"Why, Mandy, what do you mean?"

But the humming and the stirring went on.

"You should stop and think before you speak. Now don't you think you were a little hasty?"

Still the melody flowed on.

"You'll stay until John comes, won't you, Aunt Mandy? I know this is the day you wouldn't have to cook supper, but you don't want to leave me here alone, do you?"

The cook, without heeding the mistress' query, turned her attention to another part of the kitchen. "Miss Ma'y," following, put her arms around her and said:

"You are not angry, are you, Aunt Mandy? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Now'm, I ain't mad," replied Mandy in shrill tones which implied a "but."

"Then you'll stay?"

"I guess so."

As "Miss Ma'y" left for another part of the house the outer door of the kitchen opened and Uncle Ben, the yard man, entered. His fleecy head and scanty beard were hoary from the seige of many winters. The look from the eyes, deep set under his snowy-capped brows, was pathetic; he seemed as if he were appealing for help to carry the burden of years on his bowed shoulders. He moved across the floor with greater agility than it seemed possible for his age. Seating himself carefully in one corner, he fumbled in his pocket for something.

"Ben, did you cut ernuf wood to las' tuel termorrer?" asked Aunt Mandy.

"Mos' ernuf. I'll finish after a while. I'se ti'ed now," replied the old man as he unfolded a newspaper. "Mandy, I wants you to look through dis paper and read whut de white folks bin sayin' 'bout de niggers' mass meetin'."

The cook spread the paper out on the table, turned it over on one side and then the other, tracing her fingers over the four pages as she did so.

"I'se hyead so much 'bout dis and dat, whut de paper said dat I want to hear myse'f," Uncle Ben continued.

Finally Mandy found the article and began in her poor way to read the following:

The Negroes of Mt. Olive deserve praise for holding the mass meeting condemning crime among their people. The resolutions passed were to the point and ought to be published throughout the land. The sooner the Negroes everywhere take such a stand the better it will be for them. Every good thinking white man of the South condemns in his heart mob violence of any description, for the destructive effect it has on the character of our

citizens and the demoralizing influence it has upon our government is too evident. But so long as Negro brutes roam around like ravening wolves seeking what white women they can devour Judge Lynch will neither slumber nor sleep. That the demon, Mose Johnson, was guilty of the atrocious assault, circumstantial evidence, the identification made by the victim of the outrage, and the savage's own blood-curdling confession and detailed description of his hellish crime made clear. We moan that our quiet community should be stained with the horror of such an atrocity, and we regret that the law was not allowed to take its course, but we rejoice that the well-meaning Negroes have come forward and taken the stand they have to allay the tide of ill feeling.

The resolutions drawn up by them in their mass meeting read as follows:

Whereas, Almighty God has so fashioned the world that no man has any just cause to sin, whereas good moral character is essential for the enjoyment of the blessings of Providence and the promulgating of the gospel of the brotherhood of man, whereas virtue should be honored and women protected, and whereas it behooves every citizen to uphold the laws of the land and exert all his powers and influence to maintain peace, be it resolved:

First. That we, the colored citizens of Mt. Olive, condemn in the most severe terms the villianous assault made by Moses Johnson, and, in behalf of Negroes everywhere, we state that we look with disfavor upon crime perpetrated by our people anywhere.

Second. That we shall henceforward exert ourselves more and more to stamp out immorality among our people; and that we implore the aid of the dominant race to drive from our midst all cowards who have no respect for virtue.

Third. That we wear for our motto "Peace," and for preservation of which we urge our people everywhere to strive unceasingly to aid our preachers, our teachers and our leaders in the preservation of our laws, the protection of women and the praise of God.

Fourth. That these resolutions shall be read from every pulpit in our country, and that copies for publication shall be sent to our city press and to all our leading Negro papers.

(Signed)

JOHN THOMAS,
CALEB JONES,
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Committee on Resolutions.

Uncle Ben with his head in his hands and elbows on his knees listened attentively to the laborious reading.

Mandy refolded the paper and gave it back to the old man and then began her work again as if she had been wasting time.

"Mandy," said Uncle Ben, "'pears to me det you wuz mighty dis'spectful to Miss Ma'y jes' now." He paused, but no reply came from the cook; so he continued:

"You know jis' ez well ez I do dat de white man done made up his min' dat Mose made dat 'sault; and didn't de paper jis' say so. And you know dat wen' a white man's done made up his mind 'bout anything, the best thing for any nigger to do is to keep his mouth shet."

Another pause, but no answer.

"An' 'nother thing, ef Miss Ma'y wuzn't ez good to us ez she is bof o' us would be stringin' by our necks fo' ter morrer mo'nin'. Didn't de paper say Miss Kittie say dat Mose wuz de man? You know dat no white man is a-gwine ter stan' fer a nigger sayin' his women lie. An' you know ez well ez anybody dat de white man a mde nigger's bes' frien'. He brought us here, he gives us all we git and l'arns us all we l'arn. Who we gwine to go to w'en we lose him. De pints you read in de paper is all right.

De niggers wuz right w'en day say we ought to have peace, but how we gwine have peace a-gwine roun' hyeah 'a sputin' de white man's wod?"

"Ben!" came the call from another part of the house.

"Laudy bein' me stop dis hyeah gwine on an' go see what Miss Ma'y wants."

"White folks nigger!" said Mandy half to herself, suddenly stopping her work and with arms akimbo watching the ol' man as he left the kitchen in answer to the call from the expressman's wife. "De town's in such a mess now 'cause dare's so many white Phareisees an' nigger hypercrites."

After everything had been locked up for the night and the expressman's wife was sitting, anxiously waiting for the seven o'clock mail to come and go, there was a quiet knock on the door of the family entrance. She jumped up, anticipating the promised good news. All smiles, she immediately opened the door, but shrank back pale, as a big black man shoved himself inside withint invitation.

"Now, 'tain't no use to git sce'd. I ain't ag-wine to hurt you," he said gruffly. "Jist don't you make no 'larm an' e'ry-thing 'll go off nice. Jes' show me whah dat \$25,000 is ez quick ez you kin."

"I'll not show you anything of the kind," she replied collectedly. "Aunt—"

But he slapped his hand over her mouth and brandished a revolver before she could budge in an endeavor to get help.

"Breathe agin' an' you'se a daid 'oman," he growled with a broad, brutal grin.

Then he fairly dragged her into the express office to the safe.

"Op'n it," he snarled, putting the cold steel against her temple.

Pale and trembling, she fumbled at the combination and whimpered, "Oh, I can't—I can't! Have mercy on me, Mister—"

"Git up," he said impatiently, yet milder, and at the same time he took the revolver away and shoved her aside. "T'—"

"Op'n dat safe 'mejutely or I'll full you wid lead, and bus' it op'n mase'f. Git down," he snarled, catching her by the back of her neck and again pushing the revolver hard against her temple.

The door finally sprang open, and he scattered papers here and there as he snatched out the valuable package.

"Jes' ez well done it at fus'. Now git me som'n' to eat. Be quick 'bout it, too," and he shoved her from room to room until they come to the kitchen door. Catching sight of the cook seated in a corner, he drew back and said to the trembling woman: "I'll watch hyeah an' see eb'ry move you make. An' you kin jes' tell dat nigger ef she budges, she's a daid coon."

She went in and Mandy was on the point of rising. "Wuz dat Mr. John came?—Lawd, Miss Ma'y! what's de—"

There was an exchange of whispers and the cook sat down again uneasily while the expressman's wife nervously prepared the food.

"De sault's ober dare, Miss Ma'y," said Mandy aloud suddenly. Then she whispered something.

Following her direction, Miss Ma'y

took down a little round box with a red label on it.

The black man ate ravenously, but as soon as he had finished he fell back groaning and rolled over on the floor.

"De 'phone, de 'phone, Miss Ma'y!" cried Mandy.

"Miss Ma'y" obeyed. A few moments later the coroner bending over the prostrate black man shook his head. "He's dead all right, and he ain't no nigger either. Bring some soap and water. It's John! For God's sake, keep his wife away."

Social Equality and a Solution

BY CAPT. JOHN T. CAMPBELL

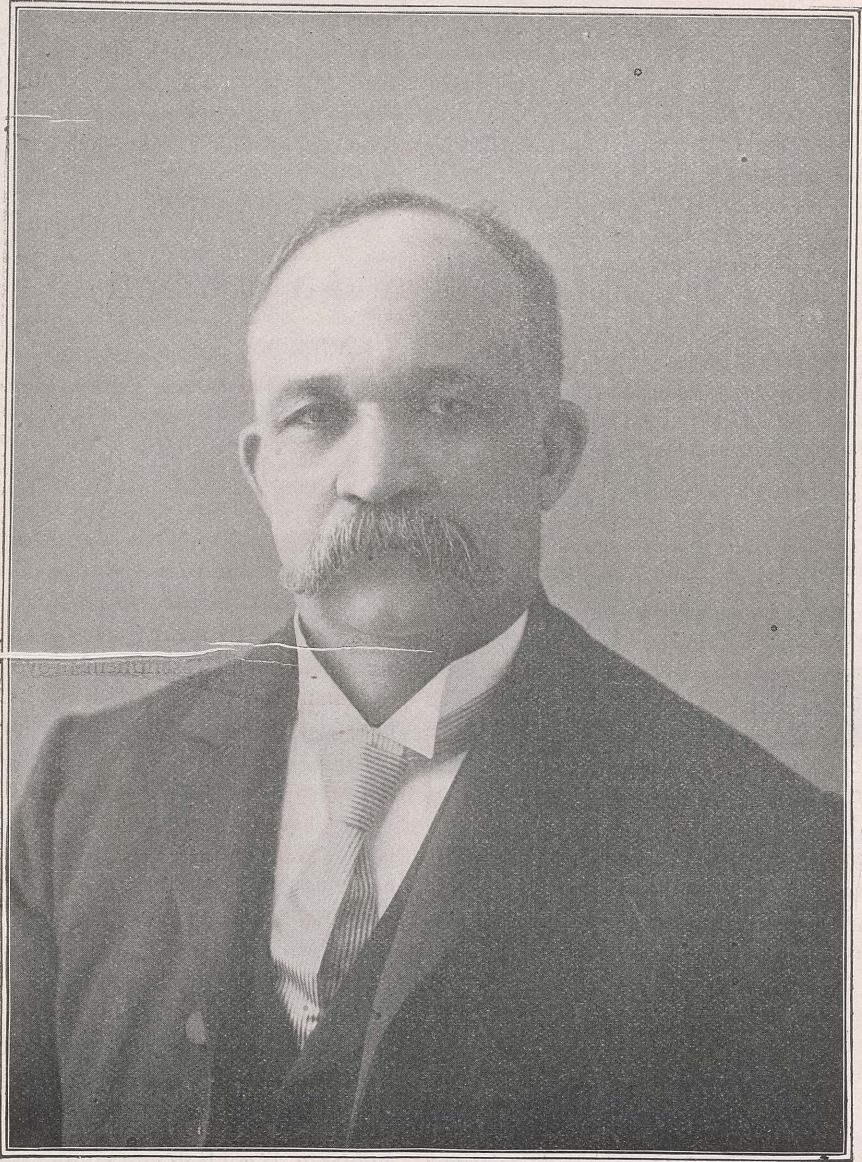
One must hark back to the days of Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner to find a spirit of absolute justice and equality toward the Negro expressed in the following vigorous article. The writer, Capt. John T. Campbell, the valiant Civil War veteran, of Lafayette, Ind., has brought down intact that uncompromising spirit. In the light of history since the war, this article reveals as perhaps nothing else recent has done, how the anti-slavery leaders would think to-day.—Ed.



WHAT shall be done with the Negroes in the United States? Something must be done or the serious problem will solve itself. The Negroes are here and here to stay. They did not come as intruders or self-invited guests, as all others did, but came as prisoners. By the exigencies of our great Civil War, as a reward for their aid in winning that war, we made them equal citizens by our laws, but not in the administration of these laws. They are now one-ninth of our population. Their increase outruns that of the average of the Nation. They are rapidly growing in knowledge, civilization, and the acquisition of property. This fact seems to widen and strain their relations to the whites. As ignorant slaves they stupidly endured coarse, wanton insults.

As they become educated and refined, a pride and self-respect necessarily results, and they resent insults and discourteous treatment. This resentment provokes the dominant race to increased insults. The bars between the Negroes and whites are put up higher now than at the close of the civil war, and they are growing higher and stronger. The whites do not object to their presence as servants, but as equal citizens they are obnoxious. Their contact as servants is much closer than it would be under political and social equality.

Social equality is a term much used, but seldom defined. It is difficult to define it sharply. The law does not specify social rights and obligations. These are voluntary and changeable, sometimes suddenly. If a black and white man meet and each gives half the road to the other, that is political equality as far as it goes.



WM. H DUPREE
Grand Army Veteran of Massachusetts

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If each salutes and greets the other civilly that is social equality as far as it goes. If a white family makes a party and invites blacks and whites indiscriminately to attend it, that is social equality as far as it goes. If part of the whites decline to attend, or to be introduced to the blacks, or in any way to recognize them, that is social inequality as far as it goes, and, right or wrong, the influential element in the locality decides which color must retire. Nine times out of ten it will be the blacks.

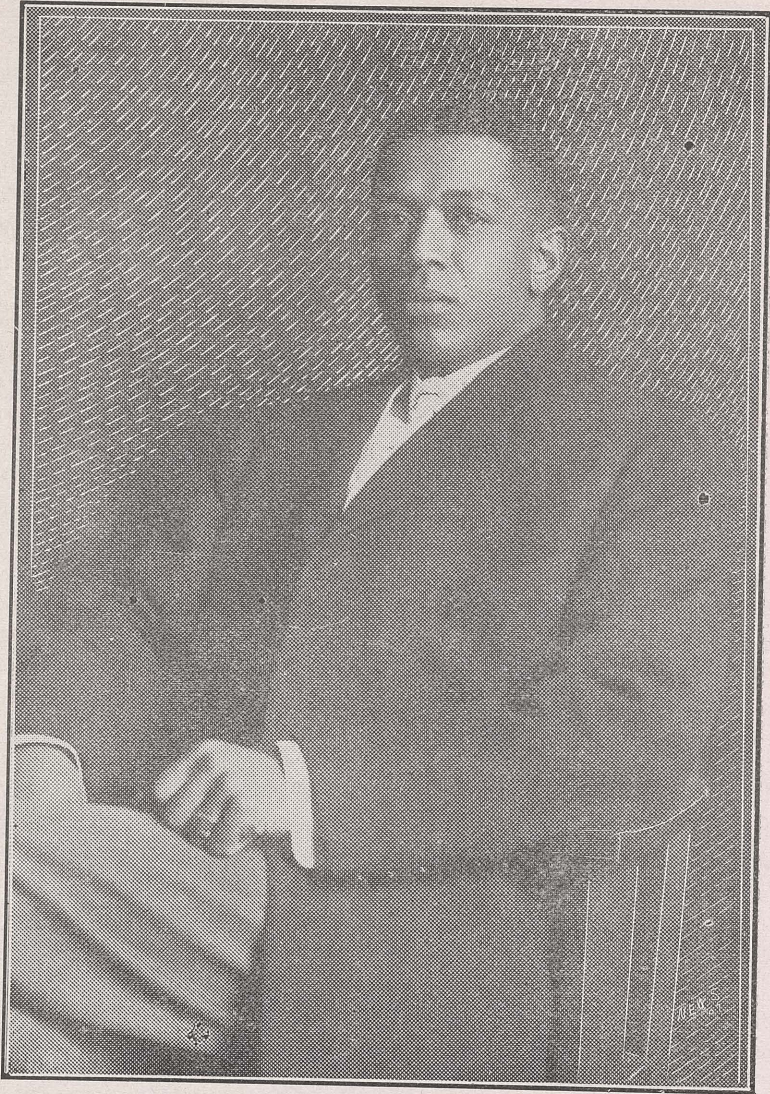
Public and private opinions, when manifested by the same individuals, are often as different as day is from night. I have known of instances where some action or movement was proposed to each individual separately in a locality, and three-fourths approved it. When called into a public meeting and a motion made to adopt the proposition, three-fourths voted no, and the other fourth remained silent. I have been one of the individuals. Not knowing how many have been interviewed and expressed private approval, I was afraid to mark myself for disapprobation of the others by voting my private views. What was true of me was true of the great majority; we each acted for the same motive.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I lived several years when young in a strong Quaker settlement. They took the Declaration of Independence literally. They believed all men were created equal and put their belief into practice. While among them I got entirely over my prejudice against sitting at the table and eating with a Negro. Only eight miles distant was a solid settlement from Kentucky. I

taught school there one winter. There was a Negro family in that neighborhood with five children, three of school age. These were not allowed to go to my school, though I was very willing, indeed anxious, that they should. The people were shocked—yea, disgusted, at my stand, and the report started on its round, growing as it went till it soon became a compound lie, for which no particular person was responsible. My views were so exaggerated I knew them not when they returned. While in that neighborhood, under its pressure, my anti-Negro prejudice revived, but never so strong as it originally had been. That is the way the Southern people convert the Northern people who settled among them. Returning to the Quaker settlement, my pro-Negro sentiment revived, and this time became a conscientious conviction; and I have kept the faith ever since, though often under very trying circumstances. The Negro woman in the Kentucky settlement did work all over the neighborhood and was obliged to take her children along. They played with the white children where they went, but it would never do for them to go to the same school and learn to read from the same book as the white children.

Then, why shall we respect such a silly and unjust prejudice? Abraham Lincoln answered that question in his great debate with Douglas in 1858. Douglas charged Lincoln with desiring Negro social equality. Lincoln denied it. Douglas said if it is wrong to enslave them, it is right to free them. To free them and maintain that freedom it is necessary to make them equal citizens, and equal citi-



DR. U. G. MASON
Negro Banker of Birmingham, Ala.

zenship implies and leads to social equality (and his logic was correct). Lincoln replied that there was a universal prejudice in the United States against admitting the Negroes to political and social equality; and a universal prejudice, whether well or ill-founded, could not be safely disregarded, (and his logic was also correct). That prejudice still exists and is of late years increasing. The Negroes of Springfield, Ill., were not allowed to participate with the whites in the Lincoln Memorial exercises. While the people are celebrating the birth of Lincoln they are repudiating the great cause on which his fame rests.

In some parts of our Pacific States the Chinese are under a stronger ban than are the Negroes there. When we have educated and refined a people, it is far worse to wound their feelings by contemptuous treatment than it is to so treat brutalized slaves. Their lot is very hard. Who that is white would exchange places with the most favored of them? Only those who have their confidence know how bitterly they feel.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGROES.

It has become the expression in the North to say: "The Southern whites understand the 'nigger.' They can manage him. Let them alone." Oh! we are to allow the robber to deal with the robbed. Ordinary fools, even, ought to know how that would result. The spirit of the whites in the South is to down the Negro and keep him down. This spirit is well illustrated in an episode of some 10 years ago. Booker T. Washington lectured in Indianapolis and put up at the Hotel English. A grass widow was doing cham-

ber work in that hotel, and was discharged for some reason at that time. She gave it out to the press that she was discharged because she refused to make up the bed that Booker T. Washington had slept in. That item floated in the press till it reached the South, where the seed fell on good ground (for that kind of a crop), and the people there in diverse localities contributed money as a reward to the woman for her refusal till it amounted to some \$1,600. The hotel proprietor then gave attention to the matter and gave out that she had not been required to make up that bed, as it fell to another chambermaid, who had done the required work without protest. But this gave an opportunity for the Southern spirit to show itself. How much would these same people have given to relieve the woman if she had fallen sick at some hotel in their midst? Perhaps they would have given zero, minus what little pocket change she had.

This is the spirit of the people to whom is to be given the great charge of educating and developing the Negro. Selah. Instances of similar import could be given till nobody would have time to read them.

A PROPOSITION.

Since this severe spirit exists in the South and only a little less prejudice in the North, is it not far better for both black and white to give the blacks a territory to themselves? If so, what better place than in the black belt in the Southern States, where they already outnumber the whites five to nine blacks to one white? The National Government should lead in this. It can do so under the gen-

eral welfare clause in the preamble to the United States Constitution. If it be objected that such would be class legislation, let us pause and make the discovery that there is very little but class legislation. Our pensioned soldiers are a class. Our deaf and dumb are a class. Our blind are a class. Our insane are a class. Our paupers are a class. Yet we legislate specially for each of these classes. Let us extend the legislation to meet an emergency before it meets us. Let Congress purchase land in the black belt, and contiguous, if practicable. Cut it up into small tracts, say, not to exceed 40 acres to one tract. Provide necessary roads, primary and secondary, so that each tract shall have access thereto. Provide for churches and schools. Put all such land under competent and friendly trustees. Lease these tracts to blacks and such whites as may be willing to comply with the rules and regulations for the government of the colony. Keep the ownership in the United States Government, as a guard against hostile State legislation. The colonists would be in the condition of inhabitants of a Territory before it is admitted to Statehood. The occupants would not suffer by State disfranchisement. They would have no need to vote except on matters of their own internal government. They would not be taxed by a State, nor would they be counted on in the basis of Congressional representation, any more than is the District of Columbia counted to Maryland and Virginia. This, in time, would solve the violation of the War Amendments to the United States Constitution. Negroes outside could acquire

and maintain a residence in the colony, so as not to be counted in the basis of representations elsewhere. This is often done for other seasons.

Let the purchase of land continue from time to time as the present owners shall be willing to sell, and there will always be some willing to sell. A conspiracy of owners not to sell will not hold together very long. As the colony shall grow and widen, the adjoining white owners will be more and more anxious to sell.

To prevent a conspiracy of purchasers from buying up and monopolizing the land, in order to defeat the colony, let there be a progressive or cumulative tax on each additional acre above 40, per year, beginning, say, 1 cent for the 41st acre, 2 cents for the 42d acre, and so augmenting the tax that no purchaser will care to carry a quarter section. Raise the rate enough to accomplish the purpose. Lessees must be allowed to sell their holdings and improvements and must be required to work the land or forfeit it. No corporation or combination to be allowed a holding. The annual leaseage to be applied to the improvement of roads and other public matters, the remainder to go to the purchase of more land. Establish a military post, garrisoned by colored soldiers. Greater details to be provided by the trustees.

All things considered—this proposition ought to be satisfactory to all parties in the North. It should be eminently satisfactory to the Southern people, who are so afraid of Negro equality, but it will not be. Nothing will satisfy that part of the South which dominates the whole but the practical re-enslavement of the Ne-

gro. Much as they dread Negro equality, they dread Negro superiority more. It is coming, and they see it. Hence every effort to hedge against it. If such a scheme should be successfully started, it would become a land of refuge for persecuted Negroes, both South and North. This scheme would make the Negroes independent of their persecutors; and when the persecutors discover this they will of necessity have to resort to fairness, kindness, and good will to retain their Negro labor.

There are many fair-minded people in

the South, but they are dominated by that arrogant, aggressive element which drove the South into secession. If this scheme is declined, what other shall be adopted? Lincoln's proposition of compensation emancipation was declined. A powder-and-ball compensation took its place. A hint to the wise ought to be sufficient. The United States Government which accepted the military aid of 180,000 Negro soldiers in the civil war, ought —late as it is—to give them some place where they can rest in peace and security.
—John T. Campbell, La Fayette, Ind.

THE GREATER BIRTH.

By Hermann Hagerdorn.

I left the crowded streets behind
And down the straight white road I
went,
To open field and wood and sky
And weary-limbed content.

Dumb was the forest, dumb the glade,
Still as a church the arching boughs,
Though low winds tossed my tumbled hair
And played about my brows.

I slept, I woke. The sun was mine,
The sky, the birds, the fields my own!
And I was neither man nor god—
Nature was I, alone.

The springs of earth coursed in my veins,
From head to heart, from hill to sea;
The trees were my stalwart sons, the
flowers—
My daughters that played on the lea.

The sky was my dear love, bending down;
And I sang to her softly, I sang to her
loud—
And, ah, my voice was the voice of the
wind
That chases the sea-born cloud.

I felt the heart-throbs of the world
Beating in me the greater birth;
And I sang, I laughed, I cried in my glee

That I was part of earth!
Yet though the sunshine glistened fair,
And clear springs sparkled in the sod,
I trembled as I raised my eyes,
For I was part of God.

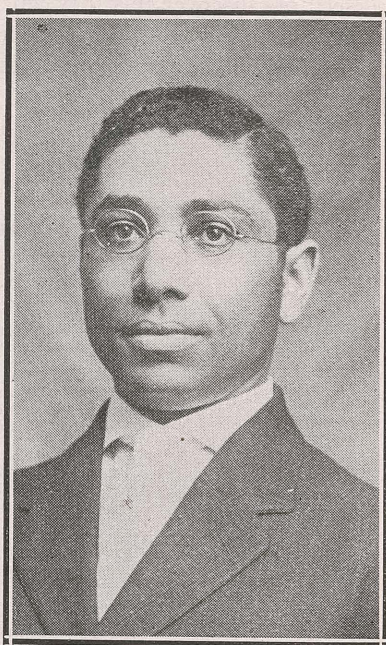
—From "A Troop of the Guard." Boston:
Houghtton Mifflin Company

An Undervalued Function of Literature in Negro Secondary Schools

BY JAMES T. PHILLIPS

A question of great moment to both races in the South is, How may we induce educated Negroes in larger numbers to settle the rural districts? And as at least a part answer to this question we venture here to propose that the literature courses of our secondary schools, if wisely planned and carefully imparted, will effect to turn hundreds of the yearly quota of Negro graduates, who might otherwise lead lives of shiftlessness in the cities, back to happy and useful careers on the farm.

Negro children of the rural primary schools are for many reasons, including those of illiterate parentage and poorly educated teachers, almost totally unappreciative of the natural beauty and physical advantages peculiar to country life; and this lack of appreciation is if ever indeed only very scantily supplied through contact with the great host of city-bred men and women, more frequently women, who go yearly to the country to teach these children hardly more in many instances than that the country is a horrible place for human abode. In consequence whereof the numbers of country boys and girls, who having completed their primary schooling, go to the city boarding schools, do so not so much in quest of higher train-



JAMES T. PHILLIPS

ing as in the exultation of leaving the charms of farm life unesteemed behind.

The further results are that from year to year we find our Negro secondary schools filled with innocent able-bodied young men and women from the rural districts, but with an acquired yet very stubborn aversion to anything whatever

that smacks either of farms or farming.

However, and happily for us, this want of taste for rural environments originates, not as we too often think in the mere drudgery of farm work, but rather in a distorted and underfed aesthetic state. And it is this last, this misdirected aesthetic side of the pupil's training, that the teacher of literature in the schools, and especially in the secondary schools, finds no mean opportunity to refashion and set permanently right. Here verily is his opportunity. How shall he meet it?

In the first instance, by so planning the courses that they shall be fully provided with those works in which the masters have depicted the charms of rural scenery, or sermonized on the dignity of the common-place; such works, for instance, as "Deserted Village," "Snow Bound," "Ancient Mariner," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," Bryant's "Forest Hymn," or Ruskin's "Beauty and Nature." Next, so direct the presentation of the subject matter as almost daily to emphasize and magnify to the pupil's mind the importance of his learning, and of every really educated person's learning for that matter, to intelligently appreciate nature—nature as displayed for the most part under rural skies; for only here it is that she reveals herself in all of her richness. Keep continually before the pupil the grandeur of the mountains, the awfulness of the sea; the delight of field and dream of forest; the charm of sweet-singing birds, harmless reptiles and companionable insects; all the pictured wealth of rural seasons, whether green

of spring or deliciousness of summer, whether the ravishing crimson of autumn or the spiritualizing splendors of all-whitening winter. So that after four or five years of this character of instruction in our schools he at least will not be, as too many are, ashamed to admit that the country was the place of his birth, but will rather feel big and proud of such an earthly accident, and will perchance at the end of his school life decide, like the prodigal son of old, to rise and go to the house of his "farmer father."

A noted pedagogue says it is impossible for a boy or girl to read in the classroom a production, say from Wordsworth or Tennyson, and then go outside and immediately do a very mean act. In like manner would it seem impossible for boys and girls who for four or five years in the school studied the rare sweetness of rural scenes and things to go out upon life's arena only with an unreasoning aversion to rural life. Impossible to be sure. They might not, it is true, decide upon the immediate "pitching of a corn crop;" still they would have acquired such a wholesome appreciation of farm life and farm environments as that after a few years of unprofitable endeavor in the cities they could easily be induced to spend some time "down on the farm."

To state the case more clearly, we may say that we are personally acquainted with a young man who was born and reared in the most scenic section of Virginia, and within almost a stone's throw of the unrivalled beauty of the far-famed Luray Caverns. Yet

when at the age of fourteen he left his native country home to enter upon six years of life in a boarding school, he did so, as he says, without a single conscious impression of the ever-changing but never-ending sweetness of rural scenery and rural life. Moreover, time spent in the college walls did not, as it ought to have done, effect one whit of change for the better. It rather left him not only with a woeful lack of appreciation for the incomparable possibilities to Negro youth of a simple life in the country but with a harmful predilection, and one shared in by nearly all of his classmates, for the glitter and glamour of some imaginary life in the city. However, within the first year of after-school life he

chanced upon that invaluable little work of Ruskin, "Beauty and Nature," two or three perusals of which saved him to the noble creed of "plain living and high thinking." He is now a happy and prosperous farmer, who believes with the author that "to watch the corn grow, to see the tassels shoot; to draw a hard breath over the plowshare or spade; to love; to read; to think; to pray,—these are the things that make men happy."

And what such character of literature did for this young man it can very likely be used to do for many others. It at least will be no crime if teachers should in the future more generally try the experiment.

The Tree of Tears.

The brooding Autumn days are here,
And so, also, the Tree of Tears,—
Through aeons come of Summers drear
From verdant springs' dead hopes
and fears.

They journey to the Winter snow,
The white throuds of the sleeping
Spring,
And moving in a circle, go
As life in life in everything.

The Autumn leaves which fall to earth,
Upon their mother's faithful breast,
Will come again in other birth
From Winter's long and rigid test:—

Yea, they will come from dry and wet,
In fruits of garden, grain of field,
And blooms of rose and violet,
A beauteous and a bounteous yield.

Oh, Tree of Tears! You naked, bare,
Stand firmly in the Autumn earth,—
The first to have the Maker's care,
The Serpent, you! of Man's first birth.

You answer to the Master's call,
And, seasons four, that come and go,
Autumn, the saddest of them all,—
The children of your Eden's woe.

Thomas Fortune.

From the Springfield (Mass.), Daily
Republican.



IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

FOLLOWING THE AGE

Following the movements of the Age and the race as usual, the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, together with the New York Age, have occupied their new home at 247 West Forty-sixth street New York City, on the corner of Forty-sixth street and Eighth avenue. These new and commodious quarters give us many advantages over our old ones, the 'east of which will not be that we have moved away from the approach to the 'sleeping" town of Brooklyn, and also that we now are nearer the Negro people of the Metropolis. We will no longer say things in our exclusive way at long range to distant communities, and by these signs we shall conquer.

In moving up town we have simply followed the trend of the times, as nearly all the other great metropolitan journals have left dusty old Newspaper Row. Within a few weeks we, too, shall announce other changes. But henceforth, remember, look out for the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

ALWAYS HAD THE HOOK

According to our lay way of thinking, John D. Rockefeller has done a questionable philanthropy in contributing a million dollars for the study and cure of the "lazy disease" of Southern whites. The modern mind has made a disease of

every untoward physical phenomenon and has laid the burden of blame on the overworked germ theory. Now, upon the inherited and ingrained laziness of the Southern sand-hiller and cracker, it has charitably bestowed the name of the hook-worm disease. Although that pestiferous little germ has not been cornered, he must be there, and one million dollars the oil magnate has sent in search of him. Since John Smith came to Virginia with his band of gentlemen fops in 1607; since Oglethorpe went to Georgia and called thither all the poor debtors and tired apprentices and political malcontents of the mother country in 1733; ever since slave labor made work for white men dishonorable in Dixie, the poor whites of the South have been lazy. So long as Southern Legislatures refuse to enforce education because of their fear of Negro education; so long as they are more concerned with Negro repression than with Southern construction; so long as the Southerner's time is consumed in Negro envy and his sport is Negro baiting, industry will be discounted there and laziness will continue. The evidence of history points too much one way to need reproduction as to the cause of Southern shiftlessness in the past. Education and equal opportunity for both races are the obvious cures of it to-day.

If one million dollars were devoted to industrial education for Southern whites and to teaching them that labor is honorable and that progress comes from personal effort rather than race oppression it would go farther than ten millions in the study of a supposed disease. One million dollars in the cause of laziness is mighty sweet. But it will not hurt Mr. Rockefeller. It will hardly help the "poor whites."

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER GOES ONWARD

Two things above all others, perhaps, will remain the priceless heritage of the Negro through the life just closed of the last of the ranking Union commanders in the Civil War, General O. O. Howard. Howard University, the greatest academic Negro institution of the country, was established by the Government primarily through the instrumentality of Oliver Otis Howard. It was General Howard, then connected with the Freedman's Bureau, who asked the Negro school children of Georgia: "What message shall I take from you to the people of the North?" It was R. R. Wright who answered promptly: "Tell them we are rising." Immortalized in song and verse the phrase became an accepted slogan to the Negro. It proved an inspiring message from the Southern Negro to his Northern friends.

These are two, but by no means the greatest services of General Howard. No Union general, perhaps, fought more unselfishly and none fought on so many scenes of the Civil War. At both battles of Bull Run, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg,

at Chattanooga, at Atlanta, and on Sherman's march to the sea, General Howard led the bloody and persistent fight. At the close of the war he continued his high and patriotic service in the uplift of the Negro and the cause of the Union.

Grant was grim and resolute, Sherman was stern and able, Sheridan was dashing, but of them all Howard was pious and irrepressible. Nearly four score years of age, he had served the Nation and the Negro well. In war and in peace, he was the highest type of true Christian soldier.

THE SUNNY SIDE

When discouraging reports as to Negro progress and Negro discrimination are spread abroad it is a helpful habit to look for the other side. If the Negro will do this he will find not only that the other side counterbalances the ill report but he will form a habit that will be as nourishing to his spirit as it will be confounding to his enemies.

The Japanese say: "No one will dare to strike the face of a smiling Buddha." No race and no individual can take long satisfaction out of slandering a race which finds apparent satisfaction in the intended torment. If the Negro race is going to pass its crucial tests, it will neither lose its nerve nor its head, it will not become sour in its attitude nor sulky in its habits. It will remain sweet and hopeful in temper with its undaunted face ever turned toward the side of progress.

We say this because of the widespread political and industrial dissatisfaction among Negroes. The worst is past and

whatever may betide to-day the Negro can rest absolutely assured that in the end all will be well.

An alarm may be spread as to Negro taxes for Negro schools. Along comes that courageous North Carolina superintendent, Mr. Coon, and turns the tables upon the South, showing that the Negro would profit thereby, and then comes back with his enemies' figures to prove his own case. The Democrats of Maryland set out to eliminate the Negro. It called forth the active opposition of the Federal Government and conservative Maryland Democrats. The Democrats of the entire South are on the verge of a split over the Negro and a ray of hope in Southern politics for the black man appears that was never seen before. The firemen of the Georgia railroad tried to shut the Negro out and seven Southern railroads made a stubborn and successful fight for them to stay in.

For every discouragement there is encouragement. For every fear there is an assurance. Better days are coming, and the Negro will quicken their approach by keeping on the sunny side.

THE ACQUITTAL OF SHEPPARD

The acquittal of Rev. W. H. Sheppard, the American Negro missionary, on the charges of libel at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, brought an end to the most important and perhaps helpful trial ever conducted in the Congo. The Belgian Government in reality admits the heinous crimes so long charged against it. Her officials tried the case. They own one-half the stock of the commission company which has a monopoly of rub-

ber gathering in the Kasai region, and a majority of the company directors are Belgian officials. The suit has been considered as one by the Belgian Government. The prosecution of the two courageous missionaries, one white and the other black, has brought their charges of tyrannically impressing whole villages for rubber gathering, oppressive taxation and wholesale cruelty into the limelight. The American Government, through the consul at Boma, followed the case, giving him instructions to exercise appropriate good offices if the occasion required.

America has thus assumed in part the responsibility which is hers for the good government of the Congoes. It has not been known until this trial that she has taken any unusual interest in the reports of horrible and wholesale torture coming from many and reliable sources. Now that these informers have been vindicated by Belgium herself, their information must be acted upon. America and England, as Sir Conan Doyle recently said are in duty bound to help the Congo. America as in the past, and elsewhere, should live up to her duty.

RED'S BRAINS vs. BLACK'S BRAINS

The unwelcome news that the Indians in the United States are on the increase; that there are 300,000 red men in our country to-day as against the 260,000 of twenty years ago, is causing the public much concern. The increase of 10,000 Indians in Canada in the last ten years has quite dismayed Canada. The press has adopted various methods of relieving the public's discomfort. The follow-

ing extract of a New York World editorial is perhaps typical:

"For us the gathering of new numbers may mean a new problem, but the fresh issue must surely be more satisfactory to deal with than that old one which seemed chiefly to involve measures of decimation, repression and for the agencies investigation. In mental equipment the Indians rank easily above the average Negroes. In their new estate they have produced every variety of active manhood, from statesmen, teachers, doctors and preachers down to good-for-nothings—even as the whites. We can accept their numerical influence as the physical evidence of a racial progress succeeding the old processes of decay under abuse."

Such specious argument is so transparent as hardly to require refutation. The question as to the relative ability of the Indian and the Negro carries its own answer. Neither a psychological inquiry nor a sociological investigation is needed. Just plain common sense, census figures as to progress in culture and numbers and a look at the two races in any corner of the country will suffice.

What is the test of a man's mental equipment? Success under persecution or extermination under difficulties? The ability to adopt and thrive under a progressive civilization or the unwillingness and inability to withstand that civilization? A thriving independence or a suicidal and sullen guardianship, a general wealth and culture and Christianity and constructive statesmen or a general poverty and ignorance and semi-barbarism and destructive malcontents? If the

former, Negroes rank above Indians in mental equipment.

THE BULWARK OF OUR LIBERTY

The lamented death of United States Supreme Court Justice Rufus W. Peckham, of New York, makes the first of the vacancies in our highest and final tribunal which President Taft will be called upon to fill. With Chief Justices Fuller and the true-blue Harlan, of Kentucky, each 76 years old, with Justice Brewer at 72, all past the retiring age, with Justice Holmes 68 years old, not much below it, with Justice Moody confined by a chronic sickness, President Taft will probably have the appointment of four members and possibly of five, or a majority of the Supreme Court.

There are many vital questions and policies which must go at no late date to the Supreme Court for final judgment. None of them is more vital to the Nation and the Negro than the question of Southern disfranchisement. Upon the settlement of the political equality and protection of ten million Negroes hangs very largely the question of future democracy in this Republic. The President keenly realizes this. Time and again and most notably in his recent letters on Maryland disfranchisement, he has declared for the full and equal American citizenship of the black man.

We therefore hope in his practical reconstruction of the Federal Court he will have a due regard for the attitude of his appointees on this matter. It is not a question of wrong or right nor is it entirely a question of section or politics. It is a question as to whether a man be-

lieves in citizenship for the Negro. If the present vacancy is to be filled from New York there are many men in this State of eminence in ability and character whom the President might well honor. Whoever he may be we trust that he believes in real democracy for the Nation and the Negro.

DISFRANCHISEMENT DEFEATED

The defeat of the Negro disfranchising amendment in Maryland is cause for rejoicing to the entire Negro race. This

second attempt of the Maryland Democratic machine not only preserves Maryland a two party State unmarked by that most un-American of political crimes, race disfranchisement, but has stayed the progress of the exclusion of the Negro in the Southern States. Lining up every element of decency in the State against the amendment, including conservative and patriotic Democrats, we shall now expect to see the other Southern States at no late date rebelling against the despotism and degrading influence of the disfranchising party.

A TRIBUTE TO MATTHEW HENSON.

Hail, Peary's comrade!
Loyal follower
And trusted assistant
In many a hard voyage
In the Land of the Midnight Sun;
Born of a tropic race,
Yet skilled in the lore
Of the frozen zone,
And in the dialect
Of the Esquimaux,
Master of the sledges,
Hunter of musk-ox
And at home in igloos,
Or on the Great Ice:
'Mid Polar snows,
Where day had disappeared
And the sun himself,
Earth's source of light and life,
Had sunk beneath the horizon,
Refusing to rise and set,
And the Great Night reigned
Serene and measureless;
Where aurora's white
In wreaths and streams
Of pale amorphous light
Fluttered and waved
In serpent folds
Till, moved by some strange force,
From every fold,
Flame shot forth,
Crimson and violet,
Green and gold,
Then broke into fragments
And dissolved to cloud
Faint and luminous;
Where Arcturus and Aldebaran
Shone with strange effulgence;
Where the ghost-like demons,
Hoar-Frost and Boreal-Wind,
With Arctic cold
Harassed the wanderers
As if to punish them
That they had dared
Invade their realm
Till then untrod of men—
'Mid scenes like these,
Which words can never quite describe,
That test the inmost soul
And show the inner man
Unvarnished, naked—

Thou did'st reveal
The salient qualities
Of thy race—
Patience, endurance,
Loyalty, faithfulness,
Cheerfulness, hope
And perseverance;
Thou wert thy chieftain's
Strong right arm;
Through long and tedious hours,
O'er Arctic wastes
And primeval glaciers
That never melt,
And in treacherous leads,
Until thy chief and thee,
With the patient Esquimaux,
Had reached the topmost spot
Of the globe;
There, thy dusky hand
Helped bear aloft
The Stars and Stripes—
And the centuries' goal
Had been reached at last.
Oh, star spangled banner,
Loved flag of the free,
Sweet Freedom's aurora,
The vision of thee
Afloat to the breeze,
At the Equator,
Or at either Pole,
Or where'er it be,
Thy sovereign folds unroll,
Stirs to its depths
Each patriot soul.
Then here's to Peary,
Henson and the Pole!
And here's to the Stars and Stripes
They lifted there
For a moment—
Prophetic of the day
When all the truths
For which that ensign stands
Shall triumph—
From land to land,
From zone to zone,
From pole to pole,
From man to man.

E. L. BLACKSHEAR.

Prairie View, Texas.

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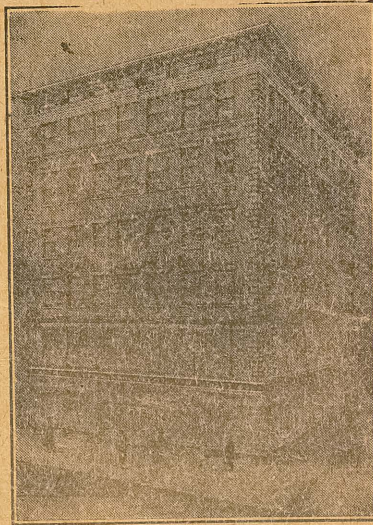
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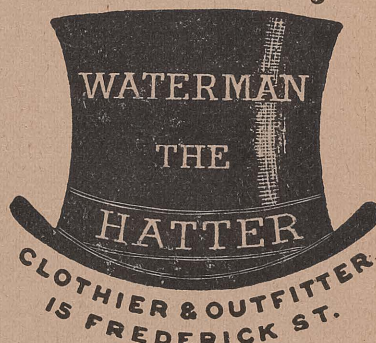
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