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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF THE NEGRO RACE

Miss LENA V. ISHAM.
Richmond, Va. (*See page 274.*)

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THERE STOOD THE GREAT APE-LIKE FIGURE HE HAD SEEN BEFORE, MOTIONLESS, AND CLUTCHING IN GREAT HANDS TWO OF THE MEN-AT-ARMS. (*See page 247.*)

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1901. NO. 4.

The Return of The MacHugh

By Winthrop Packard

KONAN, fair-haired and tall, had stepped lightly along the misty moorland, lightly over bog and highland, for many a mile to the castle. No man of his blood had trod these moors for centuries, no foot of a descendant of the old kings had turned to the castle of the MacHughs in that time, yet the little gray cabins, the shy smiles of the barefooted children, even the Gaelic tongue which he could not speak, seemed familiar. And the castle, too; its walls had not greatly crumbled, and might still be defended by archers as of yore.

He paused on the seaward face, sat upon a green mound at an angle of the wall, leaned his head back against it, and mused on the legend of the castle. A wild story it was: of turbulent days, of a beautiful hostage, who was the lady of Tara, and of a wonderful emerald guarded and followed by a strange ghostly creature that was neither man nor devil, but more of the latter than the former. Then there was his own namesake, Konan MacHugh, who centuries ago had loved the fair hostage, fought with his own race for her and vanished with her, followed by the ghostly guardian of the gem, to appear no more in legend or record.

The legend seemed to fit the place, and the tale of the ghost seemed hardly absurd here. The long lines of moor and the eerie mists shut the castle off in a world by itself, where still goblins might come and go, and strange deeds be done.

He seemed to hear a stealthy tread, and a little shiver ran through him.

Along the grassy slope stalked a huge, ape-like figure, half shrouded in the mists that a moment later shut it from sight. Konan gave a little gasp of surprise and then smiled. It was a trick of the mists, of course. Then a hand was laid gently on his shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and turned to find a young girl standing by his side. She was tall, with a

figure that was round and supple under a cloak of gray, and her face was sweet with welcome.

"Konan!" she said. That was all, and Konan found himself taking the two white hands in his own and pressing them. Then there were heavy footsteps behind him and a clang. An order in gruff tones rang from the battlements above, and Konan, surprised and bewildered, turned again, confronting two stalwart men clad in armor. They stood with battle-axes lifted as if to strike, and this was the command that came from the battlements:

"Strike!" it said, "and spare not. It is the traitor!" There was a note of vindictive eagerness in the command, and the two grim fighting men took another step forward. But the girl stepped quickly between, and lifted a warning hand.

Again came a voice from the battlements: "Slay this man! Mind not the hostage woman, but slay!"

"In the name of the MacHugh." With the words the girl threw back the cloak from her breast, and Konan saw at her throat the sheen of a great emerald, a gem of wondrous beauty and value, and as the fierce warriors looked upon it they hesitated. Then the elder lowered his axe.

"Slay him not," he said to the other; "it is the MacHugh's command. Who bears the emerald speaks his will."

There was a curse from the battlements, and the girl took Konan by the hand and turned toward a doorway in the wall.

"Come," she said, and there was both entreaty and caress in her voice. Through the narrow arch whose oaken door studded with great iron bolts swung for their passage and shut behind them with the clang of replaced bars, by tall helmeted halberdiers they passed, and in the passing Konan felt the nineteenth century slip away from him.

This girl, surely he knew her. She was the lady of Tara held as hostage by the MacHugh; the emerald was the stone of the legend, and the strange figure that had appeared and vanished. He thought of it with a shudder, but a hand held his, and drew him on, a hand plump and firm with warm young life. As they passed a doorway a face was thrust out, and a voice hissed the single word: "Wait." Then it vanished, and the lady of Tara drew him on.

"Whither do we go?" asked Konan.

"To the lady of the castle," replied his guide; and in a moment they stood in the audience-room.

The lady of the castle sat, a group of attendants stood, and on either side were men-at-arms. Among them Konan saw the face of him who had hissed the word "Wait." At a gesture of command the lady of Tara passed the emerald to the other, upon whose bosom it shone with changing gleam in the gloom of the room. It fascinated Konan's gaze, and seemed to hypnotize him into recognition of his questioner and those about her. "Why have you come back?" she said to Konan. For a moment Konan did not reply.

He felt that these were people of another age. Yet he knew them all. One by one they stepped as if into his memory without introduction. Shan of the long axe was leaning upon his weapon by the lady's side.

It was he who had commanded his death from the battlements, and later had bidden him wait. The lady of the castle, the fighting men, even the attendants, were familiar figures. A pride of race seemed to rise in him, and he heard his own voice, as if it came from the emerald whose watchful eye shone through the gloom.

"Why should I not come back?" he said. "Shall not a MacHugh return to the halls of his ancestors? Is the warding of the castle to be left to lowbred kerns, and shall men of the field and dunghill lead in its defence?" There was a stir among the warriors, and Shan of the long axe lifted his weapon. "I am a MacHugh," said Konan haughtily; "and I command here."

The wearer of the emerald started from her seat in anger.

"Traitor," she hissed. "You will usurp the place of the lord of the castle? You will supplant the MacHugh? He fights and seeks booty on unknown seas for the bringing of wealth to the castle and glory to the name. And who is it that sneaks back like a thief in the night? You, a traitor to the house! You, who would wed the daughter of an alien race! You"—her voice rose to a shrill scream, and Shan of the long axe sprang forward with a cry.

"Die now!" he roared; and with

THE LADY OF TARA.

the axe above his head rushed upon Konan. Before it could fall, a blow from Konan's fist sent both it and its wielder clashing in a heap.

Then the hands of a half dozen men-at-arms grasped Konan. But the lady of the castle had regained her self-control, and stood erect.

"Listen, men of the castle," she said; "and know the doom of a traitor. This man has deserted the lord of the castle, and returned at the bidding of a hostage woman who leads him by the hand. He bids us defiance, and strikes the foremost warder of the castle, Shan of the long axe, ever trusted of my lord. By the great emerald which is the token of the MacHughs will, I say he shall die."

The lady's eyes turned to a stone in the flagging of the floor, and Konan's look followed. The lady smiled grimly.

"It is well," she said. "Let him pass."

In the square of flagging was worked with much cunning a stone ring. Through this ring two of the men at arms passed an axe-handle, and with some difficulty lifted it from its position. From below came a long-drawn sigh, as if something breathed there.

Day was at an end, and fantastic shadows draped the arches of the room and seemed to slip down and mingle with the company. Again from the black depths below came that long-drawn gasping sigh. Konan felt the fear of the unknown well up within him.

Then he was pushed into a kneeling position before the opening. The sound of the sighing was plainer here, and a gurgling snarl followed. Shan of the long axe stood beside him.

"It were better for you," said Shan, "that you had died outside the castle in the bright light of day. Now you will go" — he paused a moment as if to give his words greater weight — "to feed what lies below."

Shan swung the axe high, and Konan nerved himself for the blow, but it did not fall. Instead, he felt the touch of a keen cold edge laid gently upon him. Shan laughed.

Yet it was not an easy laugh. It seemed as if he stood in half-expectant fear of something. Then the lady of the castle spoke, and in her voice Konan noted that same expectancy.

"It is time," she said; "let him pass. So pass all enemies of the MacHugh."

Shan swung the axe high once more. Then Konan heard it clash upon the pavement. It had descended, but not on him. He sprang to his feet, and saw Shan stand tottering on the verge of the opening. Another moment, and with a cry of fear he slipped over the edge and disappeared from sight, while from below the gurgling snarl ended in what seemed a hideous laugh.

Shan of the long axe had himself gone to feed what lay below.

Konan shivered as he sprang to the other side of the opening, seized the long axe, and swung it into a position of defence.

It seemed to him as if he was accustomed to fight with an axe.

Then he saw. There stood the great ape-like figure he had seen before, motionless, and clutching in great hands two of the men-at-arms.

They hung limp and silent while the flaring eyes of the figure leered at the assembly.

Then a soft hand crept into his palm, and the lady of Tara whispered: "Come away. Hush; come away."

Like one in a dream he moved with a great effort.

No one else stirred. They passed the lady of the castle lying prone.

The emerald had fallen from her dress, and the lady of Tara took it from the floor and pinned it once again at the throat of her own gown. It seemed to light the way for them.

A moment after the sepulchral silence was cut as with a knife by the clang of the door behind them, and Konan fled along the passageway led by the lady of Tara.

Thrilled through and through with dread of what they had just seen, he went on with bowed head and battle-axe clasped tightly in one hand, while with the other he clung as does a child to its mother, to the slender girl who was leading him he knew not whither.

After a little there was a doorway which opened on an almost perpendicular flight of stairs, which he with difficulty climbed, but up which the girl tripped with ease.

At the top, passing through another door he saw that he was in a lady's boudoir, undoubtedly that of the lady of Tara.

The room was meagerly furnished, yet it showed the charm of woman's occupancy. There was a couch, a rude seat and bits of feminine finery, while in a corner stood, as if lately laid aside, a lute.

Raising his hand to his head, he found it covered with a steel morion and he noted, too, that he was clad in a light but strong suit of armor, much the same as those of the men-at-arms of the castle, but of better finish.

He did not wonder at this any more than he had wondered at any of the strange things that were befalling him. He seemed to be carried forward by an irresistible stream of events through which he passed as one who walks in a dream.

He heard the clicking of heavy bolts. The lady of Tara had fastened the door. Then she turned to him and said simply:

"For a time we are safe. They will not look for us now."

"But the — that thing!" said Konan with a shudder.

The lady smiled faintly out of a face white as a lily and as beautiful in its wanness.

"No one can tell about that," she said; "we are as safe here as anywhere."

With the sense of temporary relief from danger, a great weariness came to Konan, and he sank upon the couch with his battle-axe by his side.

For the first time since she took his hand outside the castle he looked attentively at his companion, and realized what a beautiful woman she was. A woman whose red-gold hair

was shot with fire, and whose great dark eyes shone like stars in the gloom.

Looking in those eyes he seemed to understand. He was the Konan MacHugh of the olden time, and this the lady of Tara whom he loved. He had deserted the expedition of the MacHugh to return to his lady, and but for the coming of the terror would have died on the brink of the oubliette as penalty for his desertion.

It was now night, and the moonlight through the narrow window touched the figure of the lady of Tara with a soft light as she took the lute and stroked it lightly with a hand white and slender in the moonlight. To its accompaniment she crooned a song, a lullaby of another land, which had in it nothing of the wild loneliness of the place. A song such as might be sung in a Persian garden when the nightingale is silent and the night is heavy with the scent of flowers. And thus she sang:

"Softly fall the poppy leaves,
Dreaming on the ground,
Watchful night above thee grieves
At the slightest sound.
Sweet and slow, sweet and slow,
Swing her censers to and fro;
Sweet and slow, sweet and slow,
Soothing breezes blow."

Drowsily, dreamily listening, Konan scarcely heard from the wall behind him a sound like hands scratching over a rough surface in the darkness. The lady of Tara sang on:

"Hushed within the morning's breath
Waits the voice of dawn,
Soothing music murmureth
Through closed curtains drawn.
Slow and sweet, slow and sweet,
Lulled its passion's throbbing beat,
Slow and sweet, slow and sweet,
Gently doth it greet."

She paused. Faintly from below stairs came a confused murmur of voices.

Konan heard the sound in the wall behind him, he heard the voices below stairs, and he looked deep in the eyes of the singer and listened while she sang:

"Love nor labor trouble not
When the eyelids close,
In the palace or the cot
Joy comes with repose.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Pillowed on night's heaving breast,
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
In her soft arms pressed."

The murmur of voices below swelled into a hoarse shout, and there was the clang of armor on the stairway. It was time.

Konan sprang to his feet and took both the lady's hands in his. They stood face to face where the moon shone in through the narrow shutterless window.

"Dear lady," said Konan, "the fight is to begin, a fight against such odds that it can end in but one way — death. They may spare you, but all too soon I shall sleep; perchance, the sleep of which you just now sang. Yet it occurs to me that it is not unpleasant to die, when one dies fighting for the woman he loves."

The girl's hands closed tightly on his and drew him gently toward her.

"Konan," she said, "love is sweet in life; perchance it is sweet, too, in

death. And if the man a woman loves must die, she should be proud and glad that he dies for her. I shall not be far behind you, and it may be I shall be first, who knows?"

Closer yet she drew him, with her face upturned to his, but only their eyes met.

Something sang in through the window, brushed between their approaching lips, and struck the wall with a clang. Then came a thunder of blows on the door, and Konan sprang hastily to the fastenings.

Then he picked up the long-handled axe, detached the heavy knife which hung at his side, and offered it to the lady of Tara.

"You can use it," he said, "if the worst comes."

But the lady shook her head. "If there is need," she said, "I can use this." As she spoke she picked up the arrow that but a moment before had parted their approaching lips, and Konan saw a bit of parchment wound about the shaft. But now the heavy door tottered. One axe had cut through near the bolt, and Konan looking at this opening felt a savage glee rise within him.

He watched the fall of the axe edge on the opening, and quick as thought, on its withdrawal, thrust the heavy knife through to the full length of his long arm. A howl of pain answered the thrust, and he drew the weapon quickly back, its brightness tarnished, and smiled as he heard on the steep stair a heavy falling body carrying others down with it.

If they fought in a huddle like that, he thought grimly, there would be more heavy bodies swept down that stairway.

Then with a last crash the door fell.

A flickering glare of torches shone into the room, glancing from weapons and armor.

And now Konan showed the audacity and generalship which had given men of his name the right to stand at the head of a turbulent house. To have waited the attack would have been to expose himself to too great odds. Instead, knife in hand, he sprang into the huddle of warriors at the top of the stair. Before they could recover from their surprise, the knife driven by Konan's long arm had found the weak points in the armor of several.

Two — three — tall men sank on the narrow landing. One, near its edge, toppled over and went whirling down the stair, taking with him those coming up, and the landing seemed cleared when Konan was staggered by a glancing blow. This came from a huge man-at-arms who had stood at one side waiting until he might use his weapon.

The blow did not wound, but glancing sent the faithful knife ringing on the stone floor far in the room. Konan waited for no second blow, but threw his arms about the great man and strove to throw him to the floor. But strong as he was, he was no match for the other, who wrestled with great strength and fury. In a moment Konan was down on

one knee, then on his back, with the huge warrior kneeling astride. With a snarl of triumph the man-at-arms reached for his axe, lifted it, paused for a second for surer aim, then with a gasp fell prone and nerveless on the floor, while above him with pale face and gleaming eyes stood the lady of Tara.

Konan sprang to his feet. "You were just in time," he said gratefully. "How did you do it?"

"The women of Tara ever stand by their lords," she replied proudly; "there is your knife."

Konan plucked the knife from its sheath in the great man's neck, and, starting to topple his body down the stairs, thought better of it, and piled that and two others at the head of the landing.

There was silence below, and in the brief breathing space the lady brought him the arrow that had flown into the window with the parchment attached. He unwound this and read:

"If you would escape press the lower corner of the stone. It and the one above it turn. They are coming to attack you."

That was all.

"From whom could it come?" asked Konan.

The lady of Tara did not know.

"It is from some friend," she said; "there are those in the castle would help me if they dared."

"See if you can find this stone," said Konan; then turned toward the stair where he heard the shuffle of climbing feet, seizing one of the bodies there and hurling it down the stairs, clearing the almost vertical stairway and sweeping the assailants to a heap at the foot. But this delayed the attack but for a moment, and soon at the top of the stair Konan had need to ply the battle-axe with all the fierce strength of a MacHugh; and while advantage of position and audacity and skill yet prevailed over numbers, the lady of Tara sought the walls of the room for the stone which turned, but all seemed immovable. And ever as she sought the conflict at the head of the stair grew hotter. The men from below took a leaf from Konan's tactics, and endeavored to reach the joints in his armor with the long knives. Twice he had been hurt thus, and though he wreaked terrible vengeance wounds and weariness momentarily weakened him, and he was driven back into the centre of the chamber. Here he rallied, and shouting the ancient battle-cry of the MacHughs, fought as men of that name had ever fought. But at length, exhausted and reeling, he felt a mist pass before his eyes, and staggered back against the wall by the couch.

And now once more the lady of Tara took a hand in the conflict. Springing in front of him, with the simulation of dread and horror on her face, she pointed toward the door of the chamber.

"See!" she shrieked: "It comes! It comes!"

A fear once ingrained never leaves us. The men-at-arms had cause to know and dread the ghostly guardian of the emerald. Its appearance of

the early night was still fresh in their minds, and as one man they turned toward the door. As they did so Konan again heard that scratching on the stone behind him. This time he felt it turning. Then he staggered to his feet and grasped his axe.

From the opening came a woeful figure, and pale, dripping and dishevelled, Shan of the long axe sprang with a wild cry directly at Konan. The cry was echoed by a shout of fear from the men-at-arms who thought Shan dead in the depths of the oubliette, and turned at his cry only to see him step apparently from the solid wall. Nor was their dismay lessened when Konan, still dazed with weakness and fatigue, swung his weapon upon the figure, and at the blow the head of Shan of the long axe leaped from his shoulders, and the headless trunk staggered toward the men-at-arms. They dropped their weapons in terror and fled toward the stair, down which they clattered, leaving the room silent in the wan moonlight which paled toward the coming of dawn.

Once again the lady of Tara took Konan by the hand.

"Come," she said. From the opening a stair seemed to lead a long way down into the bowels of the earth. Konan was weary, but the gentle strength of the lady of Tara aided him.

At the bottom of the stair a passage led away on a level.

As they groped their way along this Konan stopped and said: "Listen." There was a breath of fresh air as if from the sea, and borne on it came a faint sighing like that which had come up out of the oubliette. From behind, too, came a faint sound, a rattle of armor. The men-at-arms had rallied once more.

"They are coming behind us," said Konan.

"No! no!" cried the lady of Tara; "it is something ahead that I hear. Hear it, now. What is it?"

"Whatever was at the bottom of the oubliette," answered Konan gravely.

"Then let us go back," said the lady; "it is better to face men than — than that."

Konan shook his head. "To go back is to die," he said; "they hold the head of the stair now. Whatever is ahead of us Shan escaped it and we may. Come."

As they went on the noise of the strange breathing grew louder, and they saw glimmers of light. And now they stepped out onto a sort of rock bridge and stopped suddenly, for almost at their feet they heard the breathing and the same gurgling which had come from the oubliette.

"Do not fear," he said; "it will not harm us." He stepped to the edge of the rock bridge and looked over in the dim light, and as he did so a splash of sea-water threw spray on his face.

Konan laughed. "See now," he said, "the monster that lies in wait at the bottom of the oubliette." He drew the lady of Tara closer to his side, and together they looked down.

The pressure of a distant sea-wave

drove the water through a narrow opening at their feet and its rush made the sigh they had heard, then the subsidence of the swell brought out the same gruesome gurgling. The lady of Tara nestled closer to his side under the pressure of his arm, and with the thrill of her Konan's strength seemed to come bounding back again.

A time they stood thus, till Konan, wondering at a strange coming of light, looked over his shoulder and tried to turn away again, but could not, fascinated by the startling sight which met his eyes.

In a strange and ghostly radiance which scintillated from point to point of the rock which loomed above them they saw again that weird, ape-like figure. Its glowing eyes were fastened on the two, and it swung slowly down from point to point of rock toward them, and ever as it moved the light seemed to follow it and draw after it a train of shadows that palpitated with weird fear of things unseen. Nearer and nearer the figure came, and still the two stood horror stricken, until the great eyes blazed in theirs and the terrible arms were stretched forth to clutch them.

Then with a shriek that reëchoed along the rough arches of stone Konan burst from the spell, and with the lady's hand in his fled along the passage upward and outward toward the blessed light of dawn: fled, feeling ever close behind the clutching of those hands and the burning light of those eyes, and if the creature followed or not, and over what ground or how far they went, neither knew, only after a little while they found themselves unharmed on the green space outside the castle walls.

It was dawn indeed. Low across the water lay a wreath of fog that swept in and shrouded all things in white illusion. But before it shut in Konan had seen moored in the placid water by the base of the cliff a little boat, a bull's-hide coracle.

Silently they slipped into the fog and down the slope toward the boat. The fog drew closer, and they walked in a world of shimmering light that glowed with soft radiance of its own.

The rosy glow lighted the narrow circle of quiet sea which was to bear them to safety, and a light breeze of morning drifted a narrow lane through the mist to eastward where a single direct ray of the sun touched the rose folds of the fog with a border of gold.

"See," whispered the lady of Tara; "it is an omen of good. That way lies escape and happiness. Let us go."

The lane of radiance through the fog swung wider, and through it with the breeze of morning came an object that loomed in white folds like a part of the fog itself.

The lady of Tara clasped Konan in her arms, and for the first time gave a sob of despair.

It was the ship of the MacHugh.

And now it grated against the bank, and fantastic warriors sprang out and surrounded them.

Suddenly a huge warrior loomed in front of him, and shouting the

battle-cry of the MacHugh broke the silence for the first time, and Konan's axe fell shorn from the helve by the weapon of the other. Then two soft arms clasped his neck and a face was laid to his.

"Love, good-by," a voice said in his ear, and with the words the great man's axe descended with a blinding crash, and together Konan MacHugh and the lady of Tara floated away from their world of strife and disaster into the white fog of oblivion.

. . . . . .

People searching for the missing traveler found him next day lying without the battlements of the ancient castle nearly dead with wounds, with an ancient and rusty battle-axe lying by his side, the blade eaten deep with rust, and the helve as black with age as if of bog oak. They took him tenderly to the little town, and after a long time with careful nursing he recovered.

It was said that he had fallen from the castle walls, and the story that he told over and over again in his delirium could be but the imaginings of one whose head was injured.

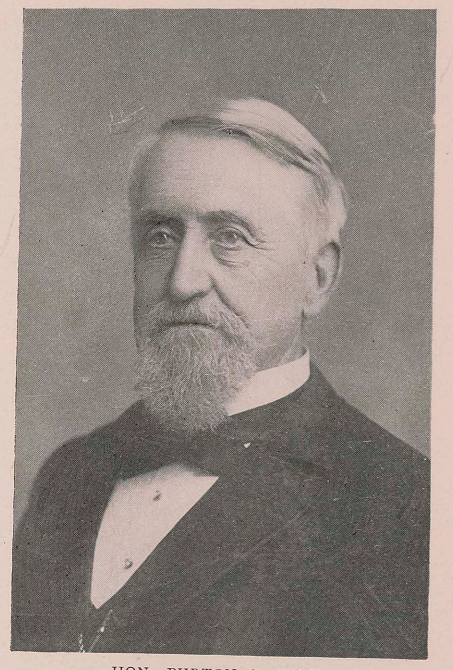
But if so, what of the battle-axe? and still more what of the weather-spoiled but still huge emerald which Konan on his recovery found buried beneath some ancient armor in the moss not far from the place where he was picked up so sorely wounded? These, at least, are realities.

Could the whole have been such stuff as dreams are made of? Or is the tradition true that now and then in the passing of the centuries one of the old blood comes back to the castle for a night and leads there such life as may befall him till the coming of dawn?

Who shall say? Very likely it does not matter; but among the many relics of travel Konan MacHugh values most the ancient weapon of Shan of the long axe and the emerald of the MacHugh.

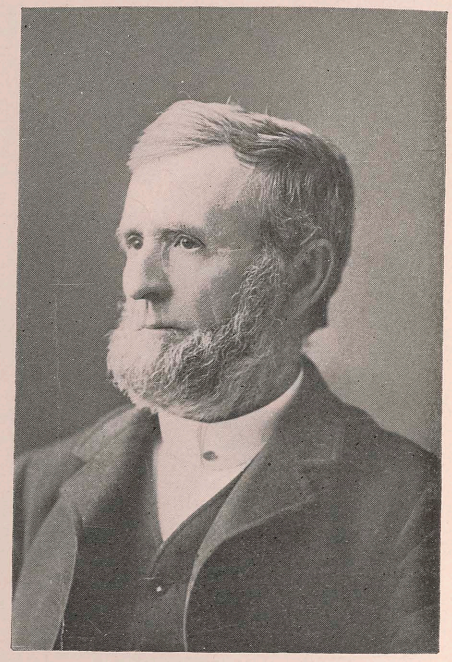
Yet highly as he prizes these he would give them both to see, waking, as he sees her in dreams, the lady of Tara.

THEY FOUND HIM NEXT DAY LYING WITHOUT THE ANCIENT CASTLE.



HON. BURTON C. COOK.

Who presented Lincoln's name for the Presidency at the Charleston Convention.



HON. PERRY ARMSTRONG.

A prominent Douglass Democrat.

SOME NEW LINCOLN STORIES.

JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

OF the benefactors of the colored race there is one figure that will stand always as preëminent — Abraham Lincoln. It was his power to reach the heart — of persons or arguments — that lifted him to prominence in the politics of the West. It was the same faculty that made him president. His homely philosophy and his tenderness of feeling endure with a fervidness unapproached by any other public man of his time. The ornate eloquence of many of his associates has long been forgotten; but the sayings of Lincoln are used with Biblical quotations, for the purpose of illustration and explanation. Lincoln was more than a man of abstract achievements. He lives as truly in the hearts of his fellows of today as does Robert Burns or Longfellow or John the Baptist.

After all, analyze greatness as we will, compare men as we choose, the greatest thing that a man can leave for his fellowman is — a gentle memory.

The story of Lincoln will never grow old. There is a pathos, a nobility, and an individual humor in his character that makes this man a national figure that is apart from all

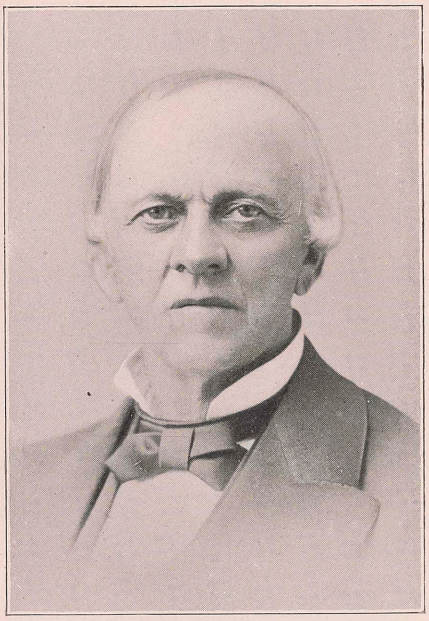
others. It is doubtful if there is another character in the history of our country that appeals to the hearts of the masses with anything like so vivid a force, so deep an abiding love as does the memory of the rail-splitter statesman. Incidents and narratives almost innumerable have been told and retold about Lincoln,— and, to their honor, the people are never tired of the telling. In attempting to set forth aught that is really *new*, confession of the hazard of the undertaking may be freely made. It is believed, however, that the following incidents and observations have never been printed.

One of the oldest old settlers in the State of Illinois is Hon. Perry Armstrong, who has since the forties made his home at Morris, Grundy County. As a Douglass Democrat, Perry Armstrong early entered Illinois politics, and has held in his long career many important official positions. He was in Springfield during the tumultuous days preceding the war, and knew intimately all the representative men who made the Capitol their headquarters, such as Lincoln, Douglass, Herndon, Hay, Yates, Baker and the rest.

I once had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Armstrong at his fine old mansion in Morris, Ill., and in speaking of the early days of Prairie State politics, he said:

"The first time I saw Lincoln was at Jacksonville, in August, 1844. There was a rally, and Douglass and John J. Hardin were to hold a debate. Joah Wilkinson, a farmer and politician of Menard County, was sitting beside me on a window-ledge, when he glanced out at a group of men near by, and pointing to a tall, muscular-looking fellow, said: 'Perry, that's Abe Lincoln.'

"It was soon time for the debate to open, and as his friends began to go around to the court-house door, Abe stood still a minute, and then



HON. J. O. GLOVER.
One of Lincoln's strongest supporters in Illinois politics.

started on an easy trot and jumped in through a window. The crowd laughed, and several said: 'That's his way. He's an odd feller.' I was later introduced to him, and said: 'Sorry, but I'll have to tell you that I'm a Democrat.' To which Abe replied: 'Well, I don't know as I can blame you for that,' and in a half-solemn, half-joking way concluded: 'It often requires more

courage to dare to do right than to fear to do wrong.'

"A great sentence, wasn't it? I have never before or since heard it put just that way. Young chap as I was at the time it was uttered, the strangely forceful wisdom and uniqueness of the expression impressed me even then, and it has many times struck me in reading the writings of famous authors, that none of them gave out a more meaningful sentence than that off-hand remark of this then unknown Lincoln.

"The speaking started up. Some time after the debaters had held the platform and while Hardin was talking, Abe, who was standing with his arms folded, observed in my hearing:

"'Douglass is flooring Hardin. Hardin don't understand how to take him.' It shows that Abe was already carefully studying and measuring the power of Douglass, and reailzing full well that they would inevitably lock horns. The results showed how well Lincoln was watching Douglass in these early campaigns."

During the winter of 1851 Mr. Armstrong boarded opposite Lincoln's home in Springfield. "Lincoln and I," said he, "used to spend many of the evenings reading the works of Scott. We used to discuss them as we went along. We finished them all up that winter. Our tastes differed widely. Lincoln was enthusiastic on 'Rokeby,' and was never weary of elaborating upon its many fine passages. My preference was 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

RESIDENCE OF J. O. GLOVER, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.

It was here that Lincoln was a guest on the occasion of the first of the Lincoln-Douglass Debates.

It was at Ottawa where Lincoln

once came to try a case before the Supreme Court that he was interrupted during an address to the Court by a brother who thrust a paper, folded in legal style, into Lincoln's hand. He paused to unfold it and glance at the contents. The document proved to be a mock petition, got up as a sort of joke upon a member of the bar who sat near. It read something as follows: "We, the undersigned, hereby subscribe the amounts set opposite our names, said sums to be used towards purchasing a new pair of breeches for Barrister So and So." Lincoln with no change of demeanor or apparent show of annoyance at the impudent interruption, casually glanced around at the poverty-stricken attorney referred to, and, as his eye rested for a moment upon something white creeping through a small rent in the gentleman's lower habiliments, wrote a few words upon the paper, folded it and returned the same. When the paper was examined, the following statement appeared:

"Not one cent for the end in view. — A. LINCOLN."

In Illinois politics Lincoln had no stauncher and abler supporters than Burton C. Cook and J. O. Glover. Each of these men became eminent as lawyers, and in political fields their influence was far-reaching and reputable. Cook was a congressman for many years, representing the Ottawa district. He was one of Lincoln's most trusted friends, and during the war was many times called to Washington by request of the President, that his views on perplexing questions might be heard. At the Charleston convention it was Burton C. Cook who presented Lincoln's name for the presidency, which he did in these words:

"Illinois again presents for the suffrage of the nation, the name of her honored son, Abraham Lincoln."

Cook later became the general solicitor of the Chicago & Northwestern R.R., with headquarters at Chicago, in which city he resided until his death, a few years since.

J. O. Glover was known as one of the ablest cross-examiners at the bar of Northern Illinois. He was United States District Attorney for the Northern District, and afterwards attorney for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R. His death occurred at Chicago some years ago.

The first of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglass took place at Ottawa, on Aug. 21, 1858. During Lincoln's stay in Ottawa he was a guest at the residence of Mr. Glover. When the hour for speech-making arrived, Lincoln and Glover, arm in arm, walked over to the Square and Lincoln was assisted to a platform upon which sat many men famous in the political life of Illinois. Glover introduced Lincoln to the audience, following the address of Judge Douglass, and presently Lincoln was telling this story:

"I have been accused by my friend Douglass of many offences," he said, turning a good-natured smile toward 'The Little Giant,' who had an uneasy look, as if scenting trouble, "and

among them that of keeping a saloon. I would say to this charge of selling whiskey that it is a fact that I once did sell strong liquor when I tended store at New Salem, but it was in this way: There were no doctors or drug-stores in the neighborhood, and the only way for people to get a little liquor in case of sickness was to buy it at this store of ours. So as an accommodation and as a medicine we did sell liquor, and," looking around at Douglass, "if my memory serves me right, the best customer we had was Stephen A. Douglass."

After the debate was over Lincoln was piloted by enthusiastic supporters back to Glover's residence. In the evening the parlors were filled with eager townspeople and with prominent politicians. During a lull in the handshaking and hubbub of congratulation, Lincoln was called into a side room to examine the report of his afternoon's speech which a representative of a Chicago paper had written preparatory to forwarding.

Lincoln sat down, crossed his long legs, and slowly read the manuscript through.

"How is it, Mr. Lincoln?" asked the anxious scribe.

"Well," said Lincoln, with great deliberation as he took another glance over the page, "I must say as my grandfather did when he saw his daguerreotype: 'It's most horribly like me.'"

FORMATION OF CHILD CHARACTER.

ANNIE E. TUCKER.

IN considering this subject, we are to have two paramount objects in view; i. e., the *child* and its environments. In this age parents are leaving to the care of others, mainly the Sunday-school and secular teachers, the inculcating of the principles of *right* and *wrong*. No one observes this more closely than their daily instructors. For example, the child comes to school with hair, shoes and clothing unkempt; he comes from home, yet it remains for the vigilant eye of the teacher to correct him of this *one* of the many negligences, by having him remedy the same at once. Now, let us notice the *child*. In the beginning of the discussion the question is: What is the child? What is this little lump of flesh, breathing life and singing the song of immortality? The wisdom of ages upon ages has asked this question, and still it remains unanswered. It is the problem of the universe. "The child is the climax and culmination of all God's creations," so says one of the world's best thinkers, and yet he feels that the reply to the question is inadequate. I think we can take it for granted that as God, the creator of the child, made the child his highest creation, he put into that child himself,—his divinity; and that this

divinity manifests itself in the seeking for truth through the visible and tangible. The child is brought into direct contact with its mother, its father and the whole family — and who will dare say is not above all a student of human nature? Who will say that its eyes, when they gaze into one's face, cannot read the soul better than older people? The child looks at you with the innocence and purity of childhood; and no hypocrisy, no dissimulation, though it may veil the truth from older eyes, can keep it from the little ones. The child is not only a student of individual life, but of community life, the life of the family, the life of the neighbors, of the children he meets at play, in the house, in the yard; in short, the child without his own knowledge is forming a grand foundation for the study of history. The looks, the manners, the dress, the attitude and facial expression lead him to make his childish inferences.

Then comes the kindergarten and the school, the first step in a broader community life than that which home furnishes. It needs no argument to prove that the child studies.

The "cat" is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; the "dog" is its particular friend. Of course the difference in environment makes a great difference in the child's mental actions, the child's individual concepts; still in all children there is a similarity of spontaneous tendencies. I think I can safely say that a child tries to make everything that he sees made. The little girl wishes to use the scissors, needle and thread. She tries to make bread and cake, and in fact, she attempts the whole round of housekeeping. The tendency to imitate is intensely strong in every child. I have briefly tried to show that the whole round of knowledge is begun by the child and begun because it breathes, because it lives. Now as to the child's environments. If the mothers felt keenly the responsibility placed upon them by God in giving them for their own care and protection the greatest of his created works — the child — and here let us consider the kind of home that this *being* must be reared in. One of its pleasantest memories should be that of its early home training. Now let us find out what we must surround our dear ones with to have them an honor to us in after life, when your names shall be revered and blessed. Have you thought, dear mother, when your babe gave its first sign of recognition, as to the formation of its character? "One of the best interpreters of God in this world," says a writer, "is 'ideal parenthood.'" He who loves, knows God, for God is love. He who loves not, knows not God. Out of our own lives, made sweeter and purer by the indwelling of God through faith, we come to the increasingly beautiful conception of him. Let the meaning of this phrase be present in every thought and act of parental culture of the children, and God will be more clearly seen, and the care for the children will be more tender and wise. Love is a motor in every home. It never ceases,

it never slacks; it can make a paradise within. But though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and though every human heart is sooner or later more or less made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to home-life. Even in the cradle the child's education begins. Everything about the cradle is educative; and what is more, it gives shape to the mind. The impressions there are deep and abiding. They are not easily rubbed out by the later rough usage of the world. In the nature of the case the mother is the first teacher whose lessons inevitably abide through fair weather and foul. How important, then, that these early teachings be correct? The soul of the child in his play should be trained to that sort of excellence in which when he grows to manhood will be perfected to that higher plane of living. He should be elevated by an inclined plane, rather than vertically. The cradle-song is often the inspiration of the whole life. In many homes God is forgotten, and the child gains knowledge too often at other firesides than his own. What blessings come through mothers who train their children in the ways of prayer and peace! One poet has beautifully said:

"Oh, happy house, where with the hands of prayer,
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end."

In a well-ordered home almost everything planned and done has reference to the children. Here is a great charge! What wisdom, what grace, what consciousness, what strong faith there must be to confront this task and carry it through. Yet, where that *love* exists which is natural to right-thinking parents, how cheerfully the work is carried forward from day to day. Their literary training is carefully superintended. They are not sent to school too early, simply to have them out of the way. If a child has shown any lack of courtesy towards another, he should be instructed to be forgiven for his fault. True courtesy involves a readiness to apologize for any and every failure; and the habit of frank apologizing is acquired by a child only through his careful training in that direction. If a child is seen to be lacking in courtesy, his parents are understood to be at fault in his training. Make home what it should be, and the inmates will be an honor to God, their country and themselves. Save the children of today, and we've made sure of a blessed tomorrow. Any uplifting influence that purifies and strengthens the home should meet with a cordial welcome from the hearts of those who desire that "the axe be laid at the very root of the tree." Every movement designed to bless the home should have the earnest aid of parents, and even of the little ones themselves. Homes often are strangers to harmony, and harshness rules the chords. From the hour of its birth one sees the baby and its mother inharmonious. One cries, and the other frets and

day unto day uttereth speech that is neither pleasing to the ear or in accord with one's peaceful soul. Did you ever notice what fretful children the fretful mother brings into the world? Their education along this unhappy line has begun before they are born; and after the little innocents arrive they have a hard time of it, for such mothers never have much patience, and their babies are crosser than other people's because they have touched this piece of heavenly clay with a blighting hand and marred its beauty of disposition. Disobedience comes easy to a child brought up in an "atmosphere of fret"; while it is the mother with the cheerful disposition who has lovely children, that make all the world not thus blest covet her possessions. *Sweetness* like *crossness* is catching. And now, my readers, I trust your ideas have been broadened relative to this great fact: "the formation of child character." Think carefully over this subject. Today you can mould and transform as you wish, if you grasp the opportunity. Tomorrow, alas! it may be too late. These are some of the essentials to every child's character:

Well-bred children do not think they can teach their parents, or that they know everything. However, it may think that its father and mother know everything; perhaps that all grown-up people do. It is always asking questions and wanting to know more. Give a little love to a child and you get a great deal back. It will be loving, faithful, generous and kind. It loves everything near it; will always give the best it has away if you need it; delights in helping people. You cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful in ever so little a way, providing it is the right kind of child. And because of all these characters it is cheerful. It is happy always, whether in play or in the performance of duty. We may sum the formation of child character under the following heads: humility, faith, charity and cheerfulness. Does it pay to give special attention to the formation of child character? Will God lightly regard our work if we've been faithless in the performance of one of the greatest tasks ever committed to human hands? Charity begins at home, and we may add, so does every other good thing. Possibly many mischievous evils of life begin there, too. Mother, what is your position? Is your task a light one?

AN APPEAL FOR THE COLORED SCHOOLS IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

The following article is taken from a memorial addressed to the Legislature of the state of Georgia by W. E. B. DuBois, L. B. Maxwell, J. W. E. Bowen, John Hope, D. J. Jordan, W. H. Crogman, H. R. Butler and H. H. Proctor.

THERE lies before your Honorable Body a proposed constitutional amendment known as the Bell Bill, which is designed to cut down the present free school privileges of Negroes in this state. In behalf, therefore, of the 319,349 black children of Georgia, we, the undersigned, desire to lay before you certain considerations against its passage.

As you well know, the underlying principle of the free common school system is that the education of the citizens of a commonwealth is not merely a private matter; that simply because a human being is born poor or humble or black is no adequate reason why he should be deprived of a chance to make himself a useful member of society. On the contrary, poverty, hereditary weakness or racial differences are rather additional grounds for increased effort on the part of the state to supplement these defects. Nor is this duty of public education a matter of mere charity or almsgiving: it is, first, a wise measure of self-defense to guard the state against the errors and crimes of sheer ignorance. No system of education can insure wisdom and virtue and truth; but it cannot for a moment be denied that the nations and states that have fostered the common school are leading civilization today. Secondly, free elementary education is, as Doctor Curry so recently said in your presence, not a burden on the state but a paying investment. Georgia needs intelligence and thrift; and the cultivation of brains, whether in black or white heads, will bring even greater returns than the cultivation of the other resources of the state.

While our commonwealth is coming slowly but surely to recognize this truth so far as white children are concerned, there is still a powerful public opinion that regards the Negro common school rather as a burden than as a great work of public utility. And yet nothing could be more false than this attitude. The history of the world has proven that an intelligent, contented working-class is the greatest possession of a nation, and that no effort or expense is in the end too great for the accomplishment of this result. The state of Georgia possesses in its Negro peasantry the germ of a willing, thrifty, agricultural and industrial people, capable of contributing untold energy to the development of our state; therefore the way to profit most by black labor is not to push it down but to pull it up — not to discourage it in ignorance and sloth, but to encourage it toward intelligence and thrift. The greatest single agency for this is the Negro common school. Nor is the education of the black boy a burden or a

menace to the white boy. The rise of one man does not involve the fall of his neighbor; on the contrary, it is the clear interest of a man to be surrounded by intelligence and decency rather than to live among dumb-driven cattle. The degradation of the black man is the real burden under which the Southern white man staggers today.

The South has long since come to acknowledge that Negroes are human beings capable of improvement. If so, then in all matters affecting them, their interests and desires, as well as yours, must receive some attention. The black folk of Georgia desire knowledge; they want to become an intelligent, efficient people. For this they toil and strive and sacrifice; of this they talk and dream. If you want them to be satisfied, give them opportunities to improve and advance. If you want to depopulate the fields and plantations and fill the cities, then shut up the country schoolhouses and reduce farm life to one dead level of brute toil. It has been shown by Professor Branson of the Georgia State Normal School that while the illiterate Negro population of the state furnished three convicts per thousand, the Negroes who have profited by the public schools furnished only one convict per thousand. To lessen the still meagre opportunities of the black race will feed the spirit of discontent and prejudice, and increase lawlessness in this state.

Give the black boy a chance! Furnish him ungrudgingly with the best elementary training. If he is an inferior, opportunity, far from spoiling him, will rather make him contented with his lot by proving to him his limitations; if, on the contrary, he has, as he firmly believes, the same capabilities as boys of other races, then repression is short-sighted.

Equal opportunity for all men is the spirit of the age; and people who assert that the unrisen cannot rise, and emphasize the assertion by sitting on them, lead all fair-minded men to suspect them of insincerity.

Even under present arrangements in this state black children have nothing like the public school facilities of the whites. The black children form 48 per cent of the school population; and yet of the $1,318,512.25 spent for teachers' salaries last year only $283,538.05, or 21 per cent, went to Negro teachers. The total public school property owned by county boards in this state is valued at $445,885.42. Of this only $69,240, or 15 per cent belongs to Negro schools. The whites have 824 schoolhouses, the blacks only 143. In fine, of every dollar which Georgia spends on the public common school, the white child gets eighty cents, the Negro twenty cents.

If, contrary to the principle underlying the public school system, the direct taxes were divided according to those paying them, and the indirect taxes according to any fair principle, it is doubtful if the Negro schools would receive much less than now; but the pending bill is more unfair than this, for it proposes to give the Negro no share at all of the

income from the state railroad on which he rides, from state fees which he helps pay, or from the income from liquor and convicts to which he contributes too largely, and by which many of his white fellow-citizens profit.

Could a proposition be more glaringly unjust than this? Its enactment would mean closing of one-half, if not two-thirds of the Negro public schools, or the reduction of their term to little over two months a year. Such a calamity could not fail to arouse the sympathy of philanthropists, if not the aid of the national government, so that in the long run the result of this amendment might easily be, not the permanent closing of the Negro schools, but their transfer from the control of the state to outside parties.

Any proposition for the division of public income on the basis of the amounts paid into the public treasury by particular persons is inequitable. Who in the last analysis pays the tax on the land, the owner or the laborer? Who pays the tax on houses, the landlord or the tenant? How far is a great corporation's wealth due to its business sagacity and how far to the toiling millions who buy its goods? It is an economic heresy to say that because A is the agent who pays B's and C's taxes, that therefore he is supporting B and C. The labor and sacrifice of B and C are their contributions to the public good.

Moreover, such propositions are thoroughly undemocratic and dangerous; if only Negro taxes are to go to Negro schools, is not this an entering wedge for further discrimination? Why should not the income of workingmen alone be applied to workingmen's children? or the income from Italians to Italian children? or the income of rich men go solely to the education of the rich? If only our taxes are to go to our schools, by what shadow of justice could we be denied the right to administer our own school funds, and where would the dual government thus begun logically end this side of separate officials, separate courts, and separate lawmakers?

In any social group the proposal to let members share in the benefits of society according to their several contributions to its welfare has at first a certain semblance of justice, until one asks, How shall these contributions be measured and compared? Who contributes most to the state, the millionaire who pays one-thousandth of a vast income, or the farmer who pays one-hundredth of his meagre crop? Unless the parable of the widow's mite does not apply to Georgia, surely the black people of this state sacrifice more to the public weal by the taxes they pay on fourteen million dollars' worth of hard-earned property than the whites, whose accumulated wealth is due, at least in part, to the unrequited toil of our fathers.

"From each according to his ability — to each according to his needs," is the ideal of modern society; and in the light of this dictum, there is not a boy in Georgia today so poor or so black as not to deserve from the state free common school training.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO SOLDIER.

GEO. L. KILMER.

In writing of the heroic side of war in the newspaper press during the past ten years, I have doubtless left the impression on my readers that the colored man is not a success as a soldier. There has not, however, been a purpose to slight the warrior of color. Toussaint L'Overture is one of the heroes I found delight in portraying. The colored soldiers at Santiago were likewise given especial credit for heroism and devotion, because they deserved it.

Still I confess candidly that I have been compelled to change the views I had formed of the colored soldier through close contact with the black regiments in the American Civil War. It may seem radical to say it, but the colored race had no chance to show itself at its best in the Civil War. I served in the Ninth Corps, where there was a colored division in 1864, and after my observation of the colored soldiers who fought at Santiago, I am convinced that that division under Burnside in 1864 cannot be taken as an example of the best that there is in the race for fighting purposes. Not that Burnside's colored soldiers were failures for that date, but they did not have opportunity to show their military qualities equal to that given the whites of the same period. There were many causes for this, and I will touch upon but one or two at this time.

At the attack on the mine crater before Petersburg, the colored division was called upon to do more than the whites were able to do or could have done in the same place. They were asked to save the day, which had been lost through official blunders. General Grant himself declared before the committee upon the conduct of the war, that the mine failure was due to negligence in high places. A movement begun wrong cannot always be set right by the bravery of a single command. Had the colored troops succeeded that day in taking Petersburg it would have been a signal vindication of the race; but the task was an impossible one. The best white troops would have failed. The colored troops showed courage equal to that of the whites similarly placed.

Colored soldiers were not believed in by the Federal army. To put it bluntly, they were not wanted. The Northern people did not understand the colored race. They were not acquainted with its best specimens. A deep-rooted prejudice existed, and the recruits from the time they were enlisted met with treatment not at all suited to bring out their best qualities. The material was not the best at all times. Just as the white volunteers needed sifting to get down to elements fit for the army, so the colored ranks needed sifting first,

and then drill and discipline. The officers set over the black troops in 1864 were not the best for the purpose of bringing out the fighting qualities of the race.

Many colored regiments and brigades did good work in the Federal army, and some of them fought well when given a fair chance. But it was an experiment for the colored men and for the whites set to rule over them. All good regiments become so by a long process of development, starting with picked material. There was not room for much choice in making up colored regiments during the Civil War. The idea was to get a certain number of black men in blue uniform. For the purpose of making fighting men unusual care was needed in the selection of recruits. In selecting recruits for the regular army from the colored race the utmost care has been exercised, and the result goes to prove that the colored man, rightly handled, is a good soldier. In the first place, young men are taken for those regiments which did such splendid work at Santiago, while in the Civil War apparently very little care was taken in the matter of age. The regular recruits are the finest specimens of their race, morally and mentally, and they come to the camp with no bad habits and tendencies.

The army and officers now believe in colored troops. They study the character of the black man and bring out the best that is in him for military purposes. The race now has a chance to show its metal, and it is proof that result justifies the faith of the friends of the colored man that the Government raised additional regiments of blacks for the new army, and has also commissioned colored line officers.

Good soldiers cannot be mustered in a month nor in a year. It is a long and trying process, and, starting together, the colored recruits will come up to the standard as quickly as the whites. With the same high social and political incentives as the whites, they will make creditable records. Military discipline is good schooling for the colored man, and the soldiers should be welcomed back to civil life with pride.

THE COLORED AMERICAN.

ALONZO MILTON SKRINE.

THE dark days have past;
We have seen the last
Of the iron chain and band.
So let us give praise,
For our children are raised
In a free and equal land.
God sent the noble Lincoln
To the rescue of the brave.
We met the call to battle,
To the last and only slave.
So wrap the flag around you,
The red — the white — the blue,
And keep it closely to your heart,
As The Colored Americans do.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN KING KHÂMÉ.

In Two Parts. Part I.

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

IF you were to take a trip to South Africa you would traverse Bechwanaland, between the Vaal River on the south and the Zambesi on the north, between latitude 18° to 29°, and longitude 21° to 29°, in what is known as King Khâmé's country. Towards the south it is much narrower, owing to the encroachment of the Transvaal. King Khâmé claims that a great part of the Transvaal belongs to him, also a portion of the South-African Republic. Many of the tribes who live in both countries speak English and Dutch.

Bechwanaland occupies a piece of country one thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide. The southern portion has been annexed and is called British Bechwanaland, the northern or greater part is called the Bechwanaland protectorate, and it is in this country that the three great chiefs rule, Khâmé, the Christian king, Sebelé and Batheong.

The people of Bechwanaland are divided into tribes, each ruled by its paramount chief. Their religion is very peculiar, consisting of the worship of animals principally, or ancestral worship. The Balthaping worship the fish, the Bangwaketse and Bakmena, the kuena or crocodile, the Baralong venerate iron, the Bakhatla venerate the khatla or monkey, the Bamalite, the ox, and the Bamangwato the duiker or antelope.

The Bamangwato tribe are divided into western Bamangwatos, who live at Lake Ngami, under the Chief Sekhomé, nephew to King Khâmé, and the eastern who are ruled by Khâmé at the town of Phalapye.

The three principal tribes are the Bangwaketse, the Bakwena, and the Bamangwato. These three tribes, a long time since, lived as one near the place where they now live separately. Their great chief had three wives. The head wife was called Ma-Kwena, or the mother of crocodiles, after her eldest son. The second wife was called Ma-Ngwato. The third wife, having a son named Ngwaketse, was known as Ngwaketse. These three sons separated, each naming his tribe after himself. So you can readily see that the country of Khâmé is very great, and is ruled by three great chiefs. Ngwato means a poor piece of beef, which was given to the mother of Ngwato, because she was for a long time childless. Afterwards she bore a son, and called him Ngwato, or Contempt, because her husband had treated her so coldly. Sekhomé, the father of Khâmé, was a remarkable man in many respects. Capable, alert, and with his undaunted courage, he was equal to every occasion, and he feared no man. All in all, he was a great savage, or a heathen of heathens.

His son Khâmé is like him in many

respects. He was a leader in all of heathen rites, and respected them more than all things else. Witch-doctors, rainmakers, and polygamists flourished under his rule. He was a firm supporter of polygamy, and his wives and concubines were not limited. Every day brought a new favorite to his crääl. He was worshipped because he was a great general. In 1842 he met David Livingstone. It was a meeting of two strong men, one holding in his hand Christianity and civilization, the other feticism and witchcraft. Sekhomé had a strong admiration for Livingstone, and Khâmé claims that his father might have become a Christian had he remained. When Livingstone wanted to go to Lake Ngami, he was opposed by Sekhomé, who fell very ill, and his subjects thought it was because he opposed the great white chief. Livingstone was then permitted to pass on.

Khâmé is Sekhomé's son by the daughter of Legokotlo, one of his chief head men. Khâmé is the Sechwana term for a large antelope, so much held in reverence by the natives. They hold him so sacred that a few years ago at one of the trading stations Sekhomé refused to step over a pile of these hides, for fear he might in some way offend his ancestors, and bring ill luck upon himself and people.

Many stories have been written about Khâmé. Some say that he was a black knight, others that he was almost an angel. Among them General Warren, Lord Loch, and Rev. John McKenzie speak in words of the highest praise of him as a man, a gentleman, and a king, of which not only Africa, but Europe, should be proud.

He was born at Mushu, by the great Makhadikhadi salt pans, in 1835, near the Botletlé River. We will not deal with his earliest days, but those who knew him then claim that he was a born king. He was second to none as a hunter, warrior and chief. Fully six feet tall, with a well-knit, wiry frame, fleet of foot, and daring in war and deeds of prowess, he would always do what none other dared attempt, and always succeed.

The following story is recorded of his prowess: On one occasion a large band had been troubled by a lion which had stolen many oxen, etc. A number of the hunters tried to kill him, but he always escaped them. One night they all retired grumbling, each swearing to kill him some time or another. They had watched for days and weeks, yet every time the lion was hungry an ox was missing. One morning they saw coming towards them a man with a lion's skin on his back.

It was the man who had held his tongue — Khâmé. He never boasted of this feat, but it was the last of the Tau e bogale. They loved him for his bravery and modesty, and looked up to him to lead them against the Matebele or any other invader. They would say he is our "boikanyo." As a heathen he would have distinguished himself by his force of character, his alertness, shrewdness, natural

gentlemanliness, undoubted courage and invincible determination; an excellent horseman, who could ride through Africa without concern, in places that would make an European shudder.

Many people cannot understand why Khâmé became such an admirer of the white race, as so many unscrupulous traders have passed through his country, who were given to lying, stealing and drinking. These early traders sold nails to the natives to be planted as seeds, from which to raise new crops, as the English sold gunpowder to the Indians in this country. But Khâmé took the missionary for his model, and told his people the others were poor devils, driven out of their own country, and must live somewhere.

His permission was asked to drive them out of that country, but he replied: "No; do good for evil." But when he accepted the white man's thuto, or religion, they said it is impossible, as he must give up all of the rites and traditions of his ancestors; circumcision, or the "Bogwera" ceremony for the boys, and the "Bogale," a ceremony for the girl's entrance into womanhood.

He must reject even polygamy. This was the worst of all, for if an African king was to have but one wife, it would bring him into the lowest contempt possible. It is very hard to be a Christian here in America. Think, then, how much more so it must have been for Khâmé, opposed by father, mother, wife, chiefs and all of his friends; obliged to absent himself from all of the familiar ceremonies, it must have caused him hours of anguish and silent pain; ancestral worship also must be ignored. The cherished hope of all the young warriors was to meet their ancestors in the future with a glorious fighting record. From all of these Khâmé absented himself. The old chiefs sighed, and women wept. They would say: "He is our boikanyo, but he is bewitched by the white man's thuto." Then old Sekhomé spoke and said: "My son, what will Khari say?" While they sat thus in council Moselkatse, the Matebele chief, felt the time ripe for another raid on the Bamangwato. Sekhomé was growing old, and the young warriors looked to Khâmé to lead them against the invader. They did not look in vain. He took two hundred of the young men and rode forth from the town of Shoshang to meet Lobenguela, Moselkatse's chief, who, with three regiments, had been sent to bring home more captive slaves and cattle.

He gave a good account of himself; the Matebele finding the well-aimed rifles of the Bamangwato too formidable, broke up in confusion. At the same time some of Khâmé's men were cowards and run. The Matebele were old warriors, and soon concentrated to act on Khâmé's retreat, but a well-aimed shot from Khâmé's rifle struck Lobenguela in the forehead, and he carried it as a souvenir of Khâmé ever afterward. He then cut his way through, and returned to Shoshang, after breaking up Lobenguela's men in confusion. Sekhomé

was elated to learn that Lobenguela had received a check at the hand of his son Khâmé, and ordered him to follow up the success, plunder them and make their women and children slaves, as they had many times done for the Bakwena and Bamangwato. But Khâmé's Christian spirit returned, and he said in modest terms: "No! We have taught them that we are no longer old women, and they will never again return to make war upon us. I will not touch anything that belongs to them." Sekhomé had always been obeyed, and this refusal of his son made him furious. He must have cursed the white man's thuto, for when Lobenguela returned he reported to Moselkatse and said: "The Bamangwato are mere dogs, but Khâmé, the son of Sekhomé, is a man." Sekhomé's two sons were quite different, Khâmé and Khâmané. The two brothers married two sisters, who were as different as were the two brothers. They were daughters of Chuduku Sekhomé, Chief Councillor, and the most important man in the kingdom, next to Sekhomé. There were three great men in the kingdom: Sekhomé, Chuduku or Rhinoceros, the Chief Councillor, Pelotona, the great rainmaker and wizard. Chuduku plotted to seize the kingdom, and fell as low in the estimation of the king as he had once been held high in his esteem. Then a great dispute arose between Sekhomé and his son Khâmé. His father could not see why Christianity and polygamy could not be practiced together, or in fact any heathen rite he saw fit to order. For said he: "Am I not the king, and when I command is it not the duty of all my subjects to obey?" He selected the comely daughter of Pelotona to be his son's second wife. "No," said Khâmé, "one wife is all I ever expect to have." Then the Council of Chiefs tried to persuade him. Was not Pelotona the greatest rainmaker in the world? Could he not command the clouds? The daughter of such a man would be an ornament to the future king's household. "No," said Khâmé, "it is against the word of God, and on that account I positively refuse. Lay any task upon me you choose and I will obey, it makes no difference how hard it may seem, but I cannot take another wife." When Sekhomé found his son immovable he decided to kill him.

So in 1865 when the season for the Bogwera arrived he requested his son to take part. But Khâmé refused, saying: "I am a Christian, and it is wrong to take part in this ceremony." His father reasoned, begged, pleaded and threatened. He then lost his temper, and declared that no son of his should ever inherit his throne who would disobey. If he disobeyed, he was not fit to rule, for he who would rule must first learn how to obey. It must have broken the old man's heart, because at this ceremony it was the pride of the chiefs to appear with their sons and head men at their backs.

His refusal humiliated the old man. He thought deeply over the matter for some time, until 1876,

when with a few followers he decided to march out on some dark night to his son's house to kill him. This was done. When they reached the house he gave the order: "Make ready, fire!" "Upon whom shall we fire, the son of Khari?" "Upon these houses, the houses of my son," replied Sekhomé. The men refused to obey. Then the old man himself loaded a rifle. The other chiefs, seeing that he was really going to kill his son, unarmed him. Having failed in the plot to kill his son he fled, for he feared that his son would have no mercy on him when he learned that he had sought to have him put to death. When Khâmé heard of this he sent for his father, met him, and escorted him to the king's chair without even a reprimand, simply saying: "I hope you will cease to persecute your Christian subjects, and never renew the question of marriage again."

An African has the same feeling when under the spell of the witch doctor, or at the "Baloi," that we feel when we hear the psalms or our national anthem sung. To insult or say anything disrespectful of our flag is to insult us. So with the chiefs. To absent oneself from this dance was an insult to the nation.

One night Khâmé found the lolwapa of every house lighted up for the "Baloi." The horribly weird scene and the light on their faces made it really repulsive. They were chanting to cast a spell over Khâmé. This scene Khâmé dreaded, but he arose, and walking straight to the fire stamped it out. But what a scene of orgy followed! His countrymen were not Christians like himself, and the "'O loel le,' Khâmé has been bewitched by the white man's thuto," was heard on all sides.

Then they asked him to cast a spell to counteract the one that had been put upon him. "No," he replied, "the word of God forbids me to curse anyone." This angered the chiefs, and they deserted the son's cause for that of his father. "He might have been our chief," they would say, "but now it is too late." All turned their backs to him, saying: "He has deserted us; let's support the old chief."

Finding that all of his old friends were deserting he took to the hills. It now must be war to the death between he and his father, or flight. He chose the latter; and crossing the Lesōsō River, made his camp in a ruined Lutheran Church.

This did not serve as a refuge long, for he was obliged to flee to the mountains. Sekhomé now determined more than ever to kill him. He sought him by day and by night, and a most miserable state of existence then began. Sekhomé cut off his water supply, and ordered the river and wells poisoned, and promised death to any one who gave water to Khâmé or any of his band. For eight days they had nothing but a few melons to eat, which his men would steal forth under the cover of darkness and get.

One night his men fell upon a horse belonging to Sekhomé, and after cap-

turing same brought it into camp. They were congratulating themselves upon being able to bring it in when Khâmê ordered them to return it and remember their instructions, not to attack or take anything that belonged to his father. He returned it, with regret that it had fallen into his hands, which caused peace between father and son for a short while.

Maching, who was the real chief, had been taken captive among the Matabele, and held as a slave. One of the missionaries acted as a go-between, and secured his release. Sekhomé promised him the kingdom on one condition: that he would kill his son Khâmé. Maching, Khâmé's uncle, glad to be chief at any cost, assented. Sekhomé called a meeting of all his great men to welcome their new chief, who had been so long absent.

Many of them welcomed him with soft, smooth and flattering words, and all went well until at last Khâmé stood up, when a hush fell on the assembly and perfect quiet reigned. He spoke as follows: "Khosé or king. It appears that I of all the Bamangwato am to speak unpleasant words to you this day. The Bamangwato say they are glad to see you here. I say I am not glad to see you. If Sekhomé could not live with his own children, but drove them from the town, how is he to submit to be ruled by you? How will he learn to obey?

If I thought there would be peace in the town I would say I am glad to see you. But I must say Iam sorry you have come, for I know that only death and disorder can take place when two chiefs sit in one khotla." Then he turned to the people and said: "I wish all of the Bamangwato to know that I renounce all pretension to the chieftainship. Here are two chiefs already, and I refuse to be called a third, as some of you have mockingly styled me. My kingdom consists of my guns, my horses and my wagons. If you will give me liberty to possess these as a private person, I renounce all concern in the politics of the town. Especially do I refuse to attend night meetings. They must be held in the daylight. I am sorry, Maching, that I cannot give you a better welcome to Bamangwato."

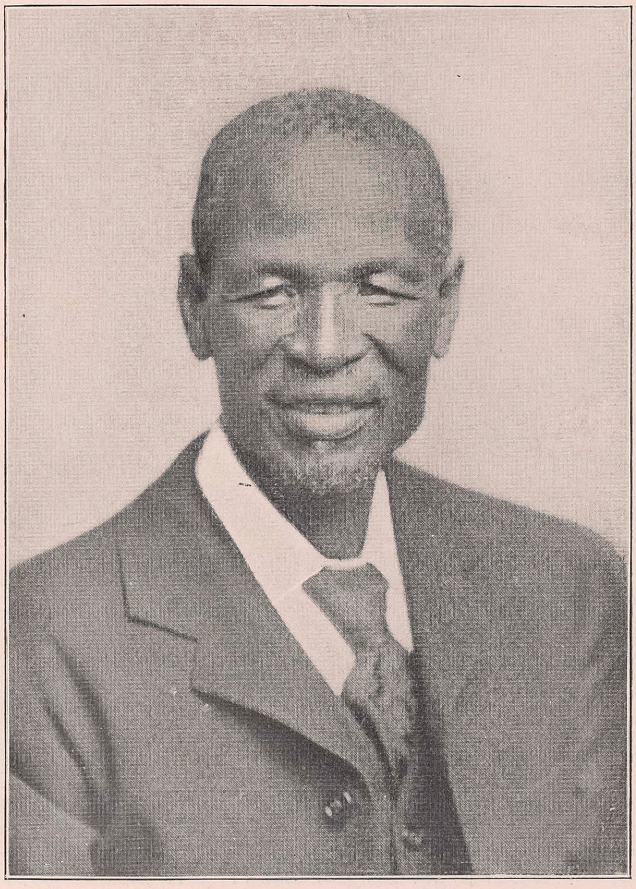
This speech fell like a bomb upon the people, and Maching replied: "Many speeches have been made here today, many words of welcome have been addressed to me; all of these I have heard by the ear. One speech, and one speech only, has reached my heart, and that is the speech of Khâmé. I thank Khâmé for his speech."

Maching tried to gain the confidence of Khâmé, and told him his mind had been poisoned against him. Some time later Sekhomé and Maching were sitting in the khotla, when Maching said to him: "You called me to kill your sons. I will not do it. They are your sons, not mine. If you want them killed, kill them yourself."

Sekhomé then tried to kill Maching, but he was warned by Khâmé in time and he fled. Sekhomé's career was now practically ended. Every

day he would persecute his son for being a Christian, and then go to the mission house to do all he could to hoodwink the missionary and make him believe that his son was right and he alone had a crooked heart.

sons on the altar of fanaticism. Khâmé is much like his father in many respects, especially in determination. He will never change after he has decided that he is right. The people have forced Maching out of



KHAME, THE CHRISTIAN KING.

The customs of Sekhomé's forefathers were dear to his heart; more so than love for son or kingdom. Polygamy, witchcraft, the Bogwera, Boyale, and Bogardi were to him sacred. He would have sacrificed his own happiness and that of his

the country. He had been brought up as a slave, and had all of the hated ways of the Matebele. Everything he did was odious to the Bamangwato. Thus Khâmé was called and began to rule over the people. His first act was to exclude the

heathen rites from the kingdom. No one was allowed to practice them under any consideration. Sekhomé was living with the chief of the Bangwaketse Caseitsiwe at Kanye, where he had been exiled by Maching. Khâmé sent a wagon for his father, asking him to return home, which the old man did. He claimed, however, that he was too old to ride in a wagon and be jostled by the rough roads. Khâmé welcomed him, however, and restored him to his kingdom.

(To be continued.)

SEKHOME, ONLY SON AND HEIR OF CHIEF KHAME.

HERE AND THERE.

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

LENA V. ISHAM, the young Virginia miss who graces our cover this month, is well read and traveled. In the well-disciplined corps of Richmond's public-school teachers she stands among the foremost.

Her early teachings have made her "practise what she teaches," as

she is a thorough housekeeper, versed in the latest methods of tailoring, never needing the services of a dressmaker for her personal use.

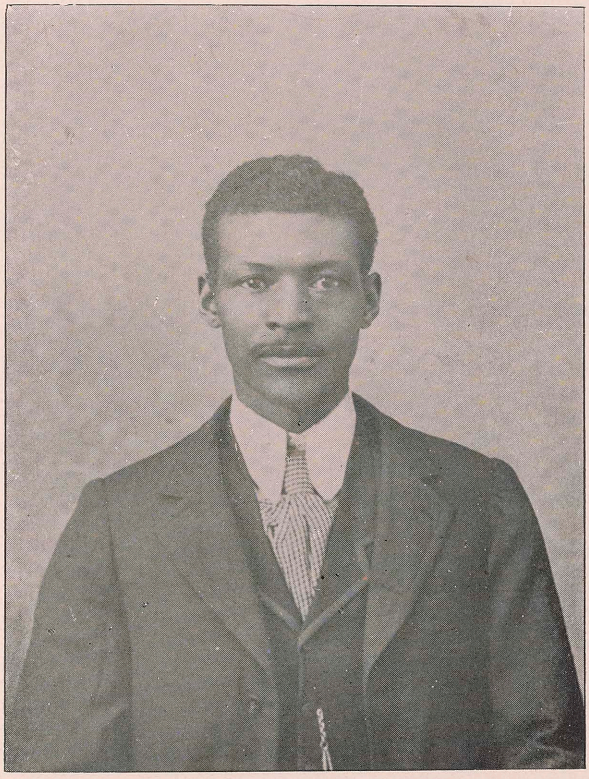
Her development along the lines of true womanhood and woman's mission is creditable, as she also has qualifications for painting and music, which she does not place above her home requirements.

Being very thorough in all her undertakings she has often been sent as delegate from her many societies, and she is known by her intimate acquaintances as the Secretary, since she holds that position in every organization of which she is a member — and they are many.

J. S. SMITH was born near Springfield, Tenn., in 1855. His early education was limited, as circumstances did not permit him to acquire that learning which was his chief ambition.

Mr. Smith entered the ministry in 1879, remaining but a brief time, after which he traveled through various northern states. On his return to his native state he married Miss Nannie Jackson, a belle of her time.

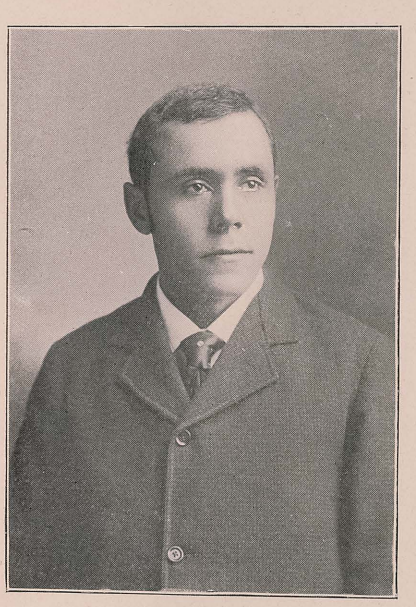
He entered Central Tennessee College in '89, remaining one year, after which he returned home. He began business on $1.60, and today he is one of the most prosperous business men of the city. Two large



J. S. SMITH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

stores are the result of his first pin-money, in Clarksville, Tenn.

Mr. Smith's chief ambition is to advance the cause of the Negro. To do this he gives employment to young boys and girls. He is a true Christian worker and encourages the cause of Christianity. He believes that the twentieth century will bring forth many changes and that the Negro will become a powerful factor in a decade.



J. THOMAS HEWIN,
Richmond, Va.

J. THOMAS HEWIN has the distinction of being the first colored man to obtain a license from the Virginia Court of Appeals, after the successful passage of a most rigid examination.

The law in Virginia went into effect about five years ago: that all parties applying for license to practice law, were required to appear before the Court, for examination. Formerly corporation judges issued licenses, but that privilege was terribly abused. Mr. Hewin has that grim determination in business which ultimately reaps success. His early struggles to educate himself were many and hard, beginning with carrying drills for stone-cutters. He went through the Richmond Normal School, graduating as valedictorian in 1896.

Mr. Hewin entered the Boston University Law School, working hard at night, waiting on banquets and receptions in hotels, etc., graduating in 1899.

Mr. Hewin has located at Richmond, Va., where his sterling qualities are rapidly bringing him to the fore, and where his shrewd conception of his calling will give him the front seat.

IT gives us pleasure to announce the appointment by Gov. Theodore Roosevelt last December of Mr. Ernest L. Williams as notary public. Mr. Williams is an able representative of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Address, 229 East 75th street, New York City.

JAMES DE KOVEN THOMPSON of Chicago, Ill., affords a shining example of the capacity of the colored race for achievements in the higher intellectual fields. Although but twenty-two years of age he is a versatile musician, and has made his mark as a composer. He has written both sacred and popular music that has won much success, and he is fairly launched upon a career as a composer, for his heart is full of airs that are bound to come forth from time to time for the benefit of the

world. Mr. Thompson's first effort in this line — that is, the first that has come before the public for its judgment — is entitled "Dear Lord, Remember Me." This is a sacred song set to the words of a well-known church hymn, and it has been sung by church choirs all over the country. It is a notable fact that the author was only eighteen years old when he composed it. He has faith enough in his talent to publish the song at his own expense, and its popularity has not only proved his judgment sound, but has brought him publishers eager to take his new productions.

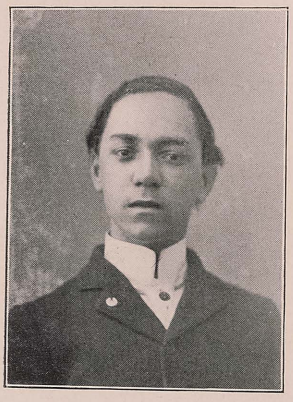
Mr. Thompson was born in St. Louis, but can be claimed as a product of Chicago, since he lived in this city for the past eighteen years. He is the son of Rev. James E. Thompson, the founder and rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, at Thirtieth and Dearborn streets. The son was a solo singer of the choir of that church in 1897, but latterly has been its organist.

He was educated in the Keith School at Thirty-fourth and Dearborn streets, and received his musical impulse from the singing in the school. A specially potent influence was the training of the school children for the big choruses of the Columbian Exposition. The father was quick to notice the son's aptitude for music, and in 1892 put him under an instructor, who asked his pupils to write original exercises, and submit them the following day. It was in this way that young Thompson discovered that he had some talent for composition, and he continued the practice, turned out many crude pieces, but steadily gaining in power until he completed a work that has been stamped with the approval of musicians of high authority.

HON. J. FRANK WHEATON, the first and only colored member of the Minnesota Legisiature, and at present general organizer of the United Brotherhood Fraternal Life Insurance Association, Chicago, was born in Hagerstown, Maryland. He attended Storer College, Howard University, and the University of Minnesota, graduating as class orator. He is a member of the Maryland and Minnesota bar associations, and has won fame as a Minnesota lawyer. He was elected a member of all four Republican national conventions, beginning with the convention of 1888. He served as private secretary to Senator

HON. J. FRANK WHEATON.

L. E. McComas, Maryland, in the Fifty-first Congress; was reading clerk of the Minnesota House of



J. MORRIS WRIGHT,
Wilberforce, Ohio. (*See page 292.*)

Representatives in 1895; was appointed clerk of the Criminal Court of Minneapolis the same year, and elected to the Legislature in 1898, leading the Republican ticket. Mr. Wheaton is thirty-four years old, and an ardent admirer of THE COLORED AMERICAN.

THE whims and caprices of a city's "likes and dislikes" are as changeable as the sands.

Those who once held Popularity's hand are soon supplanted by the reign of some other fad, which draws the devotion of the ever-suppliant "fashionables."

An exception to this rule is found in Miss Louise Jackson of Newport, R. I., whose ever-smiling frankness and affability seem to crown her as one of the favorites of Newport's society. She is quite musical, being a pleasing and technical interpreter of pianoforte masterpieces. She is at her best when heard performing with the renowned musical Buchanan family, well known in musical circles of Rhode Island.

CORA TUCKER is one of Baltimore's well-known school teachers. She was educated in the public schools of Baltimore, graduating in 1897 from the Baltimore City Colored High School. Miss Tucker took high rank in her class, and as a result was soon added to the city's teaching corps, where she has since served with honor and efficiency.

THE TEMPERANCE INDUSTRIAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

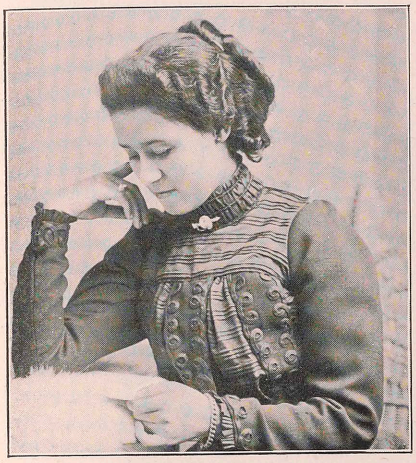
THIS institution is located within a few miles of old Jamestown, where the first cargo of human slaves was sold. It was founded Oct. 12, 1892, by the

MISS LOUISE JACKSON,
Newport, R. I.

well-known orator and scholar, Prof. Jno. J. Smallwood, who for eight years has succeeded in this work in

the midst of the bitterest oppositions and most embarrassing circumstances.

The school is a plain, neat building, 100 by 20 feet, two and a half



MRS. ROSA E. SMALLWOOD,
Lady President.

stories. The land has been so cultivated and the surroundings so beautified, with the ancient James as waterfront, that the property is now estimated at a high valuation, with but a small floating indebtedness.

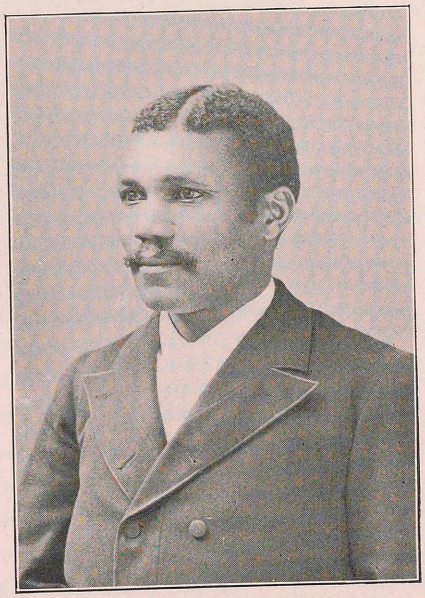
The school is non-sectarian and non-political, but strictly moral, religious and industrial. It is not supported by any political party or church denomination, but lives by the individual efforts of the president, the Rev. Jno. J. Smallwood, together with voluntary contributions made annually by interested friends.

The Negro is here taught how to become an intelligent citizen and an independent thinker and voter. Self-respect, race-pride, common-sense, a high moral, industrial and intellectual training is the basis of instruction. The pupils are nearly all poor; many are too poor to pay the institution six dollars per month. Still all must be fed and clothed.

President Smallwood is well known as a student, a gentleman of culture and of broad intellectual abilities. He speaks ill of no one, not even of an enemy. President Smallwood deserves great credit and encouragement from our own race, as the founder and supporter of a creditable Negro institution.

The Rev. Jno. J. Smallwood was born Sept. 19, 1863, on a large cotton farm at Rich Square, N. C. Leaving there when a mere boy he went to New England and worked his way through Wesleyan College at Wilbraham, with credit to himself and honor to his race.

Later he pursued a course in moral and mental science in England, and has also written extensively upon these subjects, as well as upon the subject of "Advanced Negro Edu-



PROF. JNO. J. SMALLWOOD,
President.

cation." In spite of the many misrepresentations, misfortunes by fire and great oppositions coming from people who have not even seen the institution, nor are personally acquainted with President Smallwood, the humble institution has lived, and taking the lead with hoe and plough in hand.

From the farm is obtained most of the supply for the tables.

Mrs. Rosa E. Smallwood, formerly Miss Banks of Richmond, is lady president. For five years Mrs. Smallwood was a teacher in Virginia. She is known to be a lady of culture and learning.

MISS CORA TUCKER, BALTIMORE, MD. (*See page 278.*)

is today represented by students from the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, together with ten counties from Virginia.

The farm work is done by the students, President Smallwood often

Connected with the educational work of this institute is the great Farmers' Congress, which is held once in three months throughout the

counties of Surry, Isle of Wight, Sussex, Charles City, and Prince George. Professor Smallwood is president of this organization.

The objects of their Congress are:

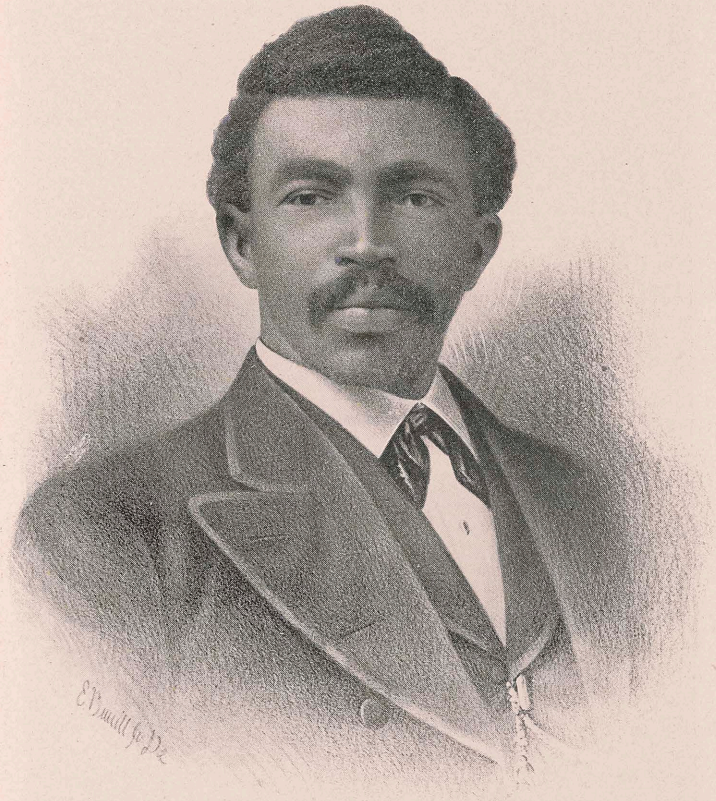
1. To encourage the Negro farmers to unite and to build large farming storehouses; and to commence business in the rural district, in a manner enabling them to become more independent.

2. To oppose the "Store Order System" (that is, as a farm hand, the money shall be paid, instead of a written order to some white man's store. That for his produce he shall receive money, and not trade upon orders at some county store.)

3. That the young Negro be urged the great importance of buying land, of establishing homes and of learning scientific farming.

4. That the Negro farmer be persuaded to build better homes, to do more to beautify and to render them attractive, in order to retain the admiration of the young element in the country homes.

5. President Smallwood urges that the Negro farmer lose less time in politics, and spend more money, time and thought in merchandise,



HON. ROBERT BROWNE ELLIOTT. (*See page 294.*)

trades, practical, professional and race business.

In the districts of the Farmers' Congress, over which President Smallwood presides and Mr. Jno. M. Howell acts as chairman, the Negroes in Charles City County own one-third of all the land therein; in Surry, one-fourth; Isle of Wight, one-sixth; Sussex, the Negro owns a little less than one-half of all the land; in Prince George about one-fifth.

The Temperance, Industrial and Collegiate Institute is an example of what the Negro can and will do when once given a chance.

AMONG the many successful physicians which Leonard Medical College of Raleigh, N. C., has produced, we feel proud to mention Dr. Wm. E. Atkins, located at Hampton, Va., where he has built up an exceptional practice.

DR. WM. E. ATKINS, HAMPTON, VA.

During the epidemic of yellow fever he was appointed assistant surgeon of the Marine Hospital at

Hampton, which post he held during the entire epidemic.

His services for three years upon the Board of Health with six white physicians, established fully his worth and merit, among all classes.

Doctor Atkins is also visiting physician to Dixie Hospital, connected with the Hampton Normal School.

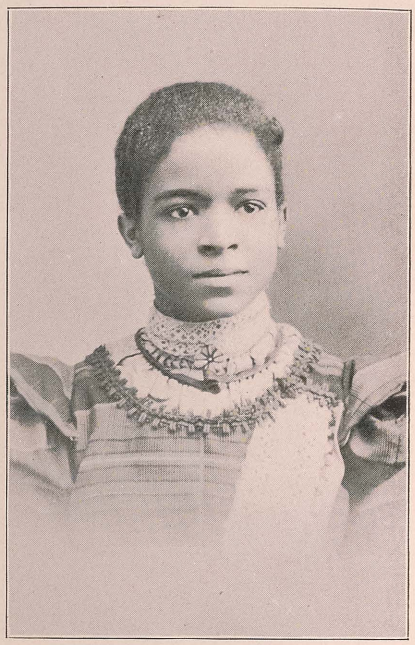
His services as grand medical director of the Knights of Pythias of Virginia gives him a scope of acquaintances among which he has, by his affability and merit, made many lasting friends. He is also an Odd Fellow, standing high in that order.

Doctor Atkins has made good use of his thirty-four years of life; as a physician he is respected by his professional colleagues locally and general — besides having a happy home, with a wife and two children, both girls.

His office contains all the newly applied instruments and works of his profession, which are daily called into use in his extensive practice.

DR. P. B. RAMSEY, RICHMOND, VA. (*See page 291.*)

MRS. ESTELLE R. CARGEL,
Chairman of Membership Committee, C. W. B. C.
New York City.



MISS M. K. GRIFFIN,
Secretary C. W. B. C.
New York City.

MRS. T. S. P. MILLER,
Chairman Lookout Committee, C. W. B. C.
New York City.

MISS LOTTA P. MEREDITH,
Chairman Social Committee, C. W. B. C.
New York City.

CHICAGO NOTES.

ALBRETA MOORE SMITH.

THE closing of the nineteenth century witnessed the death of the greatest century in the world's history. Greatest for reasons too many to enumerate — yet the discovery of machinery and electricity alone gives it this proud distinction.

The twentieth century, the century of great expectations, will excel it in many particulars. "The best prophet of the future is the past,"— hence the prophecy, which is not a vain hypothesis, but a verification of passing events.

It is the bounden duty of the present century to complete the unfinished works of its predecessor. Of the many questions of paramount interest which will be amicably settled, the opprobrious Negro problem takes precedence. This reformation will be wrought by the excellent business qualities of the Negro becoming recognitory. Present tenden-

MRS. DORA A. MILLAR,
President C. W. B. C., New York City.

cies toward this millennium make this belief infallibly certain.

There is no denying the fact that money rules the world. The nation

MRS. E. E. GREENE,
Vice-President C. W. B. C., New York City.

that is powerful financially is as strong as the rocks of Gibraltar. When we become bankers, property-holders and merchants to an alarming (?) degree, all this talk of "color" will immediately disappear. There is no "color" if the question is one of dollars and cents. One must be in a position to demand before he can expect to command.

Our best hope lies in the commercial world. The sooner we realize this fact the better it will be for us. Many of our present barriers will become surmountable when we attain a higher degree of financial standing.

Non-unionists receive but little recognition in business circles. No race of people are more disunited than the Negroes.

Organization along business lines up to the present time has been practically impossible. All movements instituted for our good are viewed with distrust by the average Negro if under the control of one of his own race. This feeling is the product of former conditions of life; is inherent; therefore he is not wholly to blame.

In view of the fact that we have not as yet produced embezzlers, only ordinary thieves (for the poor Negro thief takes just enough to be disgraced and imprisoned), this feeling of distrust should not be cherished, but eliminated. We must trust one another more, concentrate and combine our many energies, thereby making co-operation possible; for "in union only there is strength."

The exclusion of competent Negro women from many branches of work in the business world continues indiscriminately. Having faced some of these closed doors, the true interpretation of "God helps those who help

MISS J. C. SLEET,
Chairman of Advisory Board, C.W. B. C., New York City.

themselves" dawned upon us. We decided to formulate plans by which the necessary reformation could be accomplished. The result was the

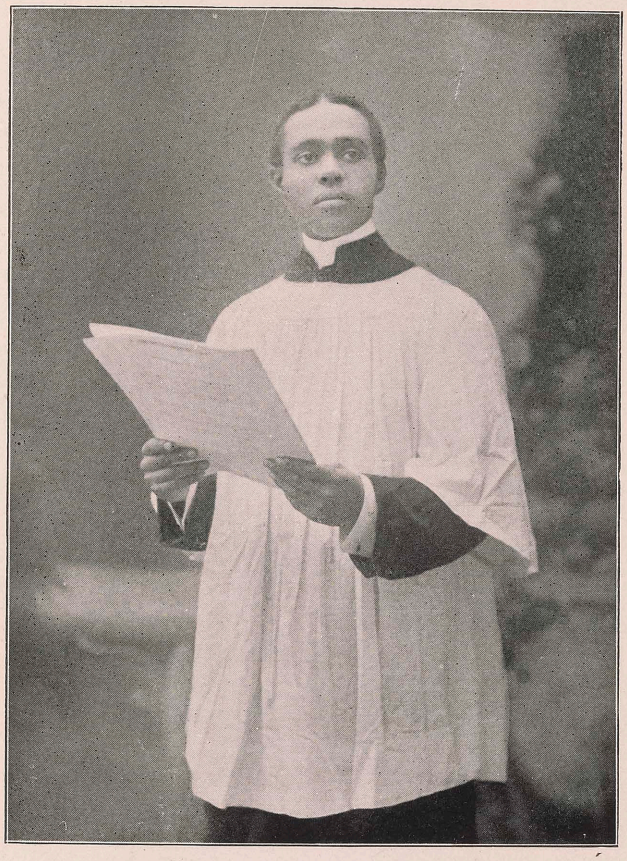
organization of the Colored Women's Business Club of Chicago, whose success is surpassing the most sanguine hopes.

After a true presentation of facts relative to the capabilities and achievements of Negro women in business, at the National Negro Business League which convened in Boston last August, invitations to deliver the lecture elsewhere were both numerous and encouraging.

It was after a lecture in the beautiful town of Norwich, Conn., where the restlessness of the great throbbing business world seems not to have invaded the peaceful homes of the generous and hospitable citizens of that village, material for this article was procured.

Among many things said, the workings of the Colored Women's Business Club of Chicago were mentioned. It was at that time the first and only club of its kind in existence among Negro women. So deep was the impression made upon the mind of a lady in the audience, that she requested to be more fully enlightened upon the subject by correspondence.

In October we gladly mailed to



JAMES DE KOVEN THOMPSON, CHICAGO, ILL. (*See page 276.*)

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. (*See page 302.*)

From the painting by H. Merle.

the lady in question the by-laws and plan of work of Chicago club. After a month's hard and effective work on the part of our collaborator our hopes were rewarded by the organization of the Colored Women's Business Club of New York, whose honored president, Mrs. Dora A. Millar, is our dear friend of the Norwich narrative.

Mrs. Millar is thoroughly conversant with the many needs of the new club, for she is a recognized leader in the club circles of New York and Brooklyn. She believes that membership in a club tends to broaden a woman socially and intellectually, and that its work, when conducted on rational and businesslike lines, stimulates and encourages those who come under its influence, to a nobler and truer mode of living.

Mrs. Millar is a woman of striking personality, possessing the charm and warmth of manner so characteristic of the daughters of the Southland. Her advanced thoughts and progressive ideas, combined with her culture and refinement, will greatly accelerate the work of this new babe of a proud mother. She has abiding faith in the future greatness of the race, and believes that colored women should combine their efforts in order to overcome the many obstacles met in all walks of life.

The oft-repeated assertion, that a married clubwoman is negligent of her home duties, is not applicable to Mrs. Millar, for refined judgment and good taste is apparent everywhere in her Brooklyn home. She is one of the foremost modistes of the race, and a woman of extraordinary executive ability.

She is also treasurer of the Northeastern Federation of Women's Clubs, member of the Loyal Union, and is serving second term as president of the Loyal Friends Club. During the Spanish-American War she was a leading member of Red Cross Auxiliary, No. 69, which received official commendation for its efficient work.

The vice-president, Mrs. E. E. Greene, is quite well known to us, having graduated from our famous Provident Hospital and Training School. She practices daily in her profession, and is meeting with great success.

The secretary, Miss M. K. Griffin, is a journalist of no mean ability, and has held an editorial position in a leading newspaper syndicate for a number of years. She is one of our future great women.

A very unusual profession is followed by the treasurer, Mrs. B. E. de Toscano. She is one of the few female manufacturers of regalias, and has won more than local reputation. She caters to the demands of as many white as colored patrons.

Miss J. C. Sleet, chairman of the Advisory Board, like the vice-president, is a trained nurse, also having graduated from Provident Hospital. She enjoys the unique distinction of practising in a metropolitan institution where no colored person has ever before been employed.

Mrs. T. S. P. Miller, wife of one of

New York's leading physicians, and a modiste of exceptional ability, was elected chairman of the Lookout Committee, an office which requires much diplomacy and more than ordinary intelligence. Mrs. Miller is a member of several clubs, and was one of the leaders of the Red Cross movement during our war with Spain.

Mrs. Estelle R. Cargel, chairman of the Membership Committee, is a lady of rare intelligence and many desirable accomplishments. She is one of the much-needed "leisure members," whose freedom from business life renders it possible for her to meet the many demands of the club. This class of women render valuable service to business organizations, and it is utterly impossible to do without them.

Nothing affords us more pleasure than introducing the chairman of the Social Committee, Miss Lotta P. Meredith, a lifelong and highly esteemed friend. Miss Meredith is a Chicagoan — a New Yorker by adoption. Her many accomplishments are well known to the music-loving world, and her striking personality makes her pre-eminently fitted for the position she fills. At present Miss Meredith is engaged in manicuring and hairdressing. Her wide experience renders her indispensable to the many departments of the club.

The aim of the New York club is to "stimulate into the hearts of all Negro women, whether business or leisure women, local business pride, and the promotion of all commercial enterprises where such undertakings may prove beneficial; to secure employment for competent colored women in every branch of the professional and commercial world, and to bring about a unification of those so employed.

Although not two months old the membership is thirty, and the treasury healthy and heavy. The club is materially assisted by many admiring friends. The parlors of one of the leading colored hotels have been gratuitously placed at the disposal of the ladies, in which they hold their meetings. Mr. B. Thomas is the donor.

It may be said of this club, as of the Chicago club, and in contradistinction to many other clubs, that their work is practical and not theoretical. While there are certain social and intellectual features, they are almost incidental, and the strength of the clubs lies in the fact that each individual derives a personal and material benefit through her connection with the organization.

Meetings are held on Monday night of each week; and the fourth Monday of the month, social night, publishers, writers, merchants, staff, and readers of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and all other professional and business people, will find themselves cordially welcomed.

From the personnel of the officers and our knowledge of their several abilities, we are confident that success will crown their every effort.

With the two greatest cities in the Union — New York and Chicago — so

well organized, there should be no fear of foes without, if there is none within, for God will not permit real success to attend that which is evil.

The New York Colored Women's Business Club is a monument to the best and truest interest of the race.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

DEATH OF THE FOREMOST COLORED LAWYER IN NEW ENGLAND.

EDWIN GARRISON WALKER, the colored lawyer, known to his friends as "Judge" Walker, died at his residence in Boston, Mass., on Sunday evening, Jan. 13. Mr. Walker was born in Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 28, 1835. His father was David Walker, a colored preacher, who in 1827 issued the famous Walker appeal. David Walker's wife was a prominent character in the fugitive slave period. From such stock sprang Edwin Garrison Walker.

His early education was received in the Charlestown schools. Then he learned the trade of morocco dresser. With his first savings he purchased a copy of Blackstone and devoted every spare moment to its study. Other law volumes were as eagerly devoured. He soon devoted his entire attention to his studies. His progress was rapid. In 1864 he was admitted to the bar.

His first office was opened in Charlestown, Mass. He became an eloquent advocate, and he was frequently assigned by judges to conduct the defence in important criminal cases, including several murder cases, and always acquitted himself with credit.

In 1867 he became connected with the Democratic party, making a speech on the Fourteenth Amendment that practically ostracised him from the Republican party. He had always been a leader of his race, and was the first colored man of prominence to leave the Republican party.

He was an ex-president of the Colored National League, and at the time of his death was president of the Equal Rights Association.

DR. P. B. RAMSEY of Richmond, Va., was born a slave in Dinwiddi County, Virginia, Aug. 26, 1849. He attended the public schools of Petersburg, Va., for a short time, leaving school to help support his parents. Finding employment with a barber, he worked as an apprentice until having mastered the trade. He then became engaged in the business for himself until 1888. During this time he served as stamp clerk in the Internal Revenue Department, under President Garfield's and Arthur's administration. At that time the needs of a colored dentist in the community in which he lived were so great, that he was advised and persuaded by a prominent dentist of Petersburg, who was of the opposite race, to enter the profession. He accordingly attended the Maharry Medical College of Nashville, Tenn., in the years 1888-9. Receiving from the State Board of Dental Examiners a certificate, he began the practice of dentistry in 1890. He was elected grand master of A. F. Masons of Virginia, in December, 1900.

THE FIRST COLORED VOTER OF KENTUCKY.

J. MORRIS WRIGHT.

THE first man with African blood in his veins to vote for President in Kentucky was Shelton Morris. As a great admirer of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, the Whig candidate in 1840, he ventured to the polls and voted for him.

James Morris of Virginia, a brother of Robert Morris, famous in the War of the Revolution, left this state to become a resident of Kentucky late in the eighteenth century. He was a man of large wealth at that time, invested in real estate, mostly in Louisville business and residential lots. He had a family of four children, their mother being an octoroon, a woman of much beauty, and very intelligent. At the time of his death all of his wealth was left to his four children, share and share alike. Mr. Morris' eldest son, Shelton, was given a good start with a fair education, but later concluded to learn the barber's trade. He soon established himself in a prosperous business. His complexion was so fair that a stranger would never have suspected him of having even a tinge of African blood in his veins.

On election day in 1840 he left his place of business, went out upon the street, and there saw men who could not read, write or speak the English language, walk up to the polls and vote against his favorite, General Harrison. He knew that the few drops of colored blood in his veins made it unlawful for him to vote, but he also knew that he was a better American citizen than many of those he saw voting; and his mixture of the best Virginia blood with the blood of his proud octoroon mother was stirred to the point of indignation, as he thought that his favorite might be defeated by the votes of men wholly ignorant of the men and measures in issue. Clenching his hands he walked straight to the polls in his precinct and voted for the Harrison and Tyler electors.

Nothing was said about the incident at first, but it finally leaked out. The horrible fact that a nearly white nephew of the great Robert Morris had voted in Kentucky became known, and there was a mighty uproar.

While Morris had a large business and was prospering, the uproar made him so indignant that he left Louisville and located in Cincinnati, where he soon played a prominent part in the management of the "underground railroad," by aid of which many a Kentucky slave found the way to liberty. The public discussion over the matter of Mr. Morris' voting was taken up by all of the papers in Kentucky and many outside of the state, the Louisville *Courier*, then a leading publication, taking a prominent part in condemn-

ing the act. The old files of the *Courier* in the office of the *Courier-Journal* are referred to to verify this statement.

Having left Louisville, his property in time passed to other hands, although he had sold much of his real estate before the fateful vote was cast. The other three members of James Morris' family had frittered away for a song, real estate that today is worth many millions of dollars.

One of the sons of Shelton Morris, Horace, died at his home in Louisville a few years since. Like his father, he would never have been taken for a person of color in any community unacquainted with his history. He acquired a good education. Possessed of rare talent as a writer, as well as being a deep thinker, he made good use of his gifts, and for a long time was a regular editorial contributor to a leading daily paper in his state, one of the first edited in Kentucky. A famous editor of that time said: "But for the African blood in his veins Horace Morris would long ago have been the editor-in-chief of the best daily in Kentucky. He possesses all of the ability, honesty and industry needed for such a position, but he is barred because of that blood."

At the breaking out of the war Mr. Morris entered the service of the government and remained until the end. When the Freedman's Bureau was organized he was elected cashier and manager of the Louisville branch, which position he held with marked ability and strict honesty, during the life of the enterprise. He was the only man of color who was given a position in the management of the Bureau's funds. At the time of the failure of the Bureau he had several thousand dollars in the Freedman's Bank, but his strict sense of honor prevented his withdrawing a dollar of it. Soon after Morris was appointed to a prominent position in the Treasury Department at Washington.

When Gen. B. H. Bristow became Secretary of the Treasury he offered him the position of private secretary. This was a high compliment for the Kentucky statesman to pay a man of color from his own state. Owing to failing health, together with a desire to return to Louisville and be with his family, the offer was declined.

The school system introduced into Louisville, which has been of such great advantage to the colored people of that and other southern cities, owes much to Horace Morris. He was ever tireless in his efforts for the benefit and uplifting of the race. White and black respected him, and there was nothing within the gift of the colored people that they were not always ready to bestow upon him. He was an ardent Republican from the birth of the party, speaking and writing for it whenever an opportunity offered. He left a family of eight children. Three of them are highly respected young ladies, teachers in the public schools of Louisville, Ky.

FAMOUS MEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

IV. Robert Browne Elliott.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

CIRCUMSTANCES are arising every hour in these momentous times, when the Negro is making wonderful and lasting history through the medium of the very oppression placed upon him, designed to force him into unredeemable inefficiency, which make the life-story of such a man as Robert Browne Elliott of inestimable value to the rising generation.

He is said to have been born in Boston, Mass., Aug. 11, 1842, of West Indian parentage. Some time afterwards he was sent to relatives living in Jamaica, where he received a liberal education in the common school. He then went to England, and in 1853 entered High Holborn Academy, London, and in 1855 was admitted to Eton College.

While in England he commenced the study of law with Sargeant Fitzherbert of the London bar. After he completed his law course he traveled and saw Ireland, Scotland, the West Indies, and South America. His early training then was such as produces a man of resolute character, knowing no fear of man, and bending the knee to God alone,— a man, too, of profound thought and learning. He had within him the genius which constitutes a man of letters; the energy without which judgment is cold and knowledge inert. We can scarcely conceive at this day the feelings which must have overwhelmed him when he had exchanged the free air of Europe for the vitiated civil and political atmosphere of the United States. But here was his home, his birthplace; here dwelt more than four millions of unhappy beings, related to him by racial ties, living in

"Doleful shades, where peace
And rest never dwelt, hope never came."

So he returned resolved to do what he could for his unhappy race. His first care must have been to familiarize himself with the laws which riveted the chains about his people. He was here through all the exciting times which preceded the Rebellion; and when the war became an actual fact, entered the United States navy as a sailor, served until its close, bearing upon his body the scars of wounds received in battle.

In 1867 Mr. Elliott went to Charleston, S. C., and entered the office of the Charleston *Leader*, afterwards the *Missionary Record*, as a printer. He soon became one of the editors, and from this we may date his remarkable career as a statesman.

The war was over; the status of the Negro decided; he was a free man and a citizen. The states lately in rebellion must be handled by Congress, and the new element in the Southern problem (the free Negro) was a great embarrassment to the powers at Washington. "What shall

we do with the Southern States?" Charles Sumner answered the question easily when he said: "They are now a clean slate on which Congress may write laws." Today the answer is as easily given as then the path is as clear for the settlement of all difficulties if Congress were disposed to exercise the power won for it by the sacrifice of much blood and treasure.

The work of reconstruction then began, and in 1868 the people of South Carolina assembled in what is known as the "Constitutional Convention," for the purpose of framing a new constitution for that state. Mr. Elliott was a delegate to this convention; he was barely twenty-five.

The convention was in session for nearly fourteen days; Mr. Elliott was very modest in speech and bearing until Feb. 3, when in a speech a member favored the payment of the former slaveholder for the slave. This was the long-expected opportunity, and Mr. Elliott made a telling speech, full of zeal and patriotism. From that hour he was known as a powerful leader of the race.

At the close of the convention, Mr. Elliott was chosen by the voters of Barnwell County a member of the House of Representatives in 1868, where he served until Oct. 23, 1870. In this new position he soon made himself felt, by reason of his skill as a parliamentarian and his knowledge of law, easily becoming the leader in the House, members and large audiences listening to his words in debate with great admiration.

March 25, 1869, he was appointed State Assistant Adjutant General. At this time Republican politics were in a tottering condition in South Carolina. Desire for office, love of money, the ignorance of the voting population, gave unbounded opportunity for dishonest gains. In the different state legislatures the battle was fought. These bodies were composed almost entirely of Negroes. The few whites were no help to them, and in most cases it would have been better for the whole country if those same whites had been in some state prison. This was a trying position for the newly enfranchised blacks, but they did their work nobly; they gave the South the first system of free schools that had ever existed in the land of King Cotton. In the ten years of Negro legislation in the South there is enough of good, sound wisdom to arrest the favorable attention of all close students of human nature. At this time, then, when the power of the party trembled in the balance, Robert Browne Elliott, as chairman of the State Executive Committee, by his superior political skill, led the party to victory until 1876, when the Democratic party fraudulently usurped the government.

For his devotion to party, as well as his well-known ability, he was chosen a member of the Forty-second Congress in 1881, and was re-elected to the Forty-third Congress, the first Negro of unmixed blood to sit in the halls of Congress in the United States of America. In connection with this event there were many peculiar coin-

cidences, and none is more so than the fact that Robert Browne Elliott took the seat once filled by Preston Brooks. Perhaps a rehearsal of a few of the main features of Brooks' attack on Senator Sumner will be interesting to many young readers:

"On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, Senator Sumner delivered a speech in the Senate which described what he called 'the crime against Kansas'; and the excuses for the crime he denominated the apology tyrannical, the apology imbecile, the apology absurd, and the apology infamous. In the course of this speech he indulged in caustic personal criticism against Senator Butler of South Carolina. Butler was not present.

On the 22d of May, two days after the speech, Preston S. Brooks, a nephew of Senator Butler, entered the Senate chamber to retaliate by violence. The session was short, and after adjournment Senator Sumner remained at his desk, writing. Occupied with his work, the Senator did not notice Brooks sitting across the aisle to his left, where in conversation with a friend he was manifesting his impatience that a lady seated near Mr. Sumner did not take her departure from the chamber. Almost at that moment she arose and went out, for quickly afterwards Brooks got up and advanced to the front of the Senator's desk. Leaning upon the desk, and addressing Mr. Sumner with a rapid sentence or two, to the effect that he had read his speech, and it was a libel upon his absent relative, and that he had come to punish him for it, Brooks began striking him on the head with a gutta-percha walking-cane of ordinary length, and about an inch in diameter.

Surprised, blinded and stunned by the blows, Mr. Sumner's first instinct was to grapple with his assailant. The effort was futile; the desk was between them, and being by his sitting posture partially under it, Mr. Sumner was prevented from rising fully to his feet until he had by main strength in his struggles, wrenched it from its fastenings on the floor. In his attempt to follow Brooks they became turned, and from between the desks moved out into the main aisle. By this time through the repetition of the heavy blows and loss of blood Mr. Sumner became unconscious. Brooks seizing him by the coat-collar, continued his murderous attack, till Sumner reeling in utter helplessness, sank upon the floor beside the desk nearest the aisle, one row nearer the center of the chamber than his own. The witnesses variously estimated the number of blows given at from ten to thirty. Two principal wounds, two inches long and one inch deep, had been cut on the back of Mr. Sumner's head; near the end of the attack Brooks' cane was shivered to splinters.

The shock of the attack and the serious wounds Senator Sumner received produced a spinal malady, from which he rallied with great difficulty, and only after severe medical treatment and years of enforced abstinence from work. It was on the 4th of June, 1860, that he again

raised his voice in debate. Both Butler and Brooks were dead, but in the main the personnel and the spirit of the pro-slavery party still confronted him."

Under the reign of misrule in the Republican party at the South extravagance, high taxes, the filling of State offices by men unfitted for such trusts, made the whites feel themselves degraded in the eyes of the world. Northern sympathy emboldened them, resulting in the Ku-Klux organization and a reign of terror which still curses that section. Mr. Elliott delivered a famous speech in this connection in Congress on the Bill to Enforce the Provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment,—the Ku-Klux Bill. He portrayed a horrible condition in the state of South Carolina, women and children not escaping the fate of husband and father. On May 30, 1872, Messrs. Voorhees of Indiana and Beck of Kentucky made the initial denunciation of Republicanism in the South.

But his greatest glory lies in his speech on the Civil Rights Bill.

Hon. Charles Sumner introduced this bill in the Senate, designed to give equal political rights and privileges to all citizens, without regard to color or previous condition of servitude, by all inn keepers, common carriers and the like. The bill met with strong opposition even from the Negro's friends. Mr. Sumner declared that "rights were not based on expediency, but were founded in ustice."

The bill passed the Senate, and went to the House for debate. Among its opponents were the Hon. Alexander Stephens of Georgia, ex-vice-president of the late confederacy. On the Republican side were Hon. Ben Butler and James G. Blaine; but the opportunity to show that the Negro was entitled to his rights because of his worth as a man was not to be lost, and Robert Browne Elliott was chosen as the one best fitted for the task. Prof. D. Augustus Straker, LL.B., thus describes the scene:

"Mr. Stephens was brought into the House in the accustomed manner —in his chair. He severely arraigned the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Bill and its policy, as did Mr. Beck of Kentucky and Mr. Harris of Virginia. At the close of Mr. Stephens' speech the House of Representatives, now filled in every possible manner with United States senators who had suspended their labors to witness this sight; foreign ministers, judges, lawyers, clergymen, scientists, authors, and the laity innumerable, all were there to witness the political miracle, and if God was God to worship him, and if Baal was God to worship *him*." At last Mr. Elliott in reply to Mr. Stephens said: "Mr. Speaker: While I am sincerely grateful for the high mark of courtesy that has been accorded me by this House, it is a matter of regret to me that it is necessary at this day that I should rise in an American Congress to advocate a bill which simply asserts rights and equal public privileges for all classes of American citizens. I regret, sir, that the dark hue of my skin may

lend color to the imputation that I am controlled by motives personal to myself in my advocacy of this great measure of natural justice. Sir, the motive that impels me is restricted by no such narrow boundary, but is as broad as your Constitution. The bill, however, not only appeals to your justice but it demands a response from your gratitude. In the events that led to the achievement of American independence, the Negro was not an inactive or unconcerned spectator. He bore his part bravely upon many battlefields, although uncheered by that certain hope of political elevation which victory would secure to the white man. The tall granite shaft which a gratified state has reared above its sons who fell in defending Fort Griswold against the attack of Benedict Arnold, bears the name of John Freeman and others of the African race, who then cemented with their blood the cornerstone of your Republic." Mr. Elliott then considered the bill in its legal, constitutional, political and social aspect, showing himself a lawyer able to stand with honor among his peers in Congress. Replying to Mr. Stephens directly, he said: "I meet him only as an adversary; nor shall age or any other consideration restrain me from saying that he now offers this government, which he has done his utmost to destroy, a very poor return for its magnanimous treatment, to come here and seek to continue, by the assertion of doctrines obnoxious to the true principles of our government, the burdens and oppressions which rest upon five millions of his countrymen who never failed to lift their earnest prayers for the success of this government, when the gentleman was seeking to break up the union of these states, and to blot the American republic from the galaxy of nations." After listening to these awful and potent truths, Mr. Stephens ordered himself to be taken to his committee-room.

Mr. Elliott then directed his attention to Mr. Beck of Kentucky, who had vaunted the chivalry of his own state. Mr. Elliott reminded him that in the second war of American independence General Jackson reported of the white Kentucky soldiers that "at the very moment when the entire discomfiture of the enemy was looked for, with a confidence amounting almost to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, in whom so much reliance had been placed, *ingloriously fled*. In quoting this indisputable piece of history, I do so only by way of admonition, and not to question the well-attested gallantry of the *true* Kentuckian, and to suggest to the gentleman that it would be well that he should not flaunt his heraldry so proudly while he bears this bar-sinister on the military escutcheon of his state,— a state which answered the call of the Republic in 1861 when treason thundered at the very gates of the capital, by coldly declaring her neutrality in the impending struggle." He then closed his wonderful effort with these significant words: "Notwithstanding long years of oppression and suffering, the colored citizen has

a filial affection for his white brethren, and as Ruth of old, so say they to those who would treat them as outcasts: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following thee; for whithersoever thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more if aught but death part thee and me.'"

Today the Civil Rights Bill passed by Congress is almost a dead letter, and the Southern States are quietly and persistently robbing the Negro population of all rights of citizenship. The blacks cannot look for justice or toleration from late slaveholders and their descendants. If a man has no right to vote for men and measures which tax himself and his property, that man is a slave. We are told that the elective franchise is not a *right*, but a privilege; something to be allowed a man as a reward of merit for good conduct continued for so long a time. In a republican government of *the people* like ours, the franchise is not a privilege, but a *right*,— a right belonging to every man who has not forfeited it by crime. The signs of the times point to the commitment of a heinous crime against the Negro, in which the North won by fair and plausible words from its Southern brother, is wilfully quiescent. The shame and folly of deserting the Negro are only equalled by the wisdom of recognizing and protecting their power in the first years of the emancipation.

Wendell Phillips said once: "We are accustomed to use the words North and South familiarly. By the North I mean the civilization of the nineteenth century,— I mean that equal and recognized manhood up to which the race has struggled by the toils and battles of nineteen centuries,— I mean free speech, *the welcome rule of the majority* — I mean the Declaration of Independence!

"By the South I mean likewise a principle. I mean an element which, like the days of Queen Mary and the Inquisition, *cannot tolerate free speech*, and punishes it with the stake; the aristocracy of the skin, which considers the Declaration of Independence a sham,— which believes that one-third of the race was born booted and spurred, and the other two-thirds ready saddled for that third to ride,— I mean the thing that manifests itself by barbarism and the bowie-knife, by bullying and lynch law." These words were spoken on a New York platform in 1863, and describe the situation today to the very life. Last week an eminent Southerner (F. Hopkinson Smith), sixty-two years old, eminent as a writer and lecturer, on a Newton, Mass., platform, at an evening's entertainment, attacked the great work of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

If the illustrations chosen by Mrs. Stowe as models for her characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were only types, and not generalities, why does the South still persist in wanton cruelties toward its Negro population? Years and experience have

not, we fear, brought feelings of toleration into very many Southern hearts. The old virus of slavery which resented Northern intervention in any form still exists in the passions of all Southern society in spite of his plea thrown to the white citizen: "The people of this country are all alike. They are all Americans."

If the slaveholders ever cared for the crippled, the old, the sick, under slavery, still the question arises: Where was the glory to them in this act? If the slave had received compensation for his labor in the service of these men, he could have cared for himself without the aid of that charity that would not see a "yellow dog hurt."

Dropping the Negro from the discussion, we ask: If Harriet Beecher Stowe's work caused the war, what good was there in it for all humanity? We know that she indirectly raised the status of white Southern womanhood, giving it a pure, moral atmosphere in the home life; healed the cankering sore of domestic infidelity in the husband and of immorality in the son, as exemplified in the children of two races,— unlawful product of the crime of bondage and plantation sensuality. Many a planter's wife has dragged out a miserable existence with an aching heart, at seeing her place in her husband's affections usurped by her beautiful mulatto maid.

On the same platform and in the same year Mr. Phillips also said: "Today the question is not merely whether the Negro shall be free, but whether this great free, model state, the hope of the nations and their polar star, this experiment of self-government, this normal school of God for the education of the masses, shall survive, free, just, entire, *able not only to free the slave*, but to pay the further *debt it owes him,— protection as he rises into liberty, and a share in the great State he aided to found*." What answer can we make in the face of existing conditions? Mr. Phillips continued: "We have a state of mind to annihilate. *To bar out ideas* is the plan of the South, to cripple, confine, break down the free discussion of these Northern States. Unless he can do that he is not safe; to *mould Massachusetts into a silent, unprotesting* Commonwealth." And we may now add to this illustrious man's prophecy, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's own words: "What the Negro people really need is *to go way back and begin all over again where they started in their freedom*, at industrial development."

The phrase "industrial development" is greatly misunderstood by our white friends. To them it means an excuse, gladly hailed, to force the Negro to retrograde. To us it means, education of head and hand, not confining the Negro to any particular line of employment, certainly with no intention of curtailing his efforts to raise himself into any business, profession or social condition that intrinsic worth and fitness may warrant him in seeking.

Soon after making his great civil

rights speech, Mr. Elliott resigned his seat in Congress and returned to South Carolina. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives from Aiken County and was chosen Speaker of the House. The question has often been asked: Why did General Elliott abandon a high office for one lower in rank, casting aside honor, fame, and a large salary. From what motive? *Fidelity to the Republican party.*

Corruption was at the heart of Republicanism. In this time of trouble party managers sought General Elliott's aid and counsel. Pride of party doubtless made him seek to stem the torrent about to sweep over the entire state. In 1876 General Elliott was elected to the office of attorney-general of South Carolina, the first Negro in the United States ever elected attorney-general. He entered upon the discharge of his duties, but the end of the power of Republicanism had come in that state, and by force and fraud political power was wrested from the party. All Republicans were driven from office by the decision of the Supreme Court. The accounts of the high-handed proceedings of the Court are close in analogy to the late embroilment in Kentucky down to the most trifling incident. No prominent Republican was safe, and criminal charges were preferred against most of them. The pet scheme of the Democrats was to drive Robert Browne Elliott from the state; but so bravely did he bear himself, and so unimpeachable had his conduct been that he passed unstained and untouched through the trying ordeal. In 1880 General Elliott was appointed by Hon. John Sherman United States treasurer at Charleston, S. C. In 1879 he was a delegate to the National Convention at Chicago from South Carolina. He distinguished himself there by rising in the convention and seconding the nomination of Hon. John Sherman for President of the United States. His speech was brilliant and able, and immediately gave the Negro voter a new standing in the councils of the nation; he became a factor, and not a mendicant begging for crumbs of political comfort. Upon the death of President Garfield he was relieved of his office, after which he recommenced the practice of law at New Orleans, where he died suddenly Aug. 9, 1884, lamented by white and black alike.

Today we cannot point to one man who has reached the dizzy heights of superiority occupied by General Elliott. By his achievements we prove that it is possible for a Negro to rise to great political eminence as well as a white man, if the desire for his "industrial development" does not blind our eyes to other advantages in life. Robert Elliott's life story is interwoven inseparably with the political history of the United States in the most critical period of its existence. His death was a great loss to his race and to his country.

The story of this man's life should be an incentive to the young men of the present. Step by step he accomplished many ambitions, leaving a shining trail of light behind him.

FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

IV. Hagar and Ishmael.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

WHEN Abram and Lot during their winter visit into Egpyt became the recipients of the favor and bounty of Pharaoh, it was because of the resplendent beauty of Sar-ai, then in the zenith of physical strength and charm, feminine and childless. It was not the fault of the Egyptian king that he had taken this brilliant "sister" of Abram into his palace, where amid every luxury of Egyptian court life, surrounded by handmaids and slaves, and attended by the wisest and courtliest priests and sages of Khern, she was being prepared for the splendid nuptials, which should make her "queen of Upper and Lower Egypt."

Abram in his fear had ordered her thus to deceive the king, and she seems unhesitatingly to have followed his directions, albeit persistence in the deceit was certain to separate husband and wife forever. There is nothing in the Mosaic record to show that Sar-ai in any event would have refused to marry Pharaoh, or that Abram, even as a last resort, would have asserted his marital claims, and demanded his wife of the great king. As has been told, certain great calamities befell the Egyptian king and people, which were ascribed to the presence of Sar-ai, the beautiful princess of Ur, in the royal palace. When Pharaoh found out the truth he rebuked Abram, and sent Sar-ai back to his tents, but not without such gifts and attendance as became her beauty and the honor of Pharaoh.

And with her came also the royal mandate: That without delay Abram and his following were to depart out of the land of Egypt, as being a menace and danger thereof. So Abram and Lot, richer by the undeserved royal bounty, returned to Bethel, whence Abram removed to the plains of Mamré, and dwelt there for many years.

Now Sar-ai had brought up out of the land of Egypt a little maid named Hagar, probably the orphan of some high-cast Egyptian priest or warrior, who had deserved well of Pharaoh. Dark-eyed, slender, lissome, keen-faced, low-voiced, and accomplished in the arts of dress and palace life, she had endeared herself to Sar-ai, to whom she professed, and indeed rendered, the utmost devotion. Ten years later she had developed into a tall, stately, graceful woman, still devoted in word and act, but in her turn filled with the desire of love and offspring, of wealth and prestige, which no condition in life or sense of dependence can ever eradicate or stifle.

Whether Hagar had learned to love Abram, a prince still in his prime, and honored of all men, or sought a second wife's or concubine's condition through ambition, desire of wealth,

hatred of her mistress, or through several or all of these motives, is not certainly set forth. Neither does it appear whether Sar-ai or Hagar first in effect suggested that the long-desired son and heir of Abram need not necessarily be the very son of the Chaldean princess.

It is probable that Cleopatra, "that serpent of old Nile," who in after ages led princes to their undoing and wise men into folly and shame, by like arts had her prototype in Hagar, who twenty centuries before her played and risked all for love of the grandest man of a land in which Egypt had already found her most gallant enemies. If she saw beyond this the humiliation and death of Sar-ai, the birth and growth of gallant sons, who should in years to come rule that fair land, in which she should be no longer a slave but princess, perhaps queen itself, what wonder?

But Sar-ai, worn out with longing for baby hands and baby lips, utterly impatient of the lack of offspring, which threatened to make their veteran steward, Elieza of Damascus, lord of range and flock, camp and following, and doubtless believing that her handmaid's devotion was utterly unselfish and complete, herself proposed that Hagar should in her stead bear to Abram the son and heir whose love and service should be first due, not to the vassal mother who bore him, but to the impatient, disappointed, jealous, unhappy woman who had not spared to sacrifice a husband's devotion and a woman's chastity to her unbridled desires.

Close upon her error came the punishment, and before Hagar's child saw the light, Abram had refused to shield her from the jealousy and resentment of Sar-ai, who could not bear the pride of coming maternity which shone in Hagar's eyes. Fear, jealousy, anger, love unreturned! What was it that drove Hagar into the wilderness of Shur, as she fled from her angry mistress?

Hard is that sterile way of caravans, even to horseman and camel-driver, but the proud, loving, beautiful, stately woman traversed it alone without guard, beast of burden, or provision of food and water, heading ever southward toward Egypt, until utterly wearied and desperate of life, the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way of Shur.

And he said: "Hagar, Sar-ai's maid, whence comest thou? and whither wilt thou go?" And she said: "I flee from the face of my mistress Sar-ai."

Then said the angel: "Return unto thy mistress at this time, and submit thyself under her hands.

"As for thee, thou shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, that is to say, 'God shall hear,' because the Lord hath heard thy affliction.

"And he will be a wild man; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

"Behold, I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude."

The voice ceased, the vision faded, and Hagar's dark face grew soft with awe, gratitude and faith in the glories of that line of warriors and kings, whose first tiny germ lay gathering life under her throbbing breast. And she called the name of that comforting presence, "Thou God seest me," for she said: "Have I also here looked to find Him who seeth me?"

Wherefore men called that wilderness well, "Beer, Lahai-Roi," that is, "the well of Him that liveth and seeth me."

So Hagar returned unto Sar-ai and promised obedience, and in due time Ishmael was born, the son of a Caucasian father and African mother, and to all human appearance the only son and heir of Abram, then eighty and six years old. Ishmael failed not to receive due tendance and affection at the hands of Abram, nor was Hagar forgetful of the counsels and commands of the angel.

But when Abraham was a hundred years old, and Ishmael was a tall and handsome youth of fourteen, Isaac, the son of Abram and Sar-ai, now Abraham and Sarah, was born, as the Lord had promised.

And until Isaac was weaned, and a great festival was given in honor of that event, Hagar and Ishmael dwelt with Abraham, albeit Ishmael felt that he was no longer loved and honored as before. But on the day of this feast, Sarah saw the boy, neglected, jealous and angry, mocking the little Isaac, to whom warrior and herdsman, the followers of Abraham, were pledging fealty and obedience.

Wherefore she said unto Abraham, as her race and all kindred races have said unto this day: "Cast out this bondwoman and her son, for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac."

But against this saying Abraham rebelled. The woman had been deemed worthy of his love, and the boy was his own son, circumcised in his house, taught to worship Jehovah, trained in peace and war, dutiful, loving, courageous. Only the divine commandment had kept him from making him his acknowledged heir; he would not do this cruel thing to please a jealous woman.

Then again came unto him the divine command: "Let it not be grievous in thy sight, because of the lad and because of the bondwoman. In all that Sarah hath said unto thee. hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. But of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed."

And in the morning after the feast Abraham arose early and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it upon her shoulder, and sent her away, and with her Ishmael, thier son.

And Hagar and Ishmael communed with each other; for the lad was almost a man in stature and in thought, and he was broken with the sense of love despised, paternal desertion, and undeserved injustice, so that his courage was gone. A fever burned in his veins, which great

draughts from the leathern water-bottle could not allay. And he staggered as he walked, until at last Hagar forgot her own despair in maternal anxieties, and with her splendid strength half carried, half supported him along the lonely desert road.

At last Hagar, too, was worn out; the last drop of water had dried on Ishmael's swollen lips, and laying him beneath the shadow of a few shrubs, the despairing and deserted Egyptian staggered a bow-shot away, for she said to herself: "Let me not see the death of my son. " And seating herself in the dust she bowed her head and wept.

But the low moanings of Ishmael reached the throne of God, and from the skies there fell a voice, such as before she had heard at the fountain in Shur: "Why weepest thou, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad, where He is.

"Arise! Lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand, for I will make of him a great nation."

Then Hagar saw not far off a living well; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink.

And in that wilderness she came upon simple folk who gave her rest and food, and in all honor and hospitality made welcome to their tents the dark beauty and her handsome son. Nor was Hagar long in securing their confidence and reverence.

And God was with Ishmael, so that he grew in strength and valor and comeliness. And among those ancient outcasts he became a mighty archer, and cunning in the warfare of the wilderness. And when he was a man he held sway over rude castle and tented camp in the wilderness of Paran, and Hagar got him a wife out of Egypt, for she would not have him take a wife of the daughters of Shem. He warred not against his brother Isaac, for he was a just man; and in due time saw twelve strong sons riding in his array in war, ruling each his district of the great wilderness, or engaged in the rude agriculture and ruder arts of this free desert life.

To him, when he was nearly ninety years old, a rumor came through the southern wilderness: "Abraham, the friend of God, is dead."

With a chosen band of horsemen he rode by unused paths through the hostile borderland, and thence in peace to Mamré by the Brook Eshcol, and in all amity met his brother Isaac, now in his seventy and fifth year. Amid a vast concourse of people of many nations and tongues, they buried Abraham, their common father, beside Sarah, his wife, in the Cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamré.

And nearly forty years after, when Hagar had long passed away from the scene of her loves and sorrows, her futile ambitions and later triumphs, Ishmael also departed this life, having lived an hundred and thirty and seven years. Never had he paid tribute or acknowledged dependence; never had he borne offence unavenged, or failed to reward kindness. Hospitable and generous,

he yet was held an outlaw, because his sterile mountains and deserts ever defied the dominant races and would-be conquerors of his day and generation.

So he held by the sword and bow the wilderness heritage left to him, in place of that greater prize for which Hagar had longed and suffered. He took fair tribute for safety and pasturage and water of the caravans which traversed his fastnesses and traded among his people, and punished sharply all who violated a safeguard or broke a plighted truce. Of those who would not pay tribute he took by force his dues, with such payment for manslaying and insult to his authority as seemed good in his eyes.

In some forgotten fray his still manly form went down under sword-stroke or arrowflight, victorious even in death, dying as he had lived, and doubtless as he longed to die, for it is written:

"And they (his people) dwelt from Havilah unto Shur, that is before Egypt, as thou goest toward Assyria; and he fell in the presence of all his brethren."

So Ishmael had founded a nation, while Isaac was still a sojourner in Canaan; a great and wealthy chief it is true, but as yet a man without an abiding country. Ages have passed since then; indeed, over thirty-eight centuries, and still his children hold as they have ever held the heritage won by the son of Abram, Prince of Ur, and Hagar, the stately and passionate Egyptian.

During these centuries Joshua and David, Pharaoh and Assyrian, Mede and Greek, Roman, Moslem, and the banded chivalry of Europe in the Crusades have essayed in vain to conquer the Arabian descendants of Hagar's love-child. The children of Isaac are no more a people; for over two thousand years they have been tributaries or aliens, save in the few lands where the rights of citizenship are given to a race who no longer know or prize what it is to have a fatherland. But the sons of Ishmael live today much as their fathers lived, and in their legends as in the Word held sacred of Jew and Gentile, is still told the story of his birth, and of his building of a race unconquerable.

THE FRIEND I LOVE.

ADA M. WRIGHT.

I LOVE a friend whose cheering voice
Can soothe my aching heart;
Can wipe the tears of grief away
When sorrow bids them start.

I love a friend whose gentle hand
Removes the bitter cup of grief;
Who binds the wounds he did not make,
And kindly brings relief.

I love a friend whose beaming smile
Is like a ray of light,
To cheer me on my lonely way
Through sorrow's darksome night.

THE OPENING CENTURY.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

THE intellectual, moral and social condition of the Negro race is now vastly different to what it was at the coming in of the nineteenth century. While we are not forgetful of the unselfish labors given by liberty-loving white people to lift up deprived humanity, and of the praiseworthy accomplishments of distinguished statesmen, in favor of justice and equality of all men before the law, and of the noble acts of kindness and deeds of honor conferred by Christianity upon a people much wronged and abused; yet we are mindful of the fact that there will ever exist to the discredit of American civilization a dark page in the history of the century recently past of the atrocious acts and awful crimes practiced by the white ruling classes in a particular section upon their fellow-citizens, mainly because of color.

Color seems to be the hindering cause of the Negro's progress. If he is denied his rights in the courts of law, it is mainly on account of color. If he is snubbed at hotels, at public inns, and at the doors of theatres, his color is the cause for the

insolence. If he is objected to as clerk or bookkeeper in prominent mercantile houses, his dark skin serves as an obstacle for the refusal. If he is made to ride in "Jim Crow" cars, it is his color that causes the humiliation; and if competing in the world of letters he must show exceeding ability, and then on account of color his literary attainment is stubbornly acknowledged. Christianity should possess more brotherly sentiment, and civilization a higher degree of magnanimity.

And therefore it is hoped that the new century will accomplish more in that particular than the one past, to mitigate such prejudice, so that men will be recognized and admitted according to behavior, education and intellectual ability. Nature has given to the black as well as the white man, certain qualifications, and therefore, the colored brother is as susceptible of higher culture as the white brother when both are permitted to embrace the same opportunities. But we fear that many of the white race are too easily persuaded by the theories of ethnologist, which is not satisfied to take from the Negro his natural ability, but also deny him a soul, calling him the "apex of the animal kingdom."

The time will come when the laws of theory and of speculation must cease; but the laws of nature will ever prevail.

The natural refinement and the extraordinary attainment of Phillis Wheatley is an example and an argument within itself against what the ethnologist claim he has found in the division of the human family. In the soul of Phillis Wheatley (though ignorant and black) as in the soul of the Anglo-Saxon child, was harmony and poetic imagination, and in the mind and undeveloped intellect, which under the kind care of Mrs. Wheatley bloomed and blossomed like fervent flowers in the month of May.

With Phillis Wheatley it was as it would have been with others of her race had they received similar treatment and been allowed the same opportunity. But it is needless to say more of her as an example, for with her intellectual knowledge the world at this late day is too well acquainted.

It is easily observed what a high degree of character, of intelligence, of refinement and of intellectual culture the race would have attained if it had not been for the slave laws, moulded and shaped by the Anglo-Saxon to prevent the Negro's progress in that particular. The laws of slavery was absolute, from which no appeal could be made in favor of right or of justice; and therefore the Negro had no hope of advancement, although endowed with similar faculties as those possessed by the Anglo-Saxon when brought in contact with the light of Christianity and of civilization.

The oppression of slavery obscured the beauties of harmony and of poetic imagination that lay in the Negro's soul, waiting an opportunity for development, that it might bud and bloom in the intellectual firmament as magnificent flowers free from

winter's chilly blast, bending to the warm breezes of summer. And yet with all the disadvantages under which the Negro labored, all the insults and supercilious insolence with which he had, and is now facing, his condition in the intellectual as in the moral, in the social as in the material world, is of a higher per cent than at the incoming of the nineteenth century. For the Negro as a race could not then point with pride to such eminent scholars as Prof. W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University, Professor Du Bois of Atlanta University.

The colored population of Virginia had not then a journal like the *Planet*, nor an editor so brave as the brilliant John Mitchell. There was not a New York *Age*, nor an able scholar like T. Thomas Fortune as its editor. We were unknown as authors of books, and had not then a Paul Laurence Dunbar to make a favorable impression in the literary world. We could not then as now gaze with pride and pleasure upon a Pauline Hopkins, from whose vivid pen came forth "Contending Forces." Nay, we could not then look back upon the eighteenth as we can now upon the nineteenth century and point to a cluster of bright stars in the constellation of human thought who in their days of nature and activity bravely pleaded the cause of human liberty, and now leave to us monuments of fame,— men such as Dr. J. C. Price, Douglass, Bruce and Langston.

The want of space will prevent us speaking at this humble writing of other eminent persons among the colored race whose work and worth to better the condition of human society will throw around them a mantle of fame; and of illustrious persons among the Anglo-Saxon race whose endeavors and timely labors have done much to bring happiness to the human family; and of the gradual recognition by the world of art, science and literature, of the black man's attainments, thus making his condition far superior, socially, morally and intellectually, to what it was at the coming in of the nineteenth century.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

D. A. FERGUSON, D. D. S.*

WHEN baby cuts its first tooth each person in the house is delighted and all must see it, and to be certain that it is a real tooth, they must torture the baby by sticking a finger into its mouth.

The first tooth appears when the infant is six months old, but these eruptions vary from birth to an indefinite period. At the age of two years all of the temporary, or baby teeth, (ten upper and ten lower) should be visible.

The baby teeth generally appear as follows:

Centrals	5th	to 6th	month.
Laterals	7th	" 8th	"
First Molars	12th	" 16th	"
Canines	14th	" 20th	"
Second Molars	21st	" 30th	"

The canines, sometimes called eye teeth and stomach teeth, cause a mother more anxiety than the others, because they usually appear during the child's second summer.

From this time until the child cries with an aching tooth, the parents seem to have cared nothing for their teeth. To avoid unnecessary pain the child should be taken at the age of three to a dentist, who should examine it carefully. Very likely no cavities are formed at this age, but by frequent visits to a dentist, large cavities, exposed nerves, and the toothache can be avoided.

The fault is not altogether with the parent through ignorance or procrastination; but with the dentist, who may be too avaricious or impatient to properly treat the child. It is true that a child must be persuaded sometimes, but the little one will be as courageous as an adult, and more so, if the truth is always told.

For instance, you should not say, "it won't hurt," nor should the dentist say, "Let me see the little toofie," and then, with a pair of forceps concealed up one sleeve, yank it out. Of course the child cries, because you have deceived it, and such deception would arouse the animosity of a stoic.

But instead of such unjust methods, the child should be told that it may hurt. Let the little one see the instruments to be used, and with a few kind words the patient will undergo almost any operation without a murmur, because it has confidence in the operator.

Presuming that the teeth have had proper attention, at the age of six the first permanent molars appear, two upper and two lower, and also known

* Having written an article, "Save Your Teeth," which was published May, 1898, in the *Dental Brief* (a monthly dental journal), and observing how indifferent parents are in caring for the children's teeth, I deem it absolutely necessary to write further on the subject. In writing of the teeth it is quite a task to treat the subject other than in a concise manner; and to confine oneself to a special branch, the article must be condensed in order to be of interest to all.

as the sixth-year molars. If the child has not been under the treatment of a dentist, you can readily perceive that they might have lost nearly all of the temporary teeth, and at seven or eight years their first permanent molars would probably be decayed and yet not fully grown. These teeth are often mistaken for temporary teeth, neglected and extracted. This is true with at least ninety per cent of all children, and it is not only a shame, but a sin. Step into a schoolroom, examine the teeth of children who are not more than eight years old, and you can see for yourself.

Also, from six to eight years, the first temporary teeth, which were erupted at six months, are lost by nature's course, or by the dentist's forceps, to allow the permanent centrals and laterals to erupt.

If the temporary teeth are extracted too soon or too late, irregularity may follow with the permanent ones, because those of the first dentition are guides to those of the second. It must also be understood that all irregularities are not due to premature or negligent extractions, but may be caused by small arches (jaws) containing or trying to accommodate large teeth; finger-sucking, mouth hanging open like an idiot's, an injury on the jaws during infancy, or by other natural or mechanical forces.

At this age present to them a toothbrush and an antiseptic tooth powder — not to look at, but to use daily.

At nine years the first temporary molars, which were cut at the twelfth month, should be replaced by the first permanent bicuspids; from ten to eleven the second temporary molars, which were cut at the twenty-first month giving way for the second permanent bicuspids. They now have the temporary cuspids to shed, or the last of the baby teeth. These, of course, are replaced by the permanent cuspids.

At twelve years they have shed all of the temporary teeth, and the eruptions of the twelfth-year molars begin, two upper and two lower. These teeth are at the rear of the sixth-year molars.

From thirteen to fourteen years they should have twenty-eight teeth, fourteen upper and fourteen lower.

At this age they are preparing to enter high school or some college, but have not cut all of their teeth. The first wisdom teeth, which are the lower, appear at seventeen; and at twenty-five the upper wisdom teeth erupt, which complete the permanent set of thirty-two teeth. At the age of twenty, and often sooner, a person may have the full set of permanent teeth.

By proper care there is no reason why a boy or girl at fourteen should not have clean, well-preserved teeth — but do not forget that the use of a toothbrush with an antiseptic powder and semi-annual visits to a dentist are the main preventatives for unclean, decayed and odoriferous teeth.

It is true that some teeth are decayed before or immediately after eruption, but there is no excuse for

neglecting or losing them, if the dentist is consulted.

Any irregularities can be corrected before the patient is eighteen years old, and more advanced cases have been corrected also. Although your child may be six, sixteen or twenty-six, "it is never too late to do good." As the mission of an evangelist to save souls, a physician to save lives, so it is with a dentist to save teeth.

Take heed to his instructions, teach the little ones, and they shall ever be grateful to you, after they shall have entered this business and social world.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD DEVELOPMENT.

D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER.

(From an address delivered before the Women's State Federation, Detroit, Mich., August, 1900.)

We have passed through three stages of our existence as a race, distinct from the other races of people in this country. First, Slavery, with pity for our suffering, Second, Emancipation, with political expediency and sympathy for our weakness and ignorance. Third, Citizenship and political toleration. Now we are passing through a crisis of manhood and womanhood development, with intolerance towards our progress.

The Woman State Federation, here in convention assembled, need bestir itself against a condition which, if not altered, will result in a serfdom worse than in Russia for the black race. What you need to do is to create American sentiment for equal opportunity for women in the development of true womanhood. Open the stores and the factories, and the millineries, and the school houses, and the counting house for our young women, as well as the kitchen, the washtub, the nursery and the scrub room, so that the development to be reached be that of an exalted womanhood, virtuous in thought, and in action. Is this opportunity given to our young women? Look in the places of business for your answer.

The division of labor into classes is detrimental to good citizenship and exalted loyalty to government—discrimination produces discontent, which in turn produces crime and public disorder in the disregard for law.

Our future depends not on ourselves alone, but on the good will and justice of others dominant in affairs of life. We ourselves, to bring this about, need unity, education, energy and morality. We need to develop all our capacities for progress—A shame on the prejudice which will deny a brother or sister the opportunity to make a living, and yet this is daily denied the black race in its men and women. Some say, make

your own opportunity. I answer, make bricks without straw. We are willing to begin at the lower end of the ladder, but will not rest content with being shoved off even that round. Ladies, Agitate! Agitate!! Agitate!!! It is the life of human progress. I do not advise you to become DeWetts, and with arms seek reformation, and yet it was such like madness at Harper's Ferry that destroyed the monster slavery. American prejudice against the Negro, because of his color, cannot live forever. It will change under the influence of his advancement. I Endorse Booker T. Washington's National Business League. It is an efficient supplement to his work at Tuskegee. What is needed in the South for the colored race is wider engagement in commercial and industrious business and less to do with politics. I have reached this conclusion after much deliberation and investigation. So long as disfranchisement can be effected by State laws and no remedy seems available, let the colored voters in the South let State politics alone. I predict that the time will come when political cut-throating will commence in the South, and then the Negro vote will be needed at home; meanwhile let him "saw wood" politically. A politician having something commercialy to do, is stronger than one having nothing to do. The dollar is the most powerful orator of our rights demanded, and every business of industry successfully established is a fort against wrong and oppression directed against us.

We have commanded the admiration and respect of the unprejudiced portion of civilization for the progress made by our men and women the world over. Phillis Wheatley, Fannie Jackson Chopin, Mrs. Frank Grimke, Mrs. Charles Ruffin, Ida B. Wells Barnett, Lucy M. Thurman, Fannie Richards, Frances M. Preston, Madame Porter-Cole, Siseretta Jones, the lawyers and doctors of the female sex, are all beacon lights of woman's progress and the advancement of exalted, noble, virtuous and intellectual womanhood, then—

"Be up and doing with a heart
for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing.
Learn to labor and to wait."

I hope before you close your labors you will establish a committee in every city or the State to seek to get employment for our young women, and thus protect them against the evil results of idle hands, and may the God of all peoples, races and nations upon the earth open the hearts and the doors of those who can give them employment without regard to race or color.

KANSAS VERSUS NEW JERSEY.

The Only Difference Was In The Color of The Skin.— The Same Old Race Question.

WE give herewith the reports from the daily press of the two latest and most atrocious outrages against womanhood and public decency; also the final verdict in each case. The verdicts go to show that there are two kinds of law in this land of the "*free*," one for the white man and another for the black. The time will come, and soon, when a man can be assured of a fair trial, if we are true to the best and highest in our racial development.

NEW JERSEY.

Thirty Years' Imprisonment.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 29.— W. C. McAllister, Wm. Death and Andrew Campbell, who were found guilty of murder in the second degree for the killing of Jennie Bosschieter, Oct. 18, 1900, by the administration of chloral and subsequent rape, together with Geo. Kerr, who pleaded non vult to a charge of rape, were brought into the Court of Oyer and Terminer here today for sentence by Judge Dixon.

McAllister, Campbell and Death were each sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and Kerr to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor, for the crime of rape, to which he pleaded non vult yesterday.

The sentences of all the men are the full terms of imprisonment which the law provides, but in the case of Kerr a fine of $1,000 might have been added.

KANSAS.

Burned at the Stake.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Jan. 15, 1901.—Fred Alexander, the Negro who on Saturday evening attempted to assault Miss Eva Roth, and who was supposed to have assaulted and killed Pearl Forbes in this city last November, was taken from the sheriff's guard by a mob today, and burned at the stake at the scene of his crimes, half a dozen blocks from the center of the city. Probably eight thousand people witnessed the lynching.

The detailed story is as follows: The crowd had gained entrance to the stockade, and there was a yelling pack in the jail-yard. The doors of the cell-room were then broken down, and despite his outcries, the Negro was dragged into the open. He had been struck over the head with a hammer, but was still conscious. Men fought to get at him, and infuriated,

struck savagely at him, hitting only his captors, who guarded him well.

"Don't hurt him now," they cried. "We'll burn him!"

Up the hill and into the courthouse yard they dragged him, and there they stopped. In reply to demands for a confession, the Negro said:

"I am innocent. I am dying for what another man did. I see lots of my friends here. They know I did not do it. If I had been guilty, I would have said so at the penitentiary, and would have stayed there for life. The warden told me so. The policemen told me so. Would not I have told them if I was guilty?"

When Alexander had finished talking he was backed against a cottonwood tree in a corner of the yard, and while a chain was sought he was given another chance to confess.

"My God, men," he cried in his agony, "I have told you that I am innocent. I can't tell you any more. I didn't do it."

The suggestion to take the man to the scene of his crime met with instant approval, and the crowd, carrying the Negro, pushed to the corner of Lawrence avenue and Spruce street. The crowd formed a semi-circle, and Alexander was shoved forward into full view. A howl went up, which was quickly hushed as the prisoner raised his shackled hands and began to speak, but the crowd drowned his trembling voice.

The Negro was then driven down the embankment to a pile of wood, with his hands shackled, and there chained to a railroad iron planted upright in the mud. Wood and boards were piled up, and coal-oil was poured over the Negro.

Before the match was applied, John Forbes, father of the murdered girl, stepped up to Alexander and said: "Are you guilty of murdering my daughter?"

"I don't know what you have me here for," said Alexander.

Forbes replied: "For killing my girl on this very spot."

"Mr. Forbes, if that's your name, you have the wrong man," said the Negro. "*You're burning an innocent man. You took advantage of me. You gave me no show. Can I see my mother?*"

A man in the crowd called for the mother, but she was not in the crowd. Alexander then said: "Will you let me shake hands with all my friends?"

"You have no friends in this crowd, you beast," was the reply.

While oil was then applied for the second time, Alexander called to acquaintances in the crowd and said good-by to them. Mr. Forbes lighted the match, and again Alexander was asked to make a confession, but he replied that he had nothing to say.

As the flames leaped about him, Alexander turned a ghastly hue, and clasping his hands together, began to sway to and fro, while the crowd yelled. In five minutes the Negro was hanging limp and lifeless by the chains. As soon as the crowd saw that life was extinct, it began to slowly disperse.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR March issue will contain a most interesting sketch of the life of the late Hon. Edwin G. Walker, of Boston, Mass. This article will be the fifth in the popular series of "Famous Men of the Negro Race," by Pauline E. Hopkins, and we can assure our readers that it will be one of the special features of our next issue. The incidents gleaned from Mr. Walker's life form an interesting story of a bright, intellectual man, who rose from the ranks to occupy a foremost position among men of any race.

THE great serial story, "Hagar's Daughter," by Sarah A. Allen, will begin in our March issue. This will be one of the striking features of our magazine for 1901, and will run through the balance of the year. No person who starts the reading of this powerful story will be satisfied unless they get the entire issues containing same.

The best way to make sure of receiving the magazine regularly is to subscribe for the same, sending either direct to the publishers or through any of our regular agents. In this manner you can make sure of the magazine, while by depending on an agent to deliver monthly it is possible to be overlooked. We have received orders from our agents for many hundred copies more of the January issue than we had magazines to supply. In fact, our January number has been "out of print" since the twentieth of January. From present indications, our February edition will be entirely sold out by the middle of the month, and this in spite of the fact that we increased our printing order for February fifty per cent over that of the January issue. By subscribing for a year, you will be assured of your magazine regularly, and besides will receive "free" the beautiful photogravure, "The Young Colored American."

The March number will also contain a beautifully illustrated article on the coming great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., written by the Hon. Jas. A. Ross of Buffalo. It will be a most timely and interesting article.

WE regret that we were unable to publish the portrait of Mrs. B. E. de Toscano, treasurer of the C. W. B. C. of New York, in this issue, but as the portrait was somewhat delayed in reaching us, it was impossible. We will, however, publish her portrait in our March issue.

A WORD to those of our subscribers who are working to obtain the beautiful watch as a premium for eight subscribers. We would suggest that you send us in all subscriptions that you receive from time to time, with remittance, that the magazine may be forwarded promptly. This will without doubt help you to get other subscribers, as one pleased subscriber will act as an inducement to others to give you their orders. We will credit you with each subscription as

received, and will send you the watch immediately upon receipt of the eighth subscription. Let us hear from you often as to the progress of the work. If you need samples to assist you, let us know, and we will send them promptly.

OUR May issue, which will begin the second year of our magazine, will contain a complete account of our entire publishing force, officers of the company, etc., as well as all of our agents throughout the country. We desire that each and every agent send to the home office their portrait, together with a brief sketch of their life, by or before March 15 next, to be used in this edition. All general agents will please see that sub-agents in their several sections send in the matter as requested above.

DUTY TO EMPLOYERS.

THE question, "What can we do to gain a recognition by employers?" means more than the meeting of a few who form resolutions, and write letters of annoyance to different firms.

To successfully master this question, it needs as careful and as painstaking arbitration, as any international treaty between the powers. It needs deep thought and concentrated action, after due deliberation as to what is best to demand.

Natural philosophy teaches us the effect of two bodies coming into contact, each endowed with the same degree of force.

First we must consider, "Is the laborer worthy of his hire?" Do we give our best thoughts and actions to our employers? or do we drag through the day, anxiously awaiting closing hour? Organization is an ndispensable attribute.

Force is power; and the better organized, the more effective will be the result.

Force of numbers may win occasionally, but systematic distribution of this force never fails.

As a race, we must be better prepared and fully worthy to receive any position offered us. We have men and women capable of holding any position; yet if the employer calls for more, where will we recruit? Fit ourselves for these high positions, and we will be more able to supply the ever-increasing demand.

So many of our young men and young women waste the glorious opportunities which present themselves, especially in Boston, where you meet education, as it were, at every corner with outstretched, supplicating arms, begging to be taken into your confidence. It is a good investment; do not turn your back upon it.

Let each individual be a fagot to keep the fire of popular opinion burning under the cauldron containing the water of racial recognition, from which we will generate the steam of systematic agitation, which will be the force that will ultimately bring on a just dispensation.

Strive to make this question national in its import. Solicit moral support from everywhere; but above all, know definitely what you require before taking any decisive action. Search for institutions by your own people which have merit, patronize them, cause them to grow grand, large, and noble.

Sink petty animosities and culti vate business acumen; learn to do business with people in a business way, casting likes and dislikes to the four winds of the earth. When you reach the social side, that is another question. "Right will conquer might" only when we go at it rightly.

Following is the list of our agents as far as appointed, arranged by states. We shall add to the list from month to month.

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D. C. Heath & Company, of Boston, have commenced the publication of a series of classics carefully chosen from the world's best books for children of every age, for use at home and in school. The complete texts are used, with only such changes as are necessary to fit them for the use intended. The numerous illustrations are artistic, and are made from the child's point of view. The books are edited by the men and women in whose judgment parents, teachers, and all who have to select reading for children, can implicitly rely. The books are strongly and durably bound, and the price, ten and fifteen cents, makes it possible for each child to have his own library. Twenty-five numbers have already appeared, and others will follow each month.

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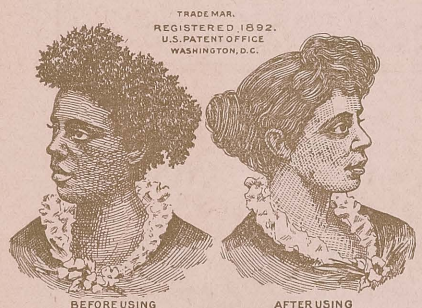

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