

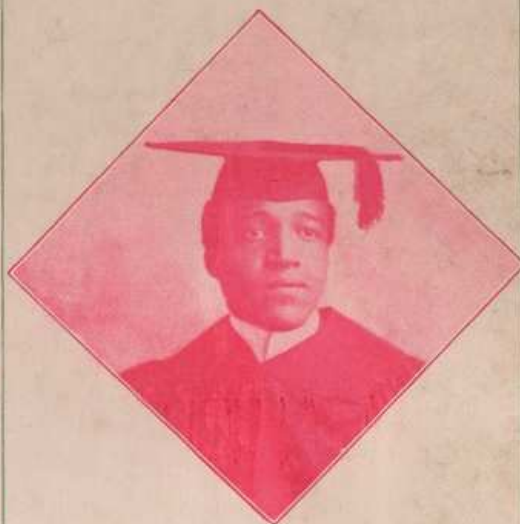
THE NEGROS' PART IN NEW NATIONAL PROBLEMS.

By FRANK PUTNAM, of the Chicago Times-Herald.

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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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



JAMES WARREN PAYTON,
YALE, 1900. See pp. 80.

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THE CELEBRATED SHARPE SISTERS.



THEODORE DRURY, AS DON JOSE IN CARMEN.

See Page 79.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 2.

THE NEGRO'S PART IN NEW NATIONAL PROBLEMS.

A personal view, by Frank Putnam of Chicago.

NOTE.—The editor of The Colored American Magazine has asked me to write my views on present political aspects of the race problem, and with the limited light that I possess I have tried to comply with his request. It is not to be expected that all men will agree upon problems of so great magnitude, nor is it likely that the editor is in agreement with all that I have set forth. If the reader will follow my letter through to the end, he will be able to judge for himself the mistakes in the premises, the flaws in the resultant arguments. Of him I ask merely that he accept my earnest assurance that this is no paid argument: democracy gives no retaining fees. Her purse holds hardly even the prospect of an ability to pay in worldly measure for the services of her advocates. Indeed, democracy is not a party, but a principle, an idea. It is the principle of protest, continually forcing concessions from the intrenched-in-office aristocracy of money.

No other American citizen is so vitally interested in the right settlement of the problems growing out of the Spanish-American war as the colored man. He is to-day thirty-five years out of bondage. Not quite two score years ago he was declared free as an incident of a war to preserve the Union. Doubtless, most of you who read this will say that his emancipation was the primary purpose of that war; and, in a broad general sense it was. But men do not always see the end when they begin; finite minds do not read the purposes of Infinite wisdom until after the fact. Slavery made the war necessary, because it debauched the moral character of the Southern people, destroyed their ideals of abstract justice and liberty, and led them to jeopard the life of the Republic by

attempting to divide it. Yet the best information that I can get from history and hearsay is that most of the leaders of the North, and the great conservative masses of the North did not foresee that the war for the preservation of the Union would result in the enfranchisement of the slaves. As I understand it, the people of the North generally hoped to do no more than preserve the Union and to limit slavery to the Southern States in which it was implanted, maintaining universal freedom in all new states.

I have no doubt — who that has read his speeches delivered years before the war can doubt? — that Abraham Lincoln foresaw the necessity of abolition, and that he entered upon the war determined to bring it to pass. So also with Whittier, Garrison, Phillips, and the other great abolitionists. But not so the masses of the northern people.

* * * * *

Thirty-five years of freedom. So very short a span of preparation, backed by two hundred years of slavery here, and by six thousand years of isolation from the rest of the world in Africa. Isolation that forbade the mingling of bloods that alone builds up the highest powers of any race; slavery that bred helplessness and melancholy and stifled aspiration in the souls of the bondmen.

Thirty-five years of freedom — with such a heritage to carry through up the heights of progress!

* * * * *

To-day we see that war-won freedom challenged.

Challenged in the South by the old reactionary spirit which enacts amendments to state constitutions embodying defiance to the National constitution, disfranchising the colored citizen.

Challenged at the North by the powers of plutocracy. The Federal Supreme Court acquiesces, for expediency's sake, in the infamous ruling of a Southern court, a ruling that repudiates the sacrifice of half a million lives on Southern battlefields, that gives the lie to the doctrine of Lincoln, and back of him to the sacred Declaration of Independence, and that would hurl into

the face of the Almighty a denial of the divine law of human progress. The administration of the national government by its enactments denies the fitness of the colored men of Porto Rico, of Cuba and of the Philippines for self government; asserts by its actions its belief that self-government is the right of only the white race. Through its press it hurls the dastardly epithet of traitor at men who dare demand equal and exact justice for the younger and less fully developed peoples. Its press is silent upon, for the most part, or flippantly accepts, the intention of the Southern States to set the colored man back into political bondage — to strip from him the one instrument by which he can maintain his rights as a human being.

* * * * *

What is the significance of these conditions for the colored man? What do they mean for him? How shall he act in this crisis?

They mean nothing new. They mean that an aristocracy based upon the possession of material wealth is in the saddle in this country; that this aristocracy, in the way of all aristocracies of all lands and in all ages, is blindly and in greed trying to corner the opportunities of life and to limit power to the few.

The acquiescence of the Federal Supreme Court in a ruling that aims covertly at negro disfranchisement, the enactment of a white-supremacy policy in the newly acquired islands, and the silence of the Northern press — a money controlled press in the main, — with some splendid exceptions — on the reactionary work of the Southern States — these things mean that the hosts of plutocracy are now better organized than ever before in this country, and more daring.

They gain money by exploiting opportunity; they gain opportunity by controlling the government. Seated in power, they levy toll upon the masses, white and black, for the ostensible benefit of the masses, for the real benefit of themselves. They make the government a machine for extracting money from the toil of the people. They do this by levying protective tariffs, by granting subsidies to favored corporations, by pro-

tecting these creatures of their favor in the pursuit of their aims.

* * * * *

Money has no soul, no conscience; an aristocracy founded upon money, like the thing it typifies, has no bowels of compassion, no sympathy for the clod struggling to rise from the earth. Such an aristocracy, finding the masses contemptible—finding them too ignorant to protect themselves and too slavish by nature to dare assert and maintain, except in rare instances and at long intervals, such rights as they do see to be naturally their own, comes naturally to regard the masses as inferior beings, divinely ordained to eternal toil for the benefit of their masters. Such an aristocracy loses sight of eternal laws in contemplation of present conditions; it becomes proud and cruel, while flattering itself it is kind and charitable. It lives by the toil of the masses, and “generously” doles back a part of its plunder in the form of colleges, (which usually teach the science of selfishness); of hospitals, (made necessary mainly because the greed of the givers has denied culture to their inmates), and the like.

* * * * *

To-day this aristocracy of money is enslaving the white masses at the North; is preparing to enslave the patriots of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and is aiding by consent the re-enslavement of the colored men of the Southern states. Its operations are as automatic as human nature. It is not a deliberate plan but a glacial tendency; it is not human, but inhuman.

It represents the doctrine that ruled mankind before Jesus Christ gave the world the doctrine of the equality of men. It stands for the survival of the fittest—that law of the jungle that ruled before men existed, and it works in the way it then worked in the jungle, ignoring all that the world has learned in the long cycles that have intervened, all that Christ taught.

We cannot escape the operations of the law of the survival of the fittest, but we can and will give it new meaning: we shall cease to slaughter the unfit and shall strengthen them, so

that they and their descendants *shall* be fit, as fit as any.

* * * * *

In the ranks of the aristocracy of money are many noble men and women, born to the purple, or raised to it by their own efforts, who retain their passionate democratic love for the principles of abstract liberty and equality; who do all that lies in their power to offset the wrongs inflicted by the system of which they find themselves a part; who follow the teachings of Christ, the great democrat, in all but the final sacrifice of self; they will not give up their property, but hold it for their sons. To give it up would invite the charge of insanity alike from the people of their own class, and from the lower classes of society, as at present organized. So they hold it, and it sets their sons and daughters apart from the toilers; in their sons and daughters it becomes mere money, without bowels, without compassion.

Let no man censure another; let all remember that each is the product of conditions shaped before he was born and so let our judgments be tempered with charity and patience. But, while we may not censure, it is not denied us to oppose that which we forbear to censure. Charity does not mean submission; whether we would or not, we cannot submit. An impulse higher than man bids him aspire and he does it through infinite pain and labor. Charity for our opponents is but the oil that eases the wheels of progress.

These gentle and truly generous men in the ranks of the aristocracy of money are the rare exceptions, and they still more rarely reproduce their kind; and though we may rejoice in them we must not cease trying to educate ourselves and others away from the system that makes it possible even for them to acquire the power of life and death over their fellow men.

* * * * *

Since the forces of plutocracy are united for selfish ends, shall the forces of labor — of democracy in the broad sense, — remain disunited? Shall our forces be split up on the eve of

the greatest battle for human liberty ever fought on this continent? Shall our main army, in which rests our sole hope of staying the advances of plutocracy, be depleted and weakened to the losing point by the desertion of many detachments, forlorn hopes far out in front crying after desires not yet attainable? Shall some of us still follow a name, when that name—the name of the Republican party—has ceased to mean the things it once meant, and has come to mean their exact antithesis? Shall the men Lincoln freed continue to vote with the party that he once honored and made his instrument, now that that party is giving the lie to the great truths for which Lincoln contended and for which he died? Shall the men freed vote the chains back upon their ankles?

* * * * *

Let no man believe that the white men who in the South are denying the negro's right to citizenship, and who wear the name of democracy, are really democrats. They are not; they are of the plutocracy; they are of the middle ages; they are at war with the most vital tenets of the true democracy—the democracy of the ages in all lands—the democracy of universal brotherhood and of equal opportunities—the democracy that survives and shall survive forever—the democracy that to-day animates the utterances of that great-hearted Christian gentleman, William Jennings Bryan.

The white leaders of the South who are—by their own defiant declarations—voting the negro back into political bondage, are at heart plutocrats; if they have not material wealth, they desire it and strive for it. Their hope and their purpose is that, once they have taken the ballot from the negro, and have so become free to divide on economic questions, they may carry several of the Southern states for the plutocratic doctrines of the protective tariff, subsidies, special privileges. It is the hope that the South can be so divided that silences the lips of the administration leaders at the North. In this way the forces of the aristocracy of money are working together. By this token it behooves the colored man in the North, where

he is still permitted to vote, to cast his ballot next November for the candidate who stands for equal freedom in our newly acquired islands of the sea, and who opposes every effort made to limit the national rights and opportunities of the toiling masses here at home.

* * * * *

I make no interested plea. I am a laboring man, and expect always to be a laboring man; I know of nothing saner and more satisfying than labor, lit by enthusiasm, rewarded with simple plenty, and so limited as to allow in each day some hours for self-education.

I am not more interested in the success of one party than of another except as one party represents, to-day, certain principles which I believe in, and the other party, drifted far from the standards that made its early history glorious, represents propositions — I cannot call them principles — which are abhorrent alike to my native instincts and to the teachings of our patriot fathers.

In my boyhood, I had no prouder utterance than, "I am a Republican." The Republican party freed the slaves: my heart thrilled with the beauty of it. My father fought in the Union army; I fought on the school ground to prove he was right. The flag then seemed to be peculiarly the symbol of the Republican party: to assail one was to assail the other.

I voted for William McKinley. I believed in the genuine goodness of his heart, in the sturdiness of his Americanism. I still believe in him, but I see that he is, like the exceptional democratically minded member of the aristocracy of money, powerless to guide the course of his party. I see that when he recognized and declared, in effect, that forcible conquest of the Philippines would be "criminal aggression," and that "our plain duty" to the Porto Ricans was to take them into full citizenship, the power of plutocracy overruled him, and committed the party to a course of "criminal aggression" in the Philippines, and to a violation of our "plain duty" in Porto Rico.

For these reasons, and because the study of the last four

years has given me more light and a broader view of the forces at work in our civilization, I shall this year vote for William Jennings Bryan if he be the candidate of the Democracy, as doubtless he will be.

In conclusion I offer you these lines :

JUSTICE IS THE LAW.

Commerce we may gain at a fearful cost degrading us,
Money and the envy of the foolish we may win ;
But what of our ideals that are silently upbraiding us ?
How ask we God for guidance in the presence of our sin ?

Rome's hand was heavy and it fell upon the savages,
Not in loving kindness but in slaughter did it fall ;
Mercy had she less than the hungry wolf that ravages,
Heaven sent a warning but she heeded not the call.

Rome was the world and the nations held her tenancies,
Christ upon the Cross was the symbol of her pride ;
Lo, through the centuries the record of her penances,
God's unbending judgment for His equity denied.

For He set His laws to shape us to the uses of eternity,
Puny little peoples on an atom in the vast ;
Set His laws to fashion us for freedom and fraternity,
And by His laws the future is the purchase of the past.

Love is the key that shall open Heaven unto us,
Justice is the law, and humility the sign ;
That we may do to-day what we pray Thee shall be done to us,
Fill our hearts, O Father, with a brotherhood divine !



A PICTURE.

I drew a picture long ago —
A picture of a sullen sea ;
A picture that I value now
Because it clears Life's mystery.

My sea was dark and full of gloom ;
I painted rocks of sombre hue.
My sky alone bespoke of light,
And that I painted palest blue.

But e'en across my sky of blue
Stretched troubled clouds of sodden gray,
Through which the sun shone weak and dim,
With only here and there a ray.

Around my rocks the yellow foam
Seemed surging, moaning in despair
As if the waves, their fury spent,
Left naught but desolation there.

Three crafts with fluttering sails I drew,
And one sailed near the rocks of gray,
The other on its westward course,
Went speeding out of danger's way.

The other still outdistanced them
Where sky and water seemed to meet.
I painted that with sails full set,
And then my picture was complete.

My life was like the sullen sea,
Misfortune's woes, my rocks of gray ;
The crafts portrayed Life's changing scenes,
The clouded sky Life's troubled Day.

I long to paint that picture o'er,
Without the rocks of sombre hue ;
Without the troubled clouds of gray,
I'll paint the sky of brightest blue.

My sea shall lay in calm repose,
No hint of surging, moaning sigh.
My crafts, unhindered by the rocks,
Shall speed in joyous swiftness by.

But this will be when brightest hours
Of hope and cheer are given me.
I'll paint this picture when Life's sun
Shines clear upon Prosperity.

OLIVIA WARD BUSH.

GRAND OPERA AS WE SEE IT.

H. S. Fortune, Musical Editor.

The performance of "Carmen" in English at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York, by the Drury Grand Opera Co., will be long remembered by the opera loving public of Greater New York.

Grand Opera by colored singers, both principal and chorus, is progress worth mentioning. This is the first affair of the kind executed successfully. It was characterized by a high degree of suavity, with a total lack of friction or amateurism.

Theodore Drury is a gentleman of many attainments, and a vocalist of rare ability.

Mr. Drury seeks to relieve that feeling of inferiority to the whites under which people labor in music and art, and he is well fitted, by his abilities and education, to be leader in this new departure. Madame Plato (leading lady) and the rest of the cast did excellent work, and showed a very high degree of attainment, study, and devout application. We will surely hear more of this renowned company.

The following is what Mr. "Jerrold Lytton," who needs no

further introduction than his name, has to say of Mr. Drury: "Mr. Theodore Drury is a singer of the very highest culture, and few vocalists, even those whom Grand Opera has attracted to our country, have passed through the ordeal of analytical musical criticism by competent critics with more success.

"While his voice is a baritone, it must not be supposed that there are any of the rough or harsh tones usually to be found among some of the notes of even the best artists, but, on the contrary, his higher notes possess all the liquid, melting tones of the true tenor, while the lower register is of grand power and resonance, vibrating with an intensified, passionate emotion which thrills the hearer.

"There is an added charm, too, in the perfect enunciation of this artist, and a simple ballad, tenderly sung, every word delivered with a true sense of its value and with distinctness, is a desirable rarity.

"Mr. Theodore Drury is more than a singer, he is a thorough musician, and like most artists, is an adept at many accomplishments. He is almost as good a pianist as he is a singer. His technique is excellent, and he is a devotee to the interpretation of the composer's music with sympathetic exactness, rather than mere brilliancy or the striving for startling effects.

"Mr. Drury's songs embrace compositions by nearly all the great masters, from Wagner to Massenet, Gounod to Bizet, with a sprinkling from writers of lighter music, such as Tosti, Offenbach, and Meyer Helmund.

"Mr. Drury is a delightful companion apart from his gifts as an entertainer. He seems to have absorbed the sunshine of his early life in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where he was born, and where he lived until well on to manhood, one of an interesting family well known for their musical abilities and sunny dispositions. He is well read, inclined to be scholarly, speaks German fluently and French fairly. Delsarte is responsible for his acting, Katzenstein for his piano playing, and to Prof. Howard, of New York, the most scientific teacher of singing, perhaps, in the world, is due the production of his wonderful voice, and the presentation to the public of

the first highly cultivated 'male singer' of the Negro race."

* * * * *

Carmen is the opera which made Calvé famous. Georges Bizet, its composer, was never listed among the strictly classical composers. He was born in Paris, Oct. 25th, 1838; died, June 3rd, 1875. He wrote much ballet music, but Carmen was his masterpiece. It ranks along with Gounod's "Faust."

SOME EXPERIENCES AND CUSTOMS AT YALE.

James Warren Payton.

As the days of my college life draw to a close and my work at Yale is nearly finished, it is with much gratification that I give a few personal experiences and describe in a brief manner some Yale customs which may prove of interest to the reader. I now feel somewhat like a condemned man must feel when he knows his days are numbered, since in a few weeks I will leave college halls forever and join the ranks of those who are fighting the battle of life. During the period of four years spent at Yale a fellow leads a very varied life, teeming with pleasures and joys, rarely ever clouded by sorrows or care.

Just as soon as I had passed the twenty examinations required for entrance and had obtained my certificate of admission to the Freshman class, I found myself hustling off with a crowd of classmates down to the green to hear the Hon. W. J. Bryan defend the silver issue. Well, you doubtless remember what occurred. How the upper classmen raised such havoc that even the persuasiveness of the orator's silver tongue could not stay their vociferous shouting of "We want McKinley", etc. One occurrence I remember most distinctly. When the orator paused to make a climatic point in his argument by asking the rhetorical questions, "What may I call it? What can I call it?" and the students responded with a hearty, "any old thing!" Now, I wish to have you understand that as we were only Freshmen our sole and only prerogative was to look on, and thus we were not participators in what some might consider a disgraceful affair, but any liberal minded person would judge merely as a

students prank and not to be taken too seriously, as Mr. Bryan himself later admitted. After this demonstration we all went back to the campus to prepare for the "rush," which is one of great events in college life. It will suffice to say that we were victorious over the Sophomores, and this raised our value above par as a Freshman class. Then came the usual hazing in which the Sophs got a good chance to gain redress for their quite recent defeat. Next morning we Freshmen prepared to attend our first chapel. All the other classes were on the fence to "size us up" and "jolly" us, who seemed awkward and green not only to them, but even to ourselves. After we had entered the chapel its awe-inspiring solemnity caused us to sit and listen to the services like school-boys to whom the teacher has threatened a severe thrashing. When prayers were over, we made a rush to get to first recitation, which, by the way, was in Greek and had been carefully prepared by most of us in order to make a good impression on our instructor at the first meeting.

First recitation over, we were given two hours to prepare for our next, which was in "Math". The following day we went to Latin, English and French in their respective order, and these, together with the above mentioned courses, comprise the studies of the Freshman year. College work had now begun in earnest for us and we were all working like beavers. But I would not have you think that the first part of college life is only work, because there is always a sufficient intermixture of pleasure to give the diligent mind a short relief from study. I made my debut into the pleasant side by attending the "Hyp" (which, by the way, is the large theatre across the campus), with some of my classmates. There an enjoyable evening was spent, after which we retired to our respective rooms to go to bed early (as Freshmen should).

Atheletics next claimed my attention, but in this line of work I did not meet with any success worthy of note, by reason of a weak ankle, which was badly sprained the first day I went out to try for the football team. Nevertheless much pleasure was to be had by going out and watching the daily practice, and every afternoon a great crowd of fellows went. The games

which we played with the smaller colleges were not of much interest, but the games with Princeton and Harvard were the principal subjects of football interest weeks in advance of the dates on which they were to be played.

The day of the Princeton game brought many visitors into the town, and the city was fairly alive. Princeton and Yale flags were for sale everywhere, and on all sides the hawkers were yelling, "Here you get your college collors!" Hacks full of jolly students were already rolling toward Yale field, and the electric cars were doing a rushing business. At 2 o'clock, when the seats at the field were crowded, a great cheer went up and the two football teams put in their appearance. After the referee had in a clear, sharp voice asked the two questions, "Are you ready, Yale?" "Are you ready, Princeton?" and when each captain had replied in the affirmative, he blew his whistle and then began the game which for an hour and a half gave the most intense excitement to the thousands of spectators. As it would not be very interesting to describe the game in detail, I will merely say that, after the fiercest kind of exertion, Yale finally pushed the ball over for a touch-down and goal. The terrific shouting which followed this play was enough to awake the inhabitants of a cemetery and the game closed soon after with the score six to nothing in favor of Yale.

That night a grand parade was held and big bonfires started on the campus, for which the nearby fences and sheds yielded a seemingly inexhaustible supply of fuel to us diligent Freshmen, who, obeyed, to the iota, the upper classman's cry of "O Freshmen, more wood!" It may be remembered that Freshmen are not very conscientious where they obtain the wood for the campus bonfires. All sorts of dances were executed around the fire, and the different college songs were sung until a late hour. For many days nothing was talked about but our victory, and the members of the team were impressed on our minds as great men in history.

The football season was now over and there was nothing of note going on in the athletics until the spring track and field games, the baseball games and the boat races. The winter term



MISS EVA ROOSA, BOSTON, MASS.
To graduate as Piano Soloist from the New England Conservatory
of Music, June 1900.



DANIEL C. BROWN.

A Graduate of Harvard Dental College, Class of 1900.

is always the duller of the year, and is the best time for a fellow to raise his marks, by hard study, as there are not many outside attractions.

When the balmy spring puts in its appearance it is with reluctance that the average student spends the required time on his studies. Just as he makes up his mind to study he hears a loud voice under his window shouting for him to go out to the base ball game, or to take a walk to the harbor to watch the crew, or to take a tramp of a few miles. It is very hard to refuse, and only when absolutely necessary is the reply in the negative. Spring term is the most pleasant time of the college year, and there is no end to the number of amusements which claim a student's attention.

About the first of May comes the great fence fight. The object of this contest is to see whether the Freshmen shall be allowed to sit on the fence back of the chapel. Every "Fresh" is well aware of the glory which awaits his class if it is victorious, and consequently he expends his might and main in conjunction with the rest of his classmates to win. The struggle always waxes hot, and results in some of the contestants being injured. This is one of its most objectionable features, but any one who refuses to participate on this account is immediately called a "shyster," and looked upon with disdain by the rest of his classmates. The Freshmen are usually victorious, as they are more zealous than the Sophs in that they have a concrete reward for them if they are conquerors; namely, the right of occupying part of the fence. As the Sophs receive only an abstract reward; namely, the glory of conquering the Freshmen, which, in the estimation of the upper classmen, is little glory, they consequently lack that hearty enthusiasm which pervades the whole Freshman class.

Later on the "fence" is formally given over to the Freshmen by the class orator of the Sophomores. Soon after the fight at the fence comes Omega Lambda Chi night and "Thermople," when the Freshmen have to run the gauntlet between the two lines of upper classmen, who kick and strike at them in what cannot be termed a gentle manner. When the Freshman has

passed through these ordeals he is a thorough Yale man, and he looks at these trials in a different light from which he did when he was undergoing them. He now smokes his pipe with much ado, even if he has not yet learned to enjoy it, and struts about the campus as though he were one of the professors.

Freshman year is the hardest year of college life, and every one is glad when it is over and he has become a Sophomore. The principal object of a Sophomore's life, (from a Freshman's biased point of view), is to get revenge on the incoming class for the trials which beset his Freshman year. As a fellow comes to Junior year he more fully realizes the object of college training, and applies himself with much earnestness to his studies, not neglecting, however, opportunities for pleasure.

Senior year usually finds the youth who entered college three years ago now developed into a somewhat retired and serious man. Philosophy, psychology, logic, and history have made a different man of him. He has begun to think what place he will fill in life, and how he may successfully cope with the many obstacles of life which present themselves to the inexperienced young man. He looks forward with eager anticipation to commencement and the possession of his sheepskin. His cap and gown make him an object of reverence to the under classmen. However he snatches a few minutes, here and there from serious meditations, to play baseball on the campus with his classmates, a privilege which only Seniors are allowed, or to sit on the old fence and enjoy a pipeful of Yale mixture while he converses on the topics of the day, or what Yale will do when his class is gone, or sings those Yale songs which forever must be dear to his heart. This is how the Senior spends his last days at Yale, and this is what I am now doing.

I have only given a short description of some of my experiences at Yale, and a few of the principal customs. It may be well to close by giving a little advice to those who may intend to enter here and to show the opportunities which are open to any one. The chances at Yale, for a poor boy, are as good and perhaps better than at any other college. There are numerous ways in which a fellow can "get by" and make his "ends

meet." Board can be easily obtained by waiting on table at the different student "joints," and a student who thus earns board is always as highly respected as one who doesn't. Rooms can be obtained at very reasonable prices, on the campus, or at private houses; and very often at the latter a student can get his room for nothing, by taking care of the lawn or performing some similar small service. As regards tuition, the college offers numerous scholarships and prizes of which a fairly bright fellow can always get a share. One scholarship on which most any poor student can count, yields one hundred and fifteen dollars a year, and this only leaves forty dollars to be paid. There are many odd jobs at which a fellow can easily earn enough to pay this small amount. The college hires monitors and pay very good sums for this service. Tutoring is another lucrative method to get money and get it fast; clerking in the campus store pays quite well; taking gas is one of the outside vocations which many poor students pursue; stacking books in the libraries, and many other ways I could mention by which a fellow can go through college. If he only has ambition and self determination, nothing can keep him from making a successful issue. Any young man who refrains from entering college because he has not enough money to carry himself through, or even part way through, is very foolish. When I entered college all I could see before me was a long, dark way, which would take four dreary years to reach the end, but as those four years now draw to a close, I can frankly acknowledge that I must count them the most pleasant years of my life, and I could almost wish the vain wish that I might live them over again when I sing that dear old song:

Bright college years with pleasure rife
The brightest, gladdest years of life.
How swiftly are ye gliding by!
O, why does time so swiftly fly!
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green and white with snow,
But nought can time avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale.

THE GOD OF TERROR.

Maitland Leroy Osborne.

In India, the rains are due the middle of June. It was now the first of May, and under the brazen sky the broad leaves of the teakwood trees hung limp and gray. It grew hot and hot, and sometimes the south wind failed, and the evil soul of the smell of the native village was abroad. In the middle of the dry season life in the up country is at best a foretaste of purgatory, and for a month an intangible horror had hung over Her Majesty's garrison at Madoopoor, until the most phlegmatic of troopers was a mere bundle of frayed and tattered nerves. Through the long, hot days, and the longer, hotter nights, we abjured the punkah-wallahs to greater efforts, and drank iced peg and made vain conjecture as to the nature of the terror that was in our midst.

It began with Dicky Brown, the little sabalturn lately up from Calcutta. Dicky, with his banjo, his music hall ditties, and his unfailing good humor, had infused a new interest in life throughout the station, and we one and all blessed the advent of his freckled face among us. He brought up from Calcutta a magnificent mastiff that soon became the pride and pet of the garrison, and that followed his footsteps like a shadow, sleeping by the door of his room at night. She was absolutely fearless. One day when a man-eater followed a shrieking syce from the edge of the jungle into the colonel's compound, Gyp faced the beast undaunted, and would undoubtedly have been killed, had not the colonel with his smooth-bore express put an end to the tiger's career.

Upon a certain evening, Dicky took it into his curly head to stroll down the weed-grown road from the cantonment with Gyp at his heels, leaving a group of us sitting in the colonel's quarters, drinking iced peg and grilling in the breeze from the swaying punkahs that felt like a blast from a smelting furnace.

A half hour afterwards, something burst through the open

door like a whirlwind and crouched in a cowering heap in the lamplight, with gurgling, half-human moans of abject, whimpering terror, that brought us all to our feet.

It was Gyp.

We looked at each other for a moment in silence. I believe the first thought that came to us was of the day that she had faced the man-eater without fear, and the inference was plain that something very extraordinary was afoot.

The colonel was the first to get his scattered wits together. Stepping across to the gun rack, he took down a rifle and started for the door. Upon that, each of us grabbed a gun and followed him. I turned at the door and called to Gyp, but she only huddled closer to the floor, trembling in an agony of terror and whining piteously.

A frightened bearer came running toward us with an incoherent tale of a fiery-eyed monster that had fallen upon him and knocked him in the dust, and torn his clothes. Evidently he had been in Gyp's path.

Throughout the length of the night, that seemed an age, we searched for Dicky. It was just as the cool dawn came, driving the mists away to the hills, that the colonel and I, a little separated from the rest of the searchers, found under an areca palm in the edge of the jungle — something, that had been him.

I have seen some rather unpleasant things in my time, and my nerves, I believe, are as steady as the next man's, but even now I recall that sight with something of a shudder. The colonel, a man of iron, went white, as he turned his face away and staggered against a tree. For myself, I believe I was near to fainting, when I felt his hand on my shoulder, shaking me.

When we had done what we could in the way of decently interring poor Dicky, the colonel read the burial service of the Church of England over his grave, and I have never held it necessary to crave absolution for the laborious tissue of lies that the colonel and I together embroidered in the letter that went to the white-haired mother in far off England. We wrote her that Dicky had died of the jungle fever with her name on his lips, and how we had made him as comfortable as possible to

the last. It wrenched our hearts, though, to think how she would kiss and cherish the lock of hair that the bugler sacrificed, because it most nearly matched Dicky's own.

That was in the beginning. Next, the colonel's best bearer went down the dry bed of a nullah one afternoon to look at a snare he had set, and never returned.

A few days later, the bugler, strolling across the maidan one morning, passed around the corner of the armorer's shed and disappeared. At time for tiffin his absence was discovered, and the colonel, quietly passing the word to half a dozen of the oldest troopers, began a search. The bugler's footprints were plainly to be seen in the gray dust for about five paces beyond where he had turned the corner of the armorer's shed. His cap lay near where he had fallen forward upon his face and dug his fingers in the dry earth. That was all, and the bugler had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up.

Five hundred yards away, in the edge of the jungle, we found — something.

Then the colonel, grown ten years older in a week, had wired to Melton at Lucknow, and at sunset next day he swung down from the saddle of an exhausted pony at the colonel's quarters, and remained closeted with him for an hour.

Melton, be it known, had lived among the Gauri villagers as one of them, and knew more of the mysteries of that land of mysteries than any other white man I have ever seen. He could read the subtle shadings of the native moods and superstitions as the beater reads the sign in the bent leaf of grass or the broken twig in the pathless jungle. The colonel had appealed to the one man in all India who might be expected to solve the mystery.

Of the time that followed — looking back on it through the ten years that have intervened — I have a memory of what seemed a horrid nightmare. I believe Melton was the only sane one among us. Day after day he went about like an uneasy spirit — watching, listening, quiet and alert. Night after night he sat in his room in the colonel's bungalow, smoking for hours upon end, writing in a journal which he kept under lock and

key, and sitting for hours in silence with his brow furrowed by deep thought. His presence, I believe, was the one thing that kept us all from going stark, raving mad.

As I sat on the verandah at my quarters one afternoon, idly watching a couple of pariah dogs fighting over a bone in the dust, a trooper came out of the armorer's shed, carrying a musket, and started across the maidan. I turned to pick up the week-old Calcutta paper beside my chair, and when I looked up he had disappeared. Probably thirty seconds had passed, and he was gone. What had been his musket lay in the dust. The barrel was twisted like a bit of tangled wire. Of the stock only a handful of splinters remained. The strength of a dozen men would scarcely suffice to have reduced the weapon to such a wreck.

The next morning, when I entered Melton's room, what was left of the trooper's musket lay on the table. When I went in, Melton looked up in a preoccupied way and motioned me to a seat. He was smoking, and by the appearance of his deep-set, sombre eyes, his disheveled hair, and the half-empty tobacco jar at his elbow, I gathered that he had kept night-long vigil with the mystery that was engrossing him.

"Anonda Bheem," said he, "a high caste Brahmin to whom I once did what he was pleased to consider a great service, told me that Siva, the God of Terror, once in every century came upon the earth in the form of an invisible demon, searching for souls to be his slaves in the abode of evil spirits, and that when he had wrested a sufficient number of them from their human habitations, he would depart, and trouble the earth no more for another hundred years."

I shuddered involuntarily. "Can it be possible that you see in that fable an explanation of what has been happening here?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "In the light of a few things that I have learned," he replied, "I am inclined to take his word for it."

Knowing Melton as I did, I made no further comment, and we fell to discussing a certain plan which he had conceived for

the solution of the mystery. He left to me the task of arranging the details, and before I had closed the door behind me, he had thrown himself upon a charpoy, fully dressed, and was sound asleep.

Across the corner of the maidan from the armorer's shed stood the colonel's stable, a matter of twenty paces away. That afternoon, two hours before sunset, everything was ready for Melton's desperate experiment. Within the armorer's shed stood the colonel and a couple of stalwart troopers. Inside the stable I took up my position with two more troopers. Each of us had a coil of strong rope.

In the center of the open space between, Melton paced slowly back and forth, calmly smoking, and apparently unconscious of any danger. Ten paces to the north of where we waited with loudly beating hearts — then ten paces to the south, and back again.

I have stalked lions in the desert, on foot and alone, without a thought of fear, and have stood in the path of a musth elephant and waited without a tremor for the proper instant to fire the shot which would bring him down, but this thing which we were now about was not at all to my liking. I would not have walked in Melton's footsteps for all the gold in India. He, outwardly cool and calm, had deliberately set himself as the bait of a trap for some terrible thing, the nature of which we did not know.

We had not long to wait, though it seemed to our strained nerves that years were dragging their slow length along. Never for a second did we take our eyes from the silent figure pacing slowly back and forth.

Of a sudden, when Melton was nearly opposite our ambush, he staggered slightly, then, turning swiftly, cried "Now!" and threw out his arms as though grappling with an unseen presence.

We were beside him in an instant, half mad with unreasoning terror, but throwing coil after coil of rope around *something* that we could not see, but which had gripped Melton like an octopus, and was crushing the life out of him, perfect athlete that he was.

At last we had him free, and the *thing*, meshed in a network of rope, lay in the dust, while Melton tenderly felt of a strained wrist.

Of course it is altogether unbelievable — and I can remember pinching my arm sharply to see whether I was awake or dreaming — but *something*, invisible to our sight, tightly bound with ropes that stretched and strained as it struggled to escape, lay before us.

We gazed at each other in horror. Only on Melton's face was an expression of quiet triumph. I bent over and laid my hand on the *thing*, and shuddered as I did so. I could feel what seemed to be short, silky hair between my fingers, and the play of powerful muscles beneath my touch, but the sensation was that of placing your hand on the body of a dead animal in the dark.

With one accord we looked at Melton for an explanation. He smiled grimly. "I think Amonda Bueem knew whereof he spoke," said he.



THE EIGHTH ILLINOIS, U. S. V.

By Charles Winslow Hall.

The African people have been noted for military efficiency in the long and bloody annals of the world's wars. The courage, endurance, and fiery valor of the black and tawny warriors of Egypt, Ethiopia, Numidia, and Carthage, fill the histories of the remotest past, and are reflected in the English defeats and dearly won victories of South Africa and the Soudan, the terrible destruction of Italian and Egyptian invaders in Abyssinia, and the recitals of scores of European explorers and prisoners who have witnessed the desperate and unsparing warfare of the Dark Continent.

In North America, our colonial legends are full of incidental recognition of the services of both slaves and freeman of color, who fought the Indian enemy, helped to repel French aggression, and conquer New France; fought under the British flag against the Spaniard; fell among the earliest martyrs of our own rebellion against British tyranny, and followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the Continental army, through good and ill, until the final triumph of the republic. There has never been a war of consequence in which Old Glory has been waved over massed battalions or reeling war-decks, in which the Afro-American has not proved himself a brave man, quick to obey, willing to fight, and, if need be, ready to die for a land whose pledge of liberty and equality of manhood, has, as to him, been a lie.

In the Spanish American war of 1898-99, the negro citizen received little recognition. One company, Co. L., 6th Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V., officered by colored gentlemen, took part in the occupation of Porto Rico. Ohio had colored companies in the field, and regiments of immunes and regular troops, commanded by white officers, performed services none the less meritorious, that they were sedulously minimized by the American press. Illinois alone, of all the

states, sent into the field a full regiment of infantry, whose every man and officer, from colonel to bugler, was an Afro-American. Originating in the Ninth Battalion Infantry of the Illinois National Guard, organized in 1891, the Eighth Illinois, U. S. V., was recruited, equipped, and mustered into the U. S. service, under the second call of President McKinley, issued May 25, 1898. Governor John R. Ranner had under the earlier call sent into the field the seven full regiments of the National Guard already organized, but pledged himself as follows: "However, if a second call is issued, I will give you the opportunity to recruit the battalion to a regiment, and will call that regiment first into the service. Furthermore, I promise you that every officer in that regiment shall be a colored man."

Recruiting was begun at once. Two new companies were started in Chicago, and one each in Quincy, Springfield, Cairo, Mound City, Litchfield and Bloomington, and recruits came in freely from these and adjoining towns. Some companies elected officers and commenced drilling; in all great enthusiasm existed, but the long delay between the Governor's promise and the President's call, discouraged many who could not afford the loss of time and money incident to idleness. The officers of the 9th Battalion, and notably, Capt. John R. Marshall of Co. A; Capt. Robert Jackson, of Co. D, and Adj. James H. Johnson, did much to aid and encourage such recruits. Food and lodging were supplied to such as needed them, and at last the reserve companies were mustered into the service of the United States. The muster rolls showed as present and ready for duty 76 officers and 1,195 enlisted men, every one of African descent except a single private in one of the Chicago companies. At the State Camp at Springfield, the Ninth Illinois, a white regiment, had preceded the Eighth, and early in August, was ordered South, and again it was repeated that "the government did not want colored soldiers."

During the period of depression which followed, Governor Tanner visited the camp, and in a speech said boldly and openly: "Even from the very doors of the White House, have I received letters asking and advising me not to officer this regi-

ment with colored men, but I promised to do so and I have done it. I shall never rest until I see this regiment—my regiment—on the soil of Cuba, battling for the right and its kinsman."

But a stronger influence than the sordid statecraft and greed then predominant at Washington, was demanding to be heard. The First Illinois, the "Dandy First," of Chicago, had borne the weight of official incompetency, delayed and ill-equipped transportation, unhealthy and unsufficient food; and the hardships and pestilences of the siege of Santiago. Death was decimating its ranks, and Colonel Henry L. Turner implored Governor Tanner "to use all influence possible at Washington to secure the recall of the First Illinois." The request was a natural one, but it was a hard thing to call upon another regiment to go willingly, to face the pestilence, and bear with the official neglect, which was now daily being emphasized by the death lists of the First Illinois and other regiments. Governor Tanner consulted Colonel Marshall of the Eighth, and requested him to ascertain the sentiment of his officers and men in regard to relieving the First. There was no hesitation or difference of opinion, and the following telegram was sent to Washington:

"SPRINGFIELD, August 4.

"H. G. CORBIN, *Adjutant General*:

"I called the officers of the Eighth Illinois, colored, in conference, and they are unanimously and enthusiastically in favor of being sent to relieve the First Illinois at Santiago."

Adjutant General Corbin wired on August 5, as follows:

"The Secretary of War appreciates very much the offer of the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry for duty in Santiago, and has directed that the regiment be sent there by steamer Yale, leaving New York next Tuesday. The main trouble with our soldiers now in Cuba, is that they are suffering from exhaustion and exposure, incident to one of the most trying campaigns to which soldiers have ever been subjected.

H. C. CORBIN, *Adjutant General*."

On Saturday, August 9th, the Eighth left Springfield, and

arrived in Jersey City on the 11th, and on the afternoon of the same day sailed on the Yale for Santiago, where they landed on the 16th, and on the same day were encamped outside the city.

On the 17th, the First Battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel Johnson, was sent to Santiago to take charge of the Spanish troops there concentrated, and later Colonel Marshall followed with the other battalions, and was made Governor of the Province of San Luis, and commander of the port. Palma Soriano, seventeen miles away, was known as "Little Spain," on account of the great number of its Spanish inhabitants. Major Robert R. Jackson, with Company E; Capt. Richard P. Roots, Company F; Capt. William B. Akers, with Lieut. J. W. Curles, assistant Surgeon, were here stationed. Major Jackson's rule was acceptable to both Cuban and Spaniard, and Capt. Roots, who succeeded him in command of the detachment, became so great a favorite that, when it was rumored that his command was to be encamped outside the town, a petition, signed by all the leading citizens, requested of the general commanding that the detachment should remain quartered in the town.

Colonel Marshall for some months kept the Eighth encamped on a hill outside San Luis, but finally occupied the old Spanish barracks and arsenal, which were thoroughly renovated and sterilized. He caused the city itself to be cleaned and put into complete sanitary condition. He allowed the Cubans to buy and sell within the lines, and the existing conditions were completely satisfactory to both the citizens and the regiment.

Unfortunately, the Ninth United States Volunteers, a regiment of negro immunes, commanded by white officers, was sent to San Luis and encamped without the city. One of its members quarrelled with a Cuban policeman, who killed him, and a general fight ensued between the Cubans and the Ninth immunes, the Eighth being a mile away. Colonel Marshall mounted his horse, rode to the scene of the disturbance, and put an end to the conflict. General Ewers placed Colonel Marshall in charge of the Ninth, but the ill-wishers of the Eighth telegraphed to the United States that "the Ninth im-

munes and the Eighth Illinois Volunteers had killed five Cubans."

The affair resulted, however, in the removal of the troops to Camp Marshall, three miles out of San Luis. This camp, planned and laid out by Lieut.-Colonel Johnson, was declared by General Ewers to be the first on the island for military precision and neatness.

The post hospital at San Luis, for the care of patients from the Twenty-third Kansas and the Eighth Illinois, was under the charge of Major Allen A. Wesley, surgeon of the Eighth, who organized a corps of nurses and assistants of over forty well-trained men. The field hospital at Camp Marshall was under the equally efficient care of Lieut. E. S. Miller, assistant surgeon. A ladies' committee in Chicago, consisting of Mrs. Emma Phelps, Mrs. John R. Marshall, Mrs. Robert Jackson and Mrs. Harvey Thompson, raised a fund of \$600.00, which was expended for hospital supplies and delicacies not furnished by the government.

In February, Inspector General Breckenridge, U. S. A. reviewed the regiment and camp, and pronounced the Eighth "as fine a volunteer regiment as ever entered the service." Captain R. S. Woodson, Medical Director, U. S. A., made an equally favorable report as to the hospitals and their administration.

On March 10th the regiment marched into San Luis, and took the train for Santiago de Cuba, whence, on the 11th, it sailed on the S. S. Sedgwick for Newport News, Va. It arrived in Chicago March 18th, 1899, and received a splendid ovation, a great banquet, and a mammoth reception generally.

On April 3, 1899, the last private of Co. M. was paid off and mustered out of the U. S. service. The Eighth Illinois had ceased to exist. It had, however, demonstrated again the hereditary patriotism and fitness for military duty of the colored race, and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the Afro-American, who still hopes and strives to vindicate the manhood and equality of its people.

It also demonstrated the ability of colored men to command,

to organize, pacify and govern, under the most trying conditions; to excel in the care of the sick, and to make clean and healthful the plague-stricken cities of the tropics. It went willingly, not to glorious warfare, but to relieve stricken comrades, in the very domain of pestilence, and went so willingly and met so cheerfully and successfully the exposures of a tropical climate, that only fifteen men died of disease in Cuba during a stay of seven months. Two others had died in Illinois and New York. Private Paul Smith, of Co. B, was shot near San Luis, during a night alarm, August 19, 1898; Private George Patterson, Co. F, accidentally shot himself near Palma, Dec. 1, 1898, and Private Charles Early was killed in Santiago by a Cuban, February 17, 1899. Only twenty men out of 1,271, officers and men, died during the service of the Eighth Illinois, but its service to the Afro-American can never be estimated in dollars, or adequately expressed in words.

A few words concerning the officers of the regiment, and my task is done.

Colonel John R. Marshall, born at Alexandria, Va., March 15, 1858, attended the public school of Alexandria, and at Washington, D. C., and was a deputy clerk in the County Clerk's office of Cook county. He was active in organizing the Ninth Battalion in 1891, and was captain of Co. A when commissioned colonel. His splendid person and soldierly and gentlemanly bearing would be noticeable in any company.

Lieut.-Colonel James H. Johnson, born and well educated at Washington, D. C., served from 1880 to 1885 in the 9th U. S. Cavalry, in which he had a splendid record. He was a railroad man at the time of his election. He is described as "small of stature, quiet and unassuming in appearance, always methodical and energetic: a soldier and a man."

Major Robert R. Jackson was born at Malta, Ill., Sept. 1, 1869, eventually entered the Postal Service, and became a captain in the Ninth Battalion. His administration of affairs at Palma Soriano, Cuba, reflects great credit on his ability and humanity.

Major Franklin A. Denison, born at San Antonio, Texas, in

1862, graduated from Lincoln University in 1888, and the Chicago Union College of Law in 1890. He has served the City of Chicago as Assistant Presenting Attorney since 1891, and is one of the first colored lawyers of his day. During most of his stay in Cuba, he was one of the judges of the Court of Claims, sitting at Santiago, and was made by General Lawton president of a general court martial, being the only colored man ever raised to such a position in the history of the republic.

Major Allen A. Wesley, surgeon, born Sept. 25, 1856, at Dublin, Ind., graduated from Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn., in 1884, and received the degree of M. D. in 1887. Dr. Wesley was clerical assistant of the late Prof. Walter Hay in the department of mental and nervous diseases, Chicago Medical College, 1885-89; of Prof. R. N. Isham, department of surgery, 1886-88; lectured on "Surgical Emergencies," in the Provident Training School, and was district county physician for Cook County in Chicago. He was gynecologist to the Provident Hospital, of which he was one of the founders; surgeon in charge in 1894, and secretary to the medical staff. He went to Springfield with the Eighth, and examined all recruits for the Eighth and Ninth regiments; was commissioned major and surgeon, July 2, 1898, and in Cuba appointed acting Brigade Surgeon by General E. P. Ewers. Later he was appointed one of a board of three surgeons to examine all medical officers who should come before it, being the first colored man to hold such a position.

Lieut. and Quartermaster James S. Nelson was born in Windsor, Canada, in 1861, naturalized in Chicago in 1884, and later became quartermaster of the Ninth Battalion. He left a splendid position as accountant to join the Eighth. His record as quartermaster was a splendid one.

Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon James W. Curtis, fourth son of A. H. Curtis, for six years in the State Senate of Alabama, was born in Marion, Alabama, July 26, 1856. He graduated at Lincoln University and at the State Normal School, Marion, Alabama, took high rank as a student, taught school



John R. Marshall
Col 8th Inf. Illinois Vol. V.



JOHN S. NELSON.
Q. M. Eighth Illinois Infantry, U. S. V.

six years, and in 1879 held a professorship in Lincoln University. From 1882 to 1891 he was connected with the pension office at Washington, but studied medicine, and in 1891 commenced practice in Chicago. He lost but one man under his charge while in Cuba.

Lieut. and Assistant Surgeon Edward S. Miller was born in Gerard County, Kentucky, Aug. 31, 1858, was educated in the Danville public schools, and graduated from the Chicago College of Homeopathy in 1893, taking a post graduate course in the Harvey Medical College in 1897. During his service in Cuba, he had full charge of the regimental field hospital at San Luis.

It is needless to say that the Eighth had a splendid band, besides the twenty-five bugles recognized by the rules of the service. It numbered twenty-six pieces.

THE ILLUSION.

"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with a pink gauze and looked very tempting indeed. The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink gauze.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked.

The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well," she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket, I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixer of youth."—*London Fun.*



THE ALABAMA CONFERENCE.

By M. F. Hunter.

The Alabama Conference has met, deliberated, and adjourned.

The American Social Science Association has exhausted its sociological ammunition for the time being; but in spite of all the wisdom, backed by evident sincerity, that has been expended upon the "race problem," we cannot entirely rid ourselves of the impression that the negro has come out of the crucible of analysis and discussion with less than justice done him.

This meeting of representative white men of the south has created world-wide interest, because of more than one reason.

First, because of the character of the speakers. Secondly, because of the character of the speeches. It has drawn the attention of the world to the unfairness, the bitterness, of the white man of the south towards the negro. Unfair, because the race most interested was not permitted a voice. Bitter, because of some of the sentiments expressed.

Some of the honorable gentlemen advocated the repeal of the 15th amendment. This is amusing. That noble son of an illustrious father, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, has this to say on the subject: "The 15th amendment is as secure as the preamble of the Constitution, and to assail it, is to assail the vital principle of a government of the people, by the people, for the people."

Other gentlemen urged separation as the remedy. The most eminent authority, headed by the Boston "Transcript" and "Herald," tells us that the negro is here to stay. I must add that I have not heard anything of a contemplated exodus of white men from the south, so the solution is as yet unsolved. Another kind gentleman thinks extermination would do us good.

Well, just as long as nearly one-fifth of our entire race can claim white paternity, some few white maternity, and the negroes continue to supply the remaining four-fifths as success-

fully in the future as in the past, we must look elsewhere for a solution.

If, as stated by Hon. John F. Graves of Georgia, the true solution lies in the will of the white man of this country, why don't they solve it?

My friends, the members of this conference, had they been in earnest, had they wished to solve this problem fairly, had they gone to work as honest men and faced the question as it should have been faced, at the conclusion they would have summed up something like the following: Whereas, The white people of the south recognize the fact that the negroes of the United States have taken advantage of the educational advantages and privileges to such an extent (limited as they are in some places), that to be honest with them and ourselves, we find it necessary to change our opinion regarding them. We find it to the interest of both races to give to them an equal chance in industrial and political affairs. We find (to quote one of the speakers, John T. Graves) "That the educated, conservative negroes do not ask or desire social equality, that they think it unfair to expect after only 300 years of civilization, and less than half a century of freedom, to enjoy what it has taken the white man three thousand years of struggle and bloodshed to enjoy."

We find that it is justly distasteful to an educated negro to have to work in the fields, to hew wood and carry water. They therefore go to the cities, and because of our senseless feeling in the matter, the merchants will not hire him as a clerk, and as there is always evil for idle hands and arrests for slightest misdemeanors, they frequently through necessity get into trouble. We find (to quote the Hon. Graves further) "that this problem halts our material development. It frightens immigration from industrial competition with the negro."

It deters capital from investment in the shadow of an unsolved problem. It poisons in the minds of growing youth the conception of a sacred ballot. It stabs our reverence for the constitution. It corrupts politics. It divides the church and sets men of common faith and creed separate and sectional

divisions. Therefore, be it resolved: That this conference, representing the white people of the south, will hereafter do whatever it can to help the negro to any position in the industrial and political circles he is fitted to fill.

First, because one of his race, spoken of here as a deeper thinker than the immortal George Washington, his character stainless and his patriotism clear, says that the interests of the races are so closely allied in the south that the negro must either rise or fall as the white man rises or falls. Second, we do not desire our sons to grow up with any disregard of the Constitution. We want capitalists from all over the country to invest here, therefore our present action is justified. If we must push the negro up in order to "rise ourselves it cannot be helped."

Now, if we are to believe the white people of the south are in earnest, and really want to solve this problem, the foregoing is not too much to expect. But alas, we are forced to believe as did Wm. Lloyd Garrison when he said: "The present outcry against negro suffrage is manifestly aimed at intelligence. In proportion as colored men achieve education they will not submit to servile treatment. As long as they confine their thoughts and ambitions to hand labor they are approved and petted. But it is impossible to educate men up to a certain point and expect them to stop. Unless the teaching of history is forbidden, its example of freedom and independence must stir the pulses of colored students. And why should they not when in the veins of many runs the purest blood of the South? As well attempt to revive the African slave trade as to put the negro back into the conditions of slavery which made the alphabet a dangerous acquisition. It is the spectre of the enlightened, and not the ignorant negro that disturbs the south, and which inspired the late conference."

Before God I believe this conference, although, "unjust," to the negro, has helped his case more than anything that could have happened.

It brought to light friends of whom the negroes were ignorant.

It has taught us that the time has come when it behooves every young colored man or woman to put forth their best

efforts to be prepared to rise to higher things when they appear, and to show to the world that they are worthy of better positions by the thorough manner in which they fill the more humble ones, now held by them. Because, we as a laboring class must compete with the laboring classes of all the other races now represented in this country. We must learn to do this successfully. We must remember that (no matter how unfair this is), the whole race is judged usually when one is found dishonest or incompetent. Therefore, no matter how much we dislike our present situation we must, when we are ready, leave it honorably, as it might just suit some other colored person. If you give cause for complaint they will never hire another colored person. We must fight industrial competition *now* as *never* before.

The white man of this country is not the kind of man to let feelings stop his advancement; as soon as he makes up his mind really to advance, and finds he will have to lift the negro in order to advance he will throw feelings to the wind, lift his black brother and go forward. What does this conference portend to your minds?

To mine it portends that the young educated white men of the south want the same opportunities their fellow students at the north and west enjoy. They want business at the south in order that they may have the same chance at home for fame and fortune that their professional brethren enjoy at the north. They claim the negro problem robs them of this chance. Then let them solve the problem. One of their number who spoke at the conference has told them what it is and how to solve it, in these words:—"Will the white man permit the negro to have an equal part in the industrial, political, social and civil advances of the United States? This, as I understand it, is the problem."

Then let the white man answer in the affirmative and the problem will be solved. It will come sooner or later. As sure as God rules it must come. I am almost persuaded to believe as Wesley, (in that admirable story by Miss Caroline H. Pemberton, a niece of Gen'l John C. Pemberton, of the Confederate

Army), that after forty years of this semblance we will have real freedom. In speaking of the conference, Miss Pemberton has this to say among other equally good things:—"It is considered in good taste to sneer at the negro who can read Latin or Greek, or who aspires to be anything more than a hewer of wood or a drawer of water."

"I do not entertain the slightest fear that the southern negro will be over educated." I admit, continues Miss Pemberton, "that prison statistics tell heavily against the negro since he attained freedom, but I call attention to the fact which seems to be overlooked in this connection, that prison statistics tell heavily against any class of people who can be grouped as pitiful wage earners and day laborers in our northern cities as well as against negroes."

"The records of our reformatories for children, show that fifty per cent. of the inmates are either orphans or half orphans; does this show that orphans have a natural bend towards moral depravity? The little negroes whose parents go forth in the early morning to domestic service, returning late at night, are practically orphans from their birth, for whose later appearance at the criminal court our Christian civilization is responsible."

This a voice of a daughter of the Confederacy. Let one who doubts her sincerity read her book called "Stephen Black," or the editorial on her letter to the "Springfield Republican," published in the "Boston Transcript" Wednesday night, May 16.

History teaches us that no sacrifice is too great, no obstacle so high that the white man could not overcome on his onward march of progressiveness; does it stand to reason therefore that he will permit the feeling he has, for what he calls an "inferior race" call a halt. I care not what others may think, but as sure as God is just I believe the solution of this problem is at hand. I believe it will be solved to the interest of both races. Therefore, let us carry in our right hands gentle peace to silence envious tongues. Let us be just and fear not, let all our ends at which we aim be our country's, our God's and Truth's. "Then if we fail we fall blessed martyrs."

THE LAST ACT.

G. W. Forbes.

It is a moment of most happy augury that the same occasion which affords us the high honor of commemorating the life and worth of Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator of a race from human thralldom, grants us also the timely and much needed opportunity to say a word for its higher education, whose mission is not only to unshackle the mind from the debasing and malodorous influence of intellectual bondage, but to form, to fashion and to raise all to the full height and high purpose of American citizenship. You praise Abraham Lincoln, and you do well. His was, indeed, a noble life-work. It was the glorious consummation of that fierce and merciless crusade begun by Garrison back in the early thirties, which, like a small particle of snow loosened from the top of some Alpine height, gathering strength in its downward and precipitate career, thundered crushing down, burying in its terrible ruin slavery and all its

“Old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago.”

The great drama of the Negro in American history, whose first acts are long over and gone — aye, dwindled into less than echoes of a distant past, and whose last act begins with the theoretic recognition of his enfranchisement, is still in the process of unfolding on the stage of American civilization. The curtain has not yet been rung down, and an eager and restless audience hangs expectant, on the final result.

What shall the end be? This lies more largely with the race itself than with any one “bright particular star,” for

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves.”

Consider, therefore, what will conduce to a happy ending of the last act of this drama.

When the State of Mississippi some years ago first initiated that now universal southern gospel of gelding the 13th and

14th amendments by circum-locutory phrasing and indirections, Prof. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan called attention to the fact that it was not so much in those amendments themselves as in the contemporaneous debates about them, that we must look for the spirit that enacted them into law. We must examine, he said, the public press of the time and the private utterances of those whose will the law-makers were simply obeying, if we would form an adequate judgement on this subject. There, all the objections to Negro suffrage and its possible evils were duly anticipated, and contemptuously and justly flouted, on the ground that if but the smallest modicum of fair play were manifested to the newly enfranchised by the dominant class, there was no earthly reason why Negro Suffrage should not succeed.

By a similar examination, we shall likewise find an atmosphere no less wholesome and inspiring, encircling the ideas of the Abolitionists as to what should constitute justice for the emancipated. The great Anti-slavery workers and their followers held that the mere bestowal of freedom carried with it a demand for the same standard of citizenship, the same kind of education for the newly redeemed as for all other citizens. The man who then should have advocated any other doctrine would have been deemed visionary, and denied a hearing at the bar of public opinion. The whole North then was redolent and smoking with the incense of brotherly love and the milk of human kindness. But all is changed now. Even here in Massachusetts, a spirit is rife and abroad in the land that manifests an unwillingness for the colored man to keep the elevator to the roth and last story of the great building of American possibilities; but seems rather to force him to quit the car at the first landing. The Negro alone of all Americans must get off at the floor of Industrialism, while all others may ascend to whatever height they desire. Now, that is not right.

It is time to commend the apathetic sons of New England to a more careful stewardship of the priceless heritage of their sires. We want you to return to the upright teachings of your forefathers regarding us. Massachusetts, at least, must never

lend her endorsement to such limitation of the human mind. No; not if she has any regard for the system by which she grew to greatness; not if she cherishes a generous love for those intellectual achievements of her children which are her pride and glory. Many reasons present themselves why the highest possible education for the Negro at this juncture of our development should be urged, but one especially commends itself to our most careful consideration.

There are already in this country some ten or more million colored Americans. Now scarcely 500 of this number hold diplomas from colleges whose course of study entitle them to be ranked as schools for higher learning; or in short, there is about one college graduate to every twenty thousand colored citizens. Now this is an alarming and lamentable state of things for us?

What nation in all the world, with such a number of inhabitants and such a low educational pro rata, would get a ranking among civilized countries? What cause for apprehension has any one, pray, that the colored man's head will become educated out of proportion to his hand and heart? We know such a spirit is masquerading itself about us in certain sections, but we will not consent that the North look at us from such a visual angle. It is time to dispel this gigantic illusion about over-education, which already threatens to blot all Negro hopes and mental achievements from the map of human probabilities.

We want the highest possible education, because the race needs intelligent and trained leadership; we want the best possible training because we need examples among us of the refined and aesthetically cultured, as sources of inspiration to our youth! we need them as writers, we need them as teachers and scholars, and as men of business; and lastly we want the highest possible education because in itself, "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

If the profound and sagacious teachings and maxims of Aristotle and Demosthenes are conducive to practical enlargement of human views, they ought to be studied by all men; if the divine dream of Plato's Pamphylian impresses the mind of the young with the high moral precepts essential to enobling the

soul, we shall be satisfied with nothing short of the vision of Armenides.

If the grand, sweet strains of Homer and Aeschylus in their wingless flight through the realm of song charm and imparadise the soul, we are at least entitled to a glimpse into that land opened alone to "fancy's sleepless eyes."

But in speaking of some of the needs for higher training, I omitted to say what I thought is the object of such training. Now let me enlarge a little on that subject.

I understand it to be the province of an academic college training to so drill the mind in the power of concentration by close application in construing the classics, and solving abstruse problems in mathematics, that the student, in after life, with an adaptability for a given profession, will be able to excel another boy with similar taste, yet who has not had such a training. In other words, it develops a boy's power of stick-to-it-iveness with the added probability of a wider range of thought and a stronger mental grasp of truth. Of course, there are other and untold advantages both incidental and direct, which time itself would fail me even to name. There is the exquisite and inexpressible delight of a refined and cultivated taste; the profound moral influence, and the ennobled personality, produced by contact with superior minds. There is also the development of the imagination, by which we call up the past, and penetrate the future, by which we embody our ideals of the true, the good, and beautiful, and by which we catch at length the beatific vision of the infinite splendor of the universe itself.

Since Atlanta, then, stands for such culture, how much more edifying and exalted a conception of life is nurtured by its teachings, than by that endless "At tuba terribili sonitu tarantantara dixit" of the modern Moses, about "you began in the Senate instead of at the plow," about "get food, clothes and shelter," or about "if the Negro goes home from church hungry, he will make some chicken-roost howl before morning;" as if indeed the Negro, at most, must live by bread alone. Let us have done with such nonsense, and resolve henceforth to encourage Atlanta, and the ideas for which that college stands.

But if we shall continue to sacrifice a whole race to the Baal of Industrialism, high-raised on his throne ; if we shall continue to designate the entire race for the schools, instead of the schools for a limited few of the race, I fear that the future historian will have nothing to record of us save this not inappropriate epitaph :—

“But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoil of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

If, however, we shall but apply the same principles and theories of instruction to the colored race, as we are wont to consider the rightful inheritance of all other peoples, whatever their origin, who may have come within our borders ; if, in a word, we shall but accord the Negro the opportunities, the privileges, and the rights guaranteed to him by the organic law of our land, and demanded by the genius of our form of government, I look forward to nothing but a happy solution of all racial difficulties. The arc-light of a highly educated youth, panoplied in the full garb of American citizenship, will cause the fancied dangers which loom forever on the southern horizon to skulk like mist before the blazing sun. The South will then recognize in her long suffering son : “What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties !” And thus the land of pusillanimity, of lost causes, and of vanished glory, will like the eagle be mewed for new life. Then shall we be Americans in deed as well as in name. Then shall we, too, realize in the great Empire of the west, the full force of Bishop Berkley's dream of many years ago :—

“The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest off-spring is the last.”



THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD TEETH.

By Dr. T. W. Robinson, Surgeon-Dentist.

To maintain the general health to the highest possible degree, good teeth are essential. To neglect these very important organs will only be conducive to various bodily ailments which carry with them untold suffering. It is a peculiar circumstance and one which I could never understand, that many people though of a most timid nature and nervous temperament will readily submit to being placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, and allowing the most difficult surgical operations to be performed upon them, and when a sensitive little tooth requires attention they shrink from it with almost mortal fear. Dreading the ordeal of going to the dentist and having it operated upon.

The teeth are the sole organs of mastication, holding an important relation to the digestive function, and through it to the entire organs; they have also inseparable connections with the nervous, circulatory and respiratory systems, and should therefore be kept in a healthy condition, so as to properly perform the function for which nature designed them. The inability to properly masticate the food is conducive to dyspepsia and various stomach troubles, nervousness, headache, dizziness, a general wasting away of strength and flesh. These and many other complaints are due to poor digestion, the direct result of bad teeth and improper mastication.

It seems very strange indeed that so many people have no idea whatever of the care and preservation of their teeth, and never give the dentist a thought until driven to do so by an aching or abscessed tooth with its excruciating pains, swollen face and sleepless nights.

Even then many will suffer these tortures for weeks before finally deciding to consult the dentist. As a rule every well regulated family has its regular consulting physician, designated the family doctor. Now, the family dentist is just as necessary.

Every person, though their teeth seem to be in perfect condition, should consult the dentist regularly, at least two or three times a year, and have their teeth examined and any forming cavity promptly arrested and filled. This would save expense, inconvenience, and pain. The teeth should also be cleaned by the dentist at least once a year, as no matter how careful some people are there will occur a deposit of salivary calculi or tarter around the necks of the teeth.

This is due to certain constitutional derangements which prevent the individual from assimilating all the inorganic constituents contained in the food which they consume. This substance should not be permitted to accumulate, as it is a very destructive agent. It causes inflammation in the gums and surrounding tissue and a wasting away of the alveoli or the socket in which the roots of the teeth are implanted. As the disease advances the gums recede from the teeth, which loosen their support become loosened and ultimately drop out. Two sets of teeth are developed in the mouth, viz. one of first dentition, and one of the second dentition. The former are termed temporary teeth, and are designed merely to supply the wants of childhood. They usually begin to erupt or make their appearance when the child is about six months old, and are complete at the age of three years. And to these temporary teeth I wish to call special attention, for they control entirely the perfect formation of the permanent teeth. Many mothers pay too little attention to this first set of teeth, thinking them of no importance since a few years later in life they will be shed. It is a serious mistake, however, to neglect these teeth. We often see persons whose mouths are deformed on account of the irregular manner in which their permanent teeth have grown. This is due solely to the neglect of the temporary teeth. The first of the permanent series to erupt are the six year molars, commonly called the first jaw teeth. They usually appear about the sixth year, before any of the temporary teeth are shed, and are very often mistaken by the inexperienced for temporary teeth. They are the most important of the permanent teeth, and are generally the first to decay. It is at this period of the child's life that the teeth are

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prone to decay, it is important therefore that the mouth at this period should be promptly cared for.

The dentist should be consulted and the mouth frequently examined from time to time until all the permanent teeth have erupted. It is often the case that the temporary teeth are not shed at the proper period, which prevents the permanent teeth from erupting in their proper places. In such cases where nature has failed to remove these obstructions they should be removed by the dentist. I do not hesitate to say that if timely precautions were taken there would not be one decayed tooth in mouths where there are now a dozen.

It is the duty of every parent to see that their children have clean teeth and mouths, and to instruct them in the use of the tooth brush and provide suitable dentifrices and mouth washes for them.

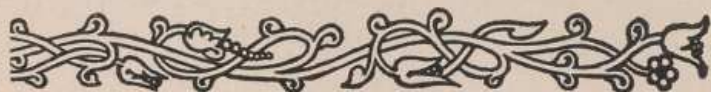
Many complaints incident to childhood could be readily averted by mothers teaching their children the importance of the daily care of the mouth and teeth, for these have everything to do with forming healthy constitutions. There need also be little fear of contagious diseases, for the mouth kept thoroughly clean offers no inviting fields for germs increase.

Decaying teeth, old dead roots and inflamed gums are some of the factors which constitute an unclean mouth. Such a mouth must naturally produce a very offensive breath. We involuntarily turn away from the fetid breath of our dearest friends or relatives. A person may be beautiful in face and form, fascinating in conversation, attractive in manners and possess almost irresistible charms, but bad teeth and an offensive breath will neutralize all these qualities.

Hence, the importance of good teeth. It is quite amusing to note how extremely careful some people are about every little detail in the arrangement of their toilet, and neglect the most important factor, the mouth. Aside from consulting the dentist at regular intervals the teeth should be brushed after each meal, but if this is inconvenient they should be brushed at least morning and night, and all particles of food removed from between them with a toothpick or a piece of silk thread drawn between

them. The necessity of keeping the teeth in good condition is being daily more appreciated, as if shown by the fact that there are about fifty thousand dentists in active practice in the United States. And in the past year over four million artificial teeth have been made, and the enormous sum of five hundred thousand dollars worth of pure gold packed in the cavities in the mouth ; not to mention the fillings of minor substances, such as silver, cement and other plastic fillings. The perfected instrument with which our modern dentists are supplied, and the ease with which local anæsthesia can be produced render operations on teeth painless from extracting to the most extensive operations.

I sincerely trust I have impressed you with importance of good teeth, and that you will not delay any longer but consult some competent dentist and have your teeth put in good condition attendant with perfect health.



WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Edited by Pauline E. Hopkins.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We bring to this column an enthusiastic desire to do good and pleasing work for our lady patrons, and to that end would be pleased to receive suggestions from all our friends. We would be glad to correspond with all women's clubs in relation to club matters, to insert club notices, etc. Send in the name of your club and its officers for enrollment in the Record.

CLUB RECORD.

National Association of Colored Women's Clubs:—Mrs. Mary Church Tirrell, president; Mrs. Booker T. Washington, chairman executive committee. Particulars concerning all matters of national interest to women found full in "National Association Notes," published by Mrs. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.

Northeastern Federation (New England and New York):—Miss Lizzie Carter, New Bedford, president; Mrs. Hannah Smith, Boston, general secretary; Mrs. Dickenson, Newport, R. I., organizer. Annual meeting at Providence, R. I., August, 1900.

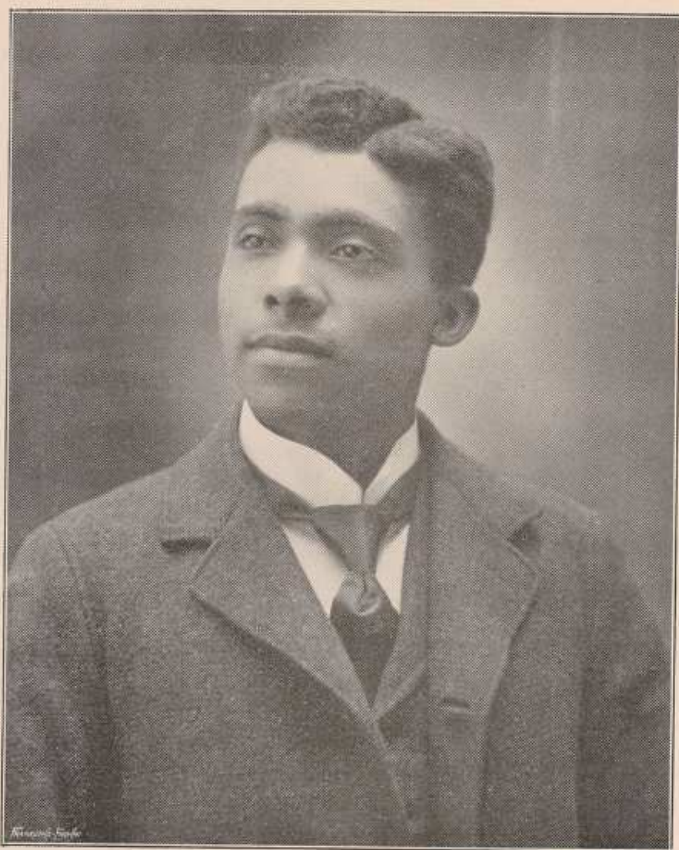
BOSTON.

Women's Era Club:—Mrs. Ruffin, president; Mrs. M. S. Ransom, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Mary Howard, 2nd vice-president; Madame M. Cravate Simpson, recording secretary; Mrs. H. Smith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. L. Taylor, treasurer; Mrs. G. W. Lewis, chairman executive board.

Ruth Circle, K. D.—Mrs. Charlotte France, president. Phyllis Wheatley Club:—Mrs. Irene Jurix, president. Lend-a-Hand Circle, K. D.:—Mrs. H. Smith, president. Harriet Judman, W. C. T. U.:—Mrs. Annie G. Brown, president; Mrs. Henson, vice-president. Dandelion Club (composed of very young girls):—Miss Clara Smith, president. Women's



DR. T. W. ROBINSON.
A Prominent Dentist of Boston, Mass.



CHAS. FRED WHITE.

A Real Negro Poet.
Springfield and Chicago, Ill.

Auxiliary (Young Men's Ed. Aid Association); Mrs. Irene Jurix, president. Women's Auxiliary (Young Men's Cong. Club); Mrs. H. Smith, president; Miss P. E. Hopkins, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Cora Lipton, 2nd vice-president. The Friendship Circle: Mrs. R. P. Ransom, president; Mrs. Walker, treasurer; Mrs. Carter, secretary.

CAMBRIDGE.

Golden Rule Club (Beneficial): — Mrs. Dora Black, president; Mrs. Nancy Lewis, vice-president. The Cambridge Y. W. C. A., although a white organization, has for a number of years retained Mrs. Ellen M. Taylor upon its board of directors. Mrs. Taylor, besides being a leading society woman, is a tax payer in Cambridge, and a very talented and popular elocutionist.

One of the most remarkable movements of the twentieth century has been the ramification of women in all directions where she has seen the slightest chance for business or intellectual progression. Judge Grant in his latest novel, "Unleavened Bread," has painted in Selima White a satire on ambitious club women, and through her, on all women engaged in public life. There are, unhappily, many Selima Whites among us; but is this all? Is there nothing behind the outward veneer of fuss, feathers, fine dress, and posing for public admiration? Surely it is not justice to consider the women's movement from this point of view. We believe it to be the club women's task to "little by little turn the desire of the world from things of the flesh to things of the spirit. She must make world want to do things that raise it higher and higher. She must set all high ideas and maintain it bravely in the face of all opposition." The more sublime the character of the women developed by this movement, the larger the percentage of women we shall find strutting about in the borrowed plumes of the truly great ones. No one loses confidence in the soundness of Uncle Sam's currency because counterfeit greenbacks are constantly in circulation.

In all these great and good things the colored women must share. She moves with the world, it may be slowly, but as times and customs change and advance, the colored woman changes and advances with them. For all the women of color who are seeking new avenues of work and an outlet for thoughts that breathe, there is a blessing if they persevere in the name of God and humanity—if they elect to live for others.

“For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that they can do.”

There is quite a ripple among women just now in favor of woman suffrage. We believe it to be a good thing if limited in some degree. It is right that women vote on such questions as property rights, the wife's personal rights and rights in her children, and in all that pertains to the public school; but it seems to us that the franchise in its fullest sense is not desirable. Physically, women are not fitted for the politician's life; morally, we should deplore seeing woman fall from her honorable position as a wife and mother to that of the common ward heeler hustling for the crumbs meted out to the “faithful” of any party in the way of appointments to office. There are, indeed, many reasons why it is not desirable for women to enter the political arena. Let us consider the matter as part of the race problem, and ask ourselves these questions:

Is it desirable for us as a race to place the ballot in woman's hands?

Is the aspect of woman in certain sections such as to inspire us with confidence in the honor of the white woman toward her black sister?

If we are not the “moral lepers” that the white woman of Georgia accuses us of being, then we ought to hesitate before we affiliate too happily in any project that will give them greater power than they now possess to crush the weak and helpless.

Let us study this question and prove it a good thing for our

race before we rush in blindly even to please those who have been of material benefit to us.

Massachusetts sets the pace in all advanced ideas. Massachusetts has been swaped in some degree by the pitiful appeals of Georgia. Colored women of Massachusetts look to it!

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.

There has been appointed by Census Supervisor Smythe (14) fourteen negroes, three of whom are women, to do census work in Augusta, Ga. Much indignation has been expressed by the white citizens on this action, many declaring they will not submit to being interrogated by negro enumerators. Yet they cannot be removed except for actual cause; but — may they not deem that cause enough?

The Negro is fast becoming a factor in the production of popular music. Perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with the popular music of the past few years is the manner in which the negro composer has divided the laurels of success with his white contemporary, and the tremendous strides he has made towards practical recognition as a melodist, if not as a musician in the stricter sense.

That there have been evidences in the past of the innate ability of many of the colored race to successfully cope with the requirements and tastes of the popular mind in its musical demands is undoubtedly true; but never has there been such a display of constructive ability and productiveness as in the past one and a half years.

The exact cause for this is not clear. Perhaps it was the stand taken by Antonio Dvorak, the Bohemian musical giant, who advanced the theory, that the basic principle of American music was the melody of the plantation negro. This may have had an inspirational effect on the latent genius of colored har-

monists: but it is more probable that the most powerful factor of developement was the vogue of certain theatrical lights who specialize and accented the negro in his merrier moods, and the large pecuniary returns which came to the creators of such songs as had achieved even a moderate degree of popularity.

The Seth Carter case, of Texas, has been decided by the Supreme Court, and in a way that is of great importance to Texas and all the Southern States. The decision changes the whole practice of investigation in criminal charges against Negroes and their trial on criminal indictments.

Seth Carter is under indictment charged with murder. He moved to squash the indictment, alleging that notwithstanding a quarter of the population of Galveston was composed of negroes, no member of that race were included on the panel of the Grand Jury.

The record shows that his counsel asked leave to introduce testimony to this effect, but the petition was denied. And also that the Galveston court overruled the motion without investigating.

The Texas court of appeals sustained the trial court on the ground that evidence had been offered by defendant on the point raised. Justice Gray, of the United States supreme court, to-day holds that this was a false assumption, as evidence had only been tendered. He says that by this tender Carter preserved his rights under the constitution, therefore the decision was reversed and the case remanded. The entire supreme bench assents and agrees with Justice Gray.

The books and pamphlets produced by the negro race are to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition. One of the strangest exhibits will be from America. It will be an exhibit that will provoke to reflection every thinking observer. Unlike most other exhibits, it will represent, not complete attainment and perfected production, but, instead, hope, aspiration and a protest against long injustice. It will be a collection of the books and pamphlets written by negroes.

No country other than the United States could make such



an exhibit. Slavery has existed in other countries, indeed, but nowhere but here has there been a large negro population subject to conditions which furnish an incentive to authorship on so large a scale. The Colored American Magazine has a place of distinctiveness in this collection.

The "Won Back" troupe of Richmond, Va., have chronicled another success, with their creditable rendition of this military drama, which gives so much room for the finer expression of feeling and deep portrayal of character as much for the leaders of the cast as those in the comedy role.

Miss Hattie Eva Wallace as the leading lady, is an elocutionist of no mean ability and the part of Hugh Ransome (the hero of the play), as taken by Mr. A. L. Morton, was all that could be desired short of a professional. His suavity of manner, yet deliberateness of expression could but be successful in the title role. The rest of the cast gave good support. We would like to see them in Boston.

IN THE TOBACCO FACTORIES OF RICHMOND.

Five thousand people employed in the manufacture of cigarettes and cheroots — how these are made — Employees are of a high order of morality and intelligence.

While Richmond, Va., does not breathe all the smoke that you see streaming across the sky, it provides material for other people to do a large amount of smoking. Those who believe that the cigarette is a coffin nail, or that is an encouragement to uncleanliness and vice, cannot view Richmond without alarm, for more cigarettes are made in that town than in any other in the world.

The New York Drug and Chemical Co. the Enterprising Drug Co. of Boston, have purchased a new automobile for the purpose of touring the country in the interest of their famous preparations. Mr. Edw. Roosa has succeeded to the important office of Gen'l Manager, on account of the death of his father who was the founder of this well known company.

Miss Eva E. Roosa, who graduates from the New England Conservatory of Music this year ; after having attended same for five years, is a young lady of pleasing disposition and a versatile conversationalist.

Her family is musical, her brothers playing on many difficult instruments ; (Xylophone, Sleigh-Bells, Italian Harp, and Cello, etc.), with ease.

Miss Roosa has quite a musical voice, singing an excellent mezzo soprano with easy range.

All subscribers for one year to the Magazine who have not received a receipt and agreement direct from the office, please notify at once. Dept. "A."

AN INQUIRY?

Can any one of our readers inform us where and when, Henry Bibb and Samuel R. Ward died? If so kindly notify the Colored American Magazine at once.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A yearly subscription free to all readers who secure two yearly paid up subscriptions, or an amount of three or six months' subscriptions to the equivalent of two yearly. Three months, forty cents ; six months, eighty cents.

We introduce this month our new feature, the Women's Column, under the charge of Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, and we extend an invitation to our women readers to contribute anything of note which will be of the slightest benefit to our women.

"Driftwood and Other Poems," by Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush, will soon make its debut in the literary world. The authoress has quite a local fame from her first publication in pamphlet form, "Original Poems." It has found a merited niche, in the Harris grand collection of American authors, in Brown University Library, Providence, R. I. A good idea can be formed of the extreme descriptiveness which characterizes her writings, in the poem, "A Picture," written expressly for the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Samuel Henry (quite prominent in affairs of the Main Street Church, Cambridge, Mass.) and wife, will enjoy the summer at Rangeley Lakes. On their return they will reside permanently at Westport Point, New Bedford, where they have a beautiful farm.

The Camera Contest shall be announced in our next issue, restricted to subscribers.

We shall begin in our July issue the publication of an official directory of the leading men of color, in the various sections of the country, such as Seawyen, Hocton, etc. It will be a reliable list in every way, and the names published we can fully recommend to our people.

Agents wanted in all sections of the country Liberal commission and advancement to the meritorious.

We are more than pleased with the hearty enthusiasm manifested wherever a copy of the May issue of the Colored American Magazine has gone. Each succeeding issue will be better in every way. We make an earnest appeal to the colored people of America to come forward not only by their subscriptions, but by their kindly suggestions, and help us make this a co-operative

enterprise that shall redound to the glory of our race. That the magazine is filling a long felt want is fully attested by the hundreds of subscriptions that are constantly pouring in. And the work has just begun. Read carefully our special offer on the front page of this issue, and then with the magazine still in hand get the two new subscribers at once. It is the most remarkable offer, and may be withdrawn at any time.

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