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The May CRISIS will contain the conclusion of Jessie Fauset's striking novelette.
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There will be poems by Bohanan and Cotter, and the Queen of May will dance on the cover.

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DAWN

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly but they never cease." In the words of a wise man, "This universe is moral and eternally rejects that which is not."

No matter how strong and well-entrenched an abuse may seem to be, it cannot endure.

We are now witnessing another proof of this everlasting truth when we read in the Atlanta Constitution such words as these:

"We must be fair to the Negro. There is no use in beating about the bush. We have not shown that fairness in the past nor are we showing it today, either in justice before the law, in facilities accorded for education or in other directions. ** **

In the first place there must be no more mobs. Mobs and mob spirit must be eliminated completely, so completely that there will be no danger of recurrence. If a Negro be charged with crime, even if it be known that he is guilty, he must be given the same fair treatment before the law that is accorded to the white man."

This and more of the same sort from the leading newspaper of Georgia is most encouraging, especially as it comes from the state which has been perhaps the foremost in tolerating lynch law. We have believed always that our southern fellow-citizens have hearts and consciences as tender as our own, and we have marvelled all the more at their acquiescence in cruelties and lawless outrages which have disgraced their state. We have wondered where the Christianity and the courage of the South had gone that the men who should be leaders in their communities have permitted the lowest elements of the people to burn and torture their fellow-men and go not only unwhipped of justice, but encouraged by the acquiescence of their better neighbors—that silence which proverbially "gives consent." We have been horrified to see the same disease breaking out in the North as at Springfield, Illinois, and Coatesville, Pennsylvania. We shudder at Turkish cruelty to Armenians and then turn homeward only to hide our heads in shame. We have wondered why men have tolerated cruelty to a human being which they would have execrated if it had been visited on a dog.

Let us now take courage. The South is waking up, whether raised by the appeal to conscience, or as the Constitution admits, by the "appeal to the pocketbook." Men's motives are always mixed and will not bear too close scrutiny. Be the cause what it may, the opportunity is here, and it is for the leaders of the South to say whether they will seize it and assert their civilization, or whether they will sink back into cowardly acquiescence in evil and continue to let their worst men put their worst foot foremost to the injury, primarily, of their own section but hardly less to the disgrace of our common country. We appeal to their con-
sciences and their manhood. It is from them that help must come.

For us who have long fought for this end, we may find comfort in the words of John Bright when progress seems slow or we grow despondent.

"At the age of fifty we discover that not much is done in a lifetime, and yet, that notwithstanding all the immeasurable ignorance and stupidity of the majority of the race, there is a gradual and sensible victory being gained over barbarism and wrong of every kind * * * If we can't win as fast as we wish, we know that our opponents can't in the long run win at all."

The dawn is breaking. Let us hasten the day.

MOORFIELD STOREY.

THE CRISIS

THE SOUTH

NE feels the ground swell and the restless, persistent motion; little new sky-scrapers rise suddenly like warts in little cities; "Suburban developments" crown bare hills; men are beginning to hurry around; and through all and with all are nervous black folk, working, saving, migrating, protesting, or sullenly viewing the land with great, sad eyes, or swaggering bravado. An empire is building here but the building stones are yet as unshaped and bloody as ever went to the making of any cruel and short-lived garden of Babylon.

ATLANTA

ATLANTA sits on Seven Hills, but the people who have made blood money out of Coco-Cola have added an eighth, Druid Hill: a modern suburb done modernwise. The Atlanta rich have wrung city taxes out of poor blacks and poor whites and then squandered wealth to lay mile on mile of beautiful boulevard through silent and empty forests with mile on mile of nine-inch water mains and sewers of latest design, while here and there rise grudgingly the spreading castles of the Sudden Rich; but in the city's heart, in the ruts of the Seven Hills, the children sicken and die, because there is no city water, and five thousand black children sit in the streets, for there are no seats in the schools. Only a single new colored schoolhouse for thirty years, no colored library, but on the portal of the white library, donated by a millionaire, this speaking inscription:
"Aesop, Homer, Virgil, Carnegie, Dante, Milton, Poe."
Yet, the young men of Atlanta are strong; the whites are strong and blatant, but the blacks are strong and silent; college-bred, clean-cut, unflinching; their college club is now the only "university club" in the city, for the white club died with the crucifixion of Leo Frank.

MOREHOUSE
Atlanta cannot be lost so long as on her Seven Hills sit lamps like Atlanta University and Morehouse College. Morehouse, under John Hope, celebrates its fiftieth jubilee, with thoughtful conference and song. Hereafter, this college must be counted among the major colored institutions: with a college of seventy men, carefully selected; with the best athletic record of the colored country; with a president and faculty whose silent and efficient team work makes a college spirit unsurpassed in the South.

AUGUSTA
Here is fighting in Augusta, a Little Battle in the Dark; a lone, little black woman waging war, not only against entrenched prejudice (the kind that keeps three thousand colored school children out of school), but also with traitors and hypocrites in her own race; men who know how to work white tourists for tidy sums, by cringing and kowtowing. Yet, Lucy Laney triumphs, even when her school is poor and half-equipped. It is no pretense of a school, with dishwashing substituted for English, but a home and center of learning. The founder and principal is brave and wholehearted and has built her work into the hearts of thousands of people.

CHARLESTON
Here is a subtle flavor of Old World things, a little hush in the whirl of American doing. Between her guardian rivers and looking across the sea toward Africa sits this little Old Lady (her cheek teasingly tinged to every tantalizing shade of the darker blood) with her shoulder ever toward the street and her little laced and rusty fan beside her cheek, while long verandas of her soul stretch down the backyard into slavery.

Her white aristocrats, perched like solemn owls about the Dead Sea of the "Ba—attery," look too portentous to be true, and make the visitor inevitably think of the good solid warehouses which they crowd out, and the healthful suburbs which they spoil with phosphates.

Colored Charleston is altogether lovable with her color tints, her indescribable "a's," and her perfect hospitality. I shall never forget the beautiful audience in the beautiful Centenary Church; the two busy young merchants with their limousines and sisters; the grave of Calhoun, and the tower of St. Michaels seen of a golden morning; the supper in the artist's Upper Room; and the talking of Tommy.

Mighty are the churches of colored Charleston. I did them in rhythm on a great blue day. In the first, the tall black preacher beat upon his audience with skillful repetitions, which alone meant little, but his hearers surged and bowed, as swept by an unseen wind, and one slim black woman whirled and screamed, with outstretched arms. Then we turned to old St. Marks, to light, softened with the souls of fathers and grandfather; who knew Cato of Stono, and Denmark Vesey, and where proud dark freedmen have worshiped for two centuries. The hesitant priest intoned with bell and candle, but behind him, somehow, I could not forget that God in the stained-glass window was all too evidently a bearded white man. Finally, we rested in the quiet reason of Plymouth Church and saw the crowds streaming out of Zion, and
then again looked back through these great churches to the white tower of St. Michaels, topping a church of another and seemingly lesser world where a slave once did the deed of a man.

AWAKE

Of all the cities in the South, Charleston is guilty of the meanest act toward colored folks. It keeps in their schools white teachers, teachers who do not want to be there; teachers who despise their work and who work mainly for the money which it brings them. These teachers are Southern whites and they are teaching little colored children, doing the work mechanically and with a cruelty of discipline that is shameful. Openly and persistently the white city gives two and only two reasons for keeping up this farce: first, that they want to teach black folk their place; and, secondly, that they want to supply certain white people with employment.

The colored people of Charleston have stood this long enough. They should awake and stop it. They should tell the white people gently, but firmly, that under present conditions to have southern white people teaching colored children is as incongruous as it would be to have Turks teaching Armenians. Colored Charleston should register and vote and get rid of this abomination. There are more colored taxpayers in Charleston than white. There are hundreds of colored voters who could register, petition, vote and then, if need be, strike and let every colored child stay at home until teachers were installed who believed them human beings.

THE PERPETUAL DILEMMA

We Negroes ever face it. We cannot escape it. We must continually choose between insult and injury: no schools or separate schools; no travel or "Jim Crow" travel; homes with disdainful neighbors or homes in slums.

We continually submit to segregated schools, "Jim Crow" cars, and isolation, because it would be suicide to go uneducated, stay at home, and live in the "tenderloin."

Yet, when a new alternative of such choice faces us it comes with a shock and almost without thinking we rail at the one who advises the lesser of two evils.

Thus it was with many hasty editors in the case of the training camp for Negro officers which Dr. J. E. Spingarn is seeking to establish.

Does Dr. Spingarn believe in a "Jim Crow" training camp? Certainly not, and he has done all he could to induce the government to admit Negroes to all training camps.

The government has so far courteously refused.

But war is imminent.

If war comes tomorrow Negroes will be compelled to enlist under white officers because (save in a very few cases) no Negroes have had the requisite training.

We must choose then between the insult of a separate camp and the irreparable injury of strengthening the present custom of putting no black men in positions of authority.

Our choice is as clear as noonday. Give us the camp. Let not 200, but 2,000, volunteer. We did not make the damnable dilemma. Our enemies made that. We must make the choice else we play into their very claws. It is a case of camp or no officers. Give us the officers. Give us the camp. A word to those who object: 1. The army does not wish this camp. It wishes the project to fail. General Wood refuses to name date or place until 200 apply. The reason is obvious. Up to March 8, sixty-nine men have applied.
2. The camp is a temporary measure lasting four weeks and designed to FIGHT, not encourage discrimination in the army. The New York Negro regiment could not find enough qualified Negroes for its commissions. We want trained colored officers. This camp will help furnish them.

3. The South does not want the Negro to receive military training of any sort. For that reason the general staff reduced its estimate from 900,000 to 500,000 soldiers—they expect to EXCLUDE Negroes!

4. If war comes, conscription will follow. All pretty talk about not volunteering will become entirely academic. This is the mistake made by the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN, the Chicago DEFENDER, the New York NEWS, and the Cleveland GAZETTE. They assume a choice between volunteering and not volunteering. The choice will be between conscription and rebellion.

Can the reader conceive of the possibility of choice? The leaders of the colored race who advise them to add treason and rebellion to the other grounds on which the South urges discrimination against them would hardly be doing a service to those whom they profess to love. No, there is only one thing to do now, and that is to organize the colored people for leadership and service, if war should come. A thousand commissioned officers of colored blood is something to work for.

Give us the camp!

THE DAWN’S AWAKE!

By OTTO LELAND BOHANAN

THE Dawn’s awake!
A flash of smouldering flame and fire
Ignites the East. Then, higher, higher,
O’er all the sky so gray, forlorn,
The torch of gold is borne.

The Dawn’s awake!
The dawn of a thousand dreams and thrills.
And music singing in the hills
A paean of eternal spring
Voices the new awakening.

The Dawn’s awake!
Whispers of pent-up harmonies,
With the mingled fragrance of the trees;
Faint snatches of half-forgotten song—
Fathers! torn and numb—
The boon of light we craved, awaited long,
Has come, has come!

IN THE STILL NIGHT.

By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

IN the still night there comes to me
The blessed boon of liberty.
From all the cares that chafed and choked,
The spirit is at last unyoked
To seek her heaven, as she ought,
On sturdy wings of fearless thought.
Then come the dreams which through the day
The moil of living shuts away.
Then can the soul her fountains fill,
While all the universe is still,
From streams of quietness that rise Out of the hills of Paradise.
And I can tell the day was meant
For some design beneficent,
For sweet-imagined sounds I hear
And forms of beauty hover near
To win me to the perfect trust
That life is good and God is just
And permeates His world, whereof
The essence and the end is love.
"There was one time!" began the freckled-faced boy. Miss Fetter interrupted him with emphasis—"but that is not idiomatic, our expression for il y avait une fois is 'once upon a time.' The value of a translation lies in its adequacy." And for the fiftieth time that term she launched into an explanation of the translation of idioms. The class listened with genial composure—the more she talked, the less they could read. She reached her peroration. "Do you understand, Master Reynolds?"

The freckled-faced boy, who had been surreptitiously consulting his vocabulary, turned deftly back to the passage. "Yes'm," he nodded. "There was one time"—he began again unabashed.

Miss Fetter sighed and passed on to another pupil. Between them all there was evolved in hopelessly unsympathetic English the story of a dainty French shepherdess who growing tired of her placid sheep left them to shift for themselves one gorgeous spring-day, donned her sky-blue dress, traversed the sombre forest and came to another country. There she met the prince who, struck with her charm and naïveté, asked her to play with him. So she did until sunset when he escorted her to the edge of the forest where she pursued her way home to her little thatched cottage, with a mind much refreshed and "garlanded with pleasant memories."

The pupils read, as pupils will, with stolid indifference. The fairy-tale was merely so many pages of French to them, as indeed it was to Miss Fetter. That she must teach foreign languages—always her special detestation—seemed to her the final irony of an ironic existence.

"It's all so inadequate," she fumed to herself, pinning on her hat before the tiny mirror in the little stuffy teachers' room. She was old enough to have learned very
thoroughly all the aphorisms of her day. She believed that all service performed honestly and thoroughly was helpful, but she was still too young to know that such was literally true and her helplessness irked her. See her, then, as she walked home through the ugly streets of Marytown, neither white nor black, of medium height, slim, nose neither good nor bad, mouth beautiful, teeth slightly irregular, but perfect. Altogether, when she graduated at eighteen from the Business High School in Philadelphia she was as much as any one else the typical American girl done over in brown, no fears for the future, no regrets for the past, rather glad to put her school-books down for good and decidedly glad that she was no longer to be a burden on her parents.

Getting a position after all was not so easy. Perhaps for the first time she began to realize the handicap of color. Her grade on graduation had been “meritorious.” She had not shone, but neither had she been stupid. She had rarely volunteered to answer questions, being mostly occupied in dreaming, but she could answer when called on. If she had no self-assurance, neither had she a tendency to self-belittlement. Her English, if not remarkable, was at least correct; her typewriting was really irreproachable; her spelling exact; and she had the quota of useless French—or German—vocabulary which the average pupil brings out of the average High School. Perhaps it was because she had lived all her life in a small up-town street in a white neighborhood and played with most of the boys and girls there, perhaps it was because at eighteen one is still idealistic that she answered advertisement after advertisement without apprehension. The result, of course, was always the same; always the faint shock of surprise in the would-be employer’s voice, the faint stare, the faint emphasis—“You! Oh no, the position is not open to—er—you.” At first she did not understand, but even when she did she kept futilely on—she could not, she would not teach—and why does one graduate from a Business High School, if one is not to be employed by a business firm?

That summer her father, a silent, black man, died and her decisions against teaching fled. She was not a normal school graduate, so she could not teach in Philadelphia. The young German drummer next door told her of positions to be had in colored schools in the South—perhaps she could teach her favorite stenography or drawing in which she really excelled. Fate at that point took on her most menacing aspect. Nothing that was not menial came her way, excepting work along lines of which she knew nothing. Her mother and she gave up the little house and the two of them went to service. Those two awful years gave Anna her first real taste of the merciless indifference of life. Her mother, a woman of nerveless and, to Anna, enviable stolidity found, as always, a refuge in inapt quotations of Scripture. But Anna lived in a fever of revolt. She spent her days as a waitress and her evenings in night school trying feverishly to learn some of those subjects which she might have taught, had she been properly prepared. At the end of two years the change came carelessly, serenely, just as though it might always have happened. The son-in-law of Mrs. Walton, for whom she worked, passed through town late one night. The family had gone out and for want of something better he had, as he ate his solitary dinner, asked the rather taciturn waitress about her history. She had told him briefly and he had promised her, with equal brevity, a position as drawing teacher in a colored seminary of which he was a trustee. Anna, stunned, went with her mother to Maryville. Just as suddenly as it started, the struggle for existence was over, though, of course, they were still poor. Mrs. Fetter found plenty of plain sewing to do and Anna was appointed. But Fate, with a last malevolence, saw to it that she was appointed to teach History and French, which were just being introduced into the seminary. She thought of this as she opened her mother’s gate,—the irony of the thing made her sick. “Since my luck was going to change, why couldn’t I have been allowed to teach mechanical drawing,” she wondered, “or given a chance at social work? But teaching French! I suppose the reason that little shepherdess neglected her sheep that day was because they were French.”

II

Still one cannot persist in gloom when it is April and one is twenty-six and looks,
as only American girls, whether white or brown, can look, five years younger. Anna, hastening down the street in her best blue serge dress, her pretty slim feet in faultless tan shoes, felt her moodiness, which had almost become habitual, vanish.

The wearing of the blue dress was accidental. She had come down to breakfast in her usual well-worn gray skirt and immaculate shirt-waist in time to hear her small cousin, Theophilus, proclaim his latest enterprise. A boy was going to give him five white mice for his pen-knife and he was going to bring them home right after school and put them in a little cage. Pretty soon there'd be more of them—"they have lots of children, Aunt Emmeline, and I'm going to sell them and buy Sidney Williams' ukulele, and"—

"Indeed you are going to do no such thing," exclaimed Anna, her high good humor vanishing. "Mother, you won't let him bring those nasty things here, I know. As for keeping them in a cage, they'd be all over the house in no time."

But Mrs. Fetter, who loved Theophilus because he was still a little boy and she could baby him, opined that foxes and birds had their nests. "Let's see the cage, Philly dear, maybe they can't get out."

The rest had followed as the night the day. Theophilus, rushing from the table, had knocked Anna's cup of cocoa out of her hand and the brown liquid had run down the front of the immaculate blouse and settled in a comfortable pool in her lap.

"Oh well," her mother had said, unmoved as usual, "run along, Anna, and put on your blue serge dress. It won't do you any harm to wear it this once and if you hurry you'll get to school in time just the same. You didn't go to do it, did you, Philly?"

Theophilus, aghast, had fled to the shelter of his banjo from which he was extracting plaintive strains. He played banjo, guitar and piano with equal and indeed amazing facility, but as his musical tastes were surprisingly eclectic, the results were at times distressing. Anna, hastening out, a real vision now in her pretty frock, an unwonted color in her smooth bronze cheeks, heard him telling his aunt again about the ukulele which Sidney Williams owned but couldn't play. "It's broke. Some folks where his father works gave it to him. Betcher I'll fix it and play it, too, when I get hold of it," his high voice was proclaiming confidently.

"I suppose he will,"—thought his cousin, "I hope that North street car won't be hung up this morning. He ought to make a fine musician, but, of course, he won't get a chance at it when he grows up." The memory of her own ironic calling stung her. "He'll probably have to be a farmer just because he'll hate it. I do wish I could walk, it's so lovely. I wish I were that little shepherdess off on a holiday. She was wearing a blue dress, I remember."

Well, her mind leaped up to the thought. Why shouldn't she take a day off? In all these six years she had never been out once, except the time Theophilus had had the measles. The street car came up at this point, waited an infinitesimal second and clanged angrily off, as if provoked at its own politeness. She looked after it with mingled dismay and amusement. "I'd be late anyway," she told herself, "now that I've lost that car. I'll get a magazine and explore the Park; no one will know."

Two hours of leisurely strolling brought her to Hertheimer Park, a small green enclosure at the end of the ugly little town. Anna picked her way past groups of nursemaids and idlers looking in newspapers for occupation which they hoped they would never find. She came at last to the little grove in the far side of the Park where the sun was not quite so high and, seating herself near the fountain, began to feed the squirrels with some of the crackers which she had bought in one of the corner grocers.

Being alive was pretty decent after all, she reflected. Life was the main thing—teaching school, being colored, even being poor were only aspects, her mind went on. If one were just well and comfortable—not even rich or pampered—one could get along; the thing to do was to look at life in the large and not to gaze too closely at the specific interest or activity in hand. Her growing philosophy tickled her sense of humor. "You didn't feel like that when you were at Mrs. Walton's," she told herself bluntly and smiled at her own discomfiture.
"THERE WAS ONE TIME"

"That's right, smile at me," said an oily voice, and she looked up to see one of the idlers leaning over the back of her bench. "You're a right good-lookin' gal. How'd you like to take a walk with me?"

She stared into his evil face, fascinated. Where, where, where were all the people? The nurse-maids had vanished, the readers of newspapers had gone—to buy afternoon editions, perhaps. She felt herself growing icy, paralyzed. "You needn't think I mind your being a nigger," went on the hateful voice, "I ruther like 'em. I hain't what you might call prejudiced."

This was what could happen to you if you were a colored girl who felt like playing at being a French shepherdess. She looked around for help and exactly as though at a cue in a play, as though he had been waiting for that look a young colored man stepped forward, one hand courteously lifting his hat, the other resting carelessly in his hip-pocket.

"Good afternoon, Miss Walker," he said, and his whole bearing exhaled courtesy. "I couldn't be sure it was you until you turned around. I'm sorry I'm late, I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I hope you weren't annoying my friend," he addressed the tramp pleasantly.

But the latter, with one fascinated glance at that hand still immobile in that suggestive hip-pocket, was turning away. "I was jus askin' a direction," he muttered. "I'll be going now."

III

The two young colored people stared at each other in silence. Anna spoke first—"Of course, my name isn't Walker," she murmured inadequately.

They both laughed at that, she nervously and he weakly. The uncertain quality of his laughter made her eye him sharply. "Why, you're trembling—all over," she exclaimed, and then with the faintest curl of her lip, "you'd better sit down if you're as much afraid as all that," her mind ended.

He did sit down, still with that noticeable deference, and, removing his hat, mopped his forehead. His hair was black and curly above a very pleasant brown face, she noted subconsciously, but her conscious self was saying "He was afraid, because he's colored."

He seemed to read her thoughts. "I guess you think I'm a fine rescuer," he smiled at her ruefully. "You see, I'm just beginning to recover from an attack of malarial fever. That is why I pretended to have a gun. I'm afraid I couldn't have tackled him successfully, this plagued fever always leaves me so weak, but I'd have held him off till you had got away. I didn't want him to touch you, you seemed so nice and dainty. I'd been watching you for sometime under the trees, thinking how very American you were and all that sort of thing, and when you smiled it seemed to me such a bit of all right that you should be feeling so fit and self-confident. When I saw the expression on your face change I almost wept to think I hadn't the strength to bash his head in. That was why I waited to catch your eye, because I didn't want to startle you and I didn't have strength for anything but diplomacy."

She nodded, ashamed of her unkindness and interested already in something else. "Aren't you foreign?" she ventured, "You seem different somehow, something in the way you talk made me feel perhaps you weren't American."

"Well I am," he informed her heartily. "I was born, of all places, in Camden, New Jersey, and if that doesn't make me American I don't know what does. But I've been away a long time, I must admit, that's why my accent sounds a little odd, I suppose. My father went to British Guiana when I was ten; but I got the idea that I wanted to see some more foreign countries, so when I was fifteen I ran away to England. You couldn't imagine, a girl like you, all the things I've seen and done, and the kinds of people I've known. I had such an insatiable thirst for adventure, a sort of compelling curiosity."

He paused, plainly reminiscent.

"I've picked up all sorts of trades in England and France—I love France and it was my stay there that made me long so much to get back to America. I kept the idea before me for years. It seemed to me that to live under a republican form of government, with lots of my own people around me, would be the finest existence in the world. I remember I used to tell a crowd of American chaps I was working
with in France about it, and they used to be so amused and seemed to have some sort of secret joke.”

Anna thought it highly probable.

He looked at her meditating. “Yes, I suppose they had—from their point of view but not from mine. You see,” he told her with an oddly boyish air of bestowing a confidence, “life as life is intensely interesting to me. I wake up every morning—except when I have malarial fever”—he interrupted himself whimsically—“wondering what I’ll have to overcome during the day. And it’s different things in different environments. In this country it’s color, for instance, in another it might be ignorance of the native tongue.

“When I came back to New York I was a little non-plussed, I must confess, at the extraordinary complexes of prejudice. I went to a nice-looking hotel and they didn’t want me a bit at first. Well, I pick up the idiom of a language very quickly and I suppose at this point my English accent and expression out-Englished most Englishmen’s. After a bit the clerk asked where I hailed from and when I told him Manchester, and displayed my baggage—only I called it luggage—all covered with labels, he said ‘oh, that was different,’ and gave me a room just as right as you please. Well it struck me so peculiarly idiotic to refuse your own countryman because he is brown, but to take him in, though he hasn’t changed a particle, because he hails from another country. But it gave me a clue.”

“Yes?” she wondered.

“You see, it made me angry that I had allowed myself to take refuge under my foreign appearance, when what I really wanted to do was to wave my hat and shout, ‘I’m an American and I’ve come home. Aren’t you glad to see me? If you only knew how proud I am to be here.’ The disappointment and the sting of it kept me awake all night. And next day I went out and met up with some colored fellows—nice chaps all right—and they got me some rooms up in Harlem. Ever see Harlem?” he asked her, “most interesting place, America done over in color. Well it was just what I wanted after Europe.

“But it struck me there was a lack of self-esteem, a lack of self-appreciation, and a tendency to measure ourselves by false ideals.” He was clearly on his hobby now, his deep-set eyes glowed, his wide, pleasant mouth grew firmer.

“Your average British or French man of color and every Eastern man of color thinks no finer creature than himself ever existed. I wanted to tell our folks that there is nothing more supremely American than the colored American, nothing more made-in-America, so to speak. There is no supreme court which rules absolutely that white is the handsomest color, that straight hair is the most alluring. If we could just realize the warmth and background which we supply to America, the mellowness, the rhythm, the music. Heavens,” he broke off, “where does one ever hear such music as some of the most ordinary colored people can bring out of a piano?”

Anna, thinking of Theophilus, smiled.

“And there’s something else too,” he resumed. “The cold-bloodedness which enables a civilized people to maim and kill in the Congo and on the Putumayo, or to lynch in Georgia, isn’t in it with the simple kindliness which we find in almost any civilized colored man. No people has a keener, more rollicking humor, and the music—

“Excuse my ranting,” he begged, all apology, “but I get so excited about it all. Did you ever read any Pater?” he asked her abruptly.

“No,” she told him shamefacedly—Pater was not included in her High School English and she had read almost no literature since.

He nodded indifferently. “Well, in ‘The Child in the House,’ the chap says if he had his way he wouldn’t give very poor people ‘the things men desire most, but the power to realize and taste at will a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning.’ That’s me,” he concluded, too earnest to care about grammar. “I’d give us the power to realize how wonderful and beautiful and enduring we are in the world’s scheme of things. I can’t help but feel that finally a man is taken at his own estimate.”

They were silent a moment, watching a flock of pale, yellow butterflies waver like an aura over a bed of deep golden crocuses.

“Have you told your views to many people?” Anna asked him a trifle shyly. His mood, his experiences, his whole personality
seemed so remote from anything she had ever encountered.

“No,” he told her dryly. “I haven’t done anything. I came from New York down to this town to visit my aunt, my mother’s youngest sister—she’s as young as I am, by the way, isn’t that funny? And I’ve had the malarial fever ever since. I get it every spring, darn it!” He ended in total disgust.

“You might tell me something of yourself. We’ll probably never see each other again,” he suggested lingeringly, with just the faintest question-mark in his voice.

But Anna didn’t catch it, she was too absorbed in the prospect of having some one with whom to discuss her perplexities. She launched out without a thought for the amazing unconventionality of the whole situation. “And so,” she finished, “here I am painfully teaching French. I don’t make enough to allow me to go to summer school and I don’t seem to make much progress by myself.” He seemed so terribly competent that she hated to let him know how stupid she was. Still, it was a relief to admit it.

“I know,” he comforted her. “You needn’t feel so very bad, there are some things that just don’t come to one. I’m a mechanical engineer and I can read any kind of plans but it worries me to death to have to draw them.”

“Why, I can draw,” she told him—“anything.”

Their first constraint fell upon them.

He tried to break it. “If you teach,” he asked her, “What are you doing here? Wednesday isn’t a holiday, is it?”

She broke out laughing. “No, it’s too funny! You wouldn’t believe how it all happened”—and she told him the story of the little shepherdess. “And this morning my little cousin spilt cocoa all over my school clothes and I had to put on my blue dress. It made me think of the little shepherdess and here I am.”

He was watching her intently. How charming she was with all that color in her face. Comely, that was the word for her and—wholesome. He was sure of it.

“How did the story end?” he wondered.

She didn’t know, she told him, shamefaced anew at her stupidity. “You know it is so hard for me, every year we read a new book and I never get a chance to get used to the vocabulary. And so the night before I just get the lessons out for the next day. I teach six preparations, you see, three in history and three in French. And it takes me such a long time I never read ahead. I simply cannot get the stuff,” she explained, much downcast.

“I’ve tried awfully hard; but you know some people have absolutely no feeling for a foreign language. I’m one of them! As for composition work”—she shook her head miserably, “I have to dig for it so. The only thing is that I can feel whether a translation is adequate or not, so I don’t mind that part of the work. But when we got that far in this story the head language teacher—crazy thing, she’s always changing about—said to lay that aside and finish up all the grammar and then go back and do all the translating. I’ve never looked at the story since. All I know,” she ended thoughtlessly, “is that the shepherdess played and talked with the prince all day and he took her to the edge of the forest at sunset—what’s the matter?” she broke off.

“You didn’t tell me,” he said a trifle breathless, “that she met a prince.”

“Didn’t I? Well she did—and it’s four o’clock and I must go. My mother will be wondering where I am.” She held out her un gloved hand, shapely and sizeable and very comely. It took him some time to shake hands, but perhaps that was one of his foreign ways.

She had gone and he stood staring after her. Then he settled back on the bench again, hat over his eyes, hands in his pockets, long legs stretched out in front of him.

“Of course,” he was thinking, “you can’t say to a girl like that, ‘well, if you’re playing shepherdess let me play your prince?’ Wasn’t she nice, though, so fine and wholesome—and colored. What’s that thing Tommy was playing last night with that little Theophilus somebody? Oh yes,”—he hummed it melodiously:

“I’m for you, brown-skin.”

(To be concluded in the May Crisis)
IN the Myrtilla Miner Normal School, dedicated on the twelfth of February, 1917, by the civil and educational authorities of the District of Columbia, the country possesses a unique institution. Unlike the average public school, it had its beginning in the desire of an individual to work out an educational ideal. Moreover, the early history of the school renders it distinctive in that it grew through heroic self-sacrifice and all-conquering faith in a high principle on the part of the founder.

The idea which the Miner Normal School was founded to achieve came to a white woman, Myrtilla Miner, in 1836 as the result of a controversy with a Mississippi planter in whose home she was employed.

In her new work, the northern girl got her first experience with slavery at close quarters. Its brutality shocked her sensitive nature and aroused her free spirit of deep resentment against a system arrogant enough to subjugate a human being, body and soul. From a chaos of schemes to remedy the dread evil—some of them chimerical enough, as only those of the young and sincere can be—Miss Miner gradually formulated a plan to teach the unfortunate bondsmen in the household in which she was employed. It was this scheme which drew her into the before-mentioned discussion with her employer.

During the heat of this debate, the girl began to realize clearly the futility of her former plan and the necessity for a solution more far-reaching. This took the shape of a project for founding in the national capitol a normal school where colored girls might be trained; first, in the art of living; next, in the science and art of teaching their people how to live.

After leaving the South to accomplish her new purpose, Miss Miner sought advice from noted anti-slavery workers as to methods. Most of these, knowing the bitter sentiment of Washington and having regard for the frail health and limited resources of the girl, advised her against an undertaking too great for her strength, as they supposed. Even the fearless and zealous Frederick Douglass sought to shield the young woman from what he knew would be the inevitable consequences of her devotion. The young reformer, however, was not to be deterred from the purpose to which she had devoted her life. In 1851, having collected one hundred dollars, Miss Miner secured rooms for her school in a house on F Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Northwest, in the city of Washington, in the home of a Mrs. Duncan, a free woman of color.

The first purchase of ground for the institution was made in 1853 by two Quaker...
gentlemen of Philadelphia, Thomas Williamson and Samuel Rhoads, who held the estate in trust for the school. A plot of about three acres situated between New Hampshire Avenue and N Street, Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets, was secured for $4,300. By 1856 the estate was clear from debt, through the liberality of friends. Harriett Beecher Stowe gave $1,000 from the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin; the Society of Friends generously contributed to the purchase fund and many others gave liberally.

In 1857 the trustees decided to enlarge the work of the Miner Normal School, and a subscription to raise $20,000 for a new building was started. The school was now to educate free colored people from the District of Columbia and the adjoining states. The capacity was to be 150. The curriculum was to include the higher branches of study. Several New York clergymen, under the leadership of Henry Ward Beecher, and some clergymen of Boston, inspired by Edward Everett Hale, pledged their congregations to contribute $1,000 apiece.

In 1860, Miss Miner, utterly prostrated by the bitterness of feeling aroused by her work just before the outbreak of the Civil War, closed the school and went to California for a well-earned rest. The institution did not open again until several years later.

Miss Miner returned to her work after the war, but soon died. Her school, after temporary union with Howard University, was removed to a new building at P and Q streets where eventually Miss Martha Briggs, the first colored principal, served from 1879 to 1883, and the institution was incorporated into the public school system.

In 1883 Miss Lucy E. Moten, the present Principal of Miner Normal School, was appointed to succeed Miss Briggs. Carefully raised in one of the most conservative homes in Washington, Miss Moten received ideals of culture in the social chaos of the Reconstruction Period. She was tutored for college by the late Professor James Gregory of Howard University. Acting upon the advice of Charles Sumner, Miss Moten's father sent her to the normal school at Salem, Mass., for education as a teacher. In addition to the excellent professional training given her Miss Moten enjoyed, through the influence of Charlotte Forten Grimké, close contact with a family high in New England scholastic and social life.

After her graduation from the Salem Normal School, in 1875, Miss Moten was offered a position by Dr. Miner, the President of Tufts College, and Philips Brooks, who were then members of the Board of Education in Boston. Miss Moten decided, however, to work in the more socially significant field of Washington. Her first service was in the graded schools of the District of Columbia. Here she remained until her appointment to the principalship of Miner Normal School.

With the vision and practical experience gained in her alma mater, Miss Moten began the development of the plant entrusted to her care. Her superiors on the Miner Board and in the public school system heartily approved of her work and adopted the recommendation for its increased efficiency, submitted in the Principal's Annual Reports.

Since the appointment of Miss Moten the length of the school course has increased from one to two years. The faculty, which in 1883 consisted of two teachers, has grown to a corps of twelve full-time and three part-time instructors. The requirement for entrance—graduation from the city high school—has never been lowered but has rather grown as the secondary and elementary schools have increased in efficiency. The enrollment in 1883 was thirteen. It is now 160.

The course of study has expanded from a course in primary methods to include the following method courses for teachers: primary, graded, domestic arts, domestic science, kindergarten training, and manual training courses.

Up to June, 1884, there were eighty-two graduates. Since that time the graduates of the school number hundreds, the average class numbering forty to fifty per annum, since the change to a two-year curriculum, in 1890.

Forty-five per cent of the Miner alumni is now teaching in the District of Columbia. Other graduates are serving in states from New York through the Atlantic and Southern States to Texas. A large per
cent have continued their studies, after graduation from the school, in higher institutions of learning.

The purpose of Miss Miner to train her pupils in the art of living, as well as of teaching, is still a vital thing in Miner Normal School. The institution is contributing powerfully to the efficiency of family and school life, not only in the District of Columbia, but in many parts of the United States.

Men of the Month

A MASTER EDUCATOR

MISS MARIA F. BALDWIN was born in Cambridge, Mass., and trained in the public schools and the Normal School of that city. Her father was of West Indian descent and, during his early life, was a seaman; afterward he was for a long time employed in the city post office. Finding no employment at home Miss Baldwin first taught in Maryland but agitation of the colored leaders, during the time of Mayor Fox, led to her being appointed a teacher of primary grades in the public schools of Cambridge, in 1882.

In 1889, after teaching in all the grades, from the first to the seventh, Miss Baldwin was made Principal of the Agassiz School and retained that position for twenty-four years. In April, 1915, this school was torn down and a new building erected at a cost of $60,000, not including furniture.

October, 1916, Miss Baldwin was made Master of the new Agassiz School, a position of great distinction, as there are but two women masters in the city of Cambridge. The school, composed of kindergarten and eight grades, is one of the best in the city and is attended by children of Harvard professors and many of the old Cambridge families. The teachers under Miss Baldwin, numbering twelve, and the 410 pupils, are all white.

Miss Baldwin thus, without doubt, occupies the most distinguished position achieved by a person of Negro descent in the teaching world of America, outside cities where there are segregated schools.

AN HONORED TEACHER.

DR. R. S. LOVINGGOOD, the president of Samuel Huston College in Austin, Tex., has passed on. He was born fifty-three years ago and his end came quietly
DR. WILSON BALLARD

SERGT. D. H. BURNS

DR. D. A. FERGUSON

THE LATE S. H. HOLLOWAY

J. E. JONES

THE LATE DR. R. S. LOVINGGOOD
and peacefully after a long and hard-fought battle against ill health.

The Mayor and City Council attended his funeral in a body and Colonel House, the confidante of President Wilson, and formerly of Austin, expressed his sorrow that the race, the state, and the nation had lost such a helpful leader.

A SUCCESSFUL DENTIST.

Dr. David Arthur Ferguson is one of the most successful dentists in Richmond, Va. He was born in Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1875, and was graduated from the Dental Department of Howard University in 1899. He began his practice of dentistry in Richmond that year and was the first colored applicant to appear before the Virginia State Board of Dental Examiners.

Dr. Ferguson is a loyal member of his race. He took the initiative, by filing a protest with the State Corporation Commission, against the railroads of Virginia, especially the Norfolk and Western, the result of which compelled that system to alter its new steel coaches for the comfort and convenience of its colored passengers.

A REMEMBERED CITIZEN.

After the death of Dr. William H. Jones, in Harrisburg, Pa., a fund was raised for the purpose of giving a gold medal each year to the colored graduate of the high school who wrote the best essay on some given subject. This, however, was not successful and when the Park Commission erected the new Twelfth Street Playground it was proposed to use this fund, with other monies, to build a fountain to the memory of Dr. Jones at the entrance of the park.

Dr. Jones was born in Snow Hill, Md., in 1860. He graduated from the Medical Department of Howard University and took a post-graduate course at the Polyclinic Institute in New York City. He practised for a while in Knoxville, Tenn., and from there he went to Harrisburg, where he died in 1905.

AN ARMY OFFICER.

Dr. Wilson Ballard was born in Gibson, Concordia Parish, La., in 1878. He was educated at Wilberforce University and joined the Ohio Separate Battalion in the Spanish American War. He was graduated in dentistry at the Ohio State University.

The War Department designated Dr. Ballard to assist Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Young in re-organizing and training the Liberian Frontier Force and President D. E. Howard, of Liberia, commissioned him Major commanding the Liberian Frontier Force. He was presented a medal by President Howard for his bravery in the action against the Krus, a tribe that had never before been subjugated by the Liberians.

Dr. Ballard resigned from the Liberian Frontier Force in April, 1915, but the President would not accept his resignation until June of that year. He has since resumed his practice of dentistry in Louisville.

A CRACK SHOT

Sergeant Dace H. Burns, is one of the best shots in the whole American Army. On September 16, 1916, shooting at a target 500 yards away, he made 283 points out of a possible 300.

AN ERECTING ENGINEER.

Among men worth while Mr. Jesse E. Jones stands preeminent in his line of work, erecting engineering. With a natural liking for machinery he began his work as a machinist at the age of twenty in his native state, Alabama. Later he went to Ohio where he was the first colored man to receive and hold a state license as a stationary engineer. He is now in the employ of the Larrowe Construction Company, Detroit, Mich., in the building of a $1,500,000 beet sugar refinery at Twin Falls, Idaho. In this immense fireproof plant he handles the crane which sets the steel and machinery and is the responsible party to see that everything is in its exact place.

A PUBLIC SERVANT.

The late Samuel H. Holloway was a descendant of Richard Holloway, one of the first colored settlers of Charleston, S. C. He graduated from Avery Institute and taught school at Florence, S. C. He married and, after the death of his wife, returned to Charleston and entered the Police Department where he served for several years. He went into the Pullman Service and soon became foreman over his co-workers. After fourteen years’ service he retired and went to live on his farm at Lincolnville, S. C. Here he was made Postmaster of the town.

Mr. Holloway was one of the oldest members of St. Mark’s Episcopal Church, in Charleston, where he held several official positions for many years.
A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

TO His Excellency, Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

The officers and members of this Association respectfully request that in your coming inaugural address you say something against the barbaric system of lynching which prevails in various parts of this country.

Public sentiment on the question is rapidly becoming aroused, as is shown by the editorials in the leading newspapers of South Carolina and Georgia, by the action taken by the Governors of Kentucky and South Carolina and by letters from leading southern men. While it is true that this crime, under our system of government, can be punished only by the local authorities, the disgrace falls upon the nation as a whole and we can never effectively address the world on great moral questions so long as this stain upon our civilization is permitted to continue.

We feel that you can do a great deal to help the cause of civilization and good government and to hold up the hands of those who are trying to prevent mob violence in the United States by some strong expressions in your inaugural and we respectfully request that you will take this matter into serious consideration.

Very truly yours,

(Signed)

MOORFIELD STOREY, President.

JOHN HURST, Vice-President.

J. E. SPINGARN,
Chairman of the Board.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
Treasurer.

W. E. B. DUBois, Director of Publications and Research.

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ, President of District of Columbia Branch.
INTER-MARRIAGE BILLS.

It is a pleasure to report that the Wisconsin anti-intermarriage bill, mentioned in the February Bulletin, was killed on February 15. Attorney George H. DeReef writes from Milwaukee:

"Enclosed please find newspaper clippings on the end of the so-called Bennett Bill. As I am advised, the committee of seven members voted 5 to 2 to report the bill for indefinite postponement and on that question Senator Bennett, on the floor, insisted on being heard. He spoke in favor of the bill and against postponement. The vote of the Senate, by 19 to 11, endorsed the Committee's report and indefinitely postponed the bill. The effect of this is to kill the bill for this session.

"I want to thank the N. A. A. C. P. for its support. It just acted as I knew it would when I sent the copy of the bill. We have determined to revive our Local at an early date and I hope to take an active part in so doing, as I desire to see it placed upon a firm footing with the means to do effective work."

The following bill, S. 426, has been introduced in Colorado by Senator Eaton as an amendment to Section 4163 of the Statutes of Colorado, 1908:

"All marriages between parents and children, including grandparents and grandchildren, of every degree, between brothers and sisters of the one-half, as well as of the whole blood, and between uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews, and cousins in the first degree, are hereby declared to be incestuous and absolutely void; and all marriages between Negroes or mulattoes, of either sex, and white persons, are also declared to be absolutely void. This section shall extend to illegitimate, as well as legitimate children."

A MESSAGE FROM OUR FIELD SECRETARY.

I left New York on January 16 to organize branches in the principal cities of the South. I stopped at Baltimore and spoke at a meeting held by the branch in that city and then went to Richmond. Up to the present date branches have been organized in Richmond and Norfolk, Va.; Raleigh, Durham, and Greensboro, N. C.; Atlanta, Athens, Savannah and Augusta, Ga; Columbia and Charleston, S. C.; and Jacksonville, Fla.

The response of the colored people in the South to this call shows the wisdom of the Association in taking this step to organize south of Washington. In every city that I have visited I have found the thinking men and women of our race alive to the situation and ready to take part in the work that must be done. They also realize that the condition which has been brought about by the movement of colored people from the South to the North gives the great opportunity that has come in the last forty years for a demand to be made for those things to which the Negro is rightly entitled.

The branch of the Association which was formed in Atlanta has already taken action on the public school question in that city. A while ago the Board of Education cut off the eighth grade from all the colored public schools. It now proposes to cut off the seventh grade. This proposal is simultaneous with one to build a Junior High School for white children; so it looks as though the means to provide for this new High School for white children are to be secured by the further cutting down of the colored schools. The new Atlanta Branch intends to make a fight not only to retain the seventh grade for the colored schools but to have the eighth grade restored. The branch formed in Savannah has suggested united effort to all the newly organized branches in Georgia to fight the present Jim-Crow condition. There is no doubt that these new organizations will soon be actively engaged in work to change and better conditions in the communities which they represent.

It is wonderful to note how in the very heart of the South the New Spirit is seizing the colored people, that Spirit which makes them feel and know that they must not only strive to perform the duties of citizenship but must also claim and secure the rights of citizenship. The time is now ripe for spreading the Association through the South.

The turning point of my trip will be Tampa, Fla. After visiting Tampa I shall revisit all of the cities where branches have been formed and do all that I can to further perfect those organizations. When I have finished this southern campaigning I shall give the readers of the Bulletin a full account of the work accomplished.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.
A JIM CROW RESOLUTION.
The necessity of taking action in the matter of Jim Crow cars is driven home anew by the following resolution passed by the Railroad Commission of South Carolina on February 17 to prevent "the commingling of the races when boarding or leaving passenger trains at stations:

"Be it resolved, that all railroads operating in South Carolina be required, when stopping passenger trains at stations, in order to prevent the congestion of white and colored passengers, not to load or unload white and colored passengers at the adjoining ends of their respective coaches."

OUR ANTI-LYNCHING COMMITTEE.
There was fresh evidence during February of the work which the Anti-Lynching Committee is quietly carrying on by the appearance in the Independent of an article entitled "The Governor and the Mob," by Thomas Randolph. Immediately upon hearing of the gallant stand of Governor Stanley when he faced the mob at Murray, Ky., the Anti-Lynching Committee secured the services of an able Kentucky newspaper man who went to Murray at the instance of the Committee and obtained a complete story of the facts as published in the Independent.

Members will be horrified after reading Mr. Randolph's account to learn that the Negro was saved from the mob only to be condemned to death at the hands of the State. The trial was held on February 22, and a company of militia was on hand to insure against further rioting.

The Outer Pocket

MAY I congratulate you on the great success of THE CRISIS, as reported in the current issue. I want to be one to send you a new subscriber so that you may reach that coveted total of 50,000! Enclosed please find my check for one dollar.

New York City. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

I do not renew my subscription to THE CRISIS because of serious dissatisfaction with two of its recent numbers.

In one there was a reflection upon the action of the General Education Board, to which a very uncomplimentary reference was made; and I have since seen this reference quoted approvingly as "sneering" in a southern Negro school paper, the Black Belt, I think.

I am not personally familiar with the work of the General Education Board, but from all that I have heard of it, it does not merit such opinion, and I am particularly sorry to see THE CRISIS credited in the southern paper with such utterances.

In another number, the one with an excellent portrait of Mr. Greener on the first page, there were two articles, apparently stories, and yet they told as if true, both with lynching for their main topic, and both to my mind extremely ill-vised material for colored readers.

Boston, Mass. WILLIAM DAVIS.

I have read it, and so do my girls, and many of the students of Philander Smith College. Many teachers read it, too. Some think you are too radical, but you cannot be too radical when your child is suffering with small-pox, or your house is on fire. It is only through the most positive and daring efforts and complaints, couched in intelligent language and pointed, and sent out, that right will be heard. It has always been so and, therefore, I commend your paper.

(MRS.) H. M. NASMYTH.

Little Rock, Ark.

For the second time I have read your editorial on the lynching in Georgia of Sam Conley's mother.

It seems to me most strange that in places where the colored people are so great in numbers that none of them seem to offer any practical protest, while men and women of our own flesh and blood are being lynched by mobs of white barbarians.

May I ask, sir, what do the colored population do in an hour of such great stress? Do they stand around with folded arms? Or do they betake themselves to their homes until the murder is over? What is the matter with the colored South? Are they afraid of the Lynchers? Haven't they enough race pride to defend their unfortunate bretheren? Or are they "too proud to fight"?

Halifax, N. S. DONALD W. MOORE.
THE Mythology of All Races,” which is being published by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston, in thirteen volumes, is to have a volume on “African Mythology” written by George Foucart of the French Institute of Oriental Archaeology at Cairo, Egypt.

A “Life and Works of Phillis Wheatley,” by the late G. H. Renfro, has been issued by R. L. Pendleton of Washington, D. C. It is well printed and costs $1.50 postpaid.

The “History of Morehouse College,” by Benjamin Brawley, is done with the taste and scholarship displayed in all of Mr. Brawley’s work. It is an interesting story and sells for $1.25.

The death of James D. Corrothers, the poet, who died on Lincoln’s Birthday, is a serious loss to the race and to literature. He was a man whom not only white people but the colored people themselves did much to deprive of a real chance; yet he made his rugged way “In Spite of the Handicap,” as his recent biography tells us.

DOUGLASS

THE Springfield, Mass., Republican says:

Boston honored itself last week Wednesday, which was the 100th anniversary of the birth of Frederick Douglass, the abolitionist and remarkable representative of the Negro race, by dedicating in his honor a public square in the Roxbury district. In response to a proclamation by Mayor Curley, exercises were held in some of the public schools and in Faneuil Hall. His intellectual ability, moral quality, and gentlemanly bearing made Mr. Douglass a national figure, and it is well that all he was and did should be recalled for the inspiration of the youth of to-day. Mr. Douglass taught himself to read and write, and as a journalist and lecturer made his mark in this country and England. He died in Washington in 1895, after having been for many years Marshal and Commissioner of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and then United States Minister to Haiti. His father was a white man and his mother a slave, and Mr. Douglass was in bondage until his escape when twenty-one years old. That such a man could have been made the victim of slavery in this country shows how far the nation was advanced by the Civil War. Those who become discouraged over existing conditions will get a better perspective by remembering what once was.

CHRIST AND ANTI-CHRIST

THE Methodist church faces its greatest crisis since slavery. The case is thus aptly stated editorially in the Epworth Herald, Chicago:

“Won’t it be fine when the southern Methodists and ourselves are together in one big church again?”

“Why, yes; I suppose it will. But you speak as though it were likely to happen almost any day. Is anything stirring?”

“Haven’t you heard? The church papers have been full of Methodist union for nearly a year. A few weeks ago there was an important meeting in Baltimore to work out a scheme.” . . .

“But there’s one rather important difficulty.”

“What’s that?”

“Why, our colored members.”

“How are they a difficulty in the way of union? You’d think they would be for it, to a man.”

“O, they are. The question is not what they will do about union, but what to do with them in getting the union set up.”

“I don’t quite follow you. What do you mean, ‘do with them?’”
"I'll have to go back a little to get the connection. It seems that though we are all to be in one church, it will be so large that it must be divided up into sections for what they call administrative purposes, if you get what that means."
"I think I do. Go on."
"There will be, say, four, five or even six, geographical districts, governed by conferences with a new name; regional conferences, someone has called them. And then there will be another regional conference, not for a section of the country, but for all our Negro members. We have about three hundred thousand of them."
"That's fair; and sensible, too. Where's the hindrance in it?"
"Just here. These conferences will have over them a sort of supreme conference, like Congress over the states. Now, the question is, should the Negro representatives stand in that body on the same level as the others? Should they share in making laws for the great white conferences?"
"Won't the white representatives share in making laws for the great Negro conference?"
"Of course they will. But that's different. The Negro is poor, and most of his churches are party supported by missionary money, given by the white Methodists. Then, he doesn't always know what is best for his own religious training, and certainly he couldn't be expected to know what is best for his white brethren. And—well, he's a Negro, and lots of Methodists don't quite like the idea of having him sit with their representatives and legislate for five and a half million white folks."
"How are they going to get around it? He can't be put out of his membership, can he?"
"No, no. Nobody wants to do that. We can't deny that he is in good and regular standing, and if he wants to stay there's no way to make him go. Besides, we should have to give him his share of the church property, even if he consented to be set off by himself; and he might not use it wisely."
"We are in a fix, then; aren't we?"
"Ye-es; but I've heard of a way out. It has been proposed that our Negro members should yield to what they and we know is a very strong sentiment. Suppose they should say, 'Set us off in our regional conference Count us as a part of the church. Put us into all the statistics and things. Then let us send messengers to the supreme conference, to tell you how we are getting along, and maybe to ask for a little more help for our work; and we won't insist on our messengers helping to make the laws for your church.'"
"Do the Negro Methodists say that?"
"No; they're just invited to say it. It's a suggestion to them."
"I see. I read once that Artemus Ward told President Lincoln that he would gladly give his wife's poor relations to help put down the rebellion. But I never read what the relations thought about the plan."
"Anyway, it would be a great thing for the Negro to do."
"It would, my boy. And a pretty small thing for the white man to accept."
"But don't you see that unless something of this sort is done, union is likely to fail, and it will be all the Negro's fault?"
"That isn't a very brave remark and it isn't true. But suppose union should come the way you say, wouldn't the story of it be fine reading for our young folks in the Epworth League's Revised History of Methodism? They would learn that we offered our Negro brothers a place of permanent ecclesiastical inferiority, so that we could operate Christ's doctrine of brotherhood on a sort of sliding scale, in one place with them, and in another place without them. And that we threatened to blame them for the failure of the plan to extend the brotherhood if they refused our offer! The scoffers would say—and who could silence them?—that we had gone the civil powers one better, and had made a 'Jim Crow Church!'"
"I'm surprised at you, and ashamed of you! 'Jim Crow Church,' indeed. Nobody proposes anything except what is for the best interests of both races. Our Negro members will have all the rights in their regional conference that the white members have in theirs."
"Yes; all the rights, but no right. What is the hatefulness of the 'Jim Crow Church' idea, that you dislike even to have it mentioned? I'll tell you. Not that it takes away privileges, though there is enough of that in it to drive the insulting home. But the bitter part is that it leaves us nothing to answer when the world, the flesh, and the devil say they can see no difference between us and them when a real test of brotherhood arises. What do we more than others? Do not even the labor unions so?"
"THE COMPLEAT LYNCHER" SAYS the Atlanta Constitution, anent a mob murder pictured in the 1916 Easter Crisis:
Jim Keith is a Negro who, more than a year ago, narrowly escaped lynching by a Georgia mob under the impression that he had murdered a sheriff. He was saved by Worth County officials, but the lawless band did succeed in lynching five other Negroes thought to have been implicated in the murder of which Keith was accused. Jim Keith subsequently was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary.
In the meantime, while Jim Keith lay in prison, new light was shed upon the original crime, and the life convict was given another trial.
Now, the new evidence proves Jim Keith and the five dead Negroes innocent; and he
was acquitted and his freedom restored by a white jury! What a commentary upon the accused institution of lynching! A murder is committed; a mob forms; five innocent Negroes are lynched; the life of a sixth barely saved by the authorities from the mob. Then, more than a year later—"further evidence has led to the general belief that Mozzle Lake, who escaped, is the murderer!"

A white jury and the law, soberly and with deliberation, could restore to the one living victim of a premature, mad impulse his liberty, but not to the five others, who are dead.

How long are the decent, law-abiding citizens of Georgia going to tolerate this disgraceful, barbaric practice—which is the foulest blot upon the name of the state today!

It is as Henry Watterson says in the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal:

"Lynching should not be misconstrued. It is not an effort to punish crime. It is a sport which has as its excuse the fact that a crime, of greater or less gravity, has been committed, or is alleged. A lynching party rarely is made up of citizens indignant at the law's delays or failures. It often is made up of a mob bent upon diversion, and proceeding in a mood of rather frolicsome ferocity, to have a thoroughly good time. Lynchers are not persons who strive from day to day toward social betterment. Neither are they always drunken ruffians. Oftentimes they are ruffians wholly sober in so far as alcoholic indulgence is concerned, but highly stimulated by an opportunity to indulge in spectacular murder when there is no fear that the next grand jury will return murder indictments against them."

PURELY AMERICAN

The Macon, Ga., Telegraph can so seldom mention the Negro decently that we quote this editorial with unusual pleasure:

"The only distinctive, indigenous music America has given to the world has come from the Negro race our old-time planters bought from slave ships and set to work on our plantations from Baltimore to Brunswick. We interpret through the artists we have developed in the last generation or two the music, the conceptions, and creations of the world's greatest composers with a verve and character that is all our own, but outside Sousa's stirring marches and some of the minor innovations of Victor Herbert America has given the world but one real, rich and enduring division in music—and that is the plaintive, delicious, and unapproachable quality in the basic strains of the songs of the American Negro. "Suwanee," "Old Black Joe," and others of that beloved generation are sung precisely through the world over, wherever there is music by the hearthside, while "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," sung by singers such as Miss Mary Wesley Craig, of Macon, who knew the Negro and can really interpret that wonderful old human benediction, and by the properly trained choruses is so distinct in its way, so full of character and real expression of the basic human emotion that there is nothing in all the world like it. Those who heard the great Tuskegee chorus sing it at the funeral of Booker T. Washington tell us that the effect was indescribable. White people on the stage that day who heard the world's greatest artists, who have been moved and stirred by the world's most sublime and beautiful choristers' triumphs simply crumpled up with sensation and emotion as the great croon came welling up from the hundreds upon hundreds of Negroes who were singing.

It has been said that a white man with burnt cork on his face can be more typical of the Negro than the Negro himself, but that is not true. The trained Negro can do the Negro's things better than the white man, can interpret the Negro's atmosphere and traditions such as no Caucasian can ever do.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

The new branch of the N. A. A. C. P., at Atlanta, Ga., has signaled its birth by a splendid petition to the local Board of Education. It says in part:

"The city of Atlanta owes the black child the same opportunity to fit himself for usefulness and helpful citizenship that it owes the white child, and it cannot do less and serve the interest of humanity and good government; and we feel quite certain that you, gentlemen, realizing these principles of humanity, cannot in good conscience spend all the money in the interest of your children and see our children grooping in ignorance and neglect not only to the detriment of the Negro immediately, but to the detriment of the white man in common.

You, with fifty schools, most of them ample, efficient, and comfortable, for the education of your children in English, industries and preparation for high schools, and in the high schools, can square neither your conscience with your God nor your conduct with your oaths, and behold Negro children in fourteen unsanitary, dilapidated, unventilated school rooms, with double sessions in half of the grades, no industrial facilities, no preparation for high schools and no high schools for the blacks.

We are moved to come before you now, for information comes to us that you are
preparing to displace the seventh grade in the Negro schools to find money to provide a junior high school for the white children. If our information is correct, then this use of the public funds is unfair and unjust. If the department of whites is in need of a junior high school, they ought to have it, and we ask that you provide it; and as a matter of justice and as a crying need, we ask in the same breath that you not only do not take out the seventh grade of the Negro department, but that you provide facilities and teachers that Negro children may be able to do the eight years' work in seven years as the white children are able, to do, by eliminating double sessions from the Negro department. Therefore, we ask that the seventh grade be retained and that double sessions be eliminated from the Negro department, and that ample teachers be provided that Negro children may do the eight grades in seven years.

Again, we protest against the displacement of the seventh grade with the vocational idea. We are entitled to the seventh grade and the vocational idea, in common with your children.

Second, we submit that you provide ample industrial features, including the vocational ideas for the Negro schools, providing them with practical work shops: We mean practical industries. We do not mean simply making baskets, toys, paper boxes and needle work. We mean the allied trades that our boys may become shoemakers, carpenters, brick layers, tinsmiths, etc., and that our girls may become stenographers, bookkeepers, trained cooks and laundresses and that they may have opportunity to acquire such other industrial training as is fitted to their sex.

Third, we submit that there should be some provision to prepare our children to enter high schools. If our children are to be cut off at the sixth grade, what is to cover the gap between the sixth grade and the high schools? Where will they prepare themselves to enter private high schools or colleges? We submit that the system is deficient in this respect, as it affects Negro children.

Fourth, we submit that you provide a high school to prepare our boys and girls to enter the colleges of the city, state and country, in like manner as you provide high schools for your boys and girls to enter colleges of the country.

These betterments we ask because they are justly ours; because they are right. They are fully ours, because we are citizens and taxpayers, and because the state instituted this system for our benefit in common with yours.

Incidentally the petition has this neat turning of the tables on Georgia's two demagog's in the U. S. Senate:

It has sometimes been claimed that the Negro gets in school facilities more money already than he pays taxes. To such a statement, we quote our Senators, Hardwick and Smith, in reply to Senators Smoot and Penrose in discussing the pork barrel bill before Congress. Senator Penrose alleged that the state of Pennsylvania paid more internal revenue to the Union than the eleven Southern States and Missouri included, and Georgia received more consideration in the pork barrel appropriation than did the states of Pennsylvania, New York, and all New England. Senator Hardwick for the South, ably and correctly replied that when the eleven Southern States and Missouri contributed their mite to the Federal Exchequer, they paid in proportion to the protection they received, by reason of property holdings, and that when the Southern States paid their money to the government, it became a public fund—a trust fund—belonging to all of the people, and that the Southern States lost their identity as taxpayers; and in like manner, when Pennsylvania paid her millions into the public trust, she was paid in proportion to the property holdings, and that she lost her identity, and her millions, in common with the Southern States' mite, became public funds, trust funds to be administered for the best interest of a common government in the interest of all of the people; and that is our answer to the charge that we are receiving more money than we contribute as taxpayers.

THE EXODUS

Three quotations illustrate public opinion on the present economic condition of the South. The New York Nation declares that:

For years the South has been working up a situation ready for a match. That match, a two-headed one, has been applied and the wail from the southern press—with a few notable exceptions, like the Atlanta Constitution—shows that the flames have scorched whole districts. One head of the match consists of the increasing ravages of the boll-weevil and the disastrous floods of last summer; the other head is the desire of northern employers to find a substitute for the immigrant labor cut off by the war. No irresponsible lumberman leaving behind him a waste fallen timber is more to blame for a conflagration than the southern press which has winked at lynchings, mob violence, and Jim-Crowism in transportation and schools, yet which, when Negroes avail themselves by the hundred thousand of the chance to better their condition in the North, has the effrontery to wave the doctrine that "the southern white man is the Negro's best friend." That the motive for the rush northward has not been merely economic, but has been made acute by constant dread of mob violence, is proved by the exodus from those counties which aided Georgia to lead all other states in the lynching record.
of last year, and by the fact that emigration from South Carolina became significant only after the Abbeville outrage.

The dominant Negro-hating white South speaks through the Columbia, S. C., Record:

The object of the federal land loan bank is to permit tenant farmers to acquire their homes. While this may be made the greatest possible boon for the South, yet to the white tenant farmer it might become a real danger. The Negro is acquiring more land than the poorer white man, and the Negro will take advantage of the opportunity to buy land under the operation of the federal bank with its long term loans upon low rate of interest. What will the white tenant farmer do? . . .

We must find a remedy. There must be some remedy for we must reclaim the rural South for the white man. . . .

We think there are three things necessary to improve conditions. We must lift up the tenant class of white men. In some counties there are white tenants whose condition is little better, if at all, than that of the Negroes. We must not permit Negroes and whites to work in the same field. The white tenant should be encouraged to buy his own land and should be helped to pay for it. There are no “poor whites.” We are all from the same settlers. The condition of some may be poorer than that of others, but the responsibility is upon all to help them. The Negro is crowding the white man off the farm, and this means ruin to the country. We should have a rural “building and loan” system to help white tenants buy and pay for homes.

Another step is also a responsibility upon the white man. Land owners must stand together against farm labor contract jumpers. Any white man who will entice a laborer is an enemy to his race and to his community. Farm laborers must know their place and must be kept there.

As to the Negro himself, we believe in segregation. Elevate the white tenant's condition and remove him entirely from association with the Negro except on a plane of superiority. Keep the Negroes to themselves, just as they were kept in their “quarters” on the old plantations.

The Birmingham, Ala., News represents the new forward-looking South:

Barbour County has launched a campaign designed to awaken the rural Negro to the opportunities that lie about him, to the results that may be achieved by intense cultivation of the soil, to the latest methods adopted for fighting the weevil, and, altogether, to make him more prosperous and contented. In order that the Negro may not misunderstand the purpose of this campaign, or be led to believe that his white neighbors have a purely selfish reason for wishing him to stay in his native South, the work of enlightenment is to be carried forward by Negro leaders under the auspices of the Tuskegee Institute.

THE LOOKING GLASS

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

THIS from the Rio Janeiro, Brazil, Times:

The tram to Botafogo was packed. The little colored laundress had difficulty in squeezing in beyond two well-dressed, well-fed individuals, an American, and an Englishman, who kept up a running stream of self-complacent talk on a single subject of all-absorbing interest.

—“twas a clear cinch of twenty thousand dollars.

—“and Joe Smith made twenty-five thousand dollars over that contract”

—“Yes, and I gave my wife a five thousand dollar necklace day before yesterday out of”

The tram stopped with a jerk to set down a passenger. A pitiful waif of humanity, a ragged, white-haired, consumptive woman clung on the step and stretched out a transparent claw for charity.

“I starve, senhores, alms, for the love of God!”

There was an embarrassed pause. The dollarmen stared straight in front of them, apparently deaf.

Then, “Excuse me,” said a soft voice. The tram sped off again to the full-throated duet of dollars, Dollars, DOLLARS.

The Westerly, R. I., Sun says:

The United States has departed in practice from cherished theory. When Thomas Jefferson announced the “consent of the governed” principle we were committed by the constitution itself to the slavery of the black man, and even now there is a point in the proposition of the “colored brother” who has risen to remark that with the principle of “peace without victory” ought to be coupled the principle of “justice without lynching.” When the world is reformed the nations will respect the rights of even their weakest neighbors, but meanwhile it is hazardous to put the United States forward as a shining example in every particular.

John D. Barry writes in the Boston Herald, and other papers:

The truth is that prejudice of color is a convention. Like most other prejudices, it carries the illusion of advantage, and advantage, imaginary or real, human beings hate to give up. No matter how foolish a prejudice may be, once identified with advantage, it quickly gathers around it justification and excuses. It can resist the deepest teaching of religion. It will even meet with—
out flinching the most terrible penalties. As a result of color prejudice humanity has already inflicted fearful suffering on itself. But it is determined to keep on. There are those who the instant a word is said against it will fly into a rage, among them ardent democrats who profess to believe in the equality of man.

The adage that pride goeth before destruction may apply with terrible force to the pride of the white people. Already there are prophecies of a conflict between the Western world and the East, mingled with the prophecies of the disappearance of war from the earth. Which is the more probable? Can war be kept out so long as a large part of humanity thinks it has a right to look down on the rest of humanity? Out of our prejudices come some of our deadliest woes, and there is no prejudice so ruthless as the kind associated with color of the skin.

APPOINTING NEGROES

DUNCAN C. MILNER has this letter in the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

There has been discussion recently as to the admission of a well qualified young physician to a public institution as an interne because he is a Negro. This illustrates the power of race prejudice.

The best colored people of Chicago are asking no favors as to social recognition, but they do ask equal opportunities as citizens, to do work for which they are qualified.

A distressing feature is the fact that white men and women who themselves are in the struggle of life are so intolerant and even cruel in their treatment of their fellows if they belong to another race. A young woman well educated, of real refinement, and most attractive in appearance and manners was a skilled stenographer prior to her mishap. She had won her way till she was at the head of a large number of employees in a Chicago office. One day a boy, evidently of Negro blood, asked for her and said she was his cousin. The next morning the head of the firm told her that, while they were satisfied in every way with her work, respected her character and would part with her with great regret, she would have to go, because all the other employees threatened to quit if a person with a trace of Negro blood in her veins held her position.

The Provident Hospital and Training School for Colored Nurses has on its staff of physicians both white and colored men, but all nurses are colored. Some time ago a man was seriously injured in an accident at the stockyards. He was hastily taken to Provident Hospital and it was found that he was a citizen of North Carolina, of wealth and high social position. His wife and daughters were sent for at a hotel. When they arrived at the hospital they were horrified to find it a colored institution and demanded that he be removed. The doctor said it would be at risk of his life to make a change. He remained there for weeks. When he was taken home both he and his family expressed perfect satisfaction with his treatment and care.

Some years ago an institution of Chicago that employs nurses told some graduates of Provident Hospital that they would no longer employ colored nurses. Philip D. Armour was a liberal supporter of this charitably society. He called up its manager and said if they declined to use capable nurses because they were colored they would cease to receive his annual check for $1,000. This ended the exclusion of nurses because of their race.

Prominent white people of Chicago and other cities are patrons of colored physicians, dentists, and nurses.

Attorney-General Brundage deserves credit for ignoring race prejudice and appointing the capable Colonel Denison as one of his assistants.

American people are very free in announcing the cruel persecutions of the Jews in Russia. They should be ashamed of the petty, contemptible, and cruel persecution of Negroes in this presumably free land.
The Horizon

SOCIAL PROGRESS

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick Douglass was widely celebrated among colored people and to some extent among whites. In Boston the event was celebrated by the public schools, a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and the dedication of a public square at Tremont, Cabot and Hammond streets in honor of the great abolitionist. In New Bedford flags were raised on public buildings. The Governor of New York attended the Douglass memorial service held in Rochester at the University Club. In Brooklyn, N. Y., the flag on Borough Hall was at half-mast all day.

A number of civil rights bills to prevent discrimination on account of color have been introduced: one in the Legislature of Pennsylvania which has a good chance of passing; another has already passed the Lower House of the New Jersey Legislature; a third has been introduced into the Illinois Legislature; a fourth is being considered by the General Assembly of Rhode Island; and a fifth by the General Assembly of Colorado.

The Savannah, Ga., Home Association is erecting a three-story club house to cost $15,000. The architects and builders are colored men.

A state federation of colored women's clubs has been formed in Oregon.

The city of Savannah, Ga., has decided to support and maintain a playground for colored children.

The Economy Commission of Kansas is said to be about to report a bill abolishing the colored Western University in Quindaro, on the ground that colored students are received at the State University.

The first anniversary of the colored Carnegie Library at Nashville, Tenn., has been celebrated by a public meeting. It was reported that 26,999 persons had employed the library during the year.

Frank Riley Turner, coal miner of Des Moines, Iowa, and his wife, who were married in 1893, have fifteen living children, ranging from three to twenty-two years of age, besides six dead. Mr. Turner is buying a $700 home.

National Negro Health Week, first advocated by the late Booker T. Washington, will be celebrated April 22 to 28 by meetings and exercises in schools.

The Colored San Francisco Women's Club regularly visits six hospitals, helps the Home for the Aged, and the colored orphans, has a story hour for children, improvement meetings, a committee to visit the juvenile courts, and is a member of the State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

Welcome Hall, an institution devoted to the education and social betterment of the colored people of St. Paul, Minn., was dedicated on Lincoln's birthday. It will be managed in connection with the Zion Presbyterian Church.

An industrial and reform school for Negro children is to be built in Ladston, S. C. The site contains 240 acres.

Three colored men successfully passed the Bar examination at Raleigh, N. C.: J. N. Jones, G. S. McBrayer, and T. F. Saunders. All are graduates of Howard University.

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois was one of the speakers at the Morehouse College jubilee, Atlanta, Ga., and also spoke at Atlanta University, at Haines Institute, Augusta, Ga., and at Centenary Church, Charleston, S. C. He was the recipient of many pleasant attentions.

Mrs. Carrie K. Bowles, secretary of the Mound City Social Settlement, St. Louis, Mo., has secured training for a class of selected young colored people in social service by the St. Louis Provident Association. Some of these are assured of salaried positions as workers for the Association when they shall have obtained proficiency.

It is reported that several hundred American Negroes are joining the Canadian armies. A colored infantry company has been formed in Western Pennsylvania, and a bill is before the New Jersey Legislature to establish a Negro regiment in the National Guard of the state.

At an examination for the railway mail service at Houston, Texas, there were thirty-five colored and thirty white candidates.

In Kansas City, Mo., H. P. Ewing, the colored "potato king," has succeeded in getting the authorities to close a notorious dive which was ruining colored youth.
A colored American named Coffey was among those killed in the sinking of the S. S. Laconia.

Attorney George H. Woodson, of Iowa, declares that he was offered $1,000 a month to work among the Negro employees of the Government Arsenal at Rock Island with the object of eventually blowing it up. The "stranger of military appearance" reminded Mr. Woodson of the treatment of his race by the United States. Mr. Woodson refused the offer.

The colored people of New Orleans, La., gave a "Carnival of Nations" at Temple Theatre for the benefit of a new Catholic church.

Many new Negro hospitals are being opened. The Frisco Railroad may build a hospital costing $25,000 at Springfield, Mo. A new hospital for the colored insane in Tennessee may be organized by turning over entirely to Negroes the present institution at Bolivar and building a new one entirely for whites. At Birmingham, Ala., the North Side Infirmary has been opened. An Out-Patient Department has been established at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Columbia, S. C. The Douglass Hospital of Philadelphia has been cut off without appropriation by the Pennsylvania Legislature and is protesting. A $50,000 hospital, said to be the largest in the South, will be erected at Durham, N. C. It is promoted by influential Negroes and has been helped by wealthy whites.

Congress has authorized the payment of $25,000,000 for the Danish West Indies and empowered the President to set up a temporary government on the Island pending investigation of the needs of the people. Negro Americans ought certainly to be represented on the Board of Investigation.

The Negro auxiliary of the Associated Charities at Columbia, S. C., is raising $800 to help in the work.

MUSIC AND ART

THE annual mid-winter concert given at Talladega, Ala., by the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society of Talladega College, was held February 9. The numbers were drawn from modern composers with an interspersing of solo and ensemble pieces by classic and modern composers. The chorus was conducted by C. R. Diton, Director of the College Conservatory of Music.

A lengthy and interesting article, "From Vaudeville Turn to Composer's Desk—The Rise and Progress of James Rosamond Johnson Into Writer and Apostle of Negro Music Taken Seriously," is published in the Boston Transcript of February 17. A group of Negro melodies, freely developed for concert use by Mr. Johnson, is soon to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company.

Professor Carl Diton's "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," a transcription for the organ, is among the new publications issued by the G. Schirmer Company. The piece is said by the reviewers to be a church or concert voluntary of unusual beauty and makes use of all the resources of the instrument.

Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, lecturer-pianist, and William H. Richardson, of Boston, Mass., are filling engagements in Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee. Concerts were given in the Middle West during January and February. At Kansas City, Mo., on February 8, at the Second Baptist Church, they were greeted by a notable audience of nearly one thousand persons, a repetition of inspiring and attentive audiences in St. Louis, Mo., and other Kansas cities. At the Texas State Normal School the pupils and faculty comprised an audience of about eleven hundred people. The Galveston, Texas, recital was attended by a good number of white music-lovers.

Mr. Henry T. Burleigh's magnificent song of the war, "One Year, 1914-1915," has become deservedly popular. It was sung by Penelope Davies at the annual ladies' night of the Canadian Club of New York, at the Hotel Biltmore on February 12, and for his reintroduction of the song at his recital on February 11 at Carnegie Hall, John McCormack, the Irish tenor, was thanked by the reviewers.

Miss Mary Jordan, an American contralto, introduced Mr. Burleigh's setting of Arthur Symon's "In the Wood of Finvara," as well as repeating "Deep River" (dedicated to the contralto), at her recital at Aeolian Hall, New York, during February. Musical America says of "In the Wood of Finvara": "It is a remarkable song, one that will be highly prized, and it was given impressively. The audience re-demanded it."
Miss Helen Hagan, pianist, is on concert tour in the Middle West. Among her recent appearances were those of February 6 at Fort Smith, Ark., where she was presented by the Phyllis Wheatley Club, and a most successful engagement at Tulsa, Okla. Miss Hagan had also the honor of giving a recital at the Kidd-Key College Conservatory of Music at Sherman, Texas.

A Mid-Winter Folk-Song Festival was held February 12-16 by the National Training School for Women and Girls, Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, President, at Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, Washington, D. C. The soloists were Anita Patti Brown, soprano, and Clarence Cameron White, violinist. An address was given on “Lincoln and Douglass” by Roscoe Conkling Simmons.


A lecture recital on Indian and Negro music was given at the Ithaca, N. Y., Conservatory of Music. Burleigh, Cook, Dett, and Coleridge-Taylor were represented on the program.

Miss Freita Shaw, a young colored girl, was presented in recital at Portland, Oregon, by Mme. Lucie Valair, her teacher. The audience of one hundred colored people and two hundred and fifty whites was enthusiastic. The program contained Irish, German, and French songs, and the aria from the second act of Meyerbeer’s “L’Afrique.”

Mr. Ridgeley Torrence, a white playwright, backed by Emily Hapgood, and assisted by the decorator, R. E. Jones, is planning to stage on Broadway, New York, a series of plays depicting Negro life. Negro actors will be used. Among the plays will be “Granny Maumee,” which has already been given once, and a new play, “Simon, the Cyrenian.”

Mrs. Alice Dunbar-Nelson and Roland W. Hayes gave a recital before the New Century Club, Wilmington, Del., on “Quaint Phases of the Life of the Negro.” The entertainment was for the benefit of the colored tuberculosis hospital and was very successful. Of the singing of Mr. Hayes in Kansas City, Mo., the Times says: “He has the qualities that go to the making of a successful artist. His voice is a dramatic tenor of wide range and great beauty. The high tones are brilliant, and he commands an exquisite pianissimo, pure and limpid. Best of all, he has taste, imagination, and a sense of poetry. Sentiment was always delicately expressed, but in the large dramatic requirements of ‘Celeste Aida’ the youth of the singer was apparent in a certain lack of fire. Phrasing and style left little to be desired, and his distinct enunciation added much to the pleasure of listeners. The delicate, impalpable beauty of Katherine Glenn’s ‘Twilight’ won instant response, and it is proof of the poetic temperament of the race that some of the finest songs found readiest appreciation. The artist responded with several old southern songs. His program closed with ‘Onaway, Awake Beloved,’ by a composer of his own race—Samuel Coleridge-Taylor.” Mr. Hayes, assisted by R. Augustus Lawson, gave a concert in Hartford, Conn., at St. Monica’s Episcopal Church, under the patronage of two white bishops and many people of distinction, both white and colored.

The Coleridge-Taylor Society with fifty student voices, gave their second concert to white and colored auditors at the Florida Baptist College, Jacksonville. The singing of Josephine Junius, a contralto soloist, was especially remarked.

The Glee Club of the Central High School, Louisville, Ky., gave a concert largely of Negro compositions.

Mrs. Anna Burckhardt, of Lincoln, Neb., is a colored artist with a large number of white pupils. Her portrait of the late Booker T. Washington has been hung by the Board of Education in the Lincoln High School.

The Washington, D. C., Star says: “A head of a child modeled by Mrs. May Howard Jackson, of this city, has recently been placed on exhibition in the lower loan room of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is an admirable piece of work, well constructed, nicely modeled, and expressive, and it takes its place well among the works in this gallery by sculptors of more experience and greater reputation.”

In memory of the late Professor John T. Layton, a Washington, D. C., chorus of one hundred voices is preparing to render Coleridge-Taylor’s “Hiawatha.” Dr. C. S. Wormley heads the movement and Josephine Wormley will direct the chorus.
INDUSTRY

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS was paid to stockholders of the colored Berean Loan Association of Philadelphia, Pa., on Washington's birthday. The association has assets of over $200,000.

The New York Central Railroad is asking for colored laborers. Another large factory calling for one hundred colored girls is reported to have been opened in Detroit, Mich. In Western Massachusetts the Hampden County Improvement League is seeking good colored farmers for the tobacco farms. At Dover, N. J., there are openings for colored men in the factories, foundries, and stove works. Colored men are being employed as engineers, firemen, and brakemen at the Scullin-Gallagher's Steel Plant at St. Louis, Mo. They have replaced striking white men.

Movements to take proper care of Negro immigrants from the South have been started in Baltimore, Md., and Philadelphia, Pa. In Baltimore better hospital accommodations, better housing, and parks are suggested. In Philadelphia Negroes have been especially active in matters of health and housing.

It is reported that a colored man of Lincoln, Neb., received copper stock from a penniless salesman in return for his board. These two thousand shares of the United Verde Extension are now worth over thirty dollars a share.

A $10,000 laundry is proposed by colored people of Nashville, Tenn.

At Rocky Mount, N. C., the white floor manager of a knitting mill employing colored girls has been discharged for cursing one of the girls. The girls struck until the manager was sent away.

The Colored Richmond, Va., Medical Society will erect a well-equipped professional building soon.

The cotton crop of Louisiana was unusually good last season and sold at high prices. It is reported that many Negro planters have bought automobiles costing $3,000 or more.

The National Benefit Association of Washington, D. C., reports an income of $376,816 last year. It owns in stocks and bonds $181,426.

Marlborough, Mich., is the latest "Negro city." It is incorporated with a hotel, school, theatre, houses, and a factory.

A study of the Negro in Chicago by the Chicago Daily News is sympathetically done and brings out facts of great interest. Among these it shows that Jean Baptiste Point de Saible, a free colored man of San Domingo, was the first settler of Chicago and the first property owner, 137 years ago. The largest employers of colored labor are the Pullman Company with 7,500 porters, and the stock yards with 5,000 colored workers.

The Three States Better Farming Association has been organized in Memphis, Tenn. B. M. Roddy is the president.

Despite the advice of the Tuskegee Conference fifteen mechanics have come from Tuskegee to Akron, Ohio. They will work in the building trades.

Depositors of the defunct Alabama Penny Prudential Savings Bank, Birmingham, have received their first dividend.

The Mechanics Savings Bank of Richmond, Va., has purchased a whole block in the west end, where it will make improvements.

Brown's Savings and Banking Company of Norfolk, Va., paid out $70,000 through its Christmas clubs last year; the Mechanics Savings Bank of Richmond, Va., $60,000; and the Wage Earners Savings Bank of Savannah, Ga., $14,000.

The Henry Mears Feed Company of Savannah, Ga., has added a motor truck to its equipment. A new drug store has been opened by Dr. George Pate.

Mr. George W. Turner, of Little Rock, Ark., has invented a spring fan which will run continuously for twenty-four hours. The patent has been granted.

The Mutual Savings Bank of Portsmouth, Va., has resources of $40,700. It has paid all expenses and has net earnings of $3,000 for last year.

A colored farm demonstrator has been hired by the white business men of Yazoo City, Miss., to make the Negroes better satisfied and stop their migration North.

The Barbers Union of Omaha, Neb., will not admit Negroes. Recently the union raised prices. The Negroes did not. The result is a very large transfer of patronage.

The Washington Sanitarium and Hotel Company is being operated at Mount Clemens, Mich., by colored men.

The Rev. H. H. Johnson, a retired colored minister and real estate dealer of New Haven, Conn., was found at his death to be worth over $100,000.
Boynton, Okla., is a colored town in the oil and farming region. Many of its inhabitants are wealthy. One of them, George W. Davis, sold his oil interests last year for $75,000.

Colored undertakers and business men of North Carolina have incorporated a $50,000 casket factory. It will be located at Fayetteville and will employ from fifty to one hundred colored people.

EDUCATION

Two colored institutions have celebrated their fiftieth anniversaries, Howard University at Washington, D. C., and Morehouse College at Atlanta, Ga. The celebration at Howard consisted of a reunion of the alumni, a conference of social workers, and an address by Secretary Lane, of the U. S. Interior Department. Many visitors were in attendance. The charter of Howard University is dated March 2, 1867. The university has graduated 4,591 students since 1867, including 1,000 doctors, 844 bachelors of arts and normal graduates, 771 lawyers, 423 ministers, 324 dentists, 264 pharmacists, 703 from the Academy, and 362 from other departments. Morehouse College was established as Augusta Institute in Augusta, Ga., in 1867. It was then moved to Atlanta and became the Atlanta Baptist Seminary. Recently its name has been changed to Morehouse College. The fiftieth anniversary was celebrated by a three days’ conference. Among those who took part were the president of Brown University, the secretary of the General Education Board, Dr. D. W. Abercrombie of Worcester Academy, and the principal of Tuskegee Institute.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Howard Orphanage and Industrial School at King’s Park, L. I., is being celebrated by a campaign to raise $100,000 as an endowment. George Foster Peabody is chairman of the Campaign Committee. The institution has a 572-acre farm and takes care of 250 colored boys and girls. Dr. J. H. N. Waring, formerly principal of the Colored High School, Baltimore, Md., and more recently a practising physician in Washington, D. C., will succeed Mrs. James H. Gordon as superintendent.

The Virginia Association and School Improvement League met in Roanoke. Among the speakers were G. P. Phoenix of Hampton, Archdeacon Russell, and W. T. B. Williams.

Colored scholars are already beginning to gain distinction. At Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., Frances Grant, eldest daughter of the late Boston dentist, has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. At Williams’ College, Williamstown, Mass., Rayford W. Logan of the Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C., has been elected to the same society. At the Harrisburg, Pa., High School, Harlan Allen Carter, son of W. Justin Carter, the well-known lawyer, won the Lamberton Oratorical Prize. He has been prominent in school athletics and will enter Howard University. In Philadelphia, Pa., there were eleven graduates from the Normal School for Girls and eleven from the Girls’ High Schools. There were two graduates from the Central High School for Boys. Among those who won distinction were Helen C. Underhill, who was commencement speaker, and Raymond P. Alexander, who was treasurer of his class and one of the editors of the school paper. He spoke at commencement on the “Future of the Negro” and was listed among the ten most distinguished students. Ernest Brown, who won the Columbia University speaking contest for Westchester County, N. Y., at Winyah School, has won the state contest under the same auspices, in Earl Hall, Columbia.
University, which entitles him to fifty dollars cash or a scholarship in Columbia College.

New school buildings are going up here and there in the South. At Beaumont, Texas, the cornerstone of a new modern school was laid in the presence of 3,000 colored people and a few whites. The building will cost $77,000 and occupy a whole city block. It will be fireproof, with twenty rooms and an assembly room seating 300 children. At Jacksonville, Fla., steps are being taken to give the Stanton School, which is the largest public school in the state, a new building.

The industrial building of the Alcorn A. and M. College, Alcorn, Miss., has been destroyed by fire. The loss is $12,000.

Mr. D. C. Suggs of Greensboro has been elected President of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C. He is a graduate of Lincoln University and for a long time has been Professor of Natural Science in the Georgia State Industrial College at Savannah. He has considerable property and is the third president of Livingstone, his predecessors being the late J. C. Price, and Dr. W. H. Goler. Dr. Goler is now Financial Secretary of the A. M. E. Church.

The Negro Organization Society of Virginia has conducted a state-wide tag day for the benefit of the Industrial Home for Wayward Colored Girls in Hanover County.

A summer school for teachers will be held at Cheyney, Pa., July 5 to August 2. The cost of board and tuition for the month will be fifteen dollars, and applica-

tions accompanied by check should be made as soon as possible. Teachers of rural schools will be given preference. Courses will be offered in the special methods used in the teaching of the elementary subjects, school management, English, history and civics, nature study, physiology and hygiene, drawing and designing, physical training, cooking, sewing, wood-working and gardening.

A dinner was given at the Hermitage Hotel, Nashville, Tenn., to Dr. Hanus of Harvard University, the presidents of Vanderbilt, Meharry, and Fisk, Dr. Wallace Butler, Abraham Flexner, and other local white men. Negro education was discussed.

At the South Florida Fair the Negro exhibit was excellent and there was a large attendance on Negro Day.

Senator W. E. English has introduced a bill to establish an industrial school for Negroes in Indiana. A similar bill was passed through the last Legislature, but the money was never spent.

In Portsmouth, Va., new salary increases have been made for teachers, but with great discrimination against colored teachers. White teachers begin with $400 a year in the elementary schools and are increased $50 a year until they receive $750. Colored teachers start at $250 and are increased $25 a year until they reach $450.

Leland College, in New Orleans, a school which recently sold its property and has about $300,000 in funds, is seeking a site in Louisiana. Dr. John Ford of Jacksonville is to be the new president.
The colored people of Chicago are asking for a member on the school board. E. H. Morris, Esq., may be appointed.

Charges have been preferred against J. N. Marquiss, the President of the Colored A. and M. School at Langston, Okla.

MEETINGS

The eighteenth annual meeting of the National Negro Business League will be held next August at Chattanooga, Tenn. The nineteenth biennial session of the Supreme Lodge of the Colored Knights of Pythias will meet in St. Louis, Mo., August 19. At least 20,000 visitors are expected.

Race conferences have been held as follows: At Payne College, Cuthbert, Ga.; Columbia, S. C.; Southern University, New Orleans, La.; Georgia State Industrial College, Savannah; Piney Woods School, Mississippi; and Lane College, Jackson, Tenn. Most of these conferences were especially for farmers and all of them were well attended.

A community conference was held in Baltimore, Md., by the Women's Co-operative Civic League. Mrs. A. D. Hunton and Mrs. Harris Barrett were among the speakers.

A conference of employed and volunteer workers among colored women in city Y. W. C. A.'s was held at Indianapolis, Ind. Among the speakers were Miss M. B. Belcher, of St. Louis, and Miss H. Roelofs. Eva D. Bowles was in charge.

The colored dentists of Virginia met in Roanoke.

The Negroes of Mississippi are actively organized and working under a colored commission in order to make a success of their part in the Mississippi Centennial Exposition at Gulfport next December.

THE CHURCH

The Bishops' Council of the A. M. E. Church held its mid-winter session at Hot Springs, Ark.

A state-wide meeting of 160 Negro ministers and laymen was held at St. John A. M. E. Church, Montgomery, Ala. Resolutions were adopted "requesting fairer treatment in the courts, protection at the hands of those in authority, more consideration from the white people of communities, higher wages for their work, the right not to be judged by the low and vicious members of the race, and pledging their support in making America a saloonless country. The meeting urged the Negroes to stay in those communities granting these requests." This is the best yet.

The Colored Laymen's Missionary Movement of the United States and Canada, meeting in Richmond, Va., has enrolled 300 men for its work.

A campaign to raise $86,000 for the various Negro Baptist institutions in Texas has been started by the Baptists at Fort Worth.

The First Baptist Church of Little Rock, Ark., has installed a $3,000 pipe organ.

Bishop W. W. Beckett of the A. M. E. Church has been cordially received in South Africa. Among the speakers at the reception was the well-known Dr. Abdurahman.

At the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, meeting in St. Louis, Mo., colored speakers voiced complaints against the South. Rev. J. W. Gilbert, of Augusta, Ga., said: "In almost any community the Negro is given the most unhealthy part in which to live, where there is no sanitation. Why do the Negroes die at such a rapid rate? They are being killed; they live in such miasmatic conditions." Dr. John R. Hawkins, of Washington, D. C., said that Negroes were leaving the South by hundreds of thousands. "Conditions have become intolerable. The whole problem rests with the white men who have control of the government and the railroads and the municipalities. If you want to settle it right, go back to your homes and confer with a few Negroes, who will tell you the truth, if it be guaranteed that they won't be run away from their homes. They love their homes, but life is not worth living there."

POLITICS

Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota was tendered a public reception in Washington, D. C., on his retirement from the Senate. The Honorable A. H. Grimké presided.

Alderman Oscar De Priest, of Chicago, III., has withdrawn from the race and Louis B. Anderson has been nominated for his place by the Republicans.

Mr. C. P. Russell acted as a member of the Grand Jury of the Third Session of the Superior Court at Boston.
Mr. Elijah J. Graham, Jr., of Wheeling, has been made law librarian for Ohio County, W. Va.

Mound Bayou, the Negro town of Mississippi, is in a political turmoil, the Governor of the state having appointed a Mayor whom the town refuses to receive.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that Charles H. Turpin, a colored man for a long time Constable of the Fourth District, has been defeated for re-election by eleven votes. Thirty-eight of his votes were thrown out because the voters had written their names at the bottom!

The Honorable J. C. Roberts is the colored member of a commission of three, appointed by the Colonial Council of the Danish West India Islands to confer with the U. S. Government.

MISS PEARL MITCHELL, daughter of the late president of Wilberforce University, has done the work of the supervisor's course in music at Oberlin College in one year. She was selected as one of the five students to teach the conducting class of eighty during the instructor's absence on vacation. She will be graduated in June.

Mr. Hannibal, a colored man, was the chef of the famous Diet Squad of New York policemen.

Mr. Howard P. Drew is on the debating team of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. James T. Ferrell is foreman of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Wheelhouse at Sedalia, Mo. He has been in charge for sixteen years and during the last five years has employed colored workmen entirely. The shop has an output of 600 wheels a month.

Mr. William W. Cook at La Salle, Ill., and Lowell W. Baker at Albion, Mich., are two colored superintendents of construction employed on the staff of the supervising architect of the U. S. Treasury. Their records are among the best.

Mr. Robert Welborn, of Jacksonville, Fla., a white man, willed $125,000 to a colored woman, Sarah P. Thompson, who nursed him through a severe illness without pay.

The song "Pretty Baby," which was so popular in Ziegfeld's "Follies," was composed by Tony Jackson, a colored piano player of Chicago, Ill., and sold to the publishers for forty-five dollars.

Mr. John C. Jordan, after serving thirty years in the U. S. Navy, has been recently retired as Chief Petty Officer. He has received six medals, one of which, the Dewey Medal, is for his bravery at Manila Bay.

Mr. Cleveland Buchanan has been appointed Criminal Investigator in the District Attorney's office at Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Grace P. Campbell has been appointed an officer on the Parole Commission of the State of New York after competitive examination.

Ashby Jackson, the only colored man on the Fire Department at Wheeling, W. Va., has served twenty years.

The late Mrs. Laura B. Winslow, of New York City, bequeathed $12,000 to Louise Pache, her colored servant.


LEON WELCHIN, a colored soldier in the Austrian Army, has been decorated with the Iron Cross for bravery under fire. He is a West Indian by birth.

The Paramount Chief of the Bechuana-Land Protectorate of South Africa has contributed $1,780 to the British Red Cross Society.

The forty-fourth anniversary of the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico was celebrated March 22 under the auspices of the Laborers' Institute of Social Reforms, with the co-operation of the authorities of the Island.

The Native Labor Brigade of South Africa has furnished over 10,000 volunteers for work in Europe. They have uniformed, drilled, and organized. The Cape Colored Corps has been serving with the English troops in East Africa. The Swazi chiefs have sent their young Paramount Chief and a number of his companions to be educated at Lovedale. Khama, the aged Chief of the BaMangwato, being seriously ill, has become reconciled to his son. Chief Lewanika, of the Barotse Nation, has been succeeded by Chief Leita.

Mr. Jesse Mohabuke Makhothe, a Basuto,
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has been appointed one of the five members of the Alexander Health Committee in the Transvaal, South Africa. This is the first time a native has had any political recognition in the Transvaal.

GHETTO

IN St. Louis, Mo., the Circuit Court is trying to decide whether Elizabeth M. Simpson, who died sixteen years ago with an estate of $40,000, was colored or a "Creole." Colored heirs have appeared but her white employers' family would like to keep the property.

The Tennessee courts have upheld the validity of the Jennings' will by which Betty Hicks, the colored mother of his children, inherits his estate worth $100,000.

Mr. John Donaldson, a colored pitcher, is said to have refused an offer of $10,000 to pose as a Cuban instead of as an American Negro.

Mr. John Aguila has been awarded $100 because he was refused service in a New York cafe on account of color.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has affirmed the action of the Superior Court in appointing a receiver for the property of the colored Odd Fellows.

The city segregation case will be heard by the Supreme Court this month in Washington, D. C.

Six white men at Dallas, Texas, have been fined for holding Negroes in peonage. Their fines range from $200 to $1,000.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Adams, of Boston, were refused service at a Nahant, Mass., hotel. They entered suit for $500, but the proprietor settled the case without coming to trial.

New Orleans, La., has decided to segregate white and colored prostitutes in separate blocks of the city.

Twenty Negroes who attended the Tuskegee Conference are suing the Southern Railway at Memphis, Tenn., for sickness contracted in an antiquated railway coach.

Dr. Roscoe Giles, who was discharged after holding a position for a day in the Municipal Hospital in Chicago, Ill., is bringing suit against the management.

It is said that a group of daily papers in the Western States have given written instruction to their reporters to designate all persons of color in their stories as Negroes but to refrain from mentioning nationality in the case of other races.

Mr. Levi Pruitt, a colored man of Detroit, Mich., killed a white man who had pursued and attacked him. He was first convicted of manslaughter but at a second trial was acquitted. The judge congratulated the jury and said that if Pruitt had been a white man he would never have been even brought to trial. He was defended by Francis H. Warren, a colored attorney.

At Gainesville, Fla., the Colored Young Men's Club objected to a comic lynching which was to be one of the acts of a company of white players. The scene was accordingly withdrawn and the lithographs destroyed.

Mr. George Fryar, husband of the woman who was killed by the victim of the mob at Waco, Texas, has sued the colored Paul Quinn College for $50,000. He alleges that the college paper published a story saying that Fryar himself was suspected of the murder.

The white women of Georgia have passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, for the second consecutive year Georgia stands pre-eminent among the states within which lynchings occur, and within which lynchers habitually go unpunished; Resolved:

1. That this body, representing sixteen thousand North Georgia women, urge upon the next Legislature the passage of a law to remove from office all officials who fail to protect prisoners and to uphold the law.

2. That we believe a concerted effort should be made by the law-abiding majority of the South to arouse the public conscience in regard to the evils of lawlessness among us; and that some way should be found by which churches of all denominations may unite with social and educational forces, and with laymen in every walk of life, to put a stop to mob violence and murder, and to the moral degeneration which they inevitably propagate among our people."

The state of North Carolina has recently secured $3,000,000 from a bond issue for state improvements. Of this sum colored schools get only $35,000 and the only considerable sum given to the colored people is $125,000 to an insane hospital.

The Loranger Public School at Amite City, La., is in turmoil because twenty pupils suspected of having colored blood

(Continued on page 303)
Announcing the Winners

Several hundred replies were received to our advertisement in the January Crisis for suggestions of advertising with our newly adopted emblem. The task of going over these carefully and giving proper consideration to every idea submitted was no small one. Out of the number submitted the judges felt that the following suggestions were entitled to the awards made below:

Mrs. J. B. Osborn, 17 Keswick St., Boston, Mass. $10.00
"Completes Your Life Line."

Mrs. Josephine Turpin Washington, Wilberforce University, Ohio. 5.00
"The Strength of Two."

The following awards were also made for ideas of possible use:
H. A. Leatherman, 1220 E. 86th St., Cleveland, Ohio. $1.00
Orlando Jordan, 629 W. St. Clair St., Indianapolis, Indiana. 1.00
Lemuel D. Bolton, 514 W. Orange St., Jacksonville, Florida. 1.00
Ernest Hutchinson, 1000 3d St., Louisville, Ky. 1.00

The Company desires to thank the public for the interest which it took in the contest, and for the enthusiasm and solid support with which its work has been received. During 1916, it wrote over TWO MILLION DOLLARS' worth of new business. In the first quarter of this year it has written nearly a MILLION, and the year's business will total over FIVE MILLION. Its policies are clear, concise and devoid of technicalities. Its claims are paid without any delay or deductions. No matter where you live you can secure a policy and your protection will be as secure as it would be at the Company's Home Office. We will send you particulars for the asking. Write today.

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Judged solely by results, rather than by the meticulous criticism of professional fault-finders, France stands at the head of the empire builders of today. For France alone has put into practice her own irresistible republican doctrine of fraternity. England and the rest scorn the brown or black man. France acknowledges him a human being, and measures him by his merit and not by his shade of complexion.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Practically the West Indians should have nothing to fear from our dominance. Our colonial policy in the Philippines has been a great success and the traditions of the American people are all for giving the possession as large a degree of self-government as possible. But the spectacle of the administration buying a Negro community while the South is in the saddle and paying a strikingly high price for it, is curious, nevertheless.—Saginaw, Mich., Courier-Herald.
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M. Leger, colored, formerly represented Haiti as Minister to the United States, and later represented Haiti as a member of the Peace Conference, at The Hague. In Europe as well as in America he is regarded as one of the ablest men of his race. Two editions: one in English and one in French. Illustrated. Each edition $3.20 by mail.

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