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<td>Department of Agriculture</td>
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<td>533</td>
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<td>276</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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WHAT THEY ARE DOING

Principals of district schools 156 United States Government Service 25
Teachers in rural schools 263 Jones teachers 7
Principals of secondary or high schools 12 Directors of book establishments 2
Doctors 30 Editors and Journalists 8
Lawyers 5 United States Farm Demonstrators 1
Dentists 3 Undertakers and Embalmers 5
Pharmacists 3 Contractors and Builders 8
Druuggists 10 United States Bureau of Education 1
Working at Trades 246 Farmers 326
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SOCIAL UPLIFT

COLORED people living in the vicinity of East 37th Street and Forest Avenue, Chicago, appealed to the Mayor and prevented the opening of a saloon in that neighborhood.

Of the party of thirty-five boy scouts who left New York to walk to Boston recently, only two reached Boston; one was Meredith Johnson, a colored boy, and the other was Fred Monson, a white boy.

Congress has appropriated $55,000 for a Negro exposition to be held in Richmond, Va.

A training school for delinquent colored youths has been established in Harris County, Texas.

The corner stone has been laid for the Lamberts Point Hospital for colored people in Norfolk, Va. The hospital will be at the service of the colored physicians of Norfolk.

Through the efforts of John M. Royall, a colored real estate dealer in New York City, two large plots of ground have been secured in the Harlem district for playgrounds for the colored children.

The white business league of Montgomery, Ala., asked the colored league of that place to select a delegate to go with the committee of white men to Washington, D. C., to confer with officials concerning appropriations for waterways and the marketing of the cotton crop. Dr. W. F. Watkins was chosen.

Howard Drew, the colored sprinter, received an offer of $4,000 to run one race in England as a professional. Drew has refused the offer, however, and says that he will remain permanently in the amateur ranks.

Extensive welfare work among colored girls in Philadelphia is being carried on as a result of the beginning made by Miss A. L. Richardson, school visitor for the Armstrong Association. Miss Richardson established "little mother" classes which were attended largely by girls ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age. Instruction was given in caring for babies, in preparing food and in sex and personal hygiene. A certificate is given at the end of the course which enhances the value of those who go out as children's nurses.

Dr. Arthur Butler and his wife Dr. Isabella M. Garnett, colored physicians of Evanston, Ill., have opened a sanitarium in that place for the purpose of treating acute diseases. Graduate nurses and two physicians are always in attendance.

Neal Withers, a colored man, was out hunting with his dogs in Newman's woods, near Columbia, S. C., when one of the dogs scented a bag. When unearthed the bag was found to contain jewels and was identified as a mail pouch taken from a train held up near Columbia on March 28.

The Ethical Culture Society, an organization of young people in Indianapolis, Ind.,
contributes to the Y. M. C. A. fund, the Fresh Air Missions and schools in all parts of the county.

An exposition for the celebration of a half-century of Negro freedom will be held in Chicago during the month of August, 1915. Exhibits will be shown in the departments of Industry, Liberal Arts, Professions, Education, Sociology and miscellaneous departments. A series of congresses will be held.

The Excelsior Public Library for colored people, which was established five years ago by a colored woman in Guthrie, Okla., reports for the past year 18,200 visitors and 7,906 books loaned. The colored population of Guthrie is only 3,000.

The Park Sanitarium and Bath House for colored patients has been established in Guthrie.

EDUCATION

Through the efforts of the Superintendent of Education of New Iberia, La., a school tax has been laid and the colored children of that parish will have nine months of school.

Miss Hallie E. Queen, a colored member of the faculty of Howard University, who has acquired proficiency in the Spanish tongue by several years' residence and teaching in Porto Rico, is frequently called upon by the Latin-American Legations for translations and interpretations of consular and diplomatic intercourse.

It is said that thirty per cent. of the United States' agricultural appropriation of $300,000 made to Alabama will go to Negro schools. A committee has recommended that fifteen per cent. be given to Tuskegee Institute and that fifteen per cent. be divided among the other colored agricultural schools of the state.

J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey, a native African, who holds a position in Livingston College, Salisbury, N. C., wrote a poem in Latin while attending the summer school at Columbia University. This was published on the editorial page of the Columbia Student and received much favorable mention.

The Citizens Union, a colored organization, rendered the program at the Richmond (Ind.) Chautauqua on August 18. Dr. A. J. Carey of Chicago and the Rev. F. M. Ovelton of Grand Rapids, Mich., delivered the main addresses. A quintet of colored singers sang folk-songs.

Miss Henrietta B. French, a colored kindergarten worker who for the past three years has been Visitor for the Negro Fresh Air Committee, was the organizer of the kindergartens in Chattanooga and Richmond recently established by the National Kindergarten Association. Miss French has also taught in these kindergartens. She will return to Richmond this fall at the request of the Board of Education.

MUSIC AND ART

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's "On the Road," a dialect poem of sentiment, has been recently set to music by Mark Andrews, an American song writer.

A new song of characteristic Negro effect is "Bes' of All," a crooning song by Walter Kramer.

"Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by S. Coleridge-Taylor was included on the program presented at Bar Harbor, Maine, at the concert given by the Bar Harbor Choral Society on August 27. The chorus consisted of
ONE OF MANHATTAN'S "FINEST"
ninetynine voices with an orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the close of the season, the Students’ Musical Union of the Royal Irish Academy of Music gave a concert at Dublin, Ireland. “The Quadroon Girl,” by Coleridge-Taylor, with choral and string orchestral accompaniment was sung by Mr. T. W. Hall.

“We Strew These Opiate Flowers,” by Coleridge-Taylor, was the selected test for vocal trio for female voices at the Competitive Festival given at People’s Palace, Mile End, England.

Prof. John A. Lomax of the University of Texas, who has made valuable contributions in the field of American folk-songs, recently gave recitals at Heading Hour, Chautauqua, N. Y. He spoke of plantation songs, spirituals and other types of Negro folk-song.

Recent acquisitions from the Harvard University Museum of Fine Arts expedition have been installed at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. They consist of Egyptian primitive art works from the earliest pre-dynastic period. Of exquisite beauty are the necklaces, scarabs and seals of gold, electrum mounted, and ivory hair ornaments. In the Empire Room graceful specimens of pottery are found from the rare Hyksos period 1650 B. C.

An unusual book of poems, “The Ebon Muse,” by Leon Laviaux, has recently been published by Smith and Sale. The verses are in praise of the beauty of the dark-skinned races.

On August 30, the Hampton chorus, composed of Negro and Indian students, of Hampton Institute, sang at the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York City. This was the last engagement of a hundred day journey, the chorus cruising aboard the schooner, Hampton, from Virginia to Maine.

According to Frank T. Bullen in London Tit Bits, the majority of chanties, sea-songs sung by sailors, come from the Negroes of the southern states, the crude songs being sung to lighten the hours of labor.

A feature of the third program at the annual music festival of the MacDowell Memorial Association at Peterboro, N. H., was the presentation of Coleridge-Taylor’s “Death of Minnehaha.”

Mrs. Marjorie Groves-Robinson, pianist, and Mr. George L. Ruffin, tenor, of Boston, Mass., were heard in joint recital at Mt. Zion Church, Newport, R. I., the last of the season.

An interesting article appeared in July in Musical America, concerning the art of Roland W. Hayes, tenor, of Boston. Of Mr. Hayes, his teacher, Mr. Arthur Hubbard, says: “I have not a pupil in my classes for whom I have had a more genuine affection than for this lad, nor have I one who possesses a keener intelligence or a surer musical feeling and taste.” Musical America adds: “Hayes loves best the Italian language and music. One would think, only to hear him, that he was one of the golden-voiced Italians with whom the generations have all too discreetly endowed us. His enunciation is excellent and he has the trick of it. His manner is modest and quiet and his soul goes out on the song he sings.”

A colored theatre, the New American Theatre, has been opened in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lela Walker Bryan, dramatic reader of Philadelphia, gave a recital at Estey Hall recently. She was assisted by Miss Helen L. Sheffey, soprano, and Mr. James F. Williams, pianist.
TENNESSEE  ILLINOIS  TENNESSEE

\[\text{TENNESSEE}\]

\(\text{An Autumn Exposition and Amusement Festival will be held at Manhattan Casino in New York September 28 to October 2.}\)

\[\text{MEETINGS}\]

\(\text{THE National Medical Association met in Raleigh, N. C., August 25, 26 and 27.}\)
\(\text{The Negro voters of New Jersey met in Atlantic City on August 15.}\)
\(\text{The tenth annual session of the St. Paul Farmer's Conference met in Lawrenceville, Va., recently. This conference is composed of more than 1,000 colored farmers of the county. When the conference was inaugurated ten years ago colored farmers owned 25,000 acres of land valued, with the building thereon, at $332,000. Now they own 38,100 acres of land valued at $594,047. During the past year $950 was raised for improvements and new buildings and $450 for extending the school term.}\)
\(\text{The National Baptist Convention met in Philadelphia on September 9.}\)
\(\text{Fifteen hundred colored men met in the twentieth annual tournament of the North Carolina Colored Volunteer Firemen's Association in Fayetteville, August 18-21. Three hundred dollars in prizes were given away. Each year the town makes an appropriation for this meeting.}\)
\(\text{One hundred and eighty-three delegates and perhaps 5,000 visitors attended the Elks Convention in Norfolk, Va., August 25-28. It is reported that the City Council appropriated $400 for the entertainment of the visitors and this appropriation was vetoed by the Mayor. Finally, however, a committee of the council passed the bill over the Mayor's veto.}\)
\(\text{The eighth annual convention of the California Federation of Colored Women's Clubs met in San Diego in August. Mrs. C. H. Dodge was elected president.}\)
\(\text{The State Federation of Indiana met the early part of September in Indianapolis.}\)
\(\text{The Texas State Colored Farmers' Congress met at Prairie View State Normal College the last of August.}\)
\(\text{There were present about eighty delegates at the seventh annual meeting of the National Independent Political League at New York City, Sept. 7-9. A public mass meeting was held on the last night. Among the speakers were Dr. J. E. Spingarn and Mr. W. M. Trotter.}\)

\[\text{ECONOMICS}\]

\(\text{THE company of colored men that furnishes light and power for the city of Washington, Ark., is now building a railroad from Washington to Columbus, a distance of ten miles.}\)
\(\text{At the first annual meeting of the Standard Life Insurance Company, of Atlanta, Ga., it was reported that the company had in force $1,879,761 in insurance upon the lives of 9,343 policyholders. Three hundred and thirty-six people are employed by the company and the total income for the year was $100,755.63.}\)
\(\text{The Drake and Foote Hat Company is a thriving colored business enterprise and the only business of its nature carried on by colored people in St. Louis. Six expert colored assistants are employed.}\)

\[\text{PERSONAL}\]

\(\text{VANCE J. ANDERSON, a colored employee in the Chicago Post Office, has invented and patented a practical street car}\)
fender. He made his own blue prints and models.

Mr. George H. Anderson, of Vancouver, B. C., is the secretary and the only colored member of the British Columbia Association of Stationary Engineers. He edits the monthly mechanical journal published by the Association.

It was erroneously stated in the September Crisis that Mr. Alexander L. Jackson of Harvard would be one of the Fellows during the next year of the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes. Mr. J. H. Robinson, M. A., 1914, from Yale, will hold this place.

Dr. John P. Turner, a colored physician of Philadelphia, will address the International Congress of Home Education, which meets in Philadelphia September 22-29. Dr. Turner, who is the first colored physician who has been asked to speak before this congress, has also been appointed as one of the committee of seven censors to review and pass on all papers read before the American Open Air School Association.

Isaac Fisher, a colored man, now connected with Tuskegee Institute, won the first prize of $500 offered by Everybody's Magazine for the best essay on "What We have Learned about Rum, or Rum and Its Enemies."

Mr. Clement Johnson, a young colored man, was graduated from the Salem (Ohio) High School and was granted the Alumni Scholarship of $125 as the best student and most versatile man in the class.

Prof. William Pickens, formerly of Talladega College, has resigned his position there and accepted one in Wiley University at Marshall, Texas. The colored people of Talladega presented the family with a "Loving Cup" upon their departure.

Mr. Alexander King, a colored man, holds a responsible position as Assistant Superintendent of the Wall Street Post Office Station in New York City. This station handles more mail than any other sub-station. Mr. King has been in the service of the Post Office for twenty-two years and has held his present position since 1907.

James C. Thomas, of New York, was nominated as a delegate at large for the Constitutional Convention at the Progressive Convention at Utica, N. Y.

THE COURTS

H. H. BOGER, a colored restaurant owner of New York City, was fined $15 for refusing to serve a white woman who came into the restaurant with her colored husband. Boger testified that he had been warned against serving mixed parties of white and colored people by Police Captain Max Nootbar.

An injunction has been asked in Atlanta, Ga., against the members of the Raban Temple Shriners by the white Temple of the order to prohibit the colored shriners from using the same symbols, terms and regalia as used by the white Shriners.

THE GHETTO

It is reported that the graded colored schools of Atlanta will have only seven grades hereafter.

The white residents of Kansas City, Mo., are protesting against the removal of Western College, an institution for Negroes, from Macon, Mo., to that city. The Improvement Association declares that it will "use any means" to prevent the removal.
The Negroes of Galveston, Texas, have organized an anti-lynching society.

The Helena (Ark.) Clarion has been carrying on a campaign against the cruelty with which the colored county prisoners are treated. The colored girls imprisoned there are stripped and beaten unmercifully and particularly so when any one escapes.

The park guard of Baxter Square in Louisville, Ky., claims that he has positive orders from the Superintendent of Parks to forbid colored children from bathing in the pool in the park.

CRIME

The following colored men have been lynched since the last report: At Monroe, La., Preston Griffin and Charles Hall, charged with murderous attack upon a white man, were taken from the jail and lynched; twenty-four hours before Henry Holmes was lynched for the same crime. Near Monroe, La., an unidentified man, charged with the murder of a white man, was lynched.

A serious race riot came near resulting from the attack of a police officer upon an innocent colored man in Wilmington, Del. The officer let the guilty man escape and collared this one. Bystanders attempted to explain but the officer paid no attention and shot the colored man, wounding him seriously. The policeman then, frightened at the angry attitude of the crowd that had gathered, sent in a riot call.

It was reported that a colored mob had lynched a white man in Clarksville, Tenn., for rape upon a 12-year-old colored child. Later reports are that the man was not lynched but killed by the uncle of the outraged child who went with the sheriff to find the man.

Police Patrolman William Fincher of Mobile, Ala., has been dismissed from the service and is being held without bail for the murder of a colored man.

Jailer E. J. Farris of the Paris (Ky.) jail, killed the leader of a mob which was attempting to break into the jail. The purpose of the mob was to lynch Henry Thomas, a colored man accused of assault and attempted robbery.
MRS. CHARLOTTE FORten GRIMKE was born in Philadelphia August 17, 1837. Her grandfather was James For- ten, who served in the Revolutionary War, and was a prominent business man of Philadelphia. When he died his funeral was attended by thousands of the best citizens, both white and colored. Mrs. Grimke was educated in the Normal School at Salem, Mass., and taught for a while in one of the schools of Salem. She taught also in South Carolina, a little before the close and immediately after the war, un- der the auspices of the Freedmen's Aid So- ciety, and wrote some articles on her ex- perience on the islands in the neighborhood of Beaufort, which were published in the Atlantic Monthly. She was a contributor also to the Christian Register, and the Bos- ton Commonwealth, and wrote one article for the New England Magazine. She knew intimately many of the most distinguished people of New England: like Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, John G. Whittier, Thomas Went- worth Higginson, Theodore D. Weld, Lydia Maria Childs, Elizabeth Peabody, Lucy Stone, Lucy Larcom, Louisa Alcott, and many others. Washington was her home for about forty years. For some years she was a clerk in the Treasury Department. She became a member of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church in 1877, and in Decem- ber, 1879, was happily married to the Rev. Francis J. Grimke. One daughter was born to them, but died many years ago. Mrs. Grimke had a lovely disposition, was sweet and gentle, and yet she was a woman of great strength of character. She was a woman of great refinement; there was not the slightest trace of coarseness about her in any shape or form. She had a bright sunny disposition. She never grew old in spirit—she was always young, as young as the youngest. She had a fine mind, carefully trained and cultivated by hard study and by contact with the best literature and with cultured people, and the keenest appreciation for all that was best in literature and art. She loved books and pictures and flowers and everything that was beautiful and soul-uplifting; she was always thoughtful, always considerate for others—never allowing the thought of self to intrude or to interfere with the comfort and happiness of others. The plane upon
which her life, inner and outer, moved was always high. There was nothing little or grovelling in her makeup. She was a loving and devoted wife, and a true friend.

A PROTECTOR OF CHILDREN

THE Rev. James Gordon, Superintendent of the Howard Orphan Asylum since 1903, died March 3, 1914. Mr. Gordon was born in Warrington, Va., fifty-seven years ago. He began active life as a barber in Harrisburg, Pa. Later he removed to Philadelphia where he married Miss Mary Stevens. He worked at his trade and studied for the ministry at Baptist Temple College. He entered the Baptist ministry in 1893. After ten years’ work as pastor in Philadelphia and New York City, he took charge of the Howard Orphan Asylum, April 5, 1903.

It had been the custom to send the children out to work at twelve or thirteen years of age before they were fully prepared. Mr. Gordon set himself to the task of establishing an industrial school in connection with the orphanage where the children could be trained and sent out to work when about eighteen years old. This he succeeded in doing and in 1906, 168 acres of land were purchased at St. James, L. I., for a farm.

When this place became too small, a farm at King’s Park, L. I., valued at $80,000, was purchased and seven new cottages erected and four old ones remodeled.

At the time of Mr. Gordon’s death 250 children were being cared for. The plant, valued at $83,000 in 1903, is now worth $200,500 with a total acreage of 740.

Mr. Gordon was a strong forceful character who pounded his way through much discouragement and opposition to the accomplishment of a life work of great value.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

MRS. LUCY E. CASE, originally of Sutton, Mass., and for forty-five years officially connected with the Atlanta University, passed quietly away at her home in Charlton City, Mass., Monday, July 19.

Mrs. Case’s early years were spent in New England. Her father was a thrifty and successful farmer, living upon the farm first cleared by his ancestors, and which still remains in the possession of descendents of the original settler. As a young girl she attended Leicester Academy from which she was called home at fourteen to the bedside of her dying mother. This experience was
followed by six years of invalidism which left their impress upon her fragile form, but which left their influence also upon her Christian character. She knew suffering all her life and was made strong by it.

For some time she attended Mount Holyoke Academy and came under the influence of Mary Lyon.

The Civil War being closed, Mrs. Case joined the army of teachers that went South into the work of educating the Freedmen for civilization. Under the American Missionary Association she worked for a year at Macon, Ga., and for a year at Albany, Ga. There are people still living at Albany who recall the little woman who somehow entered into their lives and left there a deep New England impress.

After the year at Albany, Mrs. Case was appointed a teacher in the Atlanta University then about to open its doors, and was present to meet the first class that entered the school. Her name appears upon every catalogue from the first to the forty-fifth, either as an active worker or as an honorary matron. Beginning as a teacher in many lines, with the growing numbers of pupils and better organization of the work finally she became matron of the Boys’ Hall.

The passing of Mrs. Case, in a sense, closes an era in the history of the Freedmen. Mrs. Case was probably the last survivor of the little company that in 1869 opened for the first time the doors of Atlanta University. Perhaps with her death closes an era in which the “forward strides” of the colored race have been accomplished by the Negro himself aided by his northern teachers and friends, and held back, as Mrs. Hammond suggests, by “southern management.”

May it not be that the new half century shall see not two, but three forces co-operating for the solution of that vexing situation known as the southern problem! In this solution we count first, “the innate capacity of the Negro for progress”; second, a more sympathetic management on the part of the white South, as suggested by the Forward Movement; and third, the continued assistance of the North. And the result shall be an ever-widening securing of Justice and Opportunity for all the sons and daughters of all the nationalities and races who call this broad land “Our Country.”

E. H. Webster.
SEGREGATION

THE INJUSTICE The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune publishes a letter from a colored man showing that the white citizens of Tampa have "segregated" all their white and colored prostitutes in the colored quarter where there are six churches, two schools and a masonic temple:

"It will be seen by the foregoing table that approximately three thousand people are more or less affected by these disorderly houses and that, too, while either attending schools or in the orderly worship of religious services. It may also be pointed out that about three-fourths of the church-going colored people of the whole city are compelled to inhale the odor and face the glare of the 'red-light' district."

Why were the churches and halls and schools built there? The correspondent says plaintively:

"We had to have churches so we built them where we had the opportunity to do so. But it can be shown that all of these churches, except one, preceded these disorderly houses to this section."

This is always the fruit of legal or customary segregation of Negroes: In New Orleans, Washington and Baltimore it means the confining of the mass of colored people to the worst alleys in the world. Nashville particularly is a case in point: twenty-six years ago the writer of this article nearly died from typhoid fever at Fisk University, because the city refused this institution sewerage connections. To-day the city still refuses, although this part of Nashville is one of the neatest, quietest and prettiest suburbs inhabited by people of moderate means; nevertheless, these people are colored and they must continue to sicken and die.

The situation in Richmond (Va.) is pictured thus by T. W. Jones, who writes to one of the local white dailies:

"What does it matter if because of greatly increasing numbers we must encroach upon what has formerly been known as white territory? What does it matter if the white people in the vicinity of Leigh and Fifth Streets are crowded out? They have everywhere to go while colored people have nowhere else to go. We are not only segre-
gated in Jackson Ward but segregated in certain sections of that Ward, confined to the narrow limits of the blocks and even half blocks.

"Here we are cooped up like fowl in a crate, packed together like sardines in a box, piled upon each other like rats in a trap. Not alone must we live in houses built for us in blind alleys, but we must live in houses built for us in the rear of other houses where there are no alleys, blind or otherwise, and where entrance and egress for the family in the rear house are to be gained only through the actual living rooms of the family in the front house.

"There is located in Jackson Ward no public playground for children, no public park for adults, but in their stead is maintained a cemetery, a public dump for the city's refuse matter, a crematory for diseased, dead and putrifying animals. In this Ward we must live, move and have our being. In this Ward we must erect our churches and build our homes. In this Ward our children must be born, eke out a miserable existence and finally die. For this congested, unsanitary and unhealthy manner of housing we must pay fifty per cent. more rent than other people pay.

"What does it matter that the death rate in this black belt is 36 per cent., while among the white people of the same class, but better housed, it is only 14 per cent.? What does it matter that the undertaker is the most popular business man and the grave digger the most over-worked individual in our community? What does it matter that we must ruthlessly sacrifice 22 per cent. of our kith and kin; that 22 per cent. more of human lives is the extra toll we must pay for the privilege of living in Jackson Ward? What does it matter that 22 per cent. of colored people are by law actually murdered that the separation of the races may be an unqualified success?"

But why multiply examples? It is well known to observers that segregation of the poor or the despised means not separation simply but subordination and oppression. It is for this reason that the colored people and their friends have been so deeply stirred from one end of the nation to the other.

In the face of these facts consider the press dispatch published throughout the country. We reproduce its headlines and all from the Louisville (Ky.) Herald:
MUST BE LESS TALK OF RACIAL FRICTION

Booker T. Washington Advises Negroes Not to Fight Segregation Laws

Muskogee, Okla., Aug. 19.—Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., to-night told delegates to the annual convention of the National Negro Business League, in session here, that there must be less talk of racial friction and more attention to the acquiring of intelligence and wealth if the Negro race is to progress.

"Quit thinking of the parts of the cities you can't live in, but begin to beautify that part in which you can live," he advised in discussing segregation laws recently enacted in several cities.

LYNCHING

"MINOR DISCRIMINATIONS" is excellent, and it must be gratifying to the 2,692 Negroes who have been publicly lynched and burned in the last 29 years to know that they are receiving the "respect" of others.

Meantime, the London (Eng.) Spectator insists that President Wilson's first and largest duty is to stop the disgrace of lynching. Answering the criticism of a correspondent it says:

"We, of course, knew as well as he does that the Constitution gives no power to the President or to Congress to apply our proposals to districts where lynchings have taken place. Therefore we suggested that the President should take the lead in inaugurating legislation, including, of course, the necessary amendment of the Constitution. We shall, of course, be told that such an amendment is absolutely hopeless. To which we
reply—not if the people of the United States are in earnest in the desire to stop burning Negroes alive. When in earnest they can and do change the Constitution—witness the existing amendments.”

The venerable Frank B. Sanborn follows this by a letter in which he says of the Negro:

“It is people of this race—with faults enough, God knows, but the only sincere practical Christians in thousands of square miles—that the inherent, unconquerable barbarism entailed by slavery burns and shoots and tortures, as the Spaniard used to torture and burn the English captive. As Jefferson said in that same impassioned appeal to his white countrymen, ‘I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot slumber forever.’ The remedy must be found in the national Government taking up the cause of the Negro (to whom, in the critical year 1863, it largely owed its victory over rebellion), and putting down by the strong hand insufferable criminalities, such as you have described.”

The New York Evening Post, commenting on a lynching for the alleged stealing of three mules, says:

“This is the kind of lynching we have been getting accustomed to hearing of, now these many years. The old-time excuse that the crime for which Negroes were treated in this barbarous fashion was one which made men’s blood boil has long since ceased to be put to the front. So also has the other excuse, that the law’s delays or uncertainties were unbearable. For cold-blooded and inexcusable brutality and lawlessness, it would be difficult to get a stronger case than this from Mississippi. * * * There is not the faintest indication that the perpetrators of this horrible crime against the law and against humanity will be brought to account for their act.”

One variation on this grim theme comes from Tennessee, and the Miami (Fla.) Metropolis, a white paper, says:

“Last Monday morning in Clarksville, Tenn., the seventeen-year son of a prominent farmer was shot and killed by a mob of Negroes because of his alleged criminal assault on a twelve-year-old Negro girl. The uncle of the girl admitted that he fired the shot that killed the boy, and—here is the circumstance upon which the South may re-
gain much lost respect—a coroner's jury returned a verdict of 'justifiable homicide!'

"It was 'only a little Negro girl' and the boy was the son of a respected white man, but the same impulse that would direct a crowd of southern white men to take vengeance on a 'Negro fiend' directed the girl's kinsmen to carry out their mob law.

"And in the case of these Negroes, 'mob law' is more to be forgiven than it could ever be in the case of white men. If the boy had been arrested and tried in any white man's court it is not conceivable that he would have been sent to pay the penalty for his crime and his death should be looked upon as a blessing to the community in which he lived."

A CURIOUS ERROR

The August Crisis quoted the St. Luke's Herald as follows:

"The greatest Negro school in the country is Howard University, with nearly 1,500 students, representing 35 states and the District of Columbia. If race ideals are to be taught in any school in this country, one would most assuredly expect to find it in Howard University, Washington, D. C. Yet, in this great Negro School, the walls bear not one Negro face, despite the distinguished Alumni and Alumnae which the University has produced."

The Secretary of Howard University immediately wrote us:

"There hang upon the walls of Howard University the portraits of Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, Robert Purvis, Dr. Charles B. Purvis, Dr. Furman Shadd, Sojourner Truth, Booker T. Washington, Henry O. Tanner and Wiley Lane. In the Andrew Rankin Chapel there is a beautiful memorial window erected in honor of Prof. C. C. Cook, also a pure white marble tablet in memory of Miss Martha Briggs. There has always been a bust of Frederick Douglass in the Chapel until in making some repairs a carpenter damaged it. It will be repaired and replaced. There has always been until within a few weeks ago a bronze bust of Booker T. Washington in the Carnegie Library, and in the Secretary's office there is a picture of the first group of Fisk Jubilee Singers. All these are held to produce inspiration among the students.

"The writer of the statement in your paper is scarcely excusable, for it is not a mistake in detail but a wholesale sweeping statement that he could not have known was true because it is not true. Please give this statement as wide a circulation as you gave the other. I think the error should be laid at the door of the Crisis as well as at the door of the writer of the article."

St. Luke's Herald has always seemed such a reliable paper that the Crisis has quoted it with confidence. We immediately wrote to St. Luke's Herald for an explanation. A month has passed and we have received no answer. We have, therefore, two apologies to make: one is to the Howard University for an unintentional misstatement. The other is to St. Luke's Herald for evidently mistaking the reliability of that publication.

All of which is another sermon on the Negro Press.

SOME MORE LIES

R. M. Powell writes in the Voters and Writers in the Schools Truth-Seeker (N. Y.):

"Mr. Smith is greatly in error when he says the whites of the South have nine months free school, and the Negroes only three. There is no discrimination whatever in the amount per capita of the public money."

The Columbia (S. C.) State, a southern white paper, says editorially about the same time and says it in capitals:

"FOR EACH ONE DOLLAR OF TAX REVENUES SPENT FOR THE SCHOOLING OF A NEGRO CHILD SEVEN DOLLARS AND OVER IS EXPENDED FOR THE SCHOOLING OF A WHITE CHILD."

In cheerful ignorance, or something worse, Mr. Smith proceeds:

"During reconstruction times when the
Southern States were admitted back into the Union, the first thing necessary was a good government—one that would redeem the public credit, establish free schools, and bring about law and order generally. To do this, it was necessary to keep that class of sorry white men out of office. This could not be done in those districts where the Negroes were largely in the majority, and their votes counted. Hence in those districts riots and bloodshed on election days were too often common, and race antagonism was being engendered. Such a condition had to be changed, or it is hard to tell where we would have drifted to. The disfranchisement of the Negroes was the only solution to the problem.

This is history with a vengeance. Every child knows that free public schools were forced on the bourbon South by Negro votes. As B. G. Brawley writes to the Dial:

"Is it not about time that a stop should be put to these old slurs and slanders on the Negro? Simple historical accuracy to-day demands that the facts of Reconstruction be studied without prejudice and with a reasonable amount of care. No situation that has ever arisen in American history has received more gross exaggeration than the tale of the ex-slave's shortcomings when he was given a chance in the political life of the nation. Why? Because it is the popular thing to give the Negro a kick. As a matter of fact the Negro was for the most part simply the victim of the greed of men far more criminal and at the time more capable than himself. Major John R. Lynch has recently shown us in 'The Facts of Reconstruction' (issued by the Neale Publishing Co., New York) that in Mississippi, where the Negroes reached the highest political power, they at no time had more than thirty-four out of the 140 members of the Legislature; but that they took part in those governments which put the southern States in harmony with the nation and that they helped to plan and organize the present southern common school system. In view of such facts as these, current and popular exaggeration would at least seem to be in need of modification."

SOCIAL EQUALITY

INTERMARRIAGE The Public of June 19 was a sort of symposium on the Negro. In a review of Mecklin's "Democracy and Race Friction":

"There is nothing particularly original in the book, either in idea or expression. The basis of social solidarity, he explains, is the common instincts given rational interpretation and direction in group life. Different races through separation and natural selection have educated different instincts. So the Negro is debarred by the white man from complete social solidarity—which carried out must mean intermarriage. 'To what extent this is based upon unreasoning prejudice and to what extent it is due to an instinctive and justifiable effort to safeguard the social heritage of the white,' the author is 'not concerned to say' in his first chapter. Chapters II and III discuss 'race traits' at great length. The Negro is a child, a member of a backward race and should not be left just to 'grow'; he should be under tutelage. But
this chance he lost when emancipation separated him from the white man's affection and civilizing influence. The Social Heritage of the Negro, described in Chapter IV, is a very black background indeed, as a matter of fact so wholly unsympathetic as to make it essentially untrue. To quote as authority, for instance, the assertion that among savages there is 'no such thing as love, merely sex instinct,' is to fling an insulting untruth into the face of humanity."

Unity, of Chicago, says of the proposed intermarriage bill in Congress:

"The law that is needed in the District of Columbia and throughout the South is one that would hold a white man responsible for his child, whether the mother be black or white. Intermarriage between the races, sanctified by religion and enforced by law, is a thousand times less degrading and dehumanizing than the present situation, which results in the continuous and, according to some good authorities, increasing stream of mulatto children born into the world."

"SCIENCE" AND RACE

Robert H. Lowie, the anthropologist, reviews "Some Recent Expressions on Racial Inferiority" in the September New Review and especially takes up the writings of Professor Eugene Fischer, of Germany:

"The question remains, whether it is not quite enough for any race to be able to do average work in this workaday world of ours. Granting, for the sake of argument, that Caucasians will have a monopoly of exceptional achievement, the greater part of all labor must still devolve on the men of medium ability, and if it be admitted, as Fischer does admit, that the average ability of the whites and of the colored races is about on a level, it will make no practical difference to civilization whether the laborers are white or colored. In other words, on rational grounds, based on the needs of humanity, there would be no reason for the artificial restriction of the activities of any race. It may be well to add that the greater native variability of the white race is not an established fact, but an hypothesis offered to account for differences in achievement. Such differences, however, are in so many cases due to specific historical conditions that the hypothesis is far from convincing. We should like to have further data, based on objective investigations, that shall not ignore such elementary statistical considerations as the relative numbers of the populations compared.

"In conclusion, we may call attention to an interesting parallel. Not long ago anti-feminists asserted an inferior average endowment of women as compared with men; now the emphasis is rather on the alleged difference in variability. Race-theorists are apparently undergoing a similar transformation. Instead of denying to the colored races the possession of an approximately equal degree of average intelligence, they are entrenching themselves behind the convenient dogma of greater Caucasian variability."
MANUFACTURING CRIME

PEONAGE IN
THE SOUTH

The Savannah (Ga.) News in an editorial throws a peculiar light on methods of handling crime in the South:

"The Charleston News and Courier quotes from a letter the preacher, the Rev. Frank Weaver wrote to the Edgefield Advertiser about a homicide that occurred at his church recently.

"He wrote that it had been his experience that nearly all of the crimes committed at Negro churches were the work of Negroes who had been 'bought out of crimes,' and he predicted that 'as long as these bad boys are paid out of bad crimes and sent back on our good people we cannot hope for much better times.' The inference is that Negroes who sell their labor to white employers in exchange for fines paid the courts for their freedom think they can commit crimes right and left and escape chaining terms because their labor is in demand. Of course, they prefer to work out their fines in freedom than on the chaining, but the preacher protests that they are free, while working out their fines, to commit other crimes and that they do not fail to commit them."

"The colored women of Princeton are entitled to much credit for their patriotic efforts to erect a tablet to the memory of Oliver Cromwell. This is not the Cromwell of English history, but the humbler Cromwell, a Negro, who fought in the War of the Revolution. His habitat was in Mercer and Burlington counties; he fought in the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, and in the picture, 'The Passing of Washington,' hanging in the old barracks in Trenton, is the figure of a black man on horseback, supposed to be Oliver Cromwell. His discharge from the army was in Washington's own handwriting, and for several years he received a pension. His death occurred in 1853, but as yet no stone marks his grave. Here, indeed, is a 'Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,' not only, but one who imperiled his life and gave his best services to Washington and the new nation that did but little for him or his race until ten years after his death.

Newark News."
AT the Los Angeles meeting of the National Federation of Women's Clubs a color bar was erected against colored women and it was decreed that clubs of colored women could not join the federation. Jane Addams and a few others fought desperately against this disgraceful decision but New England, and especially Massachusetts, women deserted her and the decision stood.

As a result the colored women formed their own federation and for the last 20 years have held ten biennial sessions. There are connected with the federation some 700 or more clubs, and practically all the work of social uplift and social reform among ten million people is being done by these clubs. They are conducting hospitals, homes for orphans and the aged, reformatories, kindergartens, day nurseries, and other institutions, beside doing work in study, literature and art. Several states have state federations of clubs, notably Illinois, Colorado, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, etc.

The last biennial session of the National Association was held at Wilberforce in August and brought together about 500 women. It was an interesting occasion and they were interesting people. There were few visitors present (Zona Gale, the author, being almost the only white woman). The sessions were strenuous, almost too strenuous, one would say, being continuous from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 at night, for three days. Practically all the work was done in full convention which meant large audiences and much difficulty, especially among the visitors, in
ASSOCIATION OF COLORED WOMEN
hearing the many interesting local reports. The chance listener might have been a little puzzled at the purport of the meeting and the meaning of the reports, but if he had known the local work which these women were doing he would have looked upon the meeting as the smallest and least significant part of a tremendous movement.

The critic would see much lost opportunity in a meeting of this size. It ought to be reduced to small intimate conferences with carefully threshed out information and judicial weighing of facts. Broad messages of inspiration should come in the mass meetings and in many ways the critic could suggest ways of utilizing this force of 500 representatives from nearly every state in the union, to greater advantage than was done at Wilberforce. But after all, critics do not make the world and here is this vast fact: that in 50 years the work of social uplift among colored people has been taken in hand by its women and is being done with remarkable efficiency and astonishing results.

Of course, the human side, the women themselves, are the striking part of a meeting of this sort. No group of women in the world have suffered more from irresponsible and vicious detraction than the colored women in America. In the meeting at Wilberforce one could see perhaps the fairest general representation of the forward moving women of this race. It was not a meeting of idlers and fadists, it was not "fashionable" in any sense, and indeed, the social side of the session was perhaps too much neglected; but the women were well dressed, very much in earnest and evidently represented wide extremes of education and economic condition. There were those there who would have looked at home on Fifth Avenue and beside them efficient-looking housekeepers and good-natured mothers of large broods. There were severe-looking public speakers and timid and hesitant young graduates with reports done in blue ribbon. They were, in short, good, wholesome, intelligent women showing both independence and conventionality and capable of most interesting conversation.

The men present were few and far between. There was a former Register of the United States Treasury, the President of Wilberforce University and the Superintendent of the Normal and Industrial Department; those were all invited to address the session, and Richard Harrison read. Taking all in all, it was a convention to be remembered.
COME, all my father's children, and sit beside my knee, here with this child of mine, and listen:

Have you ever seen a soldier? It is a brave sight, is it not? Once upon a time, many, many years before your dear little curly heads were born, I remember seeing an army that marched because a King was visiting an Emperor. Berlin was joy mad. Houses streamed with color and music reeled and rioted. Then came the army. Tall, handsome men, all gold and silver and broadcloth, sworded, spurred and plumed, led on horses that curvetted and tossed their shining bits. (Do you not love a horse with his great, sweet eyes and quivery, shining softness?) Next came the soldiers, erect, rigid, "Eyes left!" Pit-pat, pit-pat! Clasping their little innocent guns. Next came the artillery: files of wildly prancing horses dragging long leaden things. How the crowd roared. The King bowed to the Emperor and the Emperor bowed to the King, and there rose a great cry of pride and joy and battle from the people. With that cry I seemed suddenly to awake. I somehow saw through; (you know sometimes how you seem to see, but are blind until something happens and you really see?)

I saw then what I see now. I saw and see the WAR that men said could not be.

Gone was all the brave tinsel, the glitter, sheen and music. The men trudged and limped, naked and dirty, with sodden, angry, distorted faces; their eyes were sunken and bloodshot, with murder in them; they staggered over corpses and severed arms and feet and dead horses and they carried—not little innocent guns, but little innocent children; they dragged, not pale and leaden guns, but pale and bounden women, and before them staggered and crept old women and grandfathers, the sick and the maimed, the weak and the half-grown boys and girls.

I heard the cry that hovered over this fearsome army: it was a wail of hunger and crime, of thirst and pain and death, and the cry rose and met an answering cry that came from beyond the forest to the West.

Two toddling children slipped from their fathers' arms and met in the gloom of that forest, where the beasts cowered and livid, disembodied hands seemed to creep in the darkness.

"Mother," they whispered.

"Mama," they cried.

"Mutterchen," they sobbed.

Wild with horror two bound mothers beat their naked hands against the gun-carriages, groping and struggling through the gloom, as death flamed through their hearts.

Then the armies met. Two fathers leapt from the two armies ahead and each seized the other's child. They strangled and crushed and maimed and
murdered it, till each baby lay pale, limp and dead.

(Nay, shrink not, my children; horrible as the tale may be, the truth is worse and you must know it.)

Then War was loose. Then six million human beings left their fields of golden grain and the busy hum of their factories and taking their own children for weapons dashed them against the trees and the lampposts and the churches and wallowed and gasped in their blood!

Come, all my father’s children and hear how beyond the blue mists of the Everlasting Sea, the mothers mad with hunger, grief and pain, are fronting the blood-stained heavens with bared and haunted breasts and are shrieking:

"Why?"
"Why?"

Their shriek is the booming of guns, and the booming of cannon is the shriek of mothers.

And you must answer, Children of Peace, you must answer!

You must cry: “There is no why!”

“The cause of War is Preparation for War.”

“The cause of Preparation for War is the Hatred and Despising of Men, your and my Brothers.”

“War is murder in a red coat.”

“War is raped mothers and bleeding fathers and strangled children.”

“War is Death, Hate, Hunger and Pain!”

“Hell is War!”

And when you believe this with all your little hearts;

And when you cry it across the seas and across the years with all your little voices—

Then shall the mothers of all dead children hear;

Then shall the Sisters of all dead Brothers hear; then shall the Daughters of all dead Fathers hear; then shall the Women rise and say:

“War is done.”

“Henceforward and forever there shall be no organized murder of men, for the children we bear shall be the Children of Peace, else there shall be no children.”

Amen!

But cry, little children, cry and cry loud and soon, for until you and the Mothers speak, the men of the world bend stupid and crazed beneath the burden of hate and death. Behold, this old and awful world is but one slaughter-pen, one tale of innocent blood and senseless hate and strife.

Look yonder! In the gloomy forest all is still, save here a red and flickering flame and there a last trembling sob. Only one living thing passes across the night: a horse—a gaunt, sweating horse, with bloody nostrils, great pain-struck eyes, and bowels trailing on the earth. He hears his Emperor bugling “Victory!” to the King. Turning he staggers toward him and whimper as he goes.
You read *The Crisis*, the organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Are you a member of this Association?

The bogey of race prejudice, again brought to the fore by those who seek to disguise the real issues of the ghastly war now raging and to justify its awful carnage, we are pledged to defy. It is our constant experience to deal with its hideous effects. Within the last month lynchings have occurred within our borders which equal in barbarism any of the atrocities which are reported from the theatre of war in Europe. Newspapers print accounts of four such crimes in Louisiana alone during the month of August.

Terrible as it is, the war will probably in the end do much to explode the "might makes right" tradition, to make tangible democratic ideals, and to lead men of different races to a mutual understanding of human brotherhood. It may mean that at last the hour for the darker peoples has come, that they are to have their opportunity for full self expression for which they have waited in patience so long.

In peace or war, ours is the only Association in the world pledged to fight race prejudice. Organized at the time the Springfield riots stirred the country, it has made a most honorable record in its five years' struggle to revive the spirit of Lincoln and Lovejoy. The work of the new Abolition is your work—the greatest work of the century. "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." This is your moment. Join us. Send your dollar to-day.
A CHILDREN'S BUREAU

So many requests for the formation of a Children's Department have been received by the National Association that a committee has been appointed to consider this matter and, if it seems feasible, to organize a juvenile auxiliary and to prepare a curriculum to be used in the work. In its struggle for equality of opportunity for colored people the Association has interested itself in a number of cases affecting children and young people.

SARAH RectoR

One of these is the case of Sarah Rector, a little colored girl living about eight miles from Muskogee, Okla., on whose land oil was discovered. Records of the Indian Office show that Sarah, a Negro child, when three years old, was enrolled as a Creek freedman. Under the law then in force, citizens of the Creek nation were allotted land by the government or were paid money in lieu of the land to which they were entitled. In this way this little girl came into possession of ninety acres which it later developed was valuable oil land and which, since October, 1913, has paid her in royalties almost $55,000. Sarah is now about eleven years old and one of a family of six children who, up to about a year ago, were living with their parents on land belonging to the mother in a shack with only one bed for the entire family.

Press accounts claim that the child's income, now estimated as high as fifteen thousand dollars a month, was being administered by a white guardian while Sarah herself lived in poverty and was not even receiving the benefit of good schools. The Association has taken the matter up with the Children's Bureau in Washington. Miss Julia C. Lathrop, the Chief of this Bureau, became interested and is giving the matter her personal attention, corresponding with various Oklahoma officials, including Miss Kale Barnard who, as Superintendent of Charities of that State, has made such a wonderful record for progressive reforms.

JUVENILE COURT

As the result of another case which was brought to our attention, the National Association is making a study of the relation of the colored child to the Juvenile Courts of the United States. It is impossible to make an exhaustive investigation, but enough representative cities will be included to give a fair idea of actual conditions. The work was suggested by an experience of Mrs. Florence Kelley, Secretary of the Consumers' League and a member of our Board of Directors, who recently visited the Ju-
venile Courts of Memphis, Tenn. In the colored court she found a little boy of four and a half years held on the charge of burglary and larceny. Gainer was a little waif, without father or mother; he had so coveted a pair of new shoes, a luxury which he had probably never possessed in his life, that he smashed the glass in a show window, helped himself, and was making off with the shoes when he was arrested.

When Mrs. Kelley found him he was hugging a Teddy bear while he waited for his sentence. Mrs. Kelley gives the full story of Gainer's case in the Survey for June 20, 1914, with pictures of the colored and white Juvenile Courts and a vivid account of their contrasting conditions.

The colored court is in an old six-room cottage, badly equipped, but kept clean through the efforts of Mrs. Julia Hook the matron in charge, who has been doing work for colored children since 1876. Mrs. Hook and her husband, both probation officers, have more than they can handle in caring for the boys and girls who are detained in this building night and day, since there is no other place to send them. As the white judge has more than he can possibly do, there is no judge sitting in the colored court. Instead, a policeman is assigned to probation work. As Mrs. Kelley says, this is a travesty of the juvenile court.

A COLLEGE GIRL

COMPLAINTS reach us now and then of the attempt of representative universities and colleges to discriminate against colored students. A most aggravating case was that of a refined young girl of cultured parents who had won a scholarship in one of the large colleges. She matriculated and was settled in her room on the campus when her roommate arrived. The roommate came from Nashville, Tenn. The colored girl was asked to leave and was unable to secure a room on the campus or anywhere in the college town. One of the teachers, who is her staunch friend, took her in but was unable to solve more than the room problem. Then began the weary search for board which was finally only secured on condition that the young lady would act as waitress. Though she had never done work of this kind she pluckily determined to stay on the ground and fight out her battle. Meantime, the Association was working hard to reach the proper authorities. Had the girl become discouraged and gone home we would have been able to do nothing. Fortunately, a friend of the colored people on the board of trustees of the college became interested and succeeded in getting the girl on the campus in a delightful room where she is entitled to all the privileges of the college, including, of course, the dining room. Best of all, she is becoming popular with her classmates and through her charming personality is winning friends for her race.

No case that the Association has won has given more satisfaction than this victory which would have been impossible had it not been for the courage and character of the young girl.
THE FAIRY GOOD WILLA

By Minnibelle Jones, Written When She Was Ten Years of Age

In the good old days when the kind spirits knew that people trusted them, they allowed themselves to be seen, but now there are just a few human beings left who ever remember or believe that a fairy ever existed, or rather does exist. For, dear children, no matter how much the older folks tell you that there are no fairies, do not believe them. I am going to tell you now of a dear, good fairy, Goodwilla, who has been under the power of a wicked enchanter called Grafton, for many years.

Goodwilla was once a very happy and contented little fairy. She was a very beautiful fairy; she had a soft brown face and deep brown eyes and slim brown hands and the dearest brown hair that wouldn't stay "put," that you ever saw. She lived in a beautiful wood consisting of fir trees. Her house was made of the finest and whitest drifted snow and was furnished with kind thoughts of children, good words of older people and everything which is beautiful and pleasant. She was always dressed in a white robe with a crown of holly leaves on her head. In her hand she carried a long magic icicle, and whatever she touched with this became very lovely to look upon. Snowdrops always sprang up wherever she stepped, and her dress sparkled with many small stars.

The children loved Goodwilla, and she always welcomed them to her beautiful home where she told them of Knights and Ladies, Kings and Queens, Witches and Ogres and Enchanters. She never told them anything to frighten them and the children were always glad to listen. You must not think that Goodwilla always remained at home and told the children stories, for she was a very busy little fairy. She visited sick rooms where little boys or girls were suffering and laid her cool brown hands on their heads, whispering beautiful words to them. She touched the different articles in the room with her magic icicle and caused them to become lovely. Wherever she stepped her beautiful snowdrops were scattered. At other times she went to homes where the father and mother were unhappy and cross. She was invisible to them, but she touched them without their knowing it and they instantly became kind and cheerful. Other days she spent at home separating the good deeds which she had piled before her, from the bad deeds. So you see with all of these things to do Goodwilla was very busy.

Now, there was an old enchanter who lived in a neighboring wood. He was very wealthy, but people feared him, although they visited him a great deal. His house was set in the
midst of many trees, all of which bore golden and silver apples. The house was made of precious metal and the inside was seemingly handsome. But looking closely one could see that the beautiful chairs were very tender and if not handled rightly they would easily break. Music was always being played softly by unseen musicians, but one who truly loved music could hear discords which spoiled the beauty of all. In fact, everything in his palace, although seemingly beautiful, if examined closely, was very wrong.

Grafter, which was the enchanter's name, spent all of his time in instructing men how to be prosperous and receive all that they could for nothing. He did not pay much attention to the children, although once in a while a few listened to his evil words. He was always very busy, but somehow he did not at all times get the results he expected. He scratched his head and thought and thought. Finally, one day he cried, "Ah, I have it, there is an insignificant little fairy called Goodwilla who is meddling in my affairs, I'll wager. Let me see how best I can overcome her." The old fellow who could change his appearance at will, now became a handsome young enchanter and looked so fine that it would be almost impossible for the fairy herself to resist him. He made his way to her abode and asked for admittance to her house. She gladly bade him enter, for, although she knew him, she thought she could persuade him to forego his evil ways and win men by fair means.

Now something strange happened. Every chair that Grafter attempted to take became invisible when he started to seat himself and he found nothing but empty air. After this had happened for a long while, he became so angry that he forgot the part he was trying to play and acted very badly indeed. He stormed at poor Goodwilla as if she had been the cause of good deeds and kind words to vanish at his touch. "You, Madam," said he, "are the cause of this, and I know now why I cannot be successful in my work. You fill the children's heads full of nonsense and when I have almost persuaded the fathers to do something which will benefit them as well as their children, these brats come with their prattle and undo all that I have done.

Now I have stood it long enough. I shall give you three trials, and if you do not conquer, you shall be under my power for seven hundred years."

The Good Fairy listened and felt very grieved, but she knew that Grafter was stronger than she, as minds of men turned more to his commanding way than they did to hers. Nevertheless she determined to do her best and said, "Very well, Grafter, I shall do as you wish and if I do not succeed I am in your hands, but later everything will be all right and I shall rule over you." Grafter, who had not expected this, now became alarmed and thought by soft words he could perhaps coax her to do his way, but Goodwilla was strong and would not listen to his cajoling and flattering. "Then, Madam," he said, "I shall force you to perform these tasks or be my slave:

"First, you must cause all of the people in the world to help and give to others for the sake of giving and not for what they shall receive in return.

"Secondly, you must cause all of the rich to help the poor instead of taking from them to swell their already fat pocketbooks, and thirdly, you must cause men and women to
really love for love's sake and not because of worldly reasons."

The poor little fairy sighed deeply, for she knew that she could not perform these tasks in the three days that Grafter had allowed her. She talked to the children, but they were being dazzled by Grafter since he had become so handsome. Goodwilla continued to work though, and had just commenced to open men’s eyes to Grafter as he really was, when the three days expired.

She was immediately whisked off by the wicked old fellow, who chuckled with glee. He did not know that there were many people in whose hearts a seed had been planted (which would grow) by this good little fairy and that she herself had a plan for helping all when she was released. Grafter, after having locked her up, departed on his way rejoicing. He has been prosperous for a long, long time, but the seven hundred years are almost up now, and soon Goodwilla will come forth stronger and more beautiful than ever with the children as her soldiers.

Frederick Douglass III.

A Great-Grandfather’s Great Grandson

The Son of Joseph and Fanny Howard Douglass

age Seven Months

A LULLABY

BY CORA J. BALL MOTEN

Dusky lashes droop and fall,
Night-winds whisper, night-birds call.
Close your tired sleepy eyes,
Earth is singing lullabies.
Kindly twilight shadows creep
O'er a world that longs for sleep.
Little dusky babe of mine
Close those sleepy eyes of thine.
Mother’s love will softly keep
Watch above you while you sleep.
Cruel hate and deadly wrong
Cannot silence mother’s song

Though against thy soft brown cheek
She may hide her face and weep.
Sleep, brown baby, while you may
Peacefully, at close of day.
Oh, that mother’s love could guard,
Keep thee safe ‘neath watch and ward
From the cruel deadly things
That await thee while she sings.
Prejudice and cold white hate:
These, my baby, these, thy fate,
Little, gentle, trustful thing,
Thus, these sobs, the while I sing.
WAR

Said the Lord of Hosts:

I am weary of this multitude of prayers. They ascend to me through the sound of the cannon
And the sharp sound of the bullet.
The petitions of the warriors greet me. They disturb me not at all;
But to-day came the prayer of a child, A little child, a daughter.
She turned her face to the sky, And held up her hands to heaven;
She cried: Give me back my father! Descend thou, therefore, to the earth, And tell me of the battle.

Then the seraphim, his two wings outspread, dropped from the celestial heights. When he returned, the odor of smoke was upon his hair.
I have seen the desolation of Russia, oh, Master, and have heard the cries of its women as alone they garner the grain.
I have passed over the Emperor's dominion, he who calls upon Thy name; Thy name is continually in his mouth, and boys are left to stand guard at the city gates.
In the land of the Flemmings are smoking houses and ravished daughters.
The cannon thunders at the gateway of France, and Saxon and Gaul fall like nuts in an October storm.
Desolation is in the East and the West is desolate. The pyres of the dead burn on the hillside where the violets bloomed, and the dead cover the meadows once azure with the forget-me-not.
Then the Lord of Hosts entered into His temple and rested for a while in thought. And beneath His feet slowly the earth turned on its appointed round.
And again He called to Him the seraphim, and said:

The prayers of the mothers and the children Shall be answered.

The cannon shall cease and the rifles. Again shall man rise in the morning To till the soil.
He shall listen to the song of the lark, And shall watch the low flight of the swallow.
But the seraphim raised his eyes to his Master, and answered:
I have visited the earth again, oh, Lord, and the face she now turns is full of gladness. The people cry, Rejoice, for the Lord of Battle hath revenged us on our enemies!
Ethiopia holds up her hacked limbs. They gathered our hands in their baskets, and now their dead hands rest on their cold hearts.
The Arab stands by the vast inland sea and joy lights his face. Our fathers were slain by the invaders, and to-day an invader's steel strikes down our enemy upon his own sod.
In the east are great multitudes calling. We remember! We remember! We rebelled, and they came and slew and tied our men to the cannon's mouth. And low the cannon cut them down as the knife cuts the fodder for the cattle. To the north men call gleefully, The Cossack! The Cossack! They who beat and tortured themselves fall under the rod.
And on Thy most lovely island in the western ocean, men and women sit by their scarred hill, and remember the palms and the song and the gay dance, and weep for the multitudes who died that the greed of the Teuton might flourish. But anon they rise and give praise that the string is broken and the feet are still in the house of their enemy.
Then the Lord of Hosts moved out of the temple and looked down upon the earth.

As they have sowed So shall they reap. Let it go on,
He said. M. W. O.
OUR BABY PICTURES

We have received from mothers and fathers throughout the nation, and even from beyond its boundaries, 350 pictures and every mail brings more. From these we have selected 89 for publication.

At first we tried to make our selections with some system and according to certain rules of human interest, beauty and physical type. All this, however, was quickly given up and we frankly confess that there is no reason in the world why most of the pictures which we have not used should not have been printed instead of these. Many, of course, came to us too late and many others were too imperfect for use. As it is we are holding a large number in the hope that we may be allowed to use them another year.

The pictures which we have published may be considered from many points of view.

The students of a great social problem will look upon them first as physical types. No sooner has he looked with this in mind than certainly the fiction of the physical degeneracy of American Negroes must disappear. True, these are selected children, mostly from the well-to-do of a large group; but a careful consideration of the total pictures received by The Crisis in three years which will aggregate over a thousand makes it seem certain that there is growing up in the United States a large and larger class of well-nourished, healthy, beautiful children among the colored people. That this little army is flanked by the large numbers of the miserable and unhealthy is, of course, true; but the whole argument of Negro haters has long said that health and physique among colored people was not a matter of nourishment and surroundings but of inescapable hereditary ills. A glance at our pages this month will...
certainly help to show what arrant nonsense this thesis is.

As social problems these children are of greatest interest. They are beautiful, bright and wholesome. There is no reason in the world why in any civilized human society they should not easily, gracefully, and effectively take their place and do their work, receiving the respect due to decent human beings. With few exceptions they will be well educated and suitably trained. Few of them are born to wealth but they will be well-fed and well-groomed. Most of them will receive higher training and are destined to become prime factors among the leading group of the race.

Notwithstanding all this, they will be looked upon as "problems." They will be critically considered and impudently measured and studied. They will be compelled to prove before a prejudiced jury that they have a right to be treated as normal American citizens. Of course, in their case, the assumptions and the inhuman prejudice will not be as great as in the case of their fathers but it will be appreciable and despicable.

This brings the human side of the whole great human question which The Crisis primarily discusses. Here are members of homes, loved by tender human hearts. Is it not the disgrace of the century, a disgrace even greater than the present European war that the foremost republic on earth should be directing its greatest battle not against war and poverty and prejudice, but against these dark little babies?

More than this, it is dark children like these that in a sense are the cause of the present barbarous war in Europe. The rivalry of leading European countries in their lust for colonies is the underlying cause of this war. Most of these colonies are wanted because they are inhabited by dark people whom the moral sense of the modern world allows to be exploited and half enslaved. Such colonies are
to-day paying for the luxuries of Berlin, London, Paris and New York. For such luxuries and world power the leaders of civilization have become ravenous beasts. Surely we can find in the faces of these children, not simply argument against war, but argument against the greatest modern cause of war,—race prejudice.

As for these children of the sun: The nation of which they and their fathers form a part or the individuals among whom they move may, in large measure, choose their future. If given a chance, these children may develop into social units of worth and value. With a continuation of the present methods of race proscription and restriction, the world will be the loser; and that just in so far as these babes of darker skin are denied the opportunities to reach the maximum in efficiency and service.
Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard.

My Dear Sir:—I found your letter of May 21 awaiting me when I returned this morning from a ten-day’s trip in various parts of South Carolina. I am grateful to you for a complete copy of your Baltimore address, and have read it carefully, letting some very urgent matters wait until I had finished it. While it is masterful in its way, it merely hints at the awful condition of the Negro of the South. For six years I have been noting the Negro’s abuse at the hands of the so-called polite “Knighthood of Dixie” and at times my blood runs cold and I am tempted to pray for the strength of a Samson, and instead of the jawbone of an ass, a modern machine gun. But the calmer second thought says that is not the way, and I am made to appreciate the calm patience of the down-trodden black man who, in many instances, appears to think that patience is the panacea for the ills that a civilization that is only skin deep has thrust upon him. In memory I revert to the days of slavery, for I can remember them vaguely, and I recall how my grandfather was touched with the great wrong of the black man’s bondage—touched so deep, that in 1853 he gave seventy black men and women their freedom, in so far as freedom could be given to them in those days. I recall the black mammy of my childhood, who with a kindliness akin to godliness, cared for me. But to-day I am told by the white tyrants of the South that that black mammy had no virtue, but was merely a lustful brute in human form. She taught me my first prayer, and I am sure that at that court where there is no color line nor the swagger of white supremacy by the right of might, she has met the reward that is promised to patient piety.

* * * I have made notation of the time and place where the black man has been wantonly wronged, and in many instances where the tax he pays is used to educate the white children of his neighborhood. If I only had the chance to tell what I know, and feel secure while telling it! I have studied the problem psychologically, commercially, and at all its angles, and I am compelled to say that the abuse of the black man is the rot at the root of progress in the South. He is the great industrial force of the South. He does everything that is done on less than half rations and half pay. There is scarcely a fortune in the South that has been accumulated within the last forty years that is not streaked with Negro blood.

* * * I want to get out of the shadow—yes, the withering
are carried away as evidences of white justice in a so-called “white man’s country.”

Yours very sincerely,

R. B. Lemus.

Boston, Mass.

I must take off my hat to The Crisis as a medium of constant good in the work of Negro uplift. Its ability to marshall and present facts, its beautiful English, its cogent reasoning, its character, put it at the head of colored publications intrinsically as well as numerically. Then, again, its circulation among the whites—worthy, worth-while white folk who never see a colored publication, enhances its value greatly. I wish it were celebrating its twentieth birthday rather than its fourth or fifth.

R. B. Lemus.
Editor of The Crisis:

Your account in the October Crisis of Fred. A. Houston, railway postal clerk of Sacramento, Cal., is interesting, because of its pathetic irony. I hope it will be the means of awakening a deep sympathy for the efficient and worthy colored men in the railway mail service who are now facing government inquisition and volumes of vulgar abuse by jealous white clerks.

The writer, who is in a position to appreciate Mr. Houston's narrative better than most of your readers, can put his finger on another young railway mail clerk who had to go through the same embarrassing ordeal, hundreds of miles from Mr. Houston, but with a parallel record and under different officials.

Here is his examination record covering the short space of six months in the same year:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Period</th>
<th>Per Cent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>98.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty days later</td>
<td>97.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The next day</td>
<td>99.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four months and 18 days later</td>
<td>98.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty days later</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Average ..................98.84

This clerk was a new man, having been in the service less than eight months, yet for five days each week he made an average of from twelve to fifteen hours, working hard trains and handling thousands of pounds of mail per day. He was responsible in part for the exact distribution, care and proper delivery of tons of mail in five different railway postoffices the same day. Those who have never worked in a railway postoffice cannot possibly understand the physical and mental strain upon such a clerk, and that, too, when the few hours given him for rest had to be used in preparing these constant examinations. Yet his record never showed over four pieces of mail carried by, delayed or missent during any single month. (It is not unusual for the best clerks to make from one to one hundred errors per month, also some demerits for minor irregularities constantly occurring in the mail service.)

This clerk received a letter containing in part the same words as Mr. Houston's and further stating that he was not possessed of any requisite in the making of a clerk, and, as a matter of mere form and additional embarrassment, was given the customary "ten days" to show good cause why he should not be removed.

These officious letters with their patented official formality and unspecific charges victimize the clerk absolutely and leave him no grounds for defense; and it is just as impossible for the victimized clerk to make the "necessary reply" as it is for colored men in the South to interpret certain sections of the State constitutions to the satisfaction of the green-eyed, lynching-hearted pollholder, who is made the sole arbiter of the colored man's fitness for suffrage. The clerk's masterly reply to these letters is like waving the red flag before the enraged beast, and the finer vindication he makes, if he happens to be colored, the more is the beast enraged.

Young Houston's excellent record and his account of himself and portrayal of the inward workings would show him to represent that class of colored young men of such extraordinary fitness and efficiency as to be intolerable. His record is far beyond scores of clerks of any race in my part of the country.

It is such an unusual thing for a mail clerk to make 100 per cent. in any of the many examinations he must pass to remain in the service that when such does happen the particular clerk becomes the subject of honorable mention in the weekly bulletins issued from headquarters and distributed to the hundreds of clerks, officials and order books throughout his division.

"It is not a question of the colored clerks' education, qualification and industry," said an editor recently in one of the journals devoted to the railway mail service; "it is a question of instinct."

"When prejudice is God, how can merit win?"

(Signed) Houston's Friend.

I felt lost without The Crisis this month, so sent to Chicago to get one. It is the meat of moral fibre to one so far from colored humanity. Nothing said against it by anyone about any of its integral parts should discourage that phase of the work. Let the truth be the light and idealism the goal for us as for all, and accept no compromise in this second emancipation, so much more necessary than Lincoln's.

Alonzo C. Thayer,
Winona, Minn.
Rhymed Enigma
My first is in dog but not in cat,
My second in robin but not in bat,
My third is in hut but not in hall,
My fourth is in spring but not in fall,
My fifth is in lamb but not in goat,
My sixth is in carry but not in tote,
My seventh is in loss but not in lad,
My eighth is in dressed but not in clad.
My whole is the name of a famous man
Guess the answer if you can.

Word Square
A piece of thick paper,
A melody,
A brook,
A valley.

Charade
Within the blackness of my first
My last comes riding by.
It is my whole! I gasp athirst,
And waken with a cry.

Numeral Enigma
(A numerical enigma is set up like this:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.
As you guess the words write the letter under its numeral.)
My whole is composed of 24 letters, and is a well-known proverb.
5, 23, 18 = a barnyard fowl.
3, 12, 7, 19 = instruments for opening locks.
14, 2, 24, 9 = a breakfast dish.
21 = a personal pronoun.
20, 6, 1, 11, 15, 13 = the hero of one of Shakespeare’s plays.
17, 22, 8, 10, 16, 4 = foolish.
Send us in your answers to these puzzles.
A year’s subscription to the Crisis will be given for the first correct solution of all the puzzles.
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