Those Xmas Gifts

Of course it's early, but after all Christmas is but three little weeks away.

Now we've prepared a Christmas card with one of The Crisis girls on it. You know the one—with wistful face and the shadow of songs in her eyes.

This we've printed daintily in delicate brown on fine cardboard, together with a sprig of holly, naturally, and that sort of thing. We've added some words like these:

DEAR FRIEND:
To wish you MERRY CHRISTMAS I have ordered The Crisis sent to you throughout the GLAD NEW YEAR.

All this, of course, in deep old gothic type with initials illuminated—Crisis way. Quite a lovely card in itself.

Really, now, haven't you several friends of varied color who would appreciate this gift? We hope our supply will last.

A postcard will bring you as many of these cards as you wish.
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SOCIAL UPLIFT.

The Negro population in the United States has grown as follows, according to the latest census figures:

1790 ... 757,208
1800 ... 1,002,037
1810 ... 1,377,808
1820 ... 1,771,656
1830 ... 2,328,642
1840 ... 2,873,648
1850 ... 3,638,808
1860 ... 4,441,830
1870 ... 4,880,009
1880 ... 6,580,793
1890 ... 7,470,004
1900 ... 8,833,994
1910 ... 9,828,294

Great increase in circulation is shown in the report for the year ending August 31, of the colored branch of the Louisville Public Library; 65,175 being the number of books loaned. The circulation for the past six years is as follows: First year 17,838; second year, 30,259; third year, 35,910; fourth year, 50,386; fifth year, 58,870; sixth year, 65,175.

In Indianapolis and Columbus, O., efforts are being made to erect colored branches of the Y. M. C. A. In Indianapolis the colored people secured in ten days subscriptions of $104,726.18. A site is now being sought and the construction of the building will be rushed. In Columbus, O., the colored people expect to raise $8,000 to supplement the $12,000 furnished by the Central Y. M. C. A.

The Hospital and Health Board of Kansas City has turned over the old City Hospital to a colored staff of physicians and surgeons after a fight of several years. About $20,000 has been spent in remodeling the buildings. The hospital will have four interns annually and a training school for about twenty nurses.

The General Educational Board reports that it has contributed since its founding between $600,000 and $700,000 to forty-one schools for Negroes. In only one case has money been given to an institution for higher training, although funds have been promised Fisk University if it meets some very difficult conditions.

The Mohonk conference on dependent people has had another meeting at Mr. Smiley's hotel, where the above-mentioned people are not expected to stop.

The White Rose Industrial Association of New York reports 1,182 free lodgings given during the year 1910; 960 paid lodgings and 795 meals. It has helped 226 persons to find work; has given forty-three meetings and entertainments. The total receipts have been $3,625.

The Common Well-Fare Club of the District of Columbia is a movement among colored people and white friends for better housing conditions, elimination of the alleys, the strengthening of colored social settlements and similar work.

The inscription to be placed on the new City Hall in Oakland, Cal., was written by P. J. Randall, a colored lawyer.

Colored people in many parts of the country have been holding meetings to honor the memory of the late Justice Harlan.
A Music School Settlement for Negroes began classes Monday, November 20, at 202 West 63d Street. The school is under the direction of David Mannes, David Irwin Martin and Miss Helen Elise Smith. Careful instruction is given daily at twenty-five cents a lesson.

The colored congregational churches and Straight University are trying to establish a social settlement in New Orleans.

Charles C. Atwater, of Springfield, Mass., left a number of charitable bequests, among which was $5,000 to the Brooklyn Home for Aged Colored People, Elizabeth K. Steele has left $1,000 to the Home for Aged Colored People at Philadelphia.

The Texas organization of colored physicians with fifty members has met and discussed questions of health and sanitation.

About $70,000 will be distributed to various institutions for colored people according to the will of Ann M. Fisher, a colored woman of Brooklyn. Hampton and Tuskegee each get $10,000; $5,000 goes to the Siloam Presbyterian Church, and there are various other charitable and personal bequests. The large residue of the estate will go to Francis H. Gilbert, a colored lawyer, who acts as executor of the will.

Philip Brookins, a colored man who recently died at Richmond, Ind., gave $2,250 to the Reed Memorial Hospital. The gift was made on account of a favor done Brookins several years ago by a New York millionnaire, formerly of Richmond.

Representatives from twenty-five counties in the State of Oklahoma have met and formed a Negro Law and Order League.

Three organizations in New York City—the Association for Improving the Industrial Condition of Negroes in New York, the National League for the Protection of Colored Women and the Committee on Urban Conditions Among Negroes—have united into the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes. The purpose of the new organization is to do constructive and preventive social work for improving the social and economic conditions among Negroes in urban centers, to secure and train social workers and to make certain social studies.

During the last year these organizations have collected facts concerning twenty local societies and institutions, made a survey in the Harlem district, superintended fresh-air work among Negroes, operated a model camp and secured funds for a playground. President E. R. A. Seligman is chairman of the executive committee of the new organization, and Mr. Eugene K. Jones is the field secretary.

In Indianapolis a memorial is being planned for the late Judge Stubbs. Two small colored boys stood in front of the memorial headquarters lately. For a long time they examined carefully the pictures in the window, and then one of them timidly thrust his head through the door.

"Is dis de place where yo' all give money to Judge Stubbs?" he asked.

Miss Alice Graydon, who has charge of the headquarters, invited the boys in and endeavored to make clear to them the purpose of receiving contributions. Finally they indicated that they understood what it was all about and started to leave the room. At the door they stopped and discussed the matter in low tones. Then they returned to Miss Graydon's desk and handed her six cents.

"Dis am all we can dig up jis' now," explained one of them. "We'll see de other newsies. Maybe dey all will gib something."

The colored Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia has started to raise $25,000 to purchase and equip a building.

At Tampa, Fla., the white people recently built a fine hospital for themselves, but made no provision for the Negroes. As a result the Dunbar Literary Society has started a Negro hospital movement.

**POLITICAL.**

The statements of several of the parties during the campaign show here and there the extent to which colored men in the North hold political office. In New York City, for instance, it is said that Tammany Hall in the last fourteen years has appointed the following Negro officials: Assistant District Attorney, Assistant Corporation Counsel, Deputy Commissioner of Taxes, 27 inspectors of various kinds, 19 clerks and stenographers, 20 messengers and some 400 laborers.

In Cleveland, O., there are said to be 175 colored men under the city administration, drawing the sum of $87,560 a year in wages. These men include a member of the city council and seven clerks and inspectors.

When the Republican National Committee meets in Washington in December, Senator Jonathan Bourne will revive the old plan of basing representation in the nominating conventions on the party vote cast rather than on population. This would reduce the representation of the Southern States approximately as follows: Alabama, 24 to 7; Arkansas, 18 to 10; Florida, 12 to 5; Georgia, 28 to 9;
Louisiana, 20 to 5; Mississippi, 20 to 5; North Carolina, 24 to 17; Oklahoma, 20 to 16; South Carolina, 18 to 4; Tennessee, 24 to 17; Texas, 40 to 11 and Virginia, 24 to 10.

Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, all border States, would receive increases as follows: Kentucky, 26 to 31; Maryland, 16 to 17; Missouri, 30 to 43.

The white Republican politicians of Georgia held a meeting in Macon from which colored men were excluded. The white men claim that the blame for this was on the hotel; but the Negroes say that this is an attempt to start a "Lily White" Republican organization in Georgia.

Careful organization among Negroes in Maryland did much to defeat the disfranchisement amendment. Sixty-five colored women volunteered their aid to teach the Negroes how to manipulate the difficult ballot.

The colored voters of Memphis have been questioning the candidates for mayor to know what they intend to do after election. Both candidates were asked if they would give colored people police protection in the use of public parks; if they would eliminate saloons from Negro residence districts; if they would allow colored physicians and nurses to attend colored patients in city hospitals; if they would have colored physicians to examine the children in colored schools, and if they would close policy shops. Both candidates, with some evasions, practically promised all these things.

In Philadelphia a considerable portion of the colored vote helped elect Rudolph Blankenburg as reform Mayor. The majority of the Negro vote, however, went to the Republican machine candidate.

In Pueblo, Colorado, Leroy James, the only Negro candidate in the first election under Pueblo's new charter, drew first position on the ballot. The eighty-seven candidates drew lots for positions.

In the proposed reorganization plan of West Virginia two members of the Republican State Committee-at-Large are to be colored men.

Mayor Howse, of Nashville, Tenn., owes his re-election very largely to the Negro vote.

In Chester, Pa., William H. Mack, a well-known colored man, was candidate the select council.

One hundred and fifty delegates of the Coalition League met in Springfield, Illinois, and adopted resolutions declaring themselves opposed to all present political parties. They urge the seventy-five thousand colored voters of the State to vote independently.

The Negro vote played an important part in the Norfolk, Va., election. Indeed, there are growing signs throughout the South of the revival of the political importance of colored men.

EDUCATION.

Fisk University, the Negro college of Nashville, Tenn., has secured $119,000 of the $300,000 to be raised in order to receive the General Education Board's appropriation of $60,000; $200,000 of this fund is for endowment. This effort to put a first-class college on its feet deserves the co-operation of all.

Mr. Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago merchant who has given so much to colored Y. M. C. A. work, has been making a trip to the South. He visited Fisk University, Meharry Medical College and Tuskegee. While at Fisk he said, "I wish to express my optimism upon the future of the colored people in America. We have every reason to feel that they are making strides forward. I am very glad to have the opportunity of seeing a work that I had no idea existed in the manner it does exist."

The entire student body of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Greensboro has been in open rebellion on account of the increase of industrial work at the expense of academic work, and the introduction of Saturday class work.

On Tuesday, October 10, the Rev. M. W. Gilbert was inaugurated president of Selma University. Representatives of many colored institutions of the South were present and made addresses.

The Missouri Negro Teachers' Association convened in Hannibal. The State Teachers' Association of Florida will meet at Jacksonville during the Christmas holidays. The South Alabama Colored Teachers' Association met in Mobile with several hundred people in attendance.

In South Carolina Negro school children outnumber the whites; the cost of the respective school systems is, however, as follows: Whites, $1,684,976; Negroes, $368,802.

In Texas there are 199,915 Negro children of scholastic age, for each of whom the State apportions $6.80, and this year at $1,359,422, and there are 791,494 white children, for whom there is apportioned $5,382,159, making a total apportionment of the State available school funds by the State Board of Education for the current year of $6,741,581. This is the largest apportionment of State available school funds ever made in the history of the State for any scholastic year.

The new colored school at Ivy City, District of Columbia, has been presented
with a life-size portrait of Alexander Crummell, after whom it is named, by the Negro Society for Historical Research.

The new superintendent of New Orleans has recommended that all the colored public schools have colored teachers, but so far his recommendation has been ignored. Several of the New Orleans colored schools have white teachers.

The large increase of students at the colored high schools in Washington will lead to seven companies in the cadet battalion instead of six. It is possible, therefore, that the battalion may be organized as a regiment.

The cornerstone of Berea's new school for Negroes, to be known as the "Lincoln Institute of Kentucky," was laid in Shelby County, Ky., by the president of Berea. The school has 440 acres of land and the first buildings will cost $110,000. Other buildings will bring the cost up to over a million.

The Negro Baptists of Texas have raised more than $17,000 for their own educational institutions during the last year.

Miss Bessie Bruington, a colored girl, has been appointed to the public schools of Los Angeles, Cal.

CHURCH.

The Christian Recorder says: "When Bishop Walters rose before the Ecumenical Conference at Toronto and said that the statistics of his church had always been wrong, and that the church did not want to publish the correct statistics because they would show many thousand fewer members than it was pretend the church had, we all hung our heads. Yet we all knew the statement of the bishop was true, not only of the A. M. E. Zion Church, but our own church as well. We claimed 800,000 members at the General Conference, while the census gave us less than 500,000, and Bishop Lee is unable to find now more than 600,000."

The eighteenth annual session of the Afro-American Presbyterian Council was held in Philadelphia. It is composed of ministers and laymen in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

Plymouth Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., has celebrated its thirtieth anniversary.

John R. Hawkins, secretary of education of the A. M. E. Church, reports that during the last year the colored people have raised $32,660 for the colored schools. That these schools have 210 teachers and 5,718 pupils.

Among the Negro fairs recently held the most important was the Georgia colored State fair at Macon. Among the attractions were a colored aviator, an education day and a woman's day. There was a display of models of battleships sent by the United States Government.

At Raleigh, N. C., the fair was a great success.

Other fairs were held at Dyersburg, Tenn.; Tuscombia, Ala.; Troup County, Ga.; Limestone County, Ala.; Nansemond County, Va.; Augusta, Ga.; Montgomery, Ala.; Dateburg, S. C.; Chester County, S. C.; Charlotte, N. C., and Utica, Miss.

Meetings of protest against lynching have been held in Milwaukee, Wis.; Jersey City, N. J., and Hoboken, N. J.

Meetings of protest against lynching have been held in Milwaukee, Wis.; Jersey City, N. J., and Hoboken, N. J.

A memorial service for the late Sarah J. Garnet was held in Brooklyn.

ECONOMICS.

Many colored men who are in favor of labor unions are finding that after they get into the union they are discriminated against.

The Marine Cooks' and Stewards' Union of the Atlantic Coast is forcing the Negroes to join, and then "Jim-crowing" them in all possible ways.

One of the most outrageous cases is the attempt of the Pavers' Union in New York to get rid of the colored pavers. During the panic of 1907 the colored pavers got behind in their dues to the National Union. The constitution says that if a union is three months in arrears it may be suspended, but may appeal to the executive committee or to the national meeting, and be reinstated on payment of dues. The colored union got three months in arrears on Friday; on Monday they tendered their dues in full. The treasurer not only refused to receive the dues, but the white union immediately got an injunction against the colored pavers, and this injunction took away from them even the right to appeal to the executive committee or to the national meeting. For three years and four months the Negroes have been fighting this monstrous injunction, but the white lawyer whom they hired took their money and did nothing. Finally they got a colored lawyer, and the court immediately raised the injunction, but on condition that they pay $348 to the white union as reimbursement for the expense of the injunction. With some help from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the colored union paid this sum and is now taking full steps to get back its rights.

The report of the chief of the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics of Penn-
sylvania shows that in 150 selected industries there are 475,453 native Americans employed, 325,489 foreigners and 6,862 Negroes. The latter, when few in number, have increased, especially in industries requiring skill. There are 2,663 Negroes in the bituminous coal mines and 1,585 in iron and steel industries. In fertilizer plants there are also a good many Negroes employed.

Charles Richie, of Washington, D. C., has invented a device for registering telephone calls, which is being considered by various companies.

Negro secret societies are about to establish the Fraternal Bank and Trust Company of Texas, with a capital of $100,000.

Public Printer Samuel B. Donnelly is being antagonized by the labor unions of Washington, D. C. The difficulty arose over the strike of bricklayers employed on a garage which is being built under Donnelly's supervision. The union men refused to work with a Negro, who, the Public Printer said, had been certified by the Civil Service Commission as a bricklayer. Non-union men were taken on by Donnelly to complete the work. Persons interested in fair play ought to write to President Taft commending Donnelly's position.

Heretofore colored men have not been employed in the anthracite coal mines. At present about 3,000 are being imported into the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

Mound Bayou, Miss., is about to open an oil mill. A frame warehouse and a two-story brick structure have already been erected at a cost of nearly $80,000. They expect to have the wheels turning about January 1.

The colored people of Jackson, Miss., pay taxes on $1,000,000 worth of property. The Jackson Daily News adds that the home-owning class are "quiet, and as a rule good citizens."

A great many accidents are reported to Negro workmen, showing that very little precaution is taken by employers where a large number of colored men are employed. This month 17 deaths are reported in various industrial establishments.

ART.

September 28, at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, the first public performance in America was given of the Fourth Symphony, Op. 64, in D minor, "North, East, South and West," by Henry Hadley, the American conductor-composer. This symphony was written for the Norfolk Festival and was originally performed there last June. The third movement of the symphony, the South, is a scherzo and is of Negro character throughout, whimsical and full of good humor. It does not touch the more sombre or plaintive aspects of the Negro character.

Brindis de Salas, a colored violinist of concert fame in Europe, has died in poverty in Buenos Ayres. He was a Cuban, sixty years of age. Found among his effects were many decorations, including tokens of appreciation from the German Emperor and the King of Italy.

Miss Hazel Harrison, pianist, of La Porte, Ind., is now in Germany, and is to appear in Berlin and other European cities.

The Washington (D. C.) Conservatory of Music announces the appointment of Miss Gregoria Fraser, pianist, who will teach the Burrowe's kindergarten method of music study. Miss Fraser is a graduate of the Conservatory of Syracuse, New York.

October 18 the violinist, Mr. Clarence Cameron White, virtuoso in the command of his instrument and feeling for it, gave a recital at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, the institution of which he was formerly a student.

"From the Green Heart of the Waters," a chorus for ladies' voices, by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, is one of the test pieces sung at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, August 8-11. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was delegated to deliver the awards.

The Alberta Musical Competition Festival of 1911, open to musicians of the Far Northwest, was held in Edmonton, Canada, in May. The festival concluded with "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the cantata chosen for the choral competition.

Mme. Maud Powell, the distinguished and remarkable violinist, has transcribed for the violin and piano the piano transcription "Deep River," a Negro melody secured from American sources by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. It is a brilliant concert number, played with success by Mme. Powell, and lately furnished by her as a record for the Victor talking machine.

The Schirmer Company, one of the leading musical publishing houses, announces among their recent publications "Poeme Erotique," for piano, by Mr. Mellville Charlton. Mr. Charlton is assistant organist at Temple Emanu-El in New York City.

"Scenes from an Imaginary Ballet," a suite of imaginative subtlety composed for the pianoforte by Mr. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, is another of the Schirmer publications. It has been declared by the reviewers that the composer has never written anything more rarely distinctive than this poetically conceived suite.
The annual concert of the Clef Club of New York, under the leadership of James Reese Europe, took place November 9 before an audience of several thousand. The new compositions by Europe, Burleigh and others showed remarkable power. A sketch of the work of this club will appear in a later number of THE CRISIS.

THE COURT.

At Shreveport, La., a judge has decided that a colored woman cannot occupy a berth in a sleeper, even as a servant.

A police magistrate has decided that the segregation ordinance of Suffolk is unconstitutional.

In Columbus, O., Graham Duell, a colored lawyer, went into a confectionery store for soda water and was refused by the proprietor. Mr. Duell brought suit.

Sections 4426-2 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio provide in part "That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of the foregoing section by denying to any citizen, except for reasons applicable alike to all citizens of every race and color, and regardless of color or race, the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities or privileges in said section enumerated, or by aiding or inciting such denial shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay a sum of not less than $50 nor more than $500 to the person aggrieved thereby, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction in the county where the said offense was committed."

The case was tried before a jury, but the judge took it out of the hands of the jury and ordered a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Duell will, however, take the case to the Circuit Court.

It is said that the colored Elks have won their right to exist in Virginia.

In Indianapolis, Ind., a justice of the peace has decided that no restaurant may refuse the patronage of Negroes. This is the first decision in a criminal case of this kind ever given in Indiana.

CRIME.

On March 19 Mr. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Institute while seeking admittance to an apartment house on West Sixty-third Street, New York, was gasterly beaten by a white man named Ulrich, helped by several bystanders. Ulrich was about to have Mr. Washington arrested, when Mr. Washington revealed his identity and the police arrested Ulrich for felonious assault. At the hearing the charge was changed to simple assault. After much delay and many postponements the case was finally tried by three justices in Special Sessions on November 6. The main facts as to the beating were admitted by both sides, but Ulrich justified the attack on the ground that Mr. Washington had no business at the house and had insulted the woman who lived with Ulrich, but who was not his wife. Mr. Washington contended that he was trying to find Mr. D. C. Smith, auditor of Tuskegee, whom he thought was living at the house with a family whose name Mr. Washington had forgotten. Mr. Smith did not appear as witness. By a vote of two to one Ulrich was acquitted.

In Oklahoma there has been a race war, the cause of which is difficult to know. Colored papers say that it started in a gambling hell with colored and white gamblers. White papers report that the trouble was caused by a colored man running against a white woman and pushing her off the sidewalk. The whites tried to lynching a Negro, but were scared to hear that the colored people were rising. The result was a widespread panic and the report that 10,000 Negroes were marching on the town. The militia were immediately sent to the town, and they proceeded to disarm the colored people. In all it seems that two were killed, one white and one colored man, and three wounded in this affair.

At Honeapath, S. C., a Negro named Willis Jackson was lynched on October 10 under circumstances particularly shameless, even for this shameless year. He was accused of attacking a ten-year-old child and was hanged to a tree by his feet and riddled with bullets. His fingers were cut off for souvenirs afterward. The little girl had been taking a cow to pasture when she said the man assaulted her. She "got away from the brute," says the account, and on her way home met a man to whom she told the story. The lynching followed. The mob was led by the local member of the State Legislature, Joshua W. Ashley, and his son, while Victor B. Cheshire, editor of the local paper, the Intelligencer, and one of Governor Blease's staff, took part and got out a special edition of his paper to tell about it. "The lynching took place at midnight," he wrote, "and two hours later the big press was grinding out papers telling of the happy event." In his account of the crime he tells how "the Intelligencer man went out to see the fun and with not the least objection to being a party to help lynching the brute. The coroner's jury found that the Negro had come to his death "at the hands of persons unknown," but the better element of South Carolina is stirred and demands an investigation. The Anderson County Ministers' Conference passed resolutions hotly condemning the lynching. In a recent speech Governor Blease said he had been informed by the sheriff of the situation and had wired instructions to the sheriff.
"The telegram to Sheriff King," said the Governor, "said: 'Keep in touch with the Honeapath affair and send me a report to-morrow morning telling me what is going on.'

'Sheriff King received that telegram, and he understood its meaning. Next morning I received his report, and it was exactly what I expected. As a matter of fact, if it had been any different I would have been greatly disappointed.'

The Governor went on to say that rather than use the power of his office in deterring white men from 'punishing that nigger brute,' he "would have resigned the office and come to Honeapath and led the mob."

At Washington, Ga., a Negro charged with murder was lynched October 28. At Caruthersville, Mo., two Negroes were lynched. The reason seems to be that they were suspicious characters, and were found hiding in the shrubbery by two white girls.

In Manchester, Ga., a Negro was lynched. Someone had assaulted the yardmaster with a brick and he was suspected.

At Marshall, Tex., a colored man choked a white woman and demanded matches of her daughter-in-law. He was lynched.

At Dublin, Ga., a Negro was accused of assaulting a white woman. He was lynched.

At Forest City, Tenn., a Negro was lynched. He was charged with attempting to assault a farmer's wife.

At Clarkesville, Tex., a colored man was accused of attacking a white woman and her mother. He was lynched.

At Meridian, Miss., a colored man was lynched for striking a white man with a stick.

At Irwinton, Ga., a colored man who entered a white woman's room and fled at her cry was lynched.

For abusive language to a woman a Negro was lynched at Hope, Ark.

Other unsuccessful attempts at lynching have been made at Arkansas, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kansas and New York City.

In Ozark, Ala., a colored man pursued by a mob committed suicide.

Policemen have killed their usual quota of colored men.

In Houston, Tex., a Negro shot by a policeman is at the point of death.

At Cambridge, Md., another Negro was shot.

At Estherwood, La., a Negro was acquitted by the United States Court, but had to be put back in jail to keep him from being lynched.

On a New Orleans ferryboat a Negro announced that he could whip any white man on the boat. After a while several white men started after him. The result is that two white men and the Negro are dead, and two other white men seriously wounded.

Joseph Dunlap, a white man, killed Charles Middleton, a colored man, in Sumter, S. C. There was no charge against the murdered man, but the murderer was angry at somebody else.

In Lewisburg and Arcadia, small towns near Birmingham, Ala., six white men and eleven Negroes have been killed during the past eighteen months. The reason seems to be unknown, but the sheriffs are at last threatening to look into the matter.

In Brunswick, Ga., L. O. O'Berry, a white man, has been sentenced to hang for killing a colored woman and her daughter.

Two white men have been indicted for the lynching of six Negroes at Lake City, Fla., last spring.

AFRICA.

By the terms of the Morocco agreement between France and Germany a portion of the French Congo somewhat larger than Kansas has been turned over to Germany. It contains 1,000,000 Negroes.

The report of the Lagos West Africa Railway shows that the gross revenue last year was over $1,000,000, and the net profit $450,000. These are the largest figures in the history of the railway.

Serious news is being received from Angola, the Portuguese possession in Western Africa. A revolt of the natives is spreading rapidly, and they are burning and pillaging everything in their path.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the government to conceal the situation from the public, it is known to be precarious. Tribes have attacked settlements and massacred a number of Europeans, after subjecting them to terrible tortures. The number and nationality of the victims are not known.

PERSONAL.

The Honorable T. McCants Stewart, judge of the Supreme Court of the Republic of Liberia, has been making a short business visit to the United States.

Mr. L. H. Godman has been appointed special counsel in the Attorney-General's office in Columbus, O. Mr. Godman was born in North Carolina in 1880, and had his training at Ohio State University and Howard University Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1906. The appointment coming from a Democratic official is regarded as very significant.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell spoke at the convention of the World's Purity Federation, at Columbus, O.

Mr. J. Q. Adams, editor and manager of the Appeal, has just celebrated his silver jubilee at St. Paul, Minn.
THE LATE JUSTICE HARLAN

THE FRIEND AT COURT.

The death of Justice John Marshall Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, removes one of the best friends of the Negro in this country. The great Kentuckian had always stood, usually alone among the justices, against any discrimination based on race. It was he who gave the splendid dissenting opinion as to the constitutionality of the “Jim Crow” laws. If it was legal to draw a line between white and colored persons, he said, in the schools and on the railroads, it would be equally legal so to separate Catholics and Protestants, native born and immigrant. He was old fashioned enough to believe that the declaration of the equality of men before the law should be maintained. Since 1877 this good friend has served on the Supreme Court bench, and he died at the age of seventy-eight.

AN OLD FIGHTER.

We are glad to be able to give our readers this month a photograph of Mr. Peter Woods, eighty years of age, and, so far as is known, the only living survivor of those who were indicted for treason after the Christiania riot. At the unveiling of the monument which marks the historic spot of the “first bloodshed of the Civil War” Mr. Woods was given a commemorative medal.

We have received a number of letters concerning the article on the Christiana riot published in the October number of The Crisis. Mr. E. H. Murray, of Chatham, Ontario, tells us that William Parker, after the fight in which he played so heroic a part, settled in that town. Mr. Pinckney, Parker’s associate, also settled there.

BISHOP C. S. SMITH.

The colored Methodists of this country were gratified at the Fourth Ecumenical Methodist Conference, held in Toronto October 4-17, by the honors shown to various colored bishops. Perhaps the most striking distinction was the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Bishop C. S. Smith by Victoria College of Toronto.
BISHOP C. S. SMITH

Bishop Alexander Walters of New York, who succeeded in getting the conference to pass a resolution deploring lynching, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Methodist Canadian Union. It was the first time a colored delegate had been so distinguished.

A NEGRO COUNCILMAN.

For the first time in twenty-five years Nashville has chosen a colored man as city counsellor. Mr. Solomon Parker Harris, in the last election, defeated his white opponent by a vote of 244 to 194. The last Negro to serve in Nashville was the Hon. J. C. Napier, now Registrar of the Treasury.

Mr. Harris was born in Mississippi in 1864 of parents sold to that State from Virginia. He entered the public schools at the age of ten and continued his studies until he was graduated from Rust University, Mississippi, in 1889 with the degree of B. A. His father had died when he was a little boy, and he was obliged to work every step of the way up. In 1891 he was graduated from the University of Michigan law school. After practicing his profession for five years he entered the National Baptist Publishing House in Nashville, where he is now employed.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

[The blind editor of the New York World died October 29, 1911, murmuring in German, 'Leise, ganz leise!'] His paper always treated New York dailies.

Softly, quite softly—
For I hear, above the murmur of the sea,
Faint and far-fallen footsteps, as of One
Who comes from out beyond the endless ends of Time,
With voice that downward looms thro' singing stars;
Its subtle sound I see thro' these long-darkened eyes,
I hear the Light He bringeth on his hands—
Almighty Death!

Softly, oh, softly, lest he pass me by,
And that unquivering Light toward which my longing soul
And tortured body through these years have withered,
Fade to the dun darkness of my days.

Softly, full softly, let me rise and greet
The strong, low luting of that long-awaited call;
Swiftly be all my good and going gone,
And this vast veiled and vanquished vigor of my soul

Seek somehow otherwhere its rest and goal,
Where endless spaces stretch,
Where endless time doth moan,
Where endless light doth pour Thro' the black kingdoms of eternal death.

Then haply I may see what things I have not seen,
Then I may know what things I have not known;
Then may I do my dreams!
Farewell! No sound of idle mourning let there be
To shudder this full silence—save the voice
Of children—little children, white and black,
Whispering the deeds I tried to do for them;
While I at last unguided and alone Pass—softly, full softly.

—W. E. B. D. in the N. Y. World.
LYNCHERS TRIUMPHANT.

This is the headline of a stirring editorial in the Evening Post. The failure of justice at Coatesville, it says, is complete. The lynchers are triumphant, but not only in Coatesville.

"Before us," says the Post, "lies the Topeka Plaindealer with the horrible story of the lynching at Durant, Oklahoma—on the same day as the Coatesville burning—of an unknown Negro. Here the white fiends who shot down the man without giving him a chance to defend himself were so proud of their work that they bound the body to some planks, and, as the picture before us shows, posed around their victim while the photographer recorded the scene. Even with such proof, we are sure, a Coatesville jury would acquit. In Oklahoma apparently nobody has stirred, despite this convincing evidence. The lynchers are on top. Their victim was a stranger in a strange land; the woman in the case identified him after the mob had killed him—what else could she do, in the presence of a half-drunken and violent mob? Then these exponents of American civilization piled fagots around the body and danced around the fire as it consumed their victim. Is it any wonder that a mob the other night tried to lynch a colored man who, for all they knew, was but using his revolver in self-defense? An actual killing in the streets may take place any day, as it did in the draft riots of 1863. Who shall say when, in a gust of passion, a street crowd in New York will not slay guilty and innocent alike?"

"Is it any wonder that the colored people are looking to Washington for aid? The Topeka Plaindealer declares that it must seem to foreigners the height of hypocrisy for President Taft to be talking about peace among nations when such diabolical acts of private war at home go on unchecked. As for The Crisis, which speaks for the educated colored man, it asks the President how he can keep silent, 'in the face of a record of murder, lynching and burning in this country which has appalled the civilized world.' Certainly, there are no topics the President has discussed on his present trip that are of equal moment with the question of the rule of the mob. The lynchers are on top, North, South, East and West."

The New York World once again champions the Negro in an editorial entitled "The Crime of Being a Negro." It says:

"In a Georgia town widely known as a model community a mob last week took a Negro from jail and lynched him for the offense of striking a white man. In an Oklahoma city on Sunday a Negro was taken from the hands of a deputy sheriff and riddled with bullets for killing the City Attorney and shooting two other white citizens in a riot provoked by a Negro who pushed a white woman from the sidewalk.

"In neither case had the usual crime"
been committed by the victim of the mob's vengeance and in neither was there the excuse that the honor of women had to be protected by making an example of the culprit. There was no occasion to fear that either malefactor would escape justice. The Negro lynched in Georgia was in a cell awaiting punishment, and the Negro lynched in Oklahoma was in safe custody.

"The mobs which have made these additions to the ghastly record of blood vengeance in a civilized country may at least be credited with tearing the veil of pretense from the plea that Negroes are lynched in defense of American womanhood. When Negroes are summarily put to death without trial and without discrimination for offenses as far removed in heinousness as simple assault and murder, the theory is enforced that justice in this country is for the white man and not for the Negro.

"It is something to have lynching freed of its hypocrisy: but with what a sardonic commentary on the equality of all Americans under the law without distinction of color."

The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal remarks that white people "unconsciously assign superiority" to the black man by expecting him perpetually to show a self-control that cannot be attained. "But," says the Journal, "the Negro is probably no better than the white man. When he is reviled he is tempted, even as ourselves, to revile again. For the last three months there has been an epidemic of lynchings of Negroes in various parts of the country. One of the most brutal of these occurred some time ago in Oklahoma. Confidently assuming that the Negro would love his enemies, we are surprised now to find the Negroes about Coweta showing a rebellious spirit, one of them committing murder and the rest inclined to back him up and wipe out the whites thereabout."

The Washington (D. C.) Herald strikes a true note in an editorial on two Missouri lynchings: "We are in danger of becoming a happy-go-lucky nation, filled with a confiding trust that everything will work out for the best, and indulging in an optimism that is more of a menace than a blessing. What we need is something more than sublime hope. We need leaders who will take hold of our great problems and help to solve them, men who will study how to supplant the mob spirit with respect for law, who will offer practical remedies for the grave sociological conditions that make life a burden, who will not content themselves with merely hoping that human ills will disappear, but will steadily labor toward accomplishing that end. Not optimists are wanted, but workers."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S PROTEST.

In South Carolina the better papers are much stirred over the peculiarly shameless lynching at Homeapth, in which Joshua Ashley, an assemblyman, and a local editor, Victor B. Cheshire, who is on Governor Blease's staff, played a prominent part, and the clergy of the county have protested warmly. The Sumter Southron quotes editorially a sermon by the Rev. John F. Vines, pastor of the First Baptist Church, apparently in Sumter. "Dr. Vines' remarks," says the Southron, "were anything but general or vague. He made local and specific applications of his text and did not hesitate to call names. Dr. Vines said among other things that the people who mainly compose lynching mobs talk much of defending virtue but are not themselves distinguished for virtue. Many of them, indeed, live in a fashion to make a mock of all virtue and some of them are not guiltless of relations with the black race which are directly provocative of the crime that leads to lynchings."

The Spartanburg Journal fears an attempt to indict the murderer would be worse than useless. "It would be impossible to convict the Lynchers, even if Josh Ashley (the assemblyman), the leader, would stand up before the jury and make full confession and give the names of all who were in the party. If a verdict of guilty should be brought in, a pardon would be granted as soon as it could be written. An arrest and trial would make heroes of the Lynchers and eminently qualify them for public office in the opinion of many voters. Josh Ashley is the logical successor to Governor Blease, for he boldly and fearlessly executed what the governor had suggested and advised."

"The events of the last few days in this State," continues the Journal, "are sufficient to indicate that the people feel that they have license to violate the laws. In Greenville and Union at the close of the week there were homicides that were savage in their nature. In this county a twelve-year-old boy shoots and kills his brother. From many counties come reports of homicide and attempts to kill. It is time for the governor and all in authority to advise and urge the people to obey all the laws without exception."

The Charleston Post thinks the attempt to indict should be made even if, as at Coatesville, the result is failure. The leaders in the crime are well known and "it is not so easy as the members of mobs pretend to stand in the open light of publicity as accused authors of a crime, in the definition of the statute, no matter how overwhelming the approval of public opinion of the neighborhood may be of the act. The Lynchers, who were so bold before and
have been so boastful after the deed, should be given the opportunity of showing their mettle."

The Charlotte Observer demands an investigation and so does another just newspaper, the Columbia State. "There has not," says the State, "been a lynching in South Carolina for the one crime that has not bred a lynching for other crimes. There has not been a lynching in South Carolina that has not increased the chances of every man, white and black, to die at the hands of a man-slayer."

"Of course the Anderson lynchers should be prosecuted. The law may be flouted, the law may be insulted and trampled upon, but that is no reason for the sworn defenders of the law, by silence and inaction, to proclaim that the law is dead."

THE COLLEGE-BRED NEGRO.

"The Atlanta University Negro Conference," says the New York Tribune, "has made its second investigation into the activities of the college-bred Negroes in this country. As a result of its inquiries it estimates that there are 5,000 Negroes who are graduates of colleges in this country, including institutions for the whites and the blacks. Of the latter there are thirty-two; thirteen only, however, being institutions of importance. The interest of the inquiry lies in what it discloses about the occupations of the Negro college graduates. Of those replying to its communications the conference found that 53.8 per cent. were engaged in teaching, 20 per cent. were in the ministry, while 3.8 per cent. practised law and 7 per cent. medicine."

"Thus 84 per cent. of the Negro graduates, if these figures are true generally of the 5,000, are devoting their energies where their race needs the services of better educated men—in teaching, preaching, medicine and law. The race has suffered much in the past from ignorant teachers, ignorant preachers and foolish, superstitious healers. It requires the leadership of educated Negroes, and apparently higher education is supplying this need."

"The statistics showing the section of the country in which the college-bred Negro finds his work are also instructive. The conference found that only 103 college-bred Negroes of Northern birth 34 per cent. went South to work among their own people, while of 682 graduates born in the South all but 15 per cent. remained in that section. Thus the better-educated Negro finds his occupation where the race most needs him to help in its advancement. The tendency of the day is to look upon industrial training as the hope of the Negro race, and this is no doubt wise, but the race will always need for its leaders, teachers, preachers and physicians more liberally educated men. This is the justification for the higher education of the Negro, and the statistics collected by the conference show that it is serving this end."

The Boston Advertiser quotes the same report and concludes: "That the college-bred Negro prospers is apparent from the estimate that they are to-day in possession of $15,000,000 worth of property. So they offer a good example. In learned societies and in literature they figure well, as the report shows in some detail. In public office they are worthily conspicuous. In charitable work they have played a large part. In ambition to educate their children and make them in turn leaders of, and examples for, their people, they are constructive elements. The conference reports these suggestions in the replies it has obtained to questions of fact and of ideas:

"Equality before the law;
"Full citizenship rights and privileges;
"The right to vote;
"Unrestricted educational opportunities;
"Well-trained leadership."

"These suggestions we are told, 'are not to be ignored nor even treated lightly if we hope to bring the Negroes of America to a higher place in the scale of social values; and that not alone for their own sake, but for the sake of the American people as a whole.' That is a point which must not be missed in viewing the broad possibilities of ultimate national development."

It is interesting to compare these carefully compiled figures with the statement of Dr. Maury M. Stapler, a Georgia physician writing to the Outlook, who says that as soon as a Negro is educated, he "treks back to Boston," for the North thinks that it wants the Negro educated, whereas the South thinks it would prefer to keep him in "a state of nature." The "trek" is the other way, but sociologists of the Stapler school do not appear to concern themselves with mere facts.

The Buffalo News comments on the replies from colleges asking whether colored men were received. "Frankly it must be said that the consensus of opinion seems to be that the Negro is not desirable as a student and, of course, for the reasons for this undesirability are many. Yale, while it says that it has never felt justified in refusing admission to Negro students, frankly declares that it has never sought to attract them. Leland Stanford says that it never had any Negro applicants for admission and it cannot, therefore,
say what sort of reception such applications would receive. St. Vincent College, in Pennsylvania, says that it has never deemed it wise to accept colored students. In many of the New England colleges Negro students are accepted and may be counted among the graduates, but when you get to Missouri the line is drawn rather sharply, and the president of a Missouri college writes that he has not found a student in the State who would tolerate a Negro in the college.

THE "MENACE" OF EDUCATION.

The American Missionary, a Northern publication which stands for justice to the Negro, quotes and answers the Rev. Dr. Leavell, of Mississippi, the gentleman whose conception of Christianity leads him to agitate against Negro education.

"Dr. Leavell," says the Missionary, "while a pastor in Massachusetts ably advocated the education of the Negro people. He now publishes a pamphlet which says as to Negro education:

"There is a great and increasing hesitation among us to go further, and amid present conditions do that which would inevitably tend toward equalizing the situation between the races, make the Negro a more efficient citizen, and render him a positive, influential, equal and permanent factor in our political life.'

"Dr. Leavell thinks also that 'there has been a change in the general public sentiment of the North,' brought about by the agitation of such men as Senator Tillman of South Carolina, and ex-Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, which has brought Northern sentiment into sympathy with this questioning whether on the whole it would not be better to keep the Negro in ignorance, lest by education he really prove himself a man, to demand the rights of a man.

"He adds: 'So long as it is possible for him (the Negro) to be a voter in the South he will be a menace, and so long as he is a menace 'we cannot and we will not extend to him the aid he needs to make him more 'worth while' to himself and to us,' and so discharge toward him the duty which in the nature of things the higher owes to the lower conditions of human life.' Dr. Leavell undoubtedly represents the popular feeling of Mississippi.

"Let us say to this: This country will never consent to the permanent disfranchisement of Negro citizens. Those who agitate for this and those who effectuate this through methods that they themselves pronounce to be immoral will eventually find themselves as thoroughly at war with Providence as were those who agitated the dissolution of the Union.'

LABOR ALLIANCES.

Recently the white union carpenters of Key West went on strike in sympathy with two discharged colored men. The New York Nation, telling the story, continues: "They were restored to work, and, says a Key West account, 'the white and colored laborers are on much better terms.' This is certainly refreshing reading when one recalls the bitter and costly strikes in Georgia and elsewhere of white men to prevent Negro workmen on railways from rising above the humblest positions, and if it can be taken as a sign that labor is awakening to the fact that it least of all can indulge in race prejudice, it should give genuine reason for rejoicing. The other attitude particularly to be noted here in the North of excluding the colored man from unions is doubly wrong from the union point of view: it makes the Negroes ready to act as strikebreakers, and it makes most of their arguments as to the brotherhood of all labor highly nonsensical. But this is one of the issues which Mr. Gompers finds it difficult to wax eloquent over.

The Boston Transcript notes another encouraging sign: "The alliance of Southern whites and Southern Negroes in a labor dispute is one of the occurrences that help to make 1911 annus mirabilis. The colored firemen on the Georgia & Florida Railroad have gone out in sympathy with the white firemen who struck for higher wages."

Bishop Guerry, of South Carolina, at the Missionary Council of the Episcopal Church, scored the church for its neglect of the Negro. "The question is no longer a Southern one," said the bishop, "but is one of national scope. There are to-day more Negroes in New York than there are in New Orleans and as many in Philadelphia as in any city outside of New Orleans. You lynch Negroes up here the same as we do in the South. It is a national crime. We need you and you need us and we must work together in doing our duty to these people. It is the greatest blot on the American church to-day that we have trifled with this great missionary question at our own doors."

Some Negroes of Oklahoma meeting in Boley, at the call of G. A. Hogan, passed resolutions condemning the lawless Negroes of the State. Whereupon the Oklahoma Safeguard, a colored paper, remarks: "Why did you not also condemn the lawless whites of Oklahoma? The Negro race is not the only race that have lawless elements in it. Why did you not also pass a few resolutions praising the law-abiding, respectable and cultured class of Negroes in our race? No, you hold your peace when it comes to this class, and advertise only one class. Now, John, you stop that kind of stuff and come clean."
The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People feels that it has reason to rejoice at Christmas time in the increased interest and enthusiasm of its membership. From every part of the country and from all classes and races come letters of congratulation on the association and The Crisis.

The New York branch of the association on November 15 opened headquarters at 268 1/2 West 135th Street. The office has been placed in a Negro neighborhood that it may be easily accessible to those it is designed to help. Cases of discrimination, of injustice to men because of their color, are to be given immediate attention, and a clerk will be at the office during week days. Two telephone numbers are given for night cases: 4660 Chelsea and 152 Columbus.

The New York branch will not encroach upon the work of the New York Legal Aid Society, an association which gives legal aid to the needy of all races, taking up cases involving claims for wages, damages in case of accident, etc. Nor does it expect to deal with questions of economic discrimination. It purposes to stand for the rights of the colored man within the law of the State, to see that he secures justice in the courts, and to aid him when his civil rights are assailed.

The significance of Hamlet's exclamation concerning "the law's delay" is keenly appreciated by the editor of the N. A. A. C. P. notes. Cases are a good while in coming up in court, and it may be difficult for our readers to remember them from month to month. One case, not yet mentioned in The Crisis, is just finished. Two white men ran out of a restaurant without paying their bill. The cry of "thief" was raised, and a policeman, appearing in sight, shot at a black man who was also running but who had had nothing whatever to do with the robbery. The black man, named Bell, was severely hurt, and was taken to the hospital. It is doubtful whether he ever regains his full strength. The association was active in at once getting the facts before the Police Department, and the officer was suspended for three months. Such discipline, however inadequate it may seem to the Negro sufferer, is of immense value to our cause.

The New York branch has another case of the shooting of an innocent man by a policeman, that of William Mingo, mentioned in the August Crisis. The case will shortly come up again.

The Wendell Phillips centenary, November 29, will be celebrated in many cities throughout the United States. The Boston branch plans to hold its meeting on November 28 at the Park Street Church, Judge Wendell Phillips Stafford, one of the association's warm supporters, giving the principal speech. Mr. Francis Garrison, in charge of the meeting, is planning a beautiful and interesting programme, illustrated by new and attractive pictures of Phillips at his home and at his work.

In Brooklyn the association will hold a meeting at Plymouth Church November 29, the speakers, our tried friends, Mr. Charles Edward Russell and the Rev. Reverdy Ransom. Henry Ward Beecher offered his platform to Phillips after the latter had been mobbed at the Broadway Tabernacle, and Mr. Russell and Mr. Ransom will have the honor of standing on the very platform that was shared in by these two great anti-slavery leaders.

A meeting TO PROTEST AGAINST LYNCHING was held at Ethical Culture Hall, New York, on the evening of November 15. The extent of America's murderous lawlessness was shown in a circular scattered through the seats. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard was in the chair and made a strong plea for justice. Mr. W. E. B. Du Bois showed that attacks of colored men on women are grossly exaggerated and that punishment of crime in the South is making criminals. Dr. John L. Elliott appealed for a fund of $1,000 to investigate lynching and the audience gave $260. The rest will undoubtedly be raised in a week or two. Mrs. Florence Kelley and the Rev. Hutchins Bishop made the closing speeches. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the assembly "Solemnly record our belief that the reign of lynch law in this country, North and South, constitutes the worst indictment of American democracy that can be drawn." President Taft was criticized for his silence and a Congressional investigation demanded.
CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is the festival of little children—the Holyday of the Sons and Daughters of God. It is the day of the little Saviors of the World whom the Fathers so love that they send them to the world that the world may not perish but have Everlasting Life.

Therefore it is meet that the Shepherds abiding in the Field, keeping watch over their Flock by night—the long and dreadful night that lowers over the world’s darker peoples—should search the heavens for a Star, and should strain their weary ears for the Voice of Angels with Good Tidings of great Joy which shall be to all people, with glory, not simply to other worlds, but on Earth Peace, Good Will toward men.

And so to-day, as in other days, above the little babies of the world shines the Star. Three kings come toiling heavily across the seas and sands to the far-shot glory of that little star. One King is black; one King is yellow; one King is white; all three are kings; all three seek salvation in the justice, mercy and truth which will rekindle the worn and wicked earth. Some would dispute the kingship. Some want one king and two servants or at most two kings. But three Kings and one Black? Must the Race Problem greet the cradle of the Savior of the World? It must; and upon the awful majesty of the three kings must dwell equal reverence and social equality.

But why should kings bow to babies in order to save the world? And if to babies, why to babies in mangers and tenements and rookeries? Why not bring this mighty embassage to the frilled and dainty babies of Fifth Avenue or the Plaza Hotel? For two reasons: First, there are few babies in these latter places, and those of little account; and, secondly, because Black men are not welcome there, even though they be kings. So the homage we pay to the low-lying Savior of the World to be is carried to the lower East Side and the upper West Side, to Black Harlem and yellow Chinatown, to the low, the despised, the outscourings, the “dagoes” and the “niggers.” And there the Kings of the Earth shall bow and open their treasures and present unto the Babes three gifts: Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so we to-day in the mystic rhythm of this world-old ceremony bow before our children with the three gifts. First, Gold! We must spend money on our children. Children are costly and we must pay the price. The price to have them born well, to have them clothed and fed and sheltered.

Then Frankincense, the ointment and balm of health. Not simply food, but the right sort of food, regularly and properly prepared. Long and quiet sleep from the first darkness to late dawn. Not simply clothes to look pretty, but clothes to be warm, comfortable, easy to run and play in, strong and not spoiled by good honest dirt; a physician, a dentist, out-of-door life, out of the Hell of life in flats—all this Frankincense on the altar of childhood.

Finally, Myrrh—the perfume and inspiration in the nostrils of a living human soul. Knowledge and goodness—discipline and home life, reverence for parents, honesty, a hatred of lying lips, a love of honest work.

All those are the gifts of kings on the altar of childhood.

Why?
WENDELL PHILLIPS
Born November 29, 1811

Of all the strong characters in American history, Wendell Phillips is the most profitable for study by this generation, for the reason that he was absolutely unselfish, always conscientious, devoted his life to the cause of oppressed humanity and sought for no reward, except to feel within himself that he had followed the right wherever it led and without regard to the consequences.

He was endowed by nature with gifts that put within his reach the highest offices in the nation. He refused to pursue in the slightest degree his own interests or advancement, and gave himself and all that he had to the rescue of the victims of the most monstrous crime in history.

He never considered whether a cause was popular; he only considered whether it was right.

In behalf of the abolition of Negro slavery he risked his life, sacrificed his friendships, gave up every chance of worldly success, subjected himself to twenty-five years of incessant abuse and vilification, became a social and professional outcast, and never wavered once in his service to the great cause he had undertaken.

He was one of the first Americans broad minded enough to see that the color of a man's skin has nothing to do with his manhood or worth any more than it has to do with his rights.

He believed that all the so-called races of men are equally the children of God and equally brothers. He utterly repudiated the hideous doctrine that God made some of his children to be the serfs and inferiors of others.

He was the ideal democrat. To his mind freedom was mockery unless all were free; equality a mockery unless all were equal, and brotherhood a mockery unless all were brothers. He dedicated his life to that faith.

Would there were a Wendell Phillips to-day! Looking upon the present condition of a large part of our colored Americans, disfranchised, preyed upon and denied every right, what burning indignation would fall from his lips! Looking upon the perversion and ruin of so much of the exalted aims of the Abolition cause, with what indomitable courage he would attack the surviving feudalism that still denies his just place in the human family to the man that happens to have a dark skin!

We have overdone in our national memorials the expression of admiration for soldiers and politicians. Here was a man that believed in saving life, not in taking it; whose appeal was to the conscience of a nation and not to brute force. The world is ruled by ideas, not by the sword. The sublime moral idea that inspired Garrison and his friend Phillips made the public sentiment that alone enabled Emancipation to become an accomplished fact. A thousand monuments and memorials testify to Italy's veneration for Mazzini. Of Wendell Phillips, the American Mazzini, the only monument is the record of his unequaled influence upon history and his enduring service in the purging of the nation from a foul sin. This year, the centenary of the beginning of his useful life, ought not to pass without some fitting tribute to a career so blameless and filled with such unique achievement for the cause of man.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Because to childhood we look for the salvation of the world. To childhood we look for the triumph of Justice, Mercy and Truth. As the children of this generation are trained, so will the hope of all men in the next generation blossom to fruition, and the song of Angels above the Christ Child will be heard again in this old world:

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The November elections come as a sort of Christmas gift to black folk. First, the Digges amendment to disfranchise colored people has been defeated in Maryland by a decisive majority of 20,551 votes. This is the third time that the Democratic machine has attempted to get rid of the colored vote. Secondly, the Democratic Legislature that neglected to amend and reconsider the colored regiment bill in New York has been sent home; but Cuvillier, the Democrat who introduced the bill, has been retained in his seat by the black voters of Harlem. It may easily be granted that Cuvillier is no ideal statesman, but is it not significant that he was the only man in this or former legislatures willing to do his colored constituents' demand? May we not respectfully assure Governor Dix that he himself will need the black vote soon and that this vote "follows the regiment?" Third, the Socialists, the only party which openly recognizes Negro manhood, has been signal triumphantly. Is it not time for black voters to carefully consider the claims of this party? Fourth, we call the attention of contented lovers of democratic government in this land to the fact that while 400,000 votes were cast for governor in the little State of Massachusetts, it took only 40,000 votes to elect the governor of Mississippi, the pioneer State of disfranchisement. How long will democracy stand in America with one white man in Mississippi casting the equivalent of ten votes?

Finally, there is every indication that the election of 1912 will be a close election. If Mr. Taft succeeds himself after his tariff record, his silence on lynching and his treatment of colored officials, it will be by a margin that will call for every black vote in the North. Will he get these votes? Maybe—perhaps.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

"He doesn't really believe what he says—he wants the same things that you want, but you see he has to talk this way." "Tillman? Oh, Tillman is a good friend of Negroes—his anti-Negro talk is just for political effect." And so forth. The young man then sits back and eyes us pleasantly. He considers that what he says is explanation and excuse. Is it not perfectly clear that men are often "in a position" where they must say what they do not for a moment believe? Well, does not this fact explain and excuse their actions and utterances?

It does not. Such action is the one unforgiven and unforgivable sin. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost for which neither the world nor the makers of the world ever forgive a human soul, and (what is far more important) for which in the end a man never forgives himself.

What is this strange, lightly tossed doctrine which young black men and young white men are to-day so easily handling? Done into plain English it is this: Whenever a man considers that it is to his advantage to deceive the public he is at liberty to do so. Whenever a lie serves a gentleman's purpose better than the truth, he may lie. And if at any time thereafter he is accused of deception or charged with lying it is a good and sufficient answer for him to allege that his interests required a falsehood, or his position in the world demanded deception, or that his bread and butter called for a lie.

This is a counsel of destruction. It is a doctrine of death. It will, if persisted in, damn any individual and it
will utterly destroy any race. The individual may escape visible punishment, for life is short. But the immortal race cannot escape.

The Negro race in America is today being offered every inducement to lie and deceive. It is asked to lie about its desires and ambitions. It is asked to lie about its own human feelings. It is asked to give lying testimony as to the goodness of its neighbors. If it will consent to lie, there are money, position and applause for the chief liars and winks and promises for the fools that follow. Yet the end is death. The end is first bewilderment among honest people. My God! they say, if a people who have had twenty-five hundred of their fellows lynched without trial in twenty-five years; who have seen nine-tenths of their voters disfranchised; who cannot travel, sit or walk without danger of public insult—if such a people do not believe in "complaint" or "agitation" and merely are ambitious to be "useful" to their neighbors, why should we strive to help them? No sooner have they reached this conclusion than some obsequious colored gentleman explains in lowered tones: "We are not really satisfied, we are just lying to appease our enemies and keep our jobs." What is the result? Contempt and suspicion. Contempt for a people who place their jobs above their souls, and well-grounded suspicion that the man who will lie under such circumstances will lie under others.

Thus the result of the sin against the Holy Ghost is suspicion and contempt from others and lack of faith in one's self. What black man in America to-day who is preaching contentment to ten million slaves does not in his heart despise himself for doing it?

THE COST OF EDUCATION.

A FAVORITE argument in the South is that the white people "pay for" the education of colored children. For instance, an alderman in Lexington, Ky., argues this way, in answer to a complaint about poor colored schools:

The Negroes of Lexington hold $774,735 worth of property, on which the school tax is $4,415.99. The white people pay taxes on $22,000,000, on which the school tax is $77,000. The colored schools cost $24,971.35. "These," concludes the Richmond Times-Despatch, "are very striking figures and dispose of the complaint made by the Negro leaders."

Let us see. In the first place the alderman gracefully includes in the "white" property all the property of corporations and public-service companies, because their stockholders are mostly white. In addition to this, it credits to the white taxpayer all property rented to colored tenants. But who pays the taxes on rented property? To settle this point let us turn to the criticism of the New York City Budget Exhibit made by the Committee on Congestion of Population.

"The budget exhibit fails to show the fact that the assessed value of tenements and buildings used for dwelling purposes in New York is about $1,250,000,000, and that the taxes on these buildings, at the average tax rate of $1.75, amount to $21,875,000 this year. New York is the great 'tenant' city.

"Nor is the fact shown that these taxes on buildings are paid by the tenants, and that a good tenement apartment unit of four rooms is worth at least $1,250, and that taxes on this at a rate of $1.75 per $100, full value, amount to $21.87, or more than a month's rent. Approximately this amount is paid in taxes by the poorest of the poor, the sick and consumptives, and those families trying to exist on from $100 to $300 less than the recognized standard of living."

What is true in New York is more than true in Lexington, Ky. Indeed, throughout the South, in most cities outside of Texas, the Negro in direct and indirect taxation is not only paying for his own wretched schooling accommodations, but is also contributing to the schools of the rich whites and then double-taxing himself by contributions to decent colored private schools.
THE convict guard laughed.

"I don't know," he said, "I hadn't thought of that—"

He hesitated and looked at the stranger curiously. In the solemn twilight he got an impression of unusual height and soft dark eyes.

"Curious sort of acquaintance for the Colonel," he thought; then he continued aloud: "But that nigger there is bad; a born thief and ought to be sent up for life; is practically; got ten years last time—"

Here the voice of the promoter talking within interrupted; he was bending over his figures, sitting by the Colonel. He was slight, with a sharp nose.

"The convicts," he said, "would cost us $96 a year and board. Well, we can squeeze that so that it won't be over $125 apiece. Now, if these fellows are driven, they can build this line within twelve months. It will be running next April. Freights will fall fifty per cent. Why, man, you will be a millionaire in less than ten years."

The Colonel started. He was a thick, short man, with clean-shaven face, and a certain air of breeding about the lines of his countenance; the word millionaire sounded well in his ears. He thought—he thought a great deal; he almost heard the puff of the fearfully costly automobile that was coming up the road, and he said:

"I suppose we might as well hire them."

"Of course," answered the promoter. The voice of the tall stranger in the corner broke in here:

"It will be a good thing for them?" he said, half in question. The Colonel moved. "The guard makes strange friends," he thought to himself. "What's this man doing here, anyway?" He looked at him, or rather, looked at his eyes, and then somehow felt a warming toward him. He said:

"Well, at least it can't harm them—they're beyond that."

"It will do them good, then," said the stranger again. The promoter shrugged his shoulders.

"It will do us good," he said. But the Colonel shook his head impatiently. He felt a desire to justify him-
self before those eyes, and he answered:
“Yes, it will do them good; or, at any
rate, it won’t make them any worse than
they are.”

Then he started to say something else,
but here sure enough the sound of the
automobile breathing at the gate stopped
him and they all arose.

“It is settled, then,” said the promoter.
“Yes,” said the Colonel, signing his
name and turning toward the stranger
again.

“Are you going into town?” he asked
with the Southern courtesy of white man
to white man in a country town. The
stranger said he was.

“Then come along in my machine. I
want to talk to you about this.”

They went out to the car. The stran­
ger as he went turned again to look
back at the convict. He was a tall,
powerfully built black fellow. His face
was sullen, with a low forehead, thick,
hanging lips, and bitter eyes. There was
revolt written about the mouth, and a
hangdog expression. He stood bending
over his pile of stones pounding list­
lessly.

Beside him stood a boy of twelve, yel­
low, with a hunted, crafty look. The
convict raised his eyes, and they met the
eyes of the stranger. The hammer fell
from his hands.

The stranger turned slowly toward
the automobile, and the Colonel intro­
duced him. He could not exactly catch
the foreign-sounding name, but he mumbled
something as he presented him to
his wife and little girl, who were wait­
ing. As they whirled away he started
to talk, but the stranger had taken the
little girl into his lap, and together they
conversed in low tones all the way
home.

In some way, they did not exactly
know how, they got the impression that
the man was a teacher, and of course
he must be a foreigner. The long cloak­
like coat told this. They rode in the
twilight through the half-lighted town,
and at last drew up before the Colonel’s
mansion, with its ghostlike pillars.

The lady in the back seat was thinking
of the guests she had invited to dinner,
and wondered if she ought not to ask
this man to stay. He seemed cultured,
and she supposed he was some acquaint­
ance of the Colonel’s. It would be
rather a distinction to have him there,
with the Judge’s wife and daughter and
the Rector. She spoke almost before
she thought:

“You will enter and rest awhile?”

The Colonel and the little girl insisted.
For a moment the stranger seemed
about to refuse. He said he was on his
way North, where he had some business
for his father in Pennsylvania. Then,
for the child’s sake, he consented. Up
the steps they went, and into the dark
parlor, and there they sat and talked a
long time. It was a curious conver­
sation. Afterward they did not remember
exactly what was said, and yet they all
remembered a certain strange satisfac­
tion in that long talk.

Presently the nurse came for the
reluctant child, and the hostess be­
thought herself:

“We will have a cup of tea—you will
be dry and tired.”

She rang and switched on a blaze of
light. With one accord they all looked
at the stranger, for they had hardly seen
him well in the glooming twilight. The
woman started in amazement and the
Colonel half rose in anger. Why, the
man was a mulatto, surely—even if he
did not own the Negro blood, their prac­
tised eyes knew it. He was tall and
straight, and the coat looked like a Jew­
ish gabardine. His hair hung in close
curls far down the sides of his face, and
his face was olive, even yellow.

A peremptory order rose to the Colo­
nel’s lips, and froze there as he caught
the stranger’s eyes. Those eyes, where
had he seen those eyes before? He re­
membered them long years ago—the
soft tear-filled eyes of a brown girl. He
remembered many things, and his face
grew drawn and white. Those eyes kept
burning into him, even when they were
turned half away toward the staircase,
where the white figure of the child hov­
ered with her nurse, and waved good­
night. The lady sank into her chair and
thought: “What will the Judge’s wife
say? How did the Colonel come to
invite this man here? How shall we be
rid of him?” She looked at the Colonel
in reproachful consternation.

Just then the door opened and the old
butler came in. He was an ancient black
man with tufted white hair, and he held
before him a large silver tray filled with
a china tea service. The stranger rose
slowly and stretched forth his hands as
if to bless the viands. The old man
paused in bewilderment, tottered and
then, with sudden gladness in his eyes,
dropped to his knees as the tray crashed
to the floor.

“My Lord!” he whispered, “and My
God!” But the woman screamed:

“Mother’s china!”

The doorbell rang.

“Heavens! Here is the dinner party!”
exclaimed the lady.

She turned toward the door, but there
in the hall, clad in her night clothes, was
the little girl. She had stolen down the
stairs to see the stranger again, and the
nurse above was calling in vain. The
woman felt hysterical and scolded at the
nurse, but the stranger had stretched out
his arms, and with a glad cry the child
nestled in them. “Of such,” he whis­
pered, “is the Kingdom of Heaven,” as
The mother was glad; anything to be rid of the interloper even for a moment. The bell rang again, and she hastened toward the door, which the loitering black maid was just opening. She did not notice the shadow of the stranger as he came slowly down the stairs and paused by the newel post, dark and silent.

The Judge’s wife entered. She was an old woman, frilled and powdered into a caricature of youth, and gorgeously gowned. She came forward, smiling with extended hands, but just as she was opposite the stranger, a chill from somewhere seemed to strike her, and she shuddered and cried: “What a draft!” as she drew a silken shawl about her and shook hands cordially; she forgot to ask who the stranger was. The Judge strode in unseeing, thinking of a puzzling case of theft.


Behind them came a young woman in the glory of youth, daintily silked, with diamonds around her fair neck, beautiful in face and form. She came in lightly, but stopped with a little gasp; then she laughed gaily and said:

“Why, I beg your pardon. Was it not curi—” she hesitated (“but he must be a servant”—she argued)—“the shadow of wide white wings. It was but the light on the drapery. What a turn it gave me—so glad to be here!” And she smiled again. With her came a tall and haughty naval officer. Hearing his lady refer to the servant, he hardly looked at him, but held his gilded cap and cloak carelessly toward him; the stranger took them and placed them carefully on the rack.

Last came the Rector, a man of forty, and well clothed. He started to pass the stranger, stopped and looked at him inquiringly.

“I beg your pardon, he said, “I beg your pardon, I think I have met you?”

The stranger made no answer, and the hostess nervously hurried the guests on. But the Rector lingered and looked perplexed.

“Surely I know you; I have met you somewhere,” he said, putting his hand vaguely to his head. “You—you remember me? do you not?”

The stranger quietly swept his cloak aside, and to the hostess’ unspeakable relief moved toward the door.

“I never knew you,” he said in low tones, as he went.

The lady murmured some faint excuse about intruders, but the Rector stood with annoyance written on his face.

“I beg a thousand pardons,” he said to the hostess absently. “It is a great pleasure to be here—somehow I thought I knew that man. I am sure I knew him, once.”

The stranger had passed down the steps, and as he went the nurse-maid, lingering at the top of the staircase, flew down after him, caught his cloak, trembled, hesitated, and then kneeled in the dust. He touched her lightly with his hand and said, “Go, and sin no more.”

With a glad cry the maid left the house with its open door and turned north, running, while the stranger turned eastward to the night. As they parted a long low howl rose tremulously and reverberated through the town. The Colonel’s wife within shuddered.

“The bloodhounds,” she said. The Rector answered carelessly.

“Another one of those convicts escaped, I suppose; really, they need severer measures.” Then he stopped. He was trying to remember that stranger’s name. The Judge’s wife looked about for the draft and arranged her shawl. The girl glanced at the white drapery in the hall, but the young officer was bending over her, and the fires of life burned in her veins.

Howl after howl rose in the night, swelled and died away. The stranger strode rapidly along the highway and out into the deep forest. There he paused and stood waiting, tall and still. A mile up the road behind him a man was running, tall and powerful and black, with crime-stained face, with convict’s stripes upon him and shackles on his legs. He ran and jumped in little short steps, and the chains rang. He fell and rose again, while the howl of the hounds rung harder behind him.

Into the forest he leaped and crept and jumped and ran, streaming with sweat; seeing the tall form rise before him, he stopped suddenly, dropped his hands in sullen impotence and sank panting to the earth. A bloodhound shot into the woods behind him, howled, whined and fawned before the stranger’s feet. Hound after hound bayed, leapt and lay there; then silent, one by one, with bowed head, they crept backward toward the town.

The stranger made a cup of his hands and gave the man water to drink, bathed his hot head, and gently took the chains and irons from his feet. By and by the convict stood up. Day was dawning above the treetops. He looked into the stranger’s face, and for a moment a gladness swept over the stains of his face.

“Why, you’re a nigger, too,” he said.

Then the convict seemed anxious to justify himself.

“I never had no chance,” he said furiously.

“Thou shalt not steal,” said the stranger.

The man bridled.

“But how about them? Can they steal?
 Didn’t they steal a whole year’s work and then, when I stole to keep from starving—” he glanced at the stranger. “No, I didn’t steal just to keep from starving. I stole to be stealing. I can’t help stealing. Seems like when I sees things I just must—but, yes, I’ll try!”

The convict looked dower at his striped clothes, but the stranger had taken off his long coat—and put it around him, and the stripes disappeared. In the opening morning the black man started toward the low log farmhouse in the distance, and the stranger stood watching him. There was a new glory in the day. The black man’s face cleared up and the farmer was glad to get him.

All day he worked as he had never worked before, and the farmer gave him some cold food toward night.

“You can sleep in the barn,” he said, and turned away.

“How much do I git a day?” asked the man.

The farmer scowled:

“If you’ll sign a contract for the season,” he said, “I’ll give you ten dollars a month.”

“I won’t sign no contract to be a slave,” said the man doggedly.

“Yes, you will,” said the farmer, threateningly, “or I’ll call the convict guard.” And he grinned.

The convict shrunk and slouched to the barn. As night fell he looked out and saw the farmer leave the place. Slowly he crept out and sneaked toward the house. He looked into the kitchen door. No one was there, but the supper was spread as if the mistress had laid it and gone out. He ate ravenously. Then he looked into the front room and listened. He could hear low voices on the porch. On the right side he thought... He gazed at it, and in a moment was beside it, with his hand on it. Quickly he slipped out of the house and slouched toward the field. He saw his employer coming along the highway. He fled back stealthily and around to the front of the house, when suddenly he stopped. He felt the great dark eyes of the stranger and saw the same dark, cloaklike coat, where he was seated on the doorstep talking with the mistress of the house. Slowly, guiltily, he turned back, entered the kitchen and laid the watch where he had found it; and then he rushed wildly with arms outstretched back toward the stranger.

The woman had laid supper for her husband, and going down from the house had walked out toward a neighbor’s. She was gone but a little while, and when she came back she started to see a dark figure on the doorsteps under the tall red oak. She thought it was the new Negro hand until he said in a soft voice:

“Will you give me bread?”

Reassured at the voice of a white man, she answered quickly in her soft Southern tones:

“Why, certainly.”

She was a little woman. Once she had been handsome, but now her face was drawn with work and care. She was nervous, and was always thinking, wishing, wanting for something. She went in and got him some cornbread and a glass of cool, rich buttermilk, and then came out and sat down beside him. She began, quite unconsciously, to tell him about herself—the things she had done, and had not done, and the things she had wished. She told him of her husband, and this new farm they were trying to buy. She said it was so hard to get niggers to work. She said they ought all to be in the chain gang and made to work. Even then some ran away. Only yesterday one had escaped.

At last she gossiped of her neighbors; how good they were and how bad.

“And do you like them all?” asked the stranger.

She hesitated.

“Most of them,” she said; and then, looking up into his face and putting her hand in his as though he were her father, she said:

“There are none I hate; no, none at all.”

He looked away and said dreamily:

“You love your neighbor as yourself?”

She hesitated—

“I try—” she began, and then looked the way he was looking; down under the hill, where lay a little, half-ruined cabin.

“They are niggers,” she said briefly.

He looked at her. Suddenly a confusion came over her, and she insisted, she knew not why—

“But they are niggers.”

With a sudden impulse she rose, and hurriedly lighted the lamp that stood just within the door and held it above her head. She saw his dark face and curly hair. She shrieked in angry terror, and rushed down the path; and just as she rushed down, the black convict came running up with hands outstretched. They met in midpath, and before he could stop he had run against her, and she fell heavily to earth and lay white and still. Her husband came rushing up with cry and oath:

“I knew it,” he said; “it is that runaway nigger.” He held the black man struggling to the earth, and raised his voice to a yell. Down the highway came the convict guard with hound and mob and gun. They poured across the fields. The farmer motioned to them.

“He—attacked—my wife,” he gasped.

The mob snarled and worked silently. Right to the limb of the red oak they hoisted the struggling, writhing black man, while others lifted the dazed woman. Right and left as she tottered to the house she searched for the stranger,
with a sick yearning, but the stranger was gone. And she told none of her guest.

“No—no—I want nothing,” she insisted, until they left her, as they thought, asleep. For a time she lay still listening to the departure of the mob. Then she rose. She shuddered as she heard the cracking of the limb where the body hung. But resolutely she crawled to the window and peered out into the moonlight; she saw the dead man writhe. He stretched his arms out like a cross, looking upward. She gasped and clung to the window sill. Behind the swaying body, and down where the little, half-ruined cabin lay, a single flame flashed up amid the far-off shout and cry of the mob. A fierce joy sobbed up through the terror in her soul and then sank abashed as she watched the flame rise. Suddenly whirling into one great crimson column it shot to the top of the sky and threw great arms athwart the gloom until above the world and behind the roped and swaying form below hung quivering and burning a great crimson cross.

She hid her dizzy, aching head in an agony of tears, and dared not look, for she knew. Her dry lips moved:

“Despised and rejected of men.”

She knew, and the very horror of it lifted her dull and shrinking eyelids. There, heaven-tall, earth-wide, hung the stranger on the crimson cross, riven and bloodstained with thorn-crowned head and pierced hands. She stretched her arms and shrieked.

He did not hear. He did not see. His calm dark eyes all sorrowful were fastened on the writhing, twisting body of the thief, and a voice came out of the winds of the night, saying:

“This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!”

THE STORY OF A “DESPERADO”

Newspaper headlines can easily make a thing seem what it is not. This evil power is almost universally used in the American press against the interests of the Negro race.

We all saw a few days ago how one Negro in Northport, Ala., had killed two “deputy sheriffs,” and we all, even the blackest of us, had our minds filled with the idea of some Negro criminal being run down by officers of the law and making a desperate and murderous resistance. For instance, “Negro Desperado Kills Two Deputy Sheriffs in Fight Near Tuscaloosa—Strong Posse Has Black Surrounded in Swamp and His Death Is Momentarily Expected—Excitement Is High.” And the dispatch sent from Birmingham read: “Chased by a posse, Frank Harrison, a Negro murderer, is hiding in the hills of Tuscaloosa County. On Sunday he killed Deputy Sheriff Cooper at Northport, Ala., and today killed Deputy Sheriff Horton and a Negro. In the fight Deputy Sheriff Hamby and another Negro were wounded.

“It is feared the Negro will be lynched if caught. Dogs are on the murderer’s trail.”

Even the best of us, those of us who sympathize with the disadvantage under which the Negro so often struggles, in this particular case shrugged our shoulders and said, “How bad of the Negro; how foolish to make such a bloodthirsty criminal mark for himself.” And then perhaps we whispered to our thoughts: “I should not be surprised if the white people, ‘the best citizens,’ of that neighborhood would try to lynch that Negro.” And that is the way in which the newspaper has imposed upon the thoughts of law-abiding white and black people all over this country, in this instance, and in a thousand and ten thousand other instances; for behold here the truth:

In the first place, and to rob the newspaper headline of its chief sting, neither of the men killed were “deputy sheriffs.” And you who read the first and only accounts in the Associated Press read the following plain statement of the actual facts and see what a different impression will be made on you:

A white man, of Northport, Ala., who had once upon a time been a deputy sheriff, went to the home of a Negro named Richardson to borrow that Negro’s saddle. The Negro, standing in his own door, said to the white man, who was standing outside of the Negro’s gate: “Mr. Cooper, I would be glad to lend you my saddle to-day, but I’m going to ride to church.”

Then the white man, perhaps crazed by liquor or drug but more likely by the hardly less dangerous consciousness of his race, replied with heat and in the presence of the Negro’s family: “D—n you, nigger! Every time I ask you for a favor, you’ve got some excuse. You blank-blank-blankety-blank, you! I’ll have that saddle or kill you.”

Then the white man, perhaps crazed by liquor or drug but more likely by the hardly less dangerous consciousness of his race, replied with heat and in the presence of the Negro’s family: “D—n you, nigger! Every time I ask you for a favor, you’ve got some excuse. You blank-blank-blankety-blank, you! I’ll have that saddle or kill you.”

The Negro replied: “If I came to your house and spoke that way in the presence of your family, you all would try to mob me.”
Whereupon the white man, apparently infuriated by this recital of a very evident truth, entered the Negro's gate and made straight for him. The Negro stepped back, reached for his Winchester and the white man was slain.

And what did the Negro do then? Exactly what every Negro in certain States of the Union would have immediately thought of doing, and what I suspect the majority of them would actually have done; he decided that self-defense would be no plea for him, and he immediately became a fugitive from justice, or (according to his viewpoint) from injustice.

Why?

Well, let us look the truth full in the face once, if it kills, and I half suspect that it will not kill us. He had heard of a hundred cases in which colored men had been murdered by either legal or illegal process for a plain homicide in self-defense. Nay, more, he had heard a thousand times that Negroes had lost their lives or their liberty for acts much less grave than the one he committed.

I am told by those who know that as he fled, the best white people of Northport did not go in pursuit of him—perhaps they thought that the least embarrassing way out of the whole thing would be to let the Negro run off if he could. Of those who pursued him (and with what intention both you and I, as well as he, would have been of the same opinion) he slew one, who constitutes the second "deputy" of the newspaper headline.

What about this second killing? Well, in the eyes of the law I suppose it was murder, but in the light of that fellow's situation, taking absolutely everything into consideration just as we all know it, and in the more awful light of your own instinct of self-preservation, what do you call it? Was there anything in the history of the courts of his own community to give him even the slightest hope of justice? Was there anything in the last thirty days through which he had lived, during which time a black man was shot or burned EVERY OTHER DAY—was there one thing in this terrible history to lead him to fall with confidence and complacency into the hands of a lot of pursuing "citizens," even if they had been the "best"?

It was another Negro who finally disarmed and delivered this Negro into the hands of officers. And yet the Negro is accused of hiding the criminals of his race. The Negro is guilty of as little concealment of this type of criminals as any other people would be—if not less—if in their situation. But unless the Negro is made a party to our conventions called laws, he will feel more and more that he has nothing to do with them and is not justly bound by them, and the number of those who will be willing to deliver up offenders, especially of the color-line type, will become steadily and proportionately less.

WM. PICKENS, Talladega College.

HISTORIC DAYS IN DECEMBER

2. John Brown is executed at Charleston, Virginia (now West Virginia), 1859.
3. South Carolina adopts revised constitution, whose main purpose is to exclude Negroes from the suffrage, 1895.
4. Frederick Douglass' freedom is purchased, 1846.
5. Columbus discovers the island of Hayti, 1496.
6. President Lincoln proposes a plan of reconstruction in his message to Congress, 1863.
8. Joseph H. Rainey, of South Carolina, takes his seat as the first Negro member of Congress, 1870.
10. Colored Methodist Episcopal Church consisting of what had been the Negro membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) is organized, 1870.
11. John G. Whittier, the poet of freedom, born, 1807.
12. Thaddeus Stevens opens debate in Congress on Reconstruction, 1865.
14. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, issues proclamation outlawing officers of Negro troops, 1862.
15. The Georgia Legislature passes an act offering a reward of $5,000 for the arrest and delivery within that State of William Lloyd Garrison, 1831.
17. American Colonization Society founded, 1817.

L. M. HERSHAW.
COLORED MEN LYNCHED WITHOUT TRIAL.

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Total 2,458

The following incident comes from Oklahoma: "On Tuesday an old colored lady was standing on Broadway and a nicely dressed little white girl attempted to cross the street-car track in front of a moving car, not seeing the car, which meant death. The old colored lady grabbed the child and held it back, thereby saving its life. The child looked up into her face, saw who it was, and jerked away, exclaiming, 'Don't put your hands on me, you old nigger.'

"A little later a little colored girl was crossing the track on Court Street in front of a moving car, not seeing the car, and would doubtless have been killed, but a white gentleman who was near caught the child and saved her life. Looking around and seeing who it was, she cried out, 'White man, don't put your hands on me.'"

In Denver, Colorado, Dr. W. H. P. Westbrook, a colored physician, applied for membership in the Chamber of Commerce. The committee on membership, after some hesitation, accepted the application. When the matter came before the organization the white Southerners threatened to withdraw, and Dr. Westbrook withdrew his application.

In Frankfort, Ky., an old colored man, a stranger, was struck by a railway train and severely injured. An ambulance was called but the white hospitals would not take him. He was carried to an undertaker's shop, but the proprietor had no room and no experience with persons who were merely dying. After several other adventures the injured man was carried to the workhouse, and as it was crowded within doors, a wagon was wheeled out of a shed and he was put in its place. After a few hours of the shed the old man solved the difficulty by dying.

NATIVITY

By Mary White Ovington

Unto the pure of heart it matters not
Though they be born to great estate
or small.
Within a palace stood Lord Buddha's cot
While Jesus suckled in an ox's stall.

In reading Dr. Du Bois' novel you realize for the first time the vital note which the art of American fiction has lacked. In the absorbing and compelling hold that it takes upon your imagination and sympathies, you are convinced of what American fiction has gained in this story. Behind every big novel is some great force of nature; this struggles through the human experience and becomes the law by which the moral and spiritual fate of man works out the drama of the soul. It is subtle and strange and mysterious, and levels all mankind into a fraternity of those virtues and vices, those hopes and aspirations, those joys and sorrows, making a common brotherhood of all races of men that live the intricate but infinite distance between nature and God.

In writing the story of Zora and Bles Alwyn, Dr. Du Bois has created two characters, and brought them through the ramifications of the Great Problem to a final triumph with unerring balance of motives, and with all the felicitous, poetic, unweaving of purpose. In and out like tangled threads run the lives of those whom the perplexing conditions of the South cannot separate, who share a common fate in their own individual experiences. It is an immense background that stretches into infinite reaches of soul and conscience, across which the actions of these lives pass. Tragedy, pity, sympathy, the great sullen and inexplicable deepness and the vast silence therein that smothers reason and makes inarticulate the surging inclinations, beat like a great rhythm in these men and women as they voyage on this quest of the fleece. The environment of an Alabama county, with all its picturesque details of swamp, plantation and village, in which the sordid conditions of an unhappy people and their masters blotch the countenance of the earth; and later the urban, complexed, intriguing and feverish antagonisms of the nation's capital, furnish the scenes in which these two dark children of men rise above themselves to manhood and womanhood. There is no more subtle portraiture of womanhood than that apparition that rose out of the swamp, a child of nature and dreams, who made her soul an altar of sacrifice and a messenger of life.

Her character is wrought upon the anvil of suspicion. It is placed there a molten mass of dreams and mysterious desires, which the hammers of Southern carnality, her lover's desertion and the redemptive hopes for her helpless people beat mercilessly, but joyously, into the final triumphant shape of noble womanhood. She is primal in her instincts, which is her truthfulness to nature—to type—if you will. But so was Jane Eyre, too, and Becky Sharp; and to make her more real, more vitally human, you find Dr. Du Bois holding her off, as Thackeray holds Becky, and emphasizing those conventional traits—her little falsehoods and thefts—so you may the more readily see the fineness of her character in what she overcame and accomplished. But, after all, when you have arrived without prejudice at the psychology of her untruthfulness and thefts, and drew the comparative consequences that followed Mary Taylor's betrayal of her ideals and conscience, you also arrive at that pro-
found universality of human nature that lies at the bottom of all mankind. And it is the poetic vision, the touchstone of that eternal rhythm, which Dr. Du Bois reveals, penetrating and laying bare the likeness in the unlikeness of these two peoples who are submitting in this remarkable story their passions and their prejudices, their hatreds and common interests for settlement before the arbitration of the great natural tribunal of cotton.

I wish to lay stress on this because, for the first time, in this novel, the great problem has been handled with such sheer visional grasp of life purpose and not race purpose. Take any one of the important characters—Miss Smith, head of the Negro school; Colonel Cresswell, Harry Cresswell, his son, the aristocratic planters; Mary Taylor and John Taylor, her brother and manipulator of the cotton corner; Senator Smith, Maxwell, Mrs. Vanderpool, Bles Alwyn and Carrie Wynn, the colored Washington school teacher—and you will discover that, however it may seem to be the tremendous racial stake that draws their lives into sharp and agonizing conflict and contrast, it is really the deeper, more passionate battle of individual life. The incidents and actions through which these characters progress to the climax of their strivings—the cotton-growers' problems of labor and prices, the market manipulations of Northern capitalists, the political machinery of a presidential campaign, the machinery of the colored school system at Washington, and the growing complexity of social life among the colored people—however diversified, however contrasting in revealing traits and temperaments, it is the arrival at some final distinction in all these figures of a deeply human sense of man's existence. If you carry away from a novel this impression of human nature, of a fine distinction of character breaking through this human nature, you are richer by a revelation of life that has been the artist's sole purpose in weaving his imagination around those unseen realities that beat from that eternal rhythm of existence, and which counts not for a day, but for all times.

Something more important than immigration supplies the melting pot of the future American; it is vision, that boils truth into some visible and pulsing shape; and it is this spiritual element which will add completeness to that figure now simmering in the development of the American nation. The great and conflicting forces of these two peoples in the South does not become a text in Dr. Du Bois' novel, for justice, equality, charity, nor mutual co-operation; it is the vision of truth glowingly presented in all its evading and changing aspects which alone, making art, and especially the illusion of fictional art, reveals how inevitable these things must be, if humanity would not destroy what is most precious and vital in its progress. Because something so large, so elemental, so sweeping in its poetic conviction, underlies the disengaging vision of a great human oneness, "The Quest of the Silver Fleece" stands above all other novels that shape this theme.

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