

TOPSY TEMPLETON*

A Serial Story Showing the Important Part Played by Individual Effort in the Solution of the Race Question. The Latest Work by the Author of "Contending Forces"

By PAULINE E. HOPKINS

CHAPTER IV (Concluded)

The noise of the combat had attracted the attention of one of the teachers within the schoolhouse, and a pretty young woman now stood at the great entrance doors. With one comprehensive glance at the scene before her she gathered up her skirts and ran swiftly toward the fighters calling, "Boys, boys, boys!" But the scouts saw her hurried descent and instantly sent in a general alarm:

"Hi! S-s-s-st! Cheese it, fellers, cheese it! Miss Deland!" and at that cry they scattered in all directions leaving the injured upon the field.

Regardless of snow and mud, the teacher knelt beside the pitiful figure lying on the icy walk.

"Is she badly hurt?"

"I hope not, Ma'am," Pick-Axe replied respectfully, at the same time lifting the limp figure from the walk, but pointing to the ghastly wound in the skull, he shook his head and burst into tears.

"Oh! How shameful! Ring the hospital bell; I fear she is seriously injured."

An hour later the head surgeon contemplated in frowning silence the unconscious small white figure stretched before him upon the operating table; two other surgeons were beside him. The soft-footed nurses were interested spectators.

"Not one chance in one hundred for a successful operation in this case. Has she shown signs of be-

coming conscious since she was brought in?" he demanded of the nearest nurse.

"No, sir."

"There is one man only who can benefit the patient, and he won't use a knife."

"Alwyn?" suggested one of the other surgeons.

The head surgeon nodded. "Who are her people? Where are they? Death may ensue at any moment."

A nurse glided away and presently returned, saying that the child's teacher had come in with her and a boy called Pick-Axe Davis; they were coming into the operating room.

The bare white walls, the instruments and paraphernalia of the operating room—the still figure on the table—the white-robed nurses—all had a terrifying effect upon Pick-Axe, and he sobbed aloud, "Topsy, Topsy! she's dead—oh, she's dead—what'll I do, what'll I do?" The teacher held his hand firmly and tried to still his cries although her own face was white and she trembled visibly.

As the surgeon in his operating gown stepped toward them, Pick-Axe uttered a subdued howl, long-drawn out.

"Stop that!" said the doctor sternly. "Tell me how to find the child's friends; they must come at once." The teacher turned to the boy inquiringly.

"Ain't she going to die?"

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"Not if you do your part," replied the doctor kindly, taking pity on the poor boy's distress. "Where are her parents?"

"My mother—Mrs. Davis—keeps her, but she belongs to Mrs. Templeton and Miss Newbury on the Back Bay. They pay my mother for caring for her."

The doctor nodded. "Go after them. Bring them here at once."

Just as they turned, three women—Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Templeton and Miss Newbury—entered the operating room. Following the doctor's beckoning hand, they disappeared within the room and the door was closed, shutting Pick-Axe out along with his particular friend Jimmy MacLeod, a lank, red-haired Scotchman.

It seemed that Jimmy learning the news had flown to Mrs. Davis and given the alarm. The two boys left alone in the corridor gave one look at the door to the room of horrors as it closed upon the women and simultaneously fled toward the great entrance and out into the street.

"Where was you, Jim?" panted Pick-Axe, as he recovered his wind.

"Got there just in time to see yer pulled for the 'ospital, an' it was me for the old woman."

Pick-Axe nodded. He was fast recovering his wonted spirits. "We've got this neighborhood to clean up, Jimmy, my son."

"Bet yer life!" and the chums shook hands solemnly on the compact. It boded ill for the gang that had beat up the small colored girl.

Meanwhile inside the operating room the surgeons hurriedly place their diagnosis before the women.

"Dr. Alwyn possesses a strange power in some cases—cases like this where the knife cannot reach—you understand, Mrs. Templeton. The wound will heal all right, when properly dressed, if there is no hemorrhage, but there are other complications that we cannot reach—we might operate and she might live a wreck—an idiot—or . . ."

"You wish for authority to employ Dr. Alwyn—is that it?"

"Exactly—you know him?"

"You have our permission to do just as you feel in this matter, doctor. We rely upon your judgment. Yes, I know Dr. Alwyn; he is my husband's cousin. I never thought him abnormally skilful, however."

The doctor bowed, spoke a few words in a low tone and an attendant hurried from the room. Presently the silence was broken by the entrance of another surgeon, dressed for operating. His keen glance swept the faces of the surrounding physicians and passed on to the party assembled; he bowed profoundly in the direction of Mrs. Templeton and her sister.

His form was spare and his features delicately cut and emotionless, wavy chestnut hair was thrown well back from an intellectual forehead. A man of wonderful intellect, but one shrank from the piercing eyes—large and with dilating pupils of changing colors, now blue—now gray, with the straight eyebrows uncommonly thick and nearly meeting the eye at the outer corner.

The other surgeons stood aside respectfully while the head surgeon explained the case to him.

Again his eyes swept the faces about him. "No, not one," he told

himself, "holds the power to halt this seeming death scene." He alone could do it. Advancing far afield in the mysterious regions of science, he had found the solution of one of life's problems: the reanimation of the body after seeming death.

Now, with gentle fingers he touched rapidly the clammy brow, the icy livid hands, the region of the pulseless heart, the gaping wound. No breath came from between the parted lips. As he concluded his examination he turned to the doctors and said:

"As I diagnose this case, it is one of suspended animation. This child is highly mediumistic, and the nervous shock induced by the excitement of the accident has thrown her into a cataleptic sleep." One noticed the singular sweetness of his compelling voice.

"What of the wound?" asked the head surgeon, respectfully.

"Dress the wound," he returned, "it is of minor importance; then remove her to a cot in a private room." Then he smiled at a remark made by one of the doctors; and one wondered at the fascination that its radiating influence must exert over humanity in general.

Presently he was bending over the lifeless figure on a cot in another room, oblivious to all present. Suddenly he bent down and took both cold hands in his left and passed his right firmly over her arms from shoulder to wrist. He repeated the movements several times; there was no response to the passes. He straightened up and again stood gazing upon the patient. Then he said abruptly, "My bag." An at-

tendant brought it from another room.

"The patient does not respond to the ordinary methods of awakening. She would probably lie in this sleep for months, and death would ensue from exhaustion if stronger remedies are not used to restore the vital force to a normal condition."

The room was on tiptoe watching his every movement. He now held up to their gaze a small phial wherein reposed a powder. The physicians were spellbound, straining their ears to catch the low tones of the melodious voice and watching every change of the luminous eyes; they pressed forward to examine the contents of the bottle. It passed from eager hand to eager hand, then back to the owner.

"This compound, gentlemen, is an exact reproduction of the conditions existing in the human body. It has common salt for its basis. This salt is saturated with oleo resin and then exposed for several hours in an atmosphere of free ammonia. The product becomes a powder, and that assists materially in bringing back the seeming dead to life."

"Your theory smacks of the supernatural!" exclaimed the head surgeon.

"The supernatural presides over man's formation always," replied Dr. Alwyn quietly. "Perhaps the superstitious masses came nearer to solving the mysteries of creation than the favored elect will ever come. But I will proceed with the demonstration."

Each doctor had his watch in his hand.

Now Dr. Alwyn laid his hand upon the unconscious child's forehead and held it there, calling her by name. Then commenced a series of rapid

passes over the surface of the entire body. Then after a pause he administered the so-called life-giving powder.

Presently the anxious watchers saw a slight tremor stir the inanimate body—then a stronger movement—then the little girl *yawned and attempted to sit up*:

Again the gliding long white hands passed rapidly over the child and she sunk back upon the bed and immediately dropped into what promised to be a refreshing natural sleep.

"Let her lie so until she awakes naturally—about mid-day tomorrow," he said to the nurse.

The startled physicians fell back from the bedside at a motion of the hand. A wondering nurse with dilated eyes unfolded a screen and placed it in position.

Standing aloof the other doctors watched his every movement with professional awe—what might not science accomplish when such miracles could be accomplished!

Mrs. Templeton lingered beside the cot of the sleeper. "She will come out of it all right, nurse?"

The woman nodded and then said as she smoothed the soft hair away from the passive face, "What a delicate profile and how clear-cut the features; East Indians have just such perfect faces. Dr. Alwyn is a wonder in these cases, but is life the best gift for this supersensitive child of a chattel race?"

Mrs. Templeton's heart condemned her; she and her sister had not done as they had planned—the child had been left to the care of people who did not understand. She resolved now to take Topsy home with her at once.

CHAPTER V

As soon as the small colored girl was declared out of danger, an investigation of the circumstances of the case was projected by the hospital authorities. Mr. Day was in charge of the case and came with Mrs. Templeton to interview the patient and get her statement. She was sleeping when they arrived and they sat for some moments beside the cot talking in whispers. Mrs. Templeton thought of many things, but uppermost in her mind was the determination to improve the child's neglected personality in earnest. As she dwelt upon this thought, the great solemn eyes suddenly unclosed and fixed themselves upon her in recognition; the lady felt a strange sensation—an uneasy feeling that while asleep the child had read the thoughts of her mind and was now mentally binding her to keep her promise. Day, too, felt the surcharged atmosphere keenly.

"Jove!" he exclaimed under his breath, "this is certainly a precocious and peculiar youngster."

He leaned over and shook the small dark hand in the warm clasp of comradeship, bidding her good-day in true grownup style. Children love these ways in older persons.

"Now, Topsy, we have come to hear from you just how all this trouble came about. But first, here is nurse with some delicious wine jelly for you. The boys prove a terrible case against you."

"Well, Mrs. Templeton, I'll tell you the truth. It happened just as I am telling it: One Saturday, Mis' Davis sent me to the store to get two quarts of milk to make some

custard pies for Sunday, and Joe Saunders, the policeman's son, he came along and kicked the bottom out of the pitcher and spilled all my milk, and so then I went and told his father and he says to me, 'Go long, you nigger! I'll put you in the station house.'

"Well, I waited an' I waited, an' I lay low for Joe—an' one day I got him."

"And at the same time he got you, eh?" laughed Mr. Day. The child nodded emphatically between spoonfuls of jelly with a keen appreciation of the wit of the statement.

"It looks that way, sure. He was a-sittin' on the top step as I came out of the schoolhouse door that day," and she glanced at the lawyer, directing her remarks to him, seeming to recognize in him a kindred spirit that would understand her unexpressed thoughts. Day nodded encouragingly and she went on, "an I up with my foot an' let him have it just as hard as ever I could right in the back. Then I started to run—an' he hollered—an' his big brother saw me do it—an' he hollered—an' then they chased me—an' that's all."

"Pretty thick boots, Topsy?"

She nodded emphatically, looking up at him with twinkling eyes: "Extry hard soles for to do the business up brown."

"But, Topsy," broke in Mrs. Templeton, "you must not fight. You can see plainly that if you hadn't kicked Joe, this would not have happened to you."

"Yes, 'twould too; I just *had* to get Joe fixed because we'd had a fracas some time back and he said he'd fix me the very first chance that he got—that was the time I poked

him in the stomach with my umbrella. So you can see that I just *had* to get him."

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha! this is rich," roared the lawyer, choking with delight. "My, Topsy, you're a regular champion."

"How terrible," exclaimed Mrs. Templeton. "How can you laugh, Asa?"

"I hate white folks," asserted Topsy, scraping her spoon industriously around the bottom of the dish in order to get the last tiny morsel of the delicious jelly.

"No!" exclaimed Day, in feigned surprise.

"That's right," nodded the child.

"Topsy! You are terrible!" Again Mrs. Templeton was shocked.

"Well I do. They hate me, too."

"Oh, no, Topsy. *I don't hate you.* Don't you know that I wish to do all I can to make you happy?"

"Oh, I don't mean *you*, Mrs. Templeton," said Topsy magnanimously, patting with small weak fingers the soft white hand lying near her on the cot. I mean *onery* white folks—cops and them kind. You're the real thing. Pick-Axe says there's no skimmed milk about you; you're cream all right. But these common white folks—take 'em away!" and she waved her hand in the air with all the emphasis of an older person. Again Day roared with delight. Poor Mrs. Templeton sat there nearly turned to stone listening to the expressions falling so fluently from the baby lips, and blaming herself more and more that such experiences had come to the child.

"Yes'm, they hate me, they certainly do; if they don't, why do they

call me nigger and fire rocks at me? Mis' Davis says 'Topsy, if you don't protect yourself, I'll whip you.' A colored person has just got to fight her way along in this world, Mrs. Templeton."

Mrs. Templeton looked at Mr. Day in helpless consternation, but he was evidently enjoying himself hugely and was ready to abet the child in any wild scheme for fun. Asa Day was the dearly beloved friend of children; his fund of stories was inexhaustible and his intimacy with Nature such that no solitary woodland near his home in Maine was unknown to him, and its mysterious depths were always at the disposal of the party of boys and girls who constituted his summer associates; his fund of good nature was also inexhaustible, but under it all one might trace a method, thoroughly well in hand, by which the wildest harum-scarum lad or lassie was gently led along the paths of knowledge and helped up the steep of life to the higher plane of development. Topsy interested him more than any human problem had for years, and he was anxious to investigate the mysteries of this atom of Divinity.

The solemn eyes gazed into space, seeing things unseen by others even when uttering the most absurd expressions in explanation of her conduct, and over the intellectual brow flitted the shadows of unsettled questions too deep for children of mediocre intellect to ponder, but carried easily by the brain of this waif.

Just then Dr. Alwyn paused by the side of the cot joining the group already there and finally seating him-

self apparently enjoying the genial atmosphere that the visitors had thrown about the child.

This man was a Northerner by birth but had chosen the Southland as a field for the practice of his profession; his wife was southern also. He had imbibed all the prejudices of that section against Negroes—a worthless race as he was pleased to call them—but even his austere nature had a chord of sympathy for the small colored patient and no one had been more tender with little Topsy. She aroused all the latent faculty of analysis with which he was so richly endowed. Now he took the slim fingers in his hand and felt the accelerated pulse.

"Almost well," he smiled. "Not too much excitement."

The doctor laughed at the solemn pucker on the little face and pinched the brown cheek, "What is it, Topsy? Tell us your thought."

"You're a great man, doctor: have you got a wife, and a little girl like me?"

"No, Topsy, no little girl like you and no little boy; some day you shall see Mrs. Alwyn."

"Is she fine and pleasant like you?"

"She is very beautiful, Topsy," but it did not escape the child and the listeners that he had evaded the question. Day chuckled quietly, and cut in two a wink intended for Mrs. Templeton, remembering just in time that she was not Miss Newbury. Mrs. Alwyn was little known to her husband's relatives; she was considered a woman of mystery—one might even be excused for doubting that she really existed.

"Well, what do you think of me, little girl?" laughed the great scien-

tist in answer to the steady gaze concentrated upon him.

"What do you do with all your best thoughts, doctor? Oh, dear me, why aren't the nicest people always the best?" The doctor colored painfully but he said playfully, "I declare! What have we here, a seeress? I reckon you've not forgiven me, Topsy, for being white."

With a deep sigh and another of her unfathomable glances, the child said, "That ain't nothin' against you, doctor; I only wisht I was white; I believe I'd bear to be skinned!"

The doctor and Day laughed uproarously and even Mrs. Templeton could not repress a smile.

"You monkey, what do you mean? Where did you get such an idea?"

"Well, don't all that's good belong to the white man and all that's bad to the colored man? It's like the song—

"The colored man does all the dirty work
And the white man takes the money."

"Topsy, Topsy, you'll be my death. There isn't one to match you," and Asa Day leaned back weakly in his chair and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"And we ain't like other folks; we're different. What I am trying to find out is, Why?" and with puckered brows she gazed anxiously around the group awaiting an answer. The doctor still held the slender wrist in his firm clasp and now said warningly: "Too much excitement; to sleep we must go or there will be a return of fever."

"Let me help calm our little whirlwind," and Day leaned nearer the cot and continued with his best smile and manner:

"I've got the most beautiful story to tell you, Topsy, just this minute thought of it. Do you like stories? Yes?" as she nodded eagerly in assent. "Well, now, if I tell you about the little pigs and the alligator you'll go right off to sleep like a good child?"

"Begin, begin," she nodded.

"Once upon a time, way down South, in a land where there is always sunshine and flowers and birds and bees and beautiful trees, and rivers that sing, and lots and lots of little pickaninnies—"

"Any monkeys?" interrupted Topsy.

"Yes, a few—"

"Hump! I knew it. Say, doctor, a boy hollered at me that day I was hurt:

'A colored man and a monkey was a-sittin' on a rail,
An' the only difference I could see was the colored man didn't have any tail.'

Do you believe that song?"

"Topsy!" and Mrs. Templeton rose determinedly from her seat, "I insist upon your keeping quiet and not talking."

"Yes'm. Please, doctor, say 'no' quick so I can mind Mrs. Templeton, and go to sleep."

"No, Topsy, *decidedly no!* Colored people are not monkeys nor are they descended from monkeys," replied the doctor, in his eagerness to appease his small patient, letting go a principle that had been his pet hobby for years.

"Everybody keep quiet," broke in Day, "I'm going to tell an excited Topsy about a litter of pigs who did not mind their mother."

"I s'pose they went into a fight and got their brains almost knocked out, is that it, Mr. Day?"

"Worse," said Day solemnly, "one of them lost her skin! so from now on you must beware of the sin of disobedience."

"Once upon a time a family of pigs—Father Pig, Mother Pig, and ten little sons and daughters—lived on a great plantation near the banks of the Mississippi River, so near, in fact, that a break in the fence next the river embankment permitted Mother Pig to lead the ten pink piglets on to the edge of the bank where they could look down upon the flats below and explore from that safe position, the wonders of the shore.

"'But,' said Mother Pig impressively, 'never venture over the embankment on to the flats for you would probably be devoured by the enemies of little pigs with which they are infested.'

"All day and every day the pigs roamed about the embankment near to the fence railing, revelling in luscious peaches and the sweetest of apples and frolicking in the fragrant orange and magnolia blossoms that carpeted the ground beneath the beautiful trees.

"And the trees spread their leafy branches over them, shading them from the hot rays of the sun which poured down their strongest just when the children of Mother Pig took their noon-day nap; and the leaves nestled and rustled and sang

to them and the branches shook their burdens of sweets over them.

"All day the steamboats floated on the broad bosom of the mighty stream, but the shrill notes of the sirens shrieking through clouds of smoke billowing from the smoke-stacks of the vessels, held no terrors for the baby pigs, and the songs of the Negro stevedores, loading and unloading the cargoes of merchandise, were dearly loved.

"It was a very funny sight to see the ten little piglets all in a row, cocking their ears to catch the melody of the songs, their small eyes, at the same time, closely watching the glistening paddle blades flashing in the sunlight and churning the water into foam.

"As the waddling pink and white cubs grew more and more familiar with the life on the Father of Waters, they grew bolder and despite their mother's warning would sometimes wander away from the protecting rails of the plantation fence.

"Each morning before the family left home, Mother Pig would gather them about her and tell them to be careful and to mind her words of warning and not wander off too far alone.

"'Oh, Mama,' said one frisky little girl pig named Adelaide, 'the great big logs on the shore below are grand places for playing hide-and-seek. Surely there can be no harm in going that far.'

"'Foolish child, those are not logs, but alligators, our greatest enemies. Now be sure to heed my warning or you will never see your brothers and sisters again.'

"'But we can run very fast,' said another as he rolled over in a vain

attempt to catch his funny little tail so tightly curled over his back. 'Such clumsy creatures cannot catch us.'

"'No, silly,' replied Mother Pig, 'they cannot run nor do they need to, for if you go near enough, one stroke of that great finny tail will dash the life from your tender bodies; heed my warning and all will go well with you.'

"Now, old Grandfather Alligator, sunning himself and snoozing on the mud flats of the shore with one eye always open, watched the piglets gazing curiously down on him. Oh, how his mouth watered. He looked up at them and grinned in anticipation of a luscious lunch on tender pig, and showed every one of the wicked white teeth gleaming like polished saws in a wilderness of mouth. But 'watchful waiting' was the motto of the sly old fox. He was very careful not to let the pigs see him yawn because he knew that they were being drawn over the embankment as by a magnet to where he lay in the sun, and all he wanted was to have them come within reach of his powerful tail and then, with one far-reaching stroke, he would gather them into his capacious maw.

"Mother Pig became more anxious each day as her children grew larger and stronger and more wilful; especially was she worried over Adelaide, and so she told Father Pig and then they set up a double watch over their children, turn and turn about, never leaving them alone; thus they hoped to save them from the consequences of their wilfulness.

"And the blossoms on the trees— oranges, peach, apple, and magnolia—tried to help protect the piglets by

falling in tempting showers far from the source of danger.

"And the wind conspired with the blossoms and blew them gently along toward the plantation fence, thus coaxing the piglets out of the danger-zone. But the careless little pigs thought only of the enjoyable times they were having rolling and tumbling about in the fragrant blossoms.

"And the wind told the sparks from the steamboat funnels how worried the trees and blossoms were over the piglets, and then it blew so hard that the sparks burst into showers on the shore and for a time frightened the heedless pigs back under the protecting fence.

"But all this commotion on land and water did not affect Grandfather Alligator who still waited patiently for a dinner of tender pig meat. All day he lay there motionless in the mud, only stirring at night after the pigs had gone into the barnyard.

"Adelaide was a born flirt and very wilful and headstrong as such children are apt to be. One sultry day she stood looking longingly at the cool mud and ooze of the flats and at the great log lying there inert, promising fine sport after one had bathed in the water and sand of the shore, and she thought that she might venture down just once without coming to harm.

"'O-O-O! Adelaide!' called her brothers, 'take care or you will go over the bank.'

"'No harm if I do; Mother's an old fogey.' Just at this moment the naughty little piglet made a misstep and before her mother could reach her she had slipped over the embankment and rolled down—down—down

toward the river, and then—before one could say 'Jack Robinson'—Grandfather Alligator had her in his 'alley gates' and had slid into the water and out of sight.

"Then all the other little piglets ran home as fast as ever they could, terrified by the dying squeals of poor Adelaide. The entire family went into mourning for the lost one.

"'Children,' said Mother Pig, between her sobs, 'will never be content to profit by the advice of their elders, but are taught only by the hard and bitter lessons of Experience.'"

* * *

Topsy slept and the three people went slowly out from the house of pain into the twilight and separated, the doctor going down the street toward the bridge where he stood by the railing gazing into the dark waters twinkling now with the reflection of the city lights. His face was as somber as the waters before him.

An automobile driven by a woman came slowly over the road he had just traversed and halted beside him on the bridge.

"Alwyn," the woman called.

He turned hastily. "You!" and with a gesture of greeting entered the vehicle.

The woman was beautiful with a singular beauty that defied the placing of her nationality.

"I have just come from the hospital," she said as they whirled away; I was curious to see the patient you have been telling me about."

"Well?"

"Let the child alone, Alwyn; you have done enough. No good will come if you keep on; there is always a limit."

He answered her with a frown, "Such a chance has never come to me before—never. I have hunted and hunted and was just at the point of giving up when this case came to me—literally dropped from the sky into my hands—She has the temperament—rare enough as you know—"

"I solemnly swear, Alwyn," interrupted the woman hastily, "that if you tamper with the child in any way, I'll not be responsible for my acts—"

"Oh, well—well—well—have it your way—have it your way. You always will spoil sport."

(To be continued.)

LYRICS

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

It's a Long Way

It's a long way the sea winds blow
Over the sea plains blue—
But longer far has my heart to go
Before its dreams come true.

It's work we must, and love we must,
And do the best we can,
And take the hope of dreams in trust
Our little lives to span.

It's a long way the sea winds blow—
But somewhere lies a shore;—
So down the tide of Time shall flow
My dreams—nor sting me more.

Out of the Sunset's Red

Out of the sunset's red
Into the blushing sea,
The winds of day drop dead
And dreams come home to me;—
The sea is still, and apart
Is a stillness in my heart.

The night comes up the beach,
The dark steals over all;
Though silence has no speech
I hear the sea-dreams call
To my heart—and in reply
My heart answers with a sigh.

THE "COLORED" PEOPLES AND THE WAR

Since the Beginning of the War, and Especially Since the Enlistment of "Colored" Troops, We Have Discussed the "Situation" or "Condition" of Colored Folks the World Over

By P. G. WOLO

Every great event or anomaly has produced its ardent speculators, some becoming notorious because of misuse of, and other famous because of the right attitude towards facts. Many a time since the beginning of the war, and especially since the enlistment of "colored" troops, it has been our privilege to discuss the "situation" or "condition" or *status quo* of "colored" folks the world over. While we could not but admire the sincerity and sanguinity of our friends, yet try as hard as we did, it was difficult to suppress a sigh of not altogether unfounded pessimism and that to the disappointment of the friends.

As stupid as one is to see the millennium in the *status quo* of "colored" races at the close of the war, one is not stolid enough not to believe that some changes will come about in the process of readjustment. But that there will be any especial advantages accruing to "colored" peoples *eo nomine*, one ought to deny positively. Such an outcome of things baffles imagination. It is saner to believe that all races will be affected; but just in what precise manner, it would be rash to dogmatize at present. As a basis, however, for whatever judgment one might form, the consideration of the three "equalities" often clamored about by peoples—especially peoples handicapped for various reasons—might not be out of place. These "equalities" are the *social*, *economic*, and the *political*.

The Social "Equality"

We must confess we are sceptical about this social equality stuff, for the reason that various people differ as to what is meant by the expression. Without undertaking any analysis, suffice it to say that the discrimination which "social equality" connotes may, for our point, be considered either as *circumstantially limited*, as when wealth, training, or character, tends to make the so-called social strata of a group of men forming a "society" or *psychological*, as when the peoples of different races may be thought, for special reasons, to have aversion to each other. We do not ignore the fact that the psychological setting may also be circumstantial, but we believe that if the barriers in the first case were removed, it is not likely there would exist any discrimination among the units of the same people; whereas, as between different races the issue might still remain even though such barriers were non-existent. To our mind, the "social equality" is inferior to the

"Economic Equality"

idea. This we consider more serious and therefore more important. One view of this question is quite known to every body: there is a feeling on the part of certain individuals that somebody else has more of this world's good things than they (the plaintiff's) have; they see no reason why such a difference should exist.

It would be unfair to say that the complainants are always parastic. Rather it appears to us fairer to say that they see the *point* somewhat too late and wish to retrieve. So far as we can see there is no reason why anybody should not wish to live as well, as comfortably as possible.

Is there another view to this conception of the "economic equality?" If there can be any economic equality at all, it must work both ways—there must be mutual interdependence. If for some reason A and B must dwell on this earth, be it on the same continent, or in the same country, or in different countries—they must subsist. Conditions of modern life are such that one may safely grant that contact is practicable between A and B and that there is exchange of articles. Does one confront difficulty in the conclusion that so long as A is ever needing more of B's productions than B of A's, that B is likely, humanly speaking, to consider himself a little better off, or superior to A? To give reasons or causes—what circumstance or advantage—brought about the superiority of B would help very little. For our purpose, it is sufficient that inequality does exist between them. Now conceive of A and B as representing nations or races. The same arguments ought to hold. Then why should not group B consider itself superior to group A and A naturally feel itself inferior to B?

The Political "Equality"

The economic and the political "equalities," it seems to us, are very closely related and the only two of the three equalities worth any seri-

ous consideration. The reasons why there exists political inequality are probably many; but the mention of two examples may serve for illustration: a subject people might, in its relation to the conquerors, be considered a "political" nonentity; or certain individuals of a given group might for "qualifications" and other reasons enjoy little "political" freedom. For the sake of brevity, the reader will please visualize three circles in a horizontal line, within the largest and the middle one of which may be written the "economic equality"; to the right of that and the next in size, the political; and to the left, the social; the three so conceived that the economic intersects the political, so as to embrace nearly the whole of it. The "social equality" circle may intersect the economic or not, and for our part, need not exist at all. Our reason for the latter is what was implied under "social equality," those who control the economic situation can make "society" what they wish. The political power in any given locality will be largely wielded by them. As individuals and as the possessors of the mainsprings of life itself, is it any wonder that they should have commensurate influence in politics?

Now, why should there be any peculiar benefit coming to the "colored" races because of the horrifying struggle in Europe? Is it because there are "colored" soldiers in the lines? A nation founded upon that circumstance appears rather futile for, comparing the number of such troops with the number of whites engaged, it is almost a minus quantity. With that relation in mind,

if the Jacksonian dictum became the rule in the distribution of the spoils, there would be very little coming to the colored races from the undeserved profits of the war. We repeat, there will be a change somewhere, but the thought of the arrival of the millennium for the "colored" races such as sways the prophetic minds of certain individuals does not take. No imaginary intervention of Deity seems probable.

"History repeats itself" is an old saying. Whatever that might mean, its interpretation in the *passive* sense is more satisfactory; that is, that man, by pursuing a certain course of conduct, may bring about phenomena similar to those which resulted when the same course of conduct was previously followed. In other words, man repeats history. If the "colored" peoples are not in a position after the war to take part in solving the big problems of the world of human beings, their *status quo* will not be seriously disturbed. The "colored" peoples need to bear in mind what may be termed *priority of advantage*; being the first to see the *point* and then straining every tissue to maintain the position. At least, that is what most people call "human nature." The people or race that is in the lead has the right not only to try to remain there, but also to invent any manner of simulations to prove that the place is God-given. Until overwhelming evidence has been produced, that race or people will always, whether rightly or wrongly, "feel superior."

The "colored" races need to notice that up to this time it has not been shown that there exists a monopoly of talent for any race. This would

imply that members of any race may acquire knowledge with as much intensity in any branch of learning as the members of other races, when conditions are equally favorable. There is where the idea of "economic equality" comes into play—where A is as necessary to B as B is to A. That is where the "colored" races have a chance to make themselves felt; and bearing in mind the thought of the priority of advantage, they will have to work harder in order to bring pressure to bear—pressure, the outcome of sheer worthiness; that they are at a premium and demand the price; that they are necessary in solving the mighty issues that agitate the minds of thinkers, for the amelioration of the *genus homo*; that they are part of the universe and are indispensable to its harmony. To bring about such pressure bespeaks dogged determination.

Wherein, then, lieth this unique providence for the welfare, at the close of the war, for the "colored" races? Have they discovered some unheard-of what-not, which is so efficacious in bettering the condition of humanity that demand for it will automatically raise their value in the estimation of mankind?

Just here, as not altogether impertinently, we must digress and confine ourselves to the black people of the United States. Of several names we have in mind, we write down Drs. Dubois, S. C. Fuller, Professor Miller, Mr. Cameron White, Attorney Lewis, the late Dr. Booker T. Washington. The reader doubtless concludes that something unusual must be connected with the names. The large capacity of Dr. Du Bois as a scholar is attested

by the acceptance of his works as standard, by such first-class universities as Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. The unquestioned ability of Professor Miller as a mathematician and his incisive analytical method which in dealing with racial questions portrays him as being impersonal and therefore a trustworthy guide—these are qualities of a great mind.

In referring to Dr. Fuller one thinks of him only as in the first rank of pathologists. The writer recalls with great pleasure and pride references made by European investigators, English and German, to Dr. Fuller's careful experiments. Dr. Fuller has contributed several pamphlets to the literature of his science. The pamphlets are considered *ex cathedra*.

Mr. White is quite well-known as an accomplished violinist of high class, and although it seems now too late to advertise him, yet as supplementary to the idea in mind, one is tempted to impose upon his much talked-of name. That Mr. White could, at this advanced stage in the violin technique, have improved upon the study of the art by his "A system of One Octave Scale Studies" is a feat that indicates no mean talent. Indeed was it our delight to compare, out of curiosity, the well-known Sevcik's method with Mr. White's. There is a subtlety about the latter's method which enables the learner while practising the scales to acquire as it were, quite unconsciously mastery over the "positions" and the delicate execution of the staccato. The piece of literature is being used at the Boston Conservatory of Music and at Dean Academy.

Of Attorney Lewis and the late Dr. Washington, one need not say but very little. Lawyer Lewis' legal acumen is generally admitted. As to Dr. Washington, no post-mortem panegyric will immortalize him more than his works which speak so loudly.

The sole reason for referring to such worthy names is to emphasize the fact that they, as well as the many other silent workers not mentioned, are doing infinitely more for their particular race than the idle dreamers who presumptuously are building air-castles on other people's struggle. What the "colored" races need to realize is that they must adopt the *positive life*—play their part so well that any other race or races will know that they are *here*. They should be imbued with the thought that usefulness is elastic. They must make up their minds to contribute their share to the sum total of the world's needs—for *whomsoever they might benefit thereby without thought of race or color*.

A final word on the three "equalities." We wish our friends would worry least about the "social," for it appears to be a variable quantity. Legislation does seem somewhat ineffective at this stage of human development. Furthermore, it does seem ridiculous for an honest man that earns say \$500 per annum to aspire for "social equality" with one who spends \$1000 per month for "social functions." The "economic" is a vital one and we desire the "colored" races to see that side of it, we wish to accentuate—*make themselves wanted*. When that is done the "political" equality ought to come, perhaps slowly but surely, for

we see no reason why a worthy citizen of any country should not be interested in the "political" department.

avenues of thought, the intelligent use of the powerful tool, leading the clean life, and giving expression to other good forces which savor of



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE
BRITISH WEST INDIAN REGIMENT (See page 107)



BAND OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIAN REGIMENT (See page 107)

In conclusion, as there seems to be no royal road to ultimate happiness for any special race, the "colored" races must feel it a duty to help in alleviating the misery and burdens of mankind. The several

spiritual qualities and tend to check harmful errors—all these are on commission. No race can excel in them without conscious and continuous effort. The "colored" races should not then allow themselves

to be lulled to perdition by such meaningless lullabies, that any automatic altering of the *status quo* for the better can result because of the war. It will come only by "sticking it," doing one's share and leading the *positive life*.

lieve that such abuses could exist in Massachusetts! But there were rumors along this line way back in President McKinley's time. We have been sitting on this lid for a number of years. We ourselves have waded through the bitter waters of



REV. LEONARD A. GRIMES
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THE QUESTION OF SEGREGATION

The question of segregation in the offices of the State as illustrated by the Bosfield Case, is a startling example of how subtly the devil works in human affairs. Who would be-

prejudice in silence and in tears. We know of cases where girls have accepted traveling expenses and a week's wages in lieu of the position which was rightfully theirs rather than cause trouble. And so we have compromised and compromised until we are sick at heart.