

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG ARTISTS

The Art Department is under the personal supervision of Meta Vaux Warrick-Fuller, our noted sculptress, whose personal interest in all young people of the race is well known. All suggestions and inquiries from young artists will be referred to our Art Editor.

Simplicity is the keynote of good art and good living.

In leading to a higher appreciation of the value of simplicity we can hardly do better than consider the art of Japan and no more adequate example than the wood block print which these clever people perfected centuries ago.

Compared with that of other countries, the art of Japan has not undergone many changes in the course of its development, a result of having begun higher on the scale of perfection according to present day standards.

Many persons find Japanese Art grotesque and amusing but it is a great mistake to do so because this influence is felt in the productions of most modern painters. One artist affects the delicate harmony of color, another simplicity of style, grace of line, breadth of treatment or originality of composition, but it is in the productions of our own James McNeil Whistler that all of these elements are embodied, and it is through him that we have acquired a more thorough understanding and sense of appreciation of things Japanese—through him that we coin the word *Japanesque*.

Let us now analyze the method of instruction used in the schools of Japan as it is obviously very different from our own.

We are told that copies are used merely to train the eye to correct observation and the hand to facile and graceful movements. These copies are artistic enough to influence for good the taste of the pupils, but

not so mechanically correct as to suggest laborious imitation as necessary toward a fairly good reproduction of them.

The blocking out process is unknown to them and the memory and imagination are much more cultivated than with us.

After practice upon these copies, the pupil is asked to sketch from memory anything he has observed on the way to school, or perhaps he is sent into the garden to observe a particular flower or insect, to study its construction and its action, return to the classroom and draw the flower or insect from memory.

This serves to so develop the memory and imagination that in this manner the most noted Japanese artists have acquired their wonderful facility for the lifelike representation of natural objects.

The drawings are made with the brush and the method serves as the best means of developing firmness of stroke and ease of expression.

For readers who wish to experiment with this class of exercise we offer the following suggestions.

Procure the following materials:

1 drawing board.....	\$.90
½ doz. thumb tacks No. 1.....	.05
Manila paper 22x30in., per quire	.75
or per sheet.....	.05
½ pan of Winsor & Newton's moist water color (Vandyke Brown).....	.13
1 saucer.....	.03
1 bowl.....	.05

Total.. \$1.91

INSTRUCTION

Select any simple object, a bowl, a vase, candlestick or similar article, and place it in such a way as to cause a soft light to fall upon one side of it, A light object against a dark background or vice versa.

After having arranged the object, when all is in readiness for beginning work, study the object carefully for from three to five minutes; note the quality of outline whether graceful and rounded or stiff and angular, smooth and shiny or dull and irregular.

After obtaining a vivid impression of the subject take the brush between the thumb and first and second fingers about half way between the brush and end of the handle.

Mix a quantity of color with water in a small saucer and begin a series of studies of the object—outline only. (*Fig. 1.*) See page 95.

The board should be placed in a nearly horizontal position and at such a distance as to admit of free motion of the elbow and shoulder, there being little wrist motion. These outline studies should be repeated without changing the position of the subject until a large sheet is covered, say about twenty or more studies.

Then proceed with the same object and fill in the outline except where the light falls upon it. (*Fig. 2.*) See page 95. Repeat this in the same manner as the outline study.

This being accomplished it would be well to select a simple flower or a small spray upon which are three or four leaves, to be studied in the same manner. (*Fig. 3.*) See page 96.

Care should be taken that the brush is well charged with color, that

it flows freely from brush to paper, yet not so freely as to form in pools or run down the page.

The most pleasing color to use on manila paper is Vandyke brown; on white paper lamp or ivory black.

There are tinted papers which produce very charming effects. Payne's gray being used on gray or blue paper, but these papers are more expensive than manila paper which is advisable for practice.

After accomplishing these simple exercises, attempt other objects from memory as already explained; after this the introduction of a few colors may be tried. For example, the combination of green brown and red or yellow. Avoid the use of many colors, as more satisfying results are often obtained with three colors than with eight.

Let us suppose we have selected a sprig of holly—our first step after a careful study of the spray is to "wash" in quickly a tone of light brown, indicating the branch; then with a light green, the leaves and stems; we have now to indicate the berries with pale red. When the first wash of brown is thoroughly dry, the dark side of the stem should be indicated with a dark tone of brown, and the same may be done with green on the dark side of the leaves and with red on the berries. After the whole surface has dried, any little accents may be made here and there with touches of strong color.

It is not advisable to use small brushes, greater breadth of treatment is obtained with larger brushes—No. 7 or 8 is most suitable for the beginner but brushes should be selected which point well when shaken after being dipped in water.

Any questions suggested by these articles or art in general will be cheerfully answered whenever possible.

Immediate attention will be given to questions accompanied by a self-addressed stamped enveloped, otherwise they will appear in the issue following.

Our next installment will be entitled "Composition."

PRIZE CONTEST

This department hopes sometime in the future to offer a prize (later to be determined upon) to the individual or group of persons (see NEW ERA for February, 1916) who will have tried out any one or more of the instructions offered in this series.

The editor wishes the names of those desiring to enter the contest in order to keep in touch with the efforts of those interested.

Drawings entered by individuals will be judged as such, while those entered by groups or clubs will be judged accordingly, but the group members or club member whose efforts create the most favorable impression of any group, will receive special mention.

Further information will follow.

THE GROWING UP OF JEANETTE

By "AUGUST DAY"

The earliest recollection I have of Jeanette was one day in May, away back in 1903.

I came through La Salle Street and saw a little girl, not more than ten years of age, standing on the steps of the little gray house known to us all as the "Dunbar House." For many years I had passed this quaint little house on my way to work in

the large office building at the end of the street. I clearly remember both the day and Jeanette, for on this occasion I remember how she came running to me and asked if I would take her to see the trained bear around which a crowd had gathered in front of our office building. I could not resist the appeal when once I had looked into the eager little face, and off we went hand in hand.

There was something that struck me at the time as odd as she stood there so serious, watching the grotesque antics of the lumbering bear, dancing in stately fashion to the wheasy tune played by the old Italian on his organ; and all she said was, "Oh! Isn't that just grand?"

I could not quite make out whether it was the music, if I may call it music, or the dancing that had called forth such praise from the little mite. She was the first to scamper home after the Italian had collected his pennies and departed.

The next time I remember seeing Jeanette was several years later when I was returning one day from the office late in the summer. As I reached the gate at "Dunbar House" she came out with a companion, evidently her governess, and got in the village "hack." She looked neither to the right nor the left, but straight ahead; but I could see her face plainly as she passed and I could not fail to see that she had been weeping. The governess stopped long enough to say, "To the depot," and then climbed into the hack and away they went.

I remember that for several days I wondered where and why she had gone, this lovely girl, now in her teens; but soon more important

things had crowded her out of my thoughts.

Many years later, in London, I stood in front of the Alhambra, watching the crowd go in to see the pantomime, "L'Amour," which had been running so successfully all summer, and finally I went in too, and securing a good shilling seat, settled back to enjoy my first London pantomime.

There was the usual entertainment of music and mirth so dear to the Londoner who stays home during the summer months. I viewed it all with half-hearted interest until the second act, when the ballet came on.

There was something strangely familiar in the smile of the "Premiere Dancer" as she flitted across the stage, and not until she came forward to receive a huge bouquet of flowers handed her over the footlights, did I again recognize—Jeanette!

So the beautiful creature was my little friend who thought the dancing bear so wonderful!

Today I have just read in the *Post* that the wonderful Jeanette is to dance tonight at the Opera in "Coppelia" and I have sent her a huge bunch of roses in which I have concealed a small "Teddy Bear."

I wonder if she will understand the tribute of her old friend to her successful "growing up."

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

Last of the Famous Group of New England Authors

John Townsend Trowbridge, poet and author, born September 18, 1827, died at his home, Arlington, Mass.,

February 12, 1916, in his 89th year.

Mr. Trowbridge was the last of that famous group of New England authors, which included Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson and Lowell, and upon the death of Charles Eliot Norton he became the sole survivor of the men and women who wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* in its very early days.

Mr. Trowbridge wrote over fifty books, every one of which survive him, several having been issued in repeated editions, while some outlived their copyright, which expired many years ago.

Of them all "Neighbor Jackwood" was his favorite, and it is said that it had a larger sale than any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and given to the public about a year earlier. Like that, the story was an attack upon human slavery, portraying with equal vividness the horrors of the institution in America, but containing far more of wit and humor.

A SEA PRAYER

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

Lord of wind and water
Where the ships go down,
Reaching to the sunrise
Lifting like a crown
Out of the deep hidden
Wells of night and day—
Mind the great sea-farers
On the open way.
When the last lights darken
On the far coast line,
All the gifts of peril
Sea-Lord—all are thine
To withhold or loose them,
Stirring up the deep
To a mighty frenzy
Mountains high and steep.

THE REIGN OF WRATH

A Story of Southern "Justice" as Exemplified by a Georgia Sheriff
Who Dared to Do His Duty

By HARRY HERBERT PACE

The little town of Leyland was in a state of feverish excitement. Within the plot of green grass known as "the square" around which were gathered the court house, the post office and the main business houses of the town, groups of white men stood and talked in an excited manner.

In the center of the square stood an oak tree, taller than the other trees within the plot, whose trunk was bare of branches for fully half its height save one large limb which had grown out almost perpendicular to it. Around the foot of the tree a circular bench had been built, which did service not only as a settee but, on numerous occasions, as a rostrum for various speakers. And from this bench had been urged upon the crowds gathered around, reasons for doing a variety of things, from buying the latest patent medicine to completely disfranchising the Negro.

The court house stood on the north side of the square with the post office on the right. A little to the left of the post office and just behind the court house stood the jail, a small two-story structure of gray stone. On each side of the building near the roof were three narrow windows crossed by heavy iron bars. And though a prisoner might have easily sawed the bars, he would have found great difficulty in passing through the openings. North of the court house the land sloped off gradually to the Yellow River, a short distance beyond. On the opposite side of the river, the red banks

fell away abruptly giving rise to a swift current on that side. And here were located the Leyland Cotton Mills. In the distance, beyond the mills, the neat three-room cottages of the operatives dotted the red clay hills. A short distance above the main part of the mills the stream was spanned by a narrow wooden bridge, wide enough for the passage of only one vehicle at a time. The road which led over the bridge formed the eastern boundary of the public square. It was over this road that the "factory folks" would flock into town on Saturday afternoons to make their weekly purchases. And the natural center was the old oak tree around which to gather to tell stories, spit tobacco juice and guffaw.

But today they gathered for a different purpose. It was to take up the discussion—if indeed it had ever been left off—of the trial of Bruce Morgan. Bruce was a young colored boy who for a number of years had worked around the mills in the capacity of messenger for the superintendent. He was well liked by all the office force because of his natural brightness and a ready willingness to help at all times. But the operatives, for the most part, looked upon him with disfavor, because, as Jack Hanscom said, "he would soon get so puffed up that he wouldn't know his place." And this prophecy came true, it seemed, one day, when Lizzie Powers, one of the factory girls came into the mills with tears in her eyes, saying that Bruce had insulted her.

As soon as she made known to the men in the mill the facts of the case, they promptly went on strike, and marched to the office, where the boy was at work, demanding him, that they might "deal with him." Mr. Lewis Bolden, the superintendent of the mills, went out on the piazza of the small building in which the office was located, and bade the men return to their work and that he would investigate the matter. They went back sullenly enough at Bolden's command, but entirely unsatisfied. A telephone message from Bolden brought the sheriff who locked the boy up in the gray stone jail to await an investigation. The fall term of the Superior Court for Leyland was to convene within the next two days and so it was thought advisable by the leaders of the men to postpone any attack on the jail till the trial was called: inasmuch as Bolden had posted a notice threatening immediate discharge to any who participated in mob violence.

And now it lacked only a few minutes before the opening of court. This was the last day of the session, Saturday morning, and the case of Bruce had been held over to the end. At the opening hour the court room was nearly filled, but with white people only. Throughout the week a large number of colored people had occupied seats in the court room. The new judge, Candler, had given them the privilege of sitting wherever they pleased this week, instead of in the narrow, dirty gallery in the back of the room as always before. And they had used their opportunity well by flocking in, in crowds. But there were only a few gathered today, Bruce's mother and a few friends.

They heard the murmurs among the factory men and anticipating trouble most of them stayed at home.

The prisoner, a slightly built youth, with black curly hair and with a complexion which a Spaniard might have envied, walked into the room with downcast eyes, led by the stalwart sheriff, Adam Evans. Evans had never lost a prisoner through mob violence or from any other cause during his ten years of service as sheriff; he had never failed to make a friend of one. It was his intention never to break this record, be his prisoner white or black. At his command the prisoner sat down beside him near the door, and the case was then called. There were no eye witnesses to the affair. In fact, no one knew anything about it except what the girl had told, and she was prostrated at home, so it was said, and could not appear. Several "witnesses" were called, however, and gave their testimony.

Tom Powers, the girl's father, the vagabond drunkard of Leyland, arose and in an incoherent talk told of the blow that had come to him in the ruin of this, his only child, and the sorrow it had caused him. Jack Hanscom, the big leader of the tougher element at the mills next took the stand and testified that he knew that Bruce was the "kind of a nigger to do that, because he was so cussed highflown, and he's always meddling with the girls out there any way." He made a few other remarks, fully as complimentary to Bruce, and then praised Lizzie to the highest, giving "his word of honor" that she was as virtuous as any woman that lived.

Bud Rivers, one of the younger

dare-devils of the town, testified that he had seen Bruce only a few days before making faces at this same girl out of the office window, as she passed. There were no other "witnesses" for the State, but by skilful remarks and questions throughout the examination, the solicitor had made it perfectly plain to the jury, made up almost entirely of factory men, that their duty as good citizens demanded a conviction. Jack Hanscom stopped squirting tobacco juice long enough to lean over and whisper to Rivers that "there ain't a single d—d chance for the nigger now. There'll be a necktie party roun' here sho', and Bruce'll be the big Ike in it."

The counsel for the defendant was at a loss. There were no colored people who dared to testify save relatives of the boy and their testimony was excluded. Only a few of the better class of white people believed the boy to be guilty, but none were willing to interest themselves in his behalf. And although the boy stoutly maintained his innocence, the case seemed to go against him. The attorney had just risen to make his last appeal for a reasonable amount of mercy in the verdict, when Lewis Bolden, who, up to this time, had sat in one of the front seats with his head resting on one hand in an air of deep thought, arose and walked quickly forward asking permission to testify.

"Certainly, Mr. Bolden," returned His Honor, "Mr. Lee will you swear Mr. Bolden?" he continued, turning to the solicitor.

In a brief but impassioned speech Bolden delivered himself of strange sentiments to be heard in a Georgia

court room. He first attacked the men whose testimony had been received and then he told what he knew of the girl's character, stating that "it might be possible to take an unfair advantage of some people, but certainly not of her." Then turning to the boy who sat terrified, with bowed head, he said, "you can look into that boy's face, though it is not as white as mine and yours, Your Honor, and see that there is nothing of the sneak behind it." Then he told of the time when Bruce had saved the firm a large amount of money by his promptness in notifying the manager when he discovered two men lurking near the office late one night. In concluding, Bolden turned to the judge and said, "Your Honor, it would only add one more blot to the already stained name of justice in Georgia if that boy is convicted on the testimony of the men, whom, I repeat, are, each one of them, capable of any mean thing."

Rising from his seat the judge thanked Mr. Bolden for his strong words, and then turning to the jury commanded them to render a verdict of "not guilty." Fearful of disobeying the expressed will of two as powerful as Mr. Bolden and the judge, the jury returned the required verdict without retiring.

II

When the verdict was read, the murmurs and whispers which arose at the judge's words burst forth in angry roars. In another instant the court room was in an uproar and a mad rush was made for the place where the prisoner sat. But he was gone. Anticipating this trouble the sheriff had quietly and almost un-

perceived slipped him away through a side door and into the jail before Bolden had finished speaking. When this fact was made known, the crowd rushed for the jail. But they found the door locked and the heavy iron bars fastened on the inside. Surprised at the turn affairs had taken, the anger of the men had become almost uncontrollable and some were for raising the jail then and there. But Jack Hanscom took the lead of affairs into his own hands and counseled patience and "just wait till night."

"It's alright, he's beat us now," he said, "but we'll git that boy tonight or bus' that jail open. Les' go home now and git our guns and ev'ybody be at the old oak tonight at twelve o'clock. There aint no moon and nobody's go' know who did it, so Lewis Bolden and his notices can be d—d."

Thus encouraged the men went slowly away, impatient and yet jubilant over the affair that would surely come off at twelve o'clock.

As night fell the streets were much more clear of people than usual for a Saturday afternoon. For the factory folks were following Jack Hanscom's orders. But towards eight o'clock they began to come into town and the three barrooms did a rushing business. There were few Negroes to be seen on the streets however, and those that were seen, apparently had urgent business in the direction they were going. They knew that the trouble was not yet over and they knew too that the rising sun would behold a mangled body swinging from a tree somewhere in Leyland. They felt powerless to prevent it, for if interference were attempted by

them, they knew that not only one body but several would fall.

Once during the afternoon, Adam Evans walked quietly down the western boundary of the square. His appearance called forth a flood of remarks from the few by-standers, but he kept on his own way. Once he stopped and answered when one of the factory men who happened to be near saw him and said, "That was a pretty nice piece of business, this morning, Ad. But we don't mind as we'll call on you tonight for the keys of the jail. Hope you won't make no trouble."

"I'll do my best to let you have them," said Evans with a chuckle, and walked on.

III

Terrified at the sudden reimprisonment and worn out with suspense, Bruce had lain himself down on the bare floor to sleep. He was awakened by a rough hand shaking him. But the re-assuring voice of the sheriff bade him be quiet and to follow him softly. The sheriff had no light and the blackness of night filled the place; Bruce could follow only by holding to the sheriff's coat.

Evans led the way down into a small dungeon below the jail, which had long been out of use. When they reached the room, he gave the trembling boy a small package and a purse he had brought with him, at the same time saying softly, "I've kept you here to keep you from being lynched, although you are cleared of the charge. The mob is coming to the jail for you tonight, but if you stay here they'll not find you. After they leave, take this money which Mr Bolden and your mother send and

leave this place. Follow the railroad track to the station above this and catch the early morning train from there. Never come here again. I've left the necessary doors all unfastened, you'll have no difficulty in getting out. I hope you'll do well. You're not my color but you're a human being after all, good-bye." And with a clasp of the hand he left the boy standing trembling in the dark.

Bruce stood only for a moment listening to the sheriff's steps as he entered the corridor above. The next he heard the sounds of numbers of feet on the hardwood floor above him. Then came curses and screams as the mob—he knew it was they—found an object for their wrath. Above all the voices he seemed to hear another voice, a cry for mercy, that was quickly stifled. What could it mean? It could not be that—no, he knew it was not! And yet his heart seemed to stand still within him at the very thought that he, who had been his benefactor might suffer at the hands of the mob. Then the noise of the moving feet died away and there came no sound save from his own, now throbbing heart. At last awaking to a sense of his duty, he climbed the dingy stairs and by the light from the wide open door made his way into the jail yard. Climbing over the high board fence which enclosed the yard, and keeping in its shadow, he ran swiftly down the road to the south. At the top of the hill, he turned as the echo of a pistol shot, followed by another and another, came from the valley below, and then, redoubling his speed, he reached the railroad tracks and vanished into the night.

After the shots that the boy had

heard, arose a cry of horror; and then all was still in the valley. The figures that a moment before had moved so wildly around the tree stole away in the darkness. The town slept peacefully on. In the distance could be heard the roar of the river as it hurried onward in its ceaseless course. When the moon rose, two hours later, it disclosed a ghastly sight. From the long projecting limb of the old oak hung the lifeless body of a man. Maybe the mob thought they were killing the boy and in the darkness did not recognize the man; maybe they knew but did not care, and because the thirst for blood was upon them it mattered little whose blood was shed.

In the morning some early risers found the body and cut it down. The funeral procession was the longest that Leyland had ever known. None were ashamed to honor the man who had done his duty and died for it.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

To apologize,
 To save money,
 To begin over,
 To take advice,
 To be unselfish,
 To admit error,
 To face a sneer,
 To be charitable,
 To be considerate,
 To avoid mistakes,
 To endure success,
 To keep on trying,
 To forgive and forget,
 To profit by mistakes,
 To think and then act,
 To keep out of the rut,
 To make the best of little,
 To shoulder deserved blame,
 To subdue an unruly temper,
 To maintain a high standard,
 To recognize the silver lining,
 BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

—Glasgow Rotary Gazette.

AROUND THE WORLD OF COLOR

General News Items of Interest to the Race from All Parts of the World.
A Monthly Review of World-Wide Progress.

MAJOR CHARLES YOUNG, U. S. A.

Major Charles Young, U. S. A., was signally honored in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on February 22, 1916, when he was presented by Governor McCall with the Spingarn medal which is awarded each year by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the colored man or woman who during the year has accomplished the greatest good for the benefit of humanity.

Twenty-five hundred people, both colored and white, among whom some of the most prominent citizens of the Commonwealth were to be seen, with representatives of the national government, attended the presentation exercises and gave Major Young an ovation.

The army was represented by Col. Thomas Ridgway, commanding the Coast Artillery Corps in this district, accompanied by Major William Chamberlaine, Captain R. H. C. Kelton, Captain H. C. Barnes, Captain F. H. Lomax and Lieutenant E. Villaret.

The committee which awarded the medal consisted of former President William Howard Taft, Bishop John Hurst of Baltimore, Oswald Garrison Villard of New York, Dr. James H. Villard, director of the John F. Slater fund, and President John Hope of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga., Dr. Joel E. Spingarn, former professor in Columbia University, the donor of the medal, and Prof. W. E. Burkhardt DuBois, who were coming from New York to attend the presentation, were delayed by a wreck on the New Haven railroad at Milford, Conn., and did not reach Boston.

Moorfield Storey presided, and the speakers, besides the Governor, included the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, rector of Trinity Church, who deplored the fact that the spirit of lynching was manifest in Massachusetts as exemplified by the case of Miss Bosfield; Bishop John W. Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. Horace Bumstead, who as major, commanded a colored regiment in the Civil War; Rev. Walter D. McClane, rector of the Columbia Street Episcopal Church,

Cambridge; Miss Mary White Ovington, vice-president of the association holding the meeting, and Major Young, the guest of the evening.

Moorfield Storey opened the meeting in his usual impressive manner. He said that meetings cannot be held too often to insist that every citizen owing allegiance to the Stars and Stripes shall have the protection of the flag. He said that the spirit of lynching exists in Massachusetts, where men who draw their livelihood from the Government would deny the colored man the right to the same opportunity.

Letters praising the work of Major Young were read from the President of Liberia, Major-General Leonard Wood, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles and former Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison.

Interest had reached white heat when Governor Samuel McCall arose to present the medal. He declared the occasion a striking object lesson in the progress of a race, and praised Major Young for his honorable record in the army. He said that the Nation has today the making of more than a million superb soldiers in the colored race, and that they would undoubtedly defend the Nation if called on. Massachusetts people believe that colored people should have a fair chance and be admitted to the public service according to their capabilities, just the same as if they were "white." The immense audience thundered forth its approval in a tempest of applause. The governor concluded, "The medal just awarded should be a stimulus to the race."

The audience arose and gave three cheers for Major Young as he received the medal. Cries for a speech drew a response. He said there are two ways, besides warfare methods to kill a black man, the first is to oppress him by continually telling him that it is against the nature of things that he can ever rise in the world; the other is to tell him he is "it," and doesn't need to do anything further. "This is the first time this method has been tried on me, and I hope to survive it," he said amidst laughter.

He mostly disclaimed deserving the medal and said that Stanley Braithwaite or Dr. DuBois deserved it more. He, too, believed that the medal will be an incentive to the colored race to help on military preparedness in the country. He then made a stirring plea for greater opportunities for the Negro and spoke of the medal as a "golden spur to racial endeavor." He expressed a wish that it might be divided into many and that the men who helped him to build roads in Liberia, white and black soldiers of the United States, many of them dead in Liberia, might share it with him.

Major Young was born in Kentucky and educated in the Ohio public schools. He was appointed to West Point military academy in 1885 and graduated in 1889. Since then he has served in the 7th, 9th, and 10th Cavalry and 25th Infantry, U. S. A.

During the Spanish war he was major of an Ohio battalion and afterwards detailed as superintendent of the Sequoia and Grant National Parks in California. So well did he perform this work that a formal set of resolutions was passed by the Visalia Board of Trade declaring that by his energy and enthusiasm and business qualities the money set aside for improvement of the parks was most wisely and economically expended.

He was sent to Hayti in 1904; thence, twice to the Philippines where he commanded the regiment on several occasions. He received the rank of major in 1912 and was sent as military attache to Liberia, where his best work was done. He was recently assigned to the second squadron of the 10th Cavalry stationed in Arizona.

Every effort was made to have him returned to Liberia for the improvement work now going on there, but the law of four years, detached service and two years with troops was rigidly enforced in his case, by order of the then Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison, in spite of the fact that a special congressional enactment was proposed to remove the difficulty.

THE BOSFIELD CASE

Members of the board of trustees of the Medfield State Hospital for the Insane give it as their opinion that the action of

Superintendent French in discharging Miss Jane R. Bosfield, the 22-year-old colored girl stenographer, was entirely warranted on the grounds of insubordination and that there was no question of race prejudice whatever. They make it plain, however, that this is their individual opinion, as the matter has not come before them as a board.

Governor Walsh's intercession helped Miss Jane R. Bosfield of Allston, Mass., a young colored woman, to secure employment as a clerk and stenographer at the Medfield State Hospital, last October, but when David I Walsh had stepped out of office in January of this year she was discharged because of her color, she testified in the Massachusetts Supreme Court before Judge Loring.

Miss Bosfield's petition for a writ of mandamus commanding Dr. French to reinstate her as a clerk and stenographer was denied by Judge Loring after an extended hearing.

Both Miss Bosfield and her mother, Mrs. Samuel Bosfield, testified that on April 24, 1915, they went to the Medfield Hospital in response to a requisition from Dr. French. The young woman had passed the civil service examination and had been declared eligible for a position as stenographer.

Dr. French said, 'I couldn't think of hiring you,' said Miss Bosfield. I asked why? and he said, 'Because you are a colored girl.'

"I said to him, 'I thought you knew I was colored, and he replied, 'No, I had no means of knowing.'

In October I went to the office of the Governor and told him what a hard time I had had. I had just passed another civil service examination and was first on the list. Governor Walsh took a personal interest in my case and told me so. He dictated a letter to Dr. Michael J. O'Meara, the chairman of the State Board of Insanity, about the matter.

Dr. French had again requisitioned the Civil Service Commission for a stenographer for the office of the hospital and I saw him. The doctor told me my duties would be mostly copying, with very little stenographic work.

He said that I would have to board out-

side the hospital grounds, in a private house about a mile away. All arrangements had been made, he said by himself and would cost me nothing. My pay was \$7 a week.

I boarded at this private house a week and then left, as the woman said I was the only one for whom she had to prepare a noonday meal and it did not pay her. After that Dr. French told me I would room at the hospital and have my meals served to me in the office on a tray. He said he didn't want me to eat in the main dining room with the other office employees.

It was very humiliating. On December 28, I went to Dr. French and asked him if he still objected to my eating in the dining room, telling him that I didn't think the other girls would object for they were as kind as could be to me.

He said, yes, he did object, and said he had reasons for it, but wouldn't give them to me.

What did you do then? asked her counsel, Jordan P. Williams.

"I saw you on January 12 and took your advice," replied Miss Bosfield. "I then went to my meals right along in the regular dining room, and was served. One night I did not go in for supper because I saw a number of the doctors standing around near the door and I did not want to attract any attention. A meal was served on a tray in the office for me but I did not touch it. I went without supper that night."

Miss Bosfield further testified that January 14 she was notified in writing by Dr. French that her employment would terminate on January 28, 1916. On January 29 Dr. French dismissed her she said, and she came back to Boston.

Dr. Edward French denied, on the witness stand, that he refused to appoint Miss Bosfield in April, 1915, because of her color. The girl I appointed lived in the vicinity of the hospital and it was easier for her to get there, he said. I would prefer a white person on account of harmony, that is quite true.

"Did you see the letter of Governor Walsh, in October?" asked attorney Williams, in cross examination.

"I saw a letter written by Governor Walsh," he replied. "The letter was forwarded to me by the chairman of the State Board of Insanity."

"If you hadn't received that letter, would you have appointed her?"

"No, I wouldn't. Three women were certified by the civil service. I appointed Miss Bosfield."

"What was the reason for Miss Bosfield's dismissal?"

"Insubordination," said Dr. French. "I told her not to go into the dining room at certain times and she did."

Dr. French testified that after Miss Bosfield's dismissal he made requisition for another clerk, asking for "A young white woman who writes a plain hand, with the word 'white' underscored." At the time Miss Bosfield was at the hospital there were 405 employees, he said.

Warren P. Dudley, secretary of the Civil Service Commission, testified in reply to questions of Assistant Attorney-General Nelson P. Brown, that the civil service rules provide that after a person is appointed to office under civil service the appointing officer has six months in which to try out the applicant. If she does not prove satisfactory for any reason in this probationary period he can discharge her. Under this rule an officer can even get rid of an employe if his or her color is objected to, Mr. Dudley said.

The girl's counsel feels sure the court's denial of the girl's plea for reinstatement was based on absence of statute and lack of civil service rules.

Miss Jane R. Bosfield, who is 22 years of age, is one of a large family. Her father once a newspaper editor in the Bahamas, is employed by the Riverside Press in Cambridge. Miss Bosfield was graduated from the graded schools and the high and Latin school of Cambridge. While working at the Riverside Press she studied at the Boston Evening High School three years. She has learned bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting.

In trying to obtain a position, she says she was met everywhere with the obstacle of her color. She says she tried every department of Boston with the same result. Later Governor Walsh suggested her for a place at Medfield, where she had been refused a place, though certified by the Civil Service Commission, and she secured the position.

Of her family, an older sister taught school in Jacksonville, Fla., before marriage.

A brother is working in the Boston post-office. A younger sister is studying to become a piano teacher. The youngest brother is in the Boston Latin School.—*Boston Post.*

The determined effort of the colored citizens of Massachusetts, working through the National Equal Rights League to eliminate the denial of civil service and segregation for color in the civil service and the state institutions of this state as revealed by the court proceedings in the Bosfield case, were resumed at the headquarters of the League, where a conference was held recently. E. T. Morris, of Cambridge, president of the Greater Boston branch presided.

The conference decided that color was proved as the cause of the first refusal to hire Miss Bosfield and of segregation as to lodging and eating by the admission of Superintendent French himself. The League found on record two requisitions using the word "white," and furthermore the League alleged that Miss Bosfield was not the first colored girl turned away by Dr. French, and holds that his charge of insubordination for refusing to eat on a tray in the office and eating in the general dining room is clearly a color discrimination.

The League decided to fight this alleged color discrimination to the last degree. Committees were appointed on the civil service rules, on legislative action, on hearing before Governor, and appeal to the public and the newspapers. The organization feels that the public sentiment of Massachusetts is against discrimination.

A sub committee went to the State House and sought to procure an early date for an audience with the Governor. On this committee were E. T. Morris, William D. Brigham, the Rev. D. W. Smith, the Rev. T. A. Auten and William Monroe Trotter.—*Boston Traveler.*

MRS. CHRISTINA H. LEE

The death of Mrs. Christina H. Lee, proprietress of Lee's Inn, Squantum, a famous Massachusetts seashore restaurant, revives memories of her husband Mr. Joseph Lee. Both were well known to thousands who were their guests at both the Squantum and Lee's Inns and at the Woodland Park Hotel in Auburndale.

Mr. Lee was an inventive genius and all-round hotel manager, well and favorably known among business white men of his class. It was while Mr. Lee was at Auburndale in the capacity of owner and proprietor of the Woodland Park hotel that he invented and perfected his first bread machine which is known the country over as Lee's Bread Crumber. He was so impressed with the enormous amount of stale bread wasted that he set about devising means of utilizing it. Also his own experience in the culinary art had taught him the superiority of bread crumbs over cracker crumbs. So he succeeded in constructing a machine which by tearing and grinding reduced the loaf to crumbs of any desired size for use in making croquettes, scalloped oysters, poultry dressing, batter cakes, crumpets and puddings, or in which to fry chops, cutlets, fish, clams and oysters. This machine he sold to a manufacturing firm at Antrim, New Hampshire. One large company—the Royal Worcester Bread Crumb Company of Boston—in a short time built up a lucrative business by manufacturing bread crumbs with this machine and selling the crumbs in packages similar to packages of oatmeal, cracked wheat, and other cereals. Lee's Bread Crumber is regarded as an essential equipment of every first-class hotel and restaurant.

But Mr. Lee's greatest achievement was the invention of a machine for making bread—a machine that made possible the gigantic bread trust formed in New York with a capital of \$3,000,000. The Lee Bread-Making Machine was the only bread-making machine in the world when invented. The advantages claimed for it were: 1. Economy in cost of production. 2. Freedom from the objectionable feature of human contact. 3. Increased output from a given quantity of material. 4. Decreased percentage of waste due to the better keeping qualities of the bread. 5. Superior quality of the product.

Such were the contributions of the inventive genius of Mr. Joseph Lee. His characteristic traits were late and early stick-to-it-iveness, courtousness and cheerfulness, combined with a never-failing sense of humor. For many years he never took a holiday from business. His courtousness arose from a genuine considera-

tion for others, prompted solely by a sense of brotherhood. His cheerfulness endured in the midst of financial difficulties and reverses bordering on serious disaster. His failure at the Auburndale Hotel would have thrown into lasting dejection a man of less composure and determination. But he at once moved with his family into Boston, opened up a new business, which he developed into the Lee Catering Company on Boylston Street, in the exclusive Back Bay district, where he enjoyed a large and wealthy patronage.

Mr. Lee died nine years ago and Mrs. Lee then bought the old Pratt estate in Squantum and called it Lee's Inn in memory of her husband.

Mrs. Lee was a woman of good executive ability and a leader in colored society. She will be greatly missed. She is survived by a son Joseph H. Lee, three daughters—Genevieve (associated with Mrs. Lee in business), Narka (secretary to the President of Chayney Institute), Tessa, a teacher of physical culture in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lee was born, in 1853, at Sandy Springs, Md., of free parents. She was buried beside her husband in the Newton Mass., cemetery.

THE NEGRO IN BUSINESS

In the annals of Providence business life, probably none was more worthy of success than the late Mr. Charles W. Pinder, who proved that thrift, energy and honesty will elevate any individual, anywhere—North or South—to the heights of honor and success.

He was born in Dorchester County, Md., and was an only son. At the age of nineteen he went to Rhode Island on the great adventure of earning a living. He desired to fit himself for the law. In the fall of 1881 he entered East Greenwich academy, working his way through. In 1884, he entered Bryant & Stratton's Business College, working nights to pay his tuition. In 1887, he entered the employ of Henry Baker & Son, dealers in pianos and organs and also repairers of the same.

Right here Mr. Pinder's experiences become valuable helps. One day Mr. Baker had said to him: "Pinder, why do you wish to enter law? You have a mechanical

bent. It would pay you better to become expert in mechanical trade."

Mr. Pinder was a quick thinker and in a flash saw his opportunity. "I believe you are right, Mr. Baker, if I could see an opening I'd grasp it. Why can't you let me experiment here in your factory?"

"All right, Pinder, good idea; I'll have the foreman put you to work."

That was the way Charles Pinder got his start in business.

Mr. Pinder remained with the Bakers until the death of the last member of the firm who in his will requested the administrators to give Mr. Pinder an opportunity to buy the business, which was done. He continued the old business at the old stand, No. 72 Weybosset Street, and held the old customers successfully and gained many new ones. On special lines of the work, he was consulted by piano workmen in and out of the State as an authority, as voicing instruments—his own specialty—was done by no other man in the State; Paderewski and all other great pianists when concertizing in Rhode Island always sent for Pinder to voice their instruments. Such great editors as John C. Freund of the *Music Trades* and *Musical America*, "wrote up" Pinder in their magazines and sent him custom. In addition, Mr. Pinder built organs and pianos, and it is interesting to view his handiwork in the parlor at 87 W. Springfield Street, Boston, where a large house organ made by him can be seen any time. The owner of the instrument is now Mrs. Arnold Washington, once the widow of Mr. Charles W. Pinder.

In the race of life let us forget the mere accident of skin, color or cast of features sure as we are that they will make no difference in the native qualities of the individual, and that we shall be what we make ourselves by the force and determination within us.

OUR POLICY REGARDING NATURALIZATION

During the first century and a third of our existence as a nation, it was the policy of the United States to encourage the settlement of our vast public domain as rapidly as possible, and we urgently invited immigration from every European country. In order to hasten the American-

ization of the millions accepting our invitation we invented the theory, then perhaps new in the world, that every man has a natural right to throw off his old allegiance upon emigrating from his native land and to accept citizenship in any country he may please to choose for his domicile. Every enterprising politician understood the advantage of bidding for the support of the new citizens by being most warm in welcome, most active in conferring the rights of citizenship upon them, and most eloquent in explaining how the European peasant, who never enjoyed the slightest participation in the government of his native country and was therefore utterly inexperienced and as ignorant as a child of the principles of civil government, was nevertheless abundantly qualified to exercise all the prerogatives of popular sovereignty. Now that we have a population of a hundred millions, so dense that migration to Canada on a large scale has been going on for years, so dense that Iowa in the last decennial census period lost so much population as to cut down her representation in Congress, the question of immigration and naturalization takes on a different aspect; especially so when we turn from an anxious study of a world at war to consider the resources upon which we can rely for defense, in the event that the conflagration should ultimately reach us.

In some countries, patriotism has become almost a disease; in the United States, since the inflated Fourth-of-July oration went out of fashion, love of country has become almost a jest: any one who uses the phrase is suspected of spouting. There, its abnormal growth had made it the instrument of a monstrous militarism; here, its neglect has exposed us naked to the depredations of any nation which makes war the supreme science.

It is the spiritual resources of a nation that give value to its material resources; of the two, the spiritual are the more important. There never was a moment during our Revolution when England could not have crushed the Colonies had she been united and determined; what made the outcome of our Civil War dubious was the presence in the North of a vast number of Southern sympathizers, pour-

ing cold water on the national enthusiasm and declaring the war a failure. Success in our next war may be jeopardized by the presence of a large foreign unassimilated element, which, though finding freedom and prosperity among us, is anything but American.

Two lessons seem very plain. The first is that we must reverse our policy in regard to naturalization. Instead of thrusting it upon reluctant immigrants before they have shown appreciation of its meaning or any desire to become genuine Americans, we should withhold it from the unfit, and when it is mistakenly granted, we should cancel it as having been fraudulently obtained. In the era that may be approaching, we dare not leave the keys to our house in the hands of persons who, while taking advantage of our hospitality, are meditating how to let in the enemy. We must begin to treat American citizenship as a boon, to be conferred only upon those fit to receive it, capable of appreciating it, and willing to assume the sacred obligations that attend it. Hitherto we have degraded it and rendered it contemptible by bestowing it upon multitudes who had no conception of its meaning; and we have made it seem cheap and worthless by hesitating to afford protection to those entitled to claim its shelter. Having bestowed it as a precious thing upon the deserving, instead of timorously and penuriously shirking its national obligations, and counting the cost of making good its promises, we must make it respectable in the eyes of the whole world.

The second great lesson is that the government, State and national, and every person connected in any way with education, should strive by every means to mould the youth of foreign ancestry into true Americans as fast as possible; to stimulate in them the spirit of nationality, to inspire them with intelligent pride in our history and political institutions; above all, to implant in their deepest consciousness the truth that their country may justly demand of them the supreme sacrifice, and that patriotism is the noblest of the virtues.

From "Our Divided Country"—*Atlantic Monthly*—February, 1916.

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EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

We feel special cause for congratulation at this time when every mail brings us increasing evidence of the widespread interest that the NEW ERA MAGAZINE is arousing throughout the country. Many letters of congratulation and commendation have come to us since the first number of the magazine appeared and we feel refreshed and encouraged.

Each issue will be an improvement on the preceding one as we have arranged for the publication of the best material obtainable from leading authors in all departments of Science, Art, and Literature.

In the "Reminiscences of Early Days," by Miss Eliza Gardiner, published in our February number, we failed to mention our

own noble women, *Sojourner Truth*, *Harriet Tubman* and *Mrs. Frances Harper*. The story of these sacrificing women will be handled individually in future editions of the NEW ERA MAGAZINE.

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with us to note any mistreatment accorded them by our advertisers; and we also trust that they will mention the Magazine when doing business with the firms who advertise with us.

For beautifully enlarged photo of the Wendell Phillips' Statue, by Sandridge, as appearing in the February Issue of the NEW ERA MAGAZINE, size 10 x 12; price, 50 cents. Address New Era Publishing Co., 96 Hammond Street.

MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

The Department of University Extension which has just been established by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is of interest to all students and educators.

The circular of information which can be had at the State House, Boston, outlines the work thus:

- (1) University Extension courses for class instruction
- (2) University Extension lecture courses
- (3) Correspondence courses

Course (3) includes Language (Commercial Spanish), History and Government, Economics (Elements, Sociology, Money and Banking), Mathematics (Practical Applied, Shop Arithmetic, Advanced Shop Mathematics, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Advanced Algebra, Trigonometry), Commercial and Management Courses (Bookkeeping, Commercial Correspondence, Industrial Accounting, Industrial Management, Retail Selling and Store Management), Courses in Drawing (Shop Sketching, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, Free-hand Drawing, Practical Machine Design) Courses in Engines and Boilers (Practical Steam Engineering, Gas and Oil Engines, Gasoline Automobiles, Heat, Fuels, Steam Boilers, Steam Engines, Steam Turbines), Heating, Ventilating and Power Plants (Heating and Ventilating, Power Plant Economics, Testing of Power Plants, Locomotive Maintenance, Refrigeration, Heating and Lighting for Janitors), Electricity (Practical Electricity, Dynamo-electric Machinery, Theory of Alternating Currents, Electric Traction, Electric Transmission, Electric Wiring), Structural, Highway, and Hydraulic Engineering (Materials of

Construction, Lumber and Its Uses, Concrete and Its Uses, Strength of Materials, Elements of Structures, Highway Engineering, Plumbing, Steel Building Design, Bridge Design, Reinforced Concrete Construction, Hydraulics, Water Supply and Irrigation), Homemaking (Home Furnishing and Decoration, Study of Fabrics, Dietetics, Civil Service, Agriculture (offered by the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass.))

Tuition for one year's instruction including certificate of proficiency when deserved, from \$2 to \$5 according to subject, and extra charges for books.

"MAKING GOOD" FINANCIALLY

The vital question today in the minds of all people of color is "how to make good" financially. Without money, we realize our limitations—that we cannot progress ourselves, cannot give ourselves happiness, cannot promote business enterprises nor assist in philanthropic schemes for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate.

We have devoted much space this month to the subject of bread winning, and have given a schedule of the studies offered by the Commonwealth, at a nominal sum, in order to help ambitious people solve this question. Since January the Commission has had a thousand applications for membership, and the appropriation has been raised to \$50,000. The United States Government also is considering the establishment of a free university where college degrees will be given for proficiency in all sorts of gainful occupations. We, therefore, urge our readers, young and old, to seize the present opportunity to help solve the important question of making good financially.

NOW is the accepted time.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

THE TRUE LAND OF PROGRESS

As a common thing, an oppressed people of mixed blood look for their freedom to come from the side which is decried by their oppressors. Hence, the Egyptian who was part Caucasian and part Negro hailed Europe as his true land of promise; the black man of the United States, who

is part Negro and part Caucasian, hails Africa as his true land of promise. In Egypt, the white race was oppressed; in the United States, the black race is oppressed. The tables have turned.

Thus, the mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons, in the United States, resemble the early settlers of Greece who went from Egypt and Phoenicia. But in a thousand years the Negro blood in the Graeco-Egyptians and the Graeco-Phoenicians was reduced, by mingling it in small quantities with a great ocean of Caucasian blood, to a homeopathic degree, and, at last in some places, totally obliterated.

The white race claims Homer, Plato, Archimedes, and Euclid; and the black race claims Hannibal, Pushkin, Dumas, and Frederick Douglass. And, yet, the whole eight were a pronounced mixture of Caucasian and Negro. Plato is classed as a white man, and Frederick Douglass as a black man. Though, if Mr. Douglass had lived in Athens, in the age of Plato, he would have come down to us as the prince of Greek orators, and would have been received, then, and ever afterwards, as one of the most brilliant white men in the world.

DISCRIMINATION WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN CONDEMNATION

It is rather strange that a mere statement of the facts concerning discrimination against Miss Jane Bosfield should not carry with it its own condemnation of the action of these public officials. However, there seem to be a few in the community who are not convinced that Dr. Edward French was wrong in discharging Miss Bosfield.

The question is not whether white people are free to choose their own company. They, just as the colored people, are free so to do. **THIS IS NOT THE QUESTION.** Miss Bosfield was not insisting upon injecting herself into private company where she was not wanted. As a woman of education and refinement and self-respect, she would no more have insisted upon going in private company where she was not desired than would any white or brown woman.

THE question is whether or not public authorities have a right to discriminate

against a citizen on account of her color in public occupations. It is no answer to say that the other employes of the State were not willing to associate with Miss Bosfield. They did not have to keep their jobs if they objected to that impartial administration of the law which gives all citizens, of whatever color, equal privileges.

The students of Harvard and of other colleges find it quite possible to sit beside and to work with colored fellow-students. They find it quite possible to play football and base-ball with them, and they find it quite tolerable to be bested by them in athletics and debating and to be represented by them, as they often have, in the great intellectual debating contests with other colleges.

Therefore, if any supersensitive person in the public employ finds that a fellow-citizen, respectable, educated and well-bred is not agreeable on account of her color, the letter and the spirit of the law should not be violated in order to pander to such supersensitiveness and superciliousness.—
Boston American.

IN MASSACHUSETTS

Have our readers given in the past twenty-four hours any thought to the fact that, not even in the public service of the Commonwealth can a native American woman, equipped for the work which she seeks, obtain and retain employment if her skin is black?

They lynch Negroes in the South for crimes of which they may or may not be guilty. In the North we crucify them—crucify them on the cross of distrust, contempt and race hatred. There are temperamental orators and social experts in Massachusetts who today and for many days have been demanding that this country avenge the wrongs of Belgium, even by war, but the wrongs of our own people are not for them to consider.

Not one white person in a hundred cares apparently, whether the colored people—here because they are compelled to be here and because their ancestors were brought here as slaves by our ancestors—live or die, starve or prosper. If they live in the South we subscribe to funds for their enlightenment; for those in this community

already enlightened we have only menial labor, and but little of that.

We are straining our sympathies for the victims of a war in Europe, for which we are not in the slightest degree responsible, but we are making still more difficult a problem at our own doors by insisting on ignoring it under plea that we are not our brothers keeper if our brother happens to be a Negro.

The wonder of it is that any Negro in the North accepts the Christian religion as interpreted by the whites, for more than ten per cent of its face value.—*Boston Traveler. February 16.*

colonies and protectorates be recruited for service in the army.

It is estimated that this step would add 700,000 men to the forces in the field by next spring.

The excellent service given by the large number of natives now at the front has resulted in the proposal that they be used on a much larger scale.

Leading French statesmen have had under consideration for some time the vast recruiting field which lies open to France in the colonies, especially in China and equatorial Africa. The main features of the bill which M. Masse will present to Parliament when it reassembles were proposed by Gen. Mangin, who has a distinguished record of service in Morocco and the Sudan.

If the plan is adopted the new army of Colonials will be composed largely of colored troops.

PLAN FOR 700,000 COLORED TROOPS

PARIS.—Deputy Pierre Masse recently prepared for introduction in the Chamber a bill providing that natives of French

BE SURE AND READ THE GREAT

EASTER NUMBER of the NEW ERA MAGAZINE

In addition to the regular features of general interest, it will contain the following special contributions:

The Resurrection. Illustrated. By Rev. Walter D. McLain

Higher Education of the Negro—Its Practical Value

By Dr. Horace Bumstead, D.D., Ex-President of Atlanta University

Bread Winning—Real Estate. Illustrated. By A. B. Dunson

Men of Vision—Henry Highland Garnet. Illustrated.

By Pauline E. Hopkins

A Blind Graduate of Perkins Institute. Illustrated. By Mrs. Mary Chapman

"Butt-In" Bobby—An Easter Story, how a Boy Scout saved his mother.

By S. Shadrach

The Colored Clerks and Carriers of Greater Boston, Employed in the Postal Service, will appear in an early issue. Don't miss the article which will be fully illustrated.

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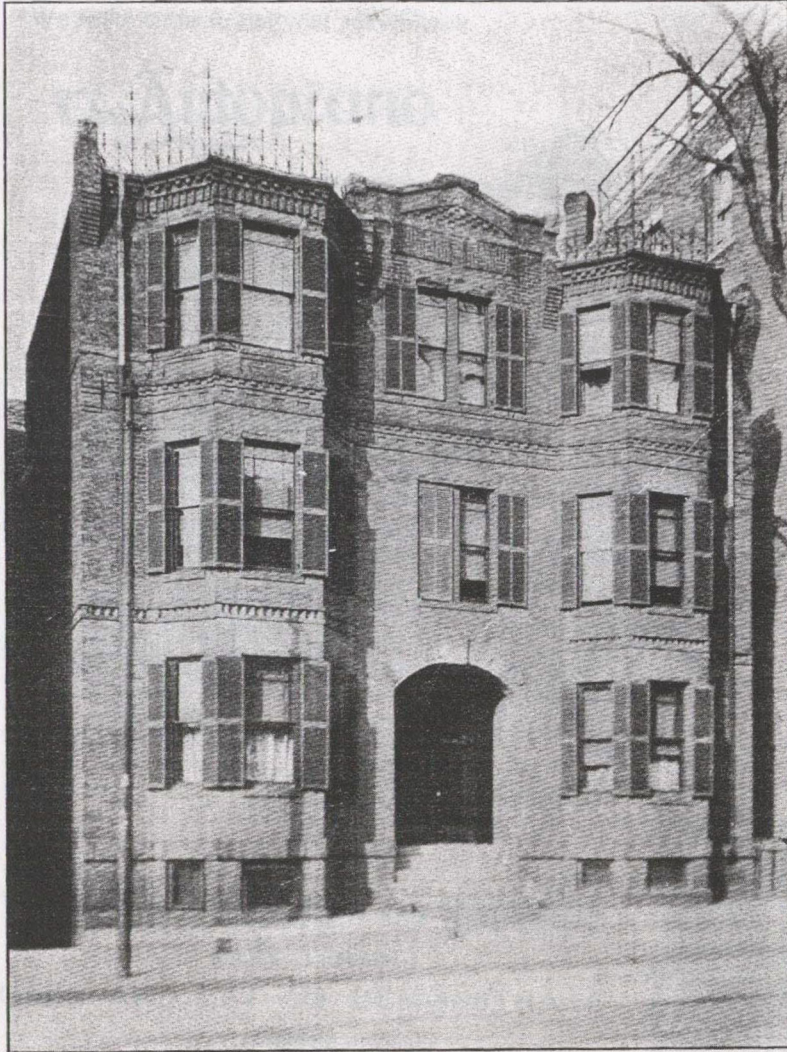
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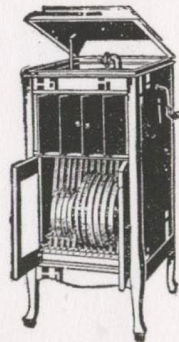
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