

WENDELL PHILLIPS MONUMENT
Public Garden, Boston, Mass.

"I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston over whose pavements my mother held up tenderly my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough, will make them too pure to bear the footprints of a slave."

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WENDELL PHILLIPS

The Charms of Home, the Enjoyment of Wealth and Learning, Even the Kindly Recognition of His Fellow-Citizens, Were by Him Accounted as Naught Compared with Duty.

Universal liberty was the inheritance of Wendell Phillips. The blood of unmitigated Puritan sires was in his veins. Freedom of thought and religion, and freedom of action and being he strove for always.

Born in Boston, his father being the first mayor, on November 29, 1811, he was from his birth "dear to the immortals," and early attained distinction in letters. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1831 and received the degree of bachelor of laws three years later.

In 1837, he joined with the Abolitionists in the fight for freedom. From that time until his death in 1884 many honors came to him unsought, and many sorrows, but he was unchanged, sending food to the hungry and clothing the naked until he had nothing for himself. Such a man always becomes poor in a lifetime of charity and love to his neighbor.

The charm of his personality is a tradition and for those who knew him, Boston streets are still haunted by his beautiful presence. It was this sweet and benign influence that was dedicated to the uplift of the despised negro.

But we can give Wendell Phillips no eulogy. His name is indelibly impressed on every page of the greatest epoch of American history. "No age ever produced a greater master of invective and no voice ever aroused a more bitter hatred in unsympathetic minds. A purpose divinely conceived, a mission grandly accomplished, a spotless name—such are his bequests to the American people." The beautiful and stately monument recently erected and dedicated to his memory in Boston's most beautiful "Public Garden," is but a tardy honor.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has sublimely expressed all we would say in a monologue on Mr. Phillips:

One by one they go
Into the unknown dark—
Starlit brows of the brave,
Voices that drew men's souls.
Rich is the land, O Death,
Can give you dead like our dead!—
Such as he from whose hand
The magic web of romance
Slipt, and the art was lost!
Such as he who erewhile—
The last of the Titan brood—
With his thunder the Senate shook;
Or he who, beside the Charles,
Untoucht of envy or hate,
Tranced the world with his song;

Or that other, that gray-eyed seer
Who in pastoral Concord ways
With Plato and Hafiz walked.

II.

Not of them was the man
Whose wraith, through the mists of night,
Through the shuddering wintry stars,
Has passed to eternal morn.
Fit were the moan of the sea
And the clashing of cloud on cloud
For the passing of that soul!

Ever he faced the storm!
No weaver of rare romance,
No patient framer of laws,
No maker of wondrous rhyme,
No bookman wrapt in his dream.
His was the voice that rang
In the fight like a bugle-call,
And yet could be tender and low
As when, on a night in June,
The hushed wind sobs in the pines.
His was the eye that flashed
With a saber's azure gleam,
Pointing to heights unwon!

III.

Not for him were these days
Of clerkly and sluggish calm—
To the petrel the swooping gale!
Austere he seemed, but the hearts
Of all men beat in his breast;
No fetter but galled his wrist,
No wrong that was not his own.
What if those eloquent lips
Curled with the old-time scorn?
What if in needless hours
His quick hand closed on the hilt?
'T was the smoke from the well-won fields
That clouded the veteran's eyes.
A fighter this to the end!

Ah, if in coming times
Some giant evil arise,
And Honor falter and pale,
His were a name to conjure with!
God send his like again!

LINCOLN'S RULES FOR LIVING

Do not worry, eat three square
meals a day, say your prayers, be
courteous to your creditors, keep

your digestion good, steer clear of
biliousness, exercise, go slow and go
easy. Maybe there are other things
that your special case requires to
make you happy, but, my friend,
these I reckon will give you a good
lift.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

LINCOLN'S LIFE

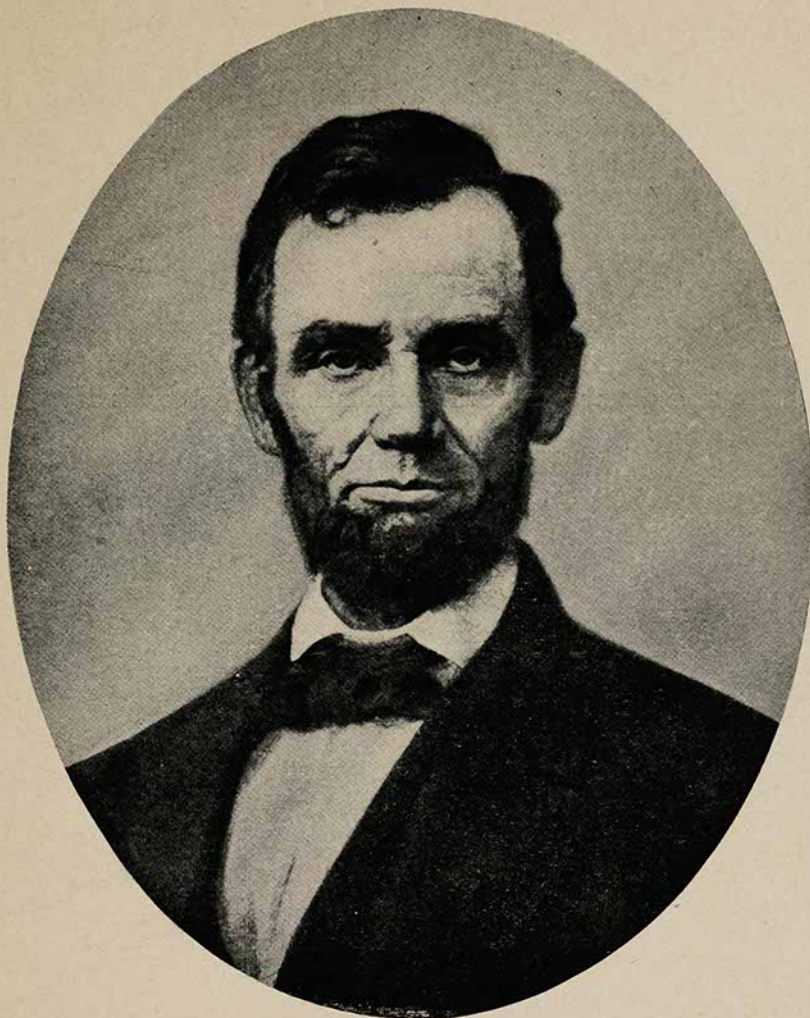
Shown by Documents and Mementoes

The Lincoln memorial exhibit, which attracted the attention of the entire world at the San Francisco Exposition and which is now being exhibited in Chicago, was prepared and installed by Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber of Springfield, Ill., the daughter of John M. Palmer, former United States senator and governor of Illinois and a major general of the Civil War. Mrs. Weber is the librarian of the Illinois State Historical Society, which is in direct charge of the exhibit, under the supervision of the Illinois Commission's Lincoln Memorial Committee.

The exhibit is a pictorial and manuscript life of Lincoln. A room has been especially set aside for it, and here the various pictures and papers, each representative of some phase of the martyred president's career, have been installed.

The central feature of the exhibit is the arrangement of eighteen flat wall cases. These cases contain material which tells in chronological sequence the story of Lincoln's life, with letters, pictures, documents, curios and other features, each carefully labeled.

(A full description of this exhibit in the March number.)



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
CITIZEN—PATRIOT—PRESIDENT—MARTYR.**

E. A. H. BEYLAND.

Lincoln!—Before that name all bow in reverence and awe. Called to the highest honor by the rightful suffrage of his fellow-citizens, he administered the laws with conscientiousness and impartiality, subduing a gigantic rebellion, which thanks be to the great God of Battles he did successfully.

After the glorious victory had been achieved, he was assassinated by a villainous fanatic. The memory of this event makes the heart of this Nation bleed afresh. Time may alleviate our grief, but can never fill the void. There was but one

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There will never be another! All honor and revere him. His praises will be sung eternally. His memory will be forever green.

Monuments erected to his memory will be perpetually bedewed with tears of gratitude.

In the darkest hour of this Nation's night, he was a pillar of fire that burned patriotism into all our hearts. His devotion to his country was sealed with his saintly blood; sacrificed upon the altar of duty and loyalty.

Abraham Lincoln's name stands majestic and strong, a martyr to the principles of liberty, humanity and the perpetuation of the Union of this great people.

He loved all the people of his country. His love was as broad as the great mantle of charity. "With charity and love for all, with malice to none!" His former enemies are now his devoted admirers!

The religious veneration that his great Soul had for charity and love, was exemplified in one of the grandest acts ever done by man—his immortal proclamation of emancipation—which gave freedom and liberty to millions of oppressed humanity.

This edict of God, handed down from the eternal throne of high heaven to the great martyr, not only freed an entire race of people enslaved in our country, but made the flag of our Nation shine in resplendent effulgence before all the peoples of the world as a Sun without spot! Its folds have wafted the genius of true liberty to all the inhabitants of this earth, wherever it is unfurled, and never more will it engage in strife for power, aggrandizement or pelf. Against transgressors of martial laws he was ever indulgent and forgiving. His nightly prayer to save some poor soldier boy condemned to die, is recorded by the angels in heaven. His heart and soul are an open book of devotion to principle, truth and the fulfillments of the laws of humanity.

He has gone to the beyond and to his reward.

Here his memory is engraved deeply in all our hearts.

May the Great God of Battles that gave us the grandest victory of all times, through the mighty hosts that went with him into the everlasting camp ever grant this people and this great Nation, love for him, together with patriotism and strength to forever keep intact and untarnished the principles for which he died.



MUSICAL APPRECIATION

We often Fail to Notice the Many Little Points of Expression — The Sustaining of Important Tones.

By CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE

The ability to listen well is the power which every music lover and all who have any legitimate claim to be called musical, must first of all possess, and the degree in which this power is possessed very largely determines the quality of all our musical work, for if our listening is of a superficial and careless description, our power of criticism is necessarily of a correspondingly low order. Whatever meaning we may attach to the word "criticism" in connection with musical performances, whether it means the discovery of merits or of demerits, in each case it implies comparison with some mental ideal, and both the gathering of materials to build up this ideal, as well as the operation of comparing demand that the power of listening shall be exercised in a thoroughly intelligent and complete manner. This act of criticism is not one performed merely by those whose opinions are put in print, or in connection with the performances of others, but must be performed continuously by every musical student whenever he is engaged in work resulting in the production of musical sound. Music is not something which exists merely in black and white; its end is not attained by our possession of perfect control over the hands and fingers, nor of the singing voice; but it is something which is to be heard, and which is to be judged by its sound, and the ability one possesses to pronounce sound and accurate judgment upon what he hears will de-

fine his ability to criticise. Let us for a moment turn our attention to the three forms of music often listened to by our audiences: namely, piano-playing, singing and violin-playing.

Doubtless we are called upon to listen to piano playing more than to any other instrument. Some of the playing is good, but much of it is indifferent, and these terms of comparison we do not use so much in reference to the technical as to the interpretive side of performances; to the degree in which the average amateur performance falls short of a sympathetic and intelligent rendering of the thoughts of the composer. We do not think we are incorrect in attributing a large amount of the indifferent piano-playing which exists, not so much to the weakness of the executive powers of the performer as to the small ability which so many pianists possess of criticising with due severity their own performances. The cure for this is to develop in both pianist and audience a higher power of listening. Some may think that listening to first-rate performances will produce the required result. We do not think this would meet the case, and for this reason: When listening to lengthy performances, unless we are already trained and intelligent listeners, we do not concentrate our attention upon details, but rather take in a general impression of the whole performance. Quite often we fail to notice the many little points of expression—the sustaining of impor-

tant tones, the singing of little melodies above a heavy accompaniment, etc., etc. Perhaps our greatest help towards furthering artistic playing can be given in honest criticism of the class of music presented to our audiences. How often we are called upon to listen to "poor" music. A simple melody played well and with a degree of insight into the composer's meaning, is much more beautiful and artistic than an attempt at a classic when the performer is not technically equipped to play properly the notes of the composition, or the "drumming out" of a popular tune quite out of keeping with the occasion of the performance. What has just been said of piano-playing is also true of singing. Too often we are listening for the "high note" of the singer and some singers' reputations are formed upon the same basis as one Reverend Simpson, who was widely known some years ago. The story goes that one Monday morning, after Reverend Simpson had preached his first sermon at the new church he had been called to pastor, two members met on the street, and the following conversation occurred: "Well, Jim, did you hear the new preacher last night?" "Yes indeed, I did," answered Jim. "Well," said the first one, "is he a good preacher?" "Is he?" replied Jim, "well, you just bet he is. Why, man, you can hear him for a mile!"

So it is with a large number of amateur singers, and it is our duty to discourage just such faults as this. I am sure that many of us know one or more voices of beautiful and appealing quality, that could be used most effectively if only the proper type of songs were sung, and

even if the voices have not had the advantage of proper cultivation, they might be used with discrimination to the real delight of an audience.

Correct violin playing is without doubt something very beautiful to listen to, and incorrect playing is quite the opposite. The mission of the artistic violin player is to produce tones that resemble most the human voice. When he does this in the same degree as the artistic and intelligent singer, his work always finds a ready listener. Quite aside from the technical part of violin playing is the ability to sing a melody with true beauty and without exaggeration as to accents, vibrato and like faults of the amateur. With the three forms of music mentioned, we should endeavor to listen for what we might call the vital points in each; the chief characteristics of artistic work in the respective branches. Of course, we must be educated to appreciate, and appreciation must come before production. Give us intelligent and educated listeners and we shall produce composers and performers of corresponding worth. We want good listeners rather than indifferent performers.

Personally, I would like to appeal to our readers to attend more concerts and recitals given by the great artists that have come to our country on account of the war. Many of the world's greatest players and singers are now in our concert halls, and when we can we ought to hear the best, and in that way cultivate a taste for only the best in music. Let us thank God that we have one elevating and ennobling influence in the world which can never lose its purity and beauty.

TOPSY TEMPLETON

The Keynote of this Story is the Weight of Individual Effort in the Solution of the Race Question.

By PAULINE E. HOPKINS*

CHAPTER I

The North wind blew a cutting blast whipping the river into a miniature flood, and the twinkling stars of the moonless sky winked and blinked and shot out enticingly as with "quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles" they flirted giddily with the Northern Lights in a game of hide and seek above the waves below. It had a royal sweep up the steep hillside, that wind, and it tweaked blue the toes and noses and finger tips of hurrying pedestrians who told themselves between shivers that this would be an old-fashioned winter because the cold had "set in" so early. Suddenly the air was full of the first woolly tufts of winter's white fleece silently covering the bare brown earth and muffling familiar sounds.

The hillside street was quiet to loneliness and from among the swaying limbs of naked trees and shrubbery, fitful gleams of flickering gas jets intensified the darkness and cold, but from the uncovered windows of one house—the Newbury home—came the deep red glow of logs blazing in roomy fireplaces and cheerful lights casting their reflections across the sidewalks and illuminating the trees, the shrubs, the winding paths and the tortuous chimney-stacks of the rambling ells surrounded by the high brick fences with sunken iron gates. It was a corner of the city fast passing into

oblivion, submerged by business on one side and the incursion of the Ghetto on the other. Still, many rich old Puritan families yet clung to their comfortable and spacious ancestral mansions.

Within the house the oak-panelled walls of the reception room reflected the rich coloring of the blazing logs which fell warmly, too, on the occupants. Miss Newbury and her legal adviser were having it out as usual, for there always was a clashing of wits and a measuring of swords when the two met.

Miss Newbury, tall, spare, white-haired, and thirty-five, with shrewd eyes and friendly smile, sat bolt upright on her chair before the fireplace, looking up resolutely into the eyes of the man in front of her. He was about her own age, a little older maybe, expansive as to flesh and shirt front, but good fellowship radiated from every part of his robust figure as he stood upon the rug beside the fire, beaming upon his client as usual but with a subdued radiance.

"Hump!" he grunted, and then paused, lost for expression it would seem. He knew that Sophronia Newbury was active in all sorts of charitable schemes and deeply interested in all sorts of problems for the amelioration of human suffering. He ought to know it. Good Lord, hadn't he loved her all his life without hope? Hadn't he, by right of that love, made himself a bulwark between her and trouble, investigating

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all sorts of wildcat schemes and rescuing her from the toils of black-mailers and business sharks? Somehow he had always managed to bring her out safely—but this latest insane proposition had him floored. Inwardly he groaned and turned mental somersaults trying to find a way around it. He glanced back at her. The determined, searching look had not left her face, her eyes did not waver. He sighed, for he knew the signs of obstinacy.

"Well?"

Day drew forth his handkerchief, and to gain time, carefully wiped the tiny bald spot on the back of his head, then he burst forth.

"Of all mad schemes!—to adopt a baby is mad enough at your age, but—a *black one*! This beats me, Sophronia Newbury."

"The baby isn't black and—what has my age got to do with the question? Keep to the point, Asa."

"Ten thousand pardons, Sophronia, but this is serious business, and why haggle on shades of complexion? I'm flabbergasted; that must serve as my excuse for my rudeness. Philanthropy gone mad; that's what it is."

The lady nodded. "Certainly, your excitement is pardonable, Asa. Doubtless this case *is* unusual—because of race and the manner in which it has come about—but it classifies under 'Eccentricities' beautifully, and will undoubtedly increase the interest of my book. Really I am delighted."

Day groaned again inwardly, not daring to express his feelings audibly. Presently the legal part of him stirred alive as he mentally nosed for the scent of a trail or something to "tie

to." There must be something wrong somewhere in such an unnatural proposition.

"And Mrs. Templeton?"

"We are acting in concert in this affair. You know how it is with poor Betty, worse than widowed. She adores children. She's with the baby now. After dinner you shall see the child and hear the story of how we came to be interested in the poor little Topsy."

The lawyer nodded understandingly. He was recovering his equilibrium. His keen eyes and keener thoughts were on guard, although he couldn't understand why each mental hair was standing on end, so to speak.

"You certainly have reached the limit of quixotism. Better send the child to a Southern foundling home; you can watch over its welfare there just as well as here."

"That's not the scheme at all; the idea is for us to *personally* superintend the education and rearing of the child as an example of what may be done by environment and moral uplift."

"Hump! Another college nin-compoop to be turned loose on an overburdened community."

"No, oh, no; no college or anything of that sort—rather domestic science and special attention to the ethics of living. Do help us in this matter, Asa, even if it does not appeal to your business side. There seems to be something compelling—a feeling of duty." The lawyer nodded again. "Duty with a big D. What's my part in the great adventure?"

"It *is* an adventure, isn't it, Asa?" and Miss Newbury's laugh had in it the joyous note of twenty years.

"De-light-ed, aren't you? A pretty penny your whistle will cost you or I'm no judge."

"Well, you take out the necessary legal papers for us; we'll sign whatever you deem right."

"Eccentricities" were a hobby with Miss Newbury. An unusual crime, an eccentric character—any happening, in fact, out of common was eagerly seized upon by herself or her secretaries, investigated and catalogued for future reference.

"People mistake my work, Asa; it is not philanthropic—*patriotic* is the word which best describes it. The statistics I collect are to show that we are living on the edge of a volcano. We pure Americans view the immigration question with alarm—consider the multitudes pouring into the country entirely unaffiliated. There will be changes. There must be changes for us in many ways. I have always felt the Negroes to be our wards much more than the Indians. They have been shamefully neglected by our best people. The Newburys have always employed colored help, secure in their loyalty to our interests. They have never failed us. If a change ever comes in our form of government, it will be because of the doings of the erratic beings of the slums—the immigrants. Dr. Selwyn in his 'Glimpses of the Underworld' asserts that the changes which affect nations and races vitally generally begin with these—ah—same—individuals. I am forced to agree with him. Our Negroes, on the other hand, may become our bulwarks if we deal rightly with them."

"In short, Dr. Selwyn and you believe in the extreme moral dirti-

ness of the great unbathed, also in their worthlessness," replied the lawyer with twinkling eyes. "Now I should say that an effectual way of cleansing the dump of moral dirtiness would be to make it one year for a first simple drunk, ten years for conspiracy, and a hanging matter for wife-beating." Asa Day had an unconcealed antipathy for wife-beaters. To him laborer and wife-beater were synonymous terms. "As for other weaknesses, why the army and navy are great for holding one fast. We need a standing army and an enlarged navy. They would solve the question of cheating the devil out of his best helpers."

"You may snigger, Asa—"

"Snigger!" interrupted the lawyer, "Sophronia, who taught you that word? The slums speak for themselves."

Miss Newbury eyed the speaker coldly while he shook with ill-concealed mirth.

"Which is the greatest transgression of good form, to use the word 'snigger' or to stand and chuckle like a—like a—*giraffe*?"

"Beg pardon—"

Miss Newbury disdained the apology and proceeded with her argument.

"Happily there are noble exceptions to every rule. Among all peoples there are noble souls whom it is our duty to encourage and support. Take Burns, for instance. Carlyle tells us that he suffered all sorts of hardships—was uninstructed, poor, inured to manual toil, yet wielded a power that fascinated men—a piece cut from the heart of everlasting Nature herself."

Mr. Day applauded the quotation

noiselessly. "Go on, Sophronia; what a pleader was lost when you were born a woman!"

"Oh, drat that nonsense! Do be sensible."

"Slumming again."

" 'So runs the round of life from hour to hour.' "

"You might consider in your argument that Carlyle also tells us that it is noble to beg, that lessons of distress and degradation are priceless experiences that develop the spirit of Christianity. But we doubt this argument while we are still in the flesh, for must not Burns and Johnson and Goldsmith and kindred spirits sometimes have yearned for the comforts and help of the good things quite common to the mediocre prosperous man?"

"Such as we shall enjoy tonight?" After a silence. "But, on the other hand, consider how much better it was for the development of the grey matter in the cerebellums of Burns and Johnson and Goldsmith and kindred spirits, that they were not allowed to browse in terrapin, burgundy, roasts, and broiled live with stout and champagne, such as we shall enjoy tonight. Diet counts when one trains a colt for the race track or an athlete for the prize fight. The rule also holds good for training mental giants among 'humans,' as Uncle Dave calls us."

"Uncle Dave—who's slumming now?"

"Yes, Sophronia, you're getting to be right 'pert' on the colored brother. He's among the *its*, too."

"And why not? Wasn't he projected by Infinite Force? Didn't Simon help bear the cross when all the Anglo-Saxons had fled?"

"Infinite Force is great, but the woman who browses on the edges of volcanoes needs a husband to keep her at a safe distance from destruction."

The wistful smile on the man's face was reflected in the woman's as she quoted softly:

" 'The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord trieth the hearts.' "

CHAPTER II

Miss Sophronia Newbury and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins-Templeton, were the last of the long line of Massachusetts Newburys. Each had a large fortune in her own right. Miss Sophronia was the elder of the two and, in the circumstances, naturally dominated the home, for Mrs. Templeton was burdened with the care of an invalid husband. The sisters were devoted to each other, and it was a delightful experience to watch the delicate manoeuvring of each one to efface herself and give preference to the other one. Love was the leaven in their lives, therefore it was not unnatural that "the vital spark of heavenly flame glowing within them" overflowed in substantial charities to the less fortunate in life than themselves.

Elizabeth had regarded her projected marriage with Samuel Hopkins-Templeton as a happy destiny. A lineal descendant of Dr. Samuel Hopkins, the brilliant young divinity student bade fair to become as illustrious as his ancestor, although Church of England in practice built on the strong foundation of New England theology. His was a sensitive and thoughtful nature and for

such there is not much happiness (nor do they expect it) in rigid, self-denial and a constant self-examination at the Bar of Right and Wrong by a haunting conscience; on the other hand, constant self-denial makes for strength of mind and purity of character. His was also a lovable nature—pure gold; no dross. Thus developed, the divine element within him prompted him to a life of unselfish devotion to his work, regardless of the push and pull of desire. Before graduation, however, he discovered that he was God and brute crossed; and that in the senses lay his danger—yea, the danger to every man. All young men have probably gone through the same experience that overwhelmed this one. The understanding that came to him after these happenings marked an epoch in his life. Until then Elizabeth was his good comrade, and it had been a pleasure for him to dwell upon their future relations; after the awakening he knew that it must be a fight to a finish for him to remain steadfast to his profession and to her.

Elizabeth, meanwhile, was dwelling in an atmosphere of joy where never a ripple of the changes going on in her lover's life and thoughts reached her. Intimate association from childhood with students of the abstract thought had developed a charming personality and an innocent simplicity of nature where her soul shone in the face and maiden fancies and emotions blossomed in the highest ideals. She was radiant, "throne on the highest bliss." God was good; Life was sweet. But such happiness cannot last and suddenly there came a bolt from the blue.

Young Templeton, resting abroad after graduation, developed a mental disorder which would postpone the marriage indefinitely.

No one knew the full strength of the blow that shattered Elizabeth's hopes. Sophronia wept in secret but respected the woman's reserve, watching unceasingly the dead weary face. Once she caught the whispered words, "And this is life!"

But for one strengthened by a deep religious nature and firm beliefs "there is a pleasure born of pain." In the long watches of many nights, her mind tossed hither and thither, torn by conflicting ideas, the girl formed her resolution. From the Exalted Heights it was revealed to her how the Kingdom of God may be planted on earth by each one performing his assigned task in a life of unselfish service to humanity. After such a night she arose one morning and went to her sister's room.

In the gray dawn of day, Sophronia started broad awake. There Elizabeth stood, ghostlike in the shadows. In a calm voice she said:

"It is too bad to wake you, Sophronia, but Samuel and I are to be married at noon; will you come with me to the sanitarium?"

Sophronia bounded out of bed in astonishment. The gentle dependent girl she had always known no longer existed. Under the velvet softness had lain the granite Newbury will.

"Why—of course—yes," she stammered and then—no one would have recognized the old Sophronia in the new one who took her sister into her arms as a mother her tired child. So against the advice of friends and ominous warnings they were married.

Then began a life of care for Mrs. Templeton. As gentle as a child and as unresponsive, Mr. Templeton would disappear for months, his mind a blank and his identity lost.

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Templeton laid the paper aside as her sister rustled briskly into the breakfast room and again seated herself at the table.

"Well?" and she handed her a cup of steaming coffee, "what have you concluded?"

Sophronia glanced around the coffepot at her, "Oh, Maria, the cook, thinks that she knows a woman who will suit us."

"Very well—very well, indeed! When is she coming? You know, Sophronia, that a dinner dance is something of an undertaking with a strange servant in the house, unused to our manner of doing things."

Sophronia nodded, "I should think I ought to; I'm having trouble enough with the flowers and music to make me realize it. She telephoned that she would be here this morning."

"That is a relief, certainly; I do so dread taking on new help and fresh anxieties," she sighed.

Sophronia looked across at her quickly, "Was it a bad night, Betty?" "No, no worse than usual; David saves me all the annoyance possible; but I couldn't sleep."

"And now this dance. Why not give up social life entirely for a time? Our friends will understand why."

"It may come to that in the end."

"Don't you ever regret your determination, Betty?" Sophronia asked, gazing speculatively at her sister.

"No; I regret nothing. Somehow I have an abiding faith that in the end he will regain his health. The thought is with me day and night."

"But, Betty, think of it—for years, maybe; such a sacrifice!"

"But, Sophronia,—the compensation!" the other smiled back at her. There came a long silence broken by the announcement that Cindy, the new girl, would like to speak with the ladies.

She was very good to look at; her smiling countenance was a sure cure for the blues, and unconsciously the women smiled in sympathy as they studied her beaming face. Tall, willowy, and black, she would look well in the dining room, gowned in the uniform of the house. At Mrs. Templeton's nod of approbation, Sophronia engaged her at once.

All went well for the next month. Never before had the machinery of the dining room moved so smoothly as under Cindy's regime. The girl was neatness itself and unsparing in her efforts to please, perfect in the art of waiting moreover, because she brought to her work a certain amount of educated intelligence. Mrs. Ed Featherstone of The Glens, who had imported her historic mansion from Italy, was greatly pleased with the girl.

"Really, Mrs. Templeton," she remarked to her hostess on one occasion, "that waitress is quite the hit of the season—a perfect symphony in black and white. If she leaves you at any time, I will take her on gladly." That marked Cindy as a fixture at the Newbury home.

As she grew in favor with her employers, her mates in the kitchen grew more obsequious—more jealous.

And then came the deluge!

One morning the cook asked for an audience with the ladies.

"Well, Maria, what's the trouble?" asked Mrs. Templeton of the bowing and wheezing figure before her.

"It's Cindy, Madam; that girl's abusing your privileges."

"Cindy! What are you talking about, Maria?"

"She's got a *baby*, Madam!" blurted the woman, almost bursting with the importance of her information.

Mrs. Templeton sat up wondering over this surprising accusation launched at her favorite servant. "A *baby*! What in the world—?"

"What—what?" broke in Sophronia sharply, entering the room in time to catch the trend of the conversation. "A baby in the house? Well, of all things!"

"Lordy, Mis' Templeton, Madam, and Miss Sophronia, Miss; you could-a knocked me down with a feather the first night the hussy brought the little brat here to sleep and disturb our rest up there in the servants' rooms—and that young 'un, that young 'un's got more lung on it than a hot chitlin' man, I'll 'low you, Mis' Templeton, Madam, and Miss Sophronia, Miss; but it's the Lord A'mighty's truth; and you so good to her, and she a-puttin' of all our noses out o' jint with you all, too."

The flow of eloquent complaint was stopped by a gesture of impatience as Mrs. Templeton, getting over her first astonishment enough to think and to act, threw an appealing glance at her sister.

"Send her to me," was her only comment, and with that, Maria was bound to be satisfied although her

petty soul longed to behold the humiliation of the rival. So the cook retired, and Cindy, weeping copiously and full of indignation against the "low-down reptiles" of the kitchen, took her place.

"You've got a baby, Cindy?"

"Yes'm, I have," was the direct answer given with a defiant toss of the head. The mistress hesitated a moment, "Where did you get a baby, Cindy, and why did you smuggle it into my house?"

"I don't know, Ma'am," Silence, broken by sobs from Cindy.

"Where is your husband?" This last very severely.

"I don't know, Ma'am." More tears.

"Cindy! Answer me intelligently if you can and stop crying; I'm not going to eat you; this is the wrong time for tears. Where-is-the-baby's-father?"

With a despairing cry, "Lordy, ain't I mis'erable!" the girl sunk to the floor and clasped her mistress about the knees.

Mrs. Templeton was more moved than she cared to show by the girl's evident distress, and despairing of getting an intelligent answer from her, got up and walked about the room in order to give her time to recover herself. Sophronia, crocheting sweaters for her poor old women, watched the girl narrowly. When the sobs had subsided somewhat, Mrs. Templeton said very gently:

"Cindy, fetch the baby to us, at once, here."

When the girl returned with the child in her arms both ladies were convinced that their doubts were well-founded when they saw the fair complexion of the babe and compared

it with the velvety blackness of the woman before her.

Mrs. Templeton groaned in spirit, but made no outward sign, for, to the fortunate in life, depravity seems the natural state of the lowly and wretched. But what a leveller is Nature. Despite the trappings of wealth and the shackles of caste, the tie of human brotherhood will not be denied and is the safety valve keeping the pulse of life beating in a palsied world. The heart of this pure-faced woman dwelling in the midst of wordly excitement and sensuousness remained in a state of primal innocence. To her motherhood was a seal placed on woman by Divinity, making her sacred character, and she must answer at the Judgment for the souls committed to her keeping. She comforted herself for the loss of little bodies grown under her *own* heart by vowing to make the children of other mothers her special care. Had Cindy known the peculiar character of the feeling cherished by her mistress for little children, she could not have done better for herself and the babe than to bring it under the Newbury roof-tree.

As Mrs. Templeton gazed into the great soft orbs of the olive-skinned pickanniny, her heart went out in sympathy to the wayward girl before her. Presently she had the child in her lap, laughing at its awkward attempts to clutch her hair or her watch chain. "What a dear little Topsy, Sophronia," she cried.

Sophronia nodded emphatically, "well-put—a little Topsy, indeed; fatherless, motherless, homeless—indeed, she never was born, she must have 'grewed.'"

Then with the baby on the couch, the two ladies went down on their knees in abject homage to her queenship, and a right royal frolic ensued. Cindy's heart warmed toward the ladies, and she answered their pointed questions reluctantly for she must brazen it out and "lie to beat the band."

"Yes'm, I know I have done wrong, but what's the use?" she said tearfully, in reply to Mrs. Templeton's sorrowful words. "All ladies ain't like you, and colored girls have a hard time to get work where the money paid will let them live decently, and then everybody says we ain't good, and if everybody says so, it must be so. Nobody expects anything else of us, and you know the old saying—'give a dog a bad name and he'll get there all right.'"

"Yes'm, I know what you say's true; but what can I do now? I've gone the voyage and I can't turn back. It's a short life and a merry one for me." And Cindy sat on the floor and rocked herself to and fro in tearless grief. "Yes'm, I will try and do better; perhaps I'll be something in time with you to help me; but I don't know," this with a doleful shake of the head.

"I'm asking your forgiveness, Ma'am, for sneaking the baby in without your knowledge; but, oh, she did look so cute when she laughed at me and coaxed me to take her with me, specially when I knew the woman where I boarded her did whip her sure enough as soon as my back was turned, and her so little."

"Whip her! this little creature," cried Mrs. Templeton in unfeigned horror, all her motherly sympathies aroused. "She ought to be put in

prison or hanged. Sophronia, what do you think of that? Cindy, you keep this baby right downstairs in the kitchen until we can decide upon a suitable home for her. Whip a child less than a year old! Well, are we living in a civilized land or not?"

In this way it happened that the baby stayed on at the Newbury home.

Alas, the frailty of human nature!

One bright morning about a month later, Cindy was missing from her duties; but the baby remained a most forlorn looking object as it lay on its pillows in the kitchen rocker, crying piteously. Cindy had asked permission the night before to be absent for an hour or two on important business. Breakfast time found her still absent; luncheon time came round and still no Cindy; finally, the dinner hour came, but the darkness of descending night did not bring the mother to the worse than parentless babe.

"Drat the brat! whatever shall we do with it?" and Maria, with a vicious dig at the rocker, nearly landed the child on the floor.

"Pack it off to the asylum, of course," replied the chambermaid.

"To think how kind the people in this house have been to the hussy, an' her to take out like this leavin' her incubus on the Madam's and Miss Sophronia's hands."

"An' her that stuck up with her airs and eddication."

"Don't lay it to heart," replied the cook, flippantly, with a toss of her white turbanned head. "Eddication and airs makes no change in 'em; God A'mighty hisself has got his hands full to change *that* kind."

"Yes, but Cooky, they spoils good

places. Now, if our ladies was like most people of quality, they'd pack us all off an' shut the do' on colored help directly."

"Of co'se. Let us hope that the hussy's been smashed by an electric or drowned in the river—any ol' thing to save our reputations. Lor-dy! What a heap of talk there is about our people being prosecuted. After this, I say don't tell it to me."

And then the baby cried again, and the chambermaid stopped long enough from her double duties to refill the nursing bottle and shake up the pillows where the baby lay. For a time silence reigned as the child pulled contentedly at the rubber nipple, and the cook hurried along her preparations for dinner. Presently the door opened and closed; Mrs. Templeton stood beside the rocker. The cook dropped her work and awaited orders, but the lady was silent. As she turned to leave the room she said, "When David comes in, Maria, send him to me."

David Davis had been man of all work about the house; he was a very respectable man of color and was now Mr. Templeton's valet. What passed between Mrs. Templeton and this man was never known, but the next day the baby was taken away in Mrs. Davis' arms. The following Sunday, the wee mite was christened Topsy Templeton, Mrs. Templeton and Miss Sophronia standing as sponsors for the child.

* * *

The baby's mother did not redeem her reputation by dying in respectable fashion. Human depravity was ex-

emphified once more in her case, and her mysterious disappearance was set down in police annals as "Wilful desertion of her child in arms."

CHAPTER IV

Ten years later, on another winter's day, twelve o'clock had just struck from the belfry of the schoolhouse in the West End, and out from the portals of the great brick incubator swarmed a crowd of callow fledglings—children of all sizes and all ages. Instantly, the air was filled with their shrill piping. Then, overflowing with animal life and free from the restraint of the schoolroom, intent on mischief, the cries very soon turned to cat-calls and the cat-calls glided into the chanting of a refrain which ran somewhat in this wise:

"Nigger, nigger, chew terbaccer,
If you die it is no matter;
Black face, shiney eye,
Chew, chew, chew!"

There was a fierce encounter between a boy and a girl at the top of the long flight of steps leading into the street—a quick exchange of blows—a rapid flight and swift pursuit into and down the street. Then the crowd of children with cheering—hooting—screaming—swept into its midst an object which it bore along with it. An occasional opening in the whirlpool of confusion revealed that object to be a small colored girl. Soon the neat, gay-colored calico dress was mud-bespattered, her hat was trampled in the mire by the crowd of her tormentors, but the frail figure breathed defiance in every curve. One hand was clinched but the other hand held tightly to a pile of strapped books. Her olive-colored face was flushed—her hair streamed

unconfined from the neat ribbon-tied braid in an untidy tangle—from between the parted lips and clinched teeth fell the familiar expressions of the slums—"Let me tell you somethin' nuther, you white-livered skunks!"

The large bright eyes flashed and scintillated with fires that suggested nothing holy—nothing childlike, but were living exponents of our ideas of hell. For this time, at least, the small colored girl was a little devil.

"Hit the African dodger—two shots for a dime!"

"Chineeman, Chineeman, Chineeman!" screamed a voice, accompanying the words with a shower of stones and snowballs. At last, fairly at bay, the child backed against a friendly wall and faced them all dauntlessly, but wild with rage. The package of well-strapped books offered her a means of defence and a well-directed blow landed the nearest tormentor flat in the snow with a bleeding nose.

The sight of blood enraged the young savages, and with a wild whoop they closed in upon her. She was down—up—down again—up. The hair now fell in disheveled masses about her face—blood flowed from wounds made by the cruel ice, but still she fought on, breasting gallantly the human, life-destroying waves. Then down in the snow once more; this time, striking the back of her head upon the curbing, she did not rise and no movement broke the compact body of the mass surrounding her.

By this time the tide of battle had flowed quite a distance down the street. Just at this point, around

(Continued on page 48)

"A DRINK FROM THE CUP."

"A Fortune From an Unknown Source, But Not Intended for You, and You Will Not Live Long to Enjoy It."

By J. I. MOREHEAD

In the midst of my poverty, when I had grown disgusted and tired of life and was on the eve of ending it all with a dose of poison, contrary to my will and teaching, I was induced to consult Madame Coeler, who was the most popular spiritualist and palmist in the city of New York, to ascertain whether there would ever be a change in my life, or if I would have to irk out the remainder of it in utter indigence. After a lengthy interview with her, she read to me as follows:

"In not many moons, you shall receive a handsome fortune from an unknown source. This fortune was not intended for you; so you will not live long to enjoy it."

Whether coincidentally, or whether from her knowledge of futurative facts, I am unable to say; but she spoke correctly. I came into possession of a considerable sum of money, and, too, it was from a source that I heretofore knew nothing of.

Now that a part of her prophecy was fulfilled, I became alarmed about the remainder of it, which read: "This fortune was not intended for you, so you will not live long to enjoy it." This statement in the prophecy prompted me, on the day after I purchased my car, to take my first ride in it—a long cold drive up the Hudson, in search of this proph-
etess, who had retired in a little Alleghany village.

From this mission I returned half-frozen. I entered my suite, where I

was beginning to live the life of a reserved old bachelor, touched off the kindling in the grate, and stood shivering in the middle of the room, waiting for the fire to catch.

Although I had never been a drinking man, at this particular moment I felt the need of a stimulant. I decided to pay a short visit to my only acquaintance in the house, Jack Downey, an old soldier of fortune who had figured greatly, yet inconspicuously, in the South American and Mexican revolutions, but had now returned home, with an immense fortune, to loaf away the remainder of his day in luxurious comfort.

I found him, as usual, sitting in his small smoke-dive—as he called it—surrounded by a number of gold and silver embossed liquor flasks, and containing some kind of high-class brand of whisky or wine absolutely foreign to me. His hand slightly rested on one very small, richly-covered, Mexican-shaped bottle. This, I noticed, he picked up and handled with the greatest care when he arose to welcome me into the room. This little gold-cased receptacle contained about two drinks of some kind of Spanish wine, and I noticed that, all the while I was standing there before him, not for one second would he put the little bottle down; but, on re-seating himself, placed it again on the arm of his Morris chair.

I made known my errand at once, and on the word, as if he had been

waiting for some visitor to prompt him to action, he broke the seal of this small bottle, removed the cork, and emptied its contents into two glasses, one of which he gave me, the other he took himself, and, without another word, we emptied them.

I could not tell from his hard, swarthy countenance whether the drink was pleasing to him or not, but I do remember the effect that it had on me. I must say that it was the strongest and queerest tasting liquor that had ever crossed my lips. It immediately affected my whole frame, causing me to shake as if I was about to have a fit of some kind.

Within a few seconds, it was all over. I thanked him, staggered to the door, and was about to say good night, when he commanded me to sit down. I obeyed.

"Do you feel all right, now?" he asked.

Not having regained my speech, I nodded.

"Well," he began, "I was getting a bit alarmed about you. But as for myself, it all has the same effect on me. Now, if you have time to listen for a few moments, I will tell you an interesting story about that very little bottle of wine."

He fell back in his chair, and in a smooth, unbroken tone, began his story: "In the month of August, we broke camp in southwestern Mexico, and headed our horses toward the American border. Our journey was uneventful, until we rode into a little town, near the American border. This little town consisted only of a smelting-plant, commissary, and a half-dozen frame houses, surrounded by scores of peon huts. The little settlement was quiet and absolutely

void of the rumbling of machinery and noise that, as a general thing, is so common in a settlement of this kind.

"We rode through the center of the town, scarcely seeing anything that evidenced the fact that it had been recently inhabited by human beings. But, when we neared the railroad station, which was hidden from us by a clump of dense woods, the stillness was suddenly broken by a loud shriek from an approaching locomotive, and was instantly followed by a thousand cheers and hurrahs, or something of the equivalent in vulgar Spanish, coming from toward the station. As we reached the place whence this uproar came, our eyes fell on a sight that doubtless was never before witnessed in Mexico. Gathered around the little shack of a station were more than a thousand peons, male and female, young and old, eagerly gazing in the direction of the approaching train. They danced around, clad in their two-pieced pajama suits, some hatless, and nearly all shoeless, uttering shouts of joy as the locomotive came nearer.

"We dismounted, secured our horses, and went to inquire concerning the excitement. On approaching, scattered here and there in the crowd we found several intelligent-looking Mexicans, dressed after their own fashion, who, in very good Spanish, acquainted us with the situation. By this time, the train had come to a standstill in the midst of the crowd. Nearly a hundred men—in uniform, the like of which I had never before seen—arranged themselves alongside the cars to keep back the swarming, impatient crowd.

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"Very soon, the short, full-faced little hero of the occasion appeared on the platform of the rear coach. Immediately, the throng went wild with excitement, yelling at the top of their voices salutations of all kinds, of which 'Viva Madera' and 'Viva Le Messiah' were the phrases most intelligible. Finally the noise abated and the speaker began his plain speech in broken Spanish, which was absolutely void of eloquence, but suitable to his auditors. The gist of his speech was 'equal rights to all living on Mexican soil.' As he spoke, bouquets of all sorts of tropical flowers were hurled upon the platform, and presents consisting of gold and silver ornaments, bottles of wine, and several other things such as those poor peons were able to give, were passed over the heads of the crowd and placed at his feet.

"I had wedged myself through the mass to within arm's reach of the platform. As I stood there, pushed backward and forward by the swerving throng, I became conscious of some one nudging me in the side. I turned, and, at my elbow, stood an old gray-haired man with long white beard. Around his neck he wore a magnificent string of rosary pearls, on the end of which was suspended a small leather case. The moment he secured my attention, he unclasped the case from the rosary, opened it, and took out this small bottle of wine, bidding me lay it at the feet of the liberator. In the midst of the excitement, I feigned at obeying him, and slipped the bottle in my pocket.

"The train soon pulled off in the direction of Mexico City. The crowd dispersed, and we decided to resume our journey. I had just

mounted to the saddle, and was about to ride off, when I was confronted by a young girl, apparently barely out of her teens, and clad in a short frock that struck her about her knees, exposing a neat ankle clothed in an old-fashioned pair of Indian moccasins. The beauty of her dark complexion, together with her mass of flaming black hair thoroughly streaked with gray, effected a picture that I dare not attempt to describe. She spoke, and my very bewildered soul gave ear to her soft voice:

" 'Senor,' she began in good Spanish, 'beware of yourself. Let not the contents of that holy bottle cross your lips. It was not meant for you, and he who partakes thereof, unless it was intended for him, is doomed to immediate destruction.'

"Before I could recover myself, she stole away into the thick undergrowth. I searched diligently for one more sight of her, but never saw her again.

"At first, I admit I was a bit afraid even to keep the stolen wine in my possession, and almost decided, once or twice, to rid myself of it and leave it on Mexican soil; but that same headlong adventurous spirit that caused me to quit Harvard in my junior year and go to South American in search of adventure, urged me to keep it, and prompted me tonight to break the Holy Seal and partake of its contents. And, friend, you may be assured that it was a great pleasure to have you drink of this fatal cup with me."

He made this assurance with a slight laugh, and seemed very confident that his narrative had had no material effect on me. I tried to make myself confident of the same;

but his words, "the fatal cup," still rang in my ears. I arose to go, feeling a little weak and giddy, possibly more from the effect of the story than anything else.

I found my rooms very comfortable. Donning my night robe, I pulled forth my favorite chair, and sat down with the intention of reviewing his story, which had now made a decided impression on me. How long I sat there, I do not know; but I was awakened out of a deep slumber by three loud bangs on my door, followed by hurried footfalls in the corridor.

I glanced at the clock, which registered three o'clock, and I wondered what this untimely commotion could mean. I carefully opened the door, and there stood Pedro, Downey's valet, as pale as death.

"'Senor,'" he stammered, "'will you please come down to Senor Downey's room?'"

Being too terrified to speak, I followed him down the corridor. At every step, a thousand horrible thoughts seemed to be rushing through my brain. I wondered if the singular story Downey had related to me was true; if so, was it a real fact that, whoever drank the wine was doomed to immediate destruction? I soon dismissed these unpleasant thoughts, because they involved me too much; for I, too, had drunk freely of the fatal cup.

By this time, we had passed through the outer rooms and stood before the door of his den, both of us being a little reluctant about entering. I collected my shattered nerves as well as possible and opened the door. At the sight of his ghastly pale face, I stepped back. There he

sat in the very chair and position that I had left him, stone dead, still clinching in his lifeless fingers the little bottle. Again my thoughts went on a wild ramble in a thousand different directions: first, to the prophecy of Madame Coeler; then, to the wine I had drunk.

Instantly, I felt the dreadful drug—as I then thought—creeping through my veins, sapping my very life away by inches. My heart made great leaps within me, as if it was being forced from its resting place out through my ribs. I was absolutely overcome. I ordered Pedro to 'phone for the doctor, sat down in a chair, and attempted a prayer, because I knew the end to be near. Madame Coeler had prophesied it, and I had reason to believe her, as half of her prophecy had materialized. The curse of the fatal bottle of wine equally evidenced the fact that, having drunk of it, my end was near.

I gave up all hopes for life, and fell into a deep sleep. It was morning when I awoke, and I could hear the soft tread of my valet in the adjoining room, creeping around as if to avoid the waking of the dead. This recalled to my mind the excitement of the night, and I tried to believe it a dream. But my heart was still making those great bounds against my confining ribs, and that same peculiar feeling was still creeping over my body. I glanced at the clock and found that it was far beyond my usual time for rising. Looking for my clothes, which Henry, my valet, as a general rule placed on a chair near me, I found that they were not there.

I began to view the situation systematically. A few months previ-

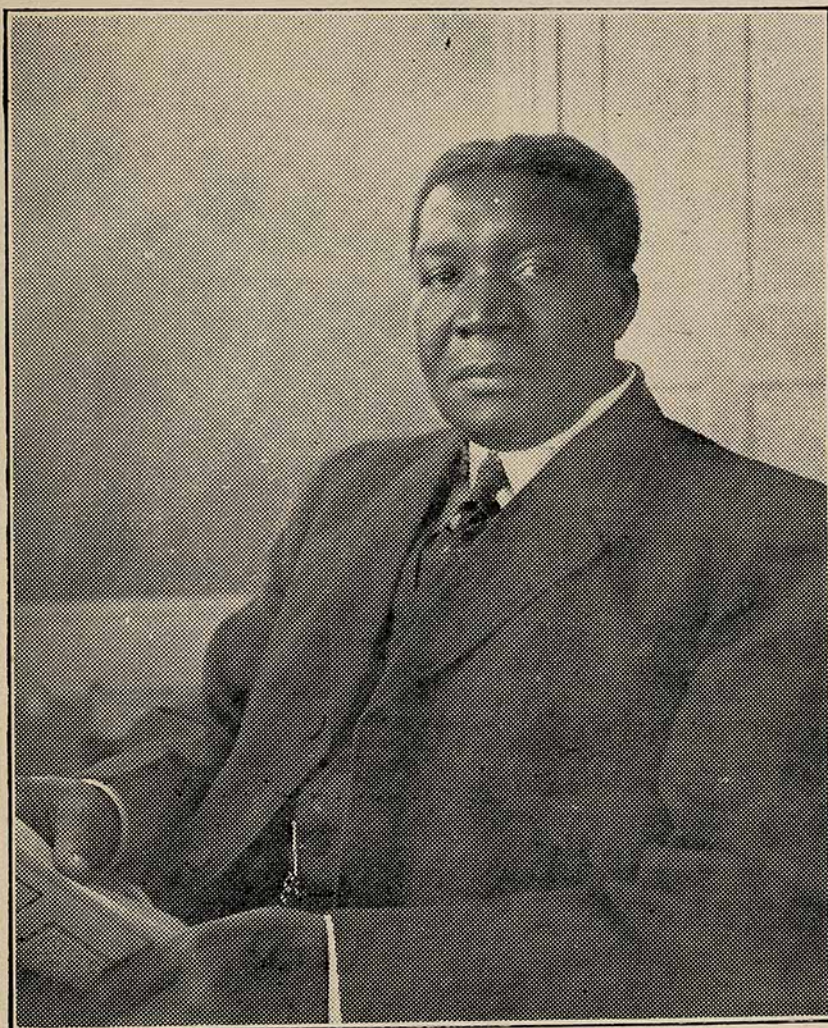
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ous, I had been a poor laboring man; I was told by a noted spiritualist that I should soon come into a fortune, but would not live long to enjoy it. Sure enough, I had received the

paid his penalty, and it seemed quite reasonable that I was about to pay mine.

The more I thought of these things, the worse my heart behaved.



MAJOR ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

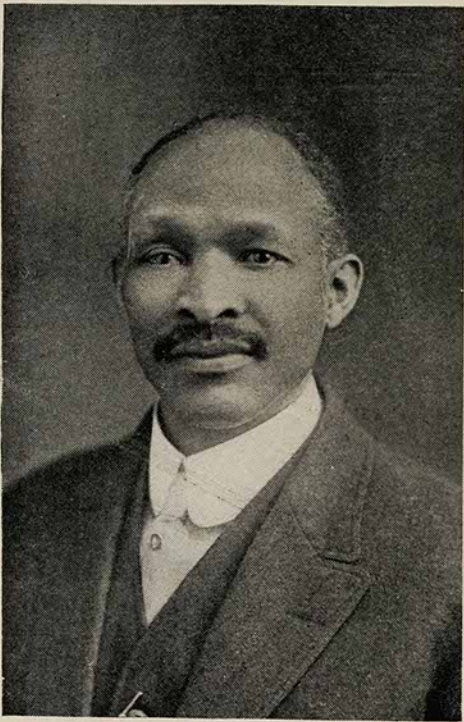
New Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.
See page 57

fortune, and it was reasonable that, if half of what she told me had come true, the other half would most likely do so. On the other hand, I had jointly partaken of forbidden wine, for which the penalty was death. My companion had already

I began to think of what claim I had on life: no parents, no relatives of any sort, the last having died and left me this worthless sum of money. I thought of what I should do with it. I had no friends, knew of no needy old widows or orphans to

whom I could leave it. After thinking for a few moments, I put in execution a resolution that has caused me to suffer many bitter hours since.

To make a long story short, I felt myself failing every minute, and, feeling assured that my end was certainly at hand, that fatal Decem-



THE LATE PHILLIP J. ALLSTON
Boston, Mass. See page 56

ber morning, I forwarded a check for seventy-two thousand dollars, all the cash that I possessed, along with some deeds and bonds amounting to more than a hundred and twelve thousand dollars, to a little orphan school in Pennsylvania that had imposed the duty of rearing me from the cradle to manhood on themselves.

Having done this, and, instructing my excited valet what to do, I laid myself down to face the end. The end really came; not the end of life

as I expected, but one more horrible—the end of my short career as a wealthy bachelor. For, to my surprise and sorrow, I awoke again. This time, I found myself in the hands of my patient old doctor and a nurse, who were busy injecting something into my arm. The dreadful headache had left me, and really, once more, I felt absolutely normal.

"How much longer, Doctor?" I asked, as soon as I opened my eyes.

"How much longer what?" he inquired.

"Have I to live?"

"All the remainder of your life," he said with a slight laugh. "'It is just a little excitement. After a quiet rest, you will be all right.'"

The careless answer both surprised and angered me. When I felt stronger, I related the incident of the night to him, and, when I had finished, he calmly told me that I had brought the excitement on myself by mere imagination; that he had examined Mr. Downey, who had died with an ordinary attack of heart trouble.

FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM

The fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the thirteenth amendment—the amendment which ended slavery—was celebrated by the colored people of Boston on December 19, 1915.

Services were held at the statues of Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner, after which there was a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall.

William D. Brigham, secretary of the Wendell Phillips Association and for long widely known as a champion of the negro race, was the principal speaker at this meeting. He made a vigorous plea for real equality and

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called upon his white brethren to see that justice is done the negro.

"The thirteenth amendment is very brief, practically only three or four lines," said Mr. Brigham. "It reads:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

What Amendment Did

"First, what did the thirteenth amendment do? It abolished human slavery, that sum of all villainy. If we had met in this hall fifty years ago today, and if I had had money enough I could have bought and owned every man, woman and child in this audience, and to have been able to do such a thing legally would have been as great an injury to me as it could possibly have been to you.

"Second, this amendment recognized dark-skinned people as human beings. Daniel Webster said, 'That is property which the law declares to be property'; but he did not say what law nor whose law. William H. Seward said in a speech which he made March 11, 1850: 'There is a higher law than the Constitution'; and Charles Sumner said something like this: 'Aloft on the throne of God and not below among the multitude are the eternal principles of right and justice.'

"No one can rightly appreciate the tremendous progress of the colored race in this country unless in passing he alludes to the depths of wrong and oppression from which the ascent has been made. Today the colored race in this country have \$700,000,000 worth of property and 20,000,000 acres of farms, and the per cent of illiteracy has risen from

eighty per cent at the close of the war, to less than thirty per cent now.

"This amendment to the Constitution abolished the fugitive slave law, one of the most iniquitous and inhuman enactments ever put upon any statute book.

Better Understanding

"I am sure if colored and white people knew each other better and



WILLIAM D. BRIGHAM

Secretary of the Wendell Phillips Association
Boston, Mass.

mingled more together, each would have a better understanding of the other, and I am sure there is no practical difficulty in this. When my eldest boy was at the Boston Latin School he was captain of his company and a colored boy was captain of one of the other companies, and no one in either company refused to receive orders from the captain. Any boy who is popular enough to be chosen captain of a company can secure the respect of those whom he commands."