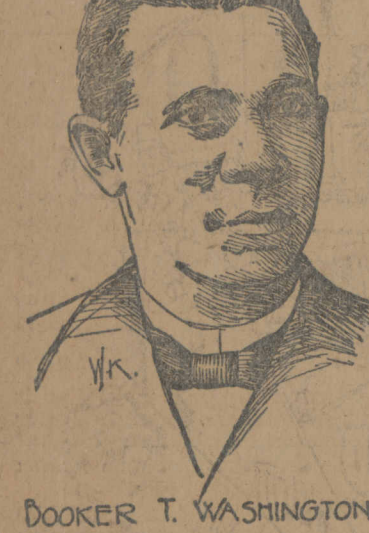


TALENTED NEGROES WHO LEAD THEIR RACE.

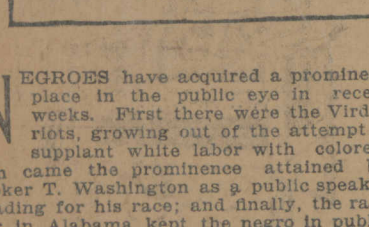
Forged Ahead of Their Fellows Through Their Own Efforts and Not Through Politics.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON



PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR



PROF. W. E. B. DU BOIS.



H. O. TANNER, Painter of

"The Raising of Lazarus," a work bought by the French Government and hung in the Luxembourg.

all the details of his romantic career have been so widely published, that it is scarcely possible to say anything new about him. Certain it is that no man of the race so fully epitomizes in himself the achievements and promises of the negro race as Booker T. Washington.

The one thing which more than anything else marks the difference between Mr. Washington and the former colored leaders is his philosophy on the relationship of the two races in the South. His position is pitifully summed up in a striking statement in which he says: "No man shall drag me down by making me hate him."

In spite of the opposition incurred by Mr. Washington in the public eye in recent weeks, first there were the Vicksburg riots, growing out of the attempt to supplant white labor with colored; then came the prominence attained by Booker T. Washington as a public speaker pleading for his race; and finally, the race war in Alabama kept the negro in public view.

There is an interesting touch of romance in the steady rise to prominence of men of African descent in this country. The American people are scarcely yet prepared to take in the full meaning of the negro race, as applied to the members of a race whose history is still so near and dim with forbidding and hindering forces.

The advancement of colored men is especially interesting from the fact that their progress is perfectly normal in its relationship to the conditions of the negro race. They have passed through the same educative processes and influences through which other men of native capacity have risen to public notice. In other words, colored men who have equal white men in the higher attainments are not freaks of genius, but merely strong men fairly representing all other interests and other men of the race.

The generation of prominent colored men is distinctively different from the generation of the white race. The leading quarter of freedom gained since almost entirely through the problem of the hour was then one of political and civil rights and progress in the free exercise of these rights. The popularity of these men in politics is due to the fact that they are the only men of the race who are not freaks of genius, but merely strong men fairly representing all other interests and other men of the race.

These men, who indicate a new era, Booker T. Washington is easily first in prominence. The entire country has been so much interested in Mr. Washington, and



DANIEL H. WILLIAMS, M.D.



T. THOMAS FORTUNE, Journalist.

a colored artist the fact that a colored man has won high distinction in the world of today is an important item in the enlarging inventory of facts cited to prove to skeptical Americans that colored men, even in this country, are mentally capable of contributing to the best things in the world.

While there is no such thing as negro art in this country the negro race through Henry O. Tanner, H. M. Bannister, and Edmonia Lewis have all contributed to the enrichment of American art.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Poet.

The negro poet, Dunbar, is quite as interesting and important as Booker T. Washington and the artist, Tanner, as an example of the new type of prominent colored man. The forces that have made Dunbar prominent are new and entirely different in kind from those that fostered the careers of the colored men of twenty years ago. Mr. Dunbar was fortunate enough to have been born in an era when the public mind had become willing to recognize and be interested in colored men who could show capacity for other things than politics. The critical rather than the patronizing recognition of Mr. Dunbar's work as poet and artist is both significant and reassuring.

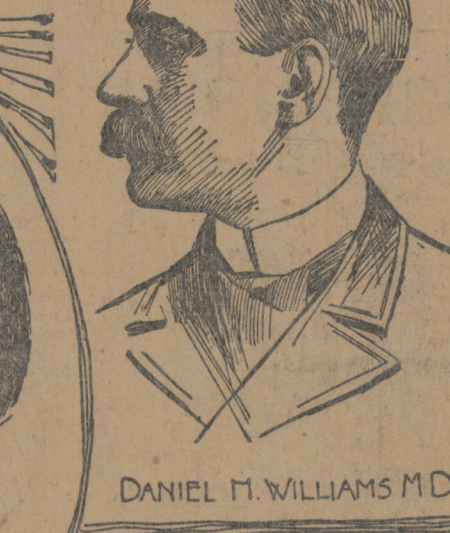
"I thought his merits positive and not comparative, and I held that the more than any other man known to me in the world at Washington was given to him because of his ability to sustain and further develop the high character of that great institution. Dr. Williams is essentially a surgeon and in this branch of his profession has distinguished himself in many ways.

T. Thomas Fortune, Journalist.

The opportunities for colored men in the field of journalism have been seriously restricted. Papers owned and run by negro men have so far failed to furnish the sort of inducements that bring out and develop great writers. But in spite of these disadvantages there are many clever negro newspaper writers. Men and measures are discussed with an intelligence that is all-sufficient to make the editor of any newspaper in New York Age, is remarkably versatile, pungent, and keen in discussing every phase of the race problems. His editorial writings are frequently quoted in the leading publications of the country. Perhaps no other young man of his generation, his is of Massachusetts birth and less than 30 years of age. He entered Harvard in 1890, where he was for two years a fellow in social science. He was also a student in the University of Berlin. Professor Du Bois' work was done as assistant in sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of investigating the social condition of the negro in Philadelphia.

Professor Du Bois brings to the study of the various questions of peculiar interest to negroes a ripe scholarship and genuine sympathy. He is everywhere recognized as one of the cleverest thinkers and most eloquent writers for the redemption of his race now living.

Yoho! let them blow!
Swing your arms, O, swing!



Like the heart-rendering moan of the pitiless sea,
Now the loss of a slave is a serious loss;
But the one who is lost is not the one who is broken;
But the grief that half as distressing to bear
As the letters from him have tended to spare.
I have troubled me now for a weary while
What to do with the men having slaves to sell.
Every man in the lot is destined to be sold,
Most of them are sold to the South, and some
To the West.

And all are so sad at my loss, it is quite
A hard task not to cry when I read what they
write.
They are very kind men to the sad and bereft,
But they all sell for cash, and that's where I get
left.

—Nebraska State Journal.

The Curious Monk.

Felix the monk for many a circling year
In the scriptorium toiled in Gloucester,
His daily task of copy once again
The fifty-second page of "Legends of the King."

The time was when the good King Arthur reigned,
And might and magic were in the air;
For all the legends of the world were told
In the pages of the "Legends of the King."

And overthrew of Heathenness and Wrong.
The deeds of Arthur and his noble knights,
And every feat they made and tale they told,
Were written in the "Legends of the King."

Then he said he'd read a-reading how Western
Chivalry was, and he'd read of the knights
Who worked and prayed in holy Gloucester;
These wrote and multiplied the legends,
And named the whole the "Legends of the King."

Pauls the monk his fifty-second page
Each day made or again in script illumed,
Beginning when the matins had been said,
And ending always with the vesper bell.
His hand and skill, his heart, and soul, and brain
Were devoted to learning and his God;
And so full many a year he wrote and prayed
With many brethren of his order old
In Gloucester's famous cloister-house.

But from the year of his novitiate
The scribe, Brother Felix, never smiled;
He closed his daily matins with a sigh,
And with a moan forever went to bed.
And might marvel, for he knew the monk
Holy to be, and glad to leave the world;
And once he asked him why he sigh and moan,
And Felix answered not, but shook his head.

And that head was white with frost of many years,
When one day Felix fell into a deathly swoon
Just as he bled toward Canon's hall.
And he lay there for three days and three nights,
And he was dead when the vesper bell
Took him to his rest, and he was laid
In Gloucester's famous cloister-house.

By the cool fragrance of the garden roses,
The scribe, Brother Felix, never smiled;
He closed his daily matins with a sigh,
And with a moan forever went to bed.
And might marvel, for he knew the monk
Holy to be, and glad to leave the world;
And once he asked him why he sigh and moan,
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Wheeler at Santiago.

Into the thick of the fight he went, pale, and sick,
And wan,
Borne on an ambulance to the front, a ghastly wisp
Of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in
the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance in the body
of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten
of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Als-
ace dells,
"Put them into this ambulance; I'll ride to the
front," he said;
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on,
that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the
ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blended face was furrowed
with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair
and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting
Joe.

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not
stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years in the
death-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was
work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed
"round the old Red, White, and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This union's heart to
you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear
boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and
cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode
that little old Fighting Joe.

—James Lindsay Gordon in the Times-Democrat.

Loss of Time from Illness.

It has been calculated that the loss from
illness averages 20,000,000 weeks of work
in the year, or 2 1/2 per cent of the work done
by the whole population between 15 and 65
years of age.

National Hymns Composed by Royalty.

Frederick the Great composed the "Marche
Reale," the national anthem of Spain, and
Pedro I. of Brazil, the "Hymno Constitucional,"
the national air of Portugal.

VERSES OF THE DAY.

This Is the Time.

This is the time, my brothers, to strike with a free-
man's might.
At vice in the guise of virtue, at wrong in the guise
of right.
To strike, for in evil menace is lifted the Tiger's
claw.
Against the shrine where the just men abide, the
sacred thrones of the law.

Shall the word abroad be bruited, be cried in the
market place,
That justice now must back and bow at the knee
of the Tiger's paw?
Where honest men sit, where the puppet wait on the grim
Beast's baleful eye,
For the sign that bids him lift his lids and give
to the Truth the lie?

Ne'er 'gainst the blindfold goddess in the tragic
throne of the law,
Was there more dire withal desire from the
line of a despotic's hand,
If you mark the path of scourge and scatha, of the
man's swift death,
It will be where the law is a break or flaw, where
a blot has smirched its shrine.

As well might the hand that holds the scales be
leashed with a loop of steel,
As well the judge's seat be thrust be prone
to a despotic's heel,
As well all breath, as at stroke of death, from out
of the core be
As servant or slave (and from this God save!)
of the Beast of the hydra-head.

Rouse, for the distance darkens, and the day of
the menace speeds,
All ye who care if our time be fair, whatever your
tongues or creed!
At the close that looms at the wrong that vaults,
At the threat that would work for woe,
This is the time, my brothers, to strike with a
savior's blow!

—Clifton Social.

Song of the Longshoremen.

Our bones are chilly,
The wind is cold,
(Swing your arms, O, swing!)
We're working together,
The young and the old,
Working like beavers,
Working for the good,
Yoho! pile the cotton;
The refiners ring;
Work off the surplus,
Work off the sting,
Till your pale faces glow,
Yoho! Yoho!
Swing your arms, O, swing!

Life may be short,
But the day is long,
(Swing your arms, O, swing!)
We work in the cold
Of a winter's morn,
And the hours are few,
Till the day is done,
Yoho! swing the barrel;
The engines purr,
There's work enough,
Till you glow, till you glow,
Yoho! Yoho!
Swing your arms, O, swing!

Our pay is small,
But our hearts are large—
(Swing your arms, O, swing!)
If a man is sick
And gets his discharge,
We pass the hat;
Yoho! the day's done,
There's a tramp of feet,
In the neighboring street,
Just as joyous and cheer-

There's Woe in Squawwale.

It is with humankind, with sorrow that I state
The woe in the world, for with sorrow that I state
To date;
She has laid it played upon her in a lowdown sort
Of way;
By a bold, deskin', miserable, hand-out chawin'
All the pains of degradation are a-rakin' of our
sins;
An' 'er feel jes' like ki-to-tees that's a-sneakin'
'round their holes,
An' I guess the only reason that we didn't bang
the class
Was because of the amnagement that was par-
layin' us.

We was all in Clancy's bognery discussin' politics,
An' he many a time int'ro a disreputable tricks,
When the cussed stranger entered an' clipped in
with the remark:
That 'cussid three-acured whiskey caused the
tricks that were so dark,
Said to me that the pisen ort to rot shup in
jail.
For a-spendin' boozey victims down the purgatory
trail.
An' the laws that authorized 'em fur to manufac-
ture sot
Wud' dicerate the legal statutes of the heathen
Hottentots!
Then he said he'd m'n a-readin' how us Western
cussid 'em;
It's a borderin' meddler fur to ro'e a man to
drink;
How wud' you pull our six-liners on a tenderfoot
when he
Wud' decline to food his innards with the juice
of the menace speed,
He had felt that wasn't noted fur the toughness
of their soles,
An' a borderin' meddler threaten fur to shoot him
full of holes,
But he never could be driven by sich desperado
buff,
Fur to lubricate his thorax with the hell-invented
sot.

This attack upon the ficker which he holds to be
divine
Run our powers of forbearance o'lar across the
line,
An' we ranked a dozen legends 'long the bar in
front of him.
An' we diled 'em with the nectar of delight o'lar to
the brim,
Then we drawed an' told the stranger fur to drink
'em every one,
Or he'd hear the snappy barkin' of a retributive
gun.
An' he wa'n't deliberative in his efforts to obey—
Tossed 'em down and smacked his lips in an ap-
preciative way.

Then he wiped the droppin' dampness from his
forehead
An' remarked that if the barkeep'd jes' set 'em up
He'd be happy to amuse us by remainin' on the
floor.
An' showin' us how gracious he could handle an
encore,
Then he tumbled in a minute; he was jes' a bum,
by blake.
That had worked the flower o' Squawwale fur a
bullseye of drink,
An' before we could revive from the paralytic the
scamp
Bort o' sized out of our presence an' bot-footed out
o' camp.

—Denver Post.

Cash.

O, the wind from the north shakes the leaves from
the trees;
There's a chill in the air and it's going to freeze,
What a comfort today in the thought of the old
bullseye of drink,
Of the calm, restful days that I pined for in vain—
To stop the body's shakings from my soul,
Just as joyous and cheer-

Our pay is small,
But our hearts are large—
(Swing your arms, O, swing!)
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And gets his discharge,
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Just as joyous and cheer-

Our pay is small,
But our hearts are large—
(Swing your arms, O, swing!)
If a man is sick
And gets his discharge,
We pass the hat;
Yoho! the day's done,
There's a tramp of feet,
In the neighboring street,
Just as joyous and cheer-

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