

everything with its proper Latin name, and you can read some of 'em yet.

I like purple foliage and reds, rock maples and Japanese in their fall suits. Up one side is a group of magnolias, the common southern kind, and the kind with great big burdock-like leaves, now all scattered on the ground.

One of 'em was *Magnolia Acuminata*. I got it off the plate. And what do you s'pose it was? Nothin' in the wide world but a cucumber tree. I've seen finer along a line fence in Ohio, but it's a pretty tree. John, if you'd see a cucumber tree in early fall, with dark green pointed leaves and full of scarlet cucumbers, you'd want to come west to live.

I called on my Supreme Court; eight fine lookin' grandfathers sittin' in a row, intent on upholdin' the rights of property. The rights of man are more in the realm of poetry—in Bobby Burns's "sphere of influence," I guess. A bald-headed lawyer was tellin' the court how things were, and the old boys were botherin' him, askin' him flip questions, and tyin' the grass in front of him to trip up his heels. You can't cure a boy of mischief—not by age.

One difference between the Supreme Court and the Negro minstrels is that the end man is in the middle. That's the Chief Justice—Fuller, his name is—and he looks the part. He has long, flowin' white hair, and long, flowin' white mustache. They're grave and reverend seigniors all right, and I'm proud of their appearance a little and stage effects. Once we came nigh havin' an accident. A sight seein' woman appeared, ostrich feather afloat, an' all sail set, and turned into the holy circle around the throne sacred to the lawyers. In another second she'd have got in and the anarchy I've been afraid of would have arrived; but two ushers, hiss'n' like geese, caught her and turned her into the audience circle, and the country was saved. Then someone said in a husky voice: "Suspend!" There was a sudden show of gowned backs, a flash of bald heads, a stir of concealing drapery, and, a moment later, eight empty chairs. The Supreme Court of the United States had vanished.

UNCLE SAM.

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## JUSTICE TO THE NEGRO.

It seems to have become popular, even in the North, to regard Negro suffrage a failure—and to acquiesce in an effort to make it a failure. This, to me, is unmistakable evidence of the decadence of patriotism—of which we have another humiliating example in our war on the Filipinos. For ourselves, as American citizens—without regard to the welfare of the Negroes—we cannot afford to be unjust to them! We are morally responsible for them! Our teaching and training have made them what they are!

Had the whites been truly just, not to say magnanimous, they would have said at the close of the war:

My colored friends, you have served us long and well. Your unrequited labor made us rich. You are now free. Henceforth you shall have a fair race in an open field. We have the advantage of you now and intend to hold it, but if in the strife for a higher civilization you can

overtake and pass us, we will yield the palm and say: God speed you!

With the manifestation of a just and kindly spirit a race war would have been impossible.

If we search the history of the world, we shall find no story more pathetic, and in multitudes of cases none more tragic, than that of the colored people of this country. Stolen from their native land, sold into a bondage in which they were held for centuries in the most abject slavery; with no rights, even of person, which their masters were bound to respect; helpless and hopeless they lived on in peaceful, friendly and often intimate and trusted relations with the whites.

How they became free we need not here relate. It is enough to say that it was not because of their asking. Freedom was thrust upon them, not from motives of humanity, or philanthropy for them, but as a last resort for the preservation of our Union. The ballot was given them as a supposed means of protection.

As a race they have proven themselves amiable, docile, forgiving and quite as trustworthy as could have been expected when we consider their training and environment.

I think it would be difficult to find a white race, which as slaves, would have protected the interests of their absent masters as they did during our civil war. They not only protected their families—wives and daughters—but in many cases provided also the means for their subsistence. Indeed it would be difficult to invalidate the oft repeated statement that not till the Negro aspired to a higher manhood was he objectionable to the whites.

Believing that the Golden Rule is of universal application, and that the Sermon on the Mount will never become obsolete, the more I read and hear of the feeling manifested by the whites toward the Negro, the less I am inclined to justify their attitude. They assume it to be their right to rule arrogantly, with or without law, evidently expecting the colored man to practice the forbearance and self-control generally acquired by education only; and that he shall forego his right of citizenship also. As evidence of the feeling which dominates the South, I quote an editorial from a Bristol, Tenn., paper:

The Negro problem has long been one of gravest importance to the people of the South, and the recent race riots in the Carolinas have brought it even more forcibly before the public. There has never been a time since the civil war, perhaps, when the two races were at peace and on friendly terms in all sections of the Southern States. There has always been more or less trouble and ill feeling; but the dire possibility of Negro equality, the threatened calamity of Negro domination in some of our sister States, has aroused hatred and prejudice to the point of slaughter, and intensified the existing enmity between the white man and the black, to the last degree.

The Southern people are averse to bloodshed, and resort to the shotgun policy only when that alternate is forced on them. . . . In the North the Negro's offense has mostly been competition with white labor; while in the South he ignorantly aspires to domination and seeks equality. This danger is ever present and ever growing, and as the lines are becoming more and more sharply drawn, it is only a question of time when race riots will become frequent. There seems to be no solution to this problem, which as time goes on becomes more complex. The Negro is a free citizen by

of government, and under the law has rights as a white man. And yet, where Negro supremacy is established by reason of numerical strength, the Negro has shown that he will never submit.

multitudes of people in the South deprecate, in this quotation is manifest the quint-essence of the spirit which has persistently antagonized the black man. He knows that morally and intellectually he is entitled to political equality. That he is entitled to social equality (except possibly in rare cases) he does not believe.

missionaries to Africa at vast expense of money and leisure, in an effort to spread the gospel of the white man, to inculcate a belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Would not those whom we have often justified in sending missionaries to the North and South?

SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

April, 1903.

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## RULED BY THE DEAD.

*Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths,* by Walter H. Page, Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

ve Southern life is to be found not only in the country but in certain old towns also. A college town serves as an example. I know such a college town where it seems proper to rest till one dies, so contented, so mild, so dignified the life, so peaceful the life, and so peaceful the life of the half-negros. You are aware only of an inviolable peace. When a route for a railroad half a century ago was run through a college town this there was great excitement. A railroad! It would jar the dignity of the community, corrupt the morals of youth. It was deplorable; and, after thirty years of jolting over bad roads, the people had to build a railroad. But even then they would not come nearer than a mile. The railroad, ended in an old field and the same have their share of work to do. But the railroad is now the site of a cotton mill.

ly visited a college town contemporary with the century-old buildings, the elms and oaks that give acres of shade—trees some of which were planted by great men with proper ceremony—such an atmosphere generation after generation of youth has absorbed a little yearning for patriotism. The young men you meet are earnest, earnest fellows who have already dedicated themselves to the State; for the State is the Nation.

this academic circle more than a decade ago I asked a member of the faculty why he attended the particular church, for I knew that he had many years been an "adherent" of another denomination. He believed in none. "I throw beef to the heathen." "The sectarian representation in this State is about evenly balanced, and by this advertisement I belong to the church that I attend." He closed his door in his library and took out a handful of books, Matthew Arnold's "Literature and the Volume of Renan and two or three others. I kept under lock and key."

this college town that I went to rest last

winter. My memory will suffer palsy before I forget the unchanging charm of that academic circle of eighteenth-century life; for it is as it was before anything was that now is in our country. The succession of generations is an incident; the coming of men from other States and other lands—it is they that soon change, not this circle into which they come. Tradition is king here and there is no other. You would wear his livery yourself within an hour after you entered his kingdom; and you feel at home, as you would feel at home if you could visit your ancestors from whom you were reprehensible for straying away into your own generation.

When the play of general conversation had ended one evening the talk settled down to a specific topic, and this was the topic—the lack of freedom of speech in the community. Of course, there was in that company absolute freedom. We were talking about "radical" opinions, especially on theological subjects and about the race-relation. "I should not dare," said one Professor, "to say in public—in my lecture-room or in print—a single thing that I have said here."

"Why?"

"I should be dismissed."

"Do the men who hold the power of dismissal all count your opinions a crime?"

"Why, not one of them. They all agree with me. There is no difference of private opinion. I can discuss anything with them in private. But they could not withstand the public indignation that would be expressed through the press."

"This is the more remarkable," another added with a laugh, "because the editor of the most important newspaper in this quarter of the world holds more 'radical' opinions than any other man I know. But he has to serve the public."

"Who is the public?"

"The Democratic platform, the Daughters of the Confederacy, old General So-and-So, and the Presbyterian creed," said one.

"And the farmers who vote whether they can read or not," added another.

As for the editor of the powerful newspaper, I knew that a year before he had sought an engagement in New York in order "to get out of the realm that is ruled by the dead."

It is in such a circle of the old academic society and in rural regions that you come upon the real Southern problem—that unyielding stability of opinion which gives a feeling of despair, the very antithesis of social growth and of social mobility. "Every thing lies here where it fell," said a village philosopher in speaking of this temper. "There are the same rocks in the road that were there before the war."

To illustrate—one morning I went to a school for the Negroes and I heard a very black boy translate and construe a passage of Xenophon. His teacher also was a full-blooded Negro. It happened that I went straight from the school to a club where I encountered a group of gentlemen discussing the limitations of the African mind.

"Teach 'em Greek!" said old Judge So-and-so. "Now a nigger could learn the Greek alphabet by rote, but he could never intelligently construe a passage from any Greek writer—impossible!" I told him what I had just heard. "Read it? Understood