



## THE APPEAL

A NATIONAL AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Treat each man according to his worth as a man. Distrust all who would have any one class placed before any other. Other republics have fallen because the unscrupulous have substituted loyalty to class for loyalty to the people as a whole. —President Roosevelt's speech at Little Rock, Ark.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1908.

AS YOU SOW, THUS, ALSO, SHALL YOU REAP.

The people of Kentucky, like those of Portugal, Spain and Russia, are experiencing the truth of this ancient saying. Concerning the matter, the Arkansas Democrat thus discourses: "Some of the best people in the world live in Kentucky, but they are beset by conditions that have aroused the sympathy as well as the contempt of other states—sympathy for those who are not at fault for the conditions, contempt for those who have been unable to bring about better conditions."

And, it may be added contempt for the cowardly newspapers that dare not tell the truth about the matter.

A Louisville pastor last Sunday discussed the shame of Kentucky, and said in part:

"We see the black record of feuds in the Eastern section, culminating in the shocking tragedy of a clan leader who would have fitted more naturally into the social conditions of the Stone Age than the twentieth century, laid into his grave yesterday with his body riddled with bullets fired out of his own pistol, stolen by his only son

apparently for the express purpose of killing his father."

But no one mentions the fact that these terrible conditions are the necessary and inevitable aftermath of the system of slavery. Slavery is in its very essence, barbarism and savagery—the sum of all villainies, and the germ of all social depravity. It may give rise to an arrogant and debauched aristocracy—filth wrapped up in silk; that is its only merit.

Referring to the lynchings in Kentucky, the Courier-Journal says:

"The local peace officers might as well be non-existent, judged by anything they have accomplished, or seem to be trying to accomplish."

"The citizens of the outraged communities, either from sympathy with the law-breakers or from fear of them, are hindering, rather than aiding, any movement to assert the supremacy of the law."

The peace-officers were highly applauded when they acted thus in the cases of lynching Afro-Americans in Chattanooga and Atlanta and the citizens, too, acted in just the same way. They have learned the lesson and cannot forget it.

### AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

We copy the following from a Caucasian daily newspaper published at the capital of the United States. It is the white man's idea of his own infamy.

Your white man is the very prince of pirates—land pirates. From the day when he borrowed the compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing from the superior civilization of the orient, he set about to conquer the world with them. He used the compass for exploration, gunpowder for conquest, and superior average intellectual development for assimilation. He exterminated a race of red men in America; destroyed a race of blacks in Australia; subjugated the brown men of India; enslaved, deported, murdered, or conquered the blacks of Africa; overthrew the splendid ancient civilization of Peru and Mexico; spread himself, east of the Caucasus, over the north half of Asia until the Slavic empire reached the Pacific; gathered in the islands of the sea, and placed all the continents under tribute to himself.

The white pirate set his foot on China, and thither he brought opium to weaken and degrade the natives. When they would reject it he made war on them in the name of Christianity, but in the cause of opium traders. It was not, indeed, till the land pirate of the West raised his heel to grind Japan out of existence that he stepped on a hot brick and concluded not to stay.

### THE BLACK HAND.

"In New York the Italian community believes that the Black Hand is more than a mere name or cloak for sporadic outrages. There is believed to be a real organization of desperate blackmailers under that title; it is not improbable that the murder of an Italian wine merchant is justly charged to them, and they are accused of a bomb outrage that was reported recently."

So says an exchange, and probably truly. It really is the most natural thing in the world, that there should be such an organization in New York and Chicago, and that the Night Riders should be burning warehouses in Kentucky, since the newspapers have for a quarter of a century been excusing, palliating and justifying lynching in the South, because the usual victims were Afro-Americans.

The performance of such an infamous production as tomboxon's "The Clansman" is a direct incentive to the formation of such associations as the Black Hand. And, moreover it has never been asserted that the Black Hand makes raids on pig pens and chicken-coops as tom's heroes used to do.

Readers of THE APPEAL will be deeply interested, in learning that Don Francisco Carlos Pio Jose Alphonso Luis Fernando Allen Perkins Gurowsky Bourbon Lutharian Hossein Drichma Vrichina Ottendorf has set up a claim of being a natural cousin of King Alfonso of Spain, and wants a share of the dope accumulated by the old daddy of both of them. We must say that Don Francisco, &c., &c., &c.—has the hearty sympathy of THE APPEAL, and it hopes that he may get his pro rata of the loot; but as for thinking that he will ever do so, THE APPEAL is not built that way.

Our Democratic brethren do so many ridiculous and abominable things that THE APPEAL very seldom has a chance to commend any of their doings. Hence, THE APPEAL, aforesaid, eagerly grasps at an opportunity to give them even an infinitesimal amount of credit, such as electing a Republican Senator in Kentucky instead of Beckham. THE APPEAL admits that it would be a very desirable thing to get rid of Beckham, but sending him to the United States Senate was not the way to do this thing.

Jeff Davis of Arkansas has stopped trust-busting long enough to enter the canvass in his personal bailiwick, but he doesn't seem to be doing much better than when he collared the Senate. In fact, his opponents seem to be skinning him alive. Jeff ought to investigate the question: "If a hill-billy has a tiger by the tail, is it the better policy to let loose, or hold on?"

## THE GREATER HATE

By ROY NORTON

(Copyright.)

The wilderness brought them together. The wilderness compelled them to cry "Truce," and the wilderness glowered at them ever as they wandered through it seeking with desperate struggles the preservation of their self-valued lives.

One was tall and swart with the hand-painting of the sun reflected from Arctic snows. The other was short and stocky, with the beelling brow and somber look of the man who has trying heart history written in the depths within him. And they, fellow travelers for the time but hating each other ever, fared away together.

Hunger walked with them and lent staggers to their steps as the squeakings of their snow shoes blended together at their meeting place. Below them for indefinite miles stretched the canyon up which they had come, its only relief from snowy whiteness being the darker copes of green where pine boughs protruded.

The tall man stood questioning for what seemed a long time, and then, as if his every nerve had weakened, he stumbled forward beseeching: "Grub, for God's sake, grub! I have eaten nothing for the last two days."

There was a pause, but no throb of weakness in the voice that weakly answered: "Nor I for three days."

It was like a blow to the tall man. He squatted on his heels, twisted his fingers and moaned, while tears dripped unheeded down his bearded face. Tom remained immovable and brooding. Here before him was the object of his years of search—the other man and his revenge.

Through all those years he had thought that when this man was found the end would come without delay. He had pictured to himself the savage joy and satisfaction of the kill. God! How he wanted to kill!

It was this starved and weakened and sobbing thing that in those far-away years had stepped in between him and his betrothed—the only woman who had commanded all his heart's homage—and with cunning lies, clever insinuations and heartless malignments had estranged her. Yes, worse than that, had taken her for his own and then instead of cherishing her had made her life such a hell on earth that she had been glad to pass from this into the portals of another world—had been glad to rest—to sleep—to find the great quiet.

And never until she lay dying in his arms had he known all this. And never until then had he realized that life could hold as its sole object and ambition a desire to kill another man.

The few minutes that had slipped away since they met seemed ages. Suddenly the terrors of their position smote upon them, and together they turned and faced that terrific and forbidding wall that towered above them, a plane of snow whose crusted surface glistened coldly repellent.

"No other chance," said the stocky one, more to the mountainside than to his hearer.

"No," was admitted. "To go around any other way takes 20 days. That means—" He shrugged in hopelessness.

As if by common thought and single impulse, they loosened their packs of blankets which must be abandoned and dropped them upon the snow, their smaller camp impedimenta jangling as it fell. Eying each other to see whether the true was to be in full, they discarded their rifles. They tightened their belts around their torn and worn garments. Their snowshoes were unthonged and lashed fantastically across their backs. They were ready.

And thus with but a pick and shovel they assaulted the mountain range, cutting foothold in its glassy face and climbing upward, like doggedly persistent insects, toward the ridges high above them.

And so they reached the crest of the divide, a wind-swept ridge where little swirls of cutting, blinding snow smote them in their faces and drove chill teeth into their starved bodies.

They rested, lying on their arms and gathering strength for the traverse of the ridge which stretched away before them like a narrow path on the backbone of the world. Chilled with their respite they arose to their feet and staggering made their way along this pathway to shelter and food. The tall one took the lead. Behind him, with staid step, grim face and clinched fingers, strode the smaller one.

With the shock of the unexpected the feet of the man in front slipped. His ice-crustured moccasins gave forth a rasping sound as he vainly fought for firmer footing; his arms, holding the burden of the shovel, wrenched wildly to and fro, and with strange aprawlings of awkwardness he fell off

the apex of the ridge and slid from its meager flatness out upon the ice-lad declivity. And as he went, feet foremost, he still clutched in hands upraised at length above his head, the shovel.

It was this thwarted the sentence of the mountain. Its sharp corner clove into the crust with a gritting "skrr-r-r," turning up in its flight a little furrow of snow that whisked weirdly away as a cloud of diamonds adrift. It acted as a brake striving by chance to arrest tragedy. It caught on a stronger projection of ice. The outshooting body of the man came to a sudden stop and almost jerked loose the hands which, with the blind instinct of self-preservation, clung tensely to the only hold between him and the abyss.

The stocky man, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, stood high above him, the pick still over his shoulder and one hand in his pocket.

His eyes stolidly felt out those of the man below and caught the detail of the swart face grown pallid in extremity. His reasoning was that of one dulled by physical stress and grounded on personal hatred. It told him that this accident was no fault of his, nor could he be expected to at-



And As He Went, Feet Foremost.

tempt a rescue. Such an attempt were, after all, merely throwing the gauntlet in challenge to the inevitable.

The figure of stern Justice on the brink above leaned forward as though fascinated with the imminent climax, and then, animated by a new thought, sprang into activity. Hurriedly he seized the pick and drove its point into the ice below his feet. The necessity for haste was upon him.

When they again reached the ridge Jack looked curiously at his companion and gulped in his effort to control himself. Why Tom had rescued him was beyond reason or comprehension.

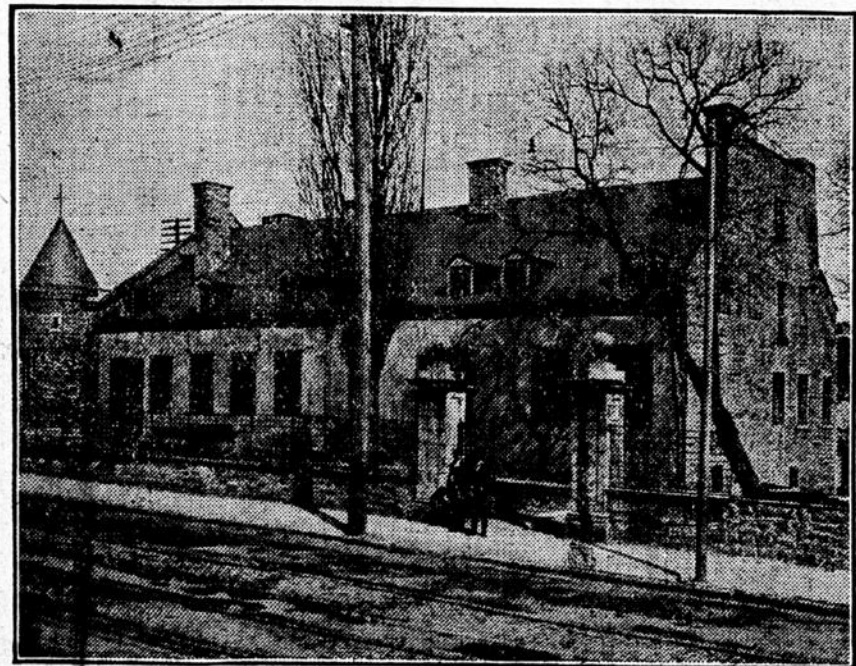
They had reached timber level and found in this quietude an unreal world where every twig bore a highly piled burden of frost, where everything was deathly still and life itself seemed expectant.

Jack stopped abruptly in an open spot between tall trees with the feeling that he was in a cathedral, and must break through this awful speechlessness and into the mind of that other.

Words came fumblingly. "I want to thank you, Tom. Want to thank you for that back up there. It was mighty good of you."

"Good? Good?" came the response in such pent-up fury that he shrank back amazed. "Good!" he reiterated. "Is that what you think? No! No! No! I brought you up because

### CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL



Among the old houses of history in Montreal perhaps the most interesting is the famous Chateau de Ramezay, erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, governor of Montreal. It was afterward known as the Government House and was occupied by the American general, Montgomery, during the time he held the city. Hero, too, the American Congressional commission, composed of Franklin, Chase and Carroll, sat many days and nights trying to persuade the Canadians to join the thirteen states in the rebellion against King George. The ancient redoubts are still there and much of the furnishings and many relics of other days.

### MEXICAN CARRIES HIS MONEY

He Dislikes Checks and Doesn't Understand the Use of the Bank Books.

Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between \$200 and \$800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners.

The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry sums of money on his person that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never even thinks of it, says the Mexican Herald.

It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a thousand-dollar bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2,000. Time after time

this has happened and it seems no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

The check idea seems to have taken but small hold as yet upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when small amounts of less than \$1,000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay spot cash than to give a check for amounts of \$50 and \$100, and they claim with some amount of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

Even the Indian in the street carries amounts of cash that would never be supposed to be in his possession. They carry their money in a leather belt, fastened around their bodies inside their trousers. These belts are hollow and are open at one end. Into

that way was too cursed quick and easy for you! Brought you up because when the time comes I want to drag your worthless life from your more worthless body with my hands. Want to set my teeth in your throat and know that you suffer as your life goes out. God! I wish I could make you suffer a million deaths! Suffer as you've made me suffer—as she suffered."

Trembling with rage he strode upon the other and seemed, as he towered above him, bent on the consummation of his desire to slay. But Jack cowered down upon one knee, surprised and remorse written in his startled eyes and opened lips.

He raised himself to his feet with his whole thought speaking in the twitching of his face, and in one tragic, sweeping gesture of surrender threw back his opened hands and said: "You're right! My life can't pay, Tom. Take it! I don't want to live."

Tom paused with straining fingers outstretched in the very act of clutching at his enemy's throat. His muscles relaxed and his arms dropped heavily to his sides.

"Not now," he said. "Not now. I guess we'd better mull ahead."

As they approached the black, squat cabin, whose snow-laden roof was outlined against a group of pines, the night painted the picture. Dimly outlined, a trail led away from the front of the cabin toward the hill, and to other habitations in those other miles across its summit.

The man behind broke the silence. "Here's where you stop," he said. "I'm going on."

The other man turned slowly on his shoes and faced him, vaguely realizing and understanding a hatred so great that it rendered, even in this terrible distress, one cabin roof too small for both. He was overwhelmed.

"Tom," he said, "I told you back there to-day that I didn't want to live. Well—I don't. You said 'not then.' Better make it now!" He stood waiting.

"Killing's too good for you." Tom's voice, fraught with malevolence, came through the gloom. "Damn you! I hope now that you live forever and never forget!"

He thrust his bearded face forward until his eyes glared into those of the swart one, and concluded between unopened teeth: "By God! You can keep your life. I'm going to leave you with your memory. It'll be hell enough."

Then, with a laugh in which was all of concentrated bitterness and insolent scorn, he trudged away into the darkness.

### For the Sorrowing.

You hear an endless cry that goes  
Lamenting through the somber air,  
Of nations bent with many woes,  
Or gauntly wrestling with despair,  
I hear a psalm by myrads sung—  
A psalm that knows no stint nor stay,  
And lo! a voice calls old and young  
To be indeed as blest as they.

You watch a life bereft of light,  
For ever wrapped in unthinned gloom,  
Whose only tranquil time seems night,  
Whose happiest hope and rest the tomb;  
I watch the life and know that God  
So guides the soul to heaven above,  
You only see the smiting rod—  
But ah! the Power that smites is Love.

You see a world that wildly whirls  
Through coiling clouds of battle smoke,  
And drench'd with blood the children's curls  
And women's hearts by thousands  
I see a host above it all.  
Where angels wield their conquering sword,  
And thrones may rise or thrones may fall,  
But comes the kingdom of the Lord.

—Alfred Norris

It's easy to steal business away from a competitor, if you're honest about it.

## DANIEL W. LAWLER

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR



Daniel William Lawler, born at Prairie du Chien, Wis., March 28, 1859, son of John Lawler of Prairie du Chien, Wis., leading citizen and business man of Wisconsin. Graduate of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, in 1881, where he received the degree of M. A., and in 1897 the degree of Doctor of Laws from the same institution. Graduate of Yale Law School in 1884. Came to St. Paul in 1884 and has lived here since. Served term as Assistant United States Attorney for the state of Minnesota 1886-1888. 1891 elected Corporation Attorney of City of St. Paul and served term of two years. 1892 nominated for Governor of Minnesota by Democratic party, made a brilliant campaign, led his ticket by many thousand votes. In 1893 candidate of Democratic party for United States Senator when Sen. C. K. Davis was re-elected with one vote to spare. 1896 chosen Democratic National Committeeman from Minnesota. 1893-1901 General Attorney Chicago Great Western Railway Co.; resigned that position in 1901 and has since been engaged in the general practice of law. Professor of Criminal Law and Procedure St. Paul Law School.

### TUSKEGEE Normal and Industrial Institute

TUSKEGEE ALABAMA.  
(INCORPORATED)  
Organized July 4, 1881, by the State Legislature as the Tuskegee State Normal School. Exempt from taxation.

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In the Black Belt of Alabama where the blacks outnumber the whites three to one.

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Enrollment last year 1,253; males, 883; females, 371. Average attendance, 1,105.—Instructors, 38.

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English education combined with industrial training; 28 industries in constant operation.

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Besides the work done by graduates as class room and industrial leaders, thousands are reached through the Tuskegee Negro Conference.

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Tuskegee is a quiet, beautiful old Southern town, and is an ideal place for study. The climate is at all times mild and uniform, thus making the place an excellent winter resort.

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The regular course of study occupies three years, and covers the lines of work in the several departments of theological instruction usually pursued in the leading theological seminaries of the country.

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Aid from loans without interest, and gifts of friends, are granted to deserving students who do their utmost in the line of self-help. No young man with grace, gifts, and energy, need be deprived of the advantages now opened to him in this Seminary. For further particulars address

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