

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

"If a stone wall were built around the state of Georgia, and communication with the outside world entirely shut off, the people of the commonwealth could live and enjoy life for an indefinite time," said Claude N. Bennett, president of the Southern Society of Washington, at Washington.

"While in Atlanta," he continued, "I attended a 'Georgia products dinner.' This is something new that has been adopted by the present regime there. November 18 of each year is known as 'Georgia Products day,' and on that day, at every important place in the state, great dinners are given, the menu of which is entirely made up of Georgia products.

"The possibilities that the state affords for good, wholesome living can be better illustrated than by telling of an experience I had one day while making a tour of some Negro farms in Columbia county. I had visited the homes of three colored families and found them all poorly kept and none of the men able to pay his way out of debt—in fact, they were objects of charity. The fourth colored man I found working on land exactly like that occupied by the others, but instead of renting his land he had bought it and paid for it. He rented a little extra land from me adjoining his, but most of it he owned. I found his house as neat as a pin, comfortably furnished, the larder well supplied, and five bales of cotton under the shed. He had provisions plenty to last his family all winter, enough of fodder for his cattle, and his total indebtedness was less than \$50. It was afternoon by the time my companion and myself reached his house and we had not had dinner, so we asked his wife if she could fix us up a 'snack.' In less than half an hour she had prepared a most tempting meal, which was set on a table covered with a spotless cloth and clean napkins. The dinner, all of which was grown on this colored man's farm, consisted of collard greens (which might be termed the local spinach), bacon, corn bread, wheat biscuits, Irish and sweet potatoes, milk and good butter, and Georgia cane sirup. That was an impromptu meal that would have done credit to any household. Now, if a colored family can, on the spur of the moment, get up a dinner as good as that you can realize what can be done by the other people in the state."

Between 3,000 and 4,000 Boy Scouts have been specially employed in London since the war broke out at various government offices, recruiting depots, the headquarters of the prince of Wales' fund and other new organizations requiring dispatch carriers and attendants.

Photography has discovered the depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water. Five hundred and thirty feet below the surface darkness was much the same as that on the earth on a clear but moonless night.

Manchuria is making a new plant out of the bean oil that is produced there in tremendous quantities. The plant is said to be waterproof and fireproof as well as cheap and durable.

In your issue of December 21 (editorial page) appears an article entitled "Germany Hoping to Get Liberia."

While we do not doubt Germany would like to get Liberia, it might be timely to say the American Colonization society, which founded Liberia, in creating that republic reserved to itself certain inalienable rights, to wit: Ownership, in fee, of each alternate block of territory in the original republic for the purpose of colonization by American colored citizens. This covenant runs with the lands and waters of the republic. We shall oppose any alienation of property rights or sovereignty by any of the powers, and shall expect full protection of our rights by the United States.

The Liberian constitutional prohibition against ownership of land by whites is obviously plain, and a necessary protection to a colored nation. We are not committed to the theory or belief that the above-mentioned article is a "feeler" in this country advanced by an operative German agent press.—H. L. E. Johnson, President American Colonization Society, in the Washington Post.

The widow's cap is as old as the days of Julius Caesar. An edict of Tiberius commanded all widows to wear the cap under penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment.

The sinews of the kangaroo are especially desirable for use in surgery, for sewing wounds and binding broken bones together.

Electrical apparatus intended for drying beer vats is used for drying motion picture films in a studio in New York City.

The highest hotel in the United States will be erected in California, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea level.

Norway has 144 tree planting societies. The first was founded in 1866, and since then 26,000,000 trees have been planted.

To name the total number of trees in the world of Paris is 85,000, and of these are plane trees, 16,000 chestnuts

The second oldest American was Flora Thompson, who died at Harba Island, Penn., in 1808, at the age of one hundred and fifty years, writes Willis Fletcher Johnson in the Philadelphia Ledger. She was, however, a Negro slave, and I pass her by, as I do many other records of Negroes of great age, for the reason that in those days the status of that race in this country was such that little credence is to be given to its annals.

Passing by many other less authentic cases, chiefly of Negro slaves, I come to one of this class which seems to be much more authoritative than most of them. This is the case of Wonder Booker, a slave who belonged to George Booker of Prince Edward county, Va., a family name of the most eminent American Negro of our time, Dr. Booker T. Washington. Wonder was so named because his mother was fifty-eight years old at the time of his birth and his birth was therefore regarded little short of miraculous. He was a man of extraordinary physical powers and of considerable mental gifts, all of which remained unimpaired until within a few years of his death. At the age of one hundred and sixteen years he was able to do a full measure of work on his master's plantation, and he died in 1819, at the age of one hundred and twenty-six. I have found, following him, records of more than one hundred persons of from one hundred and twenty-five down to one hundred and ten years of age at death in the United States, more than four-fifths of them dying in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Dr. J. E. Spingarn, chairman of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is soon to start on a speaking tour of the middle West in the interest of the work and ideals of the association. A year ago he made a similar tour. His present trip began at Pittsburgh on January 10, and will include Columbus, Springfield, Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio, Springfield, Ill., St. Joseph, Mo., Des Moines, Ia., Omaha, Neb., St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., Toledo, Ohio, and Buffalo, N. Y. It is intended that succeeding trips will cover other sections of the country, until all have been organized in the interest of the advancement of the colored people.

The annual meeting of the association will be held at the Ethical Culture hall, West Sixty-fourth street, New York, on February 12. Governor Whitman will present the first "Spingarn medal," a gold medallion to be awarded annually to the colored man or woman performing the highest or noblest achievement during the preceding year. The committee on award, consisting of William Howard Taft, Oswald Garrison Villard, Bishop John Hurst, President John Hope of Morehouse college, and Dr. James H. Dilard of the Slater and Jeanes funds, will announce the winner at this meeting.

Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, imperial German chancellor, was a lawyer in his earlier life. He is now fifty-seven years of age. He studied law at Göttingen and practiced for six years, after which he was made a judge at Potsdam. There he became intimate with and gained the confidence of the present emperor, with whom he had formerly been a fellow-student at Bonn.

Obedience to the law was emphasized in a speech at Tuskegee by Booker T. Washington as a principle to which members of his race should conform in their efforts to advance. Doctor Washington was the chief speaker at the twentieth annual Tuskegee Negro conference.

Carrying concealed weapons, theft, gambling, visits to illegal liquor establishments and useless court litigation were enumerated as evil practices which Negroes were often charged.

"I know many colored people who spend more on a pistol every year than they do on the education of their children," Doctor Washington said. "The pistol, in nine cases out of ten, not only does not protect the individual, but leads him into trouble."

Resolutions adopted urged the production of food crops in the South. It was declared that there are 320,000 farms, mostly tenanted by Negroes, where there are no hogs; on 250,000 no poultry is raised; 200,000 on which there are no gardens, and 140,000 on which no corn is grown.

Bankers and planters were asked to aid the Negro to raise products other than cotton.

Tod Sloan, the famous American jockey, is at the front with the French Red Cross, driving motor ambulances. He was rejected as a soldier, but being an expert motor driver, was immediately accepted by the medical authorities.

The letter carriers in Portugal save themselves much walking on Sundays by delivering letters at church.

Japan's government forests last year yielded \$5,360,000 in revenue and consumed \$2,327,000 in expenses.

In a famous German animal park there have been erected life-size models of the huge beasts of prehistoric times.

At the Greene (Mo.) fair William Haley, aged eight, exhibited a pair of young steers which he had brought up and broken.

USES FOR THE WHISK BROOM

Can Serve Many Other Purposes Than One for Which They Usually Are Employed.

Whisk brooms are useful not only for brushing clothes, but for other purposes as well.

Keep a little broom in the kitchen to clean the kettles, spiders, saucepans, etc. It saves time, does better work and saves the hands. You can scrub around the ears of the kettle with it and get into all the crevices of your pots and pans with it. The same little broom does duty as a vegetable cleaner.

After the clothes are brought in from the line a clean little broom, kept solely for the purpose, should be used to sprinkle them. It accomplishes this quite as effectively as the Chinese laundryman who sprays the water through his teeth.

Washtubs, wringers and washboards can be kept in order with almost no labor at all by having a little broom handy to scrub them off with.

Pantry shelves, kitchen sink and table can be cleaned with a whisk broom.

Even the kitchen windows, in fly time, should be washed down first with the inevitable little broom, which cleans the corners of the sashes in less than half the time necessary to accomplish the work in any other way.

Blackening the stove is no longer a task to be dreaded. A little broom puts on the black and does all the polishing.

BEST COLORS IN BEDROOM

Harmony Is the First Principle, Always Remembering Neatness and Touch of Brightness

When a bedroom or small dressing-room is papered with anything but a plain or neutral paper, bright colored or flowered chintz should never be used, but often a little color is needed to add tone to the room.

In a case of this kind, one of the new bedspreads which are so pretty and easily made is just the thing to give the necessary color. Select a plain white spread of a good quality and rather heavy. Cut from chintz a bunch of roses or a spray of gay colored flowers and paste one in each corner with a larger one for the center. Sew to the spread and finish the raw edges with a fine feather stitch or with a long and short button-hole stitch.

This idea can be carried out for scarfs to cover the dressing-table and bureau. Make the scarf of linen cut to fit the top of each and finish the edges with a scallop or a hem and finish this with the stitch that was used on the spread. Cut out the flowers and applique to the edges of the scarf. Bunches of the same flowers can be added to the corners of the white curtains with good effect.

Golden Rolls. One-half cupful scalded milk, one yeast cake dissolved in a little cold milk, one-quarter cupful eggs (two eggs not beaten), one-eighth cupful yolk (two yolks), one-quarter cupful sugar, one-third cupful butter, little salt, one-quarter teaspoonful lemon extract, two and one-half cupfuls flour. Let rise six hours, roll out thin, spread with melted butter and fold over twice, making three layers. Cut in strips and roll round. Let rise and bake. Make sirup of powdered sugar and brush thick over top when taken from oven. These are fine and it is not as much work as it sounds.

Cream Puffs. One coffee cupful of boiling water and butter the size of a small egg; melt the butter in the water; while boiling stir in one cupful of flour, sifted. Use the same size cup for all. Stir thoroughly; when cool stir in two eggs one at a time, and a pinch of soda the size of a pea; beat well, then drop in tin far enough apart so they will not touch while baking; bake in a very hot oven. This makes nine puffs. Filling for Puffs.—One cupful sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cornstarch and sugar to taste; flavor with vanilla.

Stuffed Eggs With Ham. Boil half a dozen eggs hard. Remove the shells and cut the eggs crosswise in two. Slice off a piece from each end to make them stand firmly. Remove the yolks and mix with them a little chopped ham. Fill the whites with this mixture, heaping it up in cone shape. Put the stuffed halves on a flat dish and pour over them this dressing: Beat two egg yolks with half a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and 12 tablespoonfuls of salad oil added slowly. Thin as it is necessary with wine vinegar.

Marbles in Fruit Kettle. I have a neighbor who for some time has used marbles to keep her fruit from burning during the canning season, and she says the plan works admirably, writes a contributor. She washes half a dozen large marbles and drops them into the kettle when the fruit begins to boil. The bubbles, rising at the bottom of the kettle, keep the marbles moving over the surface in such a manner that the fruit does not touch the bottom long enough to be burned.—Mother's Magazine.

Tomato Jelly. One quart of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Strain the tomatoes, put them in a saucepan with the ginger, sugar, lemon juice and salt. Moisten the cornstarch in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, add it to the tomato, boil a moment and turn into a mold to cool. Serve cold with the turkey.

Spanish Salad. Three pounds meat boiled, five ripe tomatoes, four red peppers, one can French peas, one can mushrooms, three large potatoes, one teaspoonful salt, one onion, one quart hot water. Boiled rice or mashed potatoes. Will serve from six to eight persons.

IMMORTAL GETTYSBURG SPEECH

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Speech of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November 19, 1863.

INSPIRATION IN PEN IN NATION'S HEART

Some Thought's on the Gettysburg Oration, Well Described as Immortal.

THE FACT that President Wilson writes his messages in shorthand and then transcribes his notes on a typewriter has given rise to some speculation as to whether this contribution to the style of his state papers. The variety of methods used by authors makes it unsafe to dogmatize on the subject. But that the writing out of his messages by hand benefits the style cannot be doubted. While shorthand suggests speed, it does not necessarily imply it when the writer is committing his own thoughts to paper. He might linger as long over a pot-hook as over an ordinary character. But the writer who uses a pen feels a certain inspiration in it, and as he writes various synonyms come trooping through his mind and he has the time to select the one that expresses his meaning with the greatest nicety, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A magazine writer, in discussing the president's method, suggests that when one operates a typewriter the cessation of the click of the machine interrupts the continuity of the thought. This disadvantage is not so obvious as that arising from the fact that the speed of the typewriter precludes careful selection of synonyms. But either method of writing is preferable to dictation, for dictation causes prolixity and the speed prevents fine discrimination in the use of words. It is also responsible for many extreme utterances. The famous letter General Egan wrote about General Miles affords an illustration. Much of its heat was generated in the process of dictation.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address is esteemed a model of conciseness. It was the result of a lifelong habit of composition. As a boy Lincoln had neither slate nor scratchpad. He wrote on a shingle with a piece of charcoal. The only way he could erase his writing was by shaving the shingle. We have the testimony of one of the telegraphers in the war department that President Lincoln, when composing a telegram, whispered it over to himself before committing it to paper. The telegrapher knew nothing of the shingle, but we may trace the habits of the man to his childhood. It is too much to argue that had Mr. Lincoln been accustomed to dictating to a stenographer we might have never had the Gettysburg classic? And is it not possible that the limited library of the Lincoln boy proved a blessing to him? It was composed of the very best books in our language and he read and reread them and then wrote the essence of them on his shingle and told them to his playmates in his own language. The self-education of Lincoln is one of the marvels of history.

Lincoln liked the drama, the New York Evening Mail observes. Perhaps if he had not liked it so much he would have lived many years longer, since otherwise he would hardly have put himself in Wilkes Booth's way on that fatal night in April, 1865. But he never pretended to any knowledge or connoisseurship whatever. Most of his life had been passed in a country town—and at a time when few great actors ever appeared in such small places as Springfield, Ill.

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"I have seen very little of the drama. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, whilst others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard III,' 'Henry VIII,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet' commencing, 'O, my offense is rank' surpasses 'To be or not to be.'"

No one but the modest Lincoln would have gone out of his way to tell a Shakespearean scholar that he had never read some of Shakespeare's plays. It is interesting to see that Lincoln's preference fixed itself upon the tragedies and the most serious of the histories. His choice of "O, my offense is rank" over "To be or not to be" seems rather strange. The soliloquy is the king's desperate bemoaning of his peridy and cruelty in murdering his brother.

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There could have been no better or more ideally fit man for the great task which Lincoln was set to perform. He was the gentlest, kindest man that ever had such a burden laid on him. So the nation does well to keep him in remembrance, for he is its noblest product.

Fitted for Great Position.

HUMOR IN WARFARE TO DEATH IN OCEAN

Furnished by Grave and Dignified Military Censors.

Russian Soldier's Message of Love Went Through With Curious Annotation—Kisses Sent to English Girls by the General Staff.

The rigors of the war-time censorship have from time to time drawn the fire of French wit. One lively Parisian journal promises when the war is over to print a long and true story about the tricks devised by soldiers in the field or by prisoners to get some crumbs of information past the official suppressors. Just for the present, however, continues the cheerful Parisian editor, a few retrospective anecdotes must serve— anecdotes culled from the history of other wars belonging to the brief period since the censorship was invented. In the Manchurian campaign, for instance, every correspondent in the field was strictly forbidden to send any private letter of any sort. But there was a Russian who got permission to telegraph to his wife. "Dearest Marie," he wrote with Slavic fervor, "I send you ten million kisses, and the despatch went out with this solemn annotation at the bottom: "With the sanction of the imperial military authorities."

Again, in South Africa, the young British soldiers used to wind up their letter to their sweethearts at home with a row of round marks like an "o"—doubtless meant to signify kisses. These innocent marks upset the military censors mightily. Suppose they concealed a treasonable message in code? Finally a more, than ordinarily human and intelligent censor hit upon the expedient of making a great many more round marks after the others. That scotched the treasonable cipher if there was one, while supposing there was none, then the girl at home got full measure of what was coming to her. Indeed (remarks the French editor), more than one dear young island thing with a very undemonstrative lover down there in the veldt must have been thrilled and surprised to receive a whole avalanche of kisses, nearly all of them, if she had but known it, the gift of the general staff.

More Enduring Than Granite Memorial Is Inscribed Lincoln's Name.

WE have raised tall granite columns in memory of men whose deeds have won them glory and their lives heroic been; Memorials, lest we forget the kind of men they were, To keep alive the gratitude that thought of them should stir. We weave their names in story, song and eulogistic speech, While remembering the lessons that noble lives should teach. One needs no granite columns to perpetuate his fame— Deep graven on the human heart is Abraham Lincoln's name.

His youth spent 'midst the rugged scenes of western frontier life, When every day meant hours of toil and every hour meant strife; Where face to face with nature he her free-born spirit breathed, And was heir to sturdy manhood by fearless sires bequeathed. His mind was an inquiring one, books his companions were. Though the sources then of knowledge, compared with now, were rare; But inch by inch and step by step he forward pressed his way, Until he found himself the peer of leaders of his day.

As lawyer, legislator and as congressman he shone With grim originality and power all his own, And when the nation called him to the presidential chair They found in him a leader well equipped to do and dare. His memory is history; how well he did his part Is proven, for his name's inscribed upon the nation's heart, His life a benediction, falling like some "holy psalm."

We know him now as they did then, as "Father Abraham." The dear old flag he loved so well unsullied still remains, With not a single mark or spot of treason's cruel stains; O'er a united land it waves from mountain top to sea, An emblem is to all the world of justice, liberty, Fraternal bonds bind all the states in one united whole; What now exists was clearly seen by his prophetic soul. Though massive monuments we raise, thus honoring his name, Yet in the hearts of patriots shall live his truest fame. —Augustus Treadwell, in New York Times.

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Fitted for Great Position.

Pathetic, Yet in a Sense Dramatic, Suicide.

"No Work, No Hope, No Use," Wrote California Man Before Swimming to Oblivion in the Waters of the Pacific.

With \$6 and a watch, S. H. Eckhart, 4012 Compton avenue, Los Angeles, could find no hope in life. So he went out to sea at Venice and no one has seen him come back, and his clothes and his watch and the \$6 were left behind in one of the bathroom dressing rooms.

No one knows his trade or his identity. He went to Venice with many others for a swim, the surf having only a minor chill to the seasoned swimmer. Quite a few persons were in the water, but not so many that one was lost in the group.

So when the person who was later identified as S. H. Eckhart, walked from the bathroom to the strand, he was noticed. Before he had left his room in his bathing suit, Mr. Eckhart evidently had summed up his condition in one short sentence.

It read: "No work, no hope, no use," and was later found pinned to his clothing behind the locked door. Beside it lay the \$6 in currency and the watch that was ticking faithfully.

Not once after he left the shelter of the bathroom did the man turn his head. He walked into the water, and the whiteness of his skin did not indicate a hardened swimmer. But he didn't flinch. Above his knees the water came, and when about his waist, and as it reached his shoulders he bent over with his face to sea, and took a breaker.

Farther out he came to the surface again, plowing for the open sea. The men on the beach were playing games to keep warm.

Someone noted the swimmer a little later. "Quite a ways out," and that was all that was said.

Not once did he turn his head. To those on land who were getting ready for their warm rubs he grew smaller and smaller. And at last far out in the distance, where the vagueness of death itself is hinted in the tint where sky meets sea, they saw the small spot bobbing, and a straining eye could see it bobbing again, and then the little spot went out to sea, and all that came back, as far as anyone could see, was a sea gull that had something important to tell its mates.

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