AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

In a communication to The Living Church, George F. Bragg, Jr. of Baltimore, advances the following arguments for church unity:

A National and Not a Sectional Question.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

It is perfectly permissible, as well as lawful, within the bounds of Province No. 2, for a congregation of colored persons to be constituted on racial lines. It is permissible, and lawful, also, for colored persons to become members of parishes made up of white people. We certainly would not change this liberty. We would vigorously protest against any law declaring that colored people shall be organized along racial lines. We would as vigorously protest against a law which compelled the admission of colored persons into white parishes.

What we now ask is that the several congregations organized on racial lines within the province be permitted either to associate themselves with the diocesan convention of the particular diocese where situate or to associate themselves with similar congregations within the province and be given a "status" of their own, with a convocation and missionary bishop. In every division of the church there will be colored members, but in the racial division the great body of colored people will be found. The point of unity is in the one episcopate. Still again, this unity would be in evidence in the Provincial synod.

By such an arrangement, which is not mandatory but simply permissive, the great body of colored churchmen would be associated together in the work of missions, and also in building up institutions for colored orphans, the aged and infirm, and other charitable concerns. Otherwise, they would justly claim the benefits of such institutions now practically confined to white people. Right here is a great and vexing problem that is sure to arise, without the permissive legislation which is sought.

We are asking simply for the legislation. The initiative, in every case, must be taken by the diocesan bishops. The question of a more elastic episcopal supervision for the colored race is not a sectional but a national question, and is intimately connected with the subject of church unity.

If in 1878, when an entire Negro denomination, bishop, ministers, and laity, asked to be received into the Episcopal church in Virginia, the legislation which we are now asking the general convention to adopt had been a part of our canon law, the church would not have lost such a splendid opportunity. At the next meeting of the house of bishops the bishop of Virginia would have laid the whole matter before that body. And the probable result would have been somewhat like this: North Carolina and Virginia would have been constituted a special missionary district with respect to the colored race, and the very best colored priest that could be secured consecrated a missionary bishop and set to work, with the co-operation and guidance of the bishops of North Carolina and Virginia. That organization alone would have given him twenty-odd ministers, and more than two thousand communicant members.

I know enough about racial life to assert that it is entirely within the range of possibility, some day, for the bishop of New York to be surprised with a request from some Negro body in the state of New York, seeking admission into the church, not as paupers, but as self-supporting people. Such a happening would almost daze the good bishop, when immediately the vexing character of the new problem would dawn upon him in all its fullness.

Under the legislation which is proposed, the solution would be quite easy, and prove a great triumph for the church, and the cause of Christian unity. The clerical and lay deputies in the general convention from the North are not wise in treating this question as pertaining to the South. Southern Negroes are constantly flocking to the North, and when they go they carry themselves. They have the same desire in the North that they have in the South. They want their own convention, and their own bishop. Sooner or later, there will be "trouble" in the white camp if the black saints of the household are "snubbed."

Twelve hundred Chicago Negroes have banded together and purchased about eleven hundred acres of land on the shores of Crook lake, just outside Baldwin, Mich., and the islands which dot the lake, and are perfecting a form of government for the colony to be transplanted to the new city the first of next May.

At a meeting a committee was appointed to draft a constitution, arrange for an election of officers by postcard ballot and make preparations for building a clubhouse on an island in the lake, which has been rechristened Lake Idlewilde.

The new city is to be called Idlewilde.

Negotiations are being conducted by a syndicate of Chicago Negroes looking toward the purchase of the Draper Hall summer resort in Oconomowoc, Wis.—Chicago Herald.

How the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute is teaching Negroes and whites of the South to raise their own food crops; how it is establishing rural schools, largely through donations from Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, and how it is establishing a farm colony for graduates are some of the things disclosed in the annual report of the principal, Dr. Booker T. Washington.

In the report is made an appeal to the public for funds to carry on the work of this institution for the benefit of the Negro race.

Seth Low, chairman of the trustees, announced the annual deficit is about $50,000, and Doctor Washington says there is needed a $3,000,000 addition to the endowment fund; $50,000 each for boys' and girls' dormitories.

"The Star of Ethiopia" was the name of a pageant held by colored citizens in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution. The American League baseball park was the scene of the celebration.

Mrs. Quincy Shaw of Boston and the Misses Lewisson of New York and others furnished the fund with which this pageant is given. The colored citizens of Washington guaranteed an additional fund of $1,000.

Charles C. Hopkins, clerk of the supreme court at Lansing, Mich., is the oldest employee of the state in point of continuous service, having held his present position 33 years. Clerk Hopkins is also the only clerk the supreme court has had since the court was given power to appoint its clerk.

At a colored Baptist ministers' meeting it was decided to hold a city-wide evangelistic campaign in Washington during the two weeks beginning October 24. The following evangelists participated: Revs. Richard Carroll and William Carter of South Carolina; S. L. Johnson and S. A. Brown of Virginia; Granville Hunt and C. Le Roy Butler of New York; Junius Gray of Maryland and J. W. Bailey of Texas. An executive committee, consisting of the following pastors, was selected to have charge of the campaign; Rev. M. W. D. Norman, chairman; Rev. J. I. Loving, secretary; Rev. W. D. Jarvis, treasurer, and Revs. Joseph H. Lee, Robert J. Hawkins, William Bishop Johnson, A. Wilbanks, J. E. Willis, J. P. Green, G. W. Brent, A. J. Tyler, Walter H. Brooks, J. W. Howard, S. G. Lamkins, Holland Powell, William H. Jernagin and J. Milton Waldron. It is the general opinion that this was the great revival meeting ever held among colored people in Washington.

Redditch is where all British needles are made.

Rev. Dr. Weston Bruner, formerly of this city, but for some time past at the head of the department of evangelism of the home board of the Southern Baptist convention, is now engaged in work for the evangelization of the entire South, and has already inaugurated a series of meetings in nearly a hundred cities and towns of the South, these meetings including both white and colored Baptist churches.

British Columbia reports the discovery of extensive gypsum deposits.

It is no trouble to entertain the people. If you will submit to being lassoed with a beard, or if you will permit other men to throw baseballs at your head, you can make yourself the source of much entertainment and amusement.

The most difficult place to convict a man is in the courts. The easiest place is in a mass meeting.

[illegible] active, sweating enemy is of [illegible] more value to a man than three [illegible] friends.

Booker T. Washington has issued a circular directing attention to the claims on public generosity of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute, Alabama, of which he is the principal. The school, which was established to educate Negroes, started with one teacher and 30 students, and now has 1,500 students from 33 states and 18 foreign countries, officers and teachers numbering 193. The institution owns 3,000 acres of land, and the entire value of its property is $1,362,000. Training is given in academic studies, trades and religion, and 6,000 graduates and undergraduates have been sent out as farmers, mechanics, housewives, teachers, and business men. The managers are seeking help for operating expenses and to increase the endowment fund of the institution. Seth Low is chairman of the board of trustees.

Maxim Gorky is fighting as a volunteer with the Russian army in Galicia.

The rivers of the United States are wearing down its lands at a rate of about a foot in 9,120 years.

When an aged man recovers from a severe illness the neighbors make the best of it. But they never are able entirely to conceal their disappointment.

In communities large enough to support more than one newspaper there always are two sides to every question.

The popular conception of the devil is that of a male adult adorned with hoofs and a forked tail. But the devil people really dread is old age.

After a woman reaches a certain age she becomes permanently indebted to the dotted veil.

The larger the town the less attention an officer of the grand lodge attracts.

When a man prefers the simple life, that is an indication he never was compelled to live it.

A man's indorsement of a cause generally is predicated on the belief that the cause will help his business.

RUSSIAN TRENCH OUTSIDE VILNA

This photograph, taken immediately after the capture of Vilna by the Germans, shows part of one of the outside trenches where the Russians put up a desperate resistance.

LIKE NICKEL STORY

Yankee Has Exciting Time in British Navy.

Serves in Trenches and on Battleships, Captured by Germans and Escapes—Brought Home by Uncle Sam.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Wilfrid Doyle, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doyle of 156 Valentine lane, this city, is back at his home here after seven months of adventure of the kind that most boys dream about but never experience. He has fought the Turk in trenches knee deep in water at the Dardanelles, he has been captured by the Germans in Belgium and he has stood watch many nights on the deck of the superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth while she patrolled the North sea enforcing the blockade against Germany.

The spring fever wearied young Doyle of the simple pleasures of life in Yonkers and he ran away from home. He made his way to Boston, where he obtained a place as horse hostler on one of the transports engaged in carrying horses to the war zone. In Liverpool he left his ship and enlisted in the British navy. He had little trouble in getting into the service, although an alien. He told the recruiting officer that he was an Irish boy, and so he is, as his name proves. His enlistment was for the duration of the war, but after six months of effort the state department of the United States plucked him from the service of King George at the behest of his parents. A postal card he wrote to his mother directly after landing in Liverpool supplied the clue that led to his discovery.

Gallipoli, Doyle says, is now a shambles and a ruin in the area over which the Turks have been slowly driven back by the allies. Not so much as a drop of clean water may be obtained there. The streams and wells have been polluted by bodies and blood.

Doyle arrived at the Dardanelles in May, soon after the attack on the Turks had begun. During one period of heavy pressure he served for 48 hours on land in the third line of trenches. The men of the allied forces suffered fearfully, he says, at that time from the rains that flooded the trenches and the intense heat that made life almost unbearable.

While on this expedition Doyle saw a Turkish girl sniper captured. A group of sailors relieved from trench duty were standing near a haystack. One of them playfully thrust his bayonet into the hay. When he drew it out it was covered with blood. The sailors immediately tore the stack apart and discovered a young girl armed with a rifle in a hollowed space. She had been on her knees at a loophole when the bayonet point caught her in the arm. Beside her was found a supply of food and 35 identification disks of the kind worn by all sailors and soldiers in Britain's service. It was the belief of her captors that she had killed that many soldiers in the trenches within range and had then stolen out and cut their identification disks from their necks. Doyle returned to his ship soon after the girl was captured and he did not learn of her fate.

On board the Queen Elizabeth Doyle met Corporal Joseph Nicolson, the only survivor of a regiment of Royal Scots which was annihilated on April 28. After leaving a transport the soldiers were taken to the fighting front on board the Queen Elizabeth. An hour after arriving, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the regiment charged. It was not properly supported and was annihilated. At five o'clock that afternoon a survivor crawled back into the trenches. He died later on the way to England, at Malta. Nicolson was found wounded 14 hours later. He was sent aboard the Queen Elizabeth for hospital treatment and he and Doyle became very friendly. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he was sent back to England.

In July the Queen Elizabeth, with others of the newer English battleships, was withdrawn from Turkish waters and placed on patrol duty in the North sea. While his ship was being overhauled Doyle served for a time on the battleship Drake. During this period, with 50 others, he was captured on the Belgian coast. The small landing party was surrounded by a large number of Germans. They were captured and marched a mile inland to a barbed wire stockade. That night 20 of them, including Doyle, escaped.

NEEDED SIX-FOOT SHOCKERS

Man of Ordinary Size Would Be of Little Use on This Kansas Cornfield.

Hiawatha, Kan.—The tallest corn of this year's crop that has been brought to town so far comes from the farm of Bert Wise, near Reserve. Wise has brought several stalks to town on which the lowest ear is eight feet from the ground.

People of the community at first thought Wise was joking when he advertised for corn shockers who must be at least six feet in height, but those who have seen his crop declare that a man of ordinary size will be of little value in helping take care of Wise's crop, as the stalks are all so high that the ears are six, seven and eight feet from the ground.

HER BACK A POSTER

The daring band of "sandwich women" who invaded the New York subway during the recent campaign, bearing placards imprinted with the reasons why one should vote for the "cause," were outdone by the most startling manner of appealing to the voter, which has up to the present day been used by the suffragists.

A beautiful and very attractive young woman is Miss Dorothy Newell, the young lady who made all New York sit up with her appeal for "Votes for Women." It required considerable daring to promote the publicity Miss Newell had mapped out for the cause.

In leading hotels and Broadway cafes where the usual election eve crowds assemble, Miss Newell displayed her charming back with the alluring appeal "Votes for Women" painted in large black letters thereon.

Jolt Brings Down Sparkler.

Dixon, Cal.—As the result of a slight earthquake shock recently Mrs. Gifford found her $250 diamond ring. Six months ago she missed her ring and presumed it had been stolen. She found it on the floor beneath a picture hanging on the wall. She then remembered she had placed the ring behind the picture. The jolt shook the sparkler down.

IS PUZZLE TO ZOOLOGISTS

Pink Snake With Some Fine Points Doesn't Seem to Fit Any Regular Classification.

Forth Worth, Tex.—Classification of an eight-inch pink snake found last week on the White Settlement road by Dr. John J. O'Reilly is causing considerable speculation among Fort Worth zoologists.

It is believed that the reptile belongs to a poisonous variety. It has a sharp tail, and a flat head with reversed "spectacles." Its body is marked with diamond spots. It puffs like some varieties of poison reptiles, but apparently has no fangs.

Doctor O'Reilly will send the snake to the state zoological department at Austin, hoping that experts there will be able to identify it.

Every year more than 3,000,000 beds and 8,000,000 meals are provided by the shelters and homes of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

THEIR WORK ENDED

Troublesome Battery Located, Will Trouble No More.

Interesting Description of Artillery Work on Battle Line—Battery Has Unique Record on Several Different Fronts.

Berlin.—A picture of a battery which has fought in several different battle fronts is given by a writer in the Vossische Zeitung. He says:

"Our position on the plateau had been furiously bombarded through the night by the Italian artillery. We were able to locate most of the batteries, but there was one which kept up an incessant fire until dawn, which greatly puzzled us.

"The sun was rising behind the mist in the Adriatic, which we could plainly see from our elevation. I had just been awakened by a tremendous roar, wrapped my blanket about me and came forth to see what it all meant. Captain Laytos was already peering through his telescope. His high coat collar was turned up to protect his throat and ears from the cold, and his hands were buried deep in his pockets. Captain Laytos is a Hungarian artillery man, thirty years of age; has been twice wounded, and has just been granted a six-weeks' leave, but he refuses to leave his battery. He is an ideal soldier, his chest is covered with decorations and he now commands the battery.

"He comes down from his position at the telescope and carefully studies the map. He lights a cigarette and again mounts his high chair in front of the telescope. He calls Prentelli, who knows the location of every stone within a radius of twenty kilometers, and asks about the house. It stands about one hundred meters to the left, near the cross roads, and was painted white a few months ago.

"'Look through the glass and tell me if you see anything strange about it,' said the captain.

"It is not all white; here and there it is marked by what appear like dark spots.

"'Precisely,' said the captain. 'That is where this battery is located. The Italians have placed their guns in the rooms of that house. But we'll fix them.'

"Captain Laytos and Lieutenant Wehler study the map, figuring out the distance. The elevation and angle are given over the telescope wire. The captain hands me a cigar.

"'You have time to light a cigar,' he says, 'before we fire. We shall fire in thirty-five seconds. Take a look through the glass and see the result.'

"Captain Laytos takes out his watch and begins to count the seconds as I look through the telescope. I see the white house bathed in the morning sunshine, and I see also on the road leading to it a wagon creeping along. I feel like crying out to the wagon party to get under cover, and almost simultaneously I hope that our shells will get them. The captain is at his post looking through the telescope next to mine. I hear the order given to fire and at once there is a roar that shakes the whole mountain.

"'We have hit the mark!' shouts the captain.

"Almost a minute elapses before the smoke disappears. I look again through the glass. The white house is gone; all I can see is a hole in the earth where it stood and the bare trunks of a few trees still standing.

"'That was good work,' said the captain, handing me a cigarette. 'It was the 1,200th shot of Our Richard, as we call this battery, so named after Lieut. Richard Karner, who fell in battle a few weeks ago. This same battery was at Liege, at Antwerp, in France and I don't know where else. Ask Bauer.'

"Bauer, a sturdy young chap, tanned by the sun, heard his name mentioned and came forward.

"'Again, I do not see you wearing your Iron Cross and your medals.'

"'Sorry, captain, but I haven't enough room for them.'

"And later, when the enemy ceased their firing, I sat down with Bauer, who was in Belgium, France, Poland Galicia, Serbia, and is now here on the Italian front and had him tell me the story of Our Richard."

RECORD CATCH OF WALRUS

1,353 Are Landed in Five Months' Cruise of the Steamer Corwin in the Arctic.

Sattle, Wash.—A catch of 1,353 walrus, the largest ever made in one season, was reported by Capt. O. A. Annevik of the steamer Corwin, which returned from a five months' cruise in the Arctic. The Corwin made two trips, using Nome, Alaska, as her base.

On the first trip she bagged 837 walrus, which were discharged into the freighter Latouche at Nome and sent to Seattle. On the second expedition the crew of 20 skilled Eskimos killed 516 walrus, from which were obtained 100 tons of hides, 4,000 pounds of ivory and 165 barrels of oil.

Possum in Hen Nest.

Dawson, Ga.—A few mornings ago when Mrs. Fred L. Lasseter was making the rounds of hen nests for the purpose of gathering up the eggs she was startled to find a good size opossum curled up in one of the nests as if it was his home. Mrs. Lasseter promptly placed Mr. Opossum in captivity.

Man Loses His Pet Goose.

Junction City, Kan.—Ed Bickenhauser, a barber, is mourning the death of his pet wild goose, which 11 years ago he caught while on a hunting trip.

The goose was a reliable weather prophet as well as a watchman. No stranger could enter the Bickenhauser yard without having his presence made known. In addition, the goose was an exceptional decoy. His honking brought wild geese within shooting distance on many hunting trips.

Thanksgiving

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to our own,
When love and *only* love could understand
The need of touches we had never known.

LET us be thankful for the longing eyes
That gave their secret to us as they wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,
Love's kiss upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

AND let us, too, be thankful that the tears
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,
That through them still, for all the coming years,
We may look on the dead face of To-day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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SHOW KINDNESS WHILE YOU MAY

Expressions of Gratitude Timely Made Denote Proper Feeling of Thankfulness in the Heart.

IF far down in your heart you are thankful about anything, will you show the kindness to everybody connected with you and to your own personality by giving an honest, sincere expression of your gratitude? The man who dies with all the thank-you's in him is as deserving of pity as the one who stifles all the music. Don't be afraid to say "Thank you," and say it loud.

I HAVE in mind a family that allowed the mother of the large circle to wear herself out with unceasing work. She worked so long and hard that she never had time for considering a rest. The members of her family regarded mother's work as a habit. They accepted her working and never thought that she needed relaxation or a change

from the monotonous grind of keeping a home. They added to her burdens by bringing others home with them. Mother smiled and worked a little harder. Then one day mother did not come down to shake the fire and prepare the breakfast. She had closed her eyes and they were so tired that she never opened them.

I wish you could have heard the belated gratitude at the funeral. I wish you could have seen the consternation and despair when the children and father looked at each other and said: "What are we going to do without her?" They were filled with regret. The ears could not hear the thanks that they poured out. They should have shown their gratitude every day of the year and in time. Look over your own life. Are you speaking and acting in time?

YOU are living in a great country and are indeed fortunate in having freedom, the right to think and to act, opportunity, countless chances to forge to the top if you have it in you. You have libraries, playgrounds, schools. You have your mind, your dear, sympathetic souls in relatives or friends and the ideals which are necessary to any human being's happiness. Do you fully appreciate the good fortune that cast your lot over here? Are you taking the trouble to express your thanks every once in a while? You ought to do this. It is good to get it out of your system.

HAVE you health? Be thankful in the right way. Do not throw to the winds of indiscretion your precious heritage. Do not insult your good health by eating, drinking, breathing the wrong things. Cut out dissipation and lead a sane, balanced, clean, normal life. Prize that good health. Sometimes it leaves in high dudgeon and never returns. And all the poulticing and nursing may not bring back to you that which should be appreciated every hour of the day. The way to thank your good health is to be kind to it.

I MENTIONED ideals a minute ago. Have your ideals suffered from disuse? Where are your ideals? Are they stowed away in camphor to be brought out on Sunday when you go to church? Why are they not being cared for in the way that is the only valuable treatment for these wonderful things? Give your ideals a chance! Let them have daily influence on your thoughts and acts. Bring them into the light of day and make them important contribution factors of your happiness and success as a human being. You may not be getting so much money as your next-door neighbor or your hat may not have the label of an exclusive maker in its crown, but as a human being filling a niche in the great scheme, your ideals should be thanked every hour. Thanking them is really shaking hands with them.

IF you are a woman who rides in a street car, do you thank the enlightened gentlemen who rise to give you a seat? Or do you make them very scornful of the weaker sex by taking it as your due? I have seen many men converted to the paper gazers and the seated masculine row by the neglect of women to thank the men. Say it graciously and as if you meant it. Good heavens! The cause for a thank you of this kind is growing more remote. Let us cherish it.

A STRANGER is entitled to a thank-you when he has rendered you a service. Do not be an insufferable snob and accept help silently because you have not been introduced or because his forefathers might not have come over in the Mayflower. Say thank you smilingly and be human!

DO not forget to thank in the right way the children. It is only in the respectful use of a courtesy of this kind that children will admire and emulate.

Indeed, the thank you of every day is that which makes things go smoothly. It is such a little thing that it should never be forgotten. Try saying thank you once every day. Look around. You will find something which should elicit your gratitude.

AND thank you for listening.

BARBARA LEE.

Humble Thankfulness.

Do you give thanks for this or that?—No,
God be thanked,
I am not grateful
In that cold, calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, four—that would be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that on the road of life true love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,
I think it follows
The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark or light,
Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gift the hours bestow, or great or small,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

PREPARING FOR THE FEAST

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George Macdonald.