

The Colored American

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We solicit news, contributions, opinions and in fact, all matters affecting the race. We will not pay for matter, however, unless it is ordered by us. All matter intended for publication must reach this office by Wednesday of each week to insure insertion in the current issue.

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EDWARD E. COOPER, MANAGER

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OUR WEEKLY TEXT.

Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth—Proverbs xxviii-i.

Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, speakereth evil of the law, and judgeth the law.—James iv-ii.

THE "AMERICAN MEN."

R. W. Thompson, one of the mainstays on the staff of the Washington, D. C., Colored American, has been appointed to a posit on in the Census Department. Mr. Thompson is an eminently fit subject for "Administrative" recognition. It was his mental effulgence and ready men gratulated the American into the giving side of the pap purveyors out in this section, much to the financial discomfiture of we poor, down-trodden worms. This is not held as a lance to prick the Cooperesque-Thompsonian conscience, etc., those sensitive affairs have suffered enough we think, at least the osseous receptacles in which they are confined. When we think of the champagne which flowed when all accounts with the State Committee were settled, it makes a frigid feeling wander aimlessly about our spinal column. But Thompson deserves all the good things he can get—and our friend Cooper—well, he will get it any way, and much more too, if everybody don't keep a weather eye on the managerial genius of Negro journalism.—Cincinnati Rostrom.

The above hunk of solidified molasses and sugar, is from the "think apparatus" of our good friend and compatriot, Editor W. L. Anderson. Like the diner-out who is unexpectedly called upon to make a speech, The Colored American is so overcome with a variety of emotions, that utterance is choked and our mental machinery has slipped a cog. Our erstwhile "hair-trigger" tongue works with the velocity of the antique "flint-lock," and so, amid the tumultuous cheering of thousands of sympathetic admirers, we are compelled to content ourselves with a sweeping bow of grateful acknowledgment.

Let it be said, however, that all joking aside, Brother Anderson is a prince of "good fellows" one of nature's noblemen, and whose keen-pointed quill is carving out a glorious career for himself and the race in the productive fields of the great middle West. In a

veritable newspaper graveyard, he has turned on the light, banished the spooks, and given to Cincinnati, for the first time in her history, a double-riveted, copper-fastened race journal, scintillating with wit and wisdom, so robust and characterful as to convince all of its permanency. Ohio journalism stands proudly vindicated. Brother Anderson is a poet, a scholar and a gentleman. Long may he live to grace the festive "table round."

It is our hope that in this year of our Lord 1900, the purse-strings of the aforesaid "pap-purveyors" may yield to the dulcet strains of his Byronic muse, and that his "innards" may be irrigated by something more palatable, if not more nourishing, than the clay-solution that masquerades as water between the banks of the pellucid Ohio. There is enough glory and "long-green" for all, and the genial Buckeye is richly entitled to "his'n." When Brother Anderson comes this way to witness McKinley's second inauguration, and incidentally to get his commission to a \$3,000 snap, he shall have first whack at that last quart of Mumm's that we are saving for the occasion. The man upon "The Rostrom" and the pushers of "The American" will enjoy the "fatted calf" in the good, old-fashioned way.

The Negro question bids fair to go to bat in every inning of the 56th Congress.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The Colored Illustrated Newspaper is dying out. Since the death of Douglass, Langston and Bruce they can't find any pictures to illustrate.—Lexington (Ky.) Standard.

Surely the treatment that Brother Benjamin has been taking for his eyesight is not doing him much good, for his "lights" must be very dim if he does not perceive that the illustrated newspaper, instead of "dying out," is flourishing with constantly increasing vigor, and that its mission is just beginning to assume form and color. Latter-day journalism calls for illustrations, for it is an impulse, common to humanity, to look upon the faces of individuals whose deeds have been of sufficient importance to render them a subject of discussion.

The contemptible fling at the memory of our dead heroes, we cannot notice, save to condemn it. It is a fashion among a fifth-rate class of journals, edited frequently by some nincompoop who ought not be tolerated in a public capacity by a self-respecting community, to belittle the race's leaders, to indulge in flippant remarks, and to cast aspersions upon natures too lofty for their shortsighted comprehension. The Colored American has always supported the principles advocated by the departed Douglass, Bruce and Langston, and we are not ashamed of having done so. We are proud of the record, and seek opportunities to sound their praises again and again. Their equals will not be found among the disgruntled and sour-visaged pessimists who saw nothing good in them, and who predict nothing but evil of their successors.

Yes, Douglass, Bruce, Langston Cane and Crummell are dead, but they transmitted much of their virility to an army of younger men, who have proven themselves capable of imbibing wisdom from pure sources, and who are day by day, crowding into the vacancies created by the Grim Reaper. The mission of the colored illustrated paper is to single out the best exponents of the race's possibilities, and chronicle their achievements broadcast, that their less fortunate

brethren may look aloft and be strengthened.

Scan the columns of The Colored American, year after year, and survey the brilliant galaxy of Negro stars brought to the world's attention, and tell us if our mission is at an end. Illustrated journalism presents figures that tower in the world of politics, science and religion, and others who are developing under its kindly influence—such as Booker T. Washington, John R. Lynch, P. B. S. Pinchback, Judson W. Lyons, George H. White, H. P. Cheatham; Bishops Turner, Walters, Arnett, Grant, Derrick, Tanner, and the rest; Peter H. Clark, W. A. Pledger, John Durham, T. W. Henderson, T. McCants Stewart, John Mitchell, T. Thomas Fortune, L. B. Scott, John C. Dancy, Robert H. Terrell, W. H. Council, Profs. Kealing and Hawkins, and countless others of equal magnitude. The journals exemplifying the policy described are here, hale and hearty, and are enlarging their scope and facilities. Some of those properly belonging to this class are The Colored American, The Freeman, the New York Age, Star of Zion, Boston Courant, Christian Recorder, Dallas Express, Philadelphia Tribune Florida Sentinel, Richmond Planet, and Baltimore Afro-American. The puerile ready-prints that cast slurs at great newspapers, and over their heads at the great leaders, should rub the dust off their glasses, refrain from the intoxicating cup, or try to accumulate a few grains of common sense. The illustrated journal is here to stay.

It pays a public man to stand by his friends.

The colored man is "in politics" welcome or otherwise, and the sensible Negro has ceased to be in it for his health.

The latest slate is McKinley and Bliss. This would sound well in a campaign, and hold out a promise of the millenium.

The American Baptist is twenty-one years of age, and is a sound, robust race defender. Though just twenty one, it has been voting early and often on the burning issues, and Brother Steward sees to it that the ticket is "straight."

"Sis Hopkins" philosophy will be greatly in evidence this year among colored men who have heretofore been content to work from principle and let the other fellow carry off the cash. Verily, "They ain't no sense in doing nuthin' for nobody for nuthin,' whut won't do nuthin' fer you."

Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, is again mentioned for the presidential nomination in 1904. The Colored American holds the record as the "original Fairbanks man," having named him more than a year ago as the most available timber then in sight. We haven't changed our mind. Indiana and the middle West, where Fairbanks is a tower of strength, will continue to be the balance of power and must be reckoned with.

The action of the administration in bringing about an "open door" agreement among nations with reference to our commerce with China has awakened general interest in our trade with the Orient and its prospective development, and many leading men in the democratic party both North and

South, are cordially commending the course of the Government in its efforts to develop our foreign trade in that part of the world.

Senator Pritchard is something of a fighter himself when he is well. He is enjoying the best of health these days.

AMEND THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

The application of the so-called civil service regulations to the ordinary positions under the government is a humbug. The law stands in the way of the efficiency of the public work, and robs faithful partisans and industrious men of the rewards to which they are justly entitled. No administration will make more than a pretense of conforming to the regulations now on the books. The law should be amended, so as to release all positions except those requiring technical skill or especial qualifications of a nature not given to the common, everyday mortal. The Congressman who urges the radical amendment of the civil service law will find himself a popular figure when he goes home to look after his fences.

A BATCH OF QUERIES.

The Lexington, Ky., Standard has the reputation of speaking right out in any kind of meeting and rarely fails to stir things up to a lively pitch, when moved to utterance. Bro. Benjamin is a free thinker in political matters, and asks a great many questions that are apt to embarrass the exponents of theories not firmly grounded in logic and common-sense. Here is his most recent inquiry.

"Will some good brother who is versed in statecraft tell us why it is that in making appointments of Negroes to office the President of the United States always, and invariably appoints them to positions in the South and in communities where they are objectionable to the whites. Why not appoint a few Negroes to positions in Maine, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts or Connecticut, where the good old abolitionists dwell and would have no objection in taking a letter from the hands of a Negro postmaster?"

We do not claim to be learned in statecraft, nor an adept at mind reading, but is it not likely Brother Benjamin that the President feels that the appointment of a Negro where the Negroes live in the largest numbers is the most satisfactory method of settling the postoffice problem? No Negro has been appointed postmaster in the South over the protest of the majority of citizens in any given locality, and in the North, selections have been made according to the influence brought to bear by rival aspirants. The President has at all times consulted the wishes of the masses with whom an official must deal, or some one authorized to speak for them. In what Southern community has a majority of citizens made an actionable protest to Mr. McKinley against a Negro official? In what Northern state has a majority of citizens asked for the appointment of a Negro and failed to land him? Is the blame with the President or with the people? Should not our efforts, then, be directed toward the development of a favorable public sentiment, rather than in anathemizing forces controlled by public sentiment? All of these are important queries, and are worth thinking about.

If you want to be a stenographer and typewriter, I can teach you in ten easy lessons for five dollars. Send me a card and I will call. Address Prof. Banket, 2108 C street, northwest.