

THE GAY, GAY WORLD.

The Color Line in Boston—A Popular School Miss Discriminated Against—The True Reformers Entertain—Bruce Grit's Interesting talk About Men and Things.

Albany, New York, Special—The cosy residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Green, 370 Central avenue, was the scene of a brilliant gathering of some of the best people in Albany on Monday evening March 11th, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Green. The weather was quite inclement yet despite this fact, more than one hundred persons turned out to pay their respects and offer their congratulations to the happy couple who took up a position in the parlor while their friends and well wishers formed in line in the hall and passed through the room to be introduced and to offer their felicitations. Mrs. Douge and Mr. Robert McIntyre mother and uncle of the bride were untiring in their efforts to promote the happiness of the guests and succeeded admirably. Prof. C. M. Van Buren and Mr. Peter Lawrence, jr., furnished delightful music for the occasion. The presents were not confined to tinware alone but embraced many useful, valuable and ornamental gifts from white and colored friends of the happy couple. Fourteen tea and coffee pots are included in the list, together with a picture handsomely framed the gift of a white neighbor. To describe all of the presents received would fill a column of *The American* and so I will not attempt it. Mr. and Mrs. Green desire to express to their myriad of friends their lasting gratitude for these manifestations of friendship and regard and their high appreciation of the kindly spirit which prompted their friends to remember them in such a substantial manner.

Representatives of all the old families in Albany paid their respects to the happy couple, among them Mr. W. H. Johnson, wife and daughters, Mr. Henry Cross and wife, Mr. John Caldwell and wife, Mrs. Thomas Tracy, Mrs. Mando, Mr. C. H. Van Buren and wife, Mrs. Robert Taylor of Troy, Mr. F. W. Taylor and wife, Mr. J. H. Clifton and wife of Troy, Mr. May and wife, Mrs. Chapman and Miss Chapman Mr. and Mrs. Frisby, Mr. W. H. Brent and Miss L. Williams, Mr. C. S. Shelby, Mr. J. W. Rice and wife, Mr. Orcutt Peterson and wife, Troy, Mr. A. C. Gordon and wife, Mr. E. Van Vanranken, the Misses Fermen and many other. At a late hour a sumptuous collation was served and a flowing bowl of delicious punch furnished the inspiration for many well meant sentiments to the health of Pater familias and his lovely spouse Mrs. Green is a product of the Albany High School, and is one of the most popular ladies in Albany's social set. A more enjoyable social affair than this anniversary has not taken place in Albany in a long while.

I will not repeat here what the Sage of Maiden Lane, Dr. Johnson, who has been wearing a silk hat and gold rimmed specs since the inaugural ball which he attended, said of the diaphanous costumes of the ladies with whom he danced.

The 57th anniversary of Philomathean Lodge 712 G. U. O. of G. F., was celebrated at Bleecker Hall, March 14, and was a financial success. Representatives from Hudson City, Kingston and Saratoga lodges were in attendance and added to the brilliancy of the scene. A musical and literary programme was

presented by the following talent; orchestral selection, Zita's orchestra, grand entry of the Order in full regalia, John S. Johnson Grand Marshal; piano solo, Miss M. Dorsey; address of welcome by P. N. F. J. W. Price; music, orchestra; address by Mayor J. H. Blessing of Albany; recitation by Miss Lillian Beach of Troy; solo by Mr. Thompson of Elmira; singing, "Blest be tie that binds;" order. The floor was then cleared for dancing and foot flingers kicked up a dust to the enlivening strains of Zita's superb orchestra until 3 a. m. The affair was in charge of the following committees:

ARRANGEMENTS:

C. E. Lewis, J. S. Johnson,
A. P. Simpson, Thos. Fitch, Sam'l Bush
C. E. Hawkins.

RECEPTION.

R. A. Thompson, R. W. Kemp,
W. H. Brent, G. H. Tummev,
Henry Hyson, J. Van Dusen,
Henry Cross.

FLOOR COMMITTEE.

F. W. Taylor, R. W. Kemp,
Henry Panckney, J. W. Price,
Door: A. P. Simpson, F. Frisby, J. H. Clifton.

Supper: G. N. Jackson, J. Caldwell
Walter Lewis, L. Jackson, Thos. Fitch,
E. Pride, E. Jones, Sam'l Branch, W. D. Jones.

The costumes of the ladies were many of them very beautiful. Comparison would be odious. Mayor Blessing and Col. A. E. Baxter, wife and daughters and several other distinguished white friends were interested spectators and were introduced to a number of the visiting and local guests. Mrs. Baxter stated that she had never before seen such a fine gathering of handsomely gowned colored ladies and well dressed men. The supper committee disposed of every article of food on the tables except a few crumbs, and the chairman of that committee looked as contented as Andrew Carnegie. Governor Odell had signified his intention to attend the ball but at the last moment was obliged to withdraw his acceptance in a graceful letter expressing his regrets in not being able to do so on account of pressing public business.

Philadelphia is not the only city in North where Negroes are not wanted as guests in public places—hotels. About a month ago *The Boston Transcript* made mention of the fact that Miss Baldwin of Cambridge, a cultured young Negro woman and a teacher in the High School in Cambridge, her pupils being nearly if not all white, was refused, not on her own application, however, but on the application of a white lady friend of hers who applied for rooms in a Boston hotel. The lady after making sure of her own room asked for another, the clerk turned the register around for the lady to sign it assuming that she was going to add the words "and maid" after her own name but on being told that Miss Baldwin was not her servant but her friend frankly stated that she could not be accommodated in that hotel, whereupon the two ladies left the hotel in disgust, the white lady told her story in a long article to the *Transcript* which has been forgotten as such articles are—and the capital of the state of mind continues to contribute its quota of the coin of the realm toward the mental and moral uplift of black brethren and sisters who like the rest of humanity are just as human, just as fond of the good things of this life as other folks are. Old Boston where Phillips thundered, where Garrison suffered martyr-

dom for a principle, where Attucks gave his life to the cause of Independence where a thousand good men and women of the Caucasian race with voice and pen and money consecrated their lives to the cause of freedom is become the citadel of prejudice, the habitat of the political and religious demagogue who has departed from the teachings of the grand men and women, who a generation or two ago, were imbued with the spirit of righteousness and justice and a desire to put into practice the Golden Rule in all their relations with human kind. Boston, the Mecca to which the black brethren journeyed from the South to gather cash and obtain sympathy, is now no longer what it used to be. The poor black man who goes there now faces a condition entirely out of harmony with his misguided notions of the Bostoners and their reputed love for the sons of Ham. The novelty has worn off and the cold hearted citizens of the Hub have tired of Mr. Brown in a silk hat, spectacles, frock coat, a subscription book and the old, old story. The Crawford House entertains Mr. Bocker T. Washington, however, but Mr. Booker T. Washington is an extraordinary character. The forces behind him are not behind the average Negro who travels up and down the land. What the kickers who insist on going to white hotels when they should stop at first class private houses of which there are a few in Boston, should do, is to get something behind them—a comfortable bank account, a block or two of gilt edged stocks, a fountain pen and a pocket check book, a liberal supply of modesty and then they will find that General Prejudice will surrender to General Prosperity. But my own idea is that the best thing for Negroes who travel to do is to give their patronage to Negroes who can give them a quid pro quo for value received.

Few Negroes can afford to pay \$2.50 and \$5.00 per day in white hotels. It is a nice thing to stop at a hotel, but its mighty expensive. The right to go where one pleases for public entertainment should be established but impetuous kickers cannot establish that right. It must be done by solid men and women of the race who have character, money, tact, common sense and influence. The average Negro who travels is sometimes ostentatious and he is not unlike a certain class of Hebrews in this. These ostentatious Hebrew drummers and others of that race are as objectionable as guests in certain hotels in the North as Negroes. They are flashy in their dress and noisy with their mouths and they are not wanted at any price. The Negro has yet a great many things to learn and not a few to unlearn before he arrives at the point where he will be taken seriously. One important thing for him to unlearn is not to take himself so seriously, and the great thing for him to learn is, "That race is the key to history" as Disraeli once aptly said. The Negro cannot make race history or develop it commercially and industrially by spending all his money with white men in business thus furnishing them with means to keep him down. If we are ever to amount to anything as a race in this country we must stand together as other races have stood, and are standing together for mutual benefit, we cannot merge our destiny with that of the white man. He is making his own history, working out his own destiny, developing his own character using all the forces about him to accomplish these results and taking to himself all the credit for whatever is accomplished through these

several agencies which tend to his commercial and industrial upbuilding. The Negroes of the South make the cotton and other staples produced in that section. In the Bureau of Statistics no one will be able to find out how much the Negro laborer has contributed to these results. Left to himself the white man of the South could not begin to make the record in these industrial and agricultural pursuits which the underpaid Negro laborers have made and are making for them in that section. The white man is cunning and crafty he has no scruples whatever against taking a Negro's money when he has something to sell that a Negro wants, but when that Negro wants to make more money with which to buy and applies for a job the case is different.

There are plenty of colored men all over the country who have had bitter experiences in finding employment in white establishments that are chiefly supported by Negro patronage. I venture the assertion that if every Negro in Washington should withhold his patronage from the great department stores like the Palais Royal, the Boston Dry Goods store, Lansborough's and a few others, within a month there would be a reduction in the clerical force in these establishments to cut down expenses. The school teachers' department employes and private citizens of the race are consciously or unconsciously making it possible for hundreds of white men and women to get employment as clerks and salesmen and women receiving no other benefit from their money except the goods they purchased. Now why cannot the Negroes do business along these lines for themselves. Is there any good reason why they should not? Is it because they lack the intelligence, the ability, the capital, courage to make openings for the race? No, a thousand times no! The Negroes of no other city in the Union have such a varied assortment of capable and intelligent and well-to-do people among them as the Negroes of Washington, D. C. and if they would see, as they probably will when it is too late their opportunity they would seize it and make the most of it now. With all the money they now spend in white men's establishments for dry goods and the thousand and one things needed in their households. I have heard of no business house which has had the courage to give employment to members of the race beyond the grades usually given porters, drivers and janitors. Lansburgh Bros., and others equally prominent in business circles in Washington as elsewhere have among their salesmen, clerks and saleswomen representatives of nearly every race except the Negro race would stand for anything like this either in business or politics. "If, as Franklin said in Paris, "we do not hang together we will hang separately." We seem to be hanging separately just now.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." BRUCE GRIT.

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