



VOL. IX NO. 47.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 8, 1902.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

MAN-ON-THE-CORNER

COMMENDS SCHOOLS AND TALKS ABOUT CHURCHES

Some Chalk-Sketches of Well Known Men, and a Heart-to-Heart Chat About Those Who Mingle With the Passing Throng. ❧ ❧ ❧

"There's a chie' among ye takin' notes"

In this commercial age, dollars count for much in the equation of influence. The man who can pay his way, write checks on banks, and hold deeds to real estate is pretty sure to be addressed as "Mr." by everybody, and the proudest white man is ready and eager to do business with him. Money wipes out color lines, and concrete evidences of thrift and enterprise furnish a stronger argument for racial capacity than all the learned articles that could be crowded into the pages of the *North American Review*. Because of his practical recognition of these sledge-hammer truths, John F. Cook has come to be regarded by the captains of commerce as Washington's most substantial colored citizen. He is a solid man, and the Board of Trade, the clearing house and heavy corporations metaphorically, if not literally, "take off their hats" to him. To be sure, all know him as a man of high character, of ample learning, once an industrious collector of taxes here, and as an exemplary head of his household—but is it for these desirable qualities that he is picked out for especial commendation, when so many others possess them in equal degree? No, sir! It is because John F. Cook has obeyed the law of the age—"get money!" He is worth at least \$200,000—and his wealth is not "on paper" either—nor is it represented by property mortgaged to death in a trust company. He holds clear deeds to some of the finest residence and business sites in the District and the income from his rents is more than any salary he could afford to accept, if occupancy of an office demanded the surrender of his private business. Few people who view the superb building at Fourteenth and H streets realize that it is owned by John F. Cook, one of our race. He is conservative in his relations with his white fellow-citizens, and his natural manner of approach, dignified demeanor, polite bearing that suggests nothing of the sycophant, together with an accurate knowledge of just what to say, how much to say and where his presence is welcome, have all placed him upon the pinnacle of shrewd, common sense and ideal Afro-American manhood in the estimation of the court of last appeal—the people. Though "looked up to," he is never ostentatious, obtrusive or egotistical. Nothing is done in a public way without Mr. Cook being consulted. His indorsement of anyone is accepted without cavil. His name is found upon all subscription lists where cash is needed for great functions, city displays or for charity. No race can be called a

MEN OF THE HOUR.



HON. CORNELIUS J. JONES.

A Leading Member of the Mississippi Bar, Urged for Appointment to a Judicial Office in America's New Insular Possessions.

failure as long as it develops, supports and encourages such stalwarts as John F. Cook.

The public schools of Washington were never in better condition than now. There are no scandals, no factional quarrels, no personal friction from partisan jealousy. There is unity of purpose and enthusiasm among supervisors, teachers and pupils all along the line. Why? Discipline—executive ability—resourceful generalship. The commanding genius of Assistant Superintendent Winfield Scott Montgomery is "largely responsible" for this unusual but truly welcome state of affairs in the nation's capital. He has full charge of the management of the colored schools, and the trustees have perfect confidence in his judgment—they map out policies, but leave methods and details to him—and in this they show a wisdom borne out by pleasing results. Mr. Montgomery has jurisdiction over thirty-eight buildings, scattered all over town and his teaching force numbers nearly five hundred. Many are graduates from leading colleges of the country, and their reputa-

tion as educators is acknowledged by applause from all quarters. Local graduates are provided with places after completing the normal course, thus affording the young people of this city a stronger incentive for careful preparation. Now that the positions are permanent, each teacher works with redoubled energy. The special departments, sewing, cooking, manual training, domestic science, drawing, military tactics, etc., are all in the hands of experts—but those who know Mr. Montgomery best say that he seems to know several encyclopedias full on every one of the branches enumerated. At any rate, Mr. Montgomery's administration is giving the utmost satisfaction, and parents and friends could not spend a day to better advantage than by dropping in here and there and survey the system he is so thoughtfully carrying into effect.

Why cannot some of our churches and lyceums, which pretend to be leaders, to be up-to-date and to instruct the masses, quit the abominable parading up to the table to give their contribution?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

THE ARENA OF POLITICS

ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS SUGGESTED FOR 1904.

Indiana's Senator as the Candidate of Malcontents—Deveaux to Be Appointed—Pritchard May Have Some Trouble. ❧ ❧ ❧

The erstwhile president-makers on the Republican side have suspended business temporarily. Those in "jobs" are devoting their energies to keeping in, and those on the outside the breastworks find that it keeps them hustling to find a place to locate an entering wedge. At present writing Mr. Roosevelt has everything his own way, and as neither he nor his friends betray any anxiety about the problem of succession, there is nothing for the lukewarm folks to do but to impotently, look as wise as possible, and scout around for some prominent malcontent who they may use as a rallying-point or storm center. The truth is that all the "kickers" are either disappointed office-seekers or chronic disturbers who are never pleased under any circumstances. The animus of their complaint is so apparent that it fails to inspire a respectable following or furnish a platform upon which men may stand and submit to investigation.

One gentleman of national parts about whose tall figure some are causing presidential lightning to flash is Senator Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana. We all like Mr. Fairbanks. He is clean, affable, experienced in public affairs, and is sound on all the primary issues of Republican policy. He is all right on the Negro problem and can be relied upon to stand firmly for human rights and the Constitutional guarantee of protection to all citizens of every section or land covered by our flag. He is an intense American, and like Roosevelt, knows no individual by his color, race, extraction or previous condition of servitude—or finance. An attempt is being made by some very worthy Republicans—and by others not so worthy—to array Mr. Fairbanks as an anti-administration candidate for the presidential nomination. But he is too shrewd to be caught by chaff and too level-headed to appear as the creature of a mere "wing" of the party organization. He has a sure thing on succeeding himself in the Senate by the united voice of his followers in the legislature to be chosen this fall and he will not risk a division of strength by permitting an impression to go abroad that he is not in thorough accord with the administration program.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Fairbanks and President Roosevelt are warm personal friends, and no public man is more welcome at the White House than Indiana's senior senator. So closely have their relations been that many far-sighted politicians are already suggesting that the old "lucky combination" of New York and Indiana would be just the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)