

THE BEE

Published at
109 Eye St., N. W., Washington,
D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Wash-
ington, D. C., as second-class
mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year in advance...\$4.00
Six months..... 2.00
Three months..... .90
Subscription monthly..... .80

NEGRO PREACHERS VS. PRESIDENT TAFT.

The appeal of the Negro preachers that was issued from the Roosevelt headquarters and published in The Bee of last week, has called forth a letter to The Bee from St. Charles, La. This appeal is signed by men who denounced President Roosevelt because he discharged those unfortunate colored soldiers who were alleged to have taken part in the Brownsville, Texas, riot a few years ago. It will be remembered that Dr. Corrothers, who is the chairman of the committee on arrangements, was the leading factor in the Negro revolt against ex-President Roosevelt, has now joined in a movement to have him nominated for President over Mr. Taft. Let us review briefly this appeal. In this appeal Dr. Corrothers and his supporters asks that Col. Theodore Roosevelt be given a chance, because he discharged the Negro troops who were charged with having blown up Brownsville, was done in a hasty passion, while the act of President Taft's, that is, the declaration of his Southern policy, was deliberate. The Bee will ask Dr. Corrothers this question: When ex-President Roosevelt issued the order of dismissal of the colored troops, did he not immediately leave the country for Panama? Did not Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, held up the order of dismissal to enable him to write to Mr. Roosevelt requesting a revocation of the order of dismissal? Whose act was deliberate, the act of Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt? Mr. Taft, at the risk of being rebuked and dismissed from the Cabinet, of his own volition, withheld Mr. Roosevelt's order until he could be communicated with. What was the result of the hold up? Mr. Taft was rebuked by Mr. Roosevelt for not having carried out his order of dismissal. The Bee must confess that Mr. Roosevelt was the first to hold up to the Negroes of this country the idea that a door of hope and a square deal were to be given to them. But how much of a square deal did they receive, and what became of the door of hope of which he so frequently made mention? What has the Southern Democrats held out or offered the Negroes in the way of bettering their condition and contrast—to the alleged declaration of Mr. Taft about Southern appointments or his Southern policy. The Bee is satisfied that the so-called Southern policy of Mr. Taft, if there is a Southern policy, has not appeased the wrath of Southern Democracy. Then again, these colored ministers say that they want Mr. Roosevelt, and in every State in the South lily white Republicans under the Roosevelt banner have repudiated Negro Republicans. Negro Republicans are not invited to their councils, and neither are they permitted to discuss political issues with them. A few weeks ago Dr. Corrothers and his adherents were supporting the Democratic party, and today he is associated with a Democratic journal published in this city in the interest of the Democratic party. Does this new affiliation of Dr. Corrothers mean that he and his supporters have joined hands with the Democratic party and that Col. Roosevelt is being backed by white and Negro Democrats? The most amusing and the most ridiculous thing on record today is the communication of Mr. R. L. Waring, better known as "We See It," sent to Ohio Republicans. A few weeks ago he was a Taft Republican, then he became a progressive. After having been weighed in the balance by the Taft Republicans and found wanting, he then united

with the so-called progressives, and is endeavoring to convince Ohio colored Republicans that Col. Roosevelt is the man. What means this change of heart on the part of as "We See It"? Brother Waring has no doubt seen something that has caused him to change convictions so soon. The Bee is of the opinion that they have all seen and received something as well.

"BILL" HOUSTON.

Nigh on to a half century ago an all-wise Providence dug out of the hills of Kentucky a bit of humanity and christened it William L. Houston. Providence endowed this bit of humanity with an overweening ambition, a genial disposition and with native ability. Early in his existence this bit of humanity brought forth from the hills of Kentucky was nicknamed "Bill," and "Bill" he is to this day. There is always something approaching the generous, the affable and that touch of human nature which makes for friendship in the man whom we can familiarly call "Bill," "Jack," or "Jake." We feel so much closer to the fellow who responds with a smile to the nickname of "Bill," or "Jack," and we always feel like boosting, instead of knocking, the fellow whose panegyric is followed by: "What's the matter with Bill?" Now "Bill" Houston, with his long stride, genial nature and golden smile is as much an indigene of Washington as if his peepers first beheld the beauty of wine, women and song under a Washington sun, for he has developed right here within the classic precincts of the national capitol, and has resided here continuously for a number of years, except for about two short, history-freighted years spent in Chicago during which time he planned, built and lubricated the steam roller he ran with such precision during the B. M. C. meet in Baltimore. Just now Mr. Houston, between the intermittent practice of law and drawing the salary of a member of the Odd Fellows' Supreme Court is overhauling his steam roller preparatory to entering it in the Grand Secretary race at the next meet of the B. M. C. And right now, and from this angle, it looks like he will win the prize, for somehow or another, about the boy who is distinguished by the nickname "Bill," and carries that familiar surname up to and through manhood's state, there clings the aroma of friends, and there clusters about him the leaves of success. And with all his faults, whether they be few or many, we like the half-centennarian who signs himself "William," but responds with alacrity and good naturedly to just plain "Bill."

A BLOW TO NEGRO RIGHTS.

There are three propositions put forward by the alleged "progressives," the adoption of which will put retrogression for the Negro. These three propositions are the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall of Judges and Decisions of Primaries. They are, to the Negro, propositions which adopted, will mean woe for the Negro, and render the Negro, as a voter, in the North just as impotent as his brother in the South been made by the Southern Democrats. The referendum is a high sounding word, and because of this fact, many people are deceived into the belief that they are beyond its reach. Suppose in any community a question of denial to the Negro of certain civil rights was proposed under the referendum, what would happen? A majority of the people being white, and more or less infected with color prejudice, would vote away from him certain vital privileges. Under the Australian system of voting, where secrecy is jealously preserved, our rights could be voted away by white men, regardless of party affiliation, who profess friendship for us.

As to the recall: suppose a Southern State should pass a law disfranchising the Negro. The law would immediately get into the courts and on appeal to the Supreme Court, if held to be unconstitutional, and the right to recall decisions existed, the decision of the court would be taken before the people and reversed, and the constitutionality of the law confirmed and the Negro would be out of politics, and out of his rights forever. There is hardly a State in the South where the entire white vote would not be cast for the Negro's disfranchisement, and what would be true of the South might obtain also in the North, under the Recall of Decisions.

As to Primaries, it is a regrettable fact that in every Northern State where the primary system of nominating, State, county or municipal officers has been adopted, it has as effectively destroyed the

chances of a Negro being nominated as the forty days' and nights' flood destroyed every living thing on the face of the globe.

THE NEGRO CHURCH.

Is the Negro church on the decline is a question often asked. That it is on the decline, at least in moral and Christian uplift, there can be no doubt, and those responsible for this decline are those ministers who trail their robes in the filth of politics. A gratifying political preacher is more harmful to a church than a leper is to a community. He is a hypocrite of the worst sort. He prates about religion and the goodness of God, pronounces against sin while all the while his itching palm is extended for the filthy thirty pieces of silver, obtained under false pretenses from party managers. Just now each and every political candidates' headquarters is besieged with grafting Negro preachers who, lying about their astuteness, influence and power in politics; are asking for the thirty pieces of silver which Judas coveted and received. In some instances, certain Negro preachers with long hair, or pompadour hair, and the sleek, sly, deceptive manners of a fox, are working two headquarters at the same time, and who, for the money they receive can turn no service. Until the Negro church is purged of political preachers and bishops, grafting preachers and bishops who, in the name of the people, are asking and receiving money from political parties, the Negro Church cannot hope to make the progress it ought to make, nor can it fill the mission it was designed to fill—that of moral and religious uplift. Of all the abominable curses with which the race and the church is afflicted with the grafting, political Negro bishop and preacher is the most paralyzing. It is the duty of the Negro pew to drive from the pulpit the political grafting preacher, and until this is done the Negro Church will continue to decline.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Those who heard Dr. James E. Shepard last Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan Church were well paid for their presence. It was one of the most cultured and one of the most distinguished audiences that has ever assembled in that historic edifice. His argument is unanswerable, his eloquence was equal to Demosthenes, and logic as convincing as Plato. For an hour he held his audience in a trance. Bethel Literary has never listened to a speaker of such matchless eloquence. Dr. Thirkield, who is always eloquent, logical and interesting, indorsed the propaganda of Dr. Shepard. Every new theory that has been advanced by promoters of new industries were knocked in the head last Tuesday. His logic was so convincing that his propaganda went above all others. Every utterance was a point, and every point and comparison were demonstrated by sound reason. The application of his propositions were too convincing to be contradicted. His demurrers were substantiated by established rules and facts and convincing logic. He took up every kind of education and industry, and showed that his propaganda was the most-feasible, and he was backed up in this by that eminent and distinguished scholar, Dr. Thirkield. The ovation given Dr. Shepard by the people of this city was a deserving one. If you go to his home in Durham, N. C., you will see his great work. He has some of the best teachers that can be found, and his work speaks for itself. Those who failed to hear this great oration missed a treat.

A REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN.

In another column of this week's Bee will be found the announcement of a song and piano recital under the auspices of Mr. R. G. Doggett.

Mr. Doggett is a young man of electric energy; he plans to build up an excellent musical bureau which will fill a long felt want in this city and give the lovers of high-class music an opportunity of hearing the greatest artists of the Negro race from time to time.

Mr. Doggett, it will be remembered, was the young man who, as president of the H. C. T. D. A., W. & C. Club, gave the remarkably successful George W. Walker memorial last May. He enjoys the friendship and confidence of such distinguished footlight favorites as Mme. Sisseretta Jones (Black Patti), J. Leubrie Hill and J. Rosamond Johnson. He has done scientific research work on the Negro and the Stage, for over fifteen years, and so impressed was Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson with his

work that he paid him a handsome sum to spend the summer with him and manage his press notices and assist him in general with his many theatrical duties. We expect great things from him in the near future, because he possesses in a great measure those requisites necessary for a successful theatrical man—a rare intelligence pertaining to every department of the stage, a determination to succeed, a love for his work, a capacity for learning, and common sense.

CAPTAIN JAS. F. OYSTER.

There is no member of the Board of Education any more loyal or fair to the teachers in the public schools than Captain James F. Oyster. He has the respect and confidence of the people, who know that he has done and is doing all in his power to advance the public school system. He doesn't discriminate, and neither is he a man to draw the color line on any proposition. There is not a colored teacher in the schools who would say that Captain Oyster is not fair and just to him, and he has done everything in his power to give the teachers their just dues. The un-called-for reference to him before the Commissioners last Saturday is not indorsed by any citizen in this city. He believes in doing for the colored schools as he does for the white schools, and there is no member of the school board better liked than he is. The three colored members of the Board of Education don't represent the people, and it will be fully demonstrated in a few weeks. There is to be a public meeting held shortly by the representative citizens of Washington, who will ask the judges of the Supreme Court to appoint colored representatives on the Board of Education to represent the people in deed and in fact.

TAFT LEADING.

The week's result in delegating shows President Taft away in the lead. President Taft's lead is so great now that all thoughts of defeating him for renomination has flown, and consideration is now being given to the campaign to follow the nomination and which must result in his re-election. From every section of the country comes the most encouraging news. Opposition is giving away to support, and indifference is giving away to enthusiasm. The President is growing in popularity each and every day. As near approaches the time for holding the convention he appears to the people as the safe, sane, strong leader and President that he is. To use a familiar saying, "it's all over but the shouting," and even now we can hear the first vibrations produced by the mighty and enthusiastic shout for William Howard Taft. The interests of the country, of labor as well as capital, and the rights of men, the white man as well as the colored man, demands the re-election of President Taft. His renomination is safe, his re-election assured.

THREE GUARDSMEN.

The three colored members of the Board of Education remind us somewhat of the three guardsmen, or the "Three Musketeers," in that they are always spoiling for a fight. But unlike the Three Musketeers, they have not a single victory to which they can point with pride. After the defeat, and just defeat, of their effort to stop the wheels of progress and injure the public schools by securing the removal of an efficient assistant superintendent, and in view of the fact that they said, in the beginning, if their contention was not supported they would resign, there is nothing left the three colored members but resign. Not one of them has displayed the ability and character most needed as representatives of the race. Not one of them has proven true to the best interests of the race. The best service they could now render would be to resign.

VICTORY FOR TAFT.

The progressives wanted primaries, and when they got them, now they cry out fraud. There was an example in this city, and all the frauds that existed were perpetrated by the progressives. They went so far, in this city, as to steal their own ballot boxes. Every time the progressives have a fight they cry fraud. The defeated should take their medicine manfully.

MR. JUSTICE STAFFORD.

On account of illness Mr. Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford was prevented from being present at the Metropolitan Church last Tuesday evening. Judge Stafford is a friend of humanity and the Ameri-

can people will be gratified when such a man is placed on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JUDSON TO GO.

The latest rumor is that Major Judson, the Engineer Commissioner, will be sent to the Philippines. His efficient and valuable services are greatly needed in that country, more so than they are in this city. President Taft is right to send such a valuable and important man to a country that will appreciate his services.

MISS BURROUGHS.

Every citizen will attend the dedicatory exercises of Miss Nannie Burroughs, at Lincoln, D. C., tomorrow. Let everybody attend. She is a noble woman and deserves to be encouraged.

RECORDER JOHNSON.

The frame-up against Recorder of Deeds Johnson fell through, and the perpetrator of the dastardly conspiracy will suffer. Wait and see.

REGISTER NAPIER.

Register J. C. Napier gives a glowing account of his trip with Dr. Washington through Florida. The Bee will contain a graphic account of his trip in its next issue.

It is the consensus of opinion that Dr. Shepard proved his case.

WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

A Great Meeting of Ministers—Rev. Clair and Others Returned—Brown Removed.

The 40th session of the Washington conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, was held in Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth and D streets Southeast, Rev. S. H. Brown, D. D., pastor, last week. Bishop W. F. Anderson, D. D., L. L. D., presided with grace and dignity. This is one of the best and most progressive conferences of the denomination among our people.

Rev. S. H. Norwood was elected secretary; Rev. W. S. Jackson was elected treasurer, and Rev. M. W. Clair, D. D., was elected Treasurer. The various reports rendered showed that the conference was making marked progress along all lines. The conference is composed of 160 ministers, representing about 3,000 members.

Dr. Clair reported that during the year the conference had raised \$23,821.00 for the various benevolent causes—a creditable increase over last year.

The General Conference is to meet in Minneapolis in May. The Washington conference delegates are: W. C. Thompson, E. S. Williams, D. D., M. J. Naylor, D. D.; reserves, M. W. Clair, J. D. D. and I. L. Thomas, D. D. This is the law-making body of the church, and is composed of 820 delegates.

The following are the appointments in this city:

Asbury—M. W. Clair.
Benning—W. J. Tyler.
Central—J. P. Thomas.
Deanwood—To be supplied (A. Randall).
Ebenezer—W. H. Dean.
Fairmount Heights—O. C. Sprague.
Haven—W. H. Barnes.
Mount Vernon—J. E. Roberts.
Mount Zion—D. E. Hays.
Nash—G. A. Davis.
Simpson—W. S. Jackson.
Tennallytown—John Barnett.
Union Mission—R. A. Hart.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs. Tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, president of the National Training School for Women and Girls, will hold dedicatory exercises at her school, to which a large number of representative people will attend.

Mr. Pittman Leaves.

Mr. W. Sidney Pittman left the city Wednesday afternoon for Texas, where he will arrange plans for a great college. He will be gone until next week. The Bee wishes him success.

Editor Slaughter.

Editor Slaughter is making the Odd Fellows' Journal a success. The Bee congratulates its able contemporary. Editor Slaughter is one editor who knows that there is room enough in this world for all humanity.

A Worthy Promotion.

Mr. Fielding L. Dodson, one of the best known employes in the Pension Office, has been promoted by Commissioner Davenport, to chief messenger to him. Mr. Dodson is no doubt one of the most competent employes in the department, and Commissioner Davenport never fails to promote those who are worthy of recognition. The Bee, as well as Mr. Dodson's large circle of friends, congratulates him.

Tag Day.

Tag day for the benefit of the Odd Fellows' Settlement, will be Easter Monday. Every patriotic citizen ought to purchase a tag for this worthy cause.

Song Services.

Song services at the 15th Street Presbyterian Church will be held tomorrow, Sunday, March 31, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Helping Hand Circle. Excellent music will be rendered.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)
On picking up the noon edition of the stinging Bee last Saturday, between the hours of 6 and 8 P. M., I observed that Bob Waring, my old college friend, and erstwhile blue-coated guardian of Seventh and F street corner, had taken his typewriter in hand, and edited a few letters off to get a line on the political situation. It appears that my old college chum is a Teddy man. Mighty queer how some fellows can see miracles and change over night. Now I recall along about four years ago, Bob Waring was doing as much hollerin' agin Teddy as a bellowing bull. But, of course, any man can change his opinion after he gets a glimpse of a cloud with a silver lining. Bob is a patriot.

And this reminds me that Rev. Corrothers too, is busy now working the political game to save souls from Hades by the ordinary religious route. I met the Right Reverend, who pastes his hair down close to his scalp with pomade, the other day and he handed me out a line of independent political talk, spiced with a few Democratic superlatives, that sounded to me like that old song they used to sing: "I done paid him in advance." But Rev. Corrothers, like his bishop, Alexander Walters, as we all know, is a man of millinaire possessions and so does not have to accept any provender from political bosses. It is repeated softly in select circles that the Right Reverend uses his own, personal, individual money in all his political undertakings. Of course some people will believe in revelations, but I just have such a peculiarly constructed cocoon that I can't get it through my skull that any colored divine is so unselfish and so race-interested, as to refuse to pick up a stray ten fifty spot handed him by politician. But with all of his feebleness, along political lines, Rev. Corrothers ain't so awfully bad. As I once before narrated, he is a likely fellow, with some mighty good parts, even if he does have capacious pockets in his trousers adapted for bills of large denominations. I really like him. He fills a mission in life.

Well sir, that was an awful jolt they handed my dear good friend Horner at the last meeting of the board. And the lemon they handed Tunnell was about four degrees tarter than a lime. And Mrs. Harris—well, my gallantry for the fair sex won't permit me to discuss her further than to say she just naturally got the wrong view through a bad pair of glasses. "I was up on the hill a couple of times this week, and if Tunnell had heard some of the bon mots thrown at him he would have concluded that he had missed his calling when he went to the hotel. The fact is the ex-head of King Hall, a now defunct Episcopal school of which he failed to make a howling success, as a member of the school board has been a dismal failure. He reminds me of the old colored fellow down in the mountains of Virginia, who when asked who he was for, replied "I ain't for, I's agin." The trouble with Tunnell is he started "to win fortune and fame and snatch popularity out of the macabrom of trouble by hugging a delusive hope that some day he might rule the roost. Now I know both him and Littl Lord Fauntleroy well. I used to matriculate under him in history, and used to confab with L. L. F. on terms of equality in or at various social functions, when I was a beau bromel before the charley horse clinched my under pins, and I can say without fear of contradiction, even by Kelly Miller, that when it comes to that serum they call brains, the teacher of history at Howard ain't in the same county with the unkempt, vandyked individual who was named after Roscoe Conkling. But somehow, Prof. King Hall Tunnell has got it into his West Indian gray matter that he's powerful just because he possesses a megaphone voice that is as musical as a volley fired by Madero's army. Some people do say that Tunnell was led to slaughter by the more persuasive brain of a product of Warrenton, Va. Now these two gentlemen, during the remainder of the time allotted to them to venerate around these diggings, ought to imitate that little bivalve they call a clam, and just have nothing more to say. I wonder what old Hague Tribunal Kelly Miller is saying now that his peculiar friend and faculty associate went down with a dull, sickening thud. Kelly's prognostications, like the Allens, down in Virginia, went wrong. But Kelly meant well. He really thought that both Tunnell and Horner could hit safe in the first inning, and make the bleachers believe they had a chance to sneak over one run. But neither one of them could connect with the public favor hit, and it was just three strikes and out. My friend West India Tunnell would confer a favor upon Howard, by getting the cramp out of his right hand long enough to pen one of those instruments in writing they call a resignation from the board. My friend Horner, I suppose, will continue on, like a bull in a china shop, doing the disturbance act. But their days of usefulness, on the board, will, from this time on, represent, like x, an unknown quantity. Really, both of these men have it in them to be useful fellows, if they will ever get their minds off themselves.

I was over in Baltimore last week, and while over there two or three individuals with mauve complexions asked me about Tom Jones. Now I ain't had Tom in this column since he found fault with something I said in connection with him, and in which I meant no reflection either on his eloquence or cuff-throwing away propensities. Well, I told these Baltimoreans that Thomas was getting the money, living on Eazy Street, and enjoying the best that is in life. I also averred that the loquacious attorney was a leader at the bar, and I

(Continued to page 8.)