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THE MONTANA PLAINDEALER.

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PEACE!
PROSPERITY!!
UNION!!!

We believe in the Booker T. Washington proverb: Learn to do a common thing in an uncommon way.

Helena and Montana.

Helena, according to Polk's City Directory of 1905, is a city of about 20,000, which we verily believe is about 5,000 too liberal; but that she lacks in population she makes up in public spirit and business activity.

These elements are recognized by the casual onlooker the moment he arrives in the city; the bustle in the business district and general enjoyment at once gives it the appearance of an Eastern city of 100,000.

We have an up-to-date and very modern electric street railway system, a complete gas and electric lighting system, and a splendid water works system.

In and around the city there are numerous summer resorts; within short drive is Ft. William Henry Garrison and scenic and stately Mount Helena, towering like a giant above the city, overlook our destiny and progress.

In this realm of pure atmosphere embracing climatic conditions, death rate is reduced to a minimum, and with a steady growth of improved civic conditions, we truthfully say that we know of a better place to live than in this part of the Northwest.

Here we find opportunities for business along all lines and avenues of life. There are thousands of undeveloped claims with their hidden treasures waiting to be unearched; ranches for cattle, sheep and poultry raising and other avenues of business, for the man with few dollars to invest, too numerous to mention.

There is a demand for good, reliable and industrious men in all lines of work. In and around Helena there is a dearth of good reliable labor; the wages are paid, from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, and women receive from \$25.00 to \$30.00 per month.

There is no room for the idle and idler hanger-on as there are too many of that kind here already. The demand is for men and women who are strong enough in character so as they will be unaffected by the environments that naturally result as a result of saloons, con-halls, etc., as obtains in this country.

Considering the advance in the cost of living here, over what is paid the cost of living here is no more, or as great as in the East. The opportunities for earning a competence is far greater, we verily believe that our best citizenship, by going to better its condition, can make no mistake by looking to the field and locating in or near Helena the Beautiful.

Undesirable Notoriety.

The colored population of Helena within the last thirty days, to a great extent, been in the limelight of public notoriety. While the course cannot be helped,

this notoriety, to say the least, is very undesirable.

The case on trial in the district court as we go to press, by reason of the long residence of the defendant and the creditable life of herself and family, have naturally made for them a host of friends who are loyally standing by them in their hour of distress. Others have attended out of morbid curiosity; the scenes in the corridors during the recess of court reminds one of an Emancipation Day celebration.

The case itself, of course, will take its course through the courts and receive the consideration which it deserves and we hope and trust that so far as the colored people are concerned, no occasion will ever again arise whereby our people shall be brought in the limelight for such undesirable notoriety.

Let's Pull Together.

It is conceded that the only way to accomplish results for the race is to put up a united front. Of course it is impossible for any people to all see alike but what we call a united front, is for a considerable portion of our people to come together on any proposition by which it is hoped to accomplish something for the race.

Some of us are not patient enough, when we have a set opinion, we fail to think the other fellow may have the same, and we fail to execute the principles of give and take.

If we accomplish results we must learn that great principle which is becoming universal, and learn to arbitrate our differences. In the future let us regard the other fellow's opinion and get together on some hypothesis for the benefit of the whole race, even though we are forced to arbitrate,

God Words for The Plaindealer.

We are in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1 of The (Helena) Montana Plaindealer. It is a 6-column folio, and bids fair to become a power in the journalistic world and accomplish great good for the race. It is owned and edited by our old-time friend and former townsman, Mr. Joseph B. Bass, which is a guarantee that the paper will be a strong exponent of the race's rights and will at all times demand a "square deal" for the Negro. Mr. Bass was one of the best known newspaper men in Kansas—a deep thinker and writer of rare ability. Before removing to Montana, Mr. Bass was on the staff of this paper and rendered excellent service. He is a perfect gentleman, and we hope the people of that city and state will give him the support that he so richly deserves.

The above clipping from *The Topoka Plaindealer*, one of the leading Negro journals of this country, published at the place where the editor of this publication has lived for more than a quarter of a century, indicates that if we presumed to be a prophet, we are not without honor in our own home, and it further shows that if a man or woman does things good or bad their deeds will follow them wherever they may go.

We shall continue on the even tenor of our way, doing all in our power for the uplift of the race with which our destiny is linked forever.

Thirty-three years ago David Henry, a Negro of Concordia, Kan., sold a piece of town property for \$2,800, and loaned the sum to John Hollis, of Mommouth, Ill., taking a deed to a farm as security. He never collected or attempted to collect his interest, and last winter, when Hollis died, and his family went to settle up his estate, it was found the farm was in Henry's name and would require nearly \$10,000 to secure it to the heirs. It has become very valuable property, and Henry has been notified that his money awaits his orders at Mommouth as soon as the property is deeded back to the estate. He will send the deed at once and collect his fortune.

Race News.

To the colored people of Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and other Southern States:

We are in receipt of a communication from Mr. W. G. Byrd, 675 Hood St., Portland, Ore., who says that excellent opportunities are now offered for progressive colored men and women who wish to improve their opportunities. There is great demand for them, as the white people of that section of the country are getting tired of Japs and Chinamen; they do not want anything but progressive and industrious colored men and women. No loafer or those who idle the year around need look towards Oregon, as the laws are very strict against that class and are rigidly enforced.

It strikes us very forcibly that the colored people of these states who wish to better their condition should go to a state like Oregon, where the laws are more equally interpreted. The schools are mixed, the laws are administered according to justice, and seldom, if ever, do the people judge by the color when it comes to business. Take advantage of the opportunity, and scatter over the great Northwest.—Topeka Plaindealer.

The above applies to Montana also, and all information desired can be secured by addressing The Montana Plaindealer, 21 So. Main Street, Helena, Mont.

H. C. Littlefield, foreman of the city delivery department in Mobile, Ala., resigned because he had to report to James T. Peterson, a Negro who was over him. So, also, did H. C. Sackeriff, the General Delivery Clerk.

Daniel Webster, retired Color Sergeant, 24th Infantry, is now en route to Washington carrying a \$4,000 present to Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth from Gen. Wood of the Philippines.

Every Negro is being urged to stay away from the Jamestown Exposition in Virginia, because of the "Jim-Crow conditions," by the latest Negro weeklies.

At Cash, Scott county, Miss., Lee Black, colored, who was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for carrying a pistol, has been lynched.

Ed Turner, who killed his mother; Coots May, who killed his wife, and Robert McGrew, for murdering a man, are to be hanged at Indianola, Miss., April 24.

Henry Johnson of Washington, D. C. has been appointed traveling inspector of chefs on the Pennsylvania R. R. system, a position never before filled by a colored man.

A number of Afro-American business men of St. Louis have organized an association for the purpose of buying or leasing ground for a summer park. The organization is to be called the Afro-American Stock Company.

Hon. William T. Francis, one of the most popular attorneys of the Northwest and connected with the legal department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at St. Paul, Minn., was successfully nominated as a member of the City Assembly on the republican ticket at the primary election a few days ago. His victory was enviable, and was due to the hearty support of the wealthiest citizens of Saint Paul.

Inventoried with the wines and whiskeys in the saloon of F. N. Castleman, at Berryville, Clark County, Va., Dan Robinson, an old Negro, was sold with the saloon to W. A. Harford & Co. It was stipulated in the bill of sale that Robinson was to be included in the purchase. No such transaction is recorded in Virginia since slavery.

The Southern California Real Estate and Investment Co., of Los Angeles, Cal., gave an elaborate reception on Monday evening at Wesley Chapel M. E. church in that city in honor of Major Allen Allensworth, retired Chaplain of the U. S. Army, who upon his re-

tirement was promoted to the grade of Lieut.-Colonel. The affair was a success in every particular and was attended by all the leading citizens of Los Angeles.

Wintertime Ball Player's Waterloo.

A representative of THE PLAINDEALER having in view the publishing of all meritorious news for the benefit of the public, and having had a tip on one who was supposed to be the real dope maker and premier baseball artist in this great western country, went out to the commons on last Sunday afternoon to see and report the sensational playing of this miraculous artist.

Our ideal ball player who had made good around a hot stove during December and January came on the field with his aggregation of assistants, and for practice purposes they said, as there was a team of juveniles there, they lined up to play them a game.

Our ideal placed himself at back stop, but he is so large that he has no difficulty in stopping a ball, so he is due but small credit for that.

He explained his short throwing to second by saying that he had a weak man in that position and did not want to throw the ball through him.

He explained that his great strength was at the bat and with a juvenile pitching it would be necessary to get a horse to chase the ball. We heaved a sigh when our ideal came to bat. "Strike one!" the umpire cried. "Strike two!" he cried, but we knew it would only take one to make good; we looked for our ideal to knock the ball for a home run the next one that came over the plate; it came gliding slowly out the hands of the juvenile pitcher and our ideal made a mighty swipe with the willow and groaned; it was all off, he had retired his side with two men on the bases. Four times up and it was the same old tale and the juvenile catcher said "Oh Fudge; you could not hit a balloon with a bass fiddle," and our ideal from the red hot stove had met his Waterloo.

We mused as we strolled away: Maybe when the clover shows up, Clover will make good,—maybe,—maybe.

The Bluff Failed to Work.

Greenwood, Mo., March 10, '06.

To the Negro occupants of this house:—You are hereby notified that a secret organization has been formed to protect Greenwood against negroes on Commonwealth avenue and we take this means of notifying you to move within one week after the receipt of this notice. If you have not done as requested you will be taken out, and hung to the large oak tree on the east lot of your house. If you cannot get out without putting our lives in danger, you will be assassinated.

Hangman, president; Sharpshooter, sec.; Deadnigger, treas.

Negroes Reply.

St. Louis, Mo., March 19, '06.

In regard to Mr. Scott White of Greenwood, Mo., we as a protective organization of Negroes will clean out the rough citizens of Greenwood in twenty minutes if Mr. Scott is disturbed by them.

If Mr. Scott has done anything wrong, let the law take its course. Jesse James, president; Jack Tracy, sec.; Sitting Bull, treas.

The editor of THE PLAINDEALER desires to announce that on account of the immense amount of territory to be covered and the varied amount of work incident to getting a substantial start for a newspaper, that it will be about three weeks before we can accept any of the numerous invitations to place this paper in neighboring towns.

Literary Laurels For Negro Poet.

James Ephraim McGirt of North Carolina, Seems to be a Worthy Successor to Paul L. Dunbar.

(Philadelphia North American.)

Up from North Carolina comes a young Negro poet in whom some critics profess to see a future Paul Lawrence Dunbar. He is the son of two old slaves; his father took his name from John McGirt, a cotton planter, whose property he was.

James Ephraim McGirt is the name of the poet. He was born in Robertson county, North Carolina, Jan. 14, 1877, and he is a graduate of Bennett college in Greensboro, a Negro institution, conducted by the Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society.

Having read English literature and poetry, studied Latin up to Livy and Greek to the "Iliad," delved into the intricacies of the language and learned how to express a thought, the poetic sentiment in him is not hampered by ignorance.

This verse from one of his poems called the "Spirit of the Oak," shows his facility of expression.

Birds I have sheltered many a year;
They hear the storm, desert in fear.
The strenuous eagle strives to stay,
But, ah! at last his heart gives way.
He stretches forth his feathered form
And sails to heaven above the storm.
Devoid of every earthly friend;
I stand undaunted until the end.
With head uplifted to the sky—
The spirit of the oak am I.

McGirt says he has been writing poetry and short stories since he was 12 years old, but his work has been much hindered by lack of resources.

He got through college by working in a tobacco factory, and after his graduation he taught school for a year. Then he put together some of his poems and published a small volume, from which he gave readings.

His first recognition was from the Southern newspapers at the time of the Spanish-American war, and it was not until recently that a Northern magazine accepted, paid for and published one of his poems called "When de Sun Shines Hot." This is the first verse:

No; dere ain't no use o' workin' in de blazin' summertime,
When de fruit hab filled de orchard an' de berries bend de vine,
Dere's enuf t' keep us libin' in de little garden spot.
An' dere ain't no use'n workin' w'hen de sau shines hot.

The receipt of that check was a proud moment in McGirt's life. It emboldened him to send some of his verses to literary personages of prominence.

Among those from whom he has received letters of commendation are Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis and Julian Hawthorne.

McGirt is now in this city endeavoring to raise enough money by subscription to insure the publication of a volume of poems and short stories. He has brought along a lot of samples. Here are excerpts from some of them:

Homesick.
Settin' by de window,
Gazin' at de snow,
Up here in de Norfland,
No friends dat I know.
Sick ob ways o' de city,
Tired ob de rip and tear;
Peaceful, happy Georgia—
Lord, if I was dare.
Banjo lyin' idle,
Not allowed to play,
People in de nex' room
Too much noise da say.

Thanksgiving Prayer.
Lord God I turn on this Thanksgiving day,
To view the path o'er which I've made my way,
Although a path of thorns my eye may greet,
Although I feel the sting still in my feet,
Although the harvest fail my barn to fill,
With grateful heart I bow and thank Thee still.

Experience.
They told me that the path I took was hard.

That many times my weary feet would bleed.

They said at last I'd find my way was barred—
I would not heed.

They bade me stop and go the other way;
This path, they said, Fate thorns and thistles strew;
But I was young; Ambition led the way—
I thought I knew.

But when my bleeding feet came to the end,
And I was bound and scourged by cruel Fate,

Alas! I cried, Pray let me start again!—
It was too late.

Born Like the Pines.
Born, like the pines, to sing,
The harp and the song in my breast,
Though far and near
Is none to hear,
I'll sing as the winds request.

To tell the trend of my lay
Is not for the harp or me.
I am only to know
From the winds that blow
What the theme of my song shall be.

Born, like the pines, to sing,
The harp and the song in my breast,
As the winds sweep by
I'll laugh or cry;
In the winds I cannot rest.

HEAR YE!

In the matter of recognition of the colored vote in the distribution of patronage by the incoming administration, we take it that they may have some friends to reward and no enemies to punish.

One of the tenets of true republicanism is that when a victory is won, no one should be disqualified on account of any position he may have taken in the primaries of his party; the only question is, was he loyal to the ticket? Otherwise from a political standpoint it would be the apex of political impudence for those who opposed the ticket to advise or ask for favors.

In fact we can conceive of no condition by which we could ask favors of those whom we fought.

THE PLAINDEALER gave its unqualified support to the successful ticket. We have no candidate for position, we are only interested to the extent of seeing some colored men get places whom were loyal to the success of the ticket. Had our man been defeated we certainly should have no favors to expect and most assuredly none to ask.

Mr. L. V. Graye purchased last week a business house and lot at corner of Joliet and Miller streets. The consideration was \$600. Let the good work go on.

SOME ADVICE.—AND A STORY.

There is a somewhat ancient lesson contained in the following from the New York World, but it is so excellent that the story is produced here:

"Don't advertise if you believe you are wasting money. Let your competitor waste his money on advertising, and perhaps in this way you'll soon put him out of business. Just stand back and laugh at him when you see him squandering his money for printers' ink. Once there was a boy named—we think his last name was Wanamaker, or maybe Money-maker; anyhow, his name was John, with some sort of a maker attached to his last name. He owned fifty yards of calico, three pairs of jeans, and a half dozen pairs of boots. He called this a dry goods store through a Philadelphia newspaper, and offered to sell a pair of socks for 39 cents. The don't-believe-in-advertising just laughed. Young John spent \$65 with a Philadelphia paper to advertise just one time, and not less than \$100 worth of goods. He was cautioned by the merchants who 'knew it didn't pay.' It was through sympathy that they offered him advice. But John did not listen to them, and went and blew his money foolishly; and today poor John sees the result of his misdoings,—he has so many large dry goods stores that he can hardly find time to study his Sunday School lesson. Can you see a lesson in this? Be a progressive up-to-date business man. Advertise your wares, if you want to sell them."