

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

"Big Boy!" This is the nickname the Hampton Institute students have for Allen Washington Washington, now associate commandant of cadets, who is officially known as "Captain Washington." He will be the successor of Maj. Robert R. Morton, the principal-lect of Tuskegee Institute.

Some years ago it was said that if Hampton had done no more than train Booker T. Washington, it would have paid for itself many times over. Recently the nation, especially the South, has been rejoicing that Major Morton, another distinguished graduate of Hampton, would soon take up Doctor Washington's heavy burden at Tuskegee. Today the friends of Hampton and of Negro education are rejoicing that another self-made, Hampton-trained man, Allen Washington, will become the commandant of cadets at Hampton, where he was graduated in 1892—a product of the pioneer work of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong.

Allen Washington came to the Hampton school from Gloucester county, a county which is well known on account of the large percentage of Negroes who own their farms and their homes; Negroes who are law-abiding and thrifty, and who have won the respect of the best white people because of their industry and good character.

Allen Washington entered the Hampton Institute in September, 1885, and became what is called a "work student;" that is, he worked by day at manual labor and then went to school for two hours on five nights of the week. In 1889 he finished the harness maker's trade and then spent two years in the Hampton day school academic department.

After his graduation Allen Washington was employed by day in the harness making shop and by night he helped in the commandant's department. During the next year he spent one-half of his day in the harness shop and one-half in the commandant's office. Little by little he became more active in the disciplinary work, and soon found his full stride in handling boys—handling them with sympathy and still with firmness.

The South has made no great headway with the colored soldier idea, though there is a company at Nashville, in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and some other southern states, where by actual count whites and blacks run about even, it was estimated. If the South has shrunk from the thought of colored soldiers, Uncle Sam has not been so particular. There are two regiments of colored cavalry now hunting Villa in Mexico, a regiment of colored infantry at Honolulu, and another enroute home from the Philippines. If the latter is destined to Mexico, as is quite likely, it is hoped that the gentlemen on the other side of the Rio Grande will not take it too much to heart at being soundly thrashed by soldiers who, on the average, are not marked by a more dusky type than themselves.—Correspondence Chicago Daily News.

It is said that moonshine whisky in the South, instead of being sold, is "left" by the roadside, the "purchaser" being expected to pick up the jug and leave the monetary equivalent, a case where failure may mean a reminder propelled by a well-known niter compound, one that whistles as it passes by the ear.

Considerable progress is being made by the District committee of colored citizens in charge of the campaign to raise \$5,000 in the District of Columbia for the benefit of the Booker T. Washington memorial fund. The effort is being waged to raise a fund of \$2,000,000 for the purpose of helping Tuskegee Institute, the Negro industrial school in Alabama, and making it a permanent monument to Booker T. Washington. Public meetings in the interest of this memorial fund were held every Friday evening at the colored Y. M. C. A. building, Twelfth street between S and T streets northwest. The officers in charge are Henry Lanster, chairman; Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, vice president; John R. Hawkins, financial secretary; Daniel Freeman, treasurer; R. W. Thompson, secretary; Dr. J. A. Cabanis, chairman ways and means committee; William H. Davis, chairman committee on publicity and promotion.

The pyramid of Cheops contains 4,000,000 tons of stone.

Dr. Hugo Philler, who died recently in Minneapolis, reached this country from Prussia during the Civil war and two days later enlisted and fought all through the remainder of the conflict, first in a New York regiment and later in the surgeons' corps.

For an aviator there has been invented in France apparatus which shows the speed at which his aeroplane is traveling, the velocity of the wind and the angle at which he is attacking it and whether he is rising or falling.

Shipments of German dogs have been received in this country which come by way of Turkey and Asia to China and thence to the United States.

Boxing is established as a regular exercise in the schools of Australia. If you have an argument with an Australian, speak softly.

The groundhog, or woodchuck, belongs to the same species as the squirrel. The prairie dog is another member of the same family.

Tuskegee Institute is a very interesting place, and every one of the teachers taking the course at the summer school seems so congenial and enthusiastic that I am sure great good will result from the meeting, writes a correspondent of the Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

There are 416 teachers, representing 16 states. Alabama is well represented. Birmingham leads in the greatest number from any one city, as she does in everything else.

Tuskegee is carrying out its usual plan, even though the summer school is made up entirely of teachers. The instructors breakfast at five o'clock, the other teachers at 6:15. Our classes begin promptly at seven o'clock, and you would be delighted to see how eagerly the teachers rush to prevent tardiness. We are under as strict rules as the student body.

From seven to 10:50 the classroom work is in full swing; at eleven we go to the assembly room to a lecture. Really, the lectures alone are worth the trip to Tuskegee.

Notable among those who have come to us are Prof. N. E. Tidwell, Dr. J. H. Phillips, Professor Hobdy and Mr. W. K. Tate of Peabody normal school of Nashville.

There are 500 students who are remaining here during the summer. They are working in the different departments in order that they might be able to continue their studies another year. I have visited the various buildings where they are at work, and I am sure I have never seen such thoroughness, such close application to duty. The beauty of it all is the happy, cheerful spirit which seems to pervade the whole place. The students who are being trained here under such splendid instructors cannot fail to take their places very creditably and acceptably in the world.

In the New York Charity Organization Bulletin there is made a statement that will probably be surprising to most of the people who read it. "The Negro," according to this high authority, "is more self-reliant in poverty than the white living under the same conditions. He is slower to seek assistance, and more eager to be independent again."

These are certainly admirable peculiarities, and the Bulletin, assuming, as is safe, the truth of its assertion, is well justified in asking if in them there is not to be seen a promise to the Negro of ultimate success in his struggle for recognition. It is also somewhat surprising to learn, or at any rate to hear, from the same source, that the environment of the Negroes in that city is more than ordinarily favorable to them, and that in Harlem, with its wide cross streets and the broad, clean stretches of Seventh and Lenox avenues, they have been able to develop their capacities for orderly, intelligent, and prosperous living to a greater degree than almost anywhere else. This they have done through business and professional relations with each other in a fairly homogeneous community of 50,000 colored people.

They have not forgotten to be kind, either, for the Charity Organization society has a special committee in Harlem of 19 colored men and women, working efficiently with a colored "visitor," employed jointly by the organization and the Harlem Relief society.

Charles J. Orbison addressed a mass meeting of colored Y. M. C. A. workers in the auditorium at Indianapolis on "The Benefit of Organized Effort." The meeting was the second of a series leading up to the launching of the most aggressive membership campaign so far undertaken by the colored branch. The local organization for years held the record for the largest membership among the colored Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States. Recently the associations at Washington, Chicago and Philadelphia pushed Indianapolis down to fourth place, with a membership of 565 men, although this city maintains a \$100,000 building and offers cheaper fees for membership. In the points of Bible class attendance, employment obtained for men and educational work Indianapolis still leads.

It is hoped to obtain 500 new members in the campaign. The membership fee for this period has been reduced one-half. Teams of five members each are being formed for the canvass. Many employees in the large factories are organizing to assist in placing Indianapolis at the front again.

The co-operation of the Negro population of Washington in the clean-up and beautification movement was enlisted by Dr. Charles C. Green, city health officer, and leader of the sanitation campaign. At a meeting held at the colored Carnegie library Principal J. D. Ryan appointed the central committee of well-known Negroes which is to co-operate with Doctor Green and to appoint the subcommittees all over the city. Plans were formulated for the part which the Negroes are to take in carrying out the campaign.

During Baby week the Negroes of New York city, under the leadership of the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes, 2303 Seventh avenue, paid special attention to health matters affecting the older children and adults as well. Practically every social welfare organization working among colored people co-operated in the observance of Negro Health week, which was started as an annual affair last year.

There are nearly 2,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewed shoes.

After the Storm



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THE rain fell steadily on the drenched earth. From the blossoming apple orchards waves of perfume wafted over the land.

Sarah Lewis glanced up sharply as her son came into the room. "Where are you going Peter?" she asked.

"Down to the choir practice," he answered quietly.

The old woman looked out into the fast falling dust. She felt that what she had to say could be more easily spoken if her son's big brown eyes were not watching her furtively.

"Do you remember what happened twenty years ago tomorrow, my son?" she asked.

"Certainly, mother, I remember. I am not likely to forget it," he replied.

"I hope you never will, my son. You were but seven then, Peter, but you must remember that sad homecoming of your slain father. Perhaps you even remember that the body of another soldier was brought here at the same time by the same train. You know who I mean—Asa Lynn. He fought on the Confederate side."

"I know it, mother," said Peter, gently.

Only nineteen years had passed since the close of the Civil war—the events of that disastrous period were vividly present in Sarah Lewis' memory.

"Asa Lynn fought on the wrong side," she went on in a bitter tone. "It may even have been his hand that took your father's life. We shall never know."

"I, for one, shall give him the benefit of the doubt," said Peter gravely. "Because he was Bessie Lynn's father, I suppose."

He flushed deeply and a determined look came into his face. "You should know me better than that, mother," he said shortly.

"I know you better than you think, my son. I've heard—I've seen—I know what is going on between you and Bessie Lynn, whose father fought in the Confederate army and who very likely murdered your poor father!"

"Ah, I don't like to look at it in that horrible way, mother! I always like to think of them both as brave men fighting for what they believed to be the right. Now, kiss me, mother, I'm going. Aren't you going to pray meeting tonight?"

"No," said Sarah Lewis decidedly. "It is at Mrs. Lynn's and you know we haven't spoken for twenty years, and never shall speak if I have my way. I hope this rain doesn't spoil all the flowers. I want to put some on your father's grave in the morning before the crowd gets to the cemetery."

"The snowball bush is almost breaking down with its load of blossoms and the lilacs are out," said Peter pacifically as he left the house.

Sarah Lewis watched him until his sturdy form disappeared down the darkening road.

"I wouldn't have cared if it had been any other girl than Bessie Lynn," she groaned bitterly. "I suppose Mary Lynn is just easy enough not to mind—but I do!"

It was not raining on the morning of Memorial day, but it was a pale and watery sun that shone on the headstones in the Edgerly churchyard.

The Lewis plot and the Lynn plot were side by side, separated only by iron chains looped from granite posts.

The graves of the two soldiers were almost side by side—rather less than four feet apart, only the soft turf and the sagging chain between.

This very proximity of the graves was another drop in Sarah Lewis' bitter cup. Once an ambitious periwinkle had crept from Asa Lynn's grave under the chain and had proceeded to establish itself directly over the resting place of the other soldier.

Mary Lynn and her daughter had discovered it and had left it untouched. When Sarah discovered it she tore it ruthlessly up by the roots and flung it contemptuously into the adjoining lot.

So, in like manner, she had repelled all the gentle advances of Mary Lynn and her daughter.

Early in the morning Sarah and Peter carried great baskets of flowers to the churchyard. They heaped the well-kept mound with snowballs and lilacs and blood-red sprays of Japan quince, not forgetting such a liberal display of the national colors as befit the occasion.

But Asa Lynn's grave was bare save for its green covering of turf and the blue-green periwinkle.

Peter had finished his task and was gazing wistfully at the flowers still remaining in his basket.

"Mrs. Lynn and Bessie have been called over to Plantville," he said hesitatingly. "Her sister is sick. I don't suppose you'd want me to put these over there"—he nodded across the chain.

"You did this, Sarah," she quavered. "It was good of you to forget at last."

But Sarah Lewis raised a protesting hand. "No, I am not good enough to have done it! God did it himself with his wind and storm to rebuke me! I suppose he thought if he could forgive them for fighting, surely a wicked old woman like me—"

Then Peter unhooked the chain and Mary Lynn came forward and put her arms around his sobbing mother. She motioned to the other to leave them.

Bessie and Peter went away together.

It was, indeed, discouraging to endeavor to bring up a son to an inheritance of patriotic hatred and then have him refuse it!

It was a tempestuous evening. The sun disappeared in a cloud bank and soon it began to storm fiercely. During the night a hurricane lashed the earth mercilessly and stripped the remaining blossoms from the orchard trees.

At daylight it cleared and, after they had breakfast, Peter and his mother made their way to the churchyard to see what havoc the storm had wrought. Peter bore with him a

basket of flowers gathered in anticipation of what the storm might do.

As they entered the gate they saw Bessie Lynn and her mother passing in almost beside them.

The two older women nodded stiffly. Bessie smiled uncertainly and Peter hesitated rather awkwardly.

Arriving at the objective point at about the same time, the four stood speechless at the transformation wrought by the storm—where there had been two graves now appeared only one, an unclosed area covered with water-soaked purple and white.

As if to emphasize the futility of sectional bitterness, not a single flag remained above the grave of the Federal soldier, but one had found a lodgment directly over the spot where the fallen Confederate slept.

And this May morning, with the song of birds and the smell of flowers, seemed very far removed from battlefields.

Mary Lynn lifted her tear-filled eyes.



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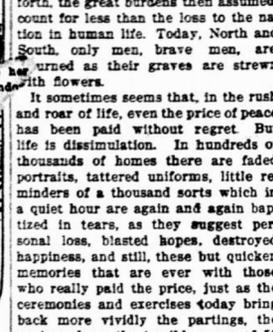
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THE KITCHEN CABINET

The reason why men who mind their own business succeed is because they have so little competition.

Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.

TASTY VEGETABLE DISHES.

When sowing garden seeds, do not fail to grow some of the delicious Chinese or celery cabbage. As a salad it rivals lettuce, while cooked like spinach it is delightful.

It need not be sowed until August and before the first frost it is stored in the cellar for winter use.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Remove the wilted leaves from a three-pound head of cabbage, then break off enough leaves to line a bowl the size of the cabbage. Shred the cabbage, add a tablespoonful of butter and just water enough to cook it without burning; stew for twenty-five minutes.

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Efficiency is the power of doing one's most and best, in the shortest time and the easiest way, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.

VALUABLE LEMON.

There are few places where one is unable to procure a lemon, and there are worse things than "being handed a lemon," Thompson says: "The antiscorbutic value of fruits is illustrated particularly by certain varieties which furnish potash salts as well as lime and magnesia. Among these are to be mentioned apples, lemons, limes and oranges."

Lemon juice is a well-known remedy for seasickness and nausea and as a cooling and refreshing drink in fevers it does more to diminish the craving of thirst than any other form of beverage.

Lemons are most delightful as flavor for various dishes as appetizers, or as fruit desserts. An eighth of a lemon with a bit of fish is an accompaniment altogether indispensable. The color is of value, appealing to the eye, thus adding to the value of the food thus garnished.

Lemon Pie.—Make a rich crust and fill with the following—mix together two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, two cupfuls of water, the yolks of three eggs, the juice of two and a half lemons, and two tablespoonfuls of butter; cook until smooth, fill the crust and cover with a meringue made of the three whites of eggs, using three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in a moderate oven.

Queen of Lemon Pie.—This is a pie especially for the fastidious who do not like a meringue. The crust for this pie is not previously baked, and the mixture is poured into the shell and baked. Take a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, mix well, then add a cupful of milk and mix four tablespoonfuls of flour in a little of the milk, or it may be added to the sugar and butter; add the juice and rind of a lemon, a pinch of salt and yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten; then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, stir until lightly mixed, pour into the uncooked pastry and bake until firm. It will have a spongy top much like sponge cake, and very delicious.

There is no duty we so much under-rate as being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves.—R. L. Stevenson.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.—Anon.

SOME MAIN DISHES.

In preparing a main dish the dessert will vary, as a light dessert should be preceded by a heavy main dish and vice versa.

Hamburg Luncheon Dish.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of salt and a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper with a pound and three quarters of hamburger steak and pat into a thin loaf.

Sprinkle the bottom of the roasting pan with flour and salt, place the meat in the pan and dredge with flour; place six strips of bacon over the meat and eight small, round potatoes around it after they have been parboiled ten minutes. Dust with flour and dot with bits of butter on each.

Roast for thirty minutes in a moderate oven. In the meantime heat a can of vegetable soup and when the meat is done, place it on a platter, pour the hot soup around it and garnish with the potatoes.

Pot Roast of Veal.—Try out two ounces of suet and remove the cracklings. Put a four pound rump of veal in the fat and brown carefully; remove from the pot and add a pint of stewed tomatoes, three diced carrots, two teaspoonfuls of salt and an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper; add a pint of stock and the meat with the bones and cook slowly for four hours. When the meat is tender remove and let it cool slightly so it will not fall apart when carved. Thicken the gravy with flour, add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and serve.

Salmon Loaf.—Drain a pound of salmon and shred fine; add three egg yolks well beaten, a half cupful of crumbs, a tablespoonful of melted butter and the egg whites beaten stiff. Mix well and bake in a buttered baking dish until firm.

Opposed to Display.

An old janitress employed at a college dormitory overheard a group of girls discussing a gift of \$10,000 which recently had been given to the school by a rich alumnus. She loved to gossip, so she joined the group. "Well," she commented, "I think it's nice, fer them that's able to give presents to the college, but I don't think they ought to have their names stuck up all over the campus. I see Alma Mater has got her name up over the entrance!"

Better Than Kerosene.

Alcohol is the best thing to use in cleaning the sewing machine. If applied with absorbent cotton held in a small pair of forceps the fingers can be kept clean, and the oil and dust will be found to disappear very quickly. Alcohol does not leave its traces on the material you are sewing on, as kerosene is very apt to do.

Daily Thought.

The greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sinners and people.—Emerson

Oh, Hush!

An authority on zoology, Ellen Vestin, author of "From Jungle to Zoo," says that there are only two absolutely dumb animals in the world. They are the giraffe and the kangaroo.

PEACE

By Douglas Malloch

Take down the battered bugle
And let it speak again—
Let the drum's mad beat
In the sunlit street
Keep time for the marching men.

Unfurl the tattered banner
To wave as once of yore
O'er the sleeping head
Of the soldier dead
Who shall look on its folds no more.

Take down the battered bugle
And sound the old-time note—
Let us listen still
To the message shrill
That comes from its ancient throat.

But the red and rusted rifle,
The sword with the battle scar,
Shall leap not again
To the breasts of men—
Let them hang where they are,
Where they are!