

JOCKO AND DONNA

By J. B. UNDERWOOD.

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"Hey! Git back, ye ugly spalpeen!" roared Flaherty, the zoo keeper.

Jocko grimaced at him and rattled at his bars. Jocko did not like Flaherty any more than Flaherty liked Jocko. Jocko was a bald-headed chimpanzee, and in poor health; Flaherty was a well-meaning, kind-hearted, rough-voiced Irishman, who had lately landed and had secured the position because something in his locks appealed to Doctor Hoffman, the president of the zoological society.

But if Jocko was an ailing specimen of his race, Donna, the orang-outang, was a perfect lady. Donna and Flaherty liked each other just as much as Flaherty and Jocko disagreed. So, when the story came to Flaherty's ears that Donna was to die, he went to the president-director with a rueful face.

"It's like this, Flaherty," explained Doctor Hoffman. "The only thing that can cure Jocko is an infusion of fresh blood, and Donna, as the healthiest of the primates, has been selected. It may not kill Donna, but then, again, it may, because those apes are very delicate in captivity."

"But why not let Donna live and let Jocko die?" asked Flaherty miserably.

"Because, my boy, Donna is just a common orang, such as can be procured anywhere, while Jocko is one of the bald-headed chimpanzees, and it might be years before we could secure another."

"It's curious about the apes," he continued. "The blood of all the apes is transfusible. It differs hardly at all from that of man. On the other hand,



Swore in Simian Language as Flaherty Passed.

to inject the blood of any other vertebrate would cause immediate death. In that we see the truth of the hypothesis that apes and men have a common ancestor."

"What, sor!" exclaimed Flaherty, who had never heard of the Darwinian theory. "Dyouse mean to tell me, sor, that Jocko and me had the same grandfather?"

"Well, yea, if you go a little further back along the tree," said Doctor Hoffman.

"My grandfather niver was up a tree in his life, except apple trees," answered Flaherty indignantly.

"All the same, Donna has to go," answered Doctor Hoffman. "And, by the way, Flaherty, there's one thing I wanted to speak to you about. I am told you are not kind to Jocko."

"Begorra, I niver hit the craythur in me loife!" said the attendant.

"Perhaps not, Flaherty, but you must remember that the primates are very susceptible to unkindness. I understand you have been heard to address Jocko harshly. If that occurs again you will have to find another position. He is a helpless vertebrate in your care, and you should consider it a point of honor to treat him well."

"Yis, sor," muttered Flaherty, as he made his way from the other's presence.

The thought of Donna's doom weighed down his heart. He stood before her cage that night after the zoo had been closed and watched her eating her supper. Donna put her head against the bars and Flaherty scratched it. Donna liked Flaherty to be near her. In his cage adjoining Jocko scolded and chattered. But Flaherty had no heart to pay him any attention. On the ensuing Sunday morning Donna was to give up her life for the worthless Jocko.

That evening Flaherty paid a visit to the zoo doctor, an elderly German, who attended all the animals.

"Can't you save Donna's life?" he asked.

The elderly German was an frascible man, but he was as sentimental as

most Germans are, and he was touched by Flaherty's solicitude.

"There may be a chance," he answered. "But I doubt it. It's those fine, strong apes that generally go off at the least thing. Now if it had been the other way round, he'd live through it and flourish. Why, he's been living for years now with blood that would kill you or me."

"Doctor," said Flaherty, "is it true that apes have the same blood as men have?"

"Quite true," answered the doctor. "The difference is, in fact, imperceptibly small."

"Then phwhy wouldn't a man's blood do instead of Donna's?" asked Flaherty.

The old doctor looked at him gravely. "It would," he answered. "But where are you going to find the man who will give his blood for an ape?"

"Here!" answered Flaherty, beating his breast. "I'll do it, doctor."

The doctor was at first indignant, then surprised. Then, after ten minutes of earnest conversation, he allowed himself to be persuaded.

"You must be very fond of Jocko," he said.

"No!" cried Flaherty. "But I'm not going to let a lady like Donna be killed for the sake of a wretched, measly, spindly craythur like Jocko."

The operation had been performed successfully. One of the zoo employes had given away the story, and it had appeared in all the newspapers. Flaherty and Jocko were depicted side by side, in the cage and on the operating table. And Flaherty, pale and weak, and nursing a bandaged arm, nursed his wrath also as a constant stream of reporters and visitors who had read of the affair came to see him as he limped about his work.

In Jocko's cage a new Jocko, much more alert, much fatter, and much angrier, sat, and he shook the bars and chattered and swore in simian language as Flaherty passed.

"He doesn't seem very fond of you, in spite of what you did for him," suggested a lady visitor.

"Look, mamma!" exclaimed a little girl. "That is the monkey man who loves Jocko. Does Jocko love the monkey man as much as the monkey man loves Jocko, mamma?"

"It don't look like it," sneered a fat man, as Jocko thrust his arm through the bars and shook his fist at his keeper.

Flaherty turned away, sick at heart. He could have borne the sneers and taunts and misunderstanding, if—if Donna had known. But she would never know that he had saved her from death. When he went back the house was nearly empty. He passed Donna, who put her head against the bars, and Flaherty scratched it. In the cage adjoining Jocko began to chatter at him.

"Hey! Git back, ye ugly spalpeen, or I'll knock the head offen you!" he roared, raising his arm, and Jocko fled quivering into the recesses of his cage.

A shadow fell upon the sunlit floor. Doctor Hoffman was passing with a friend, and Flaherty, trembling, waited for the word of dismissal. But the director turned to his friend with a smile of amusement.

"Yes, that is our hero," he said. "He loves Jocko so much that he scolds him to avoid showing his feelings."

Value of Honey.

Honey is as wholesome and nourishing as concentrated refined cane sugar is unwholesome and lacking in nourishment. Honey is a medicine as well as a food. Give it to the children in place of candy. Be sure, however, that you get pure honey. Glucose is more harmful than sugar. There are important differences even in pure honey, according to the conditions under which it is made, just as there is a great difference in fruit, according to the soil on which it is grown. Dark red honey is much the best, although the people demand light yellow honey. Just as they insist on light colored dried fruit, because they eat with their eyes and do not think.

Serious Waste of Money.

Because of the improper drying of corn a vast amount of money is wasted in the payment of freight. It is estimated that 436,682 tons of water are shipped with corn every year. This would fill 14,556 freight cars of 60,000 pounds capacity, making a train more than 110 miles long.

Nothing Flirtatious.

"See the sixth floor of that office building?"
"Yep."
"That girl is waving her handkerchief at me."
"Come on, you near sighted chump. That's a man cleaning windows."

Cause and Effect.

"Did you see where the Belgian women threw scalding water on the German soldiers?"
"Then no wonder they were reported to be boiling with rage."

Speaking of the defendant in an assault case a witness said: "He is a jealous man. He is jealous of everybody. He would be jealous of a broom standing in the corner."

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

In innumerable perplexing cases of community and extension work the correct understanding of the situation and the way to meet it is dependent upon the colored members of the force. The same need is often felt in the inner life of the school, and in the relations of parents to it. The homes of the colored workers, which are unpretentious, comfortable, beautiful and admirably kept, are accessible to the imitation of the surrounding community. The negroes who are ambitious for better things feel that these intimate friends of theirs came from conditions like their own, and possess habits and standards which they also can attain. These colored workers understand also how to organize for practical benefit the devoted gratitude of the community to the school. They are the mediators to their own people of the best white influence, and bring the white members of the faculty into helpful relations. To this influence they are continually opening their own lives, that they may convey to their people nothing less than the best things.

Their attitude to the white members of the faculty was expressed recently by President Amiger, whose sister is one of Calhoun's colored teachers, in an address to the pupils and negro workers. "You can never appreciate too highly," he said, "the influence of those who bring to you the finer things gained by their inheritance of generations of culture." It was a superb thing for such a man to say, and only a superb man could say it. This word is often repeated by the colored force. "What we value above all else," they say, "is the continual inspiration from our white leaders to richer thoughts and more efficient service and larger life." The appreciation does not end with words. An eminent friend of the school affirmed at a critical moment in its history, that he had never seen a finer and more practical devotion than was proved by the action of these colored workers. Yet this grateful recognition is not dependent imitation. The negro who has found himself receptive but not imitative. He transforms all that he receives into his own genius, where it becomes a new contribution to civilization.

Are these people exceptional? Such a school attracts and develops exceptional qualities. But some have come from the plainest cabins and from most repressive conditions. They are representatives of results generally possible to the spirit which safeguards every valuable quality of both races, and so attains their most workable cooperation.—Charles Henry Dickinson, in charge of religious and extension work.

The city federation of negro women's clubs met at Quinn chapel, Chicago. There were 275 women, representing fifty-two colored women's clubs. The organization voted to join the United Charities. A committee was appointed to ask Governor Dunne to appoint Mrs. Mary Waring to the commission for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of negro freedom.

Out of the 280,000 farms in Missouri approximately 3,753 are owned by negroes. They range in size from three to 260 acres, and are worth, land, buildings, live stock and everything else on them, \$27,768,750, using the average value of a Missouri farm as the basis for computation. The negro population of Missouri is 157,452.

Woman suffrage was indorsed and a plea for representation in congress of the 10,000,000 negroes in the United States was made in the annual address of Rev. E. C. Morris, president of the national Baptist convention, at the session of the organization at Philadelphia. "The suffrage movement had its foundation in the fact that taxation without representation is unjust, and no class or race is better prepared by experience to sympathize with such a movement than the colored people." "The capital of our nation," he said, "is a hotbed of race hatred, and from there it will continue to spread to all sections of the country until the negro men shall be elected to congress and speak for themselves.

"As Christian workers," the speaker added, "we are for peace, and we pray for the time to come when nations shall study war no more, and yet as true Americans in the face of all discriminations we stand ready to defend the flag of our country against any foreign foe."

More than 5,000 delegates from nearly every state in the Union were in attendance upon the convention.

There has been another biennial convention of women's clubs, but this time the press has not kept the public informed as to its program, its scope or its aims. Therefore when Zona Gale and I were privileged to receive an invitation to attend this convention through our fellowship with the Frederick Douglass Center, we accepted, expecting possibly to see some good reason why this group of 400 delegates, representing 50,000 other club women, should be isolated to do their work unaided by groups of white women doing exactly the same work simply because there was some fancied racial characteristic or a difference in the complexion which kept them apart.

The convention met at Wilberforce university, one of the oldest schools for colored people in the country. The school was opened in 1847 and was incorporated as a university in 1856. It is co-educational, is well equipped, has its trades building with fine auditorium in Galloway hall, where the convention met.

The thirty university buildings are ideally situated three and a half miles from Xenia, among splendid oak trees.

We arrived with many others and were duly registered and assigned to one of the dormitories before our racial difference was discovered, and one of us might have gone through the entire session without discovery based upon physical characteristics had we not said that we were there upon invitation of the president of the association. We were then taken to the home of the president of the university, where we were cared for with generous hospitality by Professor and Mrs. Scarborough during our entire stay.

The reception to the delegates in the evening was marked by nothing to distinguish it from any other well dressed, well mannered body of club women except perhaps that there was a modesty and fitness of dressing not often seen in similar assemblies.

The regular session opened on Tuesday morning with Mrs. Booker T. Washington in the chair. The program included men who did not differ from men in other groups who failed to keep within the time limit of speaking and who sometimes forgot that they were not speaking to intellectual inferiors or to children. They were indulgently dealt with by the president, an indulgence which was never shown to women, for no paper was allowed to go beyond the time assigned to it.

The program contained reports from nearly every state in the Union, showing an amount of charitable and welfare work hardly realized by those not in touch with the work. Such subjects as "Suffrage," "The Negro in Literature," "How May the Club Spirit Best Serve the Community Life of Which We are a Part," "The Cause of Temperance," "Health and Hygiene," "Tuberculosis," etc.—Unity.

The Negro Farmer, a bi-weekly published at Tuskegee, Alabama, under the able leadership of Isaac Fisher, whom the readers of Unity first knew as principal of the Arkansas Industrial College for Colored People, lies before us with an attractive frontispiece and suggestive pages. "Book farming" is no longer the scandal of the hard worker in the fields. His sneers have been suppressed. It has been demonstrated that science is practical; machinery, labor-saving; and brains, good fertilizers.—Unity.

An army of colored Odd Fellows attending the seventeenth session of the Biennial Movable Committee of the order was present when the sessions opened at the People's Temple in Boston. About 5,000 visitors and delegates were on hand. At the opening session addresses were delivered by Governor Walsh, Mayor Curley, Edward H. Morris, of Chicago, grand master; James F. Needham, Philadelphia, grand secretary; E. P. Jones, grand master for Mississippi; Dr. John B. Hall and others. The Past Masters' council, the Grand Staff council and the Household of Ruth, the latter the female auxiliary, also met during the week.

A smoking tree is one of the natural wonders of Ono, Japan. Strange to say, it smokes only in the evening, just after sunset, and the smoke issues from the top of the trunk.

In the midst of alarms from the Balkans the fact that the city of Tirnova the ancient capital of Bulgaria, has been nearly destroyed by an earthquake, passed almost unnoticed.

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