

# THE BEE

## WASHINGTON

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### OPEN LETTER

To President Taft:

I very much regret, Mr. President, that you have failed to appoint Mr. W. H. Lewis Assistant Attorney General of the United States. The consensus of opinion is, Mr. President, that you don't intend to appoint him; that your declaration made some time ago was an election ruse. I am not inclined to believe it, but I would like you to dispel the doubt that is in the minds of the colored voters in this country.

I want to tell you, Mr. President, that your colored advisors have been misleading you. It is to be regretted that you have failed to select men who are not after office for your advisors. A man who is seeking an office will no doubt agree with anything you say, especially if it is against the other fellow. After all, Mr. President, I believe that you would do better toward the colored man if there were not so many false leaders among us. I don't know who your advisors are, but I do know, whoever they may be, that their advice to you has been fatal, and quite likely disastrous, to the Republican party, so far as the colored vote is concerned.

There are some colored men in this country who would have you to believe that they control the colored vote, especially Negro Bishops. I don't want you to become intoxicated with the thought, Mr. President, that any colored Bishop, in any denomination, is able to control the colored vote in this country. The colored voter has found so many false leaders that he has decided to think and act for himself. It was so in the recent election. Certain colored ministers in the State of New York endeavored to persuade their congregations to vote the Republican ticket, but were politely informed that their congregations intended to vote to suit themselves.

This will be the position that the colored voters will take in 1912. They have long since ceased to deal in glittering generalities. They want to see something, in deed and in fact. You must not think, Mr. President, because a man is a Bishop that he is all powerful in this country. You have deceived yourself and have been deceived.

I want to call your attention to the gross discrimination that is in existence in the several executive departments against the colored employees. Have your executive heads had an understanding with the administration that colored employees are to be treated unlike other people? Was this propaganda submitted to the colored Bishops and other so-called representatives of the race before it went into operation? In the Interior Department, especially, colored clerks are not permitted to eat at the public table set apart for the clerks. Conditions to-day in the several departments are worse than they were under the administration of President Cleveland.

Now, what do you intend to do about it, Mr. President? Do you intend to allow this discrimination to continue? Permit me, if you please, to inform you that the colored American is about to leave the Republican party. I don't care what others may say to the contrary, the colored voter is about to leave the grand old party. Side-show announcements of colored appointments will not stem the tide. The colored man is mad and crazy, and every administration colored man who tells you to the contrary is deceiving you.

Your Attorney General has no love for the colored man. The colored man does not expect anything from your Attorney General, and you might as well know it now, before it is too late. Lilly-whitism, which has been allowed to permeate your administration, will be a deadly cost to the Republican party.

The time has come, Mr. President, to give you to understand that the colored Americans do not intend to continue to be the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water and the 'catspaw' to pull chestnuts out of the fire for those who have been using the colored man since his emancipation.

Have you ever investigated the condition of the colored people in this city, Mr. President? Have you ever thought of calling on the Engineer Commissioner for a bill of particulars as to the treatment the colored employees receive in his department of the District government? You are aware, Mr. President, that the Engineer Commissioner has been very active in attacking the honesty of your Board of Education. His attack, Mr. President, has done one thing—as fast as a colored teacher dies or resigns the school is closed. Such conditions don't obtain in the white schools, Mr. President, under Superintendent Stuart. You have great faith in D. Booker T. Washington, Mr. President. Kindly read the pen picture he draws of the man who is at the head of the colored schools. If you will suggest to the Superintendent, Mr. Stuart, to give the colored schools a new head, I am confident that you will realize what you want. It cannot be done under our present management of the colored schools. Consult men, Mr. President, and not cowards.

Hoping that you may have a successful year and realize the necessity of changing your policies, is the urgent wish of

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

Sage of the Potomac.  
Editor of The Bee: The Sage of

the Potomac is at fault in saying that the men whom I named were the exceptions. It was just the reverse; they were not only college men, but were not appointed upon "influences," but were required to pass examinations as rigid as there are in the present civil service.

Rev. Waring and Cornwell attained their high clerkships—the highest held by colored men for many years—under the civil service of 1871—competitive, too.

I tried to impress the Sage that the men whom I named won their distinction in their activity in public affairs before coming into the service—they had done something.

The editor of The Bee was a full-fledged lawyer and newspaper man and was meddling in public affairs before he was a clerk. True, I did not mention Dancy, McKinlay, Asbury, Jones and Kelly Miller; they were struggling, but had done nothing. Whatever has come to them has been since they had the courage to quit the service and do as the men I mentioned—do something.

The clerks of to-day and the messengers may be, and many of them are, bright and brainy, but they have done nothing; and how could they overshadow our public men of to-day? Men overshadow others when they live about their fellows. Those men of whom he writes some day overshadow our public men of to-day, or those of the future, but not so long as they remain mere clerks and messengers.

Terrell, Dancy, Tyler, Anderson, Pinchback, Lewis and Vernon have done something; hence they are not overshadowed by the persons whom the Sage mentions.

I am glad I wrote the first article, because it took the Sage out of his accustomed slangy, suggestive, rag-time way of writing of "Men and Things."

The Bee is a family paper, he should remember, and his column is too valuable to fall into the low, suggestive, slangy, rag-time style that he seems to prefer to a higher plane. Let him adopt a loftier style, and his column may even overshadow The Bee itself.

Let us hope he may turn about face and give us something that we all may read with profit. I am still a reader of The Bee.

**Farewell to Old 1910.**  
Good-by, naughty nineteen ten, with all of your grief and pain;  
With your snow and frost and blizzards, and your storm clouds and your rain;  
With your earthquakes, comet big fires, and your tumult and your strife—  
Good-by, naughty nineteen ten; you've taken many a life.

Good-by, good old nineteen ten, we love you all the same,  
For you brought us so much sunshine, so much joy, and wealth and fame;  
Such glad songs and such sweet music, made such lovely flowers grow;  
Good-by, good old nineteen ten; we hate to see you go.

Good-by, sad old nineteen ten, with all of your woes and sorrows, disappointments, bitter tears;  
With your miseries and your burdens, borne alike by friend and foe;  
Good-by, sad old nineteen ten; it is time that you should go.

Good-by, dear old nineteen ten; you've been a dear old friend;  
You've been good and kind and cheerful, and we've loved you to the end;  
For you've given us time to worship, time to reap, and time to sow;  
Good-by, dear old nineteen ten; we loathe to see you go.

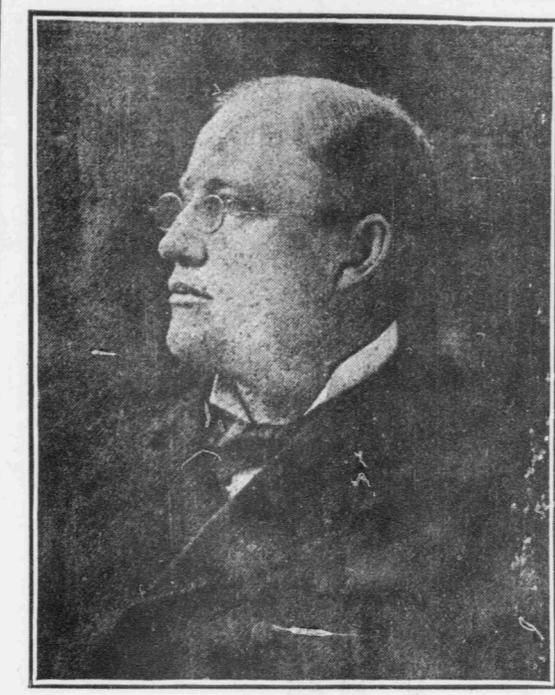
**Welcome, 1911.**  
Welcome, welcome, New Year, let the bells all ring;  
Welcome, welcome, New Year, all join in and sing;  
Welcome, welcome, New Year, for our hope's in thee;  
May this dawning New Year set all people free.

—James Conway Jackson.

**A New Steamboat Company.**  
A New York capitalist has been promoting a new steamboat company, where the colored people of the District of Columbia will have a new three-trip place within 15 miles of the Capital on the Potomac River.

Mr. Jefferson F. Coage, President of the Steamer Jane Mosley, has been selected as manager of the new company. The plans for this new company will mature by March 1. An up-to-date resort for respectable colored people is hereby planned. Three trips will be made daily for the sum of \$100 to churches, clubs and organizations desirous of chartering.

This new boat will be one of the finest that will run upon the river. Mr. Jefferson F. Coage is one of the best-known steamboat managers in the country, and it is believed that this new company will meet all the requirements of a first-class service for the people. Watch The Bee for full particulars.



HONORABLE WALTER I. SMITH

### ARE THEY GRATEFUL? Public Men And Things

LET US BE GRATEFUL.

(Written for The Bee by J. C. Cunningham.)

As the year 1910 has about finished his life's work and is about to give way to his successor, 1911, we, as a race, should resolve to make improvements along all lines for our future success as American citizens. There is going to be many new leaves turned over, many lies told, and many things left undone which, if done, will add much good to the colored race. We should be proud of all the good things which come to us through the Providence of God. We should take a pride in upholding the hands of those who have the manhood about them to speak when the interest of the race is at stake for it, etc.

Speaking of upholding the hands of serving ones of the race, there comes to us the thought of the many good things which have come to the Negro race that would not have been otherwise had it not been for the earnest efforts put forth by the colored press of this country. These little papers are but watchmen on the walls which have stood the storms of many years—almost unsupported by their own people, which is a lasting shame to them—and sounded the alarm of danger in times of critical moments.

Every editor of the colored press should be given a new-year's present by thousands of their people, by sending them a cash subscription for one year. Let the preachers and leading ones of the race who delight in seeing their names in these papers, start off and urge upon the rest of the race to follow after them. This is a duty, my friends, you owe these editors, your race and your God. Will you perform it?

And now a word for The Bee. The writer has been a reader of The Bee for, lo, these many years, and has always found in its pages some things that are inspiring to us as a race. Everybody knows the editor of The Bee, for Mr. W. Calvin Chase is one of the most fearless quill drivers in the colored journalistic field. With his pen in hand, Mr. Chase always makes a noise which indicates that there is something doing. Let every preacher, school teacher, and big Negro subscribe for The Bee.

I close, now, talking to the readers of The Bee for this year—maybe forever. I know not—but let me wish all of you a happy and a joyous new year. I will not embarrass you by persuading you not to get too full of the spirit of New Year's day, but I will entreat you, however, if you won't be sober, be as sober as you can.

**The American Workmen, Inc.**  
At the last monthly meeting in December of the American Workmen officers for 1911 were elected as follows: President, J. W. Hardwick; Vice President, Dr. E. H. Allen; Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Hardwick; Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. West; Chaplain, I. E. Williamson; Warden, Miss Sarah Gibson; Conductor, George T. Douglas; Inner Guard, Miss Agnes Banks; Outer Guard, William M. Bailey; Past President, William Foman.

The public installation of the officers at the lodge room on Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30 p. m.

Mr. I. E. Williamson, one of the most active members of the order, was also elected as a delegate to attend the biennial meeting of the Supreme Lodge, which will convene in this city the second Tuesday in April.

**No Advance Prices.**  
There will be no advance prices at the Howard Theater next week. The management regrets that there should have been any misunderstanding, but it was something over which he had no control with the present week's entertainment.

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

It is rather puzzling to me that the high-brows and elective franchise whoopers who look with disdain upon industrial education as an acquirement that fosters servility should attend theaters that restrict colored patrons to the peanut gallery. Now the theater is really and truly a luxury, and there is no excuse for a man accepting segregation, and by accepting in effect approve and commend it, in luxuries he can well do without. Even some of those who sing in choruses with Prof. DuBois against segregation and industrial education, and who, with him, play the trombone and beat the snail to drown out the man who has the temerity to suggest that we accept conditions and make the most of them, will file into the peanut gallery of the New National and apparently feel delighted over the fact that they are so near the roof. I was down to see the "Follies of 1910" Tuesday night, and with the rest of the slaves sat in the peanut gallery. When I looked around I observed a few died-in-the-wool vociferous contenders for equality looking supremely happy over the fact that they could even get in the top gallery, and over on the side labeled "For Dogs and Niggers" I sat not many seats from Prof. Craig—strenuous Craig, who seemed just as happy as I was feeling. I know I had no business there. No self-respecting colored man or woman had a right to be there. I understand the management once remarked that "the niggers are satisfied to get in the gallery, the best of them." We ought to all, every one of us who pays for luxuries that carry restrictions because of color, be kicked for going meekly, like galley slaves, into the pig pen up in the gallery. I kick myself because I have not enough manhood to withstand the temptation. I too have exploded a lot of times at Bethel, and on the street corners, about demanding this and that because we are as good as any, and yet I go, like a damphibious (phibious is a superfluous affix) fool that I am, up in the gallery of theaters that restrict us to the gallery simply because they don't want us any place in the house. But I am going to turn over a new leaf this year, and swear off being driven like a galley slave into filthy galleries reserved for "dogs and niggers." What's the sense and profit of enjoying luxuries at the expense of decent manhood?

Speaking about turning over a new leaf, and swearing off, I want to remark, soto voce, that if all the fellows whom I know, and who swore off drinking intoxicants during this year stick to their vow there will be a few assignments among the saloon keepers up on Fourteenth street, and Lou Costly, Gaskins and Jim Gray will have to turn their places into motion picture shows. Most of the New Year swear-offs are like phony diamonds—they won't last. Just as soon as these swear-offs pass a sign reading "Cascade whiskey for palpitation of the heart," or "Holland gin for six-day-go-as-you-please kidneys," or "Pabst beer for that tired feeling," there will be a rush for thirst parlor that will make a bargain day at a 5 and 10 cent store look like the rainy season period in the Philippines. The proprietor of a thirst parlor once told me that he always laid in a heavy stock of goods having a foundation of 65 per cent alcohol for New Year's week than for any other period in the year. When I asked him why he did, when trade is presumed to fall off, due to swear-offs, after New Year's, he said: "Why, the fellows who swear off on New Year's day always come in the day before and drink enough to last an ordinary man six months, and then the day after they will sneak in and buy it by the flask. You see in this way I sell

more 'cluckers' New Year's week than any other time of the year. Most men swear off in order to experience that delectable feeling that follows a swear-on. These swear-offs are mercurial fellows.

I have often wondered what inroads the Woman's Temperance Union is making on drinking. I am quite anxious to receive Mrs. Lawson's annual report to find out how many rum-soaks have climbed up on the water wagon. I was talking to a gentleman the other day whose wife is a great temperance pusher, and as he poured out his third Green River, which, by the way, I paid for, too, he remarked, sort of edifying and elicitative, "You see my wife is a great temperance woman, and I certainly encourage her all I can in the work."

I asked him, as I flipped a fifty-cent piece across the bar to pay for the three flowing Green Rivers he permitted to percolate through his body, "how do you encourage her?" "You see," he said, as he let the red Green River empty into the gulf of his body, which happened to be a rather rotund stomach, "I never drink at home, or have it in the house exposed."

If some of these ladies who are carrying the temperance banner around would only organize their husbands and sons into a water brigade before they attempt to make an aquarius out of some of the rest of us it would look more like consistency, and it might prevent a few Green Rivers flowing over the Cascade. If there is one thing that jolts my nervous system it is to have some woman talk temperance to me whose husband drinks all the "clucker water" I can buy for him. It seems to me they should put their own house in order first before they go doing the Lucy Thurman jig in front of our houses. I'm temperance all right. I keep mine home in a bottle, but I never take mine home in my body, and so much of it that I make a Mardi Gras scene, like some of the sons and hubbies of these W. C. T. U's.

Ain't it funny that some slow things are fast? Now take Will Haynes, for instance. To see Will move, and to hear him talk, you would think him too slow to keep step to the music of the "Dead March from Saul," or serve as a pall-bearer for a 350-pound corpse. And yet, this same little sawed-off from the Barbadoes is as fast as Barney Oldfield's green dragon. Now I don't mean he is fast in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but rather fast as to mental equipment.

Why, that brain of his is just like a French eight-day clock—just runs without winding or regulating. Oh, he's the candied peppers, let me whisper, and over in the Treasury Department, where he draws eighteen hundred silver certificates each year, they say he's spring lamb and telephone peep, and up in Alaska that means "the best yet." Back in the early part of this period that Durand is now finding how many people committed race suicide, and before I had not quite as many mouths to feed as now, I use to draw three cards while Will drew five, and don't you know that abbreviated Barbadoean would beat me out. Why, he could discover more kings, queens and ten spots than Hoyle ever figured as being in a deck. And whilst! Why, he can make Foster look like the high priest in the Dirty Dozen. But if there is one thing those Barbadoean and Jamaican yellow kids can do, it's the play cards. Down there cards is the same as base ball to us. Clever little fellow, that Will Haynes, and always a gentleman, even when he is angry. Paraphrasing Jack Bunsby's opinion, permit me to articulate that Will Haynes is a man as is a man.

I had a talk with Louis Gregory recently, and he sprung that Baha substitute for orthodox religion on me. Louis has got it down pat, and it reads and looks fairly good, but it is awful hard to make anything but a baptist out of a baptist, and so I am afraid I will have to give this Baha religion the count. Somehow or another, though, I never could see anything in conditions in India and the Orient to make their religion, or any religion that came from such environments appeal to me. Baha may be a wise and clever chap, but if he were living in this country he never would be rated as a 300-hitter. Of course some of these Bahas will say I am ignorant of the beauties of their creed, and have never studied it. I confess as much, but the trouble is that this age is so rapid a man will get left on first sure, if he goes to fooling with a lot of dope that was popular just before Christ came, or stops to commune with some Acca ex-prisoner about soul-mates, etc.

But speaking about Gregory, with or without his chloroform, which he calls Baha religion, he is a bright article, and one of the most studious, pious, and gentlemanly young men in Washington. It takes a student like Louis to get his gray matter tangled up with dope that is musty from age, and a fellow who does not get around with one of Adam's lost ribs is bound to take up with some mummified, prehistoric pinch-hitter like Budha or Confucius or a minor leaguer like Baha. I remember once I got chloroformed with the late Mrs. Eddy's creed, and thought all I had to do to get well, when I was sick, was to say "I ain't sick." The more I thought about this Christian Science, and the more I studied it the more I resembled a dried herring. I got to that point where I stayed away from my friends, and locked myself up in my room. At last I got next to myself, and then went out and mingled with the world, and here I am, free as a bird, and feeling bully, begosh. But

### PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

It seems as if no more salaries will be paid to public school teachers when they are absent from the classrooms, whether from illness, accident, unforeseen emergencies or from any cause whatsoever.

The people of Saratoga Springs are so prosperous that they have no use for a charity organization. At the annual meetings of the Town Board it was reported that no application for assistance had been made during the last year. The money in the poor fund will be donated to other purposes.

Chairman Martin A. Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, took the oath of office last week as additional circuit judge of the United States, thus becoming automatically a member of the new Commerce Court and severing his connection of more than 20 years with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

According to a report from Paris, Dr. Arthur Korn, professor of physics at the University of Munich, whose experiments in long-distance photography attracted much attention a few years ago, has exhibited his invention for synchronizing the phonograph and cinematograph, by means of which the moving pictures appear to speak. Announcement has been made that Andrew Carnegie has given \$1,250,000 for a Carnegie Foundation for Life Savers in Germany. The conditions and purpose of the endowment are similar to those of the "hero funds" previously established by the American philanthropist in the United States, England and France.

A Susan B. Anthony memorial week, beginning Feb. 15, is planned by the National Woman's Suffrage party of New York to celebrate the birthday of the great worker for the enfranchisement of women.

According to the will of James Swan Morrill, a statue of his father, the late Justin S. Morrill, former Senator from Vermont, will adorn the halls of Congress, if that body will accept the sum of \$15,000 offered by the will.

According to W. H. Conde, Chief Irrigation Engineer of the Indian service, approximately \$1,200,000 was spent by the Indian Bureau during the last fiscal year for the irrigation of Indian lands in Montana, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Washington and Idaho.

A committee to co-operate with the American Institute of Architects in bringing about the fulfillment of the Park Commissioner's plan for the beautification of Washington was appointed by William H. Gude, President of the Chamber of Commerce. According to the experts of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, the mosquito, common house fly and other fly species play no small part in transmitting the leprosy.

An amendment to the segregation ordinance in Baltimore will be introduced in the City Council when it convenes. The amendment will make it possible for "mixed" blocks to remain mixed until the last house has been occupied by a Negro or white family, when the provisions of the law against invasion will become operative.

The National flag of Haiti was unfurled New Year's Day over the legation of Haiti in this city and the Pan-American Union in honor of Haiti's independence day, Jan. 1, 1804.

The Pennsylvania Historical Society and 100 of their invited guests gathered to do honor to the memory of Maj.-Gen. George Gordon Meade, commander of the Union forces at Gettysburg, and who was born 95 years ago, Dec. 31.

A tract of land valued at \$100,000 was presented to the city of Philadelphia for park purposes by the daughters of the late Joseph Wharton, who was a millionaire iron manufacturer of Philadelphia. The land is located in Germantown and is known as Fisher's Park.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt, daughter of Col. Roosevelt, sent her Sunday school class at St. Mary's Episcopal Church (colored) in this city \$1 apiece and a beautiful Christmas card, as her Christmas token, showing she had not forgotten her little colored boys.

Through the co-operation of Rodman Wanamaker and the city of Philadelphia, a fund of \$150,000 will be established for the support of the widows and orphans or dependent parents of all city employes who may be killed or incapacitated by injuries received in the discharge of their duties.

It is hoped among your good resolutions you have resolved to subscribe one year for The Washington Bee.

Gen. Evaristo Estenoz, the colored leader, and 17 other arrested last spring, Cuba, who were arrested last spring, charged with conspiring against the government, has been released from jail there. It will be remembered these men demanded their rights when the Americans were making a distinction in public places there.

According to the Philadelphia Tribune, there were only 58 lynchings during the year of 1910.

referring to Louis Gregory again, he is such a modest young man, and such a just young man, that he ought to get one of Adam's ribs. I will guarantee that if he gets the right one, a sort of cross between balmy spring and 120 Fahrenheit, he will forget that old Baha ever wore a turban. He'll be current—right down to the minute. Louis Gregory can get me, but Baha—Nevvah.