

manmy, is one that must pass. Second, we realize that the spirit of no relationship, no responsibility, no co-operation, is impossible. We see that our whole public welfare requires the education and improvement of the colored people in our midst. We see that public health depends on common efforts between the races. We see that the prosperity of these Southern States is conditioned on greater intelligence among the masses of all the people. We see that every consideration of justice and righteousness demands our good will, our helpful guidance wherever it can be given, and our co-operation.

Let us hope that the deliberations and discussions of these conferences will tend to promote this spirit of good will and co-operation. Let us hope that by coming together we may learn better how to set ourselves to work to improve conditions. Let us speak out with plainness and honest conviction, and at the same time with good feeling and sympathy.



STATEMENT ON RACE RELATIONSHIPS.

As Drawn Up by a Committee of Southern White Men in Charge of the Conference on Race Relationships at Atlanta, 1913.

Recognizing that tuberculosis and other contagious diseases now prevalent among the Negroes of the South are a menace to the health, welfare, and prosperity of both races, we believe there should be a most hearty co-operation between the health authorities of the various States and cities and the colored physicians, ministers, and teachers. We further believe that practical lessons on sanitation and hygiene should be given in all public schools, both white and colored, and also in the institutions for advanced training throughout the Southern States.

Recognizing that the South is no exception to the nations of the world in that its courts of justice are often more favorable to the rich than to the poor, and further recognizing the fact that the juxtaposition of a more privileged race and a less privileged race complicates this situation, we plead for courts of justice instead of mere courts of law; we plead further for a deeper sense of obligation on the part of the more privileged class to see to it that justice is done to every man and woman, white and black alike.

Recognizing that lynch law is no cure for the evil of crime, but is rather an aggravation, and is itself the quintessence of all crime, since it weakens law and if unchecked must finally destroy the whole bond that holds us together and makes civilization and progress possible; other things being equal we recognize that a crime is worse which is committed by an individual of one race upon an individual of another race, and that form of retali-

ation is most harmful which is visited by one race upon another. We further believe that there must be a prompt and just administration of the law in the detection and punishment of criminals, but to this must be added those influences of knowledge and of good will between the races which will more and more prevent the commission of crime.

Recognizing further that the economic and moral welfare of the South is greatly dependent on a better trained Negro in all the walks of life in which he is engaged, and further recognizing that the state is in the business of education for the sake of making better citizens of all men, white and black alike, and thereby safeguarding the life and property of the community and upbuilding its economic prosperity—

In view of this fact, we believe that four definite steps of improvement must be made in the Negro schools of the South. Such steps of improvement are already under way in a number of our Southern States:

1. The schools must be made to fit into and minister definitely to the practical life of the community in which they are located.
2. There must be a larger amount of money put into our public schools for Negroes, thus enabling them to have longer terms and to secure better trained teachers.
3. There must be a more thorough supervision on the part of the white superintendents following the lead of many superintendents already working.
4. We must attempt to furnish to these Negro schools, through public funds, a better type of trained teachers, and to this end more sane, thoroughgoing schools for Negro teachers must be established.



WAS NOT THIS A MAN?

For The Public.

One of the pioneer women of California whose knowledge of the people and events of Western and Pacific Coast life reaches a long way back, and who also lived for years in the South, tells a story which ought not to be forgotten.

In 1849, a Southerner came to California, and went to the mines. He brought a Negro slave from the old farm, whether in Kentucky or Virginia we do not know. From other traditions one learns that this Southerner mined in Tuolumne, in the region made famous by Bret Harte, and that the Negro, his slave, was a corking big fellow, always at work for his master and taking the big end of it.

In 1850 California entered the Union as a free State; of course the Negro was offered wages by others, and was told that he was free. However, he staid right along with his master, working for grub and clothes.

The Southerner was greatly prospered, accumu-

lating money and property, but about 1852 he died, when he was planning to sell out and return to his own family. The Negro buried his master, turned the property into cash, displaying unexpected capacity for affairs, went around the camp telling his numerous friends good-bye.

"I'se goin' back home," he said.

This ignorant black man from the South then went to San Francisco, took a steamer, crossed the Isthmus, and ultimately turned up on the plantation, where his dead master's wife and children lived. He told them all about the mines, gave the last messages of the one who was gone, turned over every dollar of the property less his own traveling expenses, and asked his "missus" (as we suppose), "What shall I do next?" In other words, he went back to a slave State, and into slavery. Of course he knew that his own labors had helped to make his master's pile. Of course he especially desired freedom, for all accounts unite in saying that he was active, intelligent, and fully capable of managing his own affairs, so much so that he could have become a leader among free Negroes anywhere.

His own name, and that of his master, are now forgotten, but Californian pioneers still speak of the incident with a sort of admiring surprise. "It took a man to do that, and I only hope it was appreciated back where he came from," is the way that a Tuolumne old-timer once put it. "A regular Uncle Tom," another one called him, "and just as square as any man on earth."

A Johns Hopkins man from California was once a guest of the Westmoreland Club, down in Richmond; he sat there and listened to stories of days before the war. Then he told about this Tuolumne county Negro.

"Does that surprise you, suh?" said an old Colonel, a University of Virginia graduate. "It doesn't surprise any of us down here. We used to raise lots of black boys like that, and we sure did appreciate them."

This is a leaf torn from real life, and one only regrets that the other end of it is lost in ante-bellum obscurities. But the old Southerners of California—a fine lot of men and women—have been heard to say that more than one case of this kind occurred in both the northern and southern mines in pioneer days. "Why not?" they ask; "why not, if there was love between man and master?" All of which merely serves to prove how much better human nature is than some of our human institutions—and of course that is the fundamental reason why the world grows better. It begins in one person's thought, under pressure of circumstances working out into high-minded action; it goes on until it becomes the desire of the majority. One cannot doubt that this Tuolumne black man helped to convince people that Negroes ought to be free.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE POET AND HIS SONG.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing;
In hours of toil it gives me zest
And when at eve I long for rest,
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing,
What matter yon unheeding throng?
They cannot feel my spirit's spell.
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease:
I till my ground and prune my trees,
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle in the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

BOOKS

THE NEW SOUTH.

In Black and White: An Interpretation of Southern Life. By L. H. Hammond, author of "The Master Word." With an Introduction by James H. Dillard, M. A., LL. D., President of the Jeanes Foundation Board, Director of the Slater Fund. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.25 net.

When the South began emerging, after the Civil War and the "carpet bag" regime, from the medieval spell which Mark Twain thought that Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe" had cast upon her, some of her younger leaders proclaimed the advent of a "new South." It was a plutocratic South. In their vision an aristocracy after Scott's model was giving way to a plutocracy of the Yankee order. Chivalry had been crowded out by business, knights of the castle by "boosters" of the burgh, plantation mansions by busy factories; ancestral traditions and noblesse oblige had given way to investments and dividends, the honor of the dueling ground to the honor of the counting room. As the old South