

admitting that. If the negro had been taught in the days of slavery to respect the seventh commandment and cultivate chastity and if the white man had always given him the best example possible, which he has not, as the multitude of mulattoes and the general mixture of the races testify, it would be more difficult to account for the laxity in sexual morality without admitting inferiority. In these cabined decent separation of the sexes is almost, if not altogether, an impossibility. The large families are simply huddled together. Then it is well known that the greater the illiteracy and ignorance, the more passionate people are. I do not forget the remarkable chastity of the Irish notwithstanding their poverty and their ignorance, but exceptions prove the rule and there may be a way of accounting for the chastity of the poor Irish, without undermining the principle laid down. That culture and surroundings have much to do with chastity is I think beyond dispute. That immorality is alarmingly prevalent among the negroes must be freely admitted by their warmest friends, as it is admitted by the best among themselves.

So far as I have been able to learn, the majority of the negroes do not own even these huts though many of them earn pretty good wages, even better wages than many of the whites. They are accused of being improvident as well as immoral. In addition to all that, some Christian white men will say "I never saw a nigger that would not steal." Of one in this place I have heard it said "I never saw another nigger like him." "Yes, I have worked with him and I know what he is, but he is one in ten thousand of them." "I would trust him with my weight in gold." "He could come to my store and get anything he wanted whether he had the money or not." This colored man has just gone to Raleigh and left some property behind. He has taken his family to a house he owned and from which a white family had moved out. He has two or three other houses in the same city and another elsewhere. He had received his forty dollars a month and had saved the money and bought the property. Many a white man has not done quite as well. There are many such scattered through the country and as they advance educationally and religiously they will probably earn more, become more thrifty, more honest as well as more moral so that the moral atmosphere of the home will improve. This negro told me that he had been preaching a sermon to his rich employer on teaching the negroes honesty, by example as well as by precept! "You are always saying that the negroes are dishonest and that they steal. Now you must practice what you preach. You are employing a hundred negroes, some of you rich men employ three hundred. Their wages are low. If they need something to eat or to wear and you do not pay them promptly as you have agreed to do you tempt them to steal rather than starve or go naked, no you not?"

Many of the poorer white families as well as of the wealthier, employ the negro girls and married women as nurses and "cooks." The wages are from fifty cents to a dollar a week in this place, but most of the girls have an illegitimate child or two that must be fed and they are accused of helping them elve freely in other ways. In connection with some of the best homes in the cities and in the country there are houses or rooms for the colored people, but in this place most of them sleep at home and go to work early in the morning. Of course, the idea that manual, if not mental labor, is degrading is not confined to the white people of the South, but it is natural to believe that it lingers here a little longer than in the North. Even Christians are slow to learn that our Heavenly Father dignified labor in the garden of Eden and our Saviour did the same by working as a carpenter. It is however true that many of the white women as well as of the white men have learned the lesson and in that way gained much by the abolition of slavery. Indeed, many white men will freely admit that the white man gained more than the colored man. When the slaves were freed the white man and woman had to learn how to make a living without the aid of the slaves, and they have done well in thirty-five years. You have all heard about the wonderful "Southern Cook." I heard a student vow that if his wife did not make better biscuits than the sour ones we were eating at the time he would trade her away for a "Southern Cook." I have never learned how his wife got along, but I have now found out what the wonderful Southern Cook can do. Well she can make everything swim in fat, and pork fat at that. When I came to the State nothing surprised me more than the amount of fat consumed, the quantity of hot biscuits eaten, and the ever-present coffee without milk and often without sugar. Tea is not extensively used here. The corn bread is not our favorite "Johnny cake" but simply a mixture of corn meal and water baked. They call Johnny cake "light corn bread." Loaf wheat bread made with yeast is not common, but it is called "light bread." The people seem to be fonder of pork and not as fond of beef as the northern people. Chicken is always in demand. In some of the best homes a negro girl flourishes an article made of the very long and pretty quills of some bird, to keep the flies away when people are eating. In some parts fruit may be plentiful, but here we found it difficult to get much. We tasted ripe figs not dried for the first time this fall. I had

tasted preserved figs last winter. Sweet potatoes in great variety are found during the greater part of the year, but Irish potatoes are too expensive, except for a short season. I may at some future time tell you how the sweet potatoes and cotton are grown. Melons of different kinds are abundant. The apples come from the North rather than from the South of us because freight rates are lower. I have an impression that there is not quite as much regularity and agreement about meal hours as there is in the North. In Raleigh I was told by a Northern lady that people often came to call upon her about one o'clock, or her dinner hour. However, I think the general rule is much the same as in Canada. The Southern people are noted for their warm-heartedness and kind-heartedness, and we have found them so. When there is apparent harshness in commanding the negro, in the home as well as elsewhere, it is so from custom and force of habit rather than from an unkind spirit. The negro expects it because he has always been used to it, and will ask a favor from the one who orders him sternly as readily as from any other man. I may as well say here as later that I do not think there is any unkind feeling towards the negro, except in connection with politics, and the reduction in wages and when he seeks to assert his social equality with the whites. "The nigger is all right in his place," but his place is not in the white man's parlor, or at the white man's dining table, or by the white man or woman's side or in any political office. He is and always must be a servant and a subject. As long as he keeps that place he will be treated kindly, but when he aspires to be the equal or the superior of the white man he will be made to keep his place. Northern people are disliked because they treat the negro as an equal.

JOHN LEWIS.

Aunt Louisiana Testifies.

It was the regular Sunday night prayer meeting, and the chapel was crowded with the dusky daughters of Ham. The subject of the meeting was "answered prayer." The leader had spoken briefly, and after inviting incidents of answers to prayer from their own lives or from the Bible, stated that the meeting was in their hands. And then it was that Aunt Louisiana rose up and took into her hands the goodliest portion of it, while she told a story of answered prayer before which other experiences shrivelled up and departed like dust in the wind.

Aunt Louisiana is the door keeper at the Normal School. She is also that rarity among her people—an elderly woman tall and gaunt and spare, but she owns a voice which would do credit to the general of an army. Where such a frail tabernacle houses such a voice is a mystery. Aunt Louisiana reckons it a blessing to even keep the doors of the temple of knowledge, for even there she can eat of the crumbs. She has determined to learn to read her Bible "an' sense it." Reading is as yet a slow and laborious process, but morning, noon and night she sits with her book before her, grinding away at her self-appointed task, and the sound of the grinding is anything but low. Coming down stairs in the morning, one hears Aunt Louisiana boom forth, "and—Ab-ra-ham—took—sheep—and—oxen—and—gave—them—unto—A-b-i-m-e-l-e-c-h—and—both—of—them—made—a—c-o-v-e-n-a-n-t—covenant." Returning later across the campus, one learns long before reaching the doors that "Ab-ra-ham—re-t-u-r-n-e-d—returned—unto—his—y-o-u-n-g—young—men—and—they—rose—up—and—went—t-o-g-e-t-h-e-r—together—to—B-e-e-r-s-a-b-a—Beer-saba." All through our going to and fro and up and down during the day, sounds the steady rumble of Aunt Louisiana's progress along the route of the patriarch, until as the elevator bears us on our last upward flight for the night, there reaches us, in accents "thinner, clearer, farther growing" the assurance that "the—field—and—the—cave—that—in—t-h-e-r-e—in—therein—were—made—sure—to—Ab-ra-ham—for—a—p-o-s-s-e-s-s-i-o-n—possession—of—a—burying—place—by—the—sons—of—Heth." Aunt Louisiana is reading the Bible through in this fashion from cover to cover, and pauses for nothing but to spell. Unfortunately, she is yet a long way from the verse which says, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient."

But to return to the prayer meeting. It was this Aunt Louisiana who accepted the meeting as having been placed in her hands, and with closed eyes and awaying body, lifted up that voice like a trumpet and spoke in this wise:

"I stan' here a livin' witness ter dis fac, an' ter de fac dat de Lord done arser prayer. My mother's secos' husband' he was a sinner-man, but all his life long he waster git 'ligion, but some'ay n'er he don' seem ter esgashiwate howter, so he j'es hitch along an' hitch along twel he gwine on be an' ole man. My mother she was pow'ful good woman, an' she pray an' pray fo him, but he don' git no 'ligion, an' bymby he tuck sick, an' we-alls reckon fo sho he gwine die. Then my mother she say ter him, 'husban' you keep a-prayin' an' a-prayin'; thar ain' never no sinner-body call on de Lord

fit about He hears him sometime er n'er. An' if you's too weak fer ter tell when you gits de 'arance, jes take's move yo' finger de leas' 'll' bit, an' I'll know."

One night 'bout sun down my mother (she do de weavin' up at de big house) she take'n go up dar for hanks er thread, an' wen she git back she 'low she'll tote de water fo de night. Mos'as soon as she starts out'n de do', somethin' 'pear ter say ter her, 'better hurry, better hurry, he nite die fo you gits back,' so she gits dat water mighty quick, an' hurries back, an' soon's she sets eyes on de bade she reckon he done gone fo sho, he so still. An' she steal up mighty quiet like, an' fix de close sof' like, jes ter see if he dade or what he up ter. Soon's she tech de close he jis up and grounded one er dese yer meetin'-house groans—'oot!' like dat, all suddint like, an' then he done throw up bof hands an' open his mouf all at oncet and holler 'glory! glory! glory!' an' then my mother she know he done got de 'ligion an' her prayers answered. She call in de neighbors, an' day all pray and holler glory too, an' he kep' on a 'glorifyin' too, an' he done rejoice his soul dat-a-way right inter de glory ob hebben. But dat ain' all de way de Lord done arser his prayers. He alluz think he jes mus' be baptizin' wen he git his 'ligion, er it plum no good, an' he'd been a-prayin' an' a-prayin' dat he'd git it time nuff so's't he cud be baptizin', but de Lord tuk him befo. We done dig his grave on a high hill, 'cause he alluz waster be berried on dat hill, but wen we git de corse ter de grave, dar was water in de grave, so we take'n it out'n dar an' dig 'nother one on de same hill. We got de coffin wen in de grave, an' wiles we's singin' de hymn we's lookin' in de grave, an' what we see but de water rizin' down dar twel it done kiver de coffin, an' then back it went, an' dat poor ole converted sinner-man done got his baptizin' in his coffin.

An' dat's a fac," concluded Aunt Louisiana, in tones which admitted of no discussion; "thar ain' never no sech thing been heerd of befo in Alabama nor nowhere." Blissfully unconscious that the ghost of ancient Baptist heresy "did squeak and gibber" all through her honest effort to glorify the Lord, Aunt Louisiana sat down amid a silence large and oppressive.

KATHERYN C. MCLROD.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Women of Charm.

Women endowed by nature with the indescribable quality we call "charm," for want of a better word, are the supreme development of a perfected race, the last word, as it were, of civilization, the flower of their kind, crowning centuries of growing refinement and cultivation. Others may unite a thousand brilliant qualities and attractive attributes, may be beautiful as Astarte or as witty as Madame de Montespan—the women who discovered the secret of charm have in all and under every sky held undisputed rule over the hearts of their generation.

When we look at the portraits of the women history tells us have ruled the world by their charms and swayed the destinies of empires at their fancy, we are astonished to find that they have rarely been beautiful. From Cleopatra or Mary of Scotland down to Lois Montez the tall-tale coin or cauvus reveals the same marvelous fact that they were not beautiful women—these historic charmers. We wonder stupidly how they attained such influence over the men of their day—their husbands or lovers. We would do better to look around us or inward and observe what is passing in our own hearts.

Pause, reader mine, a moment and reflect. Who has held the first place in your thoughts, who has filled your soul and influenced your life? Has she been the most beautiful woman of your acquaintance, the radiant vision that dazzled your boyish eyes? Has she not rather been some gentle, quiet woman whom you hardly noticed the first time your paths crossed, but who gradually grew to be a part of your life, for consolation in moments of discouragement, for counsel in your difficulties, and whose welcome was the bright moment in your day, looked forward to through long hours of toil and worry?

It is just in the subtle quality of charm that the women of the last ten years have fallen away from their elder sisters. They have been carried along by a love of sport, and by the set of fashion's tide, and probably do not stop to ask themselves whether they are floating. Nor do they realize all the importance of their acts or the true meaning of their metamorphosis. . . . I only want to ask my sisters one question: Are they quite sure they are the gainers by these changes? Do they imagine these "sporty" young females in short-cut skirts and mannish shirts and ties, that it is so very seductive to a lover or a husband to see his idol in a violent perspiration, her dragged hair blowing across a sun-burned face, or panting up a long hill on a bicycle, frantic at having lost her race?

The woman who proposes a game of cards to a man who has dropped in to pass an hour in her society can hardly expect to leave a particularly tender memory in his mind as he walks away. The girl who has rowed or ridden or raced at a man's side for days with but the one idea of getting the better of him at some sport or pastime cannot very reasonably hope to be connected in his thoughts with ideas more tender or more elevated than "odds" or "handicaps," with an undercurrent of pique and irritation if his unsexed companion has "down'd" him successfully.

What man, unless he be singularly dissolute or unfortunate, does not turn his steps when he can towards some dainty parlor where he is sure of finding a smiling, soft-voiced woman, whose welcome he knows will soothe his irritated nerves and restore the even balance of his temper, whose charm will work its subtle way into his troubled spirit? The wife he loves, or the friend he admires and respects, will do more for him in one of those quiet hours where two minds are in communion, and come closer to the real man and move him to better efforts and nobler aims than all the beauties and "sporty" acquaintances of a life time. No matter what a man's education or taste is, none are insensible to such an atmosphere or to the grace and witchery a woman can diffuse into the simplest surroundings. She need not be beautiful or brilliant to hold him in lifelong allegiance if she but possess this magnetism.—Elliot Gregory.