



# EMANCIPATION AND CITIZENSHIP

By Rev. Dr. CHARLES H. PARKHURST of New York

**P**ROVIDENTIAL or as a result of the war, according as each one may interpret the case, the slaves were emancipated. Now, this was a great event in the history of the colored people. If a man has been in jail even five years it is a momentous instant for him when the warden slips the bolt and he steps out a free man. But if he was a criminal five minutes before he was set free HE WAS JUST AS MUCH A CRIMINAL FIVE MINUTES AFTER HE HAD BEEN LET OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR.

This supposed instance of the convict is in principle exactly what occurred in the case of the blacks. Emancipation pushed the bolt for them; it let them out into the sunshine. Change of circumstances is no index of change of character. Constructive work has first of all to be put into personality, not into condition, and it is interesting, I may remark, by the way, that the MORE CONSIDERATE AND SENSIBLE MEMBERS OF THE EMANCIPATED RACE ARE RECOGNIZING THAT FACT.

**Magnifying Eyes.** It is said that there is a woman in Manchester, England, who has eyes which magnify objects fifty times their natural size.  
**Discredited Natives.** In the government of their East Indian possessions the Dutch have a law which provides that the testimony of one white man shall be equal to that of seven natives.

## TO DREAMLAND AND BACK

By W. W. HINES  
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Tunes and perfumes have the power to waken memories long dormant. Perhaps it was the half heard strain of "Il Bacio" sung softly by a girl in one of the rooms which opened off the piazza. Perhaps it was a breeze from the south which swept over the sunny waters of the bay and seemed to bring with it the scent of magnolias. At any rate the man who sat huddled in the great armchair felt himself drifting, drifting backward, and he was glad to drift.



THE MAN IN THE BIG ARMCHAIR HEEDED NOT THEIR WORDS.

But now as memory quickened he could see that the smile was fading. So he wanted to drift.  
As the face was becoming fainter and fainter each day he hated the life which had been coming back to him so slowly. Why could he not have entered when he stood so near the door of death? In time the face would be on the other side of that door, too, and the smile would never again fade from the lips.  
So he settled back to a sullen hatred of life, and the old doctor who had taken a great fancy to his ungrateful patient said that he must be roused to an interest in life or lethargy would finish the work so strenuously commenced by the fever.  
Friends selected advisedly by the doctor and the devoted sister who had stood between him and death for seven long, weary weeks were called in to talk with discretion about the success of his novel. The critics had hailed it as the novel of the decade. They had labeled its author as a man not of talent, but of genius.  
The man in the big armchair, fingering the tassels of his robe, looked out across the waters and drifted with their words falling on unhearing ears. Sometimes he frowned, for their voices seemed to drive the face from his hungry vision.  
Then the sister who had the gift of intuition went alone to see the doctor, and when she had finished her story she was weeping softly. The old doctor wiped away the mist which had gathered in his own eyes, while he answered with a gruffness which his gesture denied:  
"As you will. The case is now past me."  
And so that night the sister sent a long telegram to a little town in Louisiana. Then she went back to her place at the man's side, and the doctor came and went because he was paid to do so, and the people who heard of the case tried to get a glimpse of the now famous young writer and, shaking their heads, remarked, "What a pity, and just at the beginning of a brilliant career!"  
As for the man, he never spoke of the increasing weakness. All he asked was to be wheeled each day to the piazza. Here he could look out over the bay and away to the south where the horizon met the sea. Sometimes he merely sat and gazed apathetically at the expanse of sea. More often he closed his eyes and waited for the face.  
It seemed to him that the face had come into his life so gradually that it had always been a part of his very existence. It had not always been a beautiful face, yet it had dominated

him. It was an exacting face. It had grown hard and flushed one day when he was but thirteen. He had wanted to lie flat on his back and watch an army of white clouds marshaling in the blue sky. The owner of the face did not care for the movements of such distant and unreal objects as feathery clouds, and she did want a fort built. But it was worth while, after all, for when the fort was finished and her doll had been duly rescued by Indian fighters at the eminent risk of the fort the expression of the face had been utterly lovable and tender, so

lovable that he had quite forgotten the clouds and the blue sky, for even at thirteen one may find heaven in gray eyes.  
But as the years rolled on there were always forts to build, and sometimes the clouds asserted their power more strongly than the gray eyes, and then the face remained hard and angry for hours. Later the girl did not demand forts for herself, but something tangible for him, something besides a pursuit of clouds. But he loved the clouds, the breath of the dank woods, the murmur of the sea. He would sit for hours in the heart of a busy city and watch people—sit and do nothing. He said he did not care that his father and his grandfather before him had been great soldiers; that another grandfather had founded a powerful mercantile firm. He wanted—that, he could not say, but there was time, and time would tell.

So the face had passed out of his life, leaving a greater void than he had ever dreamed it could leave. And then he had learned that work was good, especially to fill voids.  
It had been raining in the night, and now the veil was lifting from the sea, which sparkled in greeting to the tarry sunbeams. The man watched the haze as it first quivered, then melted before the rays of light. Then melted before the rays of light. He felt that the veil was lifting for him. He was seeing things too clearly, and, seeing thus, he knew that the light of reason would banish the face along with the mist of weakness. He closed his eyes. Perhaps it would come back to him once more, and surely it would smile now.

Suddenly he pressed his hands together, and something like a sob rose in his heart. The face had never been so distinct. There were the clear olive complexion, the great deep gray eyes and the wonderful glory of her hair, black as night and soft as floss, starting in its versatility to life. He could see the curls which framed the face, blown now by the south wind, and he could almost detect the odor of the violets, which had always hung about her.  
Afraid to stir and afraid to close his eyes, even for a moment, lest the vision lose something of its apparent reality, he fairly held his breath.

"Don't, Leslie; don't look like that! It is I—Marion! Don't you know me, Leslie?"  
Even then it all seemed like a dream. Not until he felt the cool pressure of her cheek against his and her arms about him did he understand it was all real. And at last he reached for her hands and held them fast.  
"Marion, I've been building fort—hundreds of them."  
She knew what he meant, because she murmured: "You were always building, dearest. It is I who did not understand."  
**Proving His Love.**  
They were "sitting out" the dance when Miss Luvitwun glided silently by, waiting most gracefully.  
"Oh, Algy," said the girl, "don't you think Miss Luvitwun quite the nicest girl in the room?"  
"Why, yes, May, darling, if you think so."  
"And her eyes—aren't they just delightful?"  
"Perfectly, pet!" Algy agreed.  
"And hasn't she the prettiest mouth and the sweetest face imaginable?"  
"Simply charming!" quoth Algy.  
"And don't you think she's awfully clever too? Knows French, and—bo-bo—ob-o-o!"  
Poor Algy's face went ghastly white.  
"Why, darling," he exclaimed, "what- ever's the matter? Are you ill? Shall I?"  
"Oh-o," sobbed May. "I—thought you—loved me—you loved me best, Algy!"  
"So I do, darling!"  
"W-w-well, how can you ta-talk so about that ugly, vulgar Luvitwun girl?"

**Women Who Hate Men.**  
From time to time strange instances crop up of women who not merely remain unmarried of their own free will, but carry their antipathy to the opposite sex to most peculiar lengths.  
Thus one of these is utterly resolved to have nothing whatever to do with men on any pretext. All her food is bought of women, and consequently meat never appears on her table, since there is no female butcher in her neighborhood.  
Not long since a handsome legacy was refused simply because it came from a man, while instances are known of women who make it their boast that they have neither spoken to nor allowed one of the opposite sex to cross their thresholds for a quarter of a century and upward.  
But probably the bitterest man hater of modern days was an Austrian lady

## BEST FOR THE BOWELS



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY  
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAR

who at the time of her death was engaged in perfecting an elaborate plan for the ultimate extinction of the male sex.  
**But Pussy Had Nine Lives.**  
The great stage scene of the piece was a shipwreck, and after the vessel had gone down only the comic man and the heroine were to be seen tossing on a frail raft on the boundless ocean.  
The comedy merchant had expected that his woebegone appearance would raise a laugh, but even he was astonished at the roar which went up when they saw him.  
At last he was able to get a hearing. "I wish," he said to the heroine, "that we could get out and walk home, but it's so jolly wet."  
The audience was too exhausted to laugh any more, and the voice of the man in the gallery sounded painfully clear:  
"If I was you," he said, "I should do it. There's a cat been hopping about on the waves for the last five minutes, and she don't seem to 'ave suffered much!"—London Answers.  
**On the High Seas.**  
At the bow of the steamer sit the two happy young people.  
"How sweet it seems tonight!" sighs the girl. "How sweetly solemn is the view spread before us! Even the sea seems to be sleeping as it lies so placidly ahead of the boat."  
"Yes, love," agrees the young man. "It is asleep in front of the boat, but it is a wake behind."—Judge.

**Nothing Homemade.**  
Mrs. Gaddie—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?  
Mrs. Nuritch—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.  
**Told to Face the Farce Solemnly.**  
Representative Henry S. Boutell of Illinois, one of the bright men who represents a Chicago district, was recently in Washington and was asked if he intended to remain until congress met.  
"No," he replied; "I have a number of things to look after at home; besides, I have to deliver several orations. I believe that is what they are called. Regarding one of these occasions, I had a letter from a friend who was one of the managers of the affair which said, 'Harry, this is a farce, but you can't do too solemn about it.'"  
**Mexico's Pantheon.**  
A national pantheon is being erected by the Mexican government in the City of Mexico, the estimated cost being \$3,000,000. It is to be at once a memorial and a sepulcher for Mexico's great men.  
**Smokeless Cigars Next!**  
The Illinois Central railroad management is said to be about to introduce smokeless engines. So far so good, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Perhaps the next reform ought to be smokeless smoking cars. Anyhow there is room for improvement in that connection. Frequently clean men who don't smoke or if they do buy cigars of a fair quality have to resort to the smoking car when the other coaches are crowded. They do not like smoke that is not even fit to cure side meat or to paddle through rivers of tobacco expectoration. A good many smoking cars are vile.

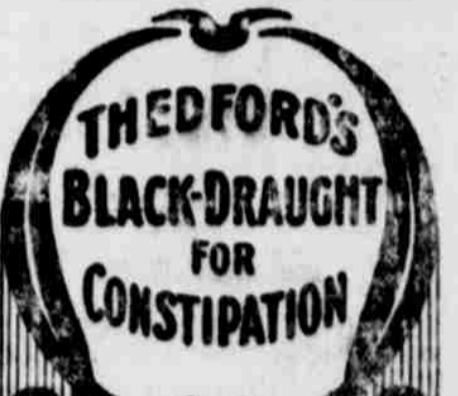
**THE ROYAL BOX.**  
The German kaiser's daughter is taking a course in cooking.  
The empress dowager of China, one of the most remarkable women of the age, is ill, and the doctors say she cannot live a year.  
King Alfonso of Spain recently distinguished himself by shooting a ferocious bull stampeded from a herd that was being driven through the streets of Madrid.  
The Prince of Monaco, on board his yacht Princess Alice, has undertaken an expedition to ascertain the cause of the death of sardines along the Brittany coast.  
Queen Alexandra has a favorite teapot which is often in use when the queen is at Sandringham. It is exceedingly curious, very old and is said to be of priceless value. The teapot is in the shape of a stout Dutchman sitting astride a barrel of wine.

## INVALIDS IN AMERICA.

Woman Physician Says the Country is Full of Them.  
At the afternoon session of the seventh annual convention of the New York State Assembly of Mothers, which was recently opened in Syracuse, in the midst of a raging storm, 500 mothers were in their places to hear Mrs. Mara L. Pratt Chadwick, M. D., of New York, author of histories and stories for children, tell them plain truths concerning motherhood, says the New York World.  
Mrs. Chadwick figuratively placed a child on the dissecting table. There were the tooth cutting period, the growing tail period, the growing stout period, the memory period and the periods of imitation, imagination and reason. Bringing him up through childhood to adolescence, Dr. Chadwick said, was a great task, "but," she went on, "the adolescent period is the time upon which all the future depends. America is a country full of invalids. The real splendid healthy woman is almost extinct."  
In her annual address Mrs. David O. Mears, president of the New York State Assembly of Mothers, said that the chief extension of the work had been the introduction of a child study department in the 400 grammar in the state, thereby reaching the mothers of the country districts. The assembly now aims, she said, to get into closer relations with the public schools and is working to that end.

## HIS IDEA OF CHILDREN.

Chicago University Professor Believes in Quality, Not in Quantity.  
Three notable addresses were delivered before the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs at Cairo, Ill., the other day. Wilbur S. Jackman, dean of the school of education of Chicago university, discussed the "Ideal School." He criticized the bare, ugly schoolrooms that stand out in marked contrast to our modern churches, clubrooms, lodge halls and public buildings and the poor ventilation in the schools. Referring to the subject of race suicide, he said: "The ideal school will be somewhat expensive, but you must afford the money or you must not have the children. The highest evolution is in quality, not quantity. I am not particularly disturbed by the hysteria of our strenuous friends regarding race suicide. In the course of evolution I believe that the race has passed through and beyond the stage of the rabbit and the rat. I am reminded of the fable of the owl and the eagle. The former upbraided the latter for having but two young ones while she herself had four. 'Yes,' replied the eagle, 'but mine are eagles.' I believe that the race needs eagles."  
**His Experience.**  
"Pa," said the boy, looking up from his book, "what does a man's 'better half' mean?"  
"Usually, my son," replied his father from behind the evening paper, "she means exactly what she says."—Philadelphia Press.  
**Trains at Drowsyville.**  
"We used to miss that accommodation train every morning."  
"What do you do now that they have taken it off?"  
"Why, we miss it more than ever."—Chicago News.



Constipation is nothing more than a clogging of the bowels and nothing less than vital stagnation or death if not relieved. If every constipated sufferer could realize that he is allowing poisonous filth to remain in his system, he would soon get relief. Constipation invites all kind of contagion, headaches, biliousness, colic and many other ailments disappear when constipated bowels are relieved. The Ford's Black-Draught thoroughly cleans out the bowels in an easy and natural manner without the purging of calomel or other violent cathartics.  
Be sure that you get the original The Ford's Black-Draught, made by The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent and \$1.00 packages.  
Norfolk, Ark., May 29, 1901.  
I cannot recommend The Ford's Black-Draught too highly. I have used it in my house all the time and have used it for the last ten years. I never gave my children any other laxative. I think I could never be able to mix it without it on account of being troubled with constipation. Your medicine is all that keeps me up.  
C. K. McBRIDE.

## An Old Favorite

### SMITING THE ROCK

Author Unknown  
HE stern old judge, in relentless mood,  
Glanced at the two who before him stood;  
She was bowed and haggard and old,  
He was young and defiant and bold.—  
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,  
Their different attitudes, look and air,  
One would believe, ere the truth were known,  
The mother convicted and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh  
With a shameless look, and his head held high,  
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;  
These mattered but little so he was there,  
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,  
And prized as only a mother can prize;  
But what for him could a mother say,  
Waiting his doom on a sentence day.

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;  
And she a widow, her living to win,  
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,  
Making with want a wearisome fight,  
Heard over her work with resolute zeal,  
Till she felt her old frame tatter and reel,  
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim;  
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he,—he stood in the criminal dock,  
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,  
An impudent glance and a reckless air,  
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;  
Dipped in crime and encompassed round  
With proof of his guilt by captors found,  
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, "game,"  
Holding not crime but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek  
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak,  
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears  
Only the child in his innocent years;  
She remembered him pure as a child might be,  
The guilt of the present she could not see;  
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer  
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—  
"Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread;  
Of a gang of rascals chosen chief;  
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief,  
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;  
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.  
The sentence the court imposes is one"—  
"Your honor," she cried, "he's my only son."

The constables grinned at the words she spoke,  
And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke;  
But over the face of the culprit came  
An angry look and a shadow of shame,  
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries he;  
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;  
But she's too good for your coward jeers,  
And I'll"—then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,  
And looked at him keenly, and then he said:  
"We suspend the sentence,—the boy can go;"  
And the words were tremulous, forced and low,  
"But say!" and he raised his finger then—  
"Don't let them bring you hither again.  
There is something good in you yet, I know;  
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said:  
"I meant to have given him a year instead.  
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell  
If clemency here be ill or well,  
But a rock was struck in that callous heart,  
From which a fountain of good may start;  
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,  
Who loves his mother is not quite lost."