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The National Negro Business League "To promote the commercial and financial development of the Negro"—this is the object of the National Negro Business League, which was organized in 1900, under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee's efficient principal and Hampton's world-famous graduate.

That the National Negro Business League has been fulfilling its object is clearly proved by the present and improved economic conditions of the American Negroes, especially among the Negroes of the South, where the agricultural and industrial opportunities have been most numerous and where Dr. Washington and his loyal co-workers have had more power than elsewhere in directing the Negro masses along the lines of economic efficiency and community welfare.

No longer can it be said that the National Negro Business League is "an echo of Tuskegee," unless to the word *echo* there is attached an uncommonly broad meaning. This organization, which originated in the South at Tuskegee in the brain of Booker T. Washington, through its steadfast policy of fostering and encouraging all constructive movements among Negroes, of bringing together the men and women who have accomplished good work, and of giving moral support to all endeavors which relate to better agricultural, industrial, financial, and social conditions, has become truly national in its uplifting influence.

Indeed the National Negro Business League has won the complete respect and hearty admiration of the best white people because it has carried into daily action the wisdom of the best and most thoughtful Negro leaders, who see clearly that black and white people must first learn to live together in peace and mutual helpfulness before they can make any real progress.

Further, those who have taken an active part in the management of the organization and have delivered public addresses have been courageous optimists, who were untiring, faithful, and unselfish in their activities. Preaching by example, by performance rather than by mere talk and speculation, the members of the National Negro Business League, under the leadership of men like Booker T. Washington, Charles Banks, Harry T. Pratt, Scipio A. Jones, W. C. Gordon, and Emmett J. Scott, not to mention other helpful and courageous fighters for the common good, have literally *won success*—sometimes against tremendous odds, but always they have won out as against those who have been unwilling to affiliate themselves with

Then came the day when swift runners came with joy to tell that a son was born at Varina. It was as when the ice on the river breaks in the time of the planting, and the water comes in floods, pouring and tumbling, and bearing with it, everything in its way; and all the land wakes, and is alive again. So the dead heart of Matacha woke, and through it poured a great stream of longing for that little child.

She could give to him all she could not give to his father. She could sing to him; and tell him how she had longed and raged, and died. And how he had given her life again. She could bear him in her arms, and give him comfort and joy. She *lived* in him, and with him, and for him. She crossed the Great Water for him; and when the Great Spirit called his mother, and the king sent his father back to the colonies, Matacha was the one to whom he turned for all his joy.

Throw on the fagots, my brother, and make the flame leap! I am alive, and glad in my son, the son of Matoka. The Great Water between us cannot make me less glad, because he has said: "I am son of the Powhatan."

But Master Rolfe, I see not! I cannot forget!

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW IN AFRICA

WILLIAM H. SHEPPARD

IN March 1890, as the steamship "Adriatic" slowly steamed out from a New York pier, we heard a clear, cheerful call from the shore, "Sheppard, take care of Sam!" It was the voice of Mrs. Lapsley as she waved a last long farewell to her precious son.

We had only vague ideas of what we might see and experience, if in the kind providence of God we should be permitted to reach the land and the people we were sailing out to seek. God was good to us. He guarded and guided us through numberless perils, and we felt that He had a work for us to do in this far away and almost unknown land.

We made journeys by canoe up the great Congo River, the Kwilu and Kwango, also the Kassai, landing at last in this great Kassai District, and settling among a tribe of people who, we learned, were called *Bakete*. We were twelve hundred miles in the interior. We immediately began to study their language by pointing at objects and writing down the names they gave us, for they had no written language and had never even seen a book.

Time passed on and we began to have services in the native language. These were held under a tree or on our veranda. Our services were usually well attended, but at first we could not feel that they came purely out of a desire for our message but more out of curiosity. One can judge of the importance they attached to a church service when one day, as prayers were being offered, the whole congregation ran out to see a dog-fight, and then they came very deliberately back when the fight was over, not one of them thinking that there was anything wrong about such behavior. But we labored on, praying constantly that God would send us one ray of light, give us one soul as a visible sign of His favor. Finally one day a woman stood up in the service and said, *Mutombo Nxila* [Mr. Lapsley's native name], "if we had only known that God loved us, we would have been singing to Him before." We felt that the Holy Spirit was beginning His work in her heart and we went home with our heart overflowing with gratitude. At midnight I heard Mr. Lapsley praying, "We thank thee, Heavenly Father, for this first evidence of Thy blessing." Day by day we tried to teach, preach, and lead the people to Christ. We had no slates, pencils, books or paper, but we taught them by printing on the ground with sticks. Our tents were not very comfortable, so we bought two native houses, paying about fifty cents each for them. These had no windows, and the one door was so small that we had to crawl in and out.

To-day how changed is the place and the people of our early labors! The small huts we were glad to get in the early days have been replaced by comfortable clay houses, with large doors and windows. We no longer need to seek out a shade tree for services, for we have large church sheds, beautifully made, with seating capacity for more than a thousand people. There are several brick buildings on the station, one of these being the printing house, where a goodly supply of books have been printed for use at Luebo, Ibanj, and the many outstations. The church services are attended by hundreds of quiet, interested, well-clothed natives. In our schools we now have books, slates, pencils, and a number of helpful native teachers. From the mother church hundreds of Christians have gone forth bearing the torch to their benighted brethren. Scores of true-hearted evangelists have gone out from the Luebo church and have established mission stations far away in the interior, and from these centers of light other teachers in turn have gone out, so that now it is difficult to keep an accurate roll of the churches and evangelists and members. Native boys assist in the printing house. There are two homes for girls, *Pantops* at Luebo and the *Marie Cary* at Ibanj. Many of these girls marry native evangelists and go out with their husbands as teachers and helpers.

Now that you have had a glimpse of what was in the yesterday and of what is in the to-day, let us all together look forward to what may be in the to-morrow. Who can number the countless opportunities and who can measure the future possibilities of this vast land and its rising people? Having tasted the sweet, refreshing draughts of spiritual knowledge and grace, they will never again be content to endure the dry, desert winds of superstition and ignorance. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth their souls after Thee, O God. But like the eunuch, how shall they understand, except they have a teacher? Rather, they need hundreds of teachers. Day after day, as pleading requests come to us from every direction, we feel that the number of those seeking the light is legion. So we beg of you that you lift up your eyes and see the fast ripening harvest field, and hear our soul's pleading cry, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." You have helped us wonderfully. You have made the great change between the yesterday and the to-day. You have planted, you have watered. God has given the increase, and now will the Lord of the harvest come and find His fields wasted because the laborers were too few to gather in the grain? Nay, rather let us go forth speedily and gather in the golden grain till His garners are filled.—*The Kassai Herald*.

THE HAMPTON NEGRO CONFERENCE OF 1910

WILLIAM A. AERY

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the Hampton Negro Conference, which was held at Hampton Institute on Wednesday and Thursday, July 13 and 14, brought together in the spirit of good-will and co-operation several hundred representative and leading Negro teachers, lawyers, editors, insurance and business men, ministers, farmers, physicians, and homemakers, who have been working in their separate communities for the upbuilding of their people and the development of a more kindly relation of the white and colored people.

Co-operation for right-living was the central thought of all the papers and discussions. Loyalty to country and race, devotion to the interests and needs of the common people, emphasis upon agriculture as a primal and essential pursuit of mankind, responsibility for those requiring care and protection—these big ideas were worked over in many forms during the two days of public and round table conference discussions.

GOSPEL OF RIGHT-LIVING

Dr. H. B. Frissell opened the Hampton Negro Conference with a stirring address in which he called upon men and women to pull together, co-operate, and bring the best forces to bear upon the common problems of life—the improvement of the home, school, farm, and community.