Songs of the Free

By

TOUSSAINT L'O. ALSTON

SONGS OF THE FREE

A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,
POEMS AND STORIES

—BY—
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FOREWORD

PART I—ESSAYS

PART II—POEMS

I write these poor but earnest lines,
With mental struggles hard;
That you may see His glorious works,
And nestle close to God.

FOREWORD.

The desire to express one's thoughts in writing is a great one. The feeling that some one at a distance is for the time being thinking as you think carries with it a kind of pleasure. Even though the ideas expressed are not new, the fact that they have become a part of you and are expressed in your own words, makes them yours as it were, and if they are worthy, to have them known to others is but a natural desire. All of us have ideas and the desire to express them is older than language.

The great obstacle in the way of putting one's thoughts in writing is the difficulty in making one's purpose clearly understood. The reader is just as much interested in *Why* these ideas are expressed as *What* these ideas are. Mere barren statements are not enough; the purpose which they are to serve is of fundamental importance; and if the purpose is clearly set forth at the outset there is

little doubt that the reader is likely to go astray as to the meaning of the discourse.

Writing is, at its best, a poor vehicle of expression. Written words can never carry the impress that spoken words can. They release their glow as they trail from the pen, and the full power of their source is lost on the reader. Nevertheless, writing is, and will always remain the best means by which one's thoughts may become useful; for it is a means of furnishing the greatest good to the greatest number. This, then, leads us back to the foundation of thought expression—the purpose—a kind of food stored both outside and inside the thought expressed.

The purpose of a discourse justifies it, and in a way, modifies the criticisms which are directed at it; or at least, restricts them from becoming too general. It becomes very plain therefore, that the purpose must be set forth in a clear, unmistakable manner. It may be stated at the outset, or it may develop as the discourse progresses.

In either case it is to serve as a pivot upon which all of the discourse rotates, and which opens the way to its best interpretation.

In this little book which has been called "Songs of the Free," is is the sole purpose to so uphold and portray the best ideals to the younger members of our race that they shall ever strive for a knowledge of their past, an understanding of their present and an indomitable faith in their future.

The Author.

PART I---Essays

THE NEW ETHIOPIAN.

An Historical Sketch.

Ethiopia was the birth place of the Ethiopian race. From this country they migrated into upper Egypt and became the ancestors of the great Egyptians, whose civilization has never been excelled. After many years this civilization began to decline, due to the influx of the wild European tribes; and in time we find this great civilization scattered throughout the Oriental world. But the people who had established it were no longer remembered and even their identity was almst blotted out in the fastness of the dark continent.

Hundreds of years rolled by and still the people slept. It was not until they were brought by other races to the western world did they begin to awaken. It was at this point that New Ethopia began to move and to have its being.

It was nearly three hundred years ago when our forefathers landed upon this continent—a destitute and savage people; bribed and stolen from their native country and condemned to a life of slavery in these United

States of America. From the first moment of their landing until 1863 they were the sole poperty of the southern planters, who drove them under lash to the fields where they tilled the soil from sun up until sun down without one cent of recompense and without one mite of gratitude.

In Maryland and Virginia and especially in the far southern colonies it was very difficult to secure white laborers, so the planters had to depend almost entirely upon the Negro slave, and as the plantations increased in number and size the demand for slave labor became more and more urgent—so the number of slaves increased rapidly. Further, the slave labor put the planter in a position to reap a large return from his fields. There were very few expenses attached to the operation of the plantation; the laborers were abundant and the labor was free. The Southern planter could easily hoard up riches, won by the unrequited toil of his black bondsmen.

The growth of the thirteen colonies about this time became rapid though substantial. In the South the Negro labor had more than doubled the output of tobacco, rice, indigo and cotton. Also in the North factories were established for the manufacture of cloth, hats and glass. Cities and towns sprang up, and the white man began to feel the spirit of independence, which is characteristic of frontier life; but the Negro chained by his own ignorance and bound to a merciless over-lord still toiled in the hot field.

It was about this time when the prosperity of the colonies was at its height that King George III of England in a supreme effort to rule Britian and especially her colonies, imposed taxes upon them which their new spirit of freedom could not undergo. English troops were stationed in some of the largest cities to enforce the observance of the Kings' laws and to hold the colonies in awe of his power. But in Boston the spirit of resentment was so great that it resulted in a quarrel in which some soldiers fired into a body of citizens. These were the first shots of the great Revolution which was to drench the country with blood for six long years. Several of the citizens were killed; among these was a Negro, Chrispus Attucks who was the fist to give his life for a freedom of which he knew nothing.

Thus the beginning of the great struggle for independence. On July the fourth seventeen seventy-six the thirteen colonies with shouts of joy and defiance declared themselves free and independent from Great Britain; and Lexington and Concord re-echoed the sound. After years of sufferings and hardships the Revolutionists under George Washington succeeded in wrenching America from the hands of the English troops and establishing a government, "of the people, by the people and for the people." But what of the Negro during this great struggle for independence? True, his blood was the first to flow for this great cause; yet at the close of

the war, we find him still in an ignorant state burning away his energy and courage in the hot fields of the Southland. The yoke of bondage never once loosened from about him. The southern planter knew that he was indispensible, and from that time until 1865 the Negro played a great part in the economic development of the American Nation.

Out of these now firmly united colonies a nation rose which was destined to dominate the world. The American people grew rapidly in prosperity and power. Gradually they began to work their way westward, and in 1803 Thomas Jefferson by the great Louisiana purchase extended the American possessions almost to the sea. Independence had now rooted itself in the heart of every American. They made their own laws and rejoiced and prospered in their new bought freedom. But the laws of God must not be overlooked. Jesus Christ summed up the commandments in two fundamental statements: Thou shalt have no other God before Me, and Love thy neighbor as thyself. Did the American people adhere to these laws? No! One of them they had entirely discarded. Their neighbor was among them an outcast, a menial, a slave; and yet they had no compassion upon him nor sought to better his condition. In the North, however, now and then a faint cry against human slavery was heard. Louder and louder grew this cry until the question of slavery ignited all America.

The South wanted her slaves to be counted

as population so that she would have more representatives in congress than the North. This brought on a great political dispute between the North and the South, and in the end South Carolina seceded from the Union—followed almost immediately by fifteen other Southern states.

There is no forgiving of sin without the shedding of blood. The American nation had sinned both against God and man. In a few weeks the bombardment of Fort Sumpter marked the beginning of the great Civil War and the election of Abraham Lincoln foretold the awakening of a new Ethiopia.

History fails to paint the awful struggle between the North and the South. Language cannot express what anguish knows. The Union was now dissolved in two great factions. There was but one way to save it, and Lincoln was the first to see the way. In 1863 he issued a proclamation giving to all of the slaves their freedom. This was the beginning of our freedom and after the great war the Negro rapidly adapted himself to his new conditions. He grew up side by side with his white brother and accomplished in less than fifty years what it had taken the white man over one thousand years to accomplish. He is able to hold his own with any race in any field of endeavor which he has been permitted to enter. He has conquered the inevitable; that is, he has lived side by side with the white race for three hundred years and has not lost his identity or racial characteristics.

This, then, is the true awakening of Ethiopia. We are now in the morning of a new freedom. The black night of slavery has passed. The tiny stars of the Northland which strove to illume that night have faded from view; while the golden sun of Justice spreads its soothing rays over a land of liberty. Nevermore will that sun cease to shine. Although its surface may be made obscure at times by passing comets of race riots, lynchings and segregation in different parts of the country; this sun shall never set but shall ever rise higher and higher until its beams penetrate the hearts of all men and inaugurate the birth of the new Ethiopian.

THE NEGRO AND THE WAR.

This great war crisis which has fallen over the country like a vast enveloping shroud has given rise to many problems which are highly important to the American Negro. A state of war is always accompanied by characteristic conditions; and it is from these conditions that we are enabled to see the outcome of the struggle. The fundamental cause of all wars is, clearly biological—a struggle for existence. The various races, nations and empires involved in the present struggle are trying to assert their right to exist; and in so doing some of them have lost sight of the very basic principles of existence. The great principle of existence is not exemplified in domination, but rather in assimilation.

Of all the races whose very existence is being weighed in the balance of this great war, the most conspicuous is the Negro.

For fifty years we have slept in a kind of lethergy of hope—longing for the day when the high and just principles upon which this government is founded, shall be indeed realized; and when the full hand of citizenship

will be extended to us on every side. During these years we have risen, slowly but surely, and we are at present able to cope with any circumstance which the present crisis may provoke. We have advanced normally in population, rapidly in finance and extraordinarily in education, and have reached a high status of culture in spite of the many forces which acted to the contrary. It is from these conditions that we are able to catch a gleam of our place at the end of this great struggle.

The Negro, like all other American citizens has been called upon and is expected to do his 'bit' in this present war. He has come forth without a murmur and is willing to sacrifice and if need be, to give his "last full measure of devotion" to his country. He has tried to enlist in every branch of the United States Army and Navy. He further proved his loyalty in the draft registration. Surely he has answered the call, and surely, like all other races involved, he expects and in fact deserves reimbursement for his sacrifice.

The returns which the Negro believes will follow his participation in this great war can best be put in the language of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which purposes to make ten million Americans physically free from peonage, mentally free from ignorance, politically free from disfranchisement, and socially free from insult.

These are indeed the principles for which the Negro is willing to sacrifice his life. We

are fighting for the equality of man; that is the great principle which means 'the right of every nation, great or small, to develop in its own way unmolested.' This is real democracy, and when fully realized will mean the salvation of all mankind.

What the War Means.

This war is not a mere conflict of arms, the decision of which will go to the strongest nation; but rather a conflict of the world-old ideas of right and wrong—the decision of which must go to the righteous. This conflict is not concerned merely with the question as to which of the warring nations is in the right; but it is greatly concerned as to which of the two great principles of existence shall dominate the world—*Might or Right.* (In this respect it is not in the least concerned with race, creed or nation).

This struggle was of course inevitable. The laws of both man and nature have contributed to its precipitation; and it is a settled fact that this war must continue until there is some real adjustment of inter-racial relations.

We see in this war the same old conflict between the East and the West. Not, however, between the Oriental and Occidental armies as it was in Darius' time; but between the Eastern and Western ideas. These two ideas have always been in opposition—since they represent two broadly different principles.

The western idea represents a principle of

race superiority or domination, and for more than 4000 years it has held sway over the destinies of weaker men. It is the idea under which we live today, and which threw us into the present bloody struggle. The eastern idea represents a principle of race equality or brotherhood; and although overshadowed by the western idea it has been slowly fastening itself into the hearts of all men, and is fully recognized in this war.

THE WAR'S ULTIMATUM TO THE NEGRO.

This war has issued to the world an ultimatum; and especially on the Negro races has this ultimatum been served. Were it to be summed up it would be put in this wise: "*You must leave forever your ways of superstition and ignorance and adapt yourselves to modern culture and civilization.*"

This will apply not only to the race here in America, but to the entire race the world over; whose greater advancement has been retarded because of their inability to cope with the situations before them. No matter how many opportunities present themselves to us, if we are unprepared to take advantage of them they do us no good. The idea often expressed by some of us that "all we need is a chance" does not mean anything. We do not need a mere chance, but the ability to recognize an opportunity when we see it. To do this we must be prepared; that is, we must be so trained that we can demand from the world this so-called chance. Some may say that no matter how well trained one may be,

if he has no chance to show it it will avail him nothing. It is so that "full many a flower is born to blush unseen," but this applies to flowers—immobile objects; and when applied to man it does not necessarily work. No one who has attained any accomplishment can "blush unseen" for though he may live in a forest, the world will make a path to his doorway. It is not a question of chance, but of preparation.

What the Ultimatum Means.

This ultimatum which is served on us is unmistakeable. We must prepare as we have never done before. This means that we must train our ability; that is, we must conform to a definite means of education. The only way by which we can hope to compete with the other races of the world is to train ourselves diligently in the ways of modern culture and civilization in such a manner that we can still hold to those high ideals which are so characteristic of our race. We must search for all that modern civilization can offer and select the best and most durable.

This war has brought the people of the world closer together than ever before; and when different nations and races mingle together in close contact, prejudices and antagonisms are wont to rise which can only be prevented by previous training. The war's ultimatum is a world democracy; a world civilization and a world religion.

E-Y-E-S RIGHT!

It has been said that civilization came on the wings of war. This is true, in that conquest has been the greatest factor in disseminating civilization among the nations of the world. We find through the pages of history that war has been the means of permanently planting the civilization of one nation into the heart of another. The civilization of Greece was established throughout the East by means of the Macedonian wars. The civilization of Rome was carried to all parts of the known world by the Roman conquests. War, then, is a necessary evil into which nations are sometimes thrown to eliminate the greater evils.

The greater evil which confronts the world today is called autocracy; which of itself, means nothing, but in its application means slavery. Slavery not necessarily physical, but rather intellectual and spiritual. To be physically enslaved is bad, but this can be overcome by the bondsmen rising up against their masters. To be intellectually enslaved is worse, for in this condition the bondsman

is unable to comprehend his own state and therefore goes about in a happy-go-lucky manner—satisfied with his unprogressiveness. To be spiritually enslaved is hell, for the soul loses its inspiration and ideals and sinks into a state of lethargy out of which it can never rise.

The lesser evil which is striving to overthrow the greater evil is called democracy, which although not universally conceded, had its origin in the Haitian Republic under the great negro—Toussaint L'Ouverture. It has been generally taught for obvious reasons that democracy had its origin in the so-called Grecian republic, but unless words have lost their meaning, the government which existed in early Greece was not in any sense a democracy. Democracy first presupposes the equality of man, and any fool who has studied history with his brains and not with his prejudices must admit that the Grecian government was established for the full-blooded Greek and not for the thousands of members of other races who were included in this "republic."

If then, the people who made up the greater part of this "republic" had no part in its government, it was not a democracy, but an autocracy. On the other hand, in the Haitian Republic every race and faction were represented in its government—Blacks, Whites, Mulattoes, French, English and Spanish—all had equal representation in this the greatest democracy the world has yet known.

Thus democracy, an idea which is now permeating the mind of the world had its conception in the heart and brain of a Negro. Not only did he dream of this ideal government, but he put his dreams into practice and gave to the world an inspiration and hope which lies at the root of the present world conflict. Had it not been for the little Republic of Hayti the world might never have known that it could govern itself without a master.

What, then, does this war mean to the Negro? Does it mean that he must, as before, bear the weight and sorrow which shall come in this mighty struggle without one mite of recompense? No! We are fighting for democracy, the equality of man—a government by the consent of the governed—"of the people, by the people and for the people, which shall not perish from the earth!" And when the war's cloud shall have shifted and the sun of a happier day shall send its glorious beams across the muck of beaten autocracy,—the Negro shall take his place by the side of the other races of the world and work out unmolested his own salvation.

ON EMOTION AND ITS DEFINITION.

In order to give a clear and correct definition of any phenomen of life, whether mental or physical, one must first understand the causes which produces that phenomenon, and the affect which that phenomenon produces. It is a widely spread belief among most students of psychology that the phenomenon generally known as "Emotion" is so variable and complex in its nature that it eludes all attempts of explanation and especially of definition. This is due primarily to the amount of mystery with which students of psychology are wont to shroud all mental phenomena So being satisfied at saying "feeling is feeling," rest contented. In this paper, according as space will allow, I shall attempt to give an adequate explanation of emotion purely from a biological point of view; in that emotions are simply the manifestations of life.

If, then, emotions are the manifestations of life, we are in a position to do away with some of its mysteries and build up a clear sensible definition. Prof. Ladd, in his "Descriptive Psychology," (P. 164) in answering

the question "In what common characteristic do all the different feelings or emotions perfectly agree?" says: "All feelings, high and low, and even pleasures and pains, are alike in this, that they *are* forms of feelings and *not ideas, thoughts, volitions, etc." which is* the same as saying that feelings are feelings because they are feelings; or rather, to illustrate, that a horse is a horse because he is a horse and not a mule or cow.

Plainly this statement means nothing, and is simply one of the many ways by which some psychologists evade fundamental questions. All emotions are alike in that ;(1) they are primarily caused by physically stimulii, (2) their effect upon the organism takes the form of either repulsion or attraction which are fundamentally the same, in that both conform to the preservation of the organism.

The primary causes of emotion are, as has been stated, physical in their nature. We, in thinking of all the feelings and emotions that have come to us during all of our existence, cannot recall one that was not caused by some physical stimulus. Even where emotions are caused by memory, so called, the primary cause is the physical stimulus, for in the act of memory, the same cortical cells and nerve tracts simply recapitulate their primary experience. In feelings caused by imagination the conditions are practically the same, the more or less pathological mind compiles images in various contortions that were

once in its objective experience; thereby producing in consciousness emotions of a greater or lesser degree.

We see from the above that all emotions are alike in so far as their primary cause is concerned, namely—physical stimulii; whether anger, fear, hatred, love or any of the so-called "different" feelings.

Now, the result of emotions, as has been stated, takes the form of repulsion or attraction. This no person will doubt; and neither can one assert (Ladd) that feelings are too variable and complex to sum up simply as resulting in repulsion or attraction; for each is a fundamental law of all biological life. All organic movements, all deep seated feelings, all emotions, all sensations respond, in a greater or lesser degree, to or from their stimulant. This repulsive and attractive result can be easily combined to form one fundamental result—preservation, which is the ultimate aim of all emotions.

Therefore, all feelings or emotions are alike in that they are caused primarily by physical stimulii and result as characteristic preservation of the organism.

Prof. Ladd in his Descriptive Psychology (P. 166), tries to distinguish between sensations and emotions in this manner: "My sensations are, indeed, mine, as truly as my feelings are; both are alike subjective. But my sensations are what my feelings are not, and cannot be conceived as being; they also, in the development of perception, become re-

fered, as qualities, to the objects known in sense-experience. Things are green, blue sweet, sour, hard, soft, warm, cold, etc; and in respect to the *objective* character of some of their qualities, even the most exterior parts of my body are things to me. But when I say my finger aches, as well as when I say that the music makes me sad, the ache and sadness have no "objective" existence; they are indeed, mine par excellence, as contrasted with all qualities of things which occasion them."

Prof. Ladd has failed in the above statement in that he has tried to separate ideas of sense from objects of sense. Ideas of sense as he has shown, are subjective and exist only in the mind or as perceived; objects of sense, (Perkley,—Rand's Classical Philosophy) are merely a number of ideas or qualities which have been observed to accompany each other and are called by one name. From this we see that green, blue, sweet, sour, hard soft, etc., beings simply objects of sense or ideas also have no "objective" existence. Consequently when Prof. Ladd says, *my finger aches,* or *"the apple is green"*, neither the ache nor the green has "objective" existence; both are alike "subjective."

Since there is no difference between sensations and emotions with regards to their existence, it follows that the only difference between sensations and emotions is in the degree of their intensity; that is, the difference between emotion and sensation is that in e-

motion the entire organism responds to the extraordinary physical stimulus, whereas, in sensation the ordinary physical stimulus excites only some specialized sense organ and does not necessarily involve an organic reaction.

Since emotions are manifestations of life—since all emotions are alike in that they arise from physical stimulii and result in an act toward preservation of the organism, and since there is no difference (save of degree of intensity) between emotions and sensations; we are in a position to compile a definition of emotion.

First—Emotion is that intensified organic reaction observed when the organism becomes conscious, either through immediate association, memory or imagination, of some impending danger or safety.

The final definition of emotion will be got from a short discussion of the present theories. These are three in number. One theory is, in substance, that the emotion precedes the action. This is true in so far as it specifies the beginning of the emotion, but it is a known fact that emotion may continue to exist during the action or long after the action has taken place. Plainly this theory does not add anything definite to our knowledge of emotions. Another theory states, that the emotion follows the action, which is in a sense true and depends simply on the intensity of the emotion; but this theory does not establish an adequate explanation of emotion

but explains only the extent of its existence. Still another theory states that the action is the emotion, which is to my mind absurd, for the action is plainly the result of the emotion, or external manifestation of the emotion.

Evidently, emotion may precede, accompany or follow the action; which brings us in a position to sum up our final definition of emotion; since all emotions are alike in their nature of cause and effect, since there is no difference between sensations and emotions, since the action of the organism preceding, during or following the stimulant is not the emotion, it follows that the emotion can only be the *action* of the *stimulus* upon the *organism.*

Second: Emotion therefore, is a purely mechanical action of a physical stimulus, the manifestations of which are observed in the organism.

PART II

POEMS

LIFE.

Sad mortal could'st thou but know
What truly 'tis meant to live,
The wings of thy soul would glow;
And glory to God you would give.

To live is to be a Christian—
To stand up for the right;
And ever hold up for Jesus
With all thy main and might.

THE SHEPHERD.

Morning, the sunlight spread afar
And lit the surrounding vale;
A shepherd climbing a mountain high
The refreshing air enhaled.
Across his back was slung a sack,
In his hand he held a crook;
The sheep followed him close behind,
Nor they his path forsook.
They traveled on until they came
To a place that was the best;
The Shepherd bade them feed at large,
And there they took their rest.
Today the good news has spread afar
And never more shall cease;
A Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Who brought everlasting peace.
Upon his back there was a Cross,
In his hand he held a book;
The Desciples followed him close behind
Nor they his path forsook.
They traveled on—and then he gave
To those who loved him best,
A place where they could be with God,
And there they took their rest.

FOREST MEDITATIONS.

Silence! From out thy shrouded
Depths multitudinous with sound,
Where dampened leaves on watery
Bark collide, and weeping bushes
Droop their weary heads upon thy
Bosom; thou breathes a prayer;
Ye mighty trees in solemn majesty
Array, bespeak a thousand mysteries
Yet untold; and with thy lofty heads
Reared to the skies, breathes forth
A tranquil song of hope and love.
When sadness like a blackened cloud,
Envelopes thy rarest joys—when
Discontent and distrust takes
Possession over thy soul; steal away
Alone into the fastness of the
Wild-wood and list to her song—
And from out the depths of the
Forest will come this prayer:

Love is not lost
That abides with thee,
Songs are not hushed
That arise from thee;
Into the forest
Where nature confides,
There in the fastness
God still abides!
Sweet is song
That comes to me,
Sweet is the hope
That is to be;
Lost in the Forest, I can but be
Close to Thee!

WAR DAWN.

Ten thousand burning sparkling fires
  Alight the world forlorn;
And music from a thousand Lyres
  Announce the coming dawn.

The Demon Hate and Selfish Lust
  Have drenched the world with blood,
And crumbled learning to the dust—
  Destroyed the young manhood.

The weak and ignorant races bear
  The burdens of the strong;
In their sore hearts they do not dare
  To rise against this wrong.

The burning Sun soars on his way
  Upon an arm of gold,
And pauses at the bright noon-day
  To see the Great War's toll.

He sees the younger sons go forth
    In battle garb array—
He sees them mangled in the dust
  By Aryan tyranny.

God of the Universe today,
  Let not thy mercy stray
Far from this world!
  Hold thou the maddened lords;
Freedom unfurl!

Let not the "superior" race
  Blot out our trust in Thee!
Protect our boys in France—
  Hasten Liberty!

THE SONG OF THE FREE.

O soldier I beg take a heart,
A hope appears in yonder sky;
I'll show you all before we part,
Sweet peace, the Dawn of Peace
Is drawing nigh.
The God of men will soon o'ercome,
And wipe all sorrow fom the land;
Take heart! take heart! for peace is nigh—
I'll show you that your race
Shall always stand.
The day of sorrow now is gone,
No longer must you be forlorn;
Just struggle onward, I beseech,
The highest aim of man to reach.
The Dawn of Peace is drawing nigh,
And all fear and doubt must say good-bye.
Take heart, your race shall justice see
And sing with the world a
Song of the Free!

THE COLOR BEARER.

Day-break and over the shell-wrecked field
An awful silence lay;
The Huns had ceased, their terrible guns
Were resting for the day.
Far out across this wretched field,
A Negro patrol came by;
Each one upon his errand bent,
Nor thought of danger nigh.—
When lo! out from the heavens
A fleet of German planes
Flew over the colored soldiers—
Above the shell-torn lanes!
"To cover men!" the lieutenant cried;
"Lie Low—close to the ground!"
The men soon scattered to and fro,
Each one a shell hole found.
But there was one who did not move,
Nor sought to cring or hide;
And in his arms "Old Glory"
Was waving at his side.
This flag that once had held him slave
And once had set him free—
Now floated proudly o'er a field
Blood-smeared for liberty.
"Lie down!" the lieutenant cried again;
"Lie low or you must die!"
But the Negro only stood erect,
While bombs burst near by.
Then turning to the officer
He answered his command:—
"I will not put this old flag down
As long as I can stand."

EASTER

Slowly and silently upon his way,
The sun arose at break of day;
As round his course he lightly swings
Memories to my mind he brings.
Today God sends a golden light,
And the world with hope is bright;
Even the birds in joyous glee,
Merrily sing from tree to tree.
From earth comes praises loud and long
Joined with heaven I hear this song:

O day of all the sweetest,
Ye happiness bring;
O King of all the greatest,
To Thee we sing!

O day, two thousand years ago,
Small hope we had;
Now Lord, Thy truth we know,
And we are glad!

Heart join with the world
And sing and pray;
Soul, thy best unfurl—
O glorious day!

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Midnight! They stood on the mountain alone,
The pallid moon in the distance shown;
They were Christ, Peter, James and John,
Assembled that night on Mt. Hermon.
They prayed and as their faith aspired,
All thoughts of earth from them retired.
Behold, they look with wondering eye
Upon the Christ—who standing by
Transfigured—His raiment as light;
His face as the sun at midday height!
His countenance banished back the night;
And the Disciples following the light
Saw heaven open and out issued
Moses and Elias, but with light subdued.
A cloud descended and a voice of one
Said: "This is my beloved Son,
In whom I am pleased;" and to them
"Hear ye Him!"

THE DYING SINNER.

That evening after the sun had set,
In a cottage by the sea
Lay a sinner dying, his soul was lost
Through all eternity.
What fearful thoughts crowded his mind
As he lay there—he was not saved;
A vision of eternal death
Over his conscience waved.
He knew that he had waited too late
Before taking up Jesus' cross,
And carrying out the Lord's command;
He knew his soul was lost.
But as he lie there meditating,
Someone began singing—a child
That beautiful song his mother sang:
"My soul in sad exile—"
His mind went back to childhood days—
"Was out on life's sea;"
"So burdened with sin and distress,"
O if I a Christian could be!
"Till I heard a sweet voice saying"
"Make me thy choice."
"And I entered the Heaven of rest."
Silently the sinner lay praying:

O God have mercy on me,
Save me from eternal death
And set my soul free!
The spark of life was going out,
But gone was all earthly pain;
Dying, the sinner joined with the child
And sang this beautiful strain:
"I've anchored my soul in the heaven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild
stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore."

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Pent in darkest doubt,
My hope forlorn;
Lost from me?
It cannot be!
One by one te day-dreams pass,
And they are gone—
O soul of mine when shalt thou be free
Out o'er the distant west,
A song I hear;
Its strains fulfill
Thy blessed will.
Dark doubt grows fainter love,
For thou art near—
O heart of mine be still, be still!
Wrapped in darkest sin,
A world forlorn!
O sinner flee,
Thy soul set free!
For unto you this day
A king is born.
O Lord of host deliver me!
Hope return—
No darkness can shroud the more
Still I yearn—
The guiding light reveals upon
The shore
A silent figure robed in purest
White.
My dreams set free:—
And now to Thee
Beloved I take my flight—
O soul of mine when shalt thou be free!

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

All hail the college on the hill,
To thee our songs we raise;
A thousand voices with one will,
Join in to sing thy praise.
For aye shalt thou stand a conqueror
in the fight,
And shine with thy knowledge as a beacon light—
Pointing the way to truth and light;
This song we raise.

Then hail the college on the hill,
With jubilant songs and free;
Though years may roll it shall be still,
Our University,
The pride of our student body here,
Thy sons stand amidst life's conflicts
without fear—
And from each country far and near
Thy praises ring.

TO LINCOLN.

Up from the back-woods' rough control,
Up from hardships sad—untold;
He struggled on.
Daily he climbed step by step,
And ever his early teachings kept;
He gained the crown.

At last he reaches the highest round,
Yet still his eyes are on the ground:
He sees the slave.
With noble heart replete with love,
Believing 'twas the will of God above;
Him freedom gave.

TO AN OLD HOUSE.

Yes thy logs are losing strength,
Crumbling with decay;
Methinks 'tis been a long time since
Thou wast in thy day.

The mud that was between thy logs,
Displaced as the ages rolled;
Many a youth in rustic togs,
Has shielded from the cold.

And as I look on thee O Seer!
Fast bending to the ground;
From afar is wafted to my ear
An empyrean sound.

O that someone would look with pride
Upon my poor weak soul;
And then as now in me confide,
When I have grown old.

TO MOTHER.

Thy presence seems about me still,
Though I am far away.
I cannot wander from thy will,
You guide me on each day.

And mother dear I do not fear,
My hopes are not in vain;
I'll fight the battle year by year,
With all my might and main.

So mother, far in the golden west,
Some glad day bright and fine;
With tenderest care again I'll press,
Thy dear sweet lips to mine!

TO PHILLIS WHEATLY.

O star that shown when all was dark,
  O maid of dusky skin;
Who sang though caged like a lovely lark;
  Deep from thy soul within.

Could I but write with ink and pen,
  To thee whose spirit hovers near;
I'd sing a song to thee O Queen,
  A song that martyrs hear.

Yet I am weak, my soul doth see,
  O maid without a stain;
Thou who sang from sea to sea,
  Thy work was not in vain!

Though years have rolled away and gone,
  Since hou wast in thy fame;
Forever will a race forlorn,
  Rejoice to call thy name!

THE CHRIST.

We cannot see Him, yet He's near,
For through each raging storm—
He points the weary Pilgrim clear;
And guides him with His arm.

To every one He gives a work,
Although we may not see—
From His sweet call we must not shirk;
He whispers "Follow Me!"

THE VOICE.

Sing on sweet one, who'er thou art,
Thy lovely voice doth pacify me;
That song must come from the inmost heart,
Praises of a soul set free!—
Yes (*God be with you till we meet again,*)
My (*When life's perils thick confound you;*)
Heart (*Put His arms unfailing 'round you*)
Shall with thee sing.—
"God be with you till we meet again."

IN MEMORIAM.

(Mrs. L. E. Dorsey)

Silent Reaper, stay thy sickle keen,
As thou moveth on thy way!
Why reap the loveliest flowers green,
And leave the others stay?

O departed soul—O perfect Saint,
If I could only sing
Of thy noble life—its picture paint,
To me 'twould gladness bring!

Yet I can say—through burning tears,
Without the least delay;
Thou didst thy best—through trying years
Until thy last day.

Silent Reaper thou came not as a foe,
I know thou art true and wise;
For while we sorrow here below,
One reigns in Paradise!

TILL THEN.

I do not seek for glory,
I do not long for rest;
I only want to see my God—
Till then I'll do my best.

THE MAN

He chose his work,
And then
With faltering steps he went
Into the Cristian life,
And sin,
Temptations 'round him sent
With sorrow, pain and strife.

He kept the way,
And when
The clouds had all rolled by,
Beyond, he saw the light,
And sin
No longer nigh—had fled,
For Jesus was the light!

A FREEMAN'S SONG.

Out from a maze of Heathen doubt,
I come, with arms outstretching;
On civilization's sea I'm cast about,
To my stronger brother beseeching!
'Tis not for Fame and Friends I seek,
Nor for some treasure hidden;
'Tis for knowledge, grand and meek,
That I may do God's bidding!

THE COLLEGE HYMN OF THE FRESHMEN.

Let us come together Freshmen,
On this beauteous Autumn day;
And sing of dear old Howard
With a spirit blithe and gay;
And don't forget our numbers
For we're 170 strong,
As we go marching on!

CHORUS.

Shout and sing for dear old Howard
Shout it o'er land and sea,
Shout and sing for dear old Howard
University!

From many distant places
We have come to do our best,
To get an education;
That will stand most any test,
And when we have completed
Through life we'll do our best,
As we go marching on!

When you see us on the campus,
Yes, one hundred and seventy strong;
With our gallant banners flying;
And our voices filled with song,
You cannot but join our praises
As we raise our voices high,
For Howard is our cry!

CHORUS.

Shout and sing for dear old Howard,
Lift your voices full of mirth;
Shout and sing for dear old Howard,
The greatest school on earth.

TO THE NATIONAL NEGRO EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS.

(St. Louis, Mo., Aug., 1910).

To you who by the help of God divine,
Doth meet to carry forward things sublime,
Who journeyed here from many distant place
To help the onward progress of a race—
I extend this poem.

The day has passed when men of our hue
Must hold a second place as once we knew;
The rising Negro race shall take a share
In all things great, and you must help him there.
A pathway lies before, on which all heroes go,
And you, dear sirs, must follow if you would know
The plans of God to lift the Negro race
From dire conditions upon a higher place.
The world is calling for such men as you have here,
To stand amid the conflict without fear;
That know our progress, which they observe,
Who place us in the light that we deserve.
Dear Congress, from a peaceful throne above
A Father looks and showers down His love;
He knows it all, but only awaits His time,
To place us at the top, to which we climb!
Your tears, your prayers, your works, are not in vain,
For we shall some day reach the highest plane.

THE HAPPENINGS OF LAST NIGHT.

"Nature reposes on dewy beds,
The birds fly to their nests;
The curtains of night are drawn,
And the world is at rest."

Congregated we stood in conversation deep;
Our hearts with philosophy and buffonery
did leap;
When up the street; O relentless fate!
Came Roy, in a lazy meandering gait.
His eyes from his unshaven head did stare—
In a throaty voice he sang to the midnight
air.
He drew up close as he passed by us,
And right into the conversation did burst.
His voice rose high in argument clear,
All unconscious of the danger near.
Ere long we four sauntered down the street,
Each one with thoughts of fun replete.
There was John, Horace, myself, O joy!
We decided to have some fun out of Roy!
And there quite near Mr. Blackwell's light
We surrounded him ere he could make his
flight.
"Let's carry him out of town" said John.

Quick to the proposition we did respond—
Each arm respectively, John and Horace had hold,—
I spurred him on with fluent oratory bold.
And as we came to the Odd Fellows' hall,
We bade him bid farewell to all.
Straight down the road we marched in train;
Resist he did, but all in vain.
Fun in Roy did not abide—
"Gentlemen, what means this outrage," he cried:—
Then muttered something about ruffians bold,
And kindly we bade him his tongue to hold.
Down by the Golden property we led our man
And near the Gravel road, as philosophers can,
Discussed his life, and asked with might,
Why he was out this time of night.
We argued long and much oratory did flow—
'Till suddenly we heard the 9 o'clock whistle blow!
Then grabbing Roy in the same embrace,
Gently we turned him right about face,
And lead him down a dusty road,
Wherein stygian darkness abode!
The road was rough, caused by rain;
Suddenly, it turned off into a lane.
Right here we halted and off him took our hands,
And straightway began to discuss our plans.
Said Horace, "let's carry him on and on."
Said I, "Let's turn him loose to run,
And see him sprint with might and main!"
Said John, "Let's carry him down this lane!"

"We will!" All shouted in a very loud voice—
Poor Roy had not even a choice.
"Down that lane you'll never carry me,
No matter what the cost will be!"
In vain he struggled and swayed to and fro,
But John had spoken—he had to go!
Down the lane o'er ditches and mudholes sore—
He did not ask to see—that is he lamented no more.
Along the path by the way
Tin cans hidden from view lay.
You can easily imagine what a task,
To lead a fellow through such a mass.
Gloom its raven wings had spread;
We could hardly see a foot ahead!
Tugging on, we held him close;
Then turned up the road towards Horace's house.
We asked him, "What now is the matter?"
Said Horace, "I believe he wants some water.'
At this he said, "No, not at all!"
Said I, "I think he is trying to stall!"
We led him almost to the gate,
There our decision he did await.
Said Horace, "Don't you all come in the yard;
"My dog on strangers is very hard.
"He'll make you retreat without defence,"
"And perhaps tear your pants on the sharp spiked fence."
The dog was barking and running to and fro,
So we decided to let Roy go—
We turned him loose and bade him flee—
And down the road he shot with glee!

LET ME LIE WHAR DE WATAH MILYUNS GROW.

Ise travelin' along dis lonely life,
An' I am dyin' slow;
But when I die I want to lie
Whar de watah milyuns grow.

Whar de sweet delisus milyuns grow
Along de ribber banks,
Whar de chickens nebber plant dare toes—
Oh lay me in dare ranks.

I can heah among doze milyuns
De angels singin' sweet an' low—
Den when I die, O let me lie
Whar de watah milyuns grow!

TO BUG-EYE.

The sun was gently rising o'er the distant vales and dells,
And I saw along the horizon, shilouetted against the hills,
A diabolical figure crossing a sandy stretch;
A kind of wierd feeling this uncanny being did fetch.
Grallic as a Gran-daddy, with lengthy strides he sped;—
The persperation of burdens hard was issuing from his head.
The wind blew swift and penetrating, and told of tales remote—
Now lolls, now swells, now catches his placid frock-tail coat
And carries it on its bosom for out in space beyond—
Nor did he stop nor heed at all, but promenaded on.
In his hand he held a bucket, the lid of which was gone;—
He opened not his spacious mouth—I think he was forlorn.
Six days, Alack! I saw that man advance across the lea,—
Nor did I moan, I'm not afraid—he certainly can't catch me!

FO' DE LAND'S SAKE, MAN, HUSH.

G'way fum heah, man, yo' missed it!
Whar was yo' at las' nite?
Why wusn't you at de pahty?
Why man, 'twus jes' out o' site!
Yo' oughter seen doze beautiful gals,
Dey look sweet enny how;
But dat wus one ob dem times,
Dey looked extra sweet, I vow.
Dey flew around dare mightily,
Playin' dis game and dat;—
Why man dare wus a great big gang
Eben settin' dar whar I wus at.
But dat aint all, listen heah;
'Bout 'leben o'clock doze eatin's came—
One lady lacked dat cream so well
She put three saucers to shame.
But dat aint de question, yo' missed it man!
We all went home in a rush—
Why wusn't you at de pahty?
Fo de Lawd's sake man, hush!

THE BROTHERS' CRIME.

The day was chilly yet not too cold as down
the road they went;
Two brothers and their sister dear upon an
errand bent.
The sister taught a country school and had
to walk by rail.
The brothers talked of strength they had
and loud with noise did hail
The beautiful scenes that 'round them was
and boasted without fear;
Each one their sister's bundles had nor thot
of danger near.
Alas! they came to a trestle long and drew
near the edge.
"Forsooth," the elder brother cried, "I can-
not cross that bridge!"
He argued long about his affairs nor from
his tracks would part;;
So the sister took the younger boy and across
the bridge did start.
When half way across she stopped dead still,
and sighed with a weariness sad;
The brother at the other end her other bun-
dle had!

Then calling to the other boy as only sisters could,
They sauntered back along the track to where the brother stood.
She took the bundle from him and bade the other stay—
Then turned around upon the track and went her lonely way.
The brothers stood as meek as lambs and watched their sister true;
But ere she reached the other end a train's whistle blew!
The train was coming toward her fast and 'twas the sister's aim
To get across the trestle before the engine came.
The brothers at the other end now filled with disgrace,
Sought to warn her of the train and urged her on in haste.
The yunger boy whose voice was keen, did yell with all his might—
The smoke from the engine drawing nigh had hid her from their sight!
The elder boy lamented much and urged with might and main;
The roaring of his mighty voice was heard above the train!
In chorus they did yell and shout and seemed about to die;
They clapped their hands in agony and prayed to God on high.
On and on the train came—the sister they could not see;

They thought her dead, and paralyzed stood
to see what the end would be!
Alas, the train shot by them—the air with
glee was rent;
Far down the track all safe and sound the
gallant sister went!
She lifted high her parasol and waved it as
a lance—
For joy the big boy jumped high in the air—
'twas said he tore his pants!
And light some darkened soul like mine.

WHAT?

What holds a man in deep suspense,
As he passes by the garden fence?
Watermelon.
What makes him hasten like the very old
scratch
To get among'st that melon patch?
Love.
What makes him retreat without defence
And tear his pants on the barb-wire fence?
Bulldog!

TO MY SISTER.

Again dear one, our God above,
Has bestowed on us His glorious love;
Another birthday He has let us see,
And O the happiness, though parted we be!
Then sister dearest of all the world—
Accept this gift, my dear sweet girl.

RETURN SWEET SMILE.

Behold, when I look in your dear sweet eyes,
A cherished hope within me dies;
For you know I hoped that you and I,
Would create a friendship that could
never die.

Yet when I look into your face,
Behold I see not even a trace
Of the sweet smile that once you had,
That stirred my soul and made me glad.

It filled my restless heart with glee,
To know that you, dear, smiled at me;
Though not for me, O let it shine,

RETURN SWEET SOUL.

List, do you hear a voice that is calling?
Do you not hear it—a voice of love?
The voice of some one that you love dearly,
A voice of a Soul that dwelleth above.

In sweet tones 'tis pleading—
Come back to the Cross,
And there in its shadow your sorrows unfold.
The voice of a mother is calling her daughter,
Return sweet soul.

Will you not heed the dear words from mother?
Why do you linger, O why do you wait?
The voice of the Savior is calling you dearest;
Return sweet soul before it is too late!

LEONAH

There was an Indian name Kwasind
Who loved a Dekota maid;
He being a Creek to her could not speak,
So near by her lodge he stayed.
Once while he was standing near by her tent,
She approached him with noisless tread;
"Though you are a Creek sir, I would you
speak,"
And this is what he said:

CHORUS.
Leonah my queen, for nights I have been
Standing out here in the ice and the snow;
My soul longs for you, I believe you'll be true,
I love you, Lenonah!

Lenonah looked at him for awhile—
Slowly he met her gaze;
The breeze through the tree-tops whistled a
tune,
A dog in the distance bays.
Then smiling she lay her head on his breast—
A bell in the distance rang;
Drawing her close up to his breast,
This was what he sang:

CHORUS.

WENONAH

There was an Indian brave
Who would travel near the wave,
To a certain wigwam.
He'd pick flowers on the way
And stay there all the day.
And at night with spirit bent,
He would hover near the tent
And sing this song:

CHORUS:

My dear Wenonah,
O listen to my song;
For you dear day by day
My heart doth pine away.
Will you not love me,
I love no one but you;
O give my heart some cheer
Wenonah dear!

He wooed her in this way
Till at last one gloious day
He won her love.
So they 'built a lodge to live in
Near the big sea waters gleamin'
And at times when things went wrong
He'd sing their old love song
And chase each care.

CHORUS:

TELL HER FOR ME.

O winds that move from sea to sea,
And wrestle the leaves in every tree,
O change thy course and swiftly go
To the dear maid that I love so;
In her sweet ear this song unfold—
That I love her with all my soul.

O birds that sing near her each day,
In thy sweet song I would thee say,
That I love her with all my heart—
My love for her will ne'er depart;
Then will my restless soul be free—
Ye winds and birds tell her for me!

'Tis done, O ye have made me glad,
No more will my heart be sad!
You've carried my message to her sweet ear,
And O my soul need never fear,
For in her eyes a light did shine
That told of wondrous things sublime
That showed a glowing love for me;
The winds and birds told her for me!

MY SPRING.

Spring is here, the birds are on the wing,
Far and near from tree to tree they sing;
And on my soul their melodies ring—
Memories of thee sweetheart, they bring.

Morning comes, again their songs I hear,
The hours linger, Ah Love 'tis hard to bear!
Yet from afar echoes through the air
Bid me to wait, sweetheart, I can but dare!

Spring has gone, the little birds have flown,
I lay upon my pillow tired and worn;
But in my dreams again the birdies sing—
I see your face sweetheart, you are my spring

ABSENCE.

Fading day!—
Pale moon o'er the distant way
ascending,—
Twilight on the silent world
descending,—
Lengthy shadows to the eastward
bending.—
Far away.
Hope Forlorn;—
Love-light on my highest wish
ascending—
Dark doubt on my pining heart
descending.—
One soul always breathes thy name
unending,
But thou art gone!
When in my dreams uplifted,
Thy image love has drifted
On its way;
Leave not my heart in sorrow—
Stay till the coming 'morrow—
Endless day!

AH LOVE, I SIGH!

The hours I spent with thee beloved,
Were as the 'wakening mornin' beams;
I see them ever, day by day—
I count them over in my dreams!
As ages long they pass by me!
Ah love, I sigh!

Then too, Thine image, always sweet,
Across my longing vision flows;
Just for a moment, then gone complete;
But leaves an aching heart that knows!

O memories so sweet, so true!
O precious hours so dear so few!
When twilight bids the fading day good-bye,
I count the hours as they fly—
Ah love, I sigh! Ah I sigh!

THE ROSE SONG.

One little rose
So sweet, so fair,
That grows in a garden
So rich, so rare;
God watches o'er it with love Divine—
Radiant flower, art thou mine?
One little hope
So dear so true,
That swells in my memory
And calls to you;
One can unchain it and make it feee—
Who knows—is it thee?
One little song
That comes to me,
And tells of sweet visions
That are to be;
God sends the visions and song from above—
Heavenly carol, thou art love!
One little name
I breathe each day;
It comes to my lips
At eve when I pray;
God keep you holy, so fair, so free—
One little rose—love, 'tis thee!

I SAW LAST NIGHT THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Last night in my lonely cottage,
A vision came to me;
In which I saw the dawn of peace,
That came to set men free.
I heard the trumpet's mighty blare,
I saw the great war cease;
And from the fields all torn and bare,
A cry went up for peace.
The marshalled nations' guns had ceased,
Their drums beat soft and low;
As off the blood-drenched field they marched,
To battle nevermore!
I saw you standing by my side,
Your eyes with love aglow;
And peace, sweet peace once crucified
Had come to depart no more.
I held your hand with tender care,
As a light illumed the East;
It joined our hearts forever there—
It was the dawn of peace!

PART III---Stories

AT MIDNIGHT.

It was a miserable wet night. The rain poured down in torrents, and, borne by the strong winds from the northwest, beat sharply against the window panes and rattled the casements. All parts of the old tavern screaked and groaned in irritating sounds as the mad winds threatened to shatter it to pieces. We were storm bound. All three sat at the table silent and glum—each occupied with his own weird thoughts. Suddenly the man at the farther end of the table raised his head from his hands and sat upright facing the other gentlemen and myself.

He was a small, pale, shabbily dressed old man. His face was cleanly shaven and bloodless. His head was extremely large. His eyes, which were deeply sunken, were large and dark. His appearance suggested a foreigner. In fact he looked to be of another century altogether. Looking keenly at each of us he said: "Feels pretty good to be here."

"The swish of that rain reminds one of the wash of the sea, doesn't it? It makes me think of that strange scene I witnessed one night at Sea Breeze. Would the Senores like to hear of it?" "Go ahead," I said, pushing the box of cigars in his direction, we might as well hear a story or two while we wait." The other man sat silent and motionless, but his eyes looked his approval. "About six

months ago," he began in a low voice, "during my second visit to Sea Breeze, I witnessed one of the strangest scenes I believe ever took place. What the meaning of this strange happening was, I cannot say; nevertheless, after I shall have given you a clear description of Sea Breeze and the remarkable scene which took place on the night of June 13th, you will heartily agree with me in saying it is strange indeed.

"Sea Breeze is merely a name given to the marshes on the southern coast of New Jersey. It is, as is all the state of New Jersey, very sandy. Cutting up its surface here and there are large gullies—some shallow, some deep; winding their way swiftly to the Bay.

On the banks of these gullies numerous reeds grow, to a height of three feet. They are so thick that one can, by stooping down, completely conceal himself from view.

Toward the north and a little to the west, the marshes are covered with salt hay, a kind of grass that is peculiar to that part of the country, and which grows vey tall and thick. This salt grass is cultivated by the neighboring people from which they realize a good profit.

Beyond the marshes the ground is saturated with water, forming one of the largest swamps in southern New Jersey. It is a tangle of gum and white oak, almost twenty miles square, most of it under water—a maze of jungle covered islands and black bayous. There are snakes and alligators, panthers

and bears. There was an old story told around that this place was the abode of the devils. One man had sworn that he had been chased for five miles by a black shaggy figure with a hay fork. The neighbors gave it the name of 'Green Swamp' because of its green appearance, and it is the name, I think, most appropriate. In general Sea Breeze with its great sandy marshes stretching fas as eye could eee along the bay—covered with salt hay; and the mighty swamp in the distance from which the beasts and reptiles, and above all, the world famous Jersey "skeeters" emerge at night so enchanted me that I determined to visit it again at night.

"This is why on the night of June 13th, I was standing all alone on the great marshes with my face turned toward the bay, drinking in the grandeur of the scene. The moon was full and its rays seemed to give to the scene a ghastly appearance. Solitude reigned—not a ripple came from the gullies; the bay slept; and even from the great swamp no sound issued.

"Why had I come here at this time of night? It must be after twelve. It is indeed picturesque, but O, the solitude. Those were the train of thoughts that ran through my mind as I stood there, and I was just thinking of making my way back, when I was startled by a yell that seemed to shake the very ground upon which I stood. I was very much mystified by the sound and decided to find out from whence it came. I started

across the marshes in what seemed to be the direction. About half way across I came upon a deeply worn path. This I could see ran directly toward Green Swamp. I followed the path, and as I advanced deeper into the swamp the yell was repeated. I began now to walk rapidly. I could see now that I was on one of the small islands. Suddenly I came in contact with some tall reeds, and thinking that water was near, I began carefully pushing my way through until I did come to one of the large gullies.

Just as I did so the moon glided behind a cloud and the yelling which now sounded very near, ceased. I could not see very far ahead because it was considerably dark; nevertheless I could distinguish the dim outline of something moving about the opposite bank. I crouched back among the reeds so as to watch unobserved when the moon should emerge from the cloud.

Suddenly the moon from the cloud issued and there on the opposite bank was revealed the strangest sight I ever witnessed. Almost in front of me sat a man, no, yes, a man, on a rock. He was barefooted, with his pants rolled up to his thighs; one leg was crossed over the other and he was nursing a toe and mourning pitifully. His head was lowered; all of his attention seemed bent on his toe; so I crept a little nearer to get a clear view of him. I observed that his legs were very long and crooked; they were bowed and strangely, both were bent the same

way. His arms too were very long and bare one dangled beside the rock on which he sat, the other was used in supporting one of his large feet, while his fingers caressed his big toe.

His head being bent down, I could not see his face, yet I could see that it was mostly covered with hair—long and shaggy. As he sat there, he presented a picture, not of a man, but of an inhabitant of hell, whom none could describe but a Dante. Suddenly he leaped high in the air flinging his arms and yelling at the top of his voice. His face was now in plain view and I must say it was diabolical. His mouth, which consumed the principal part of his face, was wide open, disclosing hideous fangs. All of the other portions of his head and face were completely covered by the thick mass of hair, save his eyes, which shown like mighty stars. This man, shaggy, half naked, leaping about wildly; yelling and screaming madly in the fast dimming moonlight, presented only a picture of the infernal.

Suddenly the moon shot behind a cloud and darkness prevailed. Simultaneously the man seated himself on the rock and silence prevailed; but only for a brief period; for as the moon again emerged from the cloud, he began leaping and shouting as before.

For hours I watched that man. As the moon shown brightly in view he would leap and shout wildly on the bank, but as it drifted behing some cloud out of sight, he would seat

himself calmly on the rocks—calm and serene."

The little man ceased speaking and looked around as though half expecting to see the horrible vision again. "What do the Senores suppose this strange occurrence could have meant?"

"I think,"—but I got no further, for just at that moment the landlady came in with a tray of steaming supper and the strange happening at Sea Breeze was forgotten.

RATTLESNAKE PETE.

"Whoa, thar!—by gum ev'ry time I gets to this dam knoll them thar ponies gets skittish. Whoa, that, damye!" and old Dave jerked the lines with all his ruddy strength, bringing the stage coach to a halt with a mighty jar.

We were perched upon a beautiful knoll which intercepted the old trail twenty miles from Elk's Inn. Old Dave had jumped down from his seat and was busy arranging the harness. There was a worried look on his face, and he was muttering to himself.

"Anything wrong with the harness," I asked.

"O no," he said quickly, "they need just a little fixin' up."

"This is a very beautiful spot. What hills are those to the left?"

"Them thar's part of the Ozark mountains and I dunno as how this spot is very purty, stranger."

"Pretty! Why just look at the view one has all around; lofty mountains to the left, prairies to the right, stretching as far as the eye can see; in front the—"

"Yas, an' if you knowed what I know' bout this har spot it would lose a lot of that purtiness."

"Why, what's the matter with this spot man! I can't see,"—

"It's the darndest spot on earth!" snapped old Dave, climbing back into his seat and taking the lines. "Taint a thing but hell; that's all! Giddap! We got to make the inn afore night."

Encouraged by his long whip, the little ponies started out on the trail in a swinging trot. Soon the little knoll was lost in the distance, and old Dave became more and more at ease. There must be something singular about that little spot back there to have so upset a man of this type.

"Didn't mean no harm, stranger, the way I spoke back yonder. As I said afore, thet spot kind o' gets me ev'ry time I pass thar. Eve heered o' Rattlesnake Pete?"

"No," I said, searching my memory for such a name.

"Wal, I didn't think ye had, seeing ye hadn't been 'round here long as yit. He lives 'round these here parts."

"That's a queer name for a man. Is it a nickname?"

"Wal yas, and no. You see 'twas this way: Way back in the fifties these eer parts was

more wilder than they are now. Injuns roamed all round; but they didn't bother no one. This har trail was nothing but a foot-path. A stage came pass 'bout once a month.

"It was on one of these trips that the stage brung to these parts a little woman from Michigan whose husband was out heer makin' good in minin'. She hadn't orter made the trip, seein' as how she was expectin' a visit from the old stork.

"But she was a brave little woman, and she thought as how she could make the trip all right. At Cowan's Station she took the stage fer these parts. She was the only passenger. The driver was an Injun—Hawk, a purty trusty fller. He'd been driving the coach fer six year.

"The first part of the trip went alright. 'Bout three o'clock they reached that little knoll back thar what we jest left. It looked diffrunt in them days. Some trees stood on it, and on the right slope there was a kind o' swampy stream, sometimes used fer a watering place fer the ponies. The grass was tall and thick, and it was filled with varmints and creepin' things.

"Hawk stopped the stage on this knoll and unhitched the ponies. He told the lady as how he was goin' to give them a little water; then he lead them down to the stream..

"He hadn't been gone mor'e ten minutes afore he was skeered by a piercin scream. When he rushed to the top of the knoll he was struck dumb at what he seed.

"Ther little woman was laying half way outter the stage door dead-like—and wrapped 'round her boddy was the ugliest and biggest rattler that's ever been seed in these parts.

"My God! Had he bitten her?" I asked.

"Yas, and he had throwed back his head fer to finish the poor gal, but Hawk was too quick fer him. There wasn't much left 'o that rattler when Hawk got through with him. The pore little woman was unconscious. Hawk hitched up and drove back 'bout two miles to an Injun village. The Injuns took care of the little gal, but she soon died, but the baby was born."

"Was it alive?"

"Yas,—the Injuns was skeered 'o it at the first. You see his skin was spotted all over like a rattlesnake, 'cept his face and hands. One old squaw took him and reared him up. The Injuns called him Rattlesnake Pete.

We had reached the level country. The little ponies were trotting lazily along the dusty trail. Suddenly I was awakened from the spell by a lurch of the stage coach as it went over a fallen tree trunk. Old Dave was nearly thrown from his seat. The lines slipped from his hands. He grabbed for them quickly, and in doing so, I caught a glimpss of his bare arm. The skin was scaly and spotted like a rattlesnake's.

THROUGH AIR TO SQUASH BOTTOMS.

If anybody asked you if you ever saw the Devil, I am sure that you would answer them in the negative. That is because you have never been to Squash Bottoms, for if you had you would have certainly seen the Rev. Josiah Bable, who resembles Satan in every respect save one—his title. He was the only preacher in the neighborhood for twenty miles square, and there was nothing in the whole community that could take place unless he suggested or fostered it.

On the 19th of August, when the people held their annual picnic, celebrating the death of one Pre-Varicator, who is said to have discovered the moon, it was the Reverend who planned the festivals, and it was the Reverend who received the balance after all the expenses were paid. He was the sponsor of all projects and the receiver of all dividends. He seemed to possess a strange influence which controled all things, which a description of him will show.

Josiah Bable was about eight feet seven inches tall, short of trunk and long of limb. His trunk did not exceed twelve inches in length while his legs, slender and shaky dropped eighty-four inches to his feet which

spread out over the surface of the ground like two vast Alluvial fans. Two long, limbery arms hung loosely from the upper end of his trunk, stretching past his ankles. The Reverend was made up of muscle and gristle. There was not a bone in his anatomy, except of course his head, which was of an adamantine substance. His eyes were small and deeply sunken. They had no particular color, but had the power to take on different hues according to the disposition of the owner. The children while playing happily out in the commons on seeing Bable's ghoulish form emerging towards them across the field, disperse in every direction squalling and crying for their mothers.

Still under this iron rule Squash Bottoms remained the filthiest, happiest and most uncomplaining village in the world. It lay six miles from Punkin Bluff, half hid by a ridge of lofty hills that circled around it in endless waves of the green. These hills served as pasture lands for the great number of cattle which grazed on their slopes. Life was happy in Squash Bottoms and it was never dull. Always there was something going on; a grand celebration, a barbecue or something which the wonderful mind of Rev. Bable had contived.

Squash Bottoms boasted of two main buildings, one was the church and the other was Ben Hauser's Saloon which was in the center of the main and only street in the village. The church stood on the other side of the

street directly opposite the saloon. It was a tall, shaky frame building, very spacious and capable of seating the entire population including the dogs.

Squash Bottoms kept in communication with Pumpkin Bluff by a freight train which came and went morning and evening respectively each day. This made it very convenient for the business men of both villages and especially those who had any connections with the little brick bank at Pumpkin Bluff.

It was for this very reason that we find Rev. Bable all diked out in his long black coat, which could have been used better as a tent, early Friday morning impatiently strutting back and forth in front of the box car depot. He had important business arrangements at the Bank of Pumpkin Bluff.

After awhile the familiar shriek of the old engine came to his ears, and a few moments later was rumbling on his way to the Bluff. The old freight moved slowly, for it was loaded with many machines for lifting and moving. These were to be unloaded at the Bluff, for the engineers who were blasting in the slope in preparation for extending a bridge across Apple Creek.

About eight o'clock the train arrived at the Bluff and Bable swung out of the caboose and sauntered down along the track to the bank. It was a most beautiful summer day, however, not the slightest breeze stirred, no birds sang in the bushes—all nature seemed to be waiting—expecting something. The eery

silence was only broken by the occasional bray of a lonesome mule which was hitched near the depot, and ever an anon the heavy blast in the ravine below.

When Rev. Bable at last emerged from the bank it was nearly 6:30 p. m. He looked tired and haggard; evidently for the first time in his long fraudulent life he had been beaten. But this was only the beginning. It was already approaching time for the train to leave, and Babel was just thinking of hurrying a little when he was startled by the toot of a whistle, and looking up was surprised to see his train leaving the depot and bearing down towards him on its way to Squash Bottoms! Was he to be defeated a second time? That remains to be seen. Quick as a flash he darted along the track bent on catching the caboose as it went by. But poor fool! He was running in an opposite direction to that in which the freight was moving. He did catch the caboose alright, but the force of the swiftly moving train loosened his weak grip and slung him clear over the little depot, landing him on some soft manured ground at the heels of a rawboned, gigantic feminine mule.

Though feminine, this mule was quite masculine when her temper was aroused. She had already been frightened by the noise of the old train, and when Babel dropped with a thud at her heels well—it didn't last long any way. She merely placed both iron-clad hoofs along his spinal chord and he shot headlong

over the bluff. Down, down, down he shot; catching and grabbing at the short shrubbery which grew along the steep bank; yet he could not check his speed. Once his adamant head struck the trunk of a tree, which impact had no effect on his speed. The tree was broken in three places and violently torn up by the roots.

You will remmber I said some engineers were blasting down in the ravine; well it happened that they were just about this time preparing to blow up a great flat rock which interfered with their work, and which could not be removed otherwise. Consequently they planted dynamite under the rock, lit the fuse and scampered in every direction out of danger.

Just as the fuse was sparkling brightly there came a screeching, tearing sound from the slope above and Rev. Bable swung birdlike out over the ravine, then dropped point-blank on the doomed rock below! Ah, what a look! The fuse sputtered, a white puff of smoke shot in the air, followed instantly by a terriffic explosion. The hills re-echoed the sound—bounding and rebounding it backward and forward until the whole valley resounded like the fiery blast of hell.

The air was filled with flying dust and rock in the midst of which was the Rev. Bable clinging to a huge boulder which was shooting up at the rate of a mile a second. Up, up went the boulder with Babel desperately clinging on. High above the surrounding

valley, high above the hills, high above the white clouds, high into the empyrean they shot! But at last the old man's grip weakened—shutting his eyes he let go of the rock. For a few moments he remained poised in the sky, then suddenly turning two somersaults he shot downward like a bullet directly towards a large fleecy cloud. In a moment and the Reverend would have had for the first time in his life a bath—but it was not so. Just as he got in about twenty feet of the cloud, the lage black coat he wore unloosened its sixty yards of broadcloth; spreading out in the air like the wings of a monstrous aeroplane, and Rev. Bable sailed horrizontally in space—beyond the cloud!

The sun was just sinking behind the westen hills. Squash Bottoms was peparing for a big supper. Sweet, barefooted dusky maidens were seen coming from the pastures laden with milk. From every house there came the burned odor of frying bacon or smoking goat meat. Suddenly the whole village was aroused by someone yelling down in front of Ben Hauser's saloon. Everybody rushed out into the street to see what was the matter. It was Ben himself. He was standing out in the middle of the steet pointing frantically upwards yelling at the top of his voice. He was calling to the people to look, and when they at last understood him they turned their eyes heavenward and saw an awful sight.

Not one hundred yards above, in plain view

floated the flamey form of Josiah Bable. Even at that distance his eyes showed like mighty stars and flashed a greenish hue. For a few moments the people could not believe what their eyes saw; but as the huge form drew nearer and nearer a great superstition fear seized them and they fell on their faces, praying to God that they should not be destroyed.

In the meantime the Rev. Bable floating 'round and 'round in a circle drew nearer and nearer to the earth. The people of one accord once more raised their eyes to see their coming doom. They saw the form make two complete circles and on the third come to an abrupt pause.

For fully five minutes he remained poised in the air about one hundred feet from the ground.

Suddenly the long black coat ceased to flap in the breeze and fell losely at his sides. His arms dangled downward and the Reverend, after describing a complete semicircle in the air, shot earthward like a meteor. He struck the roof of the church, disappearing through its rotten shingles!

It was sometime before anyone could be induced to go in the church to ascertain the results; but when Ben Hauser was half coaxed, half pushed in the door by his neighbors he saw the Reverend seated astride the pulpit calmly brushing the dust and powder stains from his long black coat apparently as well as ever.

JEANNE DE L'AIR.

(Romance of the World War)

It was twilight in the month of August. The cabin cringed upon the steep bank of the river Clain, seemed lonely and deserted. Farther back from the cabin, and a little to one side, the dim outline of a long shed could be made ut; and encircled about all was a massive vineyard,—black and forbidden in the fast growing darkness.

The entire site had an air of abandon; and well it might be for hovering above this silent landscape a Death Angel lurked and waited.

How long would she have to wait? How long could this weakening soul continue its struggle against the inevitable? But this was a strong man; strong because he loved his country, whose dire need of him was now ringing in his ears—and whose call he could not answer.

The room in which the man lay contained, besides the couch, two roughly made chairs and a crude dresser. The floor was bare and the walls void of pictures. On the dresser was a lighted candle and a small oil painting

of a young woman—at which the man was intently gazing. There were two doors in the room—the front door which led to the road outside; and the rear door, leading to an adjoining room.

The candle gave a flickering though fairly bright light. The man on the couch slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, and reached for the painting on the dresser. His effort failed and he sank back on the couch with a loud groan. He was still gazing at the painting with longing eyes when the rear door opened and a young girl entered carrying a bowl of steaming soup.

She was dressed in the garb of the French peasant girl, and at a glance one would have taken her for the exact duplicate of the painting on the dresser. There was the same oval face, the large illuminating eyes, the mass of flaxen hair and the dainty red lips which were slightly parted as she stood there staring anxiously at the man on the couch.

"*Mon Pere,*" she cried, placing the bowl on the dresser and going to the couch. "You must not take it so hard. In a few days you will be well and be able to get around. Only you must be patient,—be patient."

"No Jeanne, I will never be well again. I have only a few hours to live as it is; and my only regret is that I must leave you alone in the world, and that this accident has happened just when I was needed most by my country."

"*Qui, mon Pere,* if there ever was a time

when our beloved France needed every one of her sons, it is now! Racine tells me that the German invaders are now within twenty miles of Paris, and that our soldiers are unable to check their advance!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the old man suddenly sitting upright on the couch. "*Helas*, that I had the strength! But Paris must not fall! Jeanne, take the lantern and go to the shed and bring me that roll of blue prints in my chest;—the keys are there on the dresser. *Preste, mon Cherie*, we have no time to lose!"

The old man sank back upon the couch as Jeanne darted out of the front door, lantern in hand. The overwhelming news which had just been heard had almost brought the end that was very near. Being situated as he was upon the Clain river, it was seldom that any news of the great struggle between his country and Germany penetrated this lonely and unpopulated region. Although the struggle was hardly two months old, many startling things had happened since the kaiser's formal declaration of war against France.

Jules Russeu had been one of France's lesser noted wine growers. He had been living on this little farm for ten years, alone with his daughter; his wife having died before he moved to this part of the country. During his entire stay on the farm he had been secretly working on an aeroplane; his intentions being to make an aircraft that would be formidable in warfare. Three weeks ago while experimenting with his machine, he ac-

cidentally flew into a tree and was thrown fifty feet to the ground—sustaining fatal injuies. The aeroplane was damaged only slightly.

As he lay there grieving over his helplessness, he was aroused by a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," he called weakly.

The door opened and a tall, sturdy built young man limped into the room.

"What, you here, Raccine? How long have you been from the front?"

"Two weeks, monsieur. I was wounded near Soissons, and the Commander ordered me home as I could be of no use to the army now."

"Too bad, my boy. We are both in the same predicament. But do you think, honestly, that Paris is in any real aanger?"

"Danger! Why it is only a question of hours when Paris must fall into the hands of these invaders. They are pouring down from the north in hordes, and the outer forts of Paris are already being bombarded by them."

"*O, mon Dieu!* What is the matter with our troops? Has General Joffre lost his nerve?"

"It's not that. The soldiers are disheartened. They do not realize what the war means. It is too sudden. They need arousing—something to awaken them up to the issue."

"*Oui*, you are right Raccine. They need a '*Maid of Orleans*'—but where is Jeanne? I sent her to the shed"—

"*Je suis ici, Pere!*" cried the girl dashing through the door. "O Raccine—*comment se va?*"

"As well as one could be who must limp around while his country is being crushed by a powerful enemy."

"There now, you have done your part. You have served your country briefly but well. All France knows of your bravery around Soisons. Do not grieve, but pray for our deliverance."

"Well said, Jeanne, my daughter, but bring me those blue prints, for I have much to say to you ere it is too late!"

Ici il y a' Pere," said the girl approaching the couch. The old man rose to a sitting posture while Jeanne spread the papers out on the couch before him. Raccine drew nigh as the old man in a voice choked with emotion poured forth his goat secret to his daughter.

It was not a dream nor a theory, but a method by which the now surrounded Paris might be delivered from the hands of the Germans.

For more than two hours he talked—his voice growing weaker and weaker.

"Jeanne, he said, faintly; you understand how to fly the machine—I have taught you well. Take these papers and follow your instructions; I—

"*Oui, mon Pere,* I will do as you say. God will protect and help me!—only you must be strong"—

"Be strong?—yes be strong! cried the old

man sinking back on his pillow. You be strong, Jeanne,—deliver Paris; *ha!—Maid d' Orleans—Jeanne,—Maid de l'Air!*"

These last words died away in a whisper as the old man slowly closed his eyes. The girl sprung up and bent anxiously over the couch.

"*O, mon Pere!*,—Don't—don't—O Dieu! Raccine he is dead!"

The poor girl threw herself upon the couch sobbing and calling her father; but the hovering Angel had not waited in vain, for the torn soul was even now being wafted to an everlasting peace.

II.

Dawn, gray, silent dawn—with noiseless tread had overtaken the little cabin on the Clain, and with it, came the songs of happy birds, the breath of new born flowers, and the hope of the breaking day.

Inside the lonely cabin solitude reigned. Jeanne Russue was kneeling beside the deserted couch—her grief-stricken face raised towards heaven in silent prayer. Raccine sat in a chair nearby, his face buried in his hand. Very slowly he lifted his face and stared searchingly at the girl.

"Jeanne, he said softly, it is morning—I hear our country calling. I cannot answer; but you—you can.—"

"*Oui*, and I will answer; It was my father's wish, and I will never rest until it is done!"

Rising up from the couch the girl gathered

up the blueprints and went slowly into the next room. There was no time to lose—for even now her dear Paris might have surrendered to the enemy.

In a few moments she reappeared. The tears from her cheeks had fled. The grief-torn face was transformed into one of stern determination.

Raccine arose as she entered the room, and stretching forth his arms, drew her to him.

"Jeanne, he cried in a choking voice, how can I let you go—mine,—my own beloved—O, the mockery of civilization, when women must fight for their country's freedom!"

"Raccine, dear, there is no one else to carry out this mission. Two months ago I let them tear you from me, and now that it is my turn,, do not weaken me by your grief; but pray that I may have strength to do my dear father's bidding."

"You are right, Jeanne," said Raccine, slowly releasing her from his embrace. I will attend to everything here. Now good-bye, and may God guide and protect you to the end."

"Good-bye, Raccine," said the girl, tenderly kissing him on the cheek. Then crossing to the couch she took one last look at the white upturned face—and passed silently out of the door.

Half an hour later, Raccine was aroused by the popping of a motor, and rushing to the door, he saw a gigantic aeroplane soaring upward. He watched it circle round and round

like a great eagle—then steer northward towards Paris.

III.

All night long the great German siege guns were pounding away at the forts around Paris. All night long the frenzied inhabitants crowded in the cellars and basements, waited their doom which now seemed inevitable. Troop after troop of the defending army were falling back behind the city and throwing up breastworks for the last stand. Shells were bursting everywhere. The gigantic Howitzers were hurling their death-laden missles with superhuman accuracy into the lines of the French Army; and, as the morning sun, blood-red through the smoke-laden atmosphere, soared above the eastern horizon the great German war machine was steadily grinding its way into the heart of Paris.

High above all, the huge Zepplins hovering over the doomed city like hideous birds of prey, were dropping bomb after bomb which were falling in the streets and on the buildings, leaving death and destruction with their every impact.

By noon the French army had fallen back upon its last line of defense, and the inhabitants of the city had given up all hope of deliverance. The first great drive of the enemy had spent its strength and the German hordes were now preparing for their final onslaught. The French commander issued orders to make ready for the last stand which were being carried out in feverish haste. It

seemed as though the French army had lost control of itself. The men seemed dazed and half-hearted.

The officers were closeted in their headquarters discussing whether it would be advisable to surrender the city or not; and after a bitter debate it was finally decided to surrender to the Germans.

"However," said the commandant, "we will go right along with our preparation as if we intended to hold the city; but when the attack is renewed we shall then act on this decision."

"*Oui*," answered General————. "Our city is doomed. I can see no other way out of it; we must surrender."

"But gentlemen," observed an African officer who had opposed the idea of surrendering "do you realize what you are to do? Do you realize what it will mean to surrender to the Germans! At this time to give up would lead to the destruction of all Europe."

"*Oui*, General Kufus, but what are we to do? Are we not now half encircled by those blood-thirsty Huns. There is nothing to do but to surrender."

A murmur of dissent came from the other members of the staff as the giant African arose once more to speak. He stood six feet with perfect physic; a true type of the great race to which he belonged. For a few moments he surveyed the assembly of officers before him. His eyes never wavered as he looked into the stern faces of the men who were once his masters. A breathless silence

came over the assembly as the impassionate words of wisdom fell from the lips of the Negro.

"Gentlemen," began Kufus, "you are indeed about to commit an awful blunder. It will be disloyal to surrender Paris without a struggle. You say that it is useless to fight. Is it not better to die trying to defend your country than to surrender and see it laid in ruins? Sirs, we have so far been on the defensive and we have never yet been put to a real test of our strength. If we would reorganize our armies and carry the battle to the enemy before he resumes his attack on us, I am sure we could halt his drive. We must not give Paris up without showing a supreme effort to save her!"

"There is good judgment in what you say General," said the Commandant rising. "If we could assume the offensive there is no doubt that the enemy would be halted. But how are we to do it? Our men are all demoralized."

"Sir," said the Negro, "we need some act to bring our armies back to the sense of their duty and responsibility. This can be done by a sharp thrust at the enemy. Some one of our divisions must charge the nearest enemy line —and take it!"

For awhile the officers wrangled and hesitated, but in the end it was decided to adopt the suggestion of General Kufus, and fight to the last.

Arrangements were quickly made for a

general drive on the enemies' lines, and General Kufus' African Division was to lead the onslaught. By two o'clock everything was in readiness, and at a given signal the French guns began to rain a sheet of fire into the enemies' ranks. This was kept up for about an hour, and, when the guns ceased, the African Division marched out of the city to face the Germans.

This was the beginning of the end! The fate of France lay in the undaunted bravery of her Negro soldiers. What would be the outcome? Must France be crushed? Surely she had trusted her deliverance in the hands of the world's most fearless soldiers.

Half way out on the field the black army was met by the murderous fire of the enemy. They did not waver. Again and again the German artillery fire swept through the ranks of the marching Africans, but the black resolute line came on; while all France held its breath!.

Suddenly there came a sharp ring of a bugle, and the black men, transformed into a mass of howling demons, dashed headlong on the German line like a thunderbolt! The onslaught was maddening. The Germans fought bravely. At first it seemed that they would hold their ground in spite of the terriffic charge; but they were no match for the Negroes. The ring of the clash of steel was deafening. The black men came on as the great German line began to waver. Reserves from the rear were rushing to the German's

rescue. Up to this time the French armies had not closed up to support their black comrades and they were obliged to fight the Imperial Prussian guard alone.

The German flying machines too were playing havoc in the African ranks by dropping bombs. It now looked as though this brave charge of the blacks would at last come to naught. But still they fought; holding the ground which they had gained with stubborn defence.

Suddenly high above the noise of the raging battle, there came a shrill sound which set the blood tingling in the veins of the warriors! For a moment they stopped fighting and turned their eyes upward. What a marvelous sight met their gaze.

IV.

Directly over the heads of the battling blacks soared a gigantic aeroplane. It was the largest craft that had ever been seen at the front; and it was shaped like a monstrous eagle. No guns or any mechanism of defense was visible, yet this great aircraft was flying directly towards the German fleet of airships! There was something about this strange craft which held the attention of the soldiers. All the field glasses from the various headquarters were watching its movements. What did it mean? What was its mission? The answer to these questions was soon to come.

The aircraft was now directly over the fleet of German planes. Suddenly it darted

downward headlong into the midst of the fleet. There came a blinding flash of light and the entire German fleet was enveloped in flames.

So quickly was this done that the soldiers did not at first realize what had happened. When they did come to their senses they saw the huge aircraft gliding swiftly over the German lines. This brought the Germans to the sense of their danger; but it was too late. Already the death dealing flames of the aircraft was playing havoc in their lines.

This was too much for the amazed Frenchmen, who, seeing their enemy put to flight by the mighty aircraft, regained their lost courage and began charging in the wake of their black comrades.

The airship did its part. Here and there it darted swift as an eagle, discharging its death dealing liquid on the panic stricken Germans. They were now in full flight all along their lines and the gallant African troops were hot in their wake.

All the rest of the evening the battle raged and the Germans were still falling back in disorder. Regiment upon regiment of the enemy was almost wiped out by the terrible air monster. It was impossible to hit it with their guns, for they observed that when they shot at it the shell would invariably burst before it reached the mark. Every German aeroplane was destroyed by this wonderful machine, and the retreat of the Germans became a slaughter.

Three times the German officers tried to rally their panic-stricken men, but each time they were carried away by the onrushing French and Africans. There was no mistake now—the French soldiers had regained their lost courage, and the German drive on Paris would fail.

As evening came on General Kufus' men fell back and gave way for the fresh troops which were pouring in from the south. All Paris was rejoicing at the outcome of the battle and discussing the action of the strange craft which had done so much to save the city. Kufus and his officers were discussing the same subject.

"But that was the strangest aeroplane I ever saw, General. Where is it now? Do you see it?"

"Yes, Kafir," replied Kufus, "there it is to the right. It seems to be headed this way too!"

"Oh, indeed! I see it; but it is coming towards us—look, it is directly overhead, General!"

The general was already staring at the wonderful machine which was now directly above them. They could see it plainly. It was circling round and round like a giant Condor. Suddenly, it came to an abrupt stop. There came a blinding flash of light, followed by a terrific explosion and the giant aircraft was rent in fragments!

"My God, General! What has happened?" shouted Kafir.

"The machine has bursted! But look, man —what's that falling?"

General Kufus was already rushing across the field in the direction of the falling object. Several of his men who recognized the situation darted after him. They reached his side just in time to see him catch in his arms the falling body of a girl.

"God," muttered Kufus as he laid the white limp figure on the soft grass.

"Dead—General," whispered one of the men.

"Electrocuted," answered Kufus, "the fall could not have killed her."

"Was she alone in the machine?"

"I don't know—have the men search the wreck for other bodies. Look—what's this?"

Kufus bent over the body of the girl and stared at the inscription on the necklace that she wore. He read it aloud: *I am Jeanne, I Came to Save Paris.*"

"And so have you done, Jeanne!" cried Kufus rising, "come men, bring a stretcher; we shall bear this body into the city. The world must know of this noble maiden who has saved Paris."