

THE PROGRESSIVE WESTERNER

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Ruth Freeman, Manager.

TO OUR READERS

It is quite difficult for a publisher to give all of the people just the kind of news that is desired, and we would like for you to let us know of any changes that would benefit the Progressive Westerner and help in the progress of the Race in bringing the people of the Race closer together. Thus helping the advancement of the younger generation to the higher standard at which we are aiming.

This might have been called the Western Girls' and Boys' Magazine since it is largely through the efforts of the young people that this little magazine is edited. But we have called it The Progressive Westerner and our very reason is embodied in the name, because firstly this is a Western enterprise and secondly we intend to be progressive. With your help we are going to have a clean, first-class, up-to-date magazine.

Be loyal to your race and help it to gain prestige and recognition in the eyes of the world. We intend to run a Department for Kodak lovers. There will be a page devoted to Kodak work of all kinds, so save your best work for The Progressive Westerner.

When we explain that we have received the subscriptions from hundreds of the most exacting and discriminating class of the Negro people of this Great Northwest, you will realize that we have some reason to be patting ourselves on the back.

We have been careful to carry the very best of advertising and we can guarantee every ad that is published in our magazine. We appeal to our readers to patronize our advertisers and when you call on our advertisers, please mention The Progressive Westerner.

— The Manager.

EDITORIAL



Eleane Dickson, Editor.

A FAIRY TALE—BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

Once upon a time in the beautiful land of Bon Bon, there lived a Fairy Queen. This beautiful Queen was wont to dream on beautiful summer afternoons, or when the hazy twilight of evening began to settle upon her beautiful realm.

She was ever dreaming of all the little fairies who lived in Bon Bon with her. Her dreams were always pure and good; dreams of right always overcoming the wrong; dreams of love and charity; dreams of peace and joy for her people, dreams of how best she might make her people happy and make more beautiful her demesne.

So she began to dream of a beautiful little garden where sweet flowers might bloom forever and send their pleasant

odors over the beautiful land of Bon Bon.

So one calm summers morning just as the sun had begun to roseate the Orient sky with its beautiful light, the Queen arose and with her retinue of servants, she went forth to realize her dream. Each one of her servants carried a lovely basket all covered and lined with beautiful flowers of every description and in the little baskets were some tiny seeds which she planted.

Every morning she came and watered the little plants and tended them carefully and they grew and thrived. When the gentle breeze stirred among their tender leaves their fragrance filled the land. The fairies rejoiced and were glad and said,

"Behold the Queen's Garden," and "Long live the gracious Queen." For she has planted the beautiful blossoms of Faith, Hope, Peace and Love which help to brighten our lives and makes life worth the living."

Then one day the King of Evil came to visit the lovely Queen. The Queen shuddered and all her subjects were filled with fear; for all his retinue of servants were clad in sombre colors and their looks were dark and sinister. He called them by name and said,

"Ho, Envy, Malice, Hatred, Jealousy, tramp upon that hideous little garden which this foolish Queen hath wasted her time in planting, for the sight of it offends my eye and makes me miserable."

Then those servants of Evil ran upon the dainty garden with their nailed and heavy boots, but the more they stamped and raved the more beautiful the blossoms seemed. Then the King

of Love came and slew the wicked servants and put the King of Evil to flight.

So the King of Love and the beautiful Queen lived happy ever after. Long after the Queen had passed away the little garden bloomed and finally encompassed all the land. The name of the Queen became a by-word for all that was good and true. Her memory lived on forever. She was never forgotten. The seeds were planted in the hearts of the people and the hearts of the people were the garden.

Just a few short weeks ago, the Manager and Editor of this little magazine began to dream. Our dreams were vague as dreams usually are. We had an idea but the idea was vague. We knew we wanted to do something but the something too was indeed a vague abstraction. Then the dreams and the idea began to take shape and develop into a more concrete form. Then we knew what the "something" was. We wanted to employ our minds, our hearts, our efforts, our achievements in doing something for the grandest Race under the sun.

So we went forth to realize that dream.

We began to *look* busy. Then we finally got people to believe we *were* busy. Then we finally *got* busy and after a month of anxiety, smiles and heart-throbs the Progressive Westerner was rolled from the press.

Now the fight is on. A fight for the right, for success, for those inalienable rights, for the Race. We hope to plant the seeds of hope for a noble Race, Faith in a noble Race, Peace for a noble Race and Love for a noble Race. Envy, Malice, Hatred, Jealousy may spring up to make the way harder for us, but we love our Race and all

Humanity and Love conquers all things. We hope to take our place with the other Progressive Afro-Americans and do our part. We want to join the army of those who are endeavoring to lift the Race to a still higher plane, to a higher life where Life is high and noble.

Then too the Western Negro wants to know what the Eastern Negro, the Southern Negro, and the Negro all over the world is doing and if we are doing anything at all we want to let the world know it. We want to let the world know that we too are lovers of our race.

If at any time those servants of the King of Evil should arise, we hope the love of Race will set all such dark and unworthy passions to flight. We are striving upward dear Reader, will you help us with your aid and support? Our little magazine perhaps is not all it should be but most great things have had small beginnings. We intend to be progressive. We are going onward and upward. We will find success. This shall be our motto:

Farther on we will go farther,
We shall count the milestones
one by one.

Jesus will forsake us — **never**,
It will be better farther on.

So watch the Progressive Westerner progress.

We have set our eyes on a goal somewhere away up yonder and if we miss our mark we will land somewhere *up there*. We hope to plant the seeds now in the calm summer morning of our life which we hope shall spring up and rebound to the Honor and Glory of the Negro Race. We hope indeed that our influence for good and for truth will encompass the land. And after

the Manager and the Editor of the Progressive Westerner shall have passed away to Morning land, The Progressive Westerner will be remembered for all that was high, and true, and noble.

I am yours for the Race,
THE EDITOR.

THE BLACK TURCOS OF FRANCE.

What Germany has long feared has now come to pass, France is using her black army! She has brought into action on European soil, thousands of black troopers. On the whole the quality of these troops is excellent and above the average. They are hardy by nature and France has given to them the very best of training. Being made up entirely of dark races, they have all the qualities that make the true soldier. They obey a command to the minute and have never then known to lag in battle. They are daring, reckless and valiant and have the reputation of fearing neither God, Man, or the Devil.

At the battle of Charleroi they marched against the Prussian Guard with shot and shell flying around them, their nostrils dilating and their eyes sparkling with joy of battle. The command was given: "Give the Turcos free rein!" and they took it. One writer in describing it says, "It was like Hell let loose, so fierce was the charge of the Turcos. While a Turcos was disengaging his bayonet from one victim he would whip out his revolver and shoot another." At this battle it was reported that one of the African soldiers captured a German captain. No matter how steady or invincible are the troops of the enemy, no soldiers on the field are able to resist the Turcos bayonet charge.

In thinking of the Turcos of France, one's mind travels back to San Juan where another band of African soldiers were marching into battle singing, with the cannon around them and stanch courage in their hearts. They too were intoxicated with the joy of battle and in their fierce charge they swept the enemy down before them. Thus stamping another victory for America on the pages of History.

France is making the desert bloom. In her careless manner she has made Africa produce for her, cattle, grass, wines, oats, wheat, trees, olives, potatoes, beans etc. As America took her black subjects and sent them out on the battle-field to win for her honor and glory, so France is doing, and they will uphold and protect the honor which has been intrusted to them.

Yes, Africa produces fighting blood and Germany has cause to fear it. Two years ago or thereabout, Gen. Freidrich Von Bernhardi of the German army wrote: "If the French succeed in making a large African army available for an European theatre, the estimate of the French army as compared to ours will be quite different." Quite different indeed!

Since France first landed in Africa, she has built up a productive empire there. They have built roads, run steel rails through mountain, desert, and forest; drilled wells and drawn water where formerly there was none. Today in Africa statistics say the French have: 6,000 miles of railway, 25,000 miles of telegraph and 10,000 miles of telephone. But even with all these fine achievements, France may yet be made to realize that the building up of a black army in Africa is the wisest and greatest of her achievements there.

COMMENTS

Broadway High School at Seattle, Wash., has 16 colored students, which is the largest number any high school in the city has ever had. The students have expressed their intentions to become engineers, mechanics, stenographers, dressmakers, bookkeepers, pharmacists and Journalists.

The very best of training is given each student and the school is very liberal in its curriculum and allows each student as much freedom as possible in choosing and specializing in subjects that will best fit the needs of their prospective professions. Miss Irene Harvey and Mr. Edward Johnson are members of the orchestra and Mr. Johnson is the treasurer of the same; while

Clyde Colman, the prospective pharmacist is the famous back-stop of the Broadway Foot Ball Team. He is one of the star players in the team and although a colored lad, he is one of the idols of the school, because of his brilliant foot-ball record.

Many of our readers will be surprised to hear of the recent death of Mrs. Aida Overton Walker, who died Oct. 10th, at her home, 107 West 132nd Str., New York City. Mrs. Walker's death comes as quite a blow, as she was only sick for about ten days.

A contract has recently been drawn up in the city of St. Paul, for a Union Hall to be constructed by Perfect Ashler a Masonic Fraternity jointly with Mars Lodge United Order of Odd Fellows. These two orders came together after months of constant negotiations between them. They are proud to announce that they will build and construct an edifice to be known as the Union Hall Association and is to be erected at the corner of Kent and Aurora Ave. at the cost of \$14,000. According to contract this building will be ready for occupancy Feb. 15, 1915.

Much credit is due Mrs. S. D. Stone for the way she has taken hold of the Swimming Class of the Y. W. C. A. Girls' Culture Club of the Y. W. C. A., of Seattle, Wash. After Mrs. Carter's departure, the class was without a leader, but Mrs. Stone stepped in and filled the vacancy. If she had not done this the Y. W. C. A. would doubtless have taken the colored girls priviledges away from them and the girls would have been without this great opportunity of taking up so many different kinds of beneficial work. So it is the earnest wish of the Progressive Westerner that the girls will turn out and show their appreciation as well as being benefited thereby.



OF INTEREST TO THE NEGRO

—By Mrs. M. A. Anderson.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Myrtle Wallace, the twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wallace won a prize at the Vancouver Exhibition for the beautiful painting she had on exhibition. Miss Wallace, we are proud to say although of tender years is making rapid strides along the lines of art.

Mr. and Mrs. R. James and son and daughter, who have toured the United States from coast to coast, stopped over in Vancouver enroute to their home in New Zealand.

The Ladies of the Maple Leaf Club are taking a special course in Needle Art Work.

The Exhibition of the work of the Colored citizens of the City of Vancouver, B. C., which was held under the joint auspices of the Negro Christian Alliance and the Zion Baptist Church proved to be quite a success.

The exhibitors are to be highly commended for the class of work they exhibited, and the organizers of the movement are confident that by the time another year rolls around and the financial depression is relieved that the Colored citizens can and will produce an exhibition both in size and quality that will compare favorably with other exhibitions.

While each exhibitor deserves credit for the work done, special mention should be made of the beautiful cushion made by Miss Clara Williams, the lovely painting by Myrtle Wallace (aged 11 years), bead-work by the Misses Ethel and Edith Simms, sewing and preserving by Mrs. G. H. Anderson and the pin cushion by Mrs. G. Egent.

As the day of the exhibition fell on the Canadian Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 12th, a Thanksgiving Dinner was also served, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the prevailing financial stringency, quite a large number turned out, making the venture in financial success also.

To the ladies of the Maple Leaf Club is due a large share of the honor in adding new laurels to our Vancouver citizens. In contributing to the exhibition and dinner and in helping and carrying out the arrangements they were the mainsprings that worked with tireless energy and devotion to the cause of inspiring both young and old to take a new interest in the various things that pertain to their welfare.

Portland.

By Mrs. Grayson.

A number of ladies met at the Library Hall on Monday afternoon with Mrs. L. K. Weeks and Mrs. Verna Champe to organize a Republican Club. They were assisted in organizing by Mrs. A. Nugent, secretary of the newly organized Republican Women Election Officials' Association.

The meeting was addressed by several Republican candidates in the coming election. The organization will continue to hold meetings throughout the campaign, and will endeavor to enlist the interest of other Negro Women. The club is to be known as the "Colored Women's Republican Club."

A large number were present and at the close of the meeting a social half hour was spent with Mrs. Nugent who served punch and cake to the ladies.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. L. K. Weeks; vice President, Mrs. H. Redmond; Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Merriman; Treasurer, Mrs. Virgil Keene; Advisory Board, Mrs. E. K. Griffin, Mrs. Fred Thomas, Miss E. Clemens, Miss E. Bryd, Mrs. Lucy Bell, Mrs. P. Paries, Mrs. Cora Coffey, Mrs. R. Jackson, Mrs. B. J. Fuller, Mrs. W. R. Peek.

The meeting was also addressed by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, the "Mother of Suffrage" in Oregon.

With the opening of the night classes in the Portland Trades' School, we are pleased to note the large representation of our women among so many whites. There were at least ten in attendance on the opening night, all taking up one of the lines of work; sewing, millinery or cookery.

It is indeed encouraging to see so many avail themselves of this opportunity to increase their efficiency along these lines, and certainly bespeaks "ambition" for any woman, who after working all day at home or outside is so thoroughly seeking after knowledge to give her evening up in study.

TACOMA.

By Geo. Longress.

Among the successful hunters this season, Mr. James Sage was among the first to bag a deer. At the beginning of the season in company with Mr. Arthur Ury and Dr. Ernest Dupree, he killed a fine buck in the Hoods Canal district.

Mr. Geo. H. Longress has proven himself to be champion spell-er of Tacoma. At the weekly spelling school, he was able to stay up on the floor until the last. An effort was made to make him sit down last Friday, but even the teacher got tired of giving him words and gave up.

Mr. Ernest Tanner, our eminent colored athlete was injured in a game of football Saturday, the 17th, between the Stadium Alumni Association and the Tacoma Athletic Club, but nothing serious.

The total attendance of the Tacoma night school is 1,773 out of this number about 70 are Negroes.

If election goes right this November, two or three more may be seen holding clerical or other positions at the County Court House.

There is an excellent opportunity for Colored boys and girls, if they choose to get clerical positions with the Government. Examinations are held monthly and they only require a small amount of study. At present there is a dearth of applicants. That is why the examinations are being held monthly. Get busy and stop yelling "hard times and no opportunity."

Colored boys will be given the opportunity to take part in the various smokers held by the White Lodges in Tacoma.

It is pleasing to note that all moving theatres controlled by Jews in Tacoma use Negro help.

A FEW OF THE MANY WONDERFUL THINGS BEING DONE BY WOMEN OF THE ANGEL CITY

By Miss C. F. Albright.

One of the first things which impresses itself on a visitor to Los Angeles is the great desire of the people to help someone else.

The club women of California and especially those of Los Angeles are banded together with that idea. The women of the Sojourner Truth Club carried this out when they built their beautiful Working Girl's Home on East Adams Str. This handsome building, modern in every respect, is open to young women who have no home in the city. Everything is arranged for their comfort and convenience and a matron is in charge who has a daughter of her own and therefore loves and understands girls. Not without much labor and sacrifice was this accomplished, but no thought was given that, by the noble band of women composing this club.

The care of children is the purpose of the Day Nursery Association. A building has been purchased on Channing Str., and each day, many children are cared for there, who would otherwise be in the streets while their mother's are away at work.

The Women's Civic League is wide awake along all lines of civic betterment. Only recently, through the efforts of this organization, a large number of poor children and working mothers were given a happy outing at the seashore. Free transportation was secured from the Pacific Electric R. R., a free lunch

was donated by one of the missions of the city, and the children and their mothers, spent a glorious day on the sands. This is to be made an annual affair.

These are but a few of the many things being done by the women in Los Angeles to carry out the motto:

"Ever onward, ever upward,
Lifting others as we climb."

THE NEGRO SINGER

By James D. Corrothers

O'er all my songs the image of a face
Lieth, like shadow on the wild,
sweet flowers.
The dream, the ecstasy that
prompts my powers;
The golden lyre's delights bring
little grace
To bless the singer of a lowly race.
Long hath this mocked me: aye, in
marvelous hours,
When Hera's red pylons, in their
far, hushed place!
But I shall dig me deeper to the gold;
Fetch water, dripping, over desert
miles,
From clear Nyanzas and mysteri-
ous Niles
Of love; and sing, nor one kind act
withhold.
So shall men know me, and remem-
ber long,
Nor my dark face dishonor any
song.

Century Magazine.



Prof. W. S. Scarborough

THE RELATION OF THE NEGRO TEACHER TO THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ELE- VATION OF HIS PEOPLE.

By W. S. Scarborough, Wilber-
force University, Wil-
berforce, Ohio.

The two great educative factors in the moral and social elevation of a race are the home and the school. Upon the training received, in these rests the future of any people. In the home, the earliest impressions are made. Every educator, therefore should recognize the importance of making that center all that it should be in the great work of character formation, which we conceive today as the prime end of education. It is too true that few parents understand the part they have to perform in this work. Countless homes through-

out the land are not all that they should be. Too many parents are either ignorant or indifferent as to their share in the education of their children. It is Dr. Thayer who asserts that the mass of children and youth in the public schools of our land never receive the first moral lesson at home. When we look at the statement in the light of the existing conditions in many homes, especially those of so many of the Negro race, we can but accept the truth of the assertion. Then, it is a noteworthy fact that the children of school age today spend far more time under the direct influence of the teacher than is spent under the direct influence of the parent.

This being the case we see that the work of moral and social elevation must be largely done by the schools and that the onus of it rests pre-eminently upon the teacher.

To assure the future of any people, there must be a growth in both thinking and doing. The Negro race must learn to think for itself, not to let others think for it; it must learn to do for itself along all lines, not to be dependent upon others for doing. This task of leading to such growth is the teacher's. The men and women who are directing the youth are in reality directing the destiny of the race. On them rests this responsibility of inculcating in their pupils those lessons in all the little things that go to make an honest, industrious class of people — all those correct habits of life that make for morality and decency; lessons in neatness, punctuality, accuracy, truthfulness, thoroughness, system-lessons that are to so great an extent neglected in the homes of undeveloped peoples.

It devolves largely upon them to accentuate **correct views of life** — views which every child must be held to hold if there is to be progress. Proper insight, the right perspective of relations in life, the intellectual and moral training that will develop common sense, sharpen intellect, purify soul, and strengthen character—these are needed above all by backward races and thus they become the teacher's life work.

In reality, the teacher is better fitted in many respects for its performance than is the parent: for the teacher is stripped, in a large degree, of that partiality which blinds to faults and weaknesses, and of that ignorance, ambition and vanity which cause so many parents to urge and impel children to many a mistaken course in life.

The youth of today are to be taught to be industrious, to learn that hard work hurts no one, that even learning is labor, and all labor is honorable, that a trained intellect and a trained hand all go together to make a perfect man. They are to be taught that the mind must be rightly occupied, that the hand alone set to work leaves the mind free to run riot — a freedom that usually becomes license to run upon debasing things when a life has not been inspired by thoughts above the soil. They are to be filled with aspiration, that they may not grovel contentedly in the slough and mire — such contentment has not one uplifting phase to it but it is ever the basis of further decline.

There has never been a time in the history of the world's education when men and women — looking back over the formative influence that have shaped their lives—have not

found their uplift to be credited to some teacher. It has been some honorable, enthusiastic, self-sacrificing, noble, virtuous man or woman who has kindled self-respect, fanned the spark of divinity within to a flame and stirred the fires of ambition to be and to do.

Thus the teacher becomes most largely the spiritual, mental and physical adviser of a people, holding a position than which none is closer in its relation to the elevation of a race, none more potent in influence for the future. The opportunity is his above all others to direct to higher levels, to point out error, to correct false ideas, to lead to true estimates of life, to bring out the best, to repress the worst, to transform the viciously inclined, to inspire and encourage the dullards, to indicate right channels for the eager, brilliant ones.

This being true, then what must this teacher be who sustains such a relationship to the future of the race? What is required of one who has such unlimited power, who can dwarf or spur the minds in his care, who can make the youth "**look up and not look down,**" "**look out and not in**" and who "**lends a hand**" to every uplifting plan, or lets those he assumes to guide sink to degradation?

In the first place, the moral sense of a race cannot be elevated nor can the social plane be lifted higher except its teachers have a high moral sense and a proper comprehension of what differentiates social planes. Example has ever been far more than precept. So the teachers of the Negro race must be champions of honor and virtue. **Loose lives must not be tolerated among them. Gambling, frequenting questionable places of amusements, drinking—vices, great and**

small, should have no place in the lives of those who are to lead the young as mentors. The teacher, like the preacher, stands too near the young to be other than **thoroughly honorable**. Weak, unprincipled, selfish persons with no race pride, no race love, no race hope, should not be at the teacher's desk. Those who teach must be men and women in whom frivolity finds no lodgment, who are not only above reproach but who possess such force of character that they make boys and girls strong in discriminating between right and wrong and resolute in following light and doing the right. They must have, too, that personal magnetism that clothes the born teacher with unwonted power to carry followers wherever he leads.

This responsible position as a leader calls for preparation along mental lines as well as for moral equipment. An ignorant leader in any cause is a dangerous one. The time is past for entrusting the great work of education to the hands of those poorly prepared. A money reward need not be expected by one occupying the teacher's chair. This position—the most important and responsible—**the formation of character for future upbuilding of races**—this is the most poorly paid. Neither should teaching be used simply as a stepping stone to something more desirable. Unless one has consecrated his life to this calling, unless he has heard with unmistakable clearness the voice that summons to a vocation one has no right to meddle with the immortal work of a teacher—as sacred as any on earth. But with the clear call resounding in the ear, preparation for, as well as interest in, teaching as a life work, is absolutely necessary. Breadth of knowledge and varied culture

should belong to the teacher. Ethics and Philosophy must be thoroughly studied as only through a knowledge of these can one know how to cope with the task of training minds. The Negro teacher must be familiar with science and higher learning generally. Breadth and depth in these mean elevation as well. So his must not be a smattering. Such shallow knowledge leads to false ideas. It is he who drinks deep of the "Pierian Spring" that will alone bring one face to face with truth and its clear understanding. The blind cannot lead the blind.

But above all the teachers must be religious, God-fearing, Christian men and women. Bible must be their standard and religion a part of their lives. Not the frothy kind that have only a "religious vocabulary" without a "religious experience," but the kind that can stand the fiercest light of scrutiny. Free thought, "liberal" religious views, as they are termed, may be one's own personal right, but for immature minds to be encouraged or led to such exercises is dangerous in the extreme.

The youth who sit at the feet of their teachers today are going to do more than anything else to transform the future homes of the Negro race. With cultured homes and schoolrooms presided over by teachers thoroughly fitted for their work the trend must be upward. With a steady growth in love of high ideals, with profound contempt for idleness, with pride in work, with a deep-rooted horror of crime, a people always moves on to higher levels. Its moral elevation is secured and with it will come that social elevation that must have its genesis within its own ranks.

(Continued on page 24).

CABIRIA

By VIVIAN AUSTIN.

One of the most picturesque and typical plays of Modern life, that has been presented to us recently is Cabiria. D. Annuzio that great Dramatist, Novelist and Poet, has made this beautiful historical novel so realistic that I feel there is a lesson and a moral to be taken from each character.

One of the greatest mistakes the young people of today make is, they see a play or read a book, they admire the great acting and beautiful scenery, and enjoy the intricacy of the plot, but fail to grasp the motive, or see the moral. We must learn to recognize the fact that in every book we read and every play we see, there is some moral, some lesson we can follow for good or reject and profit by the mistakes we see.

This play especially appealed to me for three reasons. Firstly—We are now living in a time of great wars, and in looking back in the third century and seeing the awful destruction of lives, one Nation fighting against the other for supremacy, away back there before Christ came to show the peaceful way of doing things, I wondered: are we really very far removed from them after all. When we stop to look at the War in Mexico and the great European War it makes you think and think deep. It seems that the only difference is: we have Modern and advanced machinery for taking more lives at one time than they.

Secondly—I was oh! so proud of that great and noble character Maciste, the African slave. He to my mind was the hero. He made me think of one of

those beautiful poems composed by the great Evangelist Mrs. Lena Mason entitled "The Negro always in it." To my mind he was not only in it, but as far as the romance was concerned he was IT.

Then thirdly the things that appealed to me were: How great the power of man has become. How realistic were those beautiful scenes, especially the burning of the beautiful palace of Batto, Cabiria's father. When Mt. Aetna of Catania Sicily erupted the statues of those great Gods that the people served in those days, Apollo, Jupiter, Vulcan and Hercules with their fair consorts Juno, Venus and Minerva were shorn from their pedestalled thrones and humbled in the dust to do homage to the works of the real and only living God, The One Power, The Spirit of Life and Death. It was so typical of human nature to see the slaves of Batto stop to pillage his treasure, when all above and around them were the flames that every moment were coming nearer to destroy them. I wonder are we not just a little like that today? Life uncertain, Sin and Death all around us and yet we are stopping to pillage the earth for treasures here, and fame for the eyes of the world to see. Never stopping to think and see that all these things are fleeting, while Death is sure. First get safe in the true Ark of Safety and if we watch and pray in the right spirit these earthly things will be added according to our needs.

The story showed that these same slaves' prosperity was short lived for they fell into the
(Continued on page 24).

THE SPHERE OF WOMEN

By Clarence R. Anderson.

The social rights and duties of women in the civilized world today, is a question much in dispute. The increased intelligence, the political achievements, and the industrial accomplishments of the weaker sex in the last two decades, coupled with their advanced social standing, all of



Clarence R. Anderson

which has resulted from their constant agitation and contention for more consideration in this man-made world, has aroused all thinking people of the present age. To what this great change in the sphere of women may be conducive, is a question of prodigious sociological import.

The progress of women is one of the most important factors in our contemporary civilization. It is not collateral, but concomitant; not incidental, but essential. No race, no nation, can far advance if its women are

held in subjection. That race, or that nation, which attempts to cope with other races, or to build a grand and noble empire, and at the same time curtails the advancements of its women, will hardly have begun to rise to the heights to which it aspires, ere the degredation of its suppressed women will become as a weight upon its neck, growing heavier as that race, or that nation advances, until the increased weight will finally drag back to the bottom, the aspirers, who were but mere dreamers of a great future.

The masculine and feminine characters shown respectively by man and woman are not the result of fundamental differences in their maleness and femaleness, but are directly traceable to heredity and environments. Woman exists in this man-made world of practical and scientific activity, but is excluded from full participation therein. Certain organic conditions and historical incidents have enclosed her in habits, and enshrouded her with customs which she neither can nor will fracture and destroy. These same conditions and incidents have set up in the mind of man, an attitude toward her, which renders her almost as alien to man's interests and practices as she would be were she spacially separated from them.

Let us look back for a few moments to primeval times. We see man, the strong protector of woman. We see him hunting in order to obtain food on which woman, who was dependent upon him, might subsist. We see him at war. We find man's most

immediate, most fascinating, most predominating, most remunerative occupation, was the pursuit of animal life. In this pursuit, the stimulating to invention was born. This aptitude for invention grew as time passed, and finally developed into a settled habit of scientific interest. Turning now to women, we find her activities limited to plant life, and the care of children. We find her inventions were largely processes of manufacture connected with the preparation of the fruits of the chase. These occupations created the characteristic mental life of each.

Thus, we see that in man, his occupations were constructive, the natural consequence of his varied experiences, and his constantly changing environment. In woman, hers were conservative, following from her more stationary and monotonous condition.

Men and women at the present day form two distinct classes and are not in what we might term a free and unprejudiced communication with each other.

We look to New Caledonia and discover to our surprise that men and women rarely sit or talk together. We turn our attention to the Zulus, and learn that they regard their women with haughty contempt. We observe Senegambian customs, to find that women live separate from their husbands, and that their sex is virtually a clique. We look to Ireland and China, and there perceive that the education of the women of these countries is restricted to certain limits, and habit of harboring contempt for women and their intellectual sequestration still prevailing, though in a lesser degree than formerly. Lastly, let us turn to the United States and England, two of the most

highly educated, and cultured countries in the world, and let us compare and contrast the conditions and positions of women in these two countries with those more backward, formerly named. We find that the higher the intelligence of a race or nation, the higher must be the intelligence of its women; the broader the knowledge of that race or nation, the greater the consideration given the women; and the further the advance of the women into the many and various fields of the world, the smaller becomes the barrier between men and women.

Industries had their birth in the hands of women, and the entrance of woman into industrial life is but a return to occupations that were predominantly hers. Inventions makes this only the more favorable.

The contributions of man and woman to the world are of equal value, because equally indispensable. The great, material achievements, and accomplishments of man in the scientific world, loom large and at first sight appear to eclipse woman's contributions of intuition, patience, self-sacrifice, altruism, gentleness, and love, but the keen observer, one capable of logical reason, will at once recognize that both sexes have made equally definite and essential contributions to the race.

When woman through environment and heredity has developed in a similar degree, the powers of generalization, initiative, invention and logical deduction which characterizes man, and when man has evolved those powers of refinement, intuition, spirituality, patience, and unselfishness which distinguishes woman, then will man and women truly companion each other;
(Continued on page 24).



The above cut shows the proposed New Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church located on the southwest corner of McMillan and Larabee streets of Portland, Oregon. Rev. J. Logan Craw is the pastor.

It is to have Sunday school rooms, ladies' rest room, kitchen and serving room, toilets, etc. The building is to be heated with a hot air plant. There will be a concrete foundation while the building proper will be of frame construction carried out in Gothic design. The exterior walls will be shingled except from the bottom of the window to grade level, which will be brick veneer.

The lecture room in the basement will also be provided with an elevated stage and dressing rooms, suitable for all church entertainments and general meetings of a secular nature. This meeting room will be complete enough so that church services may be held there with entire convenience to all. The main

auditorium will have a bowled floor with curved pews. The seating capacity of the main auditorium will be 314. The choir which is located directly in back of the pulpit will have a seating capacity of 22. A very convenient feature is that the choir has separate choir rooms, both for ladies and gentlemen. These choir rooms are accessible directly from the street. Directly in front of the choir between the choir and the pulpit is an invisible baptizing pool. Above the gents choir room will be the minister's study.

The balcony will be "U" shaped and will have a seating capacity of 220. The total seating capacity of the church will be 556.

Actual work will be started on the lecture room soon. H. C. Dittrich is the architect.

A new modern six-room parsonage will be erected aside by the church fronting McMillian Street.



PRESBYTERIANS MOVE IN NEW EDIFICE.

Along the lines of Advancement among the Progressive Afro-Americans of Seattle should be mentioned the Grace Presbyterians. They have purchased a beautiful edifice at the corner of 22nd ave. and Cherry street, and celebrated their opening with a grand "Musical de Luxe."

This musical was one of the grandest affairs that have ever been given in Seattle and much credit is due the trustees of the church under whose auspices the musical was given.

Prominent Western Divine Attends National Baptist Convention at Philadelphia.

To "The Progressive Westerner:

At 10 o'clock, at Convention Hall, the President, Dr. E. C. Morris (called the great convention to order and announced Rev. J. H. C. Henry, D. D., Miss.; Rev. W. T. Kenny, D. D., W. Va.; and Rev. J. G. St. Clair Drake, D. D., Va., to conduct devotional services.

Then followed the welcome addresses, that made all feel at home. The president delivered his annual address, which sounded the keynote to the work before the convention and set every messenger on tip-toe with inspiration. Five thousand delegates from all over the country listen-

ed with abated breath to every word that fell from the lips of the president.

The convention then settled down to business, and for six days and nights the work of the denomination, under the management of the different boards, was looked into with great care, and found to be, for the most part in good condition. The convention divorced the Home Mission Board from the Publishing Board and fixed its headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., with Dr. Booker, of Arkansas, as its General Secretary.

There was much discussion over this proposition; however, it was carried by a large majority.

The divorcing of personal interests from the Publishing board, such as "The Church Supply Company," and "The Negro Doll Company," etc., flooded the convention with information hitherto unknown by the rank and file of the Baptist family. This question claimed much consideration and in the judgment of the convention it was thought that all personal interest should be moved away from our headquarters and so decided.

Another important question was the appointment of a commission that should become advisory to the Publishing Board, the delegates taking the position that the convention, owning the publishing outfit, had the right

(Continued on page 24.)

THE TEST

By ETHEL STONE.

Edgebrook-On-the-Hudson was a famous, old, boarding school for young women. It was a large, grand old school; the finest in the country. No one but the most wealthy blue bloods of the country sent their daughters there. It was situated on the banks of the lordly Hudson, a fine beautiful old building, which reminded one of Colonial Days. Its wide broad verandas, supported by massive stone pillars; the long windows from the ceiling to the floor opened out on the veranda and gave a very pleasing effect; the bamboo chairs and settees arranged carelessly here and there on the veranda; all suggested luxury and ease.

The beautiful flower gardens and well-kept lawns were also a pleasing scene, with the wide, pounded-sand driveways and walks. On each side of the walk set in quite a ways from these driveways played artificially carved fountains. The skilled workmanship was almost inconceivable. On one side was the carving of Aurora, and preceeding that were dancing cherubims. As the wind blew the light mist to and fro in the bright, warm sunlight, it gave every indication of a rainbow.

It was a warm day in autumn, and the young girls flitted here and there along the walks. Some played tennis and basket ball in the courts near by; others were scattered on the lawn, and some had congregated and were talking in a very excited manner.

It happened, that same morning, that Miss Graham had announced in the study hall, that a young lady would arrive sometime that afternoon, and would

occupy a private room. The fact that she would occupy a private room caused undue excitement as the girls usually had a roommate.

"Who is she?" asked one girl.

"Oh, We'll have to wait and see, Miss Graham is so concise about everything" said one. Just as she finished speaking, a young girl came tripping across the lawn, and was hailed with manifest delight by a bevy of girls.

"Oh, Rose, where have you been?" they exclaimed.

"Taking a walk down the road," answered the young lady. Rose Stahl was a tall, well-proportioned girl, with large hazel eyes, and a quantity of light, chestnut hair. She was light complexioned, with heavy eyebrows, a thin sharp nose and a somewhat large mouth.

"I'll bet you went to see if you could see that new creature who is coming here," cried Patricia Langhorne.

"I didn't, I don't care anything about her, and you forget, Miss Wright forbids us to use slang."

"No I didn't forget it. I simply don't care," she cried with a toss of her pretty head.

Patricia and Rose never seemed to agree. If Rose affirmed a statement, Patty promptly replied most emphatically to the negative. Patricia was considered however, one of the most brilliant girls in school, and she certainly was one of the most charming. She was a typical cattleman's daughter, and possessed a pair of dancing blue eyes.

She was as obstinate as the days are long, and as perverse as the weather, and as witty as Twain, but as staunch, and true

as Achillies. She never wavered or sat on the fence. It was either "yes" or "no." She was as frank and open as the day.

Before Rose, however, had time to reply, the sound of carriage wheels attracted the attention of the two perverse persons, and they turned their eager eyes in its direction.

The carriage drove up to the veranda steps. The coachman got down and opened the door, and out stepped a creature it seemed, from Fairyland. There were modified "oh" and excited whispers from every direction, as the girl drew out a tiny purse from a small mesh bag to pay the driver. He bowed in such a condescending manner, that she gave a low musical laugh. Down the steps came the stately Mrs. Graham and Miss Wright. She extended her small gloved hand to each of them.

"I am Gloria Barry," she said softly. Gloria was about the average height of a girl. She wore a well fitting brown tailored suit of the latest fashion, a brown napoleonic hat, with a long brown quill fastened on the side by a large brown buckle, and her small foot and ankle were displayed to a pleasing affect, by short vamped oxfords. Her dark brown almost black curly hair shone from under her hat. She was of an olive complexion, with expressive dark eyes, which glowed from under her heavy lashes. Her small eyes lay close to her head, and her nose was neither too long, nor too short; nor thin, but aristocratic in its appearance.

And as the two surprised women looked at the girl, they could hardly find words with which to express themselves.

"Yes — ah, Miss Barry, we were expecting you!" exclaimed Miss Wright, accepting the

offered hand; and then her sister.

"Now Miss Barry, will you go to your room first, or shall I introduce you to a few of our young ladies?"

"Why, I prefer to meet the young ladies first," she answered with a winning smile.

"Very well," said Mrs. Graham, turning to the group of girls.

These are Miss Rose Stahl, Miss Patricia Langhorn, Miss Margaret Brenhiem, Miss Helen McCoy, Miss Bertha Bennett, Miss Grace Bennett, etc; until she had finished, and she then showed Gloria her room.

"You may come down again if you are not too fatigued. The first tea bell rings at a quarter before six, and the second will ring at five minutes before six, and I will send one of the young ladies up to conduct you to the dining room. Afterwards you have a half an hour before tea for recreation, and then you go to the study hall for three quarters of an hour, and then you may either retire to your room or visit some of the other young ladies, but the lights must be out by nine o'clock. In the morning we arise at six o'clock; dress and air your room, and be in the dining room at seven-thirty. At eight o'clock you must be in the chapel for prayers and by nine o'clock in your recitation room. We have recitation from nine until twelve, and lunch from twelve until one. Then you either practice, paint, sew or draw for half an hour, after which you spend the afternoon as you like, only, never leave the grounds until you have permission. If you do not understand these rules you just come to me and I will endeavor to straighten them out. I will see that you have all of the necessary articles,

and materials." As she finished speaking, Gloria drew from her belt a pretty little watch to ascertain the time.

"I will have plenty of time, Mrs. Graham, as it is just half past four," she said with a smile.

"My dear, let me caution you not to leave your trinkets lying around?"

"All right, thank you," she said, as the Matron left the room.

In the meantime the girls were standing around in groups discussing her, "The Girl Question."

"Isn't she pretty! What a superb figure! What an exquisitely shaped foot!"

"Patricia," asked Rose, "What do you think of her?"

"She is a second Cinderella, but did you notice her complexion? She is so dark, rather a Spanish type I should think. But if she can dance, ride horse-back, play tennis, and basketball, and is jolly—well, she is some girl."

"That seems to be all that you have in mind. That and your slang!" cried Rose indignantly.

"Well, that is enough to insure me she is a real girl. What do you think of her?"

"Oh, she will do."

"You're jealous."

"I'm not," she said indignantly.

"She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen!" exclaimed Grace Bennett. And so the opinions were passed.

In her room Gloria sat down in a low rocker by the window, and gazed out on the Hudson. "Oh dear," she sighed, "I do wish I were at home with mother. These girls act as though they had never seen a girl of my race before. I detest being gazed at like that. I wish I was in dear old Chicago. Well, I suppose I must get up and dress for tea. These rules in this old jail are

certainly rigid. Oh, I can't dress either, my trunk hasn't come." But a knock at the door broke in upon her train of thought.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she opened the door, you have brought my trunk." The man set it in the designated corner, and left. "Oh, I am glad this is my last year in a horrid old boarding school. I don't understand why girls have to have all of this air of culture and refinement, when it is all artificial. I thought people were growing more original as the years rolled on, but it seems as if they are more imitative than ever. "Oh, but when they do find out what I am in this school, they will — well it will be a practical joke on them. Well to arrange my room. I'm glad Daddy thought to tell them I wanted a room by myself."

For the next half hour she was busy putting up pictures, arranging pennants and cushions. Just before the five minute bell rang, there was a gentle tap at the door. She hastily opened it to find Grace Bennett standing there.

"Oh, how-do-you-do—wont you please come in, and sit down. I was just arranging my room."

Grace accepted the invitation with alacrity, and they were soon chattering quite freely with one another when the bell rang.

"Oh!" cried Grace, "there is the bell, and we must go down immediately. You have fixed up your room just darling, and you are so pretty, dear, I can't help kissing you."

"Thank you, I appreciate the compliment," she replied laughingly. When they reached the dining room they found it crowded with curious girls.

(To be continued next month.)

LETTERS

Wilberforce, Ohio.,
Sept. 30, 1914.
Miss Eleane Dickson,
2506 E. Union Str., Seat-
tle, Wash.

My dear Miss Dickson:—On my return I find your letter awaiting me. I regret exceedingly that the matter has been deferred so long, but it could not be helped. I congratulate you upon the undertaking and am wishing you great success in your editorial management of "The Progressive Westerner."

We shall be glad to receive some copies of your Journal so that we can put it before our young people with a view of enlarging your subscription list.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,
W. S. SCARBOROUGH,
President.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 23, 1914.
Miss Dickson,
2506 Union Ave., Seattle,
Wash.

Dear Miss:—I am proud to say that I have been the recipient of your inspiring letter of the 11th inst, wherein many noble and exalted thoughts are expressed concerning your future actions and doings.

I admire your thirst for advancement and prestige and am willing to help you all I can, because I always feel it my duty to encourage ambition and efforts put in along that line.

Wishing you every success in your efforts, I am,

Very respectfully yours,
GEO. G. ROSS,
Attorney at Law.

68 North 10th Str.,
Portland, Ore., Oct. 10, 1914.
Miss Ruth Freeman,
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Miss:—I am delighted with your new adventure in journalism, and congratulate you and Miss Eleane Dickson in the conception of the idea of launching out into the business world with the publication of a Magazine that will acquaint the world with our progress and endeavors in the Northwest. The people of the Middle-West, East, North, and South do not know what a wealth of ability, opportunity, and forward strides are ours out here. Our News Papers are too crowded with local news and advertisements to treat at any length what we are really accomplishing. A Western Magazine such as I understand you propose publishing and editing will fill a much wanted need, bespeak our continual progressiveness and make for us another acquisition that will bring additional recognition of the poetic truth that:

"Were I so tall as to reach the Pole,

Or grasp the ocean in my span;
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind is the standard of the man."

Anything that I can do to lend impetus to this splendid and beneficent project will be gladly done. As a contributor and "booster" of the same you may depend on me as much as my time will permit.

Very truly,
J. LOGAN CRAW.



They Couldn't Beat That.

A minister walking along the road saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring with a small dog in the center.

"What are you doing with that dog?" he asked.

"Whoever tells the biggest lie wins the dog," said one of the boys.

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a moment's silence, then one of the boys said, "Give the gent the dog, Jim."

A Cute Variety.

"Doctor, what is the matter with baby?"

"Acute indigestion, Madam."

"Why, of course, if the little dear had to have indigestion at all, it would be a cute kind, for everything he does is just too cute for words."

Why She Sympathized.

Young Mrs. Stone was packing for a trip to the country, as her husband was to have his first vacation since their marriage. When her wash woman came she said, "I am preparing to go to the country, they have given my husband thirty days."

"You don't say!" replied the woman sympathetically. "Well, I know just how you feel, they have just given mine ninety days."

A Stop and A Dash.

The teacher desired to know how much of their lesson on punctuation the children had really learned so she requested them to each go to the board and write a sentence, punctuating it carefully. One little girl wrote:

"The wind blew a five-dollar bill around the corner."

"Mary," asked the teacher, "Why that dash?"

"Why," said May mischievously, "I always make a dash after a five-dollar bill."

The Wife:—Why is it that some married men do not fear death?

The Husband:—Because there is no marriage in heaven.

Encouragement.

Editor of the Progressive Westerner:—"Yes, we are contemplating the editing of a little magazine in the near future."

Would-be subscriber:—"Is that so? Well, there are thousands of starving journalists in the United States today, so you may as well swell the numbers."

In Business Meeting.

Mr. Anderson: "Oh, let's name it the Black Agitator."

Miss Freeman: "Well, I object to the word 'black'."

Miss Dickson: "Well, I object to the word 'agitator'."

Miss Freeman: "Mr. Anderson, you are out of order."

THE NEGRO TEACHER.

(Continued from page 13).

If the Negro race is to become a dignified, self-respecting, respectable people, it will come largely from the seeds sown in the thousands of schoolrooms from the kindergarten to the university, by those whose honored Christian lives, learning and culture, ever make them through their position the most influential power for uplifting that any age can possess.

CABIRIA.

(Continued from page 14).

hands of enemies and were slain, which proves the Proverb, "The wages of Sin is Death."

The beautiful sunrise on the desert was so realistic that it simply left nothing for the imagination. Then the war with all its horrors was so much like the way I have pictured the great European War to be and the Mexican War in our own Country, until I am forced to ask myself again, "Are we really very far advanced from those people of the Third Century. Have we with all our higher civilization found a better way to settle our great questions except like them, the awful taking of Human lives?" Then the thought—it may be that we are but fulfilling our destiny, living in the days that the Book of Revelations describes as the Last Days, when we shall have wars and rumors of wars. If that is true and we are living in the last days then to the unfaithful, the sinful, I say get ready. Get the great and mighty Captain and General on your side that you may escape.

THE SPHERE OF WOMEN.

(Continued from page 16).

then will their mutually uplifting influence be at its culmination; then will that race in which this change has been consummated, rise above all others, thereby establishing the only precedent by which a race may be crowned with complete success, that of giving to its women a free and unprejudiced opportunity for advancing and elevating herself.

"The more man learns, the less need he feels to criticize and advise the government of the universe."

Prominent Western Divine Attends National Baptist Convention at Philadelphia.

(Continued from page 18.)

to appoint the commission.

The women's convention was a great success, with some of the greatest women of the race handling the work.

Practically all of the officers of both conventions were reelected.

The following persons are on the Boards and Standing Committees as representatives of the Northwest Coast Baptist Associations: Revs. J. L. Murray, S. G. Wilson, J. W. Smith, J. L. Cohron, J. P. Brown, S. Franklin, Geo. Maney, W. W. Casmon, Wm. Chandler, Mrs. W. W. Casmon, Mrs. J. L. Murray, S. Beatty and W. D. Carter, vice president.

All of these persons will receive notice in due time from their respective Boards and Committees. The convention will meet with the Olivet Baptist Church of Chicago next year.

I am yours truly,

W. D. CARTER.