

LODIE M. BIGGS

If there be one woman capable and qualified to stand on her merit in open competition with proud man, professionally or otherwise, that woman is Lody Biggs, who likewise draws a place on the group page hereof, representing the present in contrast to the past. After having run the gauntlet of the grammar and graded schools of this city she pushed her way through the University of Washington and thereafter took a position with the City of Seattle's health department, but not being thoroughly satisfied with what she knew she took a post graduate course and perfected herself in bacteriology and then put out her shingle in one of the prominent buildings of the city, where she, professionally speaking, is a huge success. She is likewise interested in other things, which have for their object uplift. Miss Biggs is unmarried and therefore lives with her parents. She was born in Arkansas.

P. Frasier, a live real estate wire, has the largest business contact of any colored man in the city, and is one of the busiest realtors, his color handicap to the contrary notwithstanding. While he does a great deal of business for colored citizens, yet he does quite a bit more for others, all of which makes of him one of the heavy dealers in real estate. He has valuable real estate holdings in his own name. He and Clarence R. Anderson, an attorney-at-law, office together in the McDowell building, thus forming a business combination, which is hard to beat. Mr. Frasier does much social service work as well as church work, being a leading worker in the First A. M. E. Church.

Hamilton Green is not exactly a "native son," of Seattle, but he is the next door neighbor thereto. When but a youngster with his parents he came to Seattle from the State of Missouri and so has run the entire gamut of the school curriculum of the city and state, graduating from the grammar school, the high school, the state university and within a semester of graduating from the law school. His athletic activities in all of the aforesaid schools made of him a most popular pupil and student in all of them. At present he is engaged in the "bail bond" business and is doing so well in it that, he is deferring the finishing of his law course to some later date. His school popularity is serving him well in his business venture. Mr. Green is a bachelor and lives with his parents, who are well and favorably known throughout the city and state. "Send for Ham Green" if you want quick actions is often heard among those who need such service as he renders. His picture may be seen on the Lincoln group page hereof.

Rev. A. R. Dobbins, pastor of the First A. M. E. church of Seattle, has a wide acquaintanceship outside of his congregation, and so flattering was his last annual conference report he was returned to the work for another year. The presiding bishop made up his mind to transfer the Rev. Dobbins to California, and verily did do so, but finding it impossible to fill the appointment with another, who would handle the work as he had done and being petitioned by the entire congregation and from many friends not connected with the church to return him to the congregation he finally yielded and he has already begun his work for another successful conference year.

Lincoln Birthday Address

By H. R. Cayton

Sixty-six years ago the hydra-headed monster, human slavery, theoretically speaking, dropped into innocuous desuetude; and four million human chattels threw off their yokes of bondage, and unceremoniously left their plantation haunts for parts and places to them unknown; and as they drilled away each of them doubtless hummed to him or herself, if not in so many words to the effect, "I don't know where I's gwine, but I knows um on mah way."

And "on mah way" was verily correct for it led them North, South, East and West, without aim or direction. They are still on their ways and will so continue, so far as "de ol' plantation" is concerned, ad infinitum. But in starting on their ways, a woeful sight they must have presented, unlike anything else ever seen in human garb in this or any other country, and my mental picture of them moves me to almost question, if they, too, were considered by the writer of that outstanding Biblical verse, which they so often repeat:

"But it doth not yet appear, what we shall be, but we know we shall be like Him, we shall see Him as He is."

Subsequent developments, however, dispel that doubt, and I wonder if the sculptor of the world-famed Lincoln Memorial, now standing in Washington City, whereupon the Emancipator is portrayed in the act of lifting up the down-trodden American Negro, he having already broken his shackles of two centuries dura-

tion, in originating the thought was not moved so to do by the sentiment of this famous verse of sacred history, with this more or less underlying prophetic prognostication; though, for the moment, the Negro lies crouched at the feet of the angel of mercy, yet will he arise, stretch forth his hand, and be like Him.

Looking backward to the issuing of the emancipation proclamation and taking a retrospective view of the American Negro and his environments, we see him dwarfed in mentality, lacking in manhood, devoid of moral turpitude, and in fact possessing few, if any, of the qualifications of a real man, such as his Creator would have him be, and yet he was set adrift on life's stormy and tempestuous seas, and that, too, without sail or rudder. Great has been his struggle, and he is not yet into port, but, in yonder mist, I see him still, and manfully he is battling to reach the goal. Now he recedes and now he proceeds. The tide is running strong against him, but determination gives him hope. At last he is coming, Father Abraham, ten hundred thousand strong, and he has not only found out where he is going, but for *what* he is going.

Comparing his has been, with his now is, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to draw a mental picture of the Lincoln, who said to the benighted brother in black, then in the act of emerging from a state of long-suffering chattelhood, most of which was endured without a ray of hope of deliverance appearing on the horizon; but, like a clap of thunder from a