

Colored Gentility in the Happy Valley

By Emily McGuire

A Southern Woman Tells Quaint Anecdotes About Some Colored Folk She Met in Old Virginia—Secluded Abode on the Top of the Alleghenies Which Has Been Visited by Many Noted Persons, Including Washington and Jefferson, Whose Names May Now Be Seen There on the Hotel Register.

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(Mrs. Frederick McGuire is the wife of the president of the board of directors of the Corcoran art gallery, of Washington, D. C., and is conspicuous in society and art circles of the national capital.)

On the top of the Allegheny mountains, in the very heart of the "Old Dominion," lies the most perfect modern reproduction of that real old Appalachia so beloved by the poets. Nor is it such a very modern reproduction, either, because the "happy valley" of which I am speaking has been visited by succeeding generations of devoted pilgrims since the early days of our young republic, and among the many names found on the register of the quaint little hotel there can be seen those of Washington and Jefferson and many others which are also inscribed upon the roll of fame.

In this Warm Springs valley of which I am speaking not only does the sunshine seem of a different character, its rays coming to earth softened and veiled by a mist, which, though golden during the day, turns to purple toward evening, but the song of the bird becomes more melodious, the bee hums more drowsily, the streams ripple more musically, the leaves rustle more soothingly; but our fellow beings whom we meet there are of a different order from any whom I have met elsewhere, and are possessed of a quaint and humorous turn of mind and have an originality exclusively their own.

Of course it must be explained that I am speaking now only of the colored race. The first time I entered this "happy valley," more than 20 years ago, I said to an old negro, who looked as if he had grown old with the mountains: "Is the train on time this morning?" and he responded: "Oh, no, indeed, honey, dat train ain't on time." Then I asked: "How much is it behind time?" and he said: "Fo' hours." I was appalled, and asked: "Has it ever been as much as four hours late before?" and he answered: "Yes, indeed, honey; one day las' week de train never come at all." But a little circumstance like that did not seem to have the power to overthrow the equipoise of that calm community.

They also have a phraseology and a vocabulary all their own, but what they say never for a moment leaves any doubt in your mind as to what they mean.

I once went into the cabin of a poor woman where death had entered, and not seeing any means or methods of burial, I asked: "What will be done?" and the woman replied: "Why, Mr. Crizer has always undertaken in our family, and always done it well."

Old Uncle Billie, who was always regarded as a "last court of appeal" in matters meteorological, was once asked what he supposed was the cause of some peculiarly disagreeable weather, and his explanation was: "The heavy respirations of the atmosphere make the elements dismal." Which really sounded so exactly as if it had been promulgated by the weather bureau that we almost hoped to secure "Old Billie" a position in the signal service on the strength of it.

In the "Cowardin Cap" of the Allegheny mountains, at a little settlement bearing the classic name of Shake-Rag, stands a colored church, of what denomination I never have been able to discover, and to be there when there is either a wedding in the church or a baptizing in the Jackson river near by, to see the bucolic travesties upon the prevailing modes, especially in the matter of chignons and pompadours, is a liberal education. A window's mourning, if one happens to be there, is something fearful and wonderful to behold.

At a baptizing in the Jackson river on one occasion I saw and heard hundreds of the faithful singing and shouting:

"Now e-e-very one of you that thirst,
Step down into the water,
And free-ly drink and quench that thirst."

Like Zion's son and daughter, At a recent wedding in the church at Shake-Rag the preacher, who seemed to have heard rumors of the matrimonial snares and pitfalls of the outer world, made a charge to the contracting parties—a laundress and a waiter from the Warm Springs hotel—and concluded by saying: "And may you live together forever in unavoidable infidelity and may you never suppurate."

It is amusing, also, to see what rare

combinations of Christian humanity and worldly pride one frequently encounters in that peaceful valley. I once attempted to adjust a difficulty which had arisen between two old female colored autocrats living in that mountain gap, and finally one of them said to me: "The trouble is in this here Gap that these niggers will speak mistruins which ain't outright, and make it hard for Sister Jane."

"Oh," said I, "if you are Jane's sister, I can soon settle the whole difficulty."

She placed her arms akimbo, cast a baleful and rebuking eye upon me, and replied: "Sister in de Lord, honey, and de First Baptist church, colored."

She flouted the idea of their being of the same family or blood.

At the sweet little old Warm Springs hotel near by, presided over by two sisters, high-bred, high-bred Carolina gentlewomen, one meets all the true aristocracy of the southern states, and there the rude world never seems to enter, there being nothing to attract the flashy element. On the contrary, a high-bred distinction seems to characterize the place, and it is neither impressed by the presence or depressed by the absence of the "smart set."

A woman at the north once wrote to a friend at the Warm Springs that she was not able to join her there, and gave as one reason that she had not been able to provide a summer wardrobe that season. The friend at the Warm Springs responded, saying: "Here one needs no new wardrobe nor any large bank account, but one does require a 'family tree,' so if you have ancestors, bring them, as here every one is the granddaughter of a dead president, or, at least, of Patrick Henry."

The wonderful thermal baths here are presided over by two most typical and interesting colored people, and these hot pools are 50 feet in diameter and the water has a temperature of 98 degrees. Jackson, who has been at the men's bathhouses for these many years, is a great authority upon gout and rheumatism, a great believer in the occult and the unseen, in omens, and conjuring, and is regarded with deep respect by his own kind as a reliable and dependable interpreter of dreams. Fanny Shepherd, whose term of service at the women's bathhouse has been as long as Jackson's, is as picturesque and interesting a character as is he.

She was indignant because the hotel official who "personally conducted" President McKinley to see "her pool," had not only not officially presented her to him, but had not even told her who he was. She complained to me that "when he come from the men's pool that I seen Jackson a-bowin' and a-congeer'in' to him," but that had not enlightened her. She said further: "The president would have been interested in me if any one had told him that I have a son who is a missionary in Africa, and who is a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, of London, and who had dined with Queen Victoria at her own table at Windsor castle."

All of which I knew to be true, because I knew this son, William Sheppard, and during my early years at the Warm Springs he was one of the waiters in the dining-room and at the same time a Baptist preacher but he felt called upon to go into the missionary field and he went to Africa. There it was soon manifest that he could exercise great influence over some of the most savage of the African tribes. He is one of those who has penetrated the farthest into some of these African wildernesses. He was invited to London by the Royal Geographical society, which made him one of its members, and he was invited by Queen Victoria, and did dine with her at her own table in Windsor castle.

The whole of my account of this part of the world, however, must not be accorded to human nature alone. The grand and beautiful scenery must be spoken of to those who have not had the good fortune to see for themselves.

Nothing in nature can be as beautiful as to see the spring come up in the Warm Springs valley. The whole face of the level country is white with the bloom of the locust and the dog wood and of the fruit blossoms, especially the apple, for which that region of the country is celebrated. Then there is a native thorn, which when in full bloom, looks as if snow had fallen upon it, and in passing any cottage or farmhouse the atmosphere is heavy with the fragrance of lilacs and lilies of the valley, while the fields are heavenly blue with myriads of waving Roman hyacinths.

No pen can adequately describe the mountain sides at this season. They are literally ablaze with laurel, rhododendron and the wild mountain azalea in pink, orange and pale yellow. In all seasons of the year, nature is at her best here but the beauty, charm and enchantment of the spring are beyond anything I have seen in the world elsewhere. Upon a clear, exquisite day these lines insensibly glide into the mind:

"Blue isles of heaven laugh between
And far in forest depths unseen,
The topmost em trees gather green
From draughts of balmy air."

THE NEW BABY.

Complete relaxation after eating—a suspension of mental and physical activity—will favor the processes of natural digestion, not only because of its tranquilizing effect upon the nerves, but because the stomach may use the surplus unused energies of the body in the process of digestion. Happy the man or woman who can take an "after-dinner nap." It means health, happiness and long life.—What to Eat.

Can You Write It Correctly?

In a proclamation thanking the careful drivers of automobiles, the acting mayor of a New Jersey city says, "It is in them we are indebted for the few accidents experienced." There is no doubt of what he meant to say, but it is evident that his grammar teacher did not warn him enough against false syntax when he went to school. How many boys and girls can write the sentence correctly?

After-Dinner Naps.

THE DWARF.

How to Have a Great Deal of Fun, with a Very Little Trouble.

This is a peculiar looking dwarf that stands on the table, is it not? You could, with the assistance of a friend and some of mother's wardrobe, make the dwarf and so delight

WOODWORK.

Dry Branches of Trees Which Can Be Turned into Beautiful Ornaments.

Any boy who is clever with his knife can make many pretty and useful articles from dry branches of trees. One shown here is a keyholder, the other a photograph stand. They are cut with a sharp pocketknife and the different parts glued together or nailed with thin wire nails. The most important point about it is the joining of the pieces. Notice how the joints are cut to fit well together (see illustration). When the keyholder frame is ready hooks and rings should be screwed into it to hang the frame up

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Things You Can Make.

A WALL CABINET.

It is Easily Made and is Artistic and Useful.

Here is a wall cabinet very easy to construct on account of its simple lines, and very attractive, also. The upper part of the back has a beveled glass mirror inserted in it. If this

Completed Cabinet.

Drawer Attachment.

very beautiful effect in their reflection in the glass. Below the shelf are two curved supporting brackets, between which can be fitted two drawers, the upper one to pull out and the lower one to tip outward on the pins, which support it at either end. These pins pass through the lower point of the brackets into the lower edge of the drawer. This is all plainly shown in Fig. 2. If the whole is made of some handsome wood, says the Orange Judd Farmer, the surface will only need oiling and careful rubbing with a woollen cloth.

Easily Turned.

A small boy was asked to take dinner at the home of a distinguished professor in Princeton, says the Youths Companion. The lad's mother, in fear lest he should commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion, the mother's first question was, "Harold, did you get along at the table all right?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, well enough." "You're sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no—nothing to speak of." "Then something did happen, what was it?"

"But I fixed it all right, mamma." "Tell me at once."

"Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came, but while I was trying to cut mine it slipped off onto the floor. But I made it all right."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I just said, sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat.'"

Young People

THE DWARF.

How to Have a Great Deal of Fun, with a Very Little Trouble.

This is a peculiar looking dwarf that stands on the table, is it not? You could, with the assistance of a friend and some of mother's wardrobe, make the dwarf and so delight



On the Stage.

Your playmates at an afternoon or evening company, says the Brooklyn Citizen. It is done in this way: Your hands are placed in a child's shoes, after which you must rest your hands on the table. They will have the appearance of real feet. Put a bonnet on your head, a shawl over your shoulders and a child's petticoat to cover your arms. Now your friend stands behind you, concealed by the curtains. She thrusts her arms out on each side of your body, giving the dwarf the missing arms and hands. If your friend is original, she can make all sorts of funny gestures, while you recite, sing songs and see what fun it is and how easy it is to work.

NOT A GARDEN OF EDEN.

Scotchman's Neat Description of Land He Thought Worthless.

Upton Sinclair was discussing in New York the government's attacks upon predatory and lawbreaking trusts.

"It looks as if these trusts," said Mr. Sinclair, "will have to obey the law, or else their owners will find themselves as badly sold as the rich Bostonian who bought an estate in Scotland called Glen Acre. The Bostonian bought this estate without having seen it. He believed that he could trust the man he bought it from. And last summer he went over to have a look at the place. The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Acre was a matter of 12 miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him. As the cart joggled along, the Bostonian said:

"I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, friend?"

"Aye, ilka part o't," the Scot answered.

"And do you know Glen Acre?"

"Aye, weel," was the reply.

"What sort of a place is it?" the American asked.

"The Scot smiled grimly.

"Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say: Poor brute!"

CAN YOU IMPROVE THIS?

A Bit of Pure English Which Lincoln Wrote and Lived Up To.

It is not very well known that in the hall of one of the great colleges of England there hangs a frame inclosing a few sentences of which Abraham Lincoln is the author. They are considered the best English that was ever written. You or I might read them over and call them very simple indeed. And they are so simple that any child who reads at all can read and understand them. That is one thing that makes them great. It was his being simple and plain that made Lincoln himself great.

Now here is a little paragraph by Lincoln which he made a rule of his conduct. Suppose you try to write it over and see how much you can improve it. See if each word is the "right one," and try to find a "better word" for the place. Notice how simple this is, all but two are words of a single syllable:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

THE DWARF.

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QUEER.

Miss Agatha Dunn sat out in the sun and faded her pretty pink gown.

Mamma scolded, well, until "to tears fell in her eyes that threatened to drown."

"Your dress is a sight, I declare it is white."

"But wear it you certainly must! 'Tis a poor recompense that a child of your sense

"Is too much of a baby to trust."

Miss Agatha Dunn sat out in the sun in a gown that had one time been pink. "If I could only bring it back—oh, I would!"

She cried, and proceeded to think. Some raspberry ice, so cooling and nice. In the freezer stood waiting for tea. Said Miss Dunn, "Oh, I guess, if I dip in my dress

A beautiful pink it will be."

Miss Agatha Dunn rose out of the sun and slipped off the gown in a trice; She rolled it up tight, there was no one in sight.

And she soaked it in raspberry ice. It came out quite pink, but what do you think?

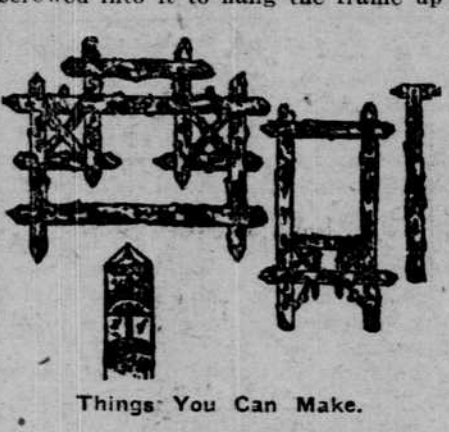
When the news of it reached mamma's ear, She scolded much more than she scolded before.

Now, don't you think mothers are queer?

—May Clay, in Washington Star.

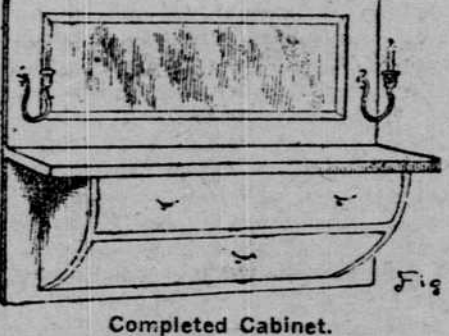
QUEER.

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Completed Cabinet.

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Drawer Attachment.

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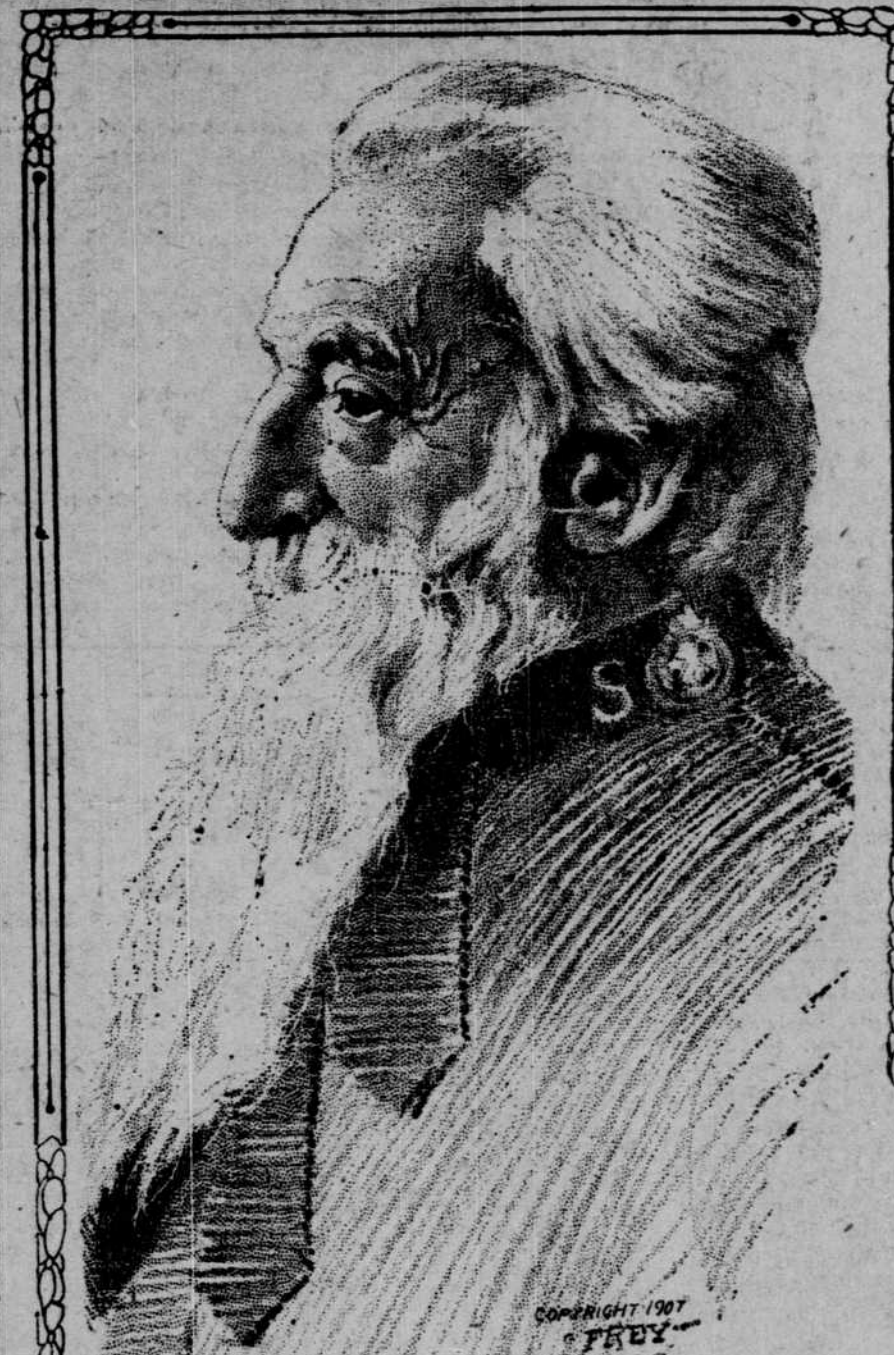
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GEN BOOTH IN AMERICA FOR SOULS



Gen. William Booth, like the true soldier he is, never falters in the campaign against evil. He seemingly knows no fatigue. He never lacks for an idea, and never wearies in his search for precious souls. As one contemplates the man's vigor of mind and body in spite of his years and considers his marvelous gifts of leadership and organization, he is reminded forcibly of the man Moses of sacred writ. And like Moses he has led multitudes out of their Egypt of slavery to sin to the promised land of blessing in God. Like an angel of light he passes swiftly from place to place exhorting, encouraging, admonishing, instructing. With tireless energies he directs the activities of the great army of workers throughout the world who have enlisted under the banner of the cross and the Salvation Army. He is always on the go, and notwithstanding the fullness of his years he thinks nothing of a swing around the world.

Just as present he is in America, and both Canada and the United States are to feel the stimulus of his presence, he does not expect to return to England until some time in November, the closing campaign of soul-saving to be waged in New York city.

For most men approaching four-score years such a trip as Gen. Booth has planned would be an ordeal too trying, but in the life of the patriarchal head of the Salvation Army it is only an incident. Without successful contradiction he has been called the greatest traveler in the world, every nook and cranny of which he has visited during his tours of inspection of the 700 corps of his army.

In the present year Gen. Booth twice crossed the American continent on his trip to and from Japan, and during the few weeks spent in England since his return from the orient he has scoured the length of England from north to south in an automobile, sometimes holding as many as six meetings a day in as many towns.

Notwithstanding the honors accorded him in his later years, Gen. Booth lives almost as simply as the humblest soldier in the ranks of his army. When he comes to New York two months hence he will not have a royal suite at one of the big hotels. Two small rooms at the national headquarters of the army, No. 124 West Fourteenth street will be fitted up for the use of the commander-in-chief.

"He lives like a monk," Lieut. Col. Cox, editor-in-chief of the War Cry, said in discussing the democratic arrangements being made for the general's entertainment. "A bed to sleep on and some tea, toast and an egg to eat, constitute his material requirements."

Oxford university last June conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Law on Gen. Booth, the highest scholastic honor England can bestow on

down the aisle rapidly and grabbed up the coat as he went by. He turned three or four different colors when he saw that the coat was nailed down. "I thought that was my coat," he said, as he looked around at the few of us who had noticed him.

"Yes," spoke up the owner of the coat, "and if I hadn't had it chained I guess it would have been yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Than Pleaded.

"Weally, I detest slang," said Reggy Boreall.

"Oh, joy," laughed the pretty girl with the box of fudge.

"There it goes again. If you say, 'Oh, joy' again I shall go straight home, I weally shall."

"Oh, joy! Oh, joy! Oh, joy!"—Chicago Daily News.

Broke.

Mrs. A.—When my husband starts on his vacation he always tells me he is coming back shortly.

Mrs. Z.—And does he come back shortly?

Mrs. A.—No, he generally comes back short.

HIS RETORT TO COAT THIEF.

Chain Probably Was All That Settled Ownership.

"There is a little town out in Iowa where our train stopped at the dinner hour for a few minutes the other day that is noted for the thieves about the station," said a drummer at the Hollenden the other day. "They know that most of the passengers leave the train to get a bite to eat and they go through the train and pick up suit cases, overcoats or anything they can lay their hands on. Of course the conductors or the few passengers that are in the coaches can't always tell but that the stuff belongs to the man taking it and they don't like to say anything. One man on our train knew the reputation of the place and when he laid his cravatette coat over the back of his seat he ran a little chain around the arms of the seat and through one sleeve of the coat and fastened it with a padlock. Then he moved back to another seat to await results. In a little while a well dressed young man passed

down the aisle rapidly and grabbed up the coat as he went by. He turned three or four different colors when he saw that the coat was nailed down. "I thought that was my coat," he said, as he looked around at the few of us who had noticed him.

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