

## Bowser Takes a Nap



R. DOWSER has done many things to surprise Mrs. Bowser, and she was again surprised the other evening when he laid down on the family lounge, after he had smoked his cigar, and stretched out in a comfortable position. He said at the dinner table that he guessed he would go to the Gay Old Boys' club that evening, but he hadn't even got ready to change his clothes.

Mrs. Bowser, who was reading, looked up from her book and was puzzled. She asked no questions, however, and, in the course of ten minutes, she saw that Mr. Bowser was in

the land of nod. She determined to keep very quiet and let him sleep as long as he wanted to.

By and by, there came a ring at the doorbell. It did not arouse Mr. Bowser, as she feared it might, and she went down the hall on tiptoe and opened the door. It was a rough looking man who stood there, and he did not remove his hat as he said:

"I'd like to see Mr. Bowser."

"But you will have to call again," she replied. "Mr. Bowser is asleep."

"He's a nice old chap to be asleep at this hour! My business with him won't wait! Last winter he hired me to shovel the snow off the sidewalk, and when I got through he hadn't any change and told me to come later. I got a job in Chicago, and I've been there ever since. I'm here now, and I want that 2 shillings he owes me, and I want it pretty quick!"

Mrs. Bowser stepped out into the vestibule, and she talked to that man. She talked very low and very emphatic. When she got through he didn't lose any time getting down the front steps. When he had departed she went back to



IT WAS MR. BOWSER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

the sitting room, expecting to find Mr. Bowser awake, but he still slept on. There was a smile on his face. His mouth was puckered up as if he was tasting something mighty good in his dreams.

Soon another ring brought Mrs. Bowser to the door, to find a dapper little man, with a big bundle on his shoulder. He was about to crowd into the hall when his way was barred, and Mrs. Bowser asked:

"What is your business here?"

"I came by appointment to see Mr. Bowser," was the reply.

"What is your business with Mr. Bowser?" was asked.

"Why, I am in the misfit clothing business, and he was at my store three or four days ago, and he asked me to bring three or four suits around here that he might try them on. Here am I, madam, with four suits that are the greatest bargains on earth, and you tell me that Mr. Bowser cannot see me! Should I meet him in the street tomorrow I will give him my opinion of him!"

Out into the vestibule again, and Mrs. Bowser's words were soft and low, but they had the edge of a knife in them. There was no misfit, and the clothes man fled.

And still Mr. Bowser slept, but the smile had faded from his face, and there was an anxious look about it, as if he was going over Niagara falls in a row-boat, and as Mrs. Bowser stood looking down at him he moaned and stirred uneasily.

The next ring at the bell brought Mrs. Bowser face to face with a man who presented a paper and said he hoped it would be convenient to pay the bill at once. Mrs. Bowser looked at the paper and saw that it was a bill of \$6 for shoeing a horse. She handed it back, with the remark:

"You have made a mistake, sir. We have no horse and haven't had for twenty-five years. How came you to get things so mixed up?"

"Well, I was telling Bowser three months ago about a man who owed me \$6 for shoeing his horse. Mr. Bowser knows the man, and he said he was surprised that he didn't pay the debt. He said that if the man didn't pay it within a few weeks to call here and get the money. I didn't think your husband was a liar, but I call here for my money, and where is he?"

"You must think Mr. Bowser is a fool!" retorted Mrs. Bowser, as she pushed him out into the street.

There is no need to describe the persons who rang the bell three or four times more. Mr. Bowser was not aroused. By and by, without any warning at all, the front door opened and closed very softly and a woman came advancing down the hall. Mrs. Bowser rose up, and they were soon in each other's arms. It was Mr. Bowser's mother-in-law, and she had that same old satchel and umbrella.

"Is Mr. Bowser sick?" she whisperingly asked as she looked around and saw him on the lounge.

"He is not sick, but sleeping."

"Then we must keep very quiet, and she drew a chair up to the lounge and gazed steadily into Mr. Bowser's face for five minutes. At the end of that time she bent over and gently kissed him on the nose. Like a spark of electricity bursting into life, Mr. Bowser opened his eyes, sat up and shouted almost at the top of his voice:

"By thunder! I dreamed that a darned old hyena had begun to eat me up!"

And Mr. Bowser's nap was finished.

## JAN CURRY'S WORK IN GERMAN ARMY

### Native African Rendered Fine Military Service.

### PROMOTED TO HIGH OFFICE

Timely Comment on Achievements of Colored Men in Various Lines of Employment as Far Back as the Eighteenth Century—Society For Historical Research Secures Rare Book.

By JOHN E. BRUCE "GRIT."

Although Dr. Bernard Dernburg, one time secretary for the colonies for German Southwest Africa, declared some years ago in a speech in London, "We want no educated proletariat in Africa," it is a fact that thirty years ago, in a work published in Berlin, mention is made of Jan Curry, an unadulterated African, who was raised to the dignity of commandant of the Brandenburg Fort de Grosse, Frederickberg, situated in the Cape of Tres Forcas, on the western coast of Africa, by the German government. He must have been a man of some education to have held, as he did, such an important post.

As the officers of the German army who passed through the department of military history of the general staff were promoted, the achievements of this Negro as a military genius formed a part of their curriculum. He was cited as one whose military career was worthy of emulation. One of these German generals has paid a high compliment to Jan Curry as a military strategist. I am indebted to Dr. Kunst of Guatemala, a great German scholar and friend of the race, for these facts. Dr. Kunst wrote for the Journal of Negro History for October a most interesting article on another subject relating to the Negro.

The late Governor Russwurm of Liberia, some time editor of one of the early Negro newspapers in New York city, while governor applied for and obtained leave of absence to visit the United States to make a report to the Colonization society, of which he was the duly accredited representative in Liberia. The members of the board, sitting in the city of Baltimore, took advantage of his presence in the city (1847) to make his personal acquaintance. They gave him a dinner at the principal hotel in the city, at which there were no absentees, and there was not one present, says J. H. B. Latrobe, who was not impressed by the grave, courteous and dignified bearing of the agent whose wise and prudent conduct of the society's affairs in Africa had given such satisfaction.

"One with difficulty," says the editor of "Maryland in Liberia" (1885), page 72, "recalls nowadays the sensation that the idea of this dinner to a colored man in 1847 produced in Baltimore. It was ludicrous to see the astonishment of the Irish waiters who surrounded the table at Page's hotel when they were called upon to render the same service to a colored man that they were in the habit of rendering to many socially prominent citizens."

So we have three instances of record where Negroes have dined with distinguished white men—Julius Melbourne as the guest of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello in the eighteenth century, with many notable men of the period, among them Chief Justice Marshall, Dr. Dexter, etc.; Governor Russwurm at Baltimore and Booker T. Washington at the White House in Washington.

How many of the present generation know that in 1810 there existed in the city of Philadelphia an insurance company composed of colored men, with a capital of \$5,000 and with an office located at 159 (now 529) Lombard street? Its president was Joseph

Randolph, Cyrus Porter treasurer and William Coleman secretary, and its capital was in cash. It flourished from 1811 to 1813, as stated in the city directories of that period. In the latter year it was located at 153 Lombard street, in the residence of its secretary, who was a schoolteacher. Some of the policies are yet preserved in the families of the insured.

There is a great demand by collectors of old books for books by Negro authors. I recently picked up at random a catalogue of a New York city dealer and noted the following: DuBois' "Philadelphia Negro;" "Africa and America," Alex Crumwell; "Running a Thousand Miles For Freedom," William Craft, and "Personal Experience of Uncle Tom," by Jones. The wonderful thing about these books is that they are more sought after by white people, for some reason, than their own. This is not bad. Still it would not hurt if we Negroes were a little bit more interested.

The Negro Society For Historical Research has recently acquired a very rare book, "An Account of the Trial of the British Soldiers Who Killed At-tucks," on whose death the trial was based, and Gray and Maverick, his colleagues, who attacked the main guard of the British soldiers in Boston March 5, 1775; also the true story written by a Negro of the Denmark-Vesey insurrection in South Carolina, with all the inside facts.

### A Bridge of Ants.

A species of ants which spin silk is common in hot countries. The ants nest in trees, binding the leaves together to make their nests. The silk used for this purpose is not secreted by the adult ants, but by the larvae. In order to attach the silken threads and draw the leaves together the ants must carry the larvae about from leaf to leaf. When two distant leaves are to be drawn together a remarkable method is employed. Five or six ants form a chain bridging the gap between the leaves, each gripping the waist of another in its mandibles. A number of such chains will co-operate in bringing two leaves together.

### Long Felt Want.

"Sit down, Mr. Stylo," said the eminent publisher to the tattered scarecrow who had just entered his elaborate sanctum. "I have read your manuscript, and I think I shall publish it."

"Ah!" cried the starving genius. "Do you really mean that?"

"Yes. It seems to me a good book, and I think it will fill a long felt want."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. And, by the way, could you advance me \$2.50 on account of my royalties?"

"Oh, I think so—I think so! But why do you want \$2.50?"

"I want to begin filling that long felt want you spoke of."—New York Globe.

### Shooting a Fish.

A fact known by every one is the peculiar apparent bending of a stick when thrust into clear water. It is due to the refraction or bending of light. Now, if one saw a fish in fresh water and desired to shoot it the gun must be pointed under the fish, for it must be remembered that the fish appears as did the submerged end of the stick—too far up. If the fish was directly under the observer, however, the light would not be bent, and it could be shot straight at.

### Different Proposition.

"But, surely, Bunkum," said the white man, "you cannot be afraid of that old dog? Why, he eats right out of my hand."

"Yassah, yassah! When he eats out o' yo' hand, it's yo' hand, but when he done takes a fool notion to eat out o' muh leg, it's muh leg, sah!"—Exchange.

Kansas City is divided into districts and patrolled by board of public works employees to ascertain paving conditions and needs.