

"Is It a Hoax?" Asks Courier

Pertinent Question Put to Senator
Penrose of Pennsylvania.

United States Senator Boies Penrose introduced in the Senate the other day a bill, which, according to his statements, is intended to put into force the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, and to secure to the Negro his full political rights in the southern states.

The bill, if enacted into law, is a good thing. But coming as it does at this time when the Republican party is practically "down and out" sounds like a hoax. We have been without our rights in the south for many years, and we have been urging some relief for as many years, but no Penrose has come to the rescue. We are slow now to believe that the senior senator from Pennsylvania has us so much at heart as he has the rejuvenation of the Republican party. We hope he is actuated by motives which have no color of suspicion, but our past experiences with the south and the United States Senate make us hesitate to believe that Mr. Penrose is championing our cause with any degree of sincerity.

For instance, Mr. Penrose has known all along that the solid south has always had too many members in the electoral college. He has known this all these years as a politician, and yet he, with all his power as a leading Republican, has never seen fit to come forward with a "force bill" in our behalf until the Democratic party literally wiped his party off the map. As long as the Republican party could win the national elections in spite of the conditions in the south, Mr. Penrose was silent—he was content, at least, to let the south have their full quota of electors, and that at the expense of the disfranchised Negroes. The condition has been just as dangerous for the past 25 years, but the Republican party has always been able to win in spite of the conditions. It is different now. "We need the votes" seems to be the motive impelling the recent action taken by Mr. Penrose.

And, too, we see further fatality in the step taken because the senator knows that he has less chance now to get any law on the records than he has ever had. We fear he has taken up his "big job" just eight years too late.

If the senator is teasing his black constituents in Pennsylvania, he need not go to such extremes. He knows that he owes his political beginning to the black voters of Philadelphia. Has he waited all these years to offer them reward? Or can he imagine that by his belated bill he may yet hold them in line to accomplish his designs on future control of Pennsylvania? In either case, he must know he is mistaken. We know as well as does the senator that he may introduce any bill he pleases, but unless he can summons a majority in the Congress, his efforts are futile.

Finally, if the Republican party has at last seen the necessity of giving back to the Negro his political rights so long withheld, and thinks that this is the session most suited to get accomplishment of such a task, we hope the party all the success in the world. God knows we have been sufficiently loyal to warrant anything the party can do in the way of making the federal amendments effective. Our fear is that the whole thing is a hoax.—Pittsburgh Courier.

Daddy's Bedtime

Story—**THUMBELISA**
MARRIED A PRINCE.



He Was No Higher
Than Thumbelisa.

[Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.]

TWO children ran to take daddy's umbrella, so after supper he told them a nice story: "Once a kind swallow carried on his back to southlands a fairylike girl, Thumbelisa. They sailed over a beautiful country till they came to the shore of it by a blue sea. Then the swallow said: 'This is my home under the head of this lovely old pillar. But if you will choose any of those beautiful flowers down there, the one you like best. I will put you in it, and you can live as happily as you wish.'

"Thumbelisa clapped her tiny hands. A beautiful old column had fallen to the ground and lay broken there. Between its pieces grew lovely flowers. The swallow flew down and put her on a broad leaf. Imagine her astonishment to find a little man, bright and transparent as if he were made of glass, in the middle of one flower.

"Upon his head was a little crown and upon his shoulders most beautiful bright wings, and he was no bigger than Thumbelisa herself. In every flower, you children know, is a tiny pair like these folks, but this chap, Thumbelisa found, was prince of them all.

"How beautiful he is!" Thumbelisa whispered to her swallow. But the prince was afraid of the bird, so much bigger than he was himself. Still, he thought Thumbelisa quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen. So to honor her he took the gold crown off his own head and put it on hers. He asked her to tell him her name and to please marry him and be queen of the flowers.

"Thumbelisa immediately decided that he would make a much pleasanter husband than an old mole who constantly wore a black velvet coat and who had wooed her before. So she accepted the flower prince. Then out of every flower there stepped a lovely little lady and a gentleman.

"Each pair brought a nice present for Thumbelisa. But best of all was two wings from a white fly. So now, when her prince had fastened them to her back, she could fly as well as he could. Together they went from flower to flower, but the swallow sat alone in his nest and sang to them as best he could. He was so fond of Thumbelisa himself that now his heart was too heavy to sing sweetly.

"We will call you May instead of Thumbelisa," said the flower angel to her.

"Goodby, goodby!" sang the swallow. And he flew away from the beautiful warm country back to cold Denmark, and there in his nest above a window he told me the story of Thumbelisa, just as I have told it to you children," daddy finished.

Then daddy blew the children good night kisses.

A Duel Which Became a Farce

By M. QUAD
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"I have told you, suh," said Colonel Bunker, "that a solemn thing could easily be turned into a farce. A duel is a very solemn thing—very solemn. And yet I have seen one or two of them turned into a farce by a slight incident. I will illustrate, suh.

"At the battle of Chantilly I received a pistol bullet in the shoulder. It lies there among the muscles, and the surgeon advised me to let it remain for awhile. It did not bother me long, and I was back with my command. In fact, suh, that bullet did not give me much inconvenience until after the war. Then I felt that the surgeons must dig it out. I went to one in our own town. His name was Richards, and he was not only a good surgeon, but a thorough gentleman. He found the bullet and extracted it without any difficulty.

"I have been told," said the surgeon, "that you killed seventeen of the enemy with your own hands at that battle. I don't blame you for feeling rather proud of that record."

"But it was only eleven, suh, and not seventeen."

"I have it on good authority, colonel, that the number was seventeen."

"This led to high words, and I demanded satisfaction, to which the surgeon replied:

"Willingly, colonel, willingly. I shall esteem it a high honor to cross blades with you."

"Well, he was a cool hand, suh enough. It looked as if he had intended to pick a quarrel with me. I sent a friend to him, and a duel was quickly arranged. He had the choice of the weapons, and he chose rapiers. That suited me all right. The bullet had been taken from my left shoulder, and nothing ailed my right.

"We had to go about two miles to

find a spot where the affair could be brought off. It was within 300 feet of a farmhouse, and the grove which hid us from the highway was an open one. The farmer was in a distant field at work, and his wife seemed to have gone away for the day. In the gardens surrounding the house were half a dozen hives of bees, and just over the fence from them was a pasture in which five or six mules were grazing. As we were on the other side of the garden no one knew what took place until after things had happened. The farce, therefore, took us by surprise.

"Now, suh, here is what happened on the other side of the house as a negro afterward described it to us: One of the mules leaned against the fence to rub his itching hide. The fence was old and weak, and a section of it was pushed down. The mule that did it led the way into the garden, and the others followed him. They did not find much to eat there, and they began inspecting the beehives. One of them got a sting on the nose, and he wheeled and kicked the hive over. Of course there was a row on at once. A thousand bees, mo' or less, came flying out, and they made it very unhappy for the mules.

"There was no fence on our side of the house, and the mules came galloping in our direction. There were bees ahead of them, bees clinging to them and more bees in chase. Befo' we could understand what had happened the mules and bees were among us. Principals and seconds were treated alike. Each had a score or more of the insects in personal attention upon him. There was nothing to do but run befo' the storm.

"To our left and forty rods away was a field of growing cotton. The stalks were high and offered us a chance to brush the insects away. The four of us and the surgeon in attendance all started for this field. I think, suh, we destroyed about half an acre of cotton and the mules about twice as much. I remember that it cost us \$20 to settle with the farmer and that he had no mo' use of any of the mules for a month to come.

"When we finally climbed the fence and got back to the spot on which we

had been standing when the riot commenced, my antagonist and myself were so blind that we could scarcely see to pick up our rapiers. Our seconds were still worse off. I did not look for the duel to be resumed, but the doctor was hot for it.

"Colonel Bunker," he said, "you impugned my honah. You denied, suh, in the face of my assertion that you killed seventeen men at the battle of Chantilly, and this affair must go on to its legitimate end."

"But I only killed eleven, suh," I replied. "I counted them as they fell and put the number down in my notebook befo' I left the spot."

"Then, colonel, you have that notebook still?"

"I have, suh."

"And you can show it to me as proof that you were right and I was wrong?"

"Most certainly, doctor."

"Then I withdraw what seemed to be an imputation on your honah, and if you will stop at my office on the way home we will pick the stingers out of each other as well as we can and shake hands and be good friends."

"And thus, suh, concluded our affair, though we were both badly punished by the bees. A year later I was his second in an affair of honah with another gentleman, and he ran that gentleman through the body befo' the fight was a minute old. He handled his rapier as I had seldom seen it handled, and, perhaps, the bees and the mules came just in time to save my life."

Turkish Hospitality.

The Turkish people, like most others, are of "mingled yarn" and have their virtues as well as their faults. Writing about a visit in a Turkish home, an English woman, Miss Grace Ellison, says: "In no other land have I met with such lavish hospitality. . . . It is the custom too for the master of the house to pay all the visitor's bills. That I should have proposed to stamp my own letters hurt my friends." The Turkish bathroom is described as an improvement on the western European one, for it is "a marble basin like a fountain," enabling the bather to wash always in running water instead of in a vessel more or less soiled by immersion.

The First Wheels.

Although it seems difficult to realize a world without wheels, these useful spheres, which have now become necessities, were not used in England until comparatively recent times. It was not till the year 1568 that the very first carriage with wheels attached was made. This was built for and by the orders of Queen Elizabeth. The first public conveyance that plied for hire as a cab was not in use until 1625, while the ancestor of our dear old horse buses, the stagecoach, did not arrive on the streets till 1659. Who can tell how many years it will be before we can dispense with wheels altogether?—London Mail.

All Facilities.

The aged admiral was well known for his powers of exaggeration. At supper one night he was describing a thrilling voyage.

"While cruising in the Mediterranean," he said, "we passed an island which was red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the politely incredulous guests, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," said the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"—New York Times.

YOUR WORK.

Never say that the work you are engaged upon, if you are putting your best into it, is a failure. There is no failure in good work. Many a seemingly lost battle is won in the end.