

George W. Gross, of Rocky Ford, Colo., will present the claims of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado next week.

The Plaindealer.

As a rule, an ignorant person has a more exaggerated idea of his importance than one of real worth and intelligence.

VOLUME II.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1900.

NUMBER 4.

Mr. W. B. Townsend, of Leavenworth, Intimates That the "New" Negro Is More a Criminal Than the Old.

OUR CRIMINALS

In Kansas City, Where They Do Little

Else Save Sing and Play Pianos in Brothels.

Colored Criminals in K. C.
To Editor Plaindealer.

In compliance with your request to contribute an article on the criminal Negro of Kansas City, I do so fully aware of my inability to discuss this phase of sociology with the skill and experimental knowledge possessed by some, but as clerk of the police court of Kansas City for the past two years, I've had an opportunity to study certain Negro characteristics as exhibited by those who have been brought before the court for trial, and I may add that there is no better school in which to study the criminal tendencies of petty thieves and other violators of law in this bustling and progressive city, than in the police court.

Out of 7,994 cases tried in the court during 1899, 2,272 were cases against Negroes, a little less than one-third of all cases tried, while the Negro population is but one-tenth of the city's population. However, it must also be remembered that Negroes are arrested for trivial offenses, in the commission of which a white person would not be molested. In this connection I wish to say that I do not believe there is a more prejudiced police force in the country than we have here in Kansas City. Although there are some excellent men connected with the department, they are woefully in the minority.

The Monday morning's police court session furnishes the best opportunity to study the seamy side of city life. Drop in and witness the motley array of offenders as they are marched out of the detention room to face the police judge. First comes a "bully," who started in to "clean out" the "North End" or Bowery district, but ran up against policeman's club and suddenly realize that he was "up against the real thing now." The judge assesses a fine of ten dollars and costs. Then come a couple of Negro women who have fought over the affections of some dusky dude. "Five dollars each," says the court, while the cause of the trouble laughs at their discomfiture; next, a bunch of flashily dressed females, whose brazen countenances broken their occupation. Ten dollars and costs each, which they pay with an indifference that plainly indicates that they care little for money and still less for public opinion. Here comes a gang of twenty or thirty Negroes of all shades of complexion and degrees of intelligence, who were raided in a "crap" game, each one of whom anxiously scans the crowd of on-lookers in the court room to see if his "woman" is on hand to pay his fine. After a few explanations by the officers making the raid and an exhibition of the "bones" and money secured from the "crap" table, mingled with strong denials by the culprit, a fine of two dollars and costs is imposed and they are hustled back into the detention room to make room for a dejected looking husband who is charged with cruelty to his wife who appears to prosecute. After the judge has heard each side, and patiently listened to the stories told with a pathos that would all but make a statue weep, he kindly lectures them both and advises them to go in peace to their home and try to live happily together. They leave with tears in their eyes and smiles on their faces, while everyone pronounces the judge a second Solomon.

Now comes one of the so-called Negro "clubs" that was raided and seventy-eight men and women arrested on Saturday or Sunday night at this resort are lined up before His Honor for frequenting a disorderly house. All guilty. The proprietor is fined \$500, his charter is burned in open court and the frequenters of the alleged "club house" are fined \$10 each. While the better element of Negroes have a sigh of relief under the impression that this particular

social evil is eradicated, but a week later, Phoenix-like, this same "club" will rise again. One of the peculiar things about this "club" evil which exists in such a vicious form here in Kansas City, is that those Negroes who proclaim loudest in private against the dangers of these dives, are, as a rule, too cowardly to appear in court to prosecute the keepers of these social cancers where they claim their sons and daughters are being ruined.

During the year 1899, fines aggregating \$36,830.50 were assessed against Negroes in this court, of which \$3,233 were paid; \$15,984.50 was served in the work-house, while the balance, \$17,623.50, represents the amount of stays of execution, remittals and appeals.

There are a number of Negro men and women who can be relied upon to turn up regularly at certain seasons in police court, and when they fail to appear, we simply telephone to the county jail and invariably find they are doing time for some petty offense.

I can say with a great deal of pleasure that less than one per cent. of the Negroes brought before this court for trial belong to that class of intelligent, cultured and progressive men and women upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of uplifting the race, and this is one of my strongest reasons for being an advocate of higher education for my people. From this condition of things one must deduce the fact that there is a class of criminal criminals, or, at least a class composed of individuals born of criminal tendencies, whose moral sense is so blunt as to deprive them of a proper conception of the rights of property or the individual rights of men to life, liberty and the exercise of those prerogatives which insure peace and happiness among their fellow beings. For this class the prisons and so-called reformatories have few terrors. Society then must do what it can to protect itself; must provide a remedy. What must be done? There is one thing, while it may not be the specific needed, is worthy of a trial. Parents and teachers must go earnestly to work, hand in hand, with the determination that the child-heart as well as the child-mind shall be carefully trained; the rough edges must be removed, even though stern physical force be necessary, and then if each one of us can be brought to realize the magnitude of the task that lies before us, the courage and correct determination required of each of us to bring about this successful fruition of our fondest hopes, we can fervently join in the song of the favorite American poet, Whittier when he sings:

"God gave us men!
A time like this demands great men, strong
hearts and willing hands;
Men whom the spoils of office will not buy,
Men whom the lust for office will not kill.
For while the rattle with its time-worn creeds,
Its loud profanities and its little deeds,
Wrangle on in selfish strife—
Lo, freedom weeps and waiting justice sleeps!"
NELSON C. CREWS.

Miss May Louise Lewis.
The subject of this brief write-up is the daughter of the late Hensley B. Lewis. She was born in Cincinnati and received her education in the public schools of that city. Miss Lewis was educated for a teacher, and has made special preparation for primary work by taking a short course in normal and kindergarten training. She gained experience and reputation as a successful teacher in the city schools of Atchison, where she is now employed. Her connection with the I. S. L. A. dates from December, 1894, since which time she worked up the interest of the association as corresponding secretary for two consecutive years. She has contributed a literary way to several Negro newspapers during the past seven years.

REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN OF THE I. S. L. A.

December, 1891! The closing years of the Nineteenth Century! One-hundred and fifteen years after the Declaration and 92 after the death of Washington! Twenty-six years after the Civil War and 28 after the emancipation of the Negro from slavery! During this century the physical, intellectual and social progress of this country has been wonderful. The telegraph has been put into operation: railroads built: wonderful are the inventions in electricity and many great improvements in science. The great World's Fair in Philadelphia has done much toward the commercial and intellectual improvement of the country; institutions of learning have increased in number and America's great authors have taken their place among the great men in literature. Three of the greatest associations in the world have been organized: the Y. P. C. E., the N. E. A. and the Women's League; they have done much to improve the world and raise humanity to a higher plane, both morally and intellectually. With this picture of American society and culture as a background, the Interstate Literary association stands out a grand and illustrious figure, much in harmony and keeping with all the existing phases of literary progress of its time.

It was in December, 1891, then, that the I. S. L. A. was making its initial bow; its birth, development and progress may be described by the strikingly beautiful illustration, "Sound education stands before me symbolized by a tree planted by fertilizing waters. A little seed which contains the design of the tree, its form and proportions, is placed in the soil. See how it germinates and expands into trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruit! The whole tree is an uninterrupted chain of organic parts, the plan of which existed in the seed and root." This literary seed was planted near the fertilizing waters of the Kaw; they who planted this seed had in mind that in keeping the law of human progress, there is no stand-still; that not to advance, is to go backward. New doctrines are constantly being promulgated—new theories in science advanced. They realized that in the race are many who possess intellectual genius, rare accomplishments, and are capable of coping with all the scientific, literary and racial questions of the day. As a result, the ideal plan conceived was to bring together these leading lights and profound thinkers of Kansas and the West, into an organization, where many others might be benefited as the result of mingling and intermingling their thoughts and ideas with the opinions and investigations of others.

The organization was completed at the sitting of the triumvirate—Topeka, Lawrence and St. Joseph—and through a period of time which we shall represent as nine ages has this institution passed. The history of the first three ages is merely traditional to the present historian. The first man under whose just ruling the convention sat was George W. Gross, who now honors the association with his presence. Tradition says he ruled wisely and well; indeed, so well that he, like George Washington, served a second term, being the only president so honored; for, after this, the emphatic doctrine of the political platform was to "pass the pie around." This first age we are pleased to designate the Age of Literature, replete with many sparkling essays and a variety of literary productions to satisfy the soul and suit the taste of all; this primitive age produced a foretaste of what we were to enjoy later.

The second meeting was Mo., December 28-29, 1892. Joyed his second term. Here and this age is characterized an essay on "Morals and the Tyranny of Public Opinion" asks, "Is There a Science?" Another asks, "Is on?" We were told that Masterpiece." Now appears Handiwork." A change now vibrate no longer hold prestige, tied into the association and at east pillars. In December, 1893, came back across the Missouri intellectual Lawrence, the Athens were presided over by the St. Joseph. In digging up and age, we find that a great many subjects are not recorded, we are compelled to pass on. At the meeting in Atchison in December, 1894, the dignified and manly James A. Page ruled with wisdom and precision. This may well be styled the Age of Oratory and Music; many sweet singers and silver-tongued orators graced this age; some excellent papers were also read at these meetings. Passing from this age we emerge into the fifth, and find ourselves in Kansas City, Kas., December, 1895. These meetings were presided over by W. E. Gray, of Atchison. When we recall the marked attention that was given such productions as "Our Civilization," "Progress of the Negro in Literature," "Civil Rights and Social Privileges," "Prosperity of the Negro from Sixty-five to Ninety-five," "The Commercial Value of Life," etc., we are pleased to style this the Historical Age, touched here and there with some brilliant literary productions. At this meeting Bishop James Handy was brought forward and introduced to the convention; upon request he delivered a short address. Near the close of this age the greatest controversy, yet recorded, took place: a noted professor and prominent attorney almost took our breath by declaring, in stentorian tones, that "There is no Negro problem!" They were met half way by a second noted professor and prominent attorney who insisted that "There is a Negro problem!" They fought long and hard in a bloodless battle and finally called upon the convention for reinforcements, and it was left to the Negroes present to decide whether or not they constituted a problem. Crossing the river for our sixth meeting, we find ourselves in the open arms of hospitable Kansas City, Mo. The association's cultured poet, Tilford Davis, Jr., presided over these meetings in a most refined and able manner. This was the Golden Age of the association—the Age of Music, Song and Story; here was brought out the originality of the genius of individuals in the form of poems; here the original story first made its appearance; musical compositions were rendered by composers. We were now made to see the Negro in a new line of literary capability. The president, clothed with the powers of a poet, delivered his annual address in the form of an original poem. The Rt. Rev. Bishop B. T. Tanner was introduced to the association and made a very eloquent and encouraging address. Some excellent papers were read and poetical gems by Bishop Tanner, Prof. J. D. Bowser and C. S. Hunter were placed on record. From here the association returns to Topeka and thus completes the first cycle of literary effort. The president-elect was Grant G. Brown—then plain Mr. Brown, but who now bears the honored title of M. D. The president at that time was away working hard, day and night, that he might be prepared to roll pills and take care of the sick at our future meetings; so our last Topeka meetings were in the hands of a clear-minded woman, Mrs. Callie Edwards. And such sweet destiny! The calm dignity, modesty, gentleness yet firmness with which she wielded the scepter will never be forgotten by those present; this was the first time in the history of the association that a woman had presided, and she, with her wise and just ruling, clearly demonstrated what a woman can do at the head of the executive department of our association. This was the Philosophical Age. Here again the deep and profound thinker bursts forth in his incomparable strain of eloquence—eloquence by whose magic the depths of our spirits were stirred. Papers were read involving deep scientific questions. One of the greatest battles of words yet recorded was over a paper with a much loved subject, "The Almighty Dollar." By the time the riot was ended, the writer of the paper would no doubt have given several "almighty dollars" to have been able to recall some of his sentiments. From Topeka the association goes to Lawrence and carries with it one of the race's greatest educators, Prof. J. D. Bowser, as its president; his ruling was able and just and the sessions were interesting and pleasant. This was the Age of the Stage. Recitations held predominance here and it was safe to predict that the future has a grand treat for us in that line; one of the finest treats of the meetings was a paper by Mr. Dawley, "A Day in the Congressional Library." Only after having gone through that building, can one appreciate the paper to the extent of its worth. From Lawrence we return to Atchison, and here we are. The intellectual lights of this body of learned and progressive people issue from all the vocations. We have ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers and both real and unreal professors. Many a bloodless revolution has taken place, but none of our presidents were assassinated while in office; none were impeached, each stepped down and out leaving behind him a good record. The mission of the "Interstate" has been a good one; its motives have aimed high, and it has fulfilled them.



MISS MAY L. LEWIS.

held in the city of St. Joseph. At this meeting Mr. Gross enthusiasm again bursts forth by the moralist, beginning with "Manners," and closing with "ion." During this age one Conflict Between Religion and There an Evolution in Religion. "The Human Mind Is God's our first original poem, "God's takes place in which the triumph of Atchison had been admittance became one of its strong these people of literary taste ri to revel in the luxuries of incens of Kansas. These meescholarly Prof. J. H. Sims, of poring over the relics of this papers were read, but as the

At the meeting in Atchison in December, 1894, the dignified and manly James A. Page ruled with wisdom and precision. This may well be styled the Age of Oratory and Music; many sweet singers and silver-tongued orators graced this age; some excellent papers were also read at these meetings. Passing from this age we emerge into the fifth, and find ourselves in Kansas City, Kas., December, 1895. These meetings were presided over by W. E. Gray, of Atchison. When we recall the marked attention that was given such productions as "Our Civilization," "Progress of the Negro in Literature," "Civil Rights and Social Privileges," "Prosperity of the Negro from Sixty-five to Ninety-five," "The Commercial Value of Life," etc., we are pleased to style this the Historical Age, touched here and there with some brilliant literary productions. At this meeting Bishop James Handy was brought forward and introduced to the convention; upon request he delivered a short address. Near the close of this age the greatest controversy, yet recorded, took place: a noted professor and prominent attorney almost took our breath by declaring, in stentorian tones, that "There is no Negro problem!" They were met half way by a second noted professor and prominent attorney who insisted that "There is a Negro problem!" They fought long and hard in a bloodless battle and finally called upon the convention for reinforcements, and it was left to the Negroes present to decide whether or not they constituted a problem. Crossing the river for our sixth meeting, we find ourselves in the open arms of hospitable Kansas City, Mo. The association's cultured poet, Tilford Davis, Jr., presided over these meetings in a most refined and able manner. This was the Golden Age of the association—the Age of Music, Song and Story; here was brought out the originality of the genius of individuals in the form of poems; here the original story first made its appearance; musical compositions were rendered by composers. We were now made to see the Negro in a new line of literary capability. The president, clothed with the powers of a poet, delivered his annual address in the form of an original poem. The Rt. Rev. Bishop B. T. Tanner was introduced to the association and made a very eloquent and encouraging address. Some excellent papers were read and poetical gems by Bishop Tanner, Prof. J. D. Bowser and C. S. Hunter were placed on record. From here the association returns to Topeka and thus completes the first cycle of literary effort. The president-elect was Grant G. Brown—then plain Mr. Brown, but who now bears the honored title of M. D. The president at that time was away working hard, day and night, that he might be prepared to roll pills and take care of the sick at our future meetings; so our last Topeka meetings were in the hands of a clear-minded woman, Mrs. Callie Edwards. And such sweet destiny! The calm dignity, modesty, gentleness yet firmness with which she wielded the scepter will never be forgotten by those present; this was the first time in the history of the association that a woman had presided, and she, with her wise and just ruling, clearly demonstrated what a woman can do at the head of the executive department of our association. This was the Philosophical Age. Here again the deep and profound thinker bursts forth in his incomparable strain of eloquence—eloquence by whose magic the depths of our spirits were stirred. Papers were read involving deep scientific questions. One of the greatest battles of words yet recorded was over a paper with a much loved subject, "The Almighty Dollar." By the time the riot was ended, the writer of the paper would no doubt have given several "almighty dollars" to have been able to recall some of his sentiments. From Topeka the association goes to Lawrence and carries with it one of the race's greatest educators, Prof. J. D. Bowser, as its president; his ruling was able and just and the sessions were interesting and pleasant. This was the Age of the Stage. Recitations held predominance here and it was safe to predict that the future has a grand treat for us in that line; one of the finest treats of the meetings was a paper by Mr. Dawley, "A Day in the Congressional Library." Only after having gone through that building, can one appreciate the paper to the extent of its worth. From Lawrence we return to Atchison, and here we are. The intellectual lights of this body of learned and progressive people issue from all the vocations. We have ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers and both real and unreal professors. Many a bloodless revolution has taken place, but none of our presidents were assassinated while in office; none were impeached, each stepped down and out leaving behind him a good record. The mission of the "Interstate" has been a good one; its motives have aimed high, and it has fulfilled them.

Ever lived. Dixon quits the ring practically a very young man; he was good for at least ten more years had he behaved himself and taken care of his vitality. He now quits with nothing save a saloon, which he will probably drink up, and afterward die a pauper, neglected and friendless. He has thence made a fortune for Mr. Tom O'Rourke, but nothing for himself. He is married to O'Rourke's sister, a white woman, it is true, but she will shortly tire of him and seek freedom through the divorce court. She will claim that he is now a drunken brute, that he beats and cuffs her about in a shameful manner, and, of course, she will be granted a divorce. The improvidence of the Negro

GENERAL NEWS.

Items as They Are Taken Off the Tele-

graph, and Presented to Our Readers for Perusal.

Criminals in Leavenworth.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Jan. 16.—Mr. J. H. Childers, Topeka, Kansas, Dear Sir: Your letter requesting my views on the "criminal propensities of the Negro" has been received. In reply I shall say that I do not believe the tendency of the Negro toward crime is any stronger than that of the white man, from whom he has received his first impressions, and from whom he has received most of what he knows, be it good or bad. But I regret to confess that as a result of my observations in the past 25 or 30 years, that the tendency or increase of crime among the colored people is far out of proportion to the number.

The old Negro who came from slavery 17 years ago, though ignorant, was well disciplined and anxious to work, because that was all he knew. It is a noticeable fact that those of the old Negroes who are now living are industrious, frugal, orderly and law-abiding citizens. It is the "New Negro" who was born since the war and since freedom that manifests such unfortunate tendencies toward crime. The cause of his criminal tendency is largely due to the fact that he has not been disciplined and had proper restraints imposed upon his freedom. So that with much freedom and many privileges, together with enforced idleness, (by that I mean that most of the avenues of life being closed against, and preventing him from learning a trade and from earning a livelihood) he drifts upon the sea of idleness and vice, to the sink-holes of iniquity and incubators of crime, where, by evil associations, the young Negro is seduced to commit crime.

W. B. TOWNSEND,
Marshal City Court.

The Passing of George Dixon.

George Dixon's friends and admirers are issuing many excuses as to why he was so badly whipped in his recent fight, but despite all of them the fact remains that he went up against a much better man—a man who has youth, strength, ability and agility to his credit. There is a great deal of crying over spilt milk, but it is as clear as the noonday sun that Dixon carried his worn pall to the dairy once too often.

We are surprised that he was not knocked out in the first round. Dixon had declared that he would retire; he found a man who willingly assisted him in his desire.

In late years George Dixon had begun to brag and "blow" as much as Sullivan, Jackson and Corbett did in their final chapter; and when a man begins to "blow" a great deal, he fights little. When Dixon was modest, he was invincible, never losing a battle; but lately he had accumulated a great desire to talk and drink, and neglected himself, and got ticked. It is the way of the fighters: Sullivan did it, so did Dempsey, Caridiff, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Jackson. The only man who did not talk so much, and who quit fighting in the nick of time, was Jack McAuliffe. Jack McAuliffe is the only fighter who has exhibited common sense, therefore he's the greatest fighter that ever lived.

Dixon quits the ring practically a very young man; he was good for at least ten more years had he behaved himself and taken care of his vitality. He now quits with nothing save a saloon, which he will probably drink up, and afterward die a pauper, neglected and friendless. He has thence made a fortune for Mr. Tom O'Rourke, but nothing for himself. He is married to O'Rourke's sister, a white woman, it is true, but she will shortly tire of him and seek freedom through the divorce court. She will claim that he is now a drunken brute, that he beats and cuffs her about in a shameful manner, and, of course, she will be granted a divorce. The improvidence of the Negro

prizefighter, the same as the poverty of the Negro editor, is proverbial: he was never known to have money save when the stakes were drawn down, and he was declared the winner. There is no reason why George Dixon should not have quit with a fortune, but in a few years—possibly a few months—we shall hear that he is arrested in a street brawl, locked up, and scarcely a sport to be found that would go his bail. This will be George Dixon, once a champion fighter in the lighter class! Shades of Tom Sayers and Jim Heenan!

Poor Dixon. When Terry McGovern, a lad only 19 or 20 years old, shook hands with you in the last round, a great majority of your "friends" also shook hands with you and bade you farewell. A prizefighter, the same as any other individual, has "friends" only when he is successful. To be sure, there will occasionally be found a few "friends" to pay for a hall in which to give you a "benefit" whenever you get "dry," but they will grow scarcer as the days grow older.

Dixon did well, however: he figured in something over an hundred ring contests and had about fifteen fights, which he won, the majority of which were sparring matches with soft gloves.

The race has no gladiator now to represent it. Jackson, who was about as graceful and as active as an elephant, is down and out; Godfrey has seen his best days; and now we are in darkness, for Dixon's light has been put out.

There's Joe Walcott, did you say? Pahaw. He's licked before he starts. OLD SPORT.

Leavenworth.

Mrs. T. Finley is the guest of her brother, Berry Craig, of Omaha. Cupid has been quite busy in our city of late, and "wedding bells" continue to ring.

The Washington-Johnson nuptials were solemnized Tuesday night of last week at the First Baptist church on Broadway. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Banks, in the presence of a large number of friends of the contracting parties.

Miss Hattie Walton, who has been attending the State Normal, at Emporia, is home on a visit.

They started out paying fashionable calls, but wound up with a "Please go home invitation."

Mr. William Switzer died of pneumonia, on Tuesday of last week, at the home of his uncle, D. White, in North Leavenworth.

Mrs. Rachel White, who has been removed to the State Protective Home, is very ill.

Mrs. J. Taylor is very ill at her home on Kiowa St.

Mrs. Melvina Gray continues very ill.

There were no church members at the Crawford Grand on last Sunday night. "Nix!"

He has weakened at last and sent her his photograph. The game is now drawing rapidly to a close.

Two of our young friends entered into a dark conspiracy recently. We understand that the plot was successfully carried out last Saturday afternoon. We are now awaiting developments.

A KANSAS OCTOBER DAY.

The sun is brilliant.
And the warm wind pours
In golden splendor over hill and vale and mountain top.
The weary wild fields lie pinion
And, with gentle breath, whispers
A soothing message to the falling leaves
And rustling corn.
The wide canopy of the heavens
Holding in its outstretched arms
The feathered droop of snowy spouts,
Flights in took to earth and seals the pledge
With the soft kiss of the horizon.
The azure mantle of the atmosphere
Trails on the distant hills its airy line.
And the murmuring river,
With a thousand sparkling gleams,
Laughs and dances with sunny joy.
And backs back its answer in gleaming day.
—JOHN LAWRENCE HARRISON.

Out of 7,994 Cases in Police Court in K. C. in 1899, 2,272 Were Against Negroes. Negro Population, One-Tenth!