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**Mothers of Man and Women of Mark**

*In Commemoration of Mothers’ Day, May 12th*

*Wear a red carnation for the living and white for the dead*

AN APPRECIATION OF MOTHERS

This issue of the magazine expresses our love for our mothers. Mothers occupy in our hearts the greatest of reverence. Rightly does our appreciation of our mothers reach deeper in our nature than for any other blood relation. The Colored mother’s road since she first set her shackled foot on American soil has bee anything except one strewn with roses. From across the fence of time we still hear the echoing voice of her slave song filled with pathos, energy, hope. Hardships beset her from all sides. Children arrived at a rate that mothers of today little dream of as possible. Often all her children were torn from her by the blood curdling institution of the auction block. Often she would stray away to the rice swamps and die of chills and hunger rather than see the last of her blood “sold way down South.”

The message of the North star buoyed to these slave mothers’ hope above the crushing blows of the slave driver’s whip. The day of freedom burst upon the horizon, for the weight of these mothers’ prayers could not be refused by heaven any longer. Turned like canary birds into a strange world, the mothers came into the world of freedom without strong wings and with large broods to feed. They soon learned the way of the world, and today the race rises to a status of manhood as the product of loyal, persistent, noble minded womanhood.

Our little homage in this dedication we give with hearts full of devotion. Out of their centuries of sacrifice and hard labor in the cotton fields, and from rough labor in general, arises a new stock of Negro manhood and womanhood. The off-spring have chisled their way into almost every avenue of America life—in industry, the professions, the arts. The new Negro has proven his worth by his fulfilling our mothers’ prayers for the life of free souls and deep love.