

country to magnify their own efforts and pose as heroes of great courage and endurance. The natives of the west coast of Africa may be heathens and uncivilized, but they are more peaceable and gentle than many of you civilized and enlightened white men here in America; and these wild cannibals you have here, covorting around like apes and baboons, never saw Africa. They are lazy, good-for-nothing negroes from New York, or some other town, where they have been taught to jump about like monkeys and yell like hyenas, while you tell these people that they are talking in their native tongue. Stop your lying about the negro!"

The crowd shouted, the showman looked stupefied, and the bishop walked on down the Midway, telling me that there was no new negro. He was simply the same old negro, showing his capacity as he was given opportunity by the new white man; and I am not sure that he is wrong. Booker T. Washington and Bishop Turner are not so far apart, except on the question as to where the negro is to work out his own salvation. Washington insists that by applying the industry and capacity that made the negro valuable in slavery to the new condition of freedom the negro can do the work and become independent here in America. Bishop Turner wants the negro to go to Africa and apply these new conditions in a new country. General Armstrong said to me, just before he died:

"This man Washington is worthy the name he bears. He will live to be known as the Washington of his race."

The speech of Washington has awakened the white men of the south to the realization that there has been a change. The negro building, with its exhibits of the work of negroes, offers its testimony to the truth of Booker T. Washington's teachings.

## BISHOP TURNER ON THE NEGRO.

### He Believes That the New Negro Is the Old Negro.

Atlanta Correspondence Chicago Times-Herald.

There is one small corner of the negro building which represents the other extreme of the race. It is marked "Uncivilized Africa," and is an exhibit of some of the natural resources and some of the crude manufactures of the west coast of Africa. Bishop Turner, who has been for years urging the negroes to emigrate to Liberia, brought this exhibit home with him when he returned from Africa a few weeks ago. He says that it does not represent civilized Africa, but the uncivilized natives, the heathens of that country. He has a collection of their swords, knives and spears, which, he says, were hammered out of iron ore found there so rich that the natives use it without any knowledge of melting; samples of the woods that grow on the west coast of the dark continent; palm and coconut oils, made by the natives; samples of leather and cloth made by the heathens, and many other curious specimens of African products. Over this exhibit the bishop has strung a line of delicately woven birds' nests, which are shaped like the long-handled gourd. They are the nests of the weaver birds and they are as carefully woven as a bit of wicker work. The long arm is attached to the limb of a tree, and through it the bird passes to the large and bulb-like nest in the bottom. There is one article in the bishop's collection which is not heathen. It is a beautiful silk quilt of the same pattern as that made by a Liberian woman and presented to Queen Victoria. She duplicated the work for Bishop Turner. It is a delicate and intricate piece of patch work, and represents the African cotton tree in bloom.

Bishop Turner has little patience with those who talk about the new negro. He strolled through the negro building with me, but saw little that was new in the workmanship that was evidenced by the exhibits.

"There is nothing new in this fine work," said he. "The negroes always did the finest kind of work in the south. The slaves were skilled carpenters and wheelwrights and blacksmiths. They did all the work in the old days of slavery. They were not mere drudges without skill. They built the grand old mansions of the planters. They made the carriages and wagons and buggies used by their masters; they did the iron work, as well as the wood work. They made much of the furniture, and were skilled cabinet makers. In fact the slaves did all of the work in the south then; and there were skilled mechanics and carpenters among them—more than we now have, perhaps. In that respect, we have a very old-fashioned negro exhibit here. The men who owned slaves gave the best testimony to their skill and intelligence as workmen when they had their own carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights and cabinet makers among their slaves, and trusted them to build all the houses, manufacture most of the comforts which surrounded the southern home. The women could do as fine sewing then as now, and they were the skilled cooks, famous for their dishes. No, this work is not the evidence of a new negro. It is the skill of the same old negro who was in slavery. The only thing new about it is the freedom of the negro to learn what trade he pleases and work out his own salvation in his own way. I am as proud of this exhibit as any one, but I have no patience with the talk about the new negro as a workman. Why, that was the reason he was kept in slavery so long. He was too valuable to be set free."

"Do you still think the negroes should emigrate to Africa?"

"Yes; several million of them. They can be spared from this country, and they can do much better in Africa. They will become the leaders and the civilizers of that continent."

The stalwart old negro bishop strolled out of the negro building with me, and we turned our steps to the Midway. In front of the Dahomey village there was a big-nosed white man urging the visitors to not miss seeing the wild cannibals from the west coast of Africa. The old bishop stopped and heard the stereotyped speech, and remarked that here must be the "new negro." Then he walked up to the showman and said:

"Why do you white men pursue the negro of Africa with your lying? You have for years lied about the negro in this country, and now, when you are being found out, you are lying about the negro at home on his native heath."

The showman stopped, startled for a moment, while the crowd gathered about. Then he asked, "What do you know about it?" and began again on his speech. But the bishop was not to be ignored.

"I know all about it, sir," he replied. "I am a negro, and I live in Africa a good part of the time. There are not, as you never have, been, any cannibals on the west coast of Africa. You are simply repeating some of the lies told by white men who went to Africa and had to lie about the