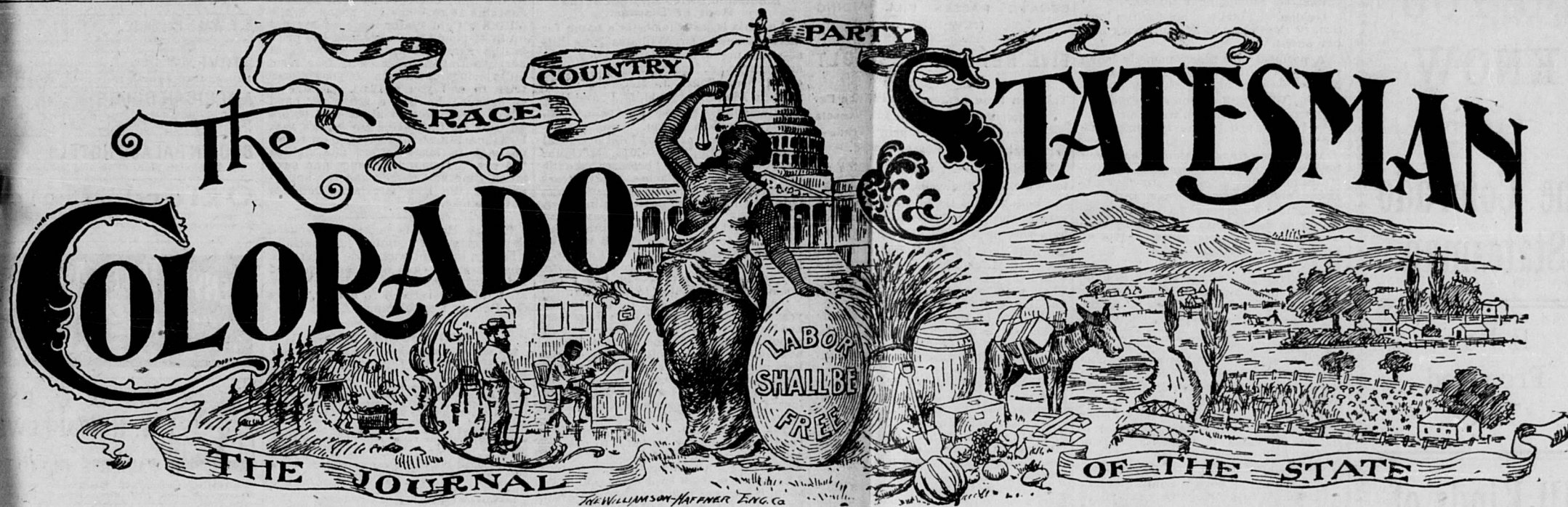


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DUNBAR DEAD

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the World's Greatest and Most Famous Negro Poet is No More—His Life Sketch. Denver Post Pays High Tribute.

Dayton, O., Feb. 9.—Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the Negro poet, died at his home here this afternoon of consumption. For three years he had been seriously ill and for a year critically ill, but he kept at his work intermittently and wrote his last poem for his Christmas book, "Howdy, Howdy, Howdy," just before Christmas.

Mr. Dunbar was born in Dayton June 27, 1872, and was first a newsboy and then an elevator boy and in his ups and downs for a living practiced writing. His first poem was written when he was written for the Steele high school in 1891. His first of a total of 21 books was "Oak and Ivy."

His poem best known was "When Malindy Sings," which was written to his mother, whose name is Malinda.

Mr. Dunbar is survived by his mother, his wife and two half brothers, who reside in Chicago. He will be buried in Woodland cemetery, this city, next week, many persons of note being expected to attend.

The deceased was the first poet to arise out of the African race in America, and his status among the literary men of the East is more than a sufficient answer to the argument of the ignorant bigot who is ever pertering the world with queries as to "what we shall do with the race question?" Paul Dunbar's books and poetry will tell if he consults them—the question will settle itself if he will only let the Negro enjoy the opportunities opened up to him by the abolition of slavery in the United States. He was born 34 years ago in Dayton, O., and was educated in the public schools of that town. Thirteen years ago he was an elevator boy in a big building in Dayton and, like most of his race, he seemed to be marked for a life of uneventful toil. Yet, since that time he published many books, contributed to the best magazines and newspapers, established solid reputation and recited his verses to many audiences of the highest culture. At 25, with the encouraging plaudits of his first success ringing in his ears he went abroad for new conquests. In England Mr. Dunbar was received by the most highly cultured and aristocratic people in the land, because

he had genius—the key that unlocks all doors that bar the way to fashionable or cultivated society abroad.

The love of rhythm that characterizes the Negro manifested itself early in young Dunbar. Like Pope, he listed in numbers. His father died when Paul was a lad of 12, and the future poet contributed the support of his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters with what he earned as a newsboy. Between times he mowed lawns, ran upon errands, was faithful, kind and gentle. His first verses, childish, it is true, but of good promise, were written on the flyleaf of an old spelling book, and were titled "An Easter Hymn." At 14, he had already broken into print, and a few of his poems and short stories had been published in the Dayton Herald and in other local newspapers.

His small successes gratified his mother beyond expression. She believed that her son had a great future in store for him, and encouraged by her, he wrote a story in Western dialect which he called "The Tenderfoot." The story was copied widely. It was the first literary production of its kind to be published from the pen of a Negro. Many other stories were sold by Dunbar, and the way begun to grow brighter for the struggling author, Dunbar attracted the attention of Frederick Douglass and the colored statesman looked, him up. By this time the public began to become interested in the personality of the young Ohioan and his future was assured. He secured admission to the highest literary circles everywhere and became a popular lecturer, while his revenue from his writings steadily increased.

HIS SONG OF DEATH.

Storm and strife and stress,
Lost in a wilderness
Groping to find a way
Forth to the haunts of day.

Sudden a vista peeps
Out of the tangled peeps;
Only a point—the ray
But at the end is day.

Dark is the dawn and chill,
Daylight is on the hill,
Night is the fitting breath,
Day rides the hills of death.

WHAT THE POST SAYS OF HIM.

Paul Dunbar is dead.

Paul Dunbar was as black as a coal and his mother couldn't write

her own name. He began to earn his own living when he was 11 or 12 years old. He began as a boot-black, and then graduated into an elevator boy in a Middle West city. One day he sat in the corner of his elevator, when the office building was closed, and wrote a piece of verse. The next day he read the verse to a man who had an office in the building and who took a kindly interest in the black boy. The man told the black that the verse he had written was good, spoke to someone else about it, and finally, in some roundabout way or other, it was published.

It was not very long before someone else was running the elevator, and Dunbar, the black boy, was writing poems and songs and stories for a living—and making a good living, too.

His poems were published in the best magazines in America.

He went abroad and titled men and women made a great fuss over him.

He wrote songs and librettos and he sang and told stories and laughed and was sick and suffered after the manner of his race, and then he went home to his mother and died—still a young man.

Black as ever, and as simple hearted and kindly and simple mannered as he was the day he sat in the elevator and wrote his verses on a torn scrap of paper with an old stub of a pencil.

Who is there who dares, in the face of such evidence as this, to say: "I would have been someone if I had had a chance."

What chance did that black boy have the chance he made for himself? What chance do you want, young man, with the red blood of the great white race leaping in your joyous veins.

You are no prisoner within the cruel jail of color and of race.

The best in the world is none too good for you if your hands are strong enough to grasp it.

What chance do you need—but the chance you make for yourself? If you cannot make the chance, be content.

The grass does not grow as high as the pine tree, but the world needs the grass, just as much as it needs the forest.

Smile at the world serenely, and say, "I have never had much ability, but I've done the best I could," and you won't need anyone's pity. But don't lay the blame of your humble lot in life and the humble achievement you are modest enough to make, on chance. You were not at home when chance knocked at your door, or, if you were at home when chance knocked at your door, or if not at home you were asleep, and did not answer.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the black elevator boy, heard chance slipping by in the night and he ran out into the cold and the dark and caught him, and chance turned and smiled at the black boy.

RACE NEWS

Gathered from Various Sources.

With a quartet on the scaffold singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul," William W. Hamilton, colored, was hanged February 2nd at the district jail in Washington as the penalty for murdering his common law wife, June 20, 1904. He had been confined in the cell occupied by Guiteau, assassin of President Garfield, and was executed on the same scaffold on which Guiteau paid the penalty for his crime.

There are a class of Negroes in this city who profess to be intelligent, cultured, proud and all that, who go to the Jim Crow theatre, through great tribulations. They go in through a back alley and come out through the same. In addition to this humiliation they occupy the highest seat in buzzard roost section and count themselves happy in such disgraceful posture. The time is coming and now is when the truly self-respecting Negro will be forced to lose respect for the Jim Crow class. Negroes that will not respect themselves should not manifest alarm and impatience because other people do not respect them. Negroes put upon themselves the stamp of inferiority whenever they pay for the privilege of occupying a seat in a Jim Crow institution, or content themselves with any accommodations of inferior grade. While we are standing out against the Jim Crow street car, let us in like manner stand out against the buzzard roost theatre. If we hope to win in any contention of this character let us by all means be consistent, and oppose the Jim Crow business in all the styles that it may come to us.—Nashville (Tenn) Clarion.

The new president of the State University is Dr. John Ford, pastor for several years of the First Baptist church of Denver, Col. He received seven of the twelve votes of the trustees. Four went to Dr. C. H. Parrish, who was supported by those who believed in the feasibility of uniting the academic features of the State University with the industrial effort of Eckstein Norton University, of which Dr. Parrish is president. One complimentary vote was cast for Mr. W. H. Stewart, the hard-working chairman of the board. The result, while a surprise, appears to be quite agreeable to the rank and file of Kentucky Baptist who have confidence in the recommendations of the far-seeing editor of the American Baptist, Mr. Stewart.

Dr. Ford comes highly recommended as an educator of experience, a pulpit orator of power, and an executive officer of demonstrated capacity. The pace set by the late Dr. Purce will be a difficult one to equal, but the patrons of the school are sure to give the new president a fair chance to win his spurs, before instituting odious comparisons.—Advocate Charles-ton, W. Va.

The New Negro

What He Needs in Connection with the Letter is the Skillful Training of the Hand. "Industry is the Keynote to Success."

Of all the grand gatherings of people who play upon the American stage only one was thrust thereon who had no voice in the choosing, and that one was the American Negro, the common subject of abuse, the man of sorrows and grief, and yet the most docile, the most patient of men, the very embodiment of loyalty and patriotism.

From the day that he was unwillingly forced into this country he has been shadowed by a darkness unknown to others of this great American people.

The Negro came, but there was no national power to bid him God's speed across the threatening waves. He came not as a man but as a chattel slave. He had no star to guide him. He came in the darkness of the night and there were no friends to greet him.

Two hundred and forty years of suffering and hardships unknown to the white brother; two hundred and forty years of the strange spectacle of the illiterate giving to the educated; two hundred and forty years of the weak supporting the strong; two hundred and forty years of the fettered bondsman contributing to the proud sons of freedom; two hundred and forty years of the giving of Negro children that the white man and his posterity might live and prosper; two hundred and forty years of praying; two hundred and forty years of God's mysterious moving that surpassed the undertaking of men.

But when the din and roar of war had ceased and the smoke that shrouded the ghost of American thralldom had cleared away, there stood on the threshold of a new era a New Negro, coming factor in this nation's citizenship, a people in part weakened, in part polluted, in part degraded, and yet within this woefully conditioned people was found a germ of manhood and womanhood as pure as crystal and as beautiful as the world ever looked upon and which within less than a generation has startled the world by unprecedented and as yet unparalleled advancement along the line of intellectual development.

In his mad rush for classical education the equally important requirement, an industrial education, has been overlooked, and the opposers of Negro advancement charge that he has done nothing in the industrial world.

We live in an industrial age, where the song of progress is set to the accompaniment that rings

with enterprise, sweetly blending in harmony with the buzz and roar of industry. When we retire at night the most soothing lullaby that wafts the children of men into the realms of slumberland, is the swelling chorus of the factory and the shop.

"Industry is the keynote to success." What we need in connection with the letter is the skillful training of the hand, and in this we must strive to excel. The Negro must strive to be a better mechanic than the white man.

The prejudice that predominates and passes judgment upon the worth of men, will require the Negro to display more mechanical skill in the bending of a pin than it will require of a white man in the building of a locomotive. The Negro must strive for success in the commercial world. It has been absolutely demonstrated that the Negro must work out his own redemption. What part has the Negro laborer, including the skilled mechanics, Negro business men and women played in the solution of the race problem? If we were to compare their small achievements with those of other men and women the proportion would be small, but what they have done toward the solution of this ever perplexing question is far reaching and commendable.

Statistics show that over thirty thousand Negroes are engaged in business owned and controlled wholly by Negroes.

Wherever the Negro attempts a business that is elevating to the race it should be greeted with the fullest measure of patronage and confidence, and race pride is the one thing essential to this end.

The Negro is a race of consumers and to assure any marked degree of success he must become a producer as well.

The man who has the manual training and does, will have all credit due him in the final final. We need an army of active workers. The men who build the houses and bridges, lay the sidewalk and set up the machinery, till the soil, manufacture, sell and deliver the goods are they who will be reckoned among the worthy. The women who make the dresses and the hats, and do the cooking and mending will hold equal with those of finer arts, and are they who will be chosen. Let those oppose who may; God still reins, and on the day of final reckoning I do not opine that the American Negro will be counted the least among earth's men.—S. O. Clayton.