

a few: Fisk University, Roger Williams, Central Tennessee College, Atlanta University, Clark, Spellman, Wilberforce, Gammon Theological Seminary, Payne Theological, Paul Quinn, all stars of the first magnitude, and last, but not least, Tuskegee and Normal (A. and M. College). I might refer to several medical schools. In this grand array of institutions the former slave is taught everything known to science, art and literature, every profession known to civilization.

The twentieth century will bring to the front a new white man. A new Negro will meet him. The old master class, with his big warm heart of sympathy for the ex-slave, will have gone. Reference to "my old black mammy" will cease with the decline of this century. "Old black mammy" herself will be gone.

In the place of the former will appear a frigid, unsympathetic, business white man. He will not know anything of the past relations between the white man and the black man, more than what little is found in history (?), and there is not a true history of these relations extant, and never will be. This twentieth century white man will not be willing to untie his pursestrings every time the tale of woe is told concerning the black man.

The conditions which led to the establishment of the institutions under the American Missionary Association, the Freedmen's Aid Society and other organizations supported by Northern sympathy and money, will not continue during the twentieth century.

The plantation melodies of the Fisk Jubilee Singers will not be able to make Northern millionaires weep and crowned heads kiss the hands of the

oppose the black man at every step of his advancement. The second class, recognizing the ability of the Negro to be anything and do anything in common with all other men, will enter the arena with no other thought than to excel. Neither class will be actuated by sympathy. Both classes will recognize that Ham is a man.

The man, let him be black or white, who believes that the sympathy racket will be worked during the next century is a fool. The Negro who desires to be forever considered a secondary factor in this great country is not worthy the name of a man.

Let no man think for a moment that prejudice will cease within the next hundred years. It is against all reason to suppose such a thing so long as the Negro is recognized as a distinct race. It will not be the kind of prejudice which existed between master and slave, for the master class could not endure the sight of a former slave and his posterity becoming the equals civilly, politically and intellectually of himself and children. But the conflict of the twentieth century will be a struggle for the mastery as man against man, and one race against another.

Speaking of prejudice, I wish to say: Prejudice will gradually die in proportion as the Negro goes into business and is supported by his race. The twentieth century will bring this about too. Indeed, the race is profiting more by prejudice than it is losing.

When the Negro opens a first-class drug store just across the street from the white man's, when some black man opens a dry goods store, a shoe store, a grocery store and every other kind of business in direct opposition to the white man's business, prejudice will take wings. The twentieth century

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CITIZENS

"The New Negro is on the Verge of an Existence, Says an Able Writer and a Deep Thinker—Issues as They Will Be.

Thoughtful people do not wonder at the changes which naturally take place as the days go by, bringing to us summer and winter, autumn and spring. Indeed, they expect these changes, and would be terribly surprised if they did not come.

The morning of the twentieth century is fast approaching, and it requires no seer or prophet to predict that new conditions are to be met, both in church and state. It is said that "the darkest hour is just before day." The last watch in the night of this declining century has been exceedingly dark—so dark that nearly eight millions of the inhabitants of this country have ever and anon waked out of their slumbers by the disturbing elements and cried out "Watchman, what of the night?"

May we not hope that as the nineteenth century, with its record of wars, revolutions and bloodshed, recedes into the misty past, we shall behold the ushering in of a brighter day, when



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the morning star of the twentieth century betokens the advent of a new period? This is our earnest prayer.

Bishop Turner's theory of African colonization is gradually receiving converts. Hundreds who a few years ago ridiculed his idea, are to-day ardent supporters of the same. Bishop Turner is naturally a restless man. He is a man of great magnetism. He is a born leader. Those who sit at the feet of this magnetic leader and teacher are more than likely to receive his impress. A restless bedfellow will most certainly keep his companions awake and disturbed.

My advice is to wait till the morning. I advise that the night is dark. But the very fact that the elements are decked with bright stars verifies that the sun is still shining and that day will break on time. Do you ask what stars I refer to? Then I will point out

singers in the twentieth century.

Northern white churches will not continue to go into sparsely settled communities and build houses of worship for the "poor colored people" during the century just ahead.

The cold-blooded white man of the twentieth century will fail to see a reason why he should send boxes and barrels of clothing to the colored people of the South, as his father did during the nineteenth century. In the twentieth century the philanthropist, both North and South, will see as much reason in helping the "poor whites" as in giving all to "the poor blacks," and he will be more inclined to do so.

In short, sympathy will enter very little into the actions of the twentieth century white man, so far as the Negro is concerned.

The sooner the Southern Negro learns this the better. The Negro is a part of this government in every sense of the word. Therefore his residence here is a fixture. Then let him prepare for any emergency. He will be required to look out for himself before the middle of the next century. The heartless white man of this country will soon be heard crying out in thunder tones to the black man: "Stand up and be a man."

And, as God lives, the Negro is going to do it.

Who is so blind as to fail to see that the colored contingent of the great M. E. Church will submit to passing another century without a representative upon the bench of bishops. Barring his age, Dr. Bowen, of Gammon, in Atlanta, is the peer of any bishop living to-day in any Methodist church. And there are others. The twentieth century will produce a score of such men. The question arises, first, will such men forever consent to a second place merely on account of race or color? Secondly, will the future white man forever combat his aspirations on that account solely? I very much doubt both.

The white man of the twentieth century will be divided into two great classes with reference to his attitude toward the Negro. The first class, holding to the traditions of their fathers, endeavoring to keep alive the dying issue of prejudice, will stubbornly

Negro is going to do these things.

The refined Negro will by and by say, "If Mr. A. (a white man) can't sell me a glass of soda water, he shall not sell me a bottle of cologne." He will say, "If the clerk in Mr. A.'s store can not remove his hat while waiting on a lady of the race, I will make it possible for Mr. B. (a Negro) to conduct business on the same scale. Yes, when this greedy business white man of the twentieth century sees that his trade is drifting into other channels and that his goods are molding and rotting on the shelves he will cry out: "Away with all this sentimentalism."

But what about the social question? That is simply a "bugaboo." The more enlightened and refined a man becomes the more sensitive he is to his surroundings. There need be no fear about a cultured lady or gentleman introducing themselves where they are not desired socially. None but the ignorant and unrefined will ever do that, and they will certainly do it. It is true of all races. Before the close of the twentieth century all the laws in the Southern States against amalgamation and intermarriage will be laughed at and the people will be ashamed of the folly of their ancestors. Any reference to the foolish statutes now existing will be frowned upon.

No public speaker to-day is so unpopular as the man who dares to entertain his audience with the story of the horrors of slavery. Such a speaker would be hissed off the stage, even by a Southern audience of ex-slaveholders. Their sentiments are: "Slavery, with all of its horrors, is dead; let the carrion rot."

So it will be before the noontide of the approaching century. All the class legislation now in vogue, born of a hellish nature and desire to degrade the Negro, will be relegated to the shades of hell, from whence they emanated, and regarded as relics of barbarism.

The white man will consider it very unkind in a public speaker to make reference to the blunders, mistakes and devilry of their sires. Their sentiments will be: Those things are dead; those laws are repealed and wiped out of the statutes; let our fathers rest in peace, and let us act in the living present."

My advice is, let the Negro "suffer the ills he now endures rather than fly to those he knows not of." Let him consider the advantages offered him and make the best of the circumstances. Prepare for any and every vocation in life, and be ready to meet the issues as they will come.

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