

"SWAMP ANGEL" ON THE WING.

[Explanation—Owing to a number of events, over which we had no control—namely, the illness of the foreman and the printer's "devil," we were unavoidably crowded out last week, but we hope the generous public will pardon the inevitable.]

Under many unfavorable circumstances, the new Negro woman is making rapid inroads in the intellectual world. Her genius is winning for her laurels at home and abroad. She has long since been recognized in the field of letters as remarkably clever. She is an appreciative contributor in prose and poetry to the best magazines. She is an accomplished christian worker in the Sunday school and in the missionary field. She is deep in thought, very observant, pure-minded and full of generosity. Such is the progressive new Negro woman of to-day.

She is cordially received by the men of the race, for in her they see a more prosperous nation. She is very much in need in our homes. The average Negro child shows plainly its early home training in the school room and on the street. They are abrupt, coarse, loud and untidy. One only needs to visit the colored schools to verify this statement. In many instances, children have been sent from the school room by teachers because of untidiness, only to be confronted later on by an irate mother, with "My child's good is you," and other vile epithets. This mother then and there arouses a "bully" spirit in the breast of the little one, and thus encouraged, it grows to man and womanhood, despising all things pertaining to cleanliness.

But should the teacher be exonerated? From a mere physical standpoint, if for nothing else, the teacher should inaugurate some method by which the child would consider the importance of tidiness. The school laws will protect such movements, and the teachers should begin at once.

It is said that love lightens labor, and that one can bear the tortures of pain an hundred fold, to the sweet strains of music, but that fellow who in soft, sweet dulcet tones, sang of his unfathomable love to Mrs. Ontheslye in the a sence of her spouse, relates a different story. The wronged husband suddenly appears; the gay Lothario suddenly disappears midst the music made by stove pipes, tin pans, chairs, shot and shell. He has composed a song, "How I Escaped with My Life That Awful Night."