3/1 was going to die asked what would become of her children. Then our father came home then he pledged the money he had with him to a doctor who came every day to take the
money out of his pocket. She asked the doctor if she could have the money and took it in the house and gave it to the doctor. But he did not give her a receipt for it. It was the doctor who had written me to come home - getting the address from my sister.

As the fever was breaking the imported nurse and doctors of the Howard Association still had to leave every day and my sister and my mother had to go every day to have me see the doctor. I had a chill the next day after getting home. I will always believe it was one of the usual malarial kind I had been having.

But the old nurse I found at home taking care of the children took no chances. She put me to bed and deceived me four days and nights on hot lemonade.

Dr. Gray had not been to the house during this time and my sister gave me the receipt and a note to him as soon as I was able to go down town. It was common day and a large crowd were waiting their turn to be relieved with groceries, clothing, shoes etc. All the stores of any kind were open. Seeing persons I knew in the crowd I asked them to point out Dr. Gray to me. When I handed him the note he said: "So you are Genie's big sister. Tell her I have the key to the safe and she is out in the country to see his family. He will be back this evening and I will bring her the money tonight and I am leaving tomorrow."

He came and brought it that evening and told me that we had a wonderful father - one of the best and
Dear Friend:

The coupon with this letter can—and if you use it, will—bring you a full year of profitable pleasure.

And it will do so at what is probably the greatest bargain available today. But as this distribution is limited, and is being made only to carefully selected readers, we must ask you to destroy the coupon unless used by you or a member of your immediate family.

The Crowell Publishing Company wants you and your family as readers of The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion, and offers you this special money-saving opportunity because you are responsive to national advertising. In fact, we first obtained your name from an advertiser of high standing with whom you had done business. And since your reading and other tastes are above the average we feel that you will most appreciate and enjoy what these great publications will bring you in the next twelve months.

The American Magazine is the mirror of achievement. It spreads before you the mighty panorama of life as it actually is, crystallizing your cherished hopes and ambitions. In its pages the leading men and women in every field offer you, first-hand, the fruits of their vast experience in their own graphic, helpful, inspiring stories. And added to that The American Magazine brings you special articles of broad, human interest; and clean, entertaining fiction and humor unsurpassed in any magazine.

For the women of the household Woman's Home Companion is the most completely satisfying magazine America ever has produced. Promptly and dependably it serves all the ever-increasing interests of the modern woman. Its nationally famous departments include fashions, travel, good looks, hat and dress making, political education, better babies, cooking, etc., etc. It will bring you scores of brilliant short stories and eight new book-length novels in the next twelve months. "The Vehement Flame," by Margaret Deland; "So Big," by Edna Ferber; "The Homemaker," by Dorothy Canfield, and many other "best-sellers" appeared first in Woman's Home Companion.

The regular single-copy price of these two great magazines is $4.80 a year and it is paid by millions. The coupon attached will bring both to your door for a whole year for only $3.00—an actual cash saving of $1.80.

It is truly an investment at bargain price. Fill in the reverse side of the coupon and mail it back to me today. Remember—it will bring you a full year of profitable pleasure. So do it now!

Cordially yours,

David Blair

Manager, Subscribers' Bureau.
In helping to nurse, in being cheerful and inspiring confidence. Said he, he’d be passing thru the courthouse on his way to the shop, when a patient not be out of his head he will stop to try to quiet him — see if he were dying he would talk to him or pray with him — then pick up his tools and go on with the rest of the day’s work. Everyone liked him and all missed him when he was gone.

After Dr. Gray had gone, the old nurse — she was from New Orleans — said he also liked your pa. He came over where we nurses stayed and after looking us all over he asked me, “Do you think he was going to send me on a case where nobody was sick; that he just wanted me to stay with the children whose father and mother had gone until something else came for them.” He said he had see that.

I never met him before nor even heard of him again but in all these years I have never ceased to look at that man’s opinion every time I think of him humane and sympathetic watch over the little white man who had been so kind to me.

My sister Eugenia who was next to me had been active until a year previously when her backbone began to feel outwards until she could not walk. Then came the death of James and George. Another brother Eddie had died of scarlet fever meningitis before; then there were two eldest Annie five years old and Lily two. The baby Stanley was also dead when I got home leaving six left and I the oldest. Then the fever epidemic was over, there was a gathering at the home of one home to decide who to do with us. My father was a master mason. After a long debate discussion the children had all been provided for except the Eugenia and myself. He paid each of us
ACTION AND RESULTS

Dear Friend:

As a race we are rapidly coming into our own, if we will use just a little judgment and forethought. We can only protect ourselves politically by our vote. We must vote for men who do real things for our race and have our interest at heart. This principle is found only in 100% Republicans.

No colored man or woman can honestly vote a Democratic ticket, or a bi-partisan ticket, which is composed of Democrats, because that type of politician hold our fore parents Slaves; the 100% Republicans abolished slavery forever.

What have the Democrats or so-called Republican leaders, such as Alderman, etc., ever done for our race? Simply have us vote for a Democratic Mayor, and then we can't find them until they have someone of the same caliber they want to elect for their own material benefit.

We colored voters want Action and Results,—here we have both:

"Senator Deneen renews fight to save bench for race." (This is found on front page Chicago Defender Saturday, March 27, respt.) Owing to the death of Judge Terrell (colored) of Washington, D. C., U. S. Senator Deneen is doing his utmost to have James A. Cobb (colored) appointed to the Municipal Judgeship. President Coolidge appointed Dr. Richard W. Williams (of our race) Recorder of Deeds of United States, being recommended by Rep. Warren B. Douglas and Senator Deneen.

Representative Warren B. Douglas opened the doors for our race by placing (for the first time) colored men as Gas Meter Readers in the Peoples Gas Co. Douglas has also placed colored conduit layers in the service of the Commonwealth Edison Co. Douglas has placed men and women of our race as stenographers, typists, secretaries, U. S. Custodians, U. S. Prohibition agents, etc.

Vote the Deneen National Republican Ticket.

Be sure and put a cross in the square in front of:

☒ Warren B. Douglas—Representative in the General Assembly.

☒ Daniel P. Trudoe—County Judge.

☒ John F. Davine—County Treasurer.

☒ William S. Bradden—County Commissioner.

Respectfully yours,

Superintendent and Captain

S. OLIVER MORRIS.

S. Oliver Morris 3604 Grand Blvd.
Of course no one wanted a little girl and a home was offered thus waiting for the two. Two different men would apprentice the boys I earn the coins for their half. One of these was a white man, and their fate was that settled. Genie was to go to the poor house because she was helpless and no one wanted the care of her, while I did fend for myself.

Then all this had been arranged to their satisfaction, I calmly announced that they were not going to put any of the children anywhere, that I would find some work and care for them all. That if we make my father and mother turn over in their graves to know their children were scattered, that we pleased them and if the Moons would help me to find work I would take care of them. Of course they scoffed at the idea of a blackfly schoolgirl who had never had to take care of herself—trying to do by herself what she had taken the combined care of father and mother to do.

Thus I held firmly to my position, and while we lived on the money my father had left, Mr. Bull Miller and James Hall who had been appointed our guardians advised me to try for a country school. My lessons were lengthened, I took the examination for country school teacher and got a school six miles out in the country to teach for the munificent sum of $8.25 per month! My grandmother came from the country some day with me and although she must have been near 70 years old tried to help out by doing work by the day. This she did till she fell in the floor with a paralytic stroke and my aunt came for her. After one term with the good people who had been at the invitation of my aunt who had been widowed of
April 3, 1926.

Dear Friend:

Illinois now has a population of seven million. Letters to the United States Senator from but few of these piles up a mail of over one hundred thousand letters per year. It is not always possible to reply very fully to this great number of letters, therefore, I am taking this occasion to write this general letter telling what Congress and President Coolidge have done this winter for the people of the United States, and particularly for Illinois.

Last March the Secretary of War, at my request, issued an order permitting Chicago to use from Lake Michigan 8500 to 11000 feet of water per second. The Supreme Court had ordered the city to cut the flow to 4100 feet per second, which was what a Secretary of War had given twenty-five years ago. To have returned to 4100 feet per second would have meant foul drinking water, sickness and death.

Federal taxes have been cut in half the past five years, and this winter Congress passed a bill removing two and one-half million of heads of families from paying any Federal tax.

Last year the people of the United States sold to forty foreign nations American products to the amount of FIVE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, and bought from these countries coffee, tea, sugar, rubber etc., to the amount of FOUR BILLIONS of DOLLARS. On account of this NINE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS of Foreign trade it is necessary to have some Court method of adjusting differences that may arise, and on the recommendation of President Coolidge, Congress, by large majorities in both Houses, approved a restricted plan whereby we can if we desire settle such differences by arbitration instead of by war. This is the so-called World Court you have heard so much about. Congress, this winter, has approved of a dozen trade treaties with various foreign countries.

In some sections of the United States the farmers are in bad condition and Congress, with the help of farm organizations, is trying to work out relief. At the request of President Coolidge, Congress has authorized him to send a delegation abroad to work for the reduction of Armies.

Respectfully submitted,

[Signature]
by the same yellow fever there, and left with three small children. My aunt Belle—my mother's sister—said she
would take care of Genie—and two brothers were sent to work on their farm, and I took the two little girls with
me. 

I secured a school in Shelby County, Texas which paid better salary and began studying for the exam-
ination for city school teachers. About while riding back on the train to my school one Saturday evening I
took my seat in the ladies coach and noticed there were no Jim Crow cars there but ever since the repeal
of the Civil Rights Bill by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1877 there had been efforts all over the South to
draw a colored line on the trains. When the train started, the conductor came along to collect tickets. He
took my ticket, then perceiving that I was of color, handed it back and told me he did not take my ticket
there. I went on reading and when he had finished he came back and told me I would have to sit in the
other car. I refused saying the forward car was the
smoke and that as I was in the ladies car I proposed
to sit there. He tried to drag me out of the door but I just held
my teeth in the back of his hand which had grabbed
my arm. He then went forward and got the baggage
man to help him, since he could not dislodge me by
himself. They brought a third man and they succeeded in
dragging me out. They were encouraged to do this by
the attitude of the white ladies and gentlemen in
the car, some of whom even stood on the seat to block the con-
ductor. The train had stopped at the first station and
when I saw they were determined to drag me in the smoke,
in which a number of colored people were riding
I said I would get off the train which I did. I went x
back to Memphis and engaged a colored lawyer by name of Price against the railroad for his right to use the road as a milk dealer. The case was brought to trial in the Circuit Court and the judge—who was an ex-Union soldier from Minnesota—awarded me damages in the sum of $500.

This was after I can see to this day the headlines in the Memphis Appeal announcing the fact: "Darky Daniel gets damages." The railroad appealed the case to the state Supreme Court and which reversed the findings of the lower court, and I had to pay the costs. In the meantime the railroad's lawyer tried every means to get me to compromise the case and took a few dollars but I indignantly refused to do so. It was a long time afterwards before I knew why the case attracted so much attention and was fought so bitterly by the railroad. It was the first case in which a colored plaintiff had appealed to a state court after the repeal of the Civil Rights Bill by the U.S. Supreme Court—the gist of which decision was that negroes were not wards of the nation but citizens of the individual states and that appeal to state courts for justice instead of the federal. The success of my case set an example and in this he in so many other matters, the South wanted the Civil Rights Bill repealed, but he did not want nor intend to give justice to the negro after having robbed him of other sources from which to secure it.
Chapter II

I had already secured my appointment as teacher in Memphis before the case was tried, so had my salary to fall back on to help pay the costs of court against me. I had always been a voracious reader. Everything in the Sunday school library and the New University—indeed the way of fiction—I had read. In the country school where I taught, many times there was no oil for lamps and no candles to place. I would sit before the blazing wood fire and with book in my lap the long winter evenings and read by firelight. I had read formed my ideals on the beat of Dickens, Louisa May Alcott, Miss H. D. Whitney and Oliver Optic's stories for boys. I had never read a Negro book or anything about Negroes.

In Memphis I first heard of the A.M.E. Church and saw a Negro bishop—Richard Turner. I worshipped in the first big Free church I had ever seen and watched the crowds and wondered why the preachers did not give the people practical talks. I had already found out in the country that the churches had preachers who were not educated men, that the people needed guidance in everyday life and that their leader—the preacher—was not giving them the help they needed. They all came to me, as the teacher who should have been the other leader but I knew nothing of life except what I had read. The bishops I knew were scholarly, saintly men in the Methodist Episcopal Church and most of the pastors we had were the same. All my teachers had been the
congregated white men and negro women who came into the South to teach. In my green girl in my teens, I was so used to the school life, that I always taught in the Sunday school, for I had read the Bible five times before I left Holly Springs. I could read nothing else on Sunday afternoon but the Bible.

Here too I was taken to a somewhat formalised reading of the public schools. Every Friday night in the Duest Christian Church and the literary exercises consisted of recitations, essays, and debates, interspersed with music, were the breath of life to me. These exercises always closed with the reading of the "Evening Star"—a daily journal prepared and read by the editor. These news items, literary notes, criticisms of previous offerings, a regular column of pleasant notes, personalities, and always some choice poetry. The editor had been in Washington City for several years and was a brilliant man. In the course of time he got his job back and returned to Washington leaving his post of editor vacant. I was elected to fill the vacancy. That is how I found out my liking for journalism. It was not long before the Evening Star's attendance was increased by people who came to hear the Evening Star read. Rev. W. H. Conlee, a Baptist minister, who was publishing a weekly called the Living Way came in one evening to hear the Evening Star, and invited me to do some writing for his paper. All of which while very gratifying, surprised me very much, for I had no training. I felt preparation of the Evening Star had given me, and no literary gifts nor graces. I had observed and thought how much on the conditions as I had seen them in the county schools and churches. I had an instinctive feeling that if the people who had had little or no school training, ed
Have something going into their homes weekly or monthly, dealing with their problems in a simple helpful way, and be the only way they could be reached and helped.

So in my letter weekly to the Living Way, I simply touched in a plain, common sense way, on the things which concerned our people. It was not long before I signed these articles "Pola."

It was not long before these articles were copied and commented on by other Negro papers in the country and I received letters from other editors inviting me to write for them.

In the meantime my aunt, who had accepted an opportunity to go to California the year before, wrote me to join her there and there was a chance for me to assume a school in the town of Idaelia where she lived. She had taken my two sisters with her, as well as her own three children. I was delighted with this and didn't want to leave. But my aunt—she was only such by marriage to my uncle—had given me help to and home with her. She was loyal to me and needed me to care for my two young sisters. I felt I owed her a debt of gratitude. An executive of the N.A.A.C.P. from there to California offered me and the other Negroes in California, to travel all around and the wonder places. Teachers from Memphis were going and I went along. This was my first travelling. I wrote to them I went along—and doing my first travelling. I wrote to them.

When I got down to the little town of Idaelia, I was surprised to see my aunt. She had sold the house and accepted a job as a cook. She offered to give me the superintendent of the school there offered home by the superintendent. There were not a dozen colored families there, and it was dull and lonely for her and the 5 youngest...
in the family. You was good work and better nager for me and better health than back in Memphis, but no con
romance.

Regrettin’ it almost as soon as I come out.

As ticket. And when I come up was even worse for me. I have nothing to look forwaard to, and that I will return.

She said I must take my two pickets with me if I did - knowing I had no money. I wrote thought long over the matter and then wrote a letter to Mr. Robert Church of Memphis asking the loan of $150 with which to return to condition, that although he did not know me, he would put me for reference to the board of education and then he would be able to teach in the public schools, and that I would be able to pay him back. That I wrote him because the only man of my race who did lend me that much money I wait on me to lend it back, but not lend it unless I had been elected to my as there will be no need to return it otherwise.

I had also said to Prof. Gage of the Kansas City schools who was visiting in California ran down to see me before returning home, that I hoped my friends will not forget me. That I’d do nothing for me as far away from everyone I knew.

September came on at pace. The schools in California opened the first Monday in September. In Kansas City the second Monday and in Memphis the third Monday in September. Hearing nothing from my friends I made up my mind to enjoy school on Monday

friends. I made up my mind to blend into the school on Monday and registrado. If anybody - all the colored contingent of the school. This school was a makeshift one from
Building and the operation had been asked by the colored people themselves, I learned, and they had been given the second-rate facilities and are usual in such cases. All the white, Indian and half breed Indian children attended the commodious building up on the hill, and I was helpless to perpetuate this deplorable state of things by staying and teaching this school.

I spent an unhappy day, but again determined to make the best of a situation I could not help.

Tuesday morning a telegram was brought me. It said: "You were elected to teach in the Kansas City schools last night, come when you expect you."

H. H. Gates.

My aunt had followed the telegram to school and again began the pleading for me to stay. She knew I had little money to travel on—she was backed by a Mr. Raif who was one of the influential citizens, and I promised again to stay. She never left me until I wrote out and sent a reply thanking them for declining the position. Another day or day went by.

Thursday morning on the way to school I received a letter from the church in Memphis in reply to mine of 3 weeks before. In it was a check or draft for the money I had requested, with the assurance that I had been selected and he was glad about it. I had not strength, even another scene. With my aunt I simply went to the telegraph office after cashing my draft and sent a telegram to Mr. Gates: "Leaving tonight after too late to secure position will go on to Memphis."