

THE Voice of the Negro

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OUR MONTHLY REVIEW

The Vacation Season We are in the midst of the noontide of the good old summer time. The throbbing, thrilling, pulsing spring gradually merged into the glorious, dazzling, luxurious summer. With the passing of the peach and the apple blossoms there came the fragrant rose, and later, the golden shimmer of the bearded wheat. The earth seems to be surcharged with energy and the corn and cotton go skyward in leaps and bounds. The fields are full of bees loaded with nectar while richly foliated tree tops are blessed with the music of variegated and gorgeously plumed songsters. Then we enter into the month of August. The grain has been gathered; the farmer has given the cotton "a running start" and left it to fight its own battles with the persistent and pestiferous wire grass; the merchant prince and the common clerk cease to push business very vigorously; and here we are, right in the midst of the vacation season. The country man

takes to the picnic ground or the fishing creek while the city folk seek the magnificent woodlands, and the mineral springs, and the spicy gales of the sea. For the next thirty days there will be millions of employers and employees who will stop work to catch a vacation breath. This they will do in spite of the advice of Uncle Russell Sage to the contrary. Every body ought to take two weeks rest during the year—that is, everybody ought to change the regular routine of work and retire to some quiet retreat to seek relaxation from the every day business strain. Whether we seek the mineral springs, and the capacious shade of the oaks, and the fragrant balsam of the pines, or the placid lakes to fish for trout, or the rhythmic, booming surf to listen to

"The mighty note from the Ocean's throat
And the laugh of the wind in glee,"

at high noon when the sun dazzles and at the gloaming as the twilight fades and lessens we will instinctively turn to our books. We do not study;

ing immense as this was the first "big day" the Exposition had had up to this time, then visited the other buildings as pleased them. They were a well behaved, well dressed people; no unpleasant incident of any kind marred the pleasure of the day. The Exposition Company kindly reduced the admission fee one-half on this occasion, and many of the Midway attractions did likewise. Owing to this fact, together with the day being a holiday, a great number of the white citizens visited the grounds also.

Scarcely a visitor to the Exposition failed to visit the Negro Building. In many respects it was the most novel and attractive, owing to the fact that such a small per cent. of the whites have any idea of what we can do, what we are doing or what our hopes and aims are; to most of them we are looked on as a race of idlers and menials. This

building was, therefore, an object lesson to those from the North and West as well as those from the South.

So successful was Negro Day that the authorities were desirous of having a similar occurrence, which occurred in part when the Masons held their conclave in Charleston.

There were several social functions, notably, a reception given by the Woman's Department to the visitors.

Owing to the poor railway accommodations for colored passengers a great number were deprived of visiting the Exposition, while other incidents made them feel that they were not as welcome as their money.

These facts kept many away; "still the wonder grew" among the whites why more Negroes did not visit the Charleston Exposition.

A Tribute to Mrs. J. W. E. Bowen

By Wm. H. Weaver

In the death of Mrs. Ariel S. Bowen, the wife of Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, D.D., of Atlanta, Ga., which occurred in St. Louis, Mo., Thursday, July 7, 1904, at 3 a. m., the race sustains a great loss—the loss of one who for years has employed herself in devising plans and executing purposes for its uplifting, development and progress. Mrs. Bowen was born in Newark, N. J., 42 years ago, of parents good and true. She was on her mother's side connected with one of the oldest Presbyterian families, and her grandfather was a bugler in the Mexican war, and a member of the guard of honor to Lafayette when that distinguished Frenchman visited this country. She was the eldest of three children born to Rev. and Mrs. Charles Hedges, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of character and culture, and of a mother marked for her loveliness of character, sweetness of temper

and gentleness of manner. She was brought up and reared under conditions most favorable to the cultivation of her moral nature and to the implantation of those high ideas of right and duty, which enabled her to shun the bad and pursue the good, and to fill up her life with services of usefulness for God and man. Therefore, through the influence, example, and teachings of Christian parents, under the blessing of God, she was brought to the realization of her need of a personal Saviour, and at the early age of seven years gave evidence of her faith in the merits of Christ's atoning sacrifice for sin, and united on profession of her faith with the Grace Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh, Pa., of which her father was at that time the pastor. Mrs. Bowen received her training in the public schools of Newark, N. J., in Avery College, Allegheny City, Pa., in the parochial school of Madi-

son St. Presbyterian church, Baltimore, Md., and in the High School of Springfield, Mass., from which school she graduated with honor in 1885, receiving at the same time a teacher's certificate for the Normal Department. She began her musical education in Pittsburgh, Pa., and completed it in the New York Conservatory of Music. She taught during the years 1888-86 history, elocution and music at the Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., and for

lanta she has not failed to give him her help in every way that she could in his important and influential position as a professor in the Gammon Theological Seminary.

Mrs. Bowen, apart from the help which she has rendered her distinguished husband, was foremost and active in church and religious work. She organized the Woman's Home Missionary Society in the Washington M. E. Conference, became its first president, was instrumental in organizing a simi-



MRS. J. W. E. BOWEN

two years was professor of music in Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. In September, 1886, she was united in marriage to Rev. Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, and with him as a faithful wife, loving companion and efficient help-meet she had shared his labors in his pastoral duties at the St. John's M. E. church, Newark, N. J., Centennial M. E. church, Baltimore, Md., the Asbury M. E. church, Washington, D. C., and for the eleven years that they have lived in At-

lar society in the Atlanta M. E. Conference, and was a life member of the General Home Missionary Society of the M. E. church. She was one of the organizers of the Woman's League in Washington, D. C., president of the W. C. T. U. No. 2 of Georgia, also of the Woman's Club of Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. Bowen was an interesting and convincing platform speaker, being frequently called upon to address large assemblies on the various questions of moral

and social reform. She was a woman ever ready and willing for any service in which she could help and encourage; and many are the mothers' clubs and young woman's societies which she has organized and advanced. She contributed by song and other services in many phases of church work. She was author of a number of articles, among which are "Music in the Home;" "The Convict Lease System;" "The Ethics of Reform;" "Home Literary Table;" "The Influence of Daughters;" "Mothers' Meetings," etc.

At the time of her death Mrs. Bowen was resting at St. Louis from the fatigue of her long travel on the Pacific Coast, where she had been with her husband in attendance upon the General Conference of the M. E. church. She had been joined there by her mother and three children, and they were happy in the sweet reunion after separation of two months, and were joyously anticipating the coming of the husband and father, when the brightness of her life and of their joys was overshadowed and moistened in the cloud and damp of death. Mrs. Bowen was a noble character. We can only with distinctness see the virtues and glories that center in and cluster over and about such characters, when we can get sufficiently near to them as to touch the inmost sensitive points of their life—so close to them as to see accurately their disposition of mind and heart, and to see in their discharge of the varied duties devolving upon them, by reason of their position and relation to others, the virtuous mind guided and controlled by an enlightened conscience, a sweet, enduring soul, graced with tender love, and filled with intelligent, burning zeal. For long years of close and pleasant relations with the family of Mrs. Bowen's parents, and from an acquaintance with her from her girlhood, the writer of this sketch forms his estimate of her character and qualities. Mrs. Bowen was of warm and earnest affections—a woman of undoubted worth, a lov-

ing daughter, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a true friend, an earnest Christian worker, loved by all who knew her, and respected by all with whom she came in contact. Her home was the Christian home, where "sweet affection's virgin light shone bright in every heart, and where radiant, generous kindness was shown to all who entered that hallowed place." Warm in sympathy, prompt in kindness, she was as ready to bestow a substantial benefit as a trifling attention, and to confer a favor as if she were asking one. Her friendship was of that kind which takes the shortest cut to do a service, stumbles not at difficulties, and if it meet with obstacles does not go around, but over them. She was bouyant in spirit, full of sunshine and cheerfulness and most pleasing in manners. Her large, warm heart was strung to fine sympathies, and she had a deep fellow feeling with all mankind. She was distinguished for aimability and kindness of nature. She was a lovely and loving woman. "There was a look of love in her eye, there was a generality in her converse, there was a cordiality in the grasp of her hand, there was an urbanity in her whole demeanor that told you of the warmth of her heart." From a well spring of native kindness and gentleness within, there flowed forth a stream of generous, benevolent actions to those around her. She was ever ready for labor or sacrifice to serve others for His name. Although Mrs. Bowen was aimable and kind, her aimability was not of that pliant cast that yields like a willow to every passing breath of influence; it was combined with a resolute firmness that could not bend to any mere compromise, nor sacrifice principle at the shrine of worldly expediency. She hated all temporizing conduct where principle was involved; and stood firm as a rock where duty called for decision. Her aimability inspired her with gentleness, with good nature, with genial kindness, and commended her to our warm

affection. Her decision girt her with firmness, with womanly resolution, with fearless adherence to the right, and gained for her our profoundest esteem. Mrs. Bowen had about her many of the elements of true nobleness. She possessed those sterling qualities which make up real greatness of character, and bring the possessor to a position where their excellencies may be

seen and known. She has passed from the living here, but her influence and example are with us still, and will remain with us for our imitation, inspiration and encouragement. She is not dead, but to us she sleepeth.

“There is no death;
The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.”

The Necessity for Business Leagues

By John E. Bruce

I know comparatively nothing about the Negro Business League except as I have here and there read a paragraph or two about it. And so I can not speak by the card as to its work, or its utility,

It is safe to say, however, that a Negro Business League wherever formed and operating, is a good thing for the Negro, for many reasons, chief among which are, (a) its educative influence, (b) its tendency to inspire confidence in Negroes for business, (c) the opportunities which it is bound to offer to our young men and women for business training to whom the doors of hope and opportunity in business and commercial pursuits are now closed.

These are, I think, good reasons why we should have business leagues among us. The Negro can not do business until he gets in the business way. These leagues are not only pointing the Negro to the paths that lead to independence and commercial power, but they are leading the way. Hence I conclude that no ‘saner or safer’ guides could be employed to pilot the Negroes of America upon the tide that ‘leads to glorious fortune’ than the men who have consecrated their lives and their talents to the work of establishing upon an enduring foundation the Negro business men of this country.

There does not appear to be any good

reason why Negroes should not thus organize for mutual benefit and self protection. If organization is good for white men in business and politics, it ought to be just as good for Negroes. Our men in business have heretofore had no organization to which they could look for encouragement, or that practical sympathy, which men in all callings sometimes need and appreciate. The Negro business man, like the Negro politician, has for some indefinable reason, failed to appreciate the value and the importance of intelligent organization.

There is no doubt of the Negro's capacity for business; what he needs now more than anything to inspire confidence in his ability to do business is an organized business system.

Many of our most successful business men are men who have had no scientific business training, but who have picked up here and there the knowledge they possess of their several callings and too many of them are wanting in knowledge of the details—the little things from which great things derive their being.

A trained bookkeeper in many of the establishments owned and controlled by our colored merchants would prove to be a paying investment. But most of our business men prefer the old way of keeping accounts and when failure comes (as it sometimes