

MISS JINKINS UP NAWTH

A HUMAN NATURE SKETCH OF REAL DARKEY LIFE IN NEW YORK



By PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN NEGRO POET AND WRITER.

The First of a Notable Series of Negro Dialect Stories by the Greatest Writer the Colored Race Has Ever Produced.

It had been three years since Mat had broken away from the narrow ways of Parkville, Ky., and made her way Northward. She had always been ambitious to live in the "Nawth" because she heard that her people lived so much better there and were freer to come and go as they liked.

So when the opportunity did come to go to New York with a white lady who wanted a servant, she had gladly seized it and come. At last her dreams were realized, and she was a dweller in the enchanted Northland.

In the part of Twenty-eighth street, which she visited, but she was pleased, nevertheless. It was all so new and strange to her.



"Don't you mind dat, Ceph," Mat's mother had retorted. "Mat ain't a-gwine to fight nobody—hit ain't like huh. All it's 'fud of, she's runnin' wif dem white folks, an' dey'll teach dem 'ment. She ought to stay 'mong huh own colah. I don't believe in dis mixin' up; taint nachul, nohow."

girl's letters increased and they grew fewer and fewer. Finally, she ceased to write altogether. Cephas and her mother wrote to her to come home, but she did not come and she did not answer them.

all, honest. Her mistress trusted her implicitly. But now, of a sudden, there was a change. Every now and then small peculations occurred, which could be traced but to one source. At first Mrs. Morton doubted, but the evidence was too strong. She became convinced that Mat—her trusted Mat—was stealing.



noyance that her habit caused that kept her moving from place to place. "Martha, why can't you do better?" asked one mistress, who had given her more than one trial. "I wish you would do better, Martha, my girl."

She was saying: "I will do what I can for her, Your Honor, if you will leave her to me. I will place her in one of the mission houses"—when Mat broke in: "I ain't a-gwine to no mission house. Sen' me to jail as you want to, but I ain't a-gwine to go none of them places. All I want"—She broke down and began to sob.

stocking for something. "It's a-gwine to do right. I got dis book wif evah cent. I took 'em evahbody sot down in it. I got all dat money yet. It's hid. I was a-savin' it to go back home. I was a-longin' fu' 'em all down thair, an' it wags comes slow. I 'spected to pay it all back when I was home; but I had to go—I jes' had to. Jedge, thair's de book wif evahbody's name an' de 'mount I owes 'em. I'll git de money of you let me go."

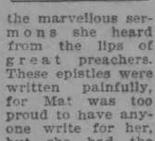


The girl had started up with a sudden joy. "Ceph, dat ain't you?" "Tis," said Cephas, grinning. "Cephas, kin you take me back to Parkville?" "Cose I kin; dat's whut I cum fu', an' you jes' save yo'se'f by ment'nin' me; ef you'd a' said Thompson, I'd 'a' been gone. Fine huh, jedge. Fine huh, jedge."

"Humph," she frequently said to her friend, "I tell you, gal, I's gwine to git away from dis little of slow place jes ez soon ez I kin git a chanst. Dey ain't nuffin' hyeah fu' nobody. De white folks is like pisen an' de col'ed folks ain't no bettah. You can't go no-whan an' you can't do nuffin'. I's a-gwine away f'm hyeah, I tell you; I's gwine, to go whah col'ed people kin be free an' 'spectable, same ez white folks. Dis place is too slow fu' Mat. I wasn't bo'ned fu' it."

the marvelous sermons she heard from the lips of great preachers. These epistles were written painfully, for Mat was too proud to have anyone write for her, but she had the graphic touch in her descriptions, and those who read at Parkville commented among themselves that "Mat was sho'ly flyin' high."

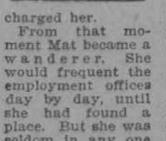
For two years Mat had gone on well. As a servant she was irreprouchable. She was quick and tidy, and above all, honest.



Once again she tried her, but with a like result. Then she reluctantly dis-

charged her. From that moment Mat became a wanderer. She would frequent the employment offices day by day, until she had found a place. But she was seldom in any one house more than two weeks at a time. She was bright and apt, but she would steal—and it was money, always money. It seemed that the silver and copper flashed her, and she could not keep her hands from it. During all this time she never took large amounts, and it was only the an-

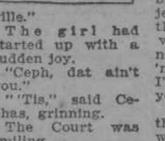
nyance that her habit caused that kept her moving from place to place.



But at last Mat found a less yielding mistress, and one day she was in court charged with the theft of a small amount of money. The evidence was all against her—indeed, she did not once deny taking the money. Her past record was brought up, and the judge had already determined to make an example of the girl. But he was listening to the plea of one of the earnest women who work in the commoner districts for the fallen of their sex.

"I don't keer—all I want is to go home. I want to go back to Parkville, an' see mammy and Cephas."

"Prisoner discharged."



"I don't keer—all I want is to go home. I want to go back to Parkville, an' see mammy and Cephas."

New York's Epidemic of Suicide Explained

Her Very Remarkable Theory That the Souls of Suicides Influence the Living to Take Their Lives Also.

By Annie Besant, the Theosophical Leader.

By Thought Transference, She Says, the Dead Control Those They Love and Those They Hate, Luring Always to Death.

I WILL, with great pleasure, give my theory, founded on Theosophical belief, in regard to the suicides now so frequent in New York. Every soul suddenly set free from the body remains unchanged by death. It has the same thoughts, hopes, loves, aspirations which it had while in the body. It has lost the physical body with which it communicates with others in the physical world, but it has other means of communication of which it takes advantage. Now, in regard to the prevalence of suicides, my theory is this—that the soul of the suicide has a tendency to remain in its own neighborhood and among its own surroundings. By "its own," I mean the neighborhood and surroundings to which it was accustomed while it was still in the body, and this suicide soul tries to and does influence others to the commission of the same crime in its own neighborhood. Hence, when one man in New York commits suicide, his soul, staying in its own home, influences other souls that are in the body to shake off the body, and so numbers of New Yorkers are influenced to commit suicide. As to the theory that the souls of suicides are on the lowest plane of spiritual existence, and that it seems strange that they should wish to bring others to the same plane, I would say that there is a natural longing in the souls of men to draw others to their own level. Notice how the drunkard desires to get others to drink with him, how sometimes it almost delights him to bring young men into the toils of drink as he is himself. It is on the theory that crime, as well as misery, loves company. When one soul commits a crime, if the crime is an unusual one, he feels all the horror of it; but if numerous other souls gather about him who have committed the same crime, then the enormity of the crime seems lessened. The man who was drunk does not feel so ashamed of himself if he had a large number of companions in drunkenness. He reasons, "Why, others did it as well as I." Now, the soul of the suicide feels the same way. It wants companions in crime, companions on the lowest plane, therefore it influences others to come to it, and there you have your epidemic of New York suicides. But it may be asked if it is not loneliness of the suicide soul that impels it to influence others to the same act. It wants company on that lowest plane? Might it have no other motive? Who, for example, would it be more likely to seek to influence in its own neighborhood? Its friends or its enemies, those it



Annie Besant.

loved or those it hated? Would it attempt to revenge itself on its own enemies by impelling them to suicide? As to this I should say that the suicide soul uses its influence on its enemies in a spirit of revenge. Those would be the first it would seek to influence. Knowing that it was in the lowest plane itself, it desires that its enemies shall not attain to a plane above it by dying a natural death, so it impels them to suicide. Then, also, the suicide soul, in its selfishness, seeks to draw to itself the souls of those it loves best. The suicide husband wants his wife with him, the suicide lover his sweetheart, the suicide mother her child. And so they influence their nearest and dearest in the spirit of loneliness and selfishness. This influence is exerted by thought transference. Have you ever sat near a person and found that you and that person were thinking of the same thing, and were just about to say the same thing? This is caused by the vibrations of thought that are in the ether about you. Now, the soul of the suicide lingers near, and its thought vibrations are carried to the soul or mind of the living person, and produce an eidal tendency. The living person begins to think of suicide, becomes what you may call haunted with the thought of taking his own life. He dwells upon it, and he, in his turn, makes others think of it, and so the act quickly follows the thought. To a great extent this is the cause of the suicide epidemic in New York. There is also the imitative tendency which has much to do with one suicide following another. The monkey watches some one who is going through certain motions. Soon, almost involuntarily, it begins to make similar motions. Thus one New Yorker hears or reads that another has committed suicide. He thinks about it, dwells upon it. The soul of the suicide influences him to think still more about it, until he has added his name to the list of suicides. It is the same with other crimes. The soul of the hanged murderer lingers about the place of its former associations—incites others to murder. The souls, freed from the body, exert their influence toward certain crimes on those people who have some tendency to those crimes. That is, they attack the weak spot in the characters of those living. The suicide is responsible for his acts, because he has by his own weakness and the commission of other crimes made himself susceptible to the evil influence of the disembodied souls about him. The great principle is that no evil can affect a person unless he gives way to it. As I said before, it is the same with murder as with suicide. There is that man out in Chicago who is supposed to have killed his wife and dissolved her body in acids. Your papers—not one paper, but all of your papers—are full of it. Their startling headlines tell the most horrible details. Let me make a prophecy: There will be many other murders on the line of the Luetger murder before many months pass

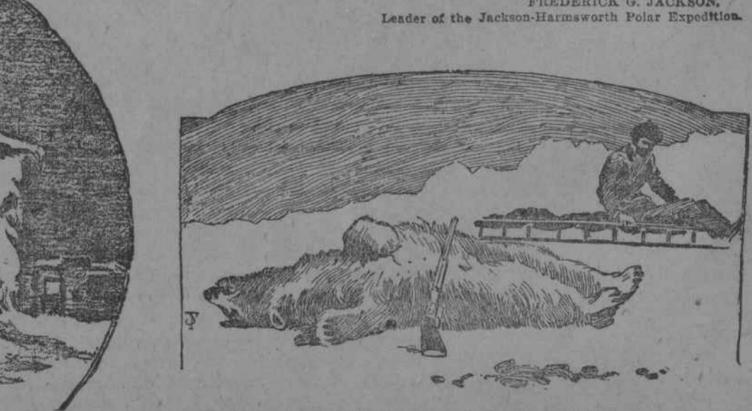
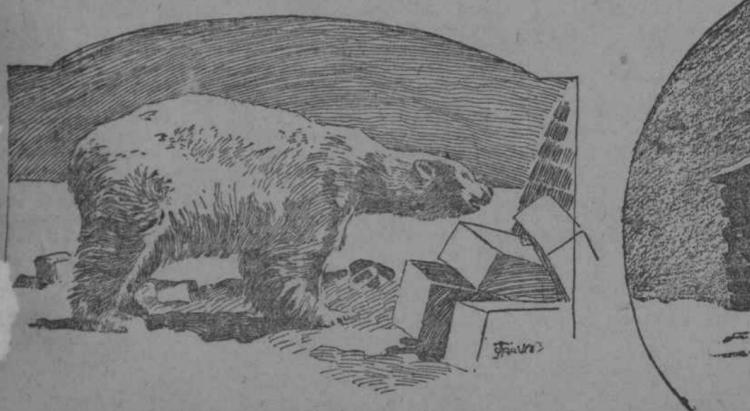
Arctic Explorer Jackson Writes of

His Recent Trip to the Frozen North.

ARCTIC exploration has from the time I was a child always been to me a subject of the greatest fascination. I can even now recall the many occasions when amusing myself tobogganing down slopes or walking across the moors of Scotland, on my way to some favorite and more or less secluded lake to indulge in skating, how I used to imagine to myself that the snow-covered surface and frost-bound streams resembled the icy wastes of the Far North. The scene of the many stirring incidents had always been photographed upon my mind by the tales I had read of men struggling against the forces of the North, manfully endeavoring to do their duty and to carry our flag into the mystic regions of the unknown. In 1862 I drew up and made public the plans upon which my recent expedition was based, and with the object of testing my equipment and obtaining some practical experience of sledging and camp life during an Arctic Winter, in the Summer of 1893 I embarked upon one of the vessels of the Yencel expedition, and was landed with my stores and sledges at the Yagor Straits. Here I was able, in the company of two Samoyeds, to map the holy island of these remarkable Northern people. To certain sacred spots these Samoyeds, from the whole of Northern Siberia and Russia, make pilgrimages, travelling frequently many thousands of miles with this object, and taking sometimes months on the journey. Returning south I then passed through and mapped the Dolshala Zemeliska Tundra country, having engaged Samoyeds and reindeer for the purpose, and was able to put to severe tests the various parts of my equipment which I intended to use on my Franz Josef land expedition. On this journey, after reaching comparative civilization, I fell in with and experienced the great value of the hardy Northern Russian horses that I then determined to make use of on that expedition, and which have since fully justified my most sanguine expectations and have done us such good service. After visiting Lapland to study the Lapp's clothing and equipment, I returned to England.

The next five months were occupied in a great scramble to get everything ready for the expedition to Franz Josef Land. Hurry and bustle were the order of the day, but with very few things in an incomplete condition we sailed in the steam yacht Windward for Franz Josef Land on July 11, 1894. At Archangel we called for a log house we had had made and erected with numbered joints to facilitate our again building it in Franz Josef Land. Here we also took on board our four ponies and the bulk of our furs. Our reception by the Governor and officials was warm and hospitable in the extreme, and we left the last of civilization behind us, carrying pleasant remembrances with us. The next point we made for was Khabalova, where the previous year I had spent some time, and here we took on board thirty dogs brought from the neighborhood of the Ob River for our expedition, and after obtaining a supply of reindeer meat we steamed north for Franz Josef Land, and our real difficulties began. How we at last got through the icy barrier in September, erected our living and store houses and landed our goods upon Cape Flora and the ship became frozen in for the Winter has already been told. The following Spring, as soon as daylight returned, we began pushing forward toward the North our food depots in accordance with my plans. In this we were aided enormously by the small horses which we had brought forward with us from Archangel for the purpose, and by the beginning of May we reached latitude 81 degrees 20 minutes N., established four food depots at suitable distances apart, and had conveyed North two boats for future use, in addition to making many important geographical discoveries

and collections of all kinds. Open water then absolutely stopped our advance, and we were obliged to return to Cape Flora with all speed to avoid losing our ponies, owing to the early break up of the ice. Just prior to our leaving on this journey a very heavy gale of wind broke up the ice around the ship and placed her in some peril for a time. A boat lying alongside was swept away and various other damage was done. As this now left the ship short of boats, all hands were set to work to dig two which I had reserved for the use of the land party out of the deep snowdrifts in which they were buried, and one was taken on board the ship. Directly after the Windward left us in July we departed on a boat journey along the southwestern coast, and succeeded in adding to Mr. Leigh Smith's discoveries in that direction. The following Winter was passed as comfortably and busily as the previous one, and with an equal freedom from illness, and early in the next Spring we again started with our sledges North. It was on this journey that my conviction that Franz Josef Land, so far from being a large continental mass as was generally supposed, was in reality but an archipelago of comparatively small islands, was confirmed. Open water again met us in the attempt to pass our highest northern latitude of the previous year, but fortunately we were able to turn our hands to other geographical work by confirming and adding to that done by us then. The following Summer we were fully occupied with scientific work of all kinds, and in the middle of June we met with Nansen and Johansen on their way to the South, having made their wonderful and plucky sledge journey from the farthest North. Never in my life did I experience such keen pleasure as when I was able to welcome these two wanderers to Elmwood and could bid them cast aside their sledges, "kayaks," and "ski" and take their well-earned rest. The following Winter we were still busier, if possible, than the two that had gone before. New traces, new canoes, and a thousand and one things had to be attended to. Our absolutely good health still continued, thanks to our doctor's good care of us and to the ready manner in which the necessary health regulations were complied with by one and all. On hearing from Dr. Nansen of the non-existence of land to the North, coupled with my own experiences, I decided on completing the map of Franz Josef Land before trying to reach North over the moving pack, and with this object Mr. Armitage and I proceeded up the western shores of the British Channel, of which I completed the mapping, and after a rather tiresome journey of two months, on which, owing to the severe weather, we lost nearly all our draught animals, we succeeded in completing the whole of the western and northern shores of Franz Josef Land, and in settling, in my opinion, the for so long vexed question of Gillis Land. Eva House, on Bell Island, was the scene of a very pleasant little meeting as we neared home. The doctor, having got anxious, owing to our prolonged absence, accompanied by Messrs. Bruce and Wilton, started with a sledge load of provisions to look for us toward the West, but they had only gone ten miles when, on coming up to the hut on Bell Island, they found us encamped inside it. We remained for ten days at Cape Flora to rest, and Mr. Armitage and I again left with a team of eight rather weak dogs, as I had now hardly any serviceable animals, to go East. After doing very well indeed at the outset, when in the neighborhood of Brady Island our sledge broke through the very thin ice, and as we lost all our provisions except a little food put out for lunch, and the ice proving weak in every direction, there was nothing for it but to return. Our chief festivals at Elmwood were Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and Birthdays, more especially that of the Queen, when the large jack was run to the head of the flagstaff, and we drank Her Majesty's health in the wine which we kept for such occasions. FREDERICK G. JACKSON, Leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.



One of Mr. Jackson's Arctic Visitors.

Elmwood, the Nearest House to the North Pole Ever Built.

And What Happened to the Visitor.