

from your arduous labors, we have provided for you this little souvenir, designed and carved by the Igorotes of the Mountain Province, which we hope will serve you as a prop after you shall have reached your four score years and twenty.

"God bless you, good luck, and bon voyage."

This cane was a beautiful specimen of hand carving and bore the following engraving:

"To Congressman, Honorable L. C. Dyer, *Recuerdos de Filipinos*"

In response Mr. Dyer said:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I meet you here, my fellow countrymen, such a distance from the land of our birth. Your actions give me courage to further the work in the American Congress which

you have made the especial subject of your interview this evening.

"With the assistance of Dr. DuBois, Mr. James W. Johnson, and many others of both races, we were able to get the Dyer Anti-lynching Bill through the House of Representatives; and had it not been for the filibustering of certain members of the Senate, the bill would have become a law at this session.

"I am of the opinion that we will not be successful at this session. But I pledge you that as long as I am a member of Congress, the bill will be re-introduced at each session until it passes both houses.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your presence here, and I thank you for this beautiful token of your appreciation of my efforts in the behalf of humanity."

DARK DREAM

CLARA G. STILLMAN

IN a cold white land
I dreamed of warmth and darkness.
In a cold white land.

I stayed in the cold white land
But yet I traveled far;
Breathlessly I followed
A sombre-gleaming star
I lost it, I found it,
I saw what none could see,
Ways of golden beauty
Opened up for me.

Oh, beauty unknown, unguessed and unregarded,
Beauty flowering and burning behind white veils of silence!

There speech is music,
There dark eyes shine
Like velvet petals
In a golden wine.
There are ways of langour,
There glances caress,
There laughter wells a fountain
Of divine childlikeness.
There old Sorrow sits in the shade
With newborn Bitterness.

But sorrow and laughter and slave toil and free
Wove a web of music that hung from every tree,

Wove an ancient rhythm and a new way of seeing,

Wove a dance of atoms in the dim core of being.

I was close to earth then,
I had gone back.
Something lost ages since—
I was on the track
Of an old, strange loveliness.
Oh my eyes were clear!
I could feel, I could see
Beauty everywhere.

But just as I saw it
All of it was gone.
In a moon-drowned forest
I stood all alone.
Moon beams bleaching
Dead stalks of trees,
Night owls screeching
In a clammy breeze.
In the silver moon light
I could not see my star.
In the thorny fastness
I could not travel far. . . .

In a cold white land
I tried to tell my dream of warmth and darkness.
In a cold white land.

The Horizon



Madame Hackley

Hackley and moved to Denver, Colorado. Unusual opportunities for musical development met her here; not only was she graduated with honor from the College of Music of the University of Denver, but she became assistant director of the largest white choral society in the city. In 1901 she and her husband removed to Philadelphia, whence after numerous concert tours she made three trips to Europe for purposes of study and inspiration. Madame Hackley's work was essentially constructive. She took especial interest in founding and directing colored choral societies and folk-song choruses. Her many inspiring talks to young people on the subject of music will long be remembered. It was she who undertook the raising of scholarship funds to send colored artists abroad. Both Clarence White and Carl Diton gratefully acknowledge her aid in pursuing their studies in Europe. Madame Hackley kept up her active, useful career almost unto the end. She is survived by her husband, Edwin Hackley, and her sister, Mrs. Marietta Johnson of Detroit.

¶ The death of Cassius M. Brown, Sr., closes the interesting and eventful career of one of the most useful citizens of Harrisburg, Pa. Mr. Brown was born in 1844, and outside of a few years spent in the public schools of New York, devoted his entire life to the civic and social activities of

Harrisburg. From 1890 to 1894 he was a member of the old common council in the city. In the State constitutional convention of 1872-74, he was assistant sergeant-at-arms. In 1896, the Carlisle Presbytery elected him a commissioner to the Presbyterian General Assembly, the first Negro thus honored in the Presbytery. He was a charter member of Capital Street Presbyterian Church, a member of the Sunday School since its organization in 1855, assistant superintendent for thirty-six years, superintendent for six years and superintendent emeritus since 1918. He was also ruling elder of this church and clerk of the sessions since 1878. At one time he was publisher and associate editor of *National Progress*. Six children revere his memory.

¶ Moses H. Jones, who died recently in Dayton, Ohio, divided his life between the law and the army. His early training was received in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., and after a brief career as a teacher he entered Howard University. Subsequently he practiced law in Charleston, W. Va., but gave up his practice at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and entered the army. At the close of the war he opened up his law offices again, this time in Dayton. Here he was most active in civic and fraternal affairs, a member of many lodges and associations, including the Montgomery County Bar Association. For



Cassius M. Brown

Moses H. Jones