

may quote Professor Mark, of Victoria University, Manchester, England, in his book, "Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education :"

Publisher and editor are an important *tiers état* in the educational community of which the children are the noblesse and the educators the professional class. The large publishing firms of America have upon their staff experienced educationists who are capable alike of judging the tendencies and demands of the hour and of forestalling . . . demands for something in advance of immediate needs. Text-book companies are, therefore, a possible factor in educational advance. . . . Special progress has been made in this way in children's literature, and, what is perhaps even more important, a generation of writers is springing up whose talents are flowing out in this direction and producing brightly written children's books, which are well illustrated and attractively bound.

This means that there is in our country an open door which under present conditions will be kept open to authors and would-be

authors, furnishing an incentive for hundreds of teachers to keep at work in devising new methods of teaching and in shaping up material for possible text-books, which is of the greatest importance in making a live instead of a dead educational world.

It is not necessary to claim perfection for our text-books and their publishers any more than for anything else on this imperfect earth. But it does seem fair to claim that the text-book business is a necessary part of our educational system, that the authors of our text-books—a roll of honor containing the names of hundreds of our most respected scholars and teachers—have done and are doing a great service to the teaching profession and to the schools, and that the publishers of text-books are competing as keenly as any class of business men ever competed, from which competition results a higher quality of books every year.

THE HEIRS OF FATE

BY LUCY PRATT

MISS MATILDA MORSE was going back to Massachusetts. She had a discontented notion that one of the primary objects of her short sojourn in the South had not been satisfactorily accomplished. This matter of racial impression was such an illusive thing, especially with the children, and it was the children that had particularly interested her. But now she was going back, feeling perhaps more at sea in regard to the future possibilities and probabilities for the young Afro-American than she had felt upon her arrival.

She wandered out of the Whittier School yard and then turned and looked back. She had been watching classes of small children there most of the afternoon. But they had gone now. To be sure, there were three or four of them still hopping about in the big yard, but the school building was empty for the rest of the day.

As Miss Matilda's eyes wandered in thought, they stopped a moment on the hopping figures in the big yard. Then she retraced her steps.

"Why do you stay so late?" she inquired, looking down in a generally impersonal way at the small company before her. There

was one there whom she thought she knew by name.

"Why do you stay so late, Ezekiel?" she ventured. "Isn't it time to get home?"

"Yas'm—no'm—I ain' 'bliged go home yit," came the breezy rejoinder.

"No'm, we ain' 'bliged go home twell we wants ter," agreed the others, harmoniously.

Miss Matilda looked at them with curiously combating expressions of countenance. Then she felt a sudden glow both of hope and resolve.

"I wish we might have some little—perhaps some little game together, before we go home for the night," she suggested. They looked at her in consternation.

"Yas'm; does yer want ter play a game, Miss Mo'se?" inquired Ezekiel, uneasily.

Miss Matilda hesitated.

"Well, perhaps—not a game exactly." She glanced speculatively at the overhanging tree beside them. "Let's sit down a moment," she concluded, recklessly.

They looked uneasy, not to say doubtful.

"Let's have a little talk!" went on Miss Matilda, with both growing confidence and enthusiasm, and dropping down, in what might have passed for an almost careless manner,

on the stubbly grass. "As I was watching you this afternoon I was wondering what was going to become of you all," she suggested, cheerfully.

Real alarm appeared to take possession of them, just for the moment, but Miss Matilda went on, soothingly:

"I suppose you have all sorts of plans in your heads. In some ways it must be a real privilege to belong to your—to your race."

They were making brave efforts at sympathetic attention, but their glances were a shade wild.

"I suppose you are planning, like so many others, to go out and uplift your people when you are old enough." This sounded more homelike.

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people," agreed Ezekiel in smooth, sure tones.

"I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

"I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

There was something almost magical about this swift, sure harmony. Miss Matilda fairly beamed on them. They were the coming generation. They were the Heirs of Fate. But already they had visions of reversing some of fate's old decrees. In their hearts they were already among the chosen who should lead their people to the Promised Land.

"Sit down—sit down!" urged Miss Matilda. She drew a deep, shivering breath.

"It's so encouraging that you feel that way about it. To uplift the ignorant," she soliloquized. "What a privilege!"

"Yas'm, cert'nly mus' uplif' 'em," came the pleasant murmur.

"Yer mus' uplif' de culled people," assured Ezekiel again, with growing certainty.

"Of course, almost any race needs uplifting in—in spots," suggested Miss Matilda, broadly. "I suppose even the white race might bear *some* uplifting."

"Yas'm, yer mus' uplif' de culled people, 'n' yer mus' uplif' de w'ite people too," agreed Ezekiel, positively spacious in effect.

"But, of course, you are more interested in your own race, naturally," hinted Miss Matilda, anxious to keep to the main issue, "and I suppose you will find enough—well, enough ignorance there to keep you occupied," she encouraged.

"Yas'm, de culled people's ser ign'rant, look like sometime yer cyan' sca'cely do nuthin' wid 'em. De w'ite people's kine o' ign'rant, too—sometime." Universal sorrow still darkened his meditations. "W'y, it's a

w'ite gen'leman once where's ser ign'rant—w'y, he's ser ign'rant he'd jes' se' down in a cheer 'n' stay dere."

"He certainly couldn't have been very bright to stay in one spot all the time," put in Miss Matilda, helpfully.

"No'm, he cert'nly's r'al ign'rant."

"In what other ways did he show his ignorance?"

"Well, look like he show it in all *kine* o' ways. W'y, one mawnin' he's a-settin' dere 'bout breakfus' time, 'n' yer kin see he ain' gwine move fer nobody, nurrer. 'Cuz co'se dey's cook'n' breakfus', 'n' de lady where's ma'ied to 'im, she's a-fryin' poke chops on de fiah. But she allays speak r'al pleasant to 'im, too, so she say dey's gwine tas'e r'al good w'en dey's done, ain' dey?"

"Well, he's ser ign'rant, he ain' mek no 'sponse, 't all. He look at 'er 'n' kine o' smile, 'n' dat's all. So she ax 'im will he watch 'em fer a minute, w'ile she run out 'n' git some wood. So he set dere in 'is cheer 'n' watch de poke chops.

"'N' dey 'mence ter splutter 'n' jump a li'l, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' dey 'mence ter git r'al nice 'n' brown, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' den dey 'mence ter jump up a li'l mo', 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' dey 'mence a-shootin' out li'l sparks, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' den dey 'mence ter catch fiah 'n' blaze up on de stove, 'n' still he set dere a-watchin' 'em.

"Co'se ef he ain' ser ign'rant he woul'dn' 'a' done like dat, but he 'member w'at she say, 'n' he set der a-watchin' twell de fiah 'mence ter leap 'n' burn clare up fru de roof, 'n' fall down 'n' start burnin' up de flo', 'n' still he set dere a-watchin' twell it ketch 'is feet 'n' 'mence burnin' 'is shoes off, 'n' still he set dere a-watchin'.

"But de lady she come back den, 'n' she seen way it wuz, 'n' she spoke awful quick, too.

"I tole yer ter watch de fiah," she say.

"'N' he ain' mek no 'sponse at fus', but jes' smile at 'er 'n' look down.

"'I is watchin' it,' he say.

"Co'se she's mad, 'n' yit she's kine o' frighten', too.

"'Watchin' it,' she say; 'w'y, yer's afiah, man!' she say. 'Jes' looker yer feet, man!' she say.

"Well, ef he ain' been ser ign'rant he'd 'a' start wo'yin', 'isself, by dat time, but he jes' lean back r'al easy 'n' smile 'n' look down agin.

"'I ain' petic'ler 'bout my feet,' he answer.

"Co'se she's s'prise' at de way he spoke, 'n' she shown it, too. So he smile at 'er agin.

"No, I ain' nuver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my feet,' he say.

"Well, it's good thing yer ain't,' she answer 'im, 'cuz yer's los' 'em, anyway.'

"De fiah keep right on burnin' ez she spoke, 'n' presently it 'mence ter burn de gen'leman's coat off.

"Yer coat's afiah,' she say, 'n' he jes' lean back easier 'n befo'.

"I ain' nuver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my coat,' he answer 'er.

"Well, 'tain' done yer no good ef yer is,' she answer 'im, 'cuz yer's lose it, anyway.'

"Co'se de fiah keep right on burnin', ez she spoke, 'n' she look up at de roof.

"I 'spec' de roof's gwine fall in on yer nex', she say.

"Ef he gotten good sense, he'd seen she's right 'bout it, too, but he jes' lean back 'n' smile some mo'.

"I guess 'tain' nuth'n' gwine fall in on me,' he say.

"N' ez he spoken de words de roof fall in on 'im, 'n' broke 'is arms 'n' 'is laigs off.

"W'at yer gwine say now?' she ax 'im.

"Oh, I ain' nuver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my arms 'n' laigs,' he answer 'er.

"Yer's ser ign'rant, dat's de reason, I s'pose,' she say. 'N' at de ve'y minute she spoke some mo' o' de roof fall in—'n' knock de gen'leman's haid off.

"Is yer kill'?' she ax 'im.

"No, I ain' kill', he answer.

"Well, I doan' know ef yer is or not,' she say, 'but look ter me like yer's disable', anyhow.'

"He ain' mak no 'sponse to 'er, 'n' she listen. 'N' den she know it's de las' words he's gwine speak. So she turn roun' ter go out, 'n' she look awful discour'ge', too. 'Cuz de las' words he *is* speak mek 'im look ser ign'rant."

Miss Matilda half rose, and then she seated herself once more.

"I suppose that—that circumstance goes to prove that white people may sometimes be very ignorant, doesn't it?"

"Yas'm, sometime," agreed Ezekiel, "'n' sometimé dey ain', nurrer. W'y, 'twuz anudder gen'leman, anudder w'ite gen'leman, 'n' he ain' nuth'n' *but learnin'*."

"Oh, I see. That was quite a different case, wasn't it?"

"Yas'm. W'y, he ain' nuver move ner speak lessen he gotten fo'-five books un'er 'is

arm. 'N' w'en he is speak, trouble is he know ser much he couldn' nuver seem ter stop. So dey's 'blige be r'al cyareful w'at dey ax 'im, too.

"W'y, one day 'is li'l' boy come in 'n' ax 'im kin he go a-fishin'.

"Co'se 'is books is all pile' up eroun' 'im ser high couldn' nobody r'ally see 'im, 'n' w'n he spoke couldn' nobody r'ally hyeah 'im ve'y good nurrer. So de li'l' boy gotten 'im a ladder, 'n' he putten it up siden de do', 'n' climb up 'n' se' down atop o' de ladder where he kin see 'n' hyeah, too.

"Well, co'se de trouble wuz, w'en de gen'leman start ter tell 'im kin he go—w'y, de trouble wuz he gotten too much learnin'. So he talk mos' all de mawnin', twell it gotten kine o' wea'ysome fer de li'l' boy where 's settin' up atop o' de ladder waitin', 'n' he kine o' fergit 'isself 'n' spoke too.

"Well, *kin I go?*" he ax.

"Co'se 'tain' no way ter do, 'n' de gen'leman tole 'im he ain' show'n' no respect', 'n' ef he wants ter go, w'y, he kin wait a minute twell he kin *tell* 'im kin he go.

"But it's jes' de same trouble 's befo'. He gotten too much learnin'. 'N' he talk all day 'n' all night, 'n' de li'l' boy kine o' shif' 'imself a li'l' on de ladder.

"Well, kin I go?" he ax.

"Co'se he wouldn' 'a' done it ef 'tain' gotten ser wea'ysome fer 'im, 'n' de gen'leman look at 'im r'al hard.

"Well, I'se gwine *tell* yer kin yer go, ef yer'll given me time fer it," he say.

"'N' den he start in ag'in, 'n' he talk fer mos' a week, 'n' de li'l' boy turn 'isself a li'l' on de ladder.

"But he keep right on, 'cuz he gotten ser much learnin' he cyan' stop. 'N' he talk all summer 'n' all winter, twell seem like it gotten awful wea'ysome, 'n' de li'l' boy kine o' risen up on de ladder 'n' given 'isself a li'l' shek.

"I wish I ain' nuver ax yer,' he say.

"Well, he knowed jes' soon's he's spoke he ain' oughter 'a' done it, 'n' 'tain' done 'im no good nurrer. 'Cuz w'at yer s'pose de gen'leman done? W'y, he say ef dat's de way he feel 'bout it, ter jes' set dere a minute twell he mek a li'l' refe'nence to 'is books.

"'N' de li'l' boy stretch out 'is laigs, 'n' de gen'leman mek a refe'nence to 'is books, 'n' den he tell 'im, well, he's 'cide 'bout it now, 'n' he kin go, 'cuz dat's de way he *is* 'cide it, 'n' he'll tell 'im w'y.

"De li'l' boy stan' right up 'n' turn clare way roun' w'en he spoke like dat, 'n' den he

se' down again. 'N' de gen'leman 'mence ter tell 'im w'y.

"But it's de same trouble's befo'. He gotten too much learnin'. 'N' de li'l' boy set dere 'n' listen twell he 'mence feelin' kine o' dull 'n' ole. 'N' he kin see de summer gwine out de do' 'n' de winter lookin' in fru de winder—but he ain' move, he set dere 'n' listen, twell de winter's gwine off too, 'n' de summer's lookin' in ag'in, sump'n' like a smile, 'n' de birds out yonder's a-singin' on de trees—'n' still he set dere 'n' listen. He ain' r'ally move twell de leaves 'mence ter blow up 'g'inst de winder-pane, 'n' it's a cole win' a-hu'yin' pas' de house. 'N' den he knowed de winter's comin' back. 'N' de li'l' boy stan' up 'n' speak.

"'I reckon I ain' cyare nuth'n' 'bout gwine, anyway,' he say. 'N' he start ter come down de ladder. But seem like he feel kine o' stiff 'n' ole. 'N' time he reach de bottom o' de ladder he stretch out 'is arms 'n' 'is laigs, 'n' look up at de daid leaves where's hittin' 'g'inst de pane. 'N' he stan' dere on de flo' 'n' shiver.

"'W'at mek yer ax me, ef yer doan' wanter go?' de gen'leman say.

"'I dunno,' li'l' boy answer, 'n' he stretch 'isself out ag'in 'n' walk off by 'isself.

"'N' af' dat, he ain' nuver ax nobody nuth'n' ag'in. 'Cuz eve'y time he start ter, he 'members 'bout de answers ter some kine o' questions bein' ser long a-comin'—'n' he 'cide—well, he 'cide 'tain' sense ter ax 'em."

"Of course, I don't wonder," reflected Miss Matilda, reasonably. "Was this—this particular gentleman that you speak of, supposed to be white, too?"

"Yas, 'm. 'N' look like it's jes' de trouble wid 'em. Sometime dey doan' git 'nough learnin' 'n' sometime dey git too much. It's jes' one man I hyeah 'bout once where's r'ally gotten 'nough 'n' yit not *too* much. 'Cuz he ain't ign'rant, 'n' yet he ain' *all* learnin' nurrer. He's jes' 'bout half learnin', I reckon. So yer' s'pose he'd be 'bout right. 'N' yit dat's jes' de trouble wid 'im. 'Cuz 'counten only bein' half learnin', w'y, co'se half de time he show it, 'n' half de time he doan't. So yer couldn' r'ally depen' on 'im. 'Cuz one day he's all learnin', 'n' nex' day he's jes' completely ign'rant. 'N' eve'y time w'en dey wek up in de mawnin' dey's allays 'blige' stop 'n' think w'at day is it. 'Cuz ef 'tain' de right day fer 'im, w'y, den co'se it's de wrong day, 'n' dey know dey cyan' change it.

"But one mawnin' dey wek up, 'n' dey seem ter be kine o' confuse 'bout it. De two li'l' gyurls where 'longs to 'im, dey ain' no sooner wek up 'n' dey start quar'lin' 'bout it, anyway. 'Cuz dey's fixin' fer a picnic, 'n' co'se dey has ter know *is* it de right day fer it. But dey got quar'lin' ser bad dey mamma come in, 'n' co'se dey's 'blige' tell 'er w'at's de matter.

"'Pshaw,' she say, kine o' stoppin' ter think 'bout it, 'pshaw, I cyan' 'member, myself,' she say. 'N' she look up at de bird where's settin' in de li'l' brass cage in de winder, ez she spoke. De chil'ren look up, too, 'n' den dey start quar'lin' worse 'n' befo'. 'Cuz co'se dey jes' gotten de li'l' bird fer a present, 'n' co'se dey kin see ef it's de *wrong day*, 'n' dey goes off 'n' leaves dey papa by 'isself, w'y, he'll let 'er outen de li'l' brass cage—'n' she'll fly erway.

"So dey's cryin', 'n' de bird's a-lookin' at 'em, 'n' singin' in de cage, 'n' dey mamma's tryin' ter 'member is it de right day or ain't it, 'n' jes' at dat ve'y minute dey papa come in.

"'Hole on, now,' she say, 'I'se gwine ax yer papa 'bout it, 'isself.'

"So she set righ' down 'n' she look at 'im, 'n' she say she's axin' fer a pu'pose, but w'at she wanter know is—*is it* de day w'en he show 'is learnin', or is it de day w'en he's ser ign'rant yer cyan' r'ally trus' 'im?"

"Well, he stop 'n' he look back ez ef he's studyin' 'bout it, too. 'N' den he answer 'n' say w'y, he doan' know, he cyan' 'member. He doan' r'ally know *which* day is it.

"'N' den de chil'ren cry ag'in, 'n' de bird look at 'em 'n' hop eroun' de li'l' brass cage 'n' sing awful loud, 'n' dey papa rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'n' look like he doan' know w'at ter do nex'.

"'Hole on a minute,' he say, 'n' he gotten out a paper 'n' pencil 'n' start wukkin' it out.

"Dey stop cryin' den, but dey mamma spoke.

"'Doan' look ter me like sense ter run no resks,' she say, 'n' ef it's de wrong day fer yer, yer couldn' wuk it out right, anyway,' she say.

"He lay down de pencil den, 'n' rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'g'in.

"'Well, kin yer prove it's de wrong day?' he ax. 'Ain't I ign'rant yes'erday?' he ax. 'Ain't it yes'erday I eaten up my bes' hat?' he ax.

"'I doan' know,' she say, lookin' awful discour'ge, 'I doan' know ef it's yes'erday yer eaten up yer bes' hat or not,' she say.

"De bird 'mence ter hop 'n' sing like she gwine bus' 'erself den, 'n' de chil'ren 'mence

ter cry ser loud couldn't nobody hyeah nuth'n'.

"'Hole on, now,' dey papa holler. 'I 'members all 'bout it now!' he holler. 'I 'members all 'bout it! Yer kin go! Yer kin go off on yer picnic. It's de day w'en I'se all learnin'!'

"So dey all uv 'em jump up 'n' laf, 'n' nex' yer know, dey's gwine down de steps wid dey bastiks on dey arms. 'N' de strange thing wuz, w'en he seen 'em gwine erlong like dat, wid dey bastiks on dey arms, he rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'gin, 'n' stan' dere thinkin'.

"'I won'er ef I'se mek a mistek,' he say, 'n' de gate slam, 'n' he's ser frighten' he run down de steps 'n' jes stan' dere lookin'. 'Cuz he know now he's mek a mistek 'n' it's de *wrong day*.

"'Come back!' he holler. 'Come back! I'se gwine turn de bird loose! Come back!'

"But dey ain' hyeah nuth'n', 'n' he run back in de house—'n' de bird's kine o' crouchin' in 'er cage. But 'tain' mek no diffunce. He open de do'—'n' she look at 'im ez ef fer help—'n' den she fly erway

"'N' he feel ser kine o' discour'ge' w'en he seen de li'l' cage a-hangin' dere empty, he look eroun' ez ef fer help, too—'n' den he stab 'issell in de ribs, 'n' den he chop up all de furniture, 'n' den he run outen de house 'n' down de steps, 'n' den he run off fas' 's he kin.

"'N' w'en dey come back in de evenin' wid dey bastiks on dey arms, 'tain' no sign uv 'im now'eres, 'n' all dey foun' wuz de li'l' brass cage a-hangin' dere empty—'n' a note

pin' up on de gate where say he's gone off ter jine de missiona'ies."

Miss Matilda rose to her feet and looked down.

"And *that* goes to prove, I suppose, that even a reasonable amount of education isn't always safe?" She glanced briefly at the sky. "It is getting late," she said, "and we have wandered a little from the point. We were talking about uplifting your people—weren't we?"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people. I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

Miss Matilda glanced down again. The Heirs of Fate were still before her.

"'Cuz look like some uv 'em gotten too much learnin', 'n' some uv 'em ain' gotten 'nough, or else dey gotten jes' de right 'mount 'n' den yer cyan' r'ally trus' 'em, nurrer."

Once more Miss Matilda recalled one of the primary objects of her visit to the South.

"Yes—of course," she hesitated, "but I expect to go back home to-morrow, where they are *all* white, more or less. Can I take them any—message from you? They are so much interested in what you are all going to do—for—for—"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people," chanted Ezekiel, evenly.

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too," agreed the harmonious body, in a smooth, swelling cadence.

Miss Matilda turned and walked slowly from the yard—while under the spreading tree the Heirs of Fate dreamed on, only waiting for their God-given, appointed work.

AN AUTUMN SONG

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Slow reddening dawns and early purpling eyes
Lit by the glamour of the vesper star;
Under the noon a wind that faintly grieves
Behind the hills afar.

A surge of hastening wings toward distant seas
Beneath the azure of the tropic day;
O'er all the land resplendent tapestries
That fade like dreams away.

Beauty about us in alluring guise,
Her radiant path by golden gossamer crossed,
And yet at heart, perceived in subtle wise,
A sense of something lost.