



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

The Crisis, Vol. 5, No. 1

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THE CRISIS

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of St. Paul, and a solemn public memorial service was held afterwards. Those who knew McGhee personally cannot reconcile themselves to his loss. He was to them more than a great and good man—he was a friend.

Josephine Silone-Yates

Mrs. Josephine Yates, youngest daughter of Alexander and Parthenia Reeve-Silone, was born in Mattituck, Suffolk County, N.Y., November 17, 1859, where her parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were long and favorably known as individuals of sterling worth. On the maternal side she is a niece of Rev. J.B. Reeve, D.D., of Philadelphia. She was educated at the Institute for Colored Youth, Philadelphia, and the the public schools of New Port, R.I., where she took high rank, and graduated from the Rhode Island Normal School in 1879. That fall she began her work as teacher and taught until her marriage to W.W. Yates of Kansas City, Mo., in 1889. During her married life she kept in touch with current events, wrote for the papers and became a leader in club life. She was elected third president of the National Association of Colored Women.

In 1902 she resumed teaching and taught until her death, September 3, 1912. Mrs. Yates was a master of arts of the University of Iowa. She leaves a husband, who is the principle of the Lincoln School, Kansas City; a daughter, Josephine, who is a teacher, and a son, Blyden, who is in his junior college year in the University of Kansas. She was a woman of rare personal charm, simple dignity and keen insight.

A Plucky Man

Thirty-two years ago a brown boy was born in Carolina. He had not only ability but Pluck. He was trained in the local schools, and eventually went to Virginia Union University, where he did his academic work; and also was a leader in student activities. On graduating he became editor of the Voice of the Negro, and immediately the name of J. Max Barber became known throughout the colored race.

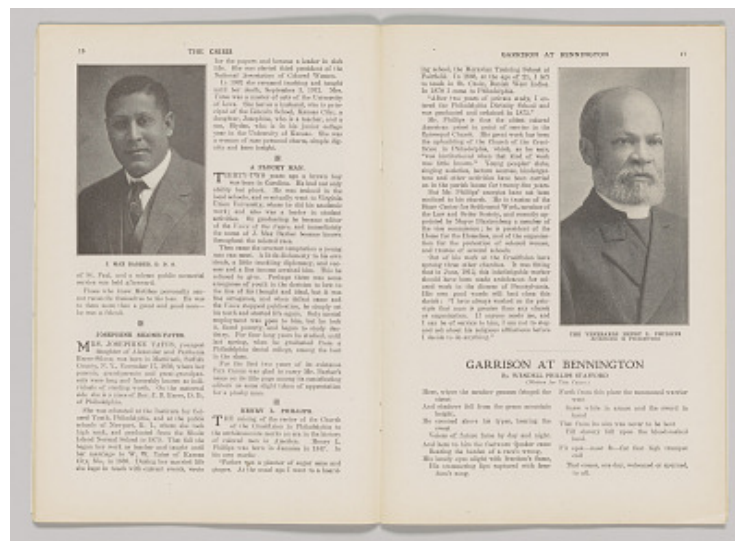
Then came the severest temptation a young man can meet. A little dishonesty to his own ideals, a little truckling diplomacy, and success and a fine income awaited him. This he refused to give. Perhaps there was some arrogance of youth in the decision to hew to the line of his thought and ideal, but it was fine arrogance, and when defeat came and the Voice stopped publication, he simply set his teeth and started life again. Only menial employment was open to him, but he took it, faced poverty, and began to study dentistry. For four long years he studied, until last spring, when he graduated from a Philadelphia dental college, among the best in the class.

For the first two years of its existence THE CRISIS was glad to carry Mr. Barber's name on its title page among its contributing editors as some slight token of appreciation for a plucky man.

Henry L. Phillips

The raising of the rector of the Church of the Crucifixion in Philadelphia to the archdeaconate marks an era in the history of colored men in America. Henry L. Phillips was born in Jamaica in 1847. In his own words:

"Father was a planter of sugar cane and ginger. At the usual age I went



to a board-

page 17

GARRISON AT BENNINGTON

[[one image in upper right corner]]

ing school, the Moravian Training School at Fairfield. In 1868, and the age of 21, I left to teach in St. Croix, Danish West Indies. In 1870 I came to Philadelphia.

"After two years of private study, I entered the Philadelphia Divinity School and was graduated and ordained in 1875.:

Mr. Phillips is thus the oldest colored American priest in point of service in the Episcopal Church. His great work has been the upbuilding of the Church of the Crucifixion in Philadelphia, which, as he says, "was institutional when that kind of work was little known." Young peoples' clubs, singing societies, lecture courses, kindergartens and other activities have been carried on in the parish house for twenty-five years. But Mr. Phillips' energies have not been confined to his church. He is trustee of the Starr Center for Settlement Work, member of the Law and Order Society, and recently appointed by Mayor Blankenberg a member of the vice commission; he is president of the Home for the Homeless, and of the organization for the protection of colored women, and trustee of several schools.

Out of his work at the Crucifixion have sprung three other churches. It was fitting that in June, 1912, this indefatigable worker should have been made archdeacon for colored work in the diocese of Pennsylvania. His own good words will best close this sketch: "I have always worked on the principle that man is greater than any church or organization. If anyone needs me, and I can be of service to him, I am not to stop and ask about his religious affiliations before I decide to do anything."

Garrison at Bennington
by Wendell Phillips Stafford
(Written for The Crisis)

Here, where the meadow grasses fringe the street
And shadows fell from the green mountain height,
He crooned above his types, hearing the sweet
Voices of future fame by day and night.

And here to him the footworn Quaker came
Bearing the burden of a race's wrong,
His lonely eyes alight with freedom's flame,
His stammering lips raptured with freedom's song.

Forth from this place the summoned warrior went
Snow white in armor and the sword in hand
That from its aim was never to be bent
Till slavery fell upon the blood-soaked land.
Fit spot-most fit-for that high trumpet call
That comes, one day, welcomed or spurned, to all.

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