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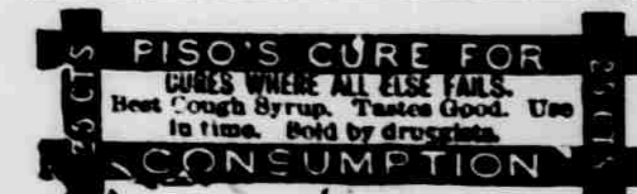
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BILL ARP ON HAASKARL.

Takes the German Preacher to Task for His Assertion

THAT NEGROES ARE SOULLESS.

Invites the Preacher to Come South and See Some of the Christian Blacks—His Investigations Lack Breadth.

Professor Haaskarl, Dr. Haaskarl, Rev. Mr. Haaskarl, of the Lutheran church of Chambersburg, Pa., is said to be a learned man—a scientist, an authority on ethnology, but like all German philosophers his investigations lack breadth. German education is generally limited to a certain line of study and thought and every other line is ignored or sidetracked. The parent chooses his son's calling or profession in the boy's early youth and his education is strictly on that line. If it is music he pursues that calling diligently and devotes from twelve to fifteen hours a day to it. I knew a young German who studied nothing but bugs and another who made a specialty of snakes. Before the civil war we had an accomplished civil engineer in Rome who thought that cotton grew on cottonwood trees and had to be picked by climbing ladders. He didn't have the knowledge of a ten-year-old boy about anything except engineering and he didn't care for anything else. One German doctor will study tuberculosis and the germ theory and nothing else, while another will devote his life to the eye or the ear. These one-liners are of great benefit to science and to mankind, for they probe to the bottom and never give up, but their very earnestness in one direction prevents their acquiring very broad views of life as it is.

Now, Dr. Haaskarl has suddenly discovered that the negro is the missing link—the link that Darwin sought for, but never found—the link that completes the chain that begins with the monkey, then with the baboon, then the orangotang, then the gorilla, then the negro and last the white man. Therefore he says that the negro has no soul to save and it is folly to preach Christianity to him. I reckon that the learned doctor is a young man or not passed middle age, or he would have known that this theory of his is no new thing—no discovery, for some thirty years ago a scientist in Tennessee asserted the same thing and wrote a book on it and called it "Ariel." The press says that this theory of the learned doctor has been boldly and publicly announced and has created great excitement and indignation among the Northern negroes. The missing link has raised a howl around the doctor and he had better not circulate too loosely among them. If they are not human beings then, of course, they are beasts and must be looked after by the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. This will very much enlarge the business of that society, and and we may look for a Northern wing of it to come down here to stop this lynching business. But if the negro is a beast and has no soul to be saved his premature death would seem to be of less consequence. So let the Pennsylvania row go on. I am glad that we are not in it.

But I would like to get our darkey, Bob Smith, after that German. Bob is a smart negro and has a big mouth full of pearly teeth that he shows on all occasions, for he loves fun and is always ready for a joke. His boss took great delight in teasing Bob and one day said to him: "Bob, what are you niggers going to meeting so much for? You will lose your crop running up the cross roads every day to that nigger meeting. Don't you know that a nigger hasn't got any soul, so what good is going to meeten to do to you?"

And Bob said, "Look here boss, you say dat a nigger hasn't got no soul?" "Why, of course, not. I've got it here printed in a book." "Well, now look

here boss, has a white man got a soul?" "Why, of course, he has," said the boss. "The Bible tells you that."

"Well, now, boss, tell me dis; if a white man got a soul and a nigger aint got no soul how about a mulatter?"

Bob was telling all this to me and when I asked what the boss said about the mulatto he laughed and said, "He was powerful sot back, I tell you. He scratched his head and say, 'Well, he lowed as how a mulatter had about half a soul,' and Bob laughed immensely."

I was ruminating about this and would like to hear the learned doctor expand it. Will he say that Fred Douglass and Booker Washington haven't got souls or will he say that half a soul became incorporated into each by amalgamation? Where will he draw the color line? Has an Indian got a soul? How about a quadroon or an octroon or a 13 to 1? How about the copper-colored tribes and the ginger cakes that Livingston found in Africa and whom he declared to be almost the equals of the white race in moral perceptions and in kindness and courage? Then there are the dark-skinned Moors and Castilians. What is a negro anyhow? When I was in Tampa I visited a large cigar factory and saw 400 Cubans in one long room all seated at their little desks rolling the leaf tobacco into smoking shapes. They were of all hues in complexion from nearly white to nearly black, for their ancestors had been crossed and mixed in blood so often and so long they had no racial color. How much of a soul did each one have? And here are the Chinamen, who have not mixed and are all of a color, but are not white. Have they got souls? And there are the Japanese, and last of all the Jews, who are darker skin than the Anglo-Saxon. If Adam and Eve were Jews then have we the pure whites got souls? For it is said that Adam was a red man. Where will the professor draw the color line? Livingston says that there is just as much difference between a Congo and a Dahomey negro in color and race traits as there is between an American Indian and a white man and that the different tribes vary in customs and languages and laws and superstition as much as do the different tribes of our Indians. If a black negro has no soul, has a red Indian got one? If the civilized Cherokee or Creek has a soul how about the savage Comanche?

Dr. Haaskarl says that the negro went into the ark as a beast and is a beast yet. Some are, I reckon. My friend Maxwell, of Arlington, proves Sam Hose was, and there are others of different colors who are worse than any beasts we know of and whom we hope have no souls to be tormented in the fires of hell and therefore should be burned in this word. Solomon says that the spirit of man goeth upward and the spirit of a beast goeth downward into the earth.

But this theory of the doctor will not bear a serious thought. If he had confined it to physical structure of the imported Africans, who New England rum paid for and brought over here, it might have some force but he can't investigate the soul or where it came from or whether it is going. That is a mystery past our ken. There is an aged woman here whom everybody knows as old Mamma Heyward who is old enough to have come from Africa and looks as much like a baboon as possible, but if there is a true Christian in Cartersville we all believe she is one. Though ninety years of age, she takes a back seat in the white folks church every Sabbath and rejoices in the service. She has faithfully served four generations and is serving yet. If she has no soul nor perhaps it is possible for the Creator to give her one when she dies so that she may enter that rest that remaineth for the people of God. And we know many negroes who give as much evidence of having souls as do the Christians who are white, but most of this black generation are headed for the chaingang. That same merry-hearted Bob was sent to the chaingang for killing another negro which he didn't mean to do, for it was a willing

fight and he says now "Dar is some mean niggers in de chaingang as dar is outen dar."

And there is the faithful Tip who was born ours and who loves us all yet. The slave who grew up with our older children and cared for them and they cared for him—the trusted friend who watched me long and tenderly while I was down with fever in the Virginia army. What about Tip having no soul? But Tip is a ginger-cake; he's not a black man. Tip and his parents are of that peculiar color that Livingstone ranks so high among the native tribes. The Guinea negro is more like the missing link and they were the best servants in the world except their desire to pick up little things that wouldn't be missed. An original Guinea negro whose blood had not been crossed is as docile as a shepherd dog. Now this startling deliverance of Dr. Haaskarl shows that he knows nothing practically about the negro and is imbued with the prevailing northern prejudice against him. He should come down here and attend one of their shouting meetings and see the women carried out in a swoon.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Eight Feet of Woman.

The tallest woman in the United States, and probably in the world, is Miss Ella Ewing of Gorin, Mo., a little town not far east of Kansas City on the Sante Fe road. This "high-born lady" is twenty-six years old, according to the family Bible, and measures eight feet four inches in her everyday shoes. Her parents are well-to-do farmers, of ordinary stature, and her father, Samuel Ewing, is a highly respected member of the community.

Miss Ewing was born at Gorin, and when twelve years old she measured seven feet, but kept on growing, to the amazement of her family and the neighbors. In her girlish years she was quite sensitive about her height, because the other children used to tease her, but when she discovered that it was worth \$50 a week from circus and museum managers, she took another view of the case. She earned enough money to lift the mortgage from her father's farm and retired to private life. Miss Ewing has had several offers of marriage, but so far her heart appears to be still unpledged.—Chicago Record.

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