

**CHILDREN IN THE
MIST, PP.1-283**

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Children in the Mist, pp.1-283 by George Madden Martin

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CHILDREN
in
THE MIST

By
GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Children in the Mist
A Warwickshire Lad
Emmy Lou's Road to Grace
Selina

These Are Appleton Books

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
Publishers New York



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[Courtesy of Red Cross Magazine]

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CHILDREN
in
THE MIST

BY

True. GEORGE (MADDEN) MARTIN
AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU'S ROAD TO GRACE," "EMMY LOU,"
"A WARWICKSHIRE LAD," ETC.



D. APPLETON & COMPANY
NEW YORK LONDON

1920

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FOREWORD

This group of stories is offered in no spirit of resentment against the negro, whose virtues and whose limitations are here set down. Rather, the feeling which prompts their publication is sympathetic in its would-be tender consideration of the defects apparently inseparable from their inheritance, as a race, and as an exploited people.

Flung into space fifty-six years ago by the incident of negro emancipation, without owner, understanding, or guide, to become the victims of any and all forces, political and economic, which could make use of them, struggle is too feeble a word for the groping effort which these people have made through the six decades, to sense or to glimpse, their destiny.

The tales now gathered together in this

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Foreword

volume, although they were written at different times, present a chronological continuity. If they picture these dark people not only as children, but as children groping through a fog, the arraignment is not of the negro, but of his sponsor, the white man.

These dusky children are no better than the white race for the proportion of good and bad among them, and no worse. If their development is slower than their white sympathizers would desire it, it is because we who brought them into our citizenship, and under our laws, have confused for them the simple first principles, not alone of right and wrong, but of rudimentary knowledge, and every day ideas and standards.

And if the tales claim too little for the negro, laying no emphasis upon those of his race who have forged ahead, the answer is that the writer has known him in the black belt of Mississippi, in Louisiana and Florida, in

Foreword

the rice-country of Carolina, and has lived side by side with him in rural Kentucky.

The black man in the United States has two worst enemies; the over-zealous advocate who claims too much for him, and the execrable creature wearing a white skin who says, "I hate a nigger!"

Sweet and lovable, mystified, baffled and exploited, discouraged and embittered, these hapless people, children who, after fifty-six years of freedom, still see as in a glass darkly! It is to those who, regardful of them, see them as they are that the welfare of the race can best be trusted.