

**NICHOLAS BLOOD,
CANDIDATE,
PP. 1-198**

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Nicholas Blood, Candidate, pp. 1-198 by Arthur Henry

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ARTHUR HENRY

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BY

ARTHUR HENRY

SECOND EDITION

CHICAGO:

J. J. Schulte & Company, Publishers

298 DEARBORN ST.

Stacks
Kipp
Robert A. Warner
11-28-58

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE author of this book has been told that it is brutal, that the love story is not good, that it is too short, that it is a crime against the negro, that the argument is left unfinished. He has been waiting for the second edition to make a very brief answer to these criticisms. *Nicholas Blood, Candidate*, is not an argument: it is a faithful description of a condition and a somewhat exaggerated picture of what must inevitably come from it.

The prophecy of the book has been sustained to a degree by the riots which have recently occurred in Memphis. The condition is not overdrawn. The story must be brutal to be true. Oaths in print would make men shudder who unconsciously use them every day. When the negro is tricked out in stage clothes and paraded for political purposes, when falsehood and malice are blatant in the cause of discord, and when knaves and bigots preach outrageous doctrines and endeavor to maintain a prejudice between two sister sections of our people, in order that they may pose as the safeguards of the country, it is not amiss that the truth be told.

The author has sought, as far as possible,

to confine himself to this and to allow older and wiser heads the privilege of devising a remedy. The love story may lack the element of aggravation which certain inflamed minds seem to crave. The author sought to tell a tale of simple, honest love, hoping thereby to afford some little relief from the more terrible incidents of the main story. The book is indeed short, but the author was through.

Nicholas Blood, Candidate.

A PROPHECY.

I.

Does anybody doubt that America has among her possibilities a Reign of Terror?

“What! In this peaceful age?”

“Our land is like the sun, whose rising dissipates the darkness of the world.”

Sir, we have 8,000,000 children of the night among us, and, like the shadows of a dark and stormy night, they spread swiftly.

They multiply while we sleep.

Let us look at them.

II.

EARLY one morning, just before the great negro riots in Tennessee, a tall, fine-looking stranger entered the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, and registered to the name of Thomas Judd.

The clerk glanced casually at him, and knew at once that he was a Northerner.

There was not a menial in the house but saw the word North written in his face, upon his clothes and bearing.

He showed them every consideration ; they responded with contempt. At the door of the dining-room he answered the salutation of the head waiter, who upon the instant exchanged his manner of deference for one of superiority.

"Fine weather we're having, for winter," said Thomas Judd.

The waiter thrust a bill-of-fare before him and did not reply. Thomas Judd glanced up and smiled.

The waiter looked sturdily at the opposite wall with an expression of disgust upon his stolid face.

Thomas Judd dropped his eyes to the card and began:

"Hot rolls, if you please."

"Jus' out o' hot rolls, sah."

"Well, biscuits will do. Biscuits and——"

"Yo's heah too late fo' biscuit."

"*Bread*, then; you've that, haven't you?"

"Yes, sah; plenty bread."