

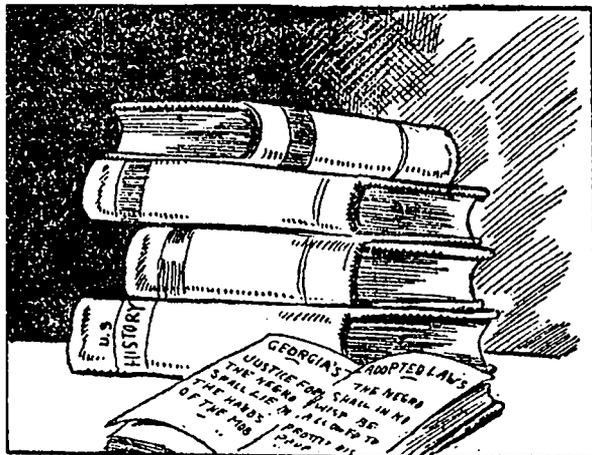
THE MILLENNIUM



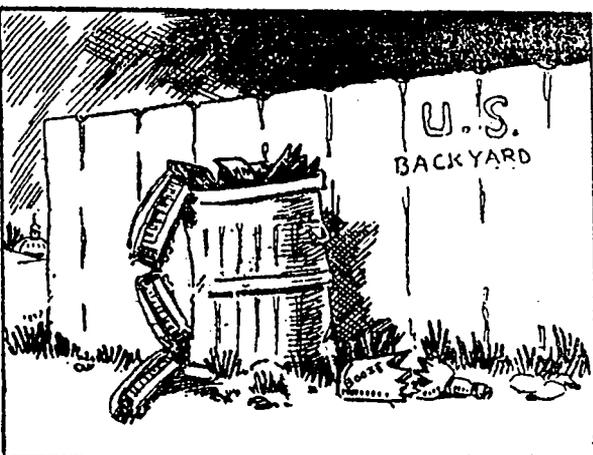
When the color line has faded into oblivion, and men of all races hold respect for one another, as was intended in the beginning—



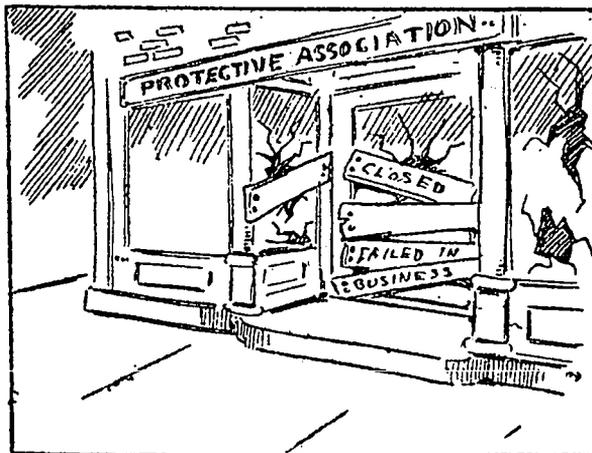
When flames of the lyncher's torch shall be extinguished, and smoke from the human pyre shall cease to ascend to the sky—



When race riots and mob-law shall remain only upon the pages of obsolete history—



When America's curse, the Jim-Crow car, shall have taken its place on the dump-heap beside booze and other blemishes upon civilization—



When bomb-throwers hiding behind the guise of "Protective Associations" shall no longer imperil the lives of our innocents, and all forms of segregation have vanished—



Then shall the Angel of Peace hover above this, the land of the free, and the sublimity of our Constitution shall be recognized by all nations.