

**NEGRO PATRONAGE NOT WANTED.**

So says Mr. Doggett of the Doggett Dry Goods Company, last week.

Mrs. Mamie Smith was in his store making some purchases and she thought of an "ad" she had seen in all the daily papers which invited *all* ladies visiting said store, to sample the Soup Armour and on display, as it was then for purely advertising purposes. She took a seat at the table but the waiters entirely ignored her so she asked one of them why she could not be served, the girl told her colored folks were not included in the invitation. Thinking perhaps the act was unwarranted on the girls part, Mrs. Smith sought Mr. Doggett himself and appealed to him. He coolly informed her, that he had nothing to do with the matter, Mrs. Smith showed him the fallacy of his position and altogether bested him in the argument. Thinking then to stop her talking he told her colored women were always *pushing* themselves, and placing themselves in a position to be snubbed—Then going to *his* store to purchase goods and considering yourself a lady customer is what he (Doggett) considers presuming on your part, because of your color—you may come and spend your money but any of my poor white clerks may insult you and you have no right which I (Doggett) shall respect. Such is the sentiment the would be merchant prince of eleventh and and Main entertains in regards to the Negroes, who frequent his store.

After having thus allowed Mrs. Smith to be insulted by one of his clerks and insulted her himself, Mrs. Smith told him she would take her patronage elsewhere and ask her friends to do the same, he retorted by saying she might do so, as he did not care for the little the Negro trade brought him any way. We call upon all the self respecting ladies of our race to shun Doggett's store as they would be a plague. If our dollar is not as good, and does not entitle us to as much respect and consideration as the president's wife, in his store, or any other for that matter, then

let us take it to the man's store that will give us consideration and respect. There is much to be gained by a concerted action on our part in this matter and we once more urge upon the ladies to boycott this store till the lordly proprietor feels that a dollar in the hand of a Negro is as desirable as one in the hand of a white man and if so the Negro is entitled to all the rights and privileges of any other customer.

While we are on this matter of prejudice we will speak of another matter that is even *meaner* and *more contemptible* than the one of which we have just spoken.

There is a little one horse establishment on Twelfth street between Harrison and Campbell run by a colored person, who when she was struggling for a foothold in the community solicited the trade of the Negro and was glad to have it, but just as soon as the Negro's dimes made a large enough pile for her to spread a little and make a little more show—Then she grew arrogant and insulting and ladies who had helped her on feet were rewarded with insult for their pains. She no longer serves Negro custom at her place of business but if you should dare enter her place she entirely ignores you or in the most insulting manner tells you she no longer works for colored folks.

If we meet with such from our own what may we not expect from the alien.