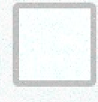
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News article analysis worksheet answers

SUMMARY Unlike his other essays that were strictly political and devoid of anecdotes, Van the Meaning of Progress tells the story of Du Bois' personal journey as a teacher. While a student at Fisk University, Du Bois, along with many other Fisk students, went around Tennessee looking for a meeting with school commissioners. In this era, they believed that all of Tennessee, inside and outside the veil, belonged to Fisk. In order to be qualified to teach, students had to take lessons at the Teacher Institute. White teachers were taught in the morning, while black students were taught at night. This prepared students to find schools where they would teach throughout the area. Without much direction, Du Bois went around Tennessee looking for a county school on which to teach. Unable to afford a horse or cart, Du Bois walked around the state to different areas of the country, asking people if she had a teacher. Time and time again, his hopes were dashed as he learned that each of his targeted schools already had a teacher. He kept trying, however, and eventually came to a small school between an array of huts and farms. He uses this anecdote to introduce Josie, who introduced him to the school; She was a 20-year-old young woman with thick hair. He happened to meet her when he stopped for rest in Watertown. When he heard his mission, Josie enthusiastically explained that the city needed a teacher, and that, at the age of twenty, she still longed to learn. Du Bois continues his mission to set up a school by meeting with the Commissioner. Another white man had decided he wanted a neighboring white school, and they drove together to the commissioner's house to get permission. The Commissioner was very welcoming and immediately received the certificate from Du Bois. However, when it came to dinner, he was asked what he wanted to eat. Feeling confused and happy, he accepted the white man's invitation to eat in his company. Du Bois states that he felt then the shadow of the veil (50), as when food was served, white people ate first. Du Bois was left to eat all by himself, due to nothing but the Veil and his color. Josie and her family served as a bit of a second family for W.E.B. Du Bois when he was stationed in Alexandria. In his time there, he became close to her parents, and learned about her siblings. The mother often told him that she wanted to live as people (Du Bois, Page 49). They had four remaining children at home: John and Jim, both teenagers, and two babies. Josie was the source of strength for that family, because she was always occupied and at the same time completely selfless and devoted to her family. aspired to assimilate into society, but at the same time, realized the ignorance they held. Overall, Du Bois realized they knew how hard it was to rise the position they were in. With this in mind, it seems, Josie and her two brothers enrolled in his school. The reality became even more salient for Du Bois when he began teaching. In a dilapidated school building with rented chairs and an old chalkboard, he set out to teach the poorly educated children of the community. For the first time, Du Bois was confronted with the privilege of being assigned to him as a student in New England, where he had been a student in a pristine integrated classroom. These students and this school building, however, were the polar opposite. Sometimes the children didn't go to class because they had to help their parents on their respective farms. Other times, parents pulled their children out of class because they did not believe in, or value, the written upbringing Du Bois tried to offer. The students themselves even showed their fear of the city of Alexandria, because of all the aristocrats who had lived there. Through it all, Du Bois further understood the inequalities facing blacks in the South. Ten years after he left town, Du Bois found himself at a reunion at Fisk University. Nostalgia brought him back to the schoolchildren and the countryside, where he heard that Josie had died. Jim, one of her younger brothers, was accused of stealing wheat, and was told to run away. He stayed in town anyway, and this defiance and these accusations led to the downfall of Josie. She worked hard until her death, and was even able to move to the city of Nashville for work. She brought back $90 for her family, and kept working. One day her youngest sister came home with a small child and Josie continued to work. In her weakness, she went to her mother and fell asleep. She never woke up. Du Bois' trip to the city where he had worked illustrated what progress meant at the time. The school building was closed, and there was only one session of school per year, but this, he explained, was an example of progress. He had also learned that a family he had known ten years ago, who had committed to owning the seventy-five hectares on which they lived, had completed their purpose and added another twenty-five hectares. Although they are in deep debt, this was also a reflection of progress. The author remains confused, when he realizes that the word progress is a paradoxical description of what was happening in this city. He didn't quite understand how one could simultaneously claim progress and let people die as a result of hard work and struggle. ANALYSIS This chapter of The Souls of Black Folk shows Du Bois' journey to self-realization. Earlier, he had alluded to how African-American boys achieved masculinity through education. this essay, Du Bois has aspired to education at Fisk University, and has committed to providing an education for people within a southern city. Inch Inch part of the book, Du Bois expands on the theme of the importance of education, especially in his search for a new school. Du Bois' achievement of education and the eventual opening of a school served as a climax for the rest of the story. Although he did not pursue education as a career, he pursued academia, and served to provide better opportunities for other African-Americans through his life. His experience within this context eventually instructed the rest of his experience as a sociologist and a black lawyer. In his search for a school, Du Bois had to go to a white commissioner to receive a certificate that would eventually allow him to do so. When he goes to ask for this certificate, he drives with a white man who is trying to do the same. On arrival he is treated as an equal and ultimately the certificate he needed. After this, however, he was confronted with the Veil. Despite all he had achieved and his award from his school, he realized that he lived within the veil. No amount of education could eradicate the prejudice he lived in. He would have to work his whole life to overcome this, and it may never have even been possible. Du Bois, however, used this as an opportunity not only to teach in the country, but also to offer opportunities and hope to a group of people who would otherwise have none. He realized that they existed in the veil, but he did his best to assign them the possibilities to which he had access. Josie, one of the pupils of his school, was the most important part of this chapter. Josie's personal struggle means not only the struggle of her family, but also the struggle of all black people. Uneducated until she was 20, Josie decided to go to school and improve herself. After receiving this training, however, she eventually encountered many different deterrents throughout her life. Josie's life first begins to take a turn for the worst when her brother has problems with the law, and eventually disappears. She tries to overcome this struggle, but her devotion to her family and her grief results in her own death. Essentially, Josie returns to childhood and dies in her father's arms. The title of this essay is an ironic look at the meaning of progress. While the United States was making progress and African-Americans even had opportunities to achieve educational opportunities, there was very little progress because this was taken over by industrialization. Industrialization and capitalism, according to Du Bois, was not progress, as this idealization of money and business did not provide opportunities for success. Instead, it provided that the community that has evolved into 21st century industrial America, not focused on education, and focused on capital. LitCharts assigns a color and icon to each theme in The Souls of Black Black you use to keep track of the themes throughout the work. Material vs. Psychological Racism Authors Books Genres Collections Readability Additional Information Year Published: 1903 Language: English Country of Origin: United States of America Source: Du Bois, W. E.B. (1903). The souls of black people. Chicago: A.C. McClurg and Co. Readability: Flesch–Kincaid Level: 10.2 Word Count: 4,062 Genre: Essay Keywords: 20th-century literature, African-American literature, american literature, w.e.b. du bois ✎ Cite This Passage Audio PDF Student Activity The embdded audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should browse Happy visits and update your internet browser today! Willst Du Deine Macht verkunden, Wahle sie die frei von Sunden, Steh'n in Deinem ew'gen Haus! Deine Geister sende aus! Those Unsterblichen, die Reinen, That cousin fuhlen, that cousin weinen! Nicht der die zarte Jungfrau wahle, Nicht der Hirtin weiche Seele! Schiller. Once upon a time I taught at school in the hills of Tennessee, where the wide dark vale of the Mississippi begins to roll and crumple to greet the Alleghanies. I was a Fisk student then, and all the Fisk men thought that Tennessee - past the Veil - was theirs alone, and in vacation time they were in lascivious bands to meet the county school commissioners. Young and happy, I too went, and I won't soon forget that summer, seventeen years ago. First there was a Teacher Institute on the county-seat; and there prominent guests of the superintendent taught the teachers fractures and spelling and other mysteries,-white teachers in the morning, negroes at night. A picnic every now and then, and a supper, and the rough world was softened by laughter and song. I remember how, but I'm wandering around. There came a day when all the teachers left the Institute and started the hunt for schools. I learn from rumors (because my mother was mortally afraid of firearms) that hunting ducks and bears and men is wonderfully interesting, but I'm sure the man who has never hunted a rural school has something to learn from the joys of hunting. I now see the white, hot roads lazily rising and falling and wind in front of me under the burning July sun; I feel the deep fatigue of heart and limb as ten, eight, six miles stretch relentlessly forward; I feel my heart sink sharply when I hear again and again, Do you have a teacher? Yes. So I kept walking – horses were too expensive – until I wandered past railways, past stage lines, to a land of varmints and rattlesnakes, where the arrival of a stranger was an event, and men lived and died in the shadow of a blue hill. Sprinkled over hill and dale lay huts and farms, locked out of the world by the forests and rolling hills towards the east. That's where I found A school. Josie told me about it; She was a thin, homely girl in her 20s, with a dark brown face and fat, fat, Her. I had crossed the stream at Watertown and rested under the great willows; then I went to the cottage in the parking lot where Josie rested on the way to town. The gaunt farmer made me welcome, and Josie, hearing my message, told me anxiously that they wanted a school over the hill; that only once since the war there had been a teacher; that she herself longed to learn,- and so she walked up, talking fast and loud, with a lot of seriousness and energy. The next morning I crossed the high round hill, hung around to look at the blue and yellow mountains that stretch to the Carolinas, then dived into the woods and came out to Josie's house. It was a drab frame cottage with four rooms, perched just below the forehead of the hill, amid peach-trees. The father was a quiet, simple soul, quietly ignorant, without touch of vulgarity. The mother was different,-strong, bubbly and energetic, with a fast, restless tongue, and an ambition to live as people. There was a crowd of kids. Two boys were gone. Two girls grew up; a shy dwarf of eight; John, tall, clumsy and eighteen; Jim, younger, faster and prettier; and two babies of indeterminate age. And then there was Josie herself. She seemed to be the center of the family: always busy in service, or at home, or berry-picking; a little nervous and inclined to scold, like her mother, but faithfully, too, just like her father. She had about her a certain fineness, the shadow of an unconscious moral heroism that would willingly give all life to life wider, deeper and fuller for her and her. I saw much of this family afterward, and grew to love them for their honest efforts to be decent and comfortable, and for their knowledge of their own ignorance. There was no affection with them. The mother would berate the father because he was so easy; Josie would roundly supplant the boys for carelessness; and everyone knew it was hard to dig a life out of a rocky side-hill. I secured the school. I remember the day I rode on horseback to the commissioner's house with a pleasant young white guy who wanted the white school. The road ran along the bed of a stream; the sun laughed and the water jingled, and we drove on. Come in, the commissioner said, come in. Sit down. Yes, that certificate is good. Stay out to dinner. What do you want for a month? Oh, I thought, this is luck; but even then fell the terrible shadow of the Veil, for they ate first, then I -alone. The school building was a log cabin, where Colonel Wheeler sheltered his corn. It sat in much behind a fence and thorn bushes, near the sweetest springs. There was an entrance where a door once was, and inside, a huge rickety fireplace; large cracks between the logs served as windows. Furniture Scarce. A pale blackboard crouched in the corner. My desk was made of three planks, reinforced at critical critical And my chair, borrowed from the landlady, had to be returned every night. Seats for the kids- this one surprised me a lot. I was haunted by a New England vision of neat little desks and chairs, but unfortunately! the reality was rough plank benches with no back, and sometimes without legs. They had the only virtue of making naps dangerously,-possibly fatal, because the floor was not to be trusted. It was a hot morning late in July when the school opened. I trembled when I heard the chatter of small feet along the dusty road, and saw the growing row of dark solemn faces and bright eager eyes towards me. First came Josie and her siblings. The desire to know, to be a student in the big school in Nashville, hovered like a star above this child-woman amid her work and worries, and she studied doggedly. There were the Dowells from their farm in the direction of Alexandria-Fanny, with her smooth black face and wonder eyes; Martha, brown and boring; a brother's beautiful girl-wife, and younger brood. There were the Burkes, two brown and yellow boys, and a little haughty-eyed girl. Fat Reuben's little chubby girl came, with golden face and old-gold hair, faithful and solemn. 'Thenie was early on hand,-a cheerful, ugly, kind-hearted girl, who snuffed out the snuff and took care of her little arch-legged brother. When her mother was able to spare her, came Tildy, a midnight beauty, with starry eyes and tapered limbs; and her brother, accordingly homely. And then the big boys, the colossal Lawrences; the lazy Neills, unfathered sons of mother and daughter; Hickman, with a sidewalk in his shoulders; and the rest. There they sat, nearly thirty of them, on the rough couches, their faces shaded from a pale cream to a deep brown, the small feet exposed and swinging, eyes full of expectation, with here and there a twinkle of mischief, and hands grabbing Webster's blue-black spelling book. I loved my school, and the fine faith that the kids had in the wisdom of their teacher was truly amazing. We read and spelled together, wrote a little, picked flowers, sang and listened to stories about the world behind the hill. Sometimes the school dwindled, and I started. I would visit Mun Eddings, who lived in two very dirty rooms, and ask why little Lugene, whose flaming face once seemed ablaze with the dark red hair uncombed, was absent all previous week, or why I so often missed the inimitable rags of Mack and Ed. Then the father, who worked colonel Wheeler's farm on shares, told how the crops needed the boys; and the thin, slovenly mother, whose face was beautifully washed when washed, assured me that Lugene must mind the baby. But we'll start them again next week. When the Lawrences stopped, that the doubts of the old people about book-learning had conquered again, and thus, toiling the hill, and getting as far in the cabin as if I put Cicero pro Archia Puta in the simplest Of English with local applications, and usually convinced them-for a week or so. On Friday nights I often went home with some of the kids, sometimes to Doc Burke's farm. He was a big, loud, thin black, ever working, and trying to buy the seventy-five acres of hill and dale where he lived; But people said he would definitely fail, and the white supremacists would get it all. His wife was a beautiful Amazon, with saffron face and shiny hair, unimproved and barefoot, and the children were strong and beautiful. They lived in a cabin with half a room in the cavity of the farm, near spring. The front room was full of big thick white beds, meticulously tidy; and there were bad chromos on the walls, and a tired center-table. In the small back kitchen I was often invited to take and help myself to pone fried chicken and wheat biscuit, meat and corn, beans and berries. At first I was a little alarmed at the approach to bedtime in the one lonely bedroom, but embarrassment was very deftly avoided. First, all the children nodded and slept and were stowed away in one large pile of goose feathers; then the mother and father discreetly slipped away to the kitchen while I went to bed; then, blowing out the dim light, they retreated into the dark. In the morning all were up and away before I thought of a wake up. Across the street, where fat Reuben lived, they all went outside while the teacher was retiring because they didn't boast the luxury of a kitchen. I liked to stay with the Dowells, as they had four rooms and plenty of good country rate. Uncle Bird had a small, rough farm, all the woods and hills, miles from the main road; but he was full of stories, he preached every now and then,-and with his children, berries, horses and wheat he was happy and prosperous. Often, in order to keep the peace, I have to go where life was less beautiful; for example, 'Tildy's mother was incorrigibly dirty, Reuben's pantry was severely restricted, and herds of untethered insects roamed the Eddingses' beds. Best of all I liked going to Josie's, and sitting on the porch, eating peaches while the mother pressed and talked: how Josie had bought the sewing machine; how Josie worked employed in the winter, but that four dollars a month was mighty little wages; how Josie longed to go to school, but it seemed she could never get far enough ahead to let her; how the crops failed and the well was not finished; and, finally, how do some of the whites were. For two summers I lived in this small world; it was boring and humdrum. The girls looked up the hill in wistful longing, and the boys fretted and chased Alexandria. Alexandria was straggling, lazy village of houses, churches and shops, and an aristocracy of Toms, Cocks, and Captains. Was cuddled on the hill to the north village of colored people, who lived in three- or four-room unpainted cottages, some neat and homely, and some dirty. The homes were rather aimlessly scattered, but they centered over the two temples of the hamlet, the Methodist, and the Hard-Shell Baptist churches. This one, in turn, leaned gently on a sad-colored schoolhouse. So far my little world turned its crooked way on Sunday to meet other worlds, and gossip, and wonder, and make the weekly sacrifice with mad priest at the altar of ancient time religion. Then the soft melody and mighty cadence of the negro song fluttered and thundered. I have called my small community a world, and so its isolation made it; and yet there was among us, but a half-awakened common consciousness, born of common joy and sorrow, at burial, birth, or wedding; of a common deprivation in poverty, poor country and low wages; and especially from the sight of the Veil hanging between us and Opportunity. All this made us think together; but these, when ripe for speech, were spoken in different languages. Those whose eyes had seen twenty-five and more years earlier the glory of the lord's coming saw in every present impediment or helped a dark fatalism that would bring all things right in his own good time. The mass of those to whom slavery was a vague memory of childhood found the world an enigmatic thing: it asked little of them, and they answered with little, and yet it made their sacrifice ridiculous. They could not understand such a paradox, and so sank into listless indifference, or shiftlessness, or reckless bravado. However, there were some - such as Josie, Jim and Ben - to whom War, Hell and Slavery were merely youth stories, whose young appetite had been nudified by school and story and half awakened thought to an edge. Sick they can be satisfied, born without and outside the world. And their faint wings strike against their barriers, barriers of caste, of youth, of life; finally, in dangerous moments, against anything that even a whim encountered. The ten years that followed youth, the years when awareness first leads to something, were the years that passed after I left my little school. When they were over, I came by chance again to the walls of Fisk University, to the halls of the chapel of melody. As I lingered there in the joy and pain of meeting old school friends, i suddenly moved over to go back beyond the blue hill, and to see the houses and school of other days, and to learn how life had gone with my schoolchildren; And I went. Josie was dead, and the gray-haired mother just said, We have I've had a lot of trouble since you left. I had feared jim. With a civilized lineage and a social caste to maintain him, he would have made a daredevil or a West Point cadet. But here he is. He. angry with life and reckless; and when Fanner Durham accused him of stealing wheat, the old man had to drive fast to escape the stones that the furious fool hurled behind him. They told Jim to run away. But he wouldn't run, and the cop showed up that afternoon. It grieved Josie, and big awkward John walked nine miles a day to see his little brother through the bars of Lebanon prison. Eventually, the two got back together in the dark night. The mother cooked dinner, and Josie emptied her bag, and the boys stole away. Josie became thin and quiet, but worked the more. The hill was steep for the quiet old dad, and with the boys down the road there was little to do in the valley. Josie helped them sell the old farm, and they moved closer to the city. Brother Dennis, the carpenter, built a new house with six rooms; Josie spent a year in Nashville, and he spent ninety dollars to deliver the house and turn it into a house. When spring came, and the birds tweeted, and the stream ran proudly and full, sister Lizzie, fat and thoughtless, flushed with the passion of youth, poured himself to the seducer, and brought home an unnamed child. Josie shivered and worked on, with the vision of school days all fled, with a face wan and tired,-worked until, one summer day, someone married to each other; then Josie crawled up to her mother like a hurt child, and slept – and sleeps. I paused to smell the wind as I entered the valley. The Lawrences have gone,- father and son forever,-and the other son lazy digs into the earth to live. A new young widow rents out their cabin to fat Reuben. Reuben is now a Baptist preacher, but I fear as lazy as ever, even though his cabin has three rooms; and little Ella has become a bouncing woman, and is plowing corn on the hot hill. There are babies a-enough, and a half-whited girl. Across the valley is a house I didn't know before, and there I found, rocking a baby and expecting another, one of my schoolgirls, a daughter of Uncle Bird Dowell. She looked somewhat concerned with her new duties, but soon bristles in pride over her neat cabin and the story of her frugal husband, and the horse and the cow, and the farm they were planning to buy. My log schoolhouse was gone. In its place stood Progress; and Progress, I understand, is necessarily ugly. The crazy foundation stones still marked the former site of my poor little hut, and not far away, on six tired boulders, perched a jaunty board house, maybe twenty by thirty feet, with three windows and a door locked. Part of the window-glass was broken, and part of an old iron stove lay mournfully under the house. I peeked through the window half reverently, and found things that were familiar. The blackboard had grown by about two feet, and the chairs were still without backs. The province now owns the party, I hear, and every year there is a session of When I sat in the spring and looked at the Old and the New, I felt happy, very happy, and yet I started after two long drinks. There was the big double log house on the corner. I remembered the broken, devastated family that lived there. The mother's strong, hard face, with his wilderness of hair, stood up for me. She had chased her husband away, and while I was teaching, there was a strange man, big and jovial, and people were talking. I was convinced that Ben and Tildy would not do anything from such a house. But this is a strange world; for Ben is a busy farmer in Smith County, doing well, too, they say, and he had cared for little Tildy until last spring, when a lover married her. A hard life that the boy had led, begging for meat, and laughed because he was domestic and crooked. There was Sam Carlon, a cheeky old skinflint, who had clear notions about negroes, and hired Ben one summer and didn't want to pay him. Then the hungry boy collected his bags and went into Carlon's corn in broad daylight; and when the hard-fisted farmer put on him, the angry boy flew at him like an animal. Doc Burke saved a murder and a lynching that day. The story reminded me of the Burkes again, and an impatience gripped me to know who won in battle, Doc or the seventy-five acres. Because it's hard to make a farm out of nowhere, even in 15 years. So I rushed up, thinking about the Burkes. They had a certain wonderful barbarism about them that I liked. They were never vulgar, never immoral, but rather crude and primitive, with an unconventional one who devoted himself to loud guffaws, slaps on the back, and naps in the corner. I rushed to the cottage of the mis-born Neill boys. It was empty, and they grew into thick, lazy farm-hands. I saw the house of the Hickmans, but Albert, with his stooping shoulders, had passed out of the world. Then I came to the burkes' gate and peered through; the enclosure looked rough and untried, and yet there were the same fences around the old farm rescue on the left, where lay twenty-five other acres. And lo! the cabin in the cavity had climbed the hill and swollen to a half finished six-room cottage. The Burkes had 100 acres, but they were still in debt. Indeed, the gaunt father who toiled day and night would hardly be happy out of debt, so accustomed to it. One day he has to stop, because his huge frame shows decline. The mother wore shoes, but the lion-like physique of other days was broken. The children had grown up. Rob, the image of his father, was loud and rough with laughter. Birdie, my school baby of six, had become a picture of maiden beauty, tall and tawny. Edgar is gone, said the mother, with the head half bowed,—gone to work in Nashville; He and his father couldn't agree. Little Doc, the boy born since the time of my school, took me on horseback to the creek next to Farmer Dowell. The road and the stream fought for mastery, and the stream had the better of it. We splashed and waaded, and the happy boy, who was behind me, chatted and laughed. He showed me where Simon Thompson had bought a little land and a house; but his daughter Lana, a chubby, brown, slow girl, wasn't there. She was married to a man and a farm 20 miles away. We injured ourselves in the creek until we got to a gate that I didn't recognize, but the boy insisted it was Uncle Bird's. The farm was thick with the growing crop. In that little valley there was a strange silence as I drove up; for death and marriage had stolen youth and left age and childhood there. We sat and talked that night after the chores were done. Uncle Bird was grayer, and his eyes didn't look so good, but he was still jovial. We talked about the acres purchased,-one hundred and twenty-five,--of the new guest room added, of Martha's wedding. Then we talked about death: Fanny and Fred were gone; a shadow hung over the other daughter, and when it was lifted she went to Nashville to school. Finally we talked about the neighbors, and when night fell, Uncle Bird told me how, one night like that, Thenie came wandering back to her house over there, to escape the blows of her husband. And the next morning she died in the house that her little arch-legged brother, working and saving, had bought for their widowed mother. My journey was done, and behind me lay hill and dale, and Life and Death. How will man measure progress where the dark Josie lies? How many hearts of sorrow will a forest of wheat balance? How difficult a thing is life for the humble, and yet how human and real! And all this life and love and struggle and failure, is it the twilight of nightfall or the flood of some faint day? So unfortunately musing, I drove to Nashville in the Jim Crow car. Car.

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