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W. W. BROWN- FINANCIER.

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The evil which men do lives after them: the good is often interred with their bones; the truthfulness of this statement is confirmed every day. The evil things which we do live on after we have become clay, while our good deeds are forgotten, (especially by those most benefited by the same) even before the doer reaches the country from whose bourne no traveller ever returneth.

This life, which we live to-day, this busy world of to-day, hunting for prominence, power and money, has but little time to give those sleeping amid the over grown shrubery on yonder hillside, even though the result of their life's work, made us what we, in our weakness, call great men.

Even in our own little circumscribe sphere, hemmed in on all sides by caste, prejudice and racial opposition,

we, too, are getting busy and self-important. "Let the dead bury the dead- while the living eat, drink and be merry," is the sentiment of the present. Hence, when a few of us can pause long enough to get together, to do honor to the man, who builded better than he knew to the everlasting honor and glory of his own people, these black people of these United States- (united against us, if united in nothing else) it is something more than that condition expressed by the word- remarkable.

When Rev. W. W. Brown came to us years ago, with his ever inseparable bundle of papers covered with figures, mysterious and puzzling to the average man, yet to him plain, practicable and convincing, he was wrestling with a financial system. He was working out an evolving process by which the dollars and cents of the race could be employed for their own financial benefit and uplift. He was a long ways ahead of the rank and file of his associates; so far ahead that they could

not see him, and, therefore, most naturally, did not understand, and there were many who did not want to understand him.

When a man begins to dabble with figures and to figure out the wealth in his head, upon paper (unless he is a white man) it is not very long before we hear the name "CRANK" applied to him. We all know that president W. W. Brown was a "CRANK," in those early days so thought, so received, so treated..

The Negro, in this country, has always had money; and his societies for attending the sick and burying the dead, dates back for a hundred years or more. But here comes a man with a pencil in his hand and a scheme in his head, and he wanted to show how, from the society, could be evolved an insurance association and a banking house. It was work-hard work- the work of day and night and months and long years of struggle to convince his own people, that his pencil was right, and his head was clear.

But, to-night, standing here on this platform, where

he has stood, feeling the inspiration of his very presence, although unseen to the mortal eye, I do thank God, in that He permitted the "CRANK" to live until his works vindicated his plan, and his pencil wrote W. W. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE SAVINGS BANK, G. F. U. O. T. REFORMERS.

That he was our pioneer, none can deny. That he won for himself the name, "NEGRO FINANCIER," not even the most selfish can object. What though carping critics, ever willing to tear down, rather than build up, now pick flaws and find imperfection, let them attack his work, the name of W. W. BROWN will be honored and be sung to coming generations when they will be sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. God made the sun- and yet in that we are told there are imperfections. God made man and now many of them spend their time in trying to unmake God. "For he who expects a perfect piece to see, expects what ne'er was, is or will be."

And, so, standing here to-night, first, in my official capacity, at the head of a financial institution, which drew its inspiration and ambition from the one which He created, I came to acknowledge his greatness as a financier, the first in our day and time: secondly, as the executor officer of a business concern, having for its object the further perfecting and training Negroes in financering and mercantile development, I am here to lay a wreath of immortells upon his bier, and say, while we may not be able to place his inaminate form within the great white world's Hall of Fame, or even give him a memorial tablet upon the wall thereof, but his Hall of Fame is within our hearts- because "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Thirdly, best and most important of all, standing here to-night as wife and mother, I strew for-get-me-not and roses, upon the bier of the loving husband, whose memory still cherish in our hearts, dying we will bequeath to our children

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that his name and his works, teaching Negroes to combine their morals, intellectual and financial force shall not pass away from earth.