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Mr. A. W. Touge

Sir; I notice in

the Detroit Plaindealer, that you
have jumped on a colored man
who wrote you a letter some time since
and have preached him a most interesting
sermon. He expressed colored man
felt hurt, his bones are sore his feelings
and feel right. Yet despite his
elaborated arguments he read all you
with an uncommon admiration and pleasure
and voted for one the Grand white man
in the previous kind of con hunting and
midnight murders. You certainly jumped
the sentimentality out of that colored man

I have a faint suspicion that the question
you have discussed with so much vigor,
emphasis, and elaborateness was contained in
my reply to your first letter. To me, you
enunciated the original quote with so much
skill and deftness that it remains almost
beyond identification. I felicitate myself
however upon having ~~just~~ given you
something to talk about, though I regret to know
that you ripped the sidewalk up with me.

Faithfully your friend

Edna