

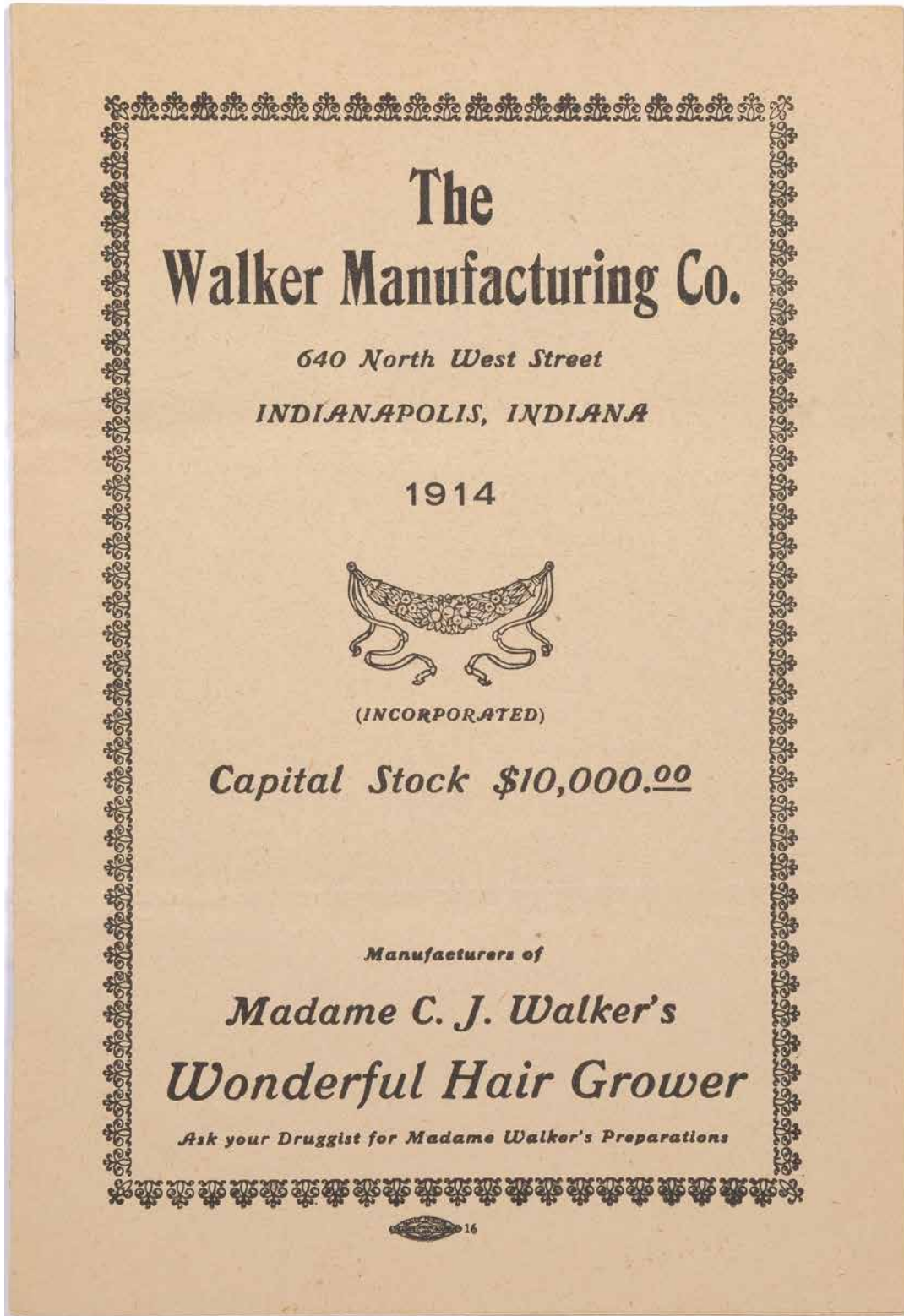
Madame C. J. Walker

[Promotional brochure, cover title]: *The Walker Manufacturing Co. 640 North West Street Indianapolis, Indiana 1914 (Incorporated) Capital Stock \$10,000.00*

Manufacturers of Madame C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair Grower

Indianapolis: The Walker Manufacturing Co. 1914

\$900



Octavo. 16pp. Illustrated from photographs. Stapled printed buff wrappers. Two horizontal creases, rubbed on the crease on rear wrap, cheap paper a trifle toned but supple, else near fine.



An advertising brochure for Madame C.J. Walker Hair Products, about half of it devoted to advertising her products and extolling her virtues (“The first and only woman in the world to give \$1,000 to a Colored Y.M.C.A.”) and lifestyle, including some text in the first person from Walker, with the rest devoted to testimonials, including one from Mrs. Booker T. Washington. Though born into poverty, Walker founded a cosmetics and manufacturing empire, and is generally considered the first African-American millionaire. Walker died in 1919 and her daughter A’lelia succeeded her until her own death in 1931. An interesting and attractive brochure of an important African-American business enterprise. Walker began in the “hair growing business” around 1906, and began to hit her stride between 1910 and 1912. Walker’s empire continued to thrive, and most printed material that one encounters related to her company was published after her death. This is an earlier than usual promotional brochure. [BTC#437671]

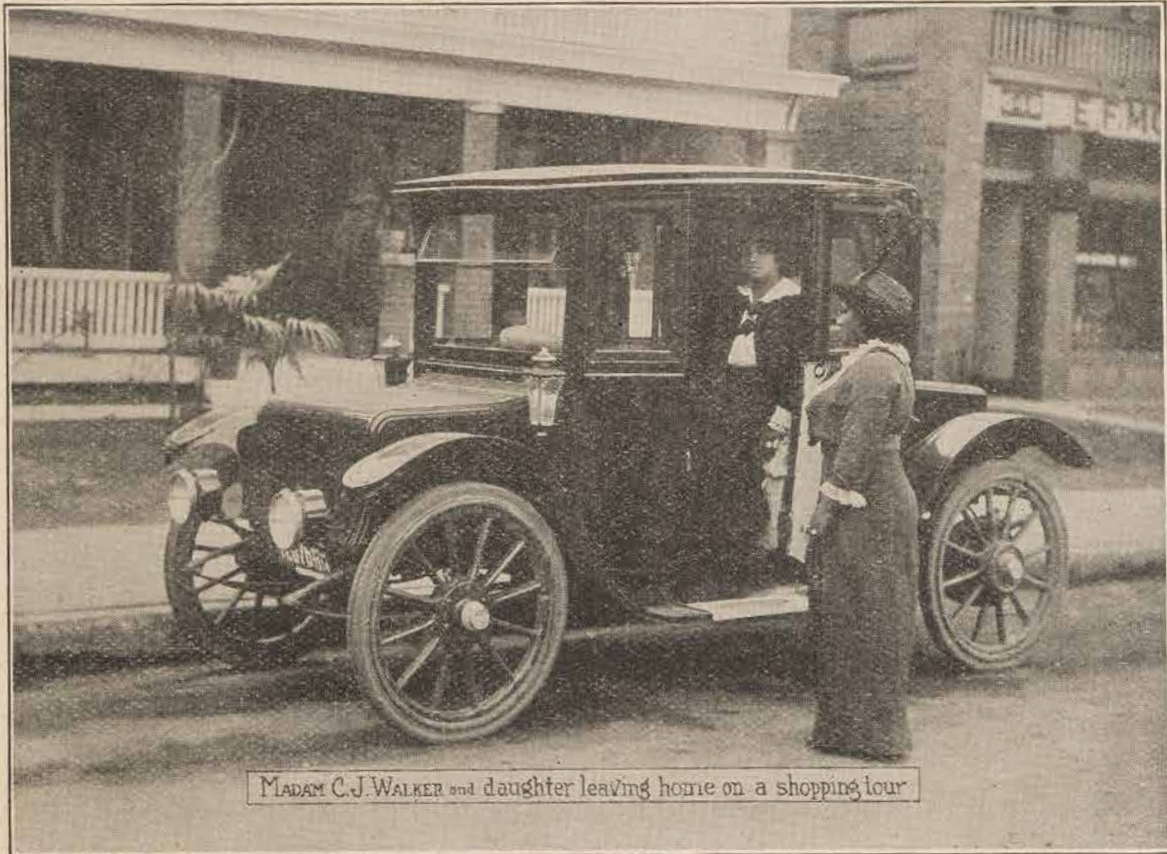
MME. C. J. WALKER

640 N. West Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The best known Hair Culturist in America. The first and only woman in the world to give \$1,000 to a Colored Y. M. C. A.

Madam C. J. Walker was born in Delta, La., December 25, 1867. Her parents were Owen and Minerva Breedlove. Reared on a farm until ten years of age, she then moved to Vicksburg, Miss. She was left an orphan at the age of seven years, under the care of a sister and cruel brother-in-law. She married at the age of fourteen, in order to get a home. She was left a widow at the age of twenty, with one child, a little girl. She moved from Vicksburg to St. Louis, Mo., where she lived for eighteen years. She reared and educated her daughter, enduring many hardships and much toil. In 1905 she discovered a remedy for the growing of h^a

spirit of some Ethiopian Princess, who knew natural secrets, and who from her vast storehouse gave a recipe for the growing and beautifying of the hair, and this wanderer, returning, imparted its information to the conscious mind, and Madam awoke and call it a dream. Say that He who marks the fall of the tiniest leaflet looked down in pity upon the people from the land of shadows, and decided to restore them their lost birth-right, and chose this good woman as an instrument of His will. Call it that, or cry fraud, fake, or vent your disapproval in more expressive terms, there is no way of getting around the fact "that the moving finger writes and having writ, moves on," I say that there is no way of getting around the fact that Madam Walker has the preparation, that it came to her in a dream,



that no one else has a like preparation, that it actually grows hair. When we try to criticise, the above facts are the Gibaltars that our minds strike against, and our well-planned waves of criticism are broken into a thousand sprays, which are caught up and evaporated by the burning rays of the sun of truth.

I have said that eight years ago this preparation came to Madam Walker in a dream; she tried it first upon herself, with what success she herself is a living testimonial; and realizing that she had found the one thing for every woman in the country, she moved to Denver, Colo., where she hoped to put her wonderful discovery on the market. And right here let me digress. On the left bank of the great Mississippi river, kissed and caressed by her unresting waters, beneath the shadowing branches of the stately oak, the impressive cypress, garlanded in wild flowers, moss and running vines, are the bones of the great DeLeon, and as we stand above the silent grave we can not help but drop a tear for the man who lost his life in quest of the "fountain of eternal youth." I interrupted myself saying that Madam Walker went to Denver in the hope of placing her preparation on the market. Do you get the connection? What comes more nearly restoring to woman the face and beauty of youth than a beautiful head of hair? I am thinking that in Madam Walker's Wonderful preparation lies the fountain of youth for women.

I have said that it is not for me to tell of her early struggles; of course, the public branded her a fake, fortune hunter, etc., but the moving finger wrote upon