Black Troops and Blond Brutes

An Answer to the German Charges Against the French Colonial Troops, and a Reminder of Another Occupation.

ENCOURAGED by Representative Britten’s resolution in the House, calling on the United States to protest to France against the presence of black troops in the occupied German territory, the German-Americans in New York and other American cities have let loose a wave of poison gas against the Germans in the United States. From January, 1919, to June, 1920, the average number of black troops in the French Army of the Rhine was 5,200 and of colored races, ranging from Moroccans to Malgaches, 20,000. In June, 1920, the black regiments were withdrawn; there remain the North Africans, the Malgaches and a few black individuals in other regiments. General Allen finds that the Germans have used the presence of these colored troops as the basis for a violent and exaggerated anti-French propaganda, and that some German newspapers have honorably admitted such exaggeration.

The affidavits, photographs and mutilated bodies are witnesses that destroy forever the last shred of doubt and incredulity. For men who are open to testimony, the German atrocities are more surely established than any of the hideous cruelties recorded in history. Now, for the first time, wildest savagery has been reduced to a science, and damned into existence under the name of German efficiency.

And here—and the least of these are a few over a thousand documented atrocities, which, with the original photographs and affidavits, today rest in the archives of France:

(D. 4, 5.) A Belgian babe, skewered upon the bayonet, driven through his stomach, with his little dead head and hands and legs dangling as the German proudly carried it through the streets of a village.

(D. 100-8.) Passing through Haecht, in ad-
Is America On Verge of a Black War?


By Helen M. Talley, in London Daily Sketch.

A Merica's Negro problem is speeding towards a climax that may not look well in print. To begin with, the North in the last two or three years has been subjected to an unparalleled invasion of blacks. And while the North has thus far been free of blacks, the South is proportionately losing these very essential economic units.

This influx in the North started with America's entrance into the world war. The emergences of that struggle, when able-bodied men were in high demand in ship building, munitions making and camp building, gave the Negro his long-awaited opportunity, and overnight the Negro became the industrial equal of the white man for the first time as wages were concerned.

Many Race Riots.

The result was, and still is, obvious. The Negro does not wish to return to the South and pick cotton twelve hours a day or three or five dollars (twelve to sixteen shillings) a week when he can average eight or ten dollars (about two pounds) a day at any one of numerous trades in the North.

There have been serious race riots and lynchings in the South in recent months, a situation that points a powerful moral.

The Negro was an ideal, so to speak, for the North to fight the South over—as long as the Negro was in the South. But now he is in the North and multiplying at the well-known high Negro average events in Duluth, Chicago and other Northern cities show that the Negro is rated no nearer the equal of the white than he is in the South.

Splendor Mixed with Squalor.

I have seen American Negroes in uniform escorting white girls about the streets of London and Paris. In London, I confess, one saw the combination less often, but still it was to be found almost any evening in Trafalgar and Leicester Squares.

When these same black soldiers got back home with perhaps a larger idea of their importance than they held when they went abroad, they were soon put right, especially in communities where other differences had arisen between the two races.

Another thing. The black, on ten dollar a day, can dress his wife or girl like the Queen of Sheba, and himself like a profiteer's Christmas tree. He can wear time-payment diamonds, with a motor-car, and at the same time live in utter squalor.

No More "Down on the Farm."

The "poor white" cannot do that. He isn't in him. He must have the most decent home he can afford and a savings account. When such fundamentals are attended to there are gaudy clothes and imitation diamonds for neither himself nor his wife. They ride in trolley cars and have their amusement once or so a week at the movies.

There used to be a day when the Negro was taught from childhood to cling to one master. The girls were taught the secrets of "corn pone" and chicken a la Maryland, as well as the easier and quicker way of negotiating the family laundry; the boys were taught to tend the farm in all its phases.

With emancipation such training meant a great new world for the Negro as a free and a paid servant, as against the old regime of unpaid slavery. You try to get a Negro maid who will cook or wash, or a husky black to tend your garden, estate, or work on your farm, and see what happens.

You will most likely complete your endeavor by getting a white man and his wife, for unless the Negro is decidedly "out of luck" he will not even listen to you—he can't hear you for the noise of the factory whistle.

The truest index of wealth, perhaps, is in the matter of automobiles.

It is amazing how many of the motors one passes in city or country are not only chauffered but passengers by blacks, all dressed to the last word in motoring toggs—goggles, purple veils, linen dusters, everything complete, even to the flash "on the hip."

Is There a Solution?

What, is to be done with the Negro is something that has never been anywhere near satisfactorily answered, and it seems as if it will not be.

The impossibility of any satisfactory scheme of segregation or deportation to some desirable place that might be set up as an American Negro nation can be appreciated when it is recalled that as long as sixty years ago, when...