

THE
CRUSADER

Onward for Democracy

--

Upward with the Race



OCTOBER, 1918

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THE TRUTH ABOUT AFRICA

AFRICA, to the minds of those of our people who take their information about their own race and fatherland from the mouths of prejudiced or ignorant white, is a continent of illimitable deserts and dark impenetrable forests, inhabited by cannibals and savages of the lowest type of humanity and cursed by debilitating heat and dreadful diseases.

Small suprise, then that Africa has not been very popular among her absent sons. Little wonder that the many opportunities the fatherland presents for trade, Liberty, "security of life" and the unhampered "pursuit of happiness" have been grossly neglected by those who saw in Africa an ogre rather than the rich and healthy land it really is.

Africa, like her sons, has been maligned by caucasion spite and envy. Yet, a Race less obtuse than our own would have read the truth by the mere act of comparing what the white man said with what the white man did in regard to Africa.

If Africa is all unhealthy jungle and burning deserts why Europe's rush and tumble to possess herself of African territory? If Africa was the land they painted her, why are white colonists flocking thither to dispossess the Black man of his soil? And how comes it, then, that Africa and African questions exert so powerful an influence upon the politics of land-hungry Europe?

Africa has been called unhealthy. This is true only of the low-lying coastal strip which in the latitude of the Equator is extremely hot and is undoubtedly unhealthy to foreigners. But climate is affected by other causes than that of latitude. Among these, one of the most powerful is altitude—the height of the land above sea level. And back of the hot coastal strip of Africa lies a mountain strip, high and salubrious, which is succeeded in turn by an interior plateau diversified by mountains and hills, with an elevation averaging 3,000 feet, and a climate in which even the sickliest white men flourish—unfortunately!

What Europeans think of the African climate can be deduced from the testimony of white colonists and travellers. One of the most experienced colonists and for several years governor of British East Africa, Lord Cransworth gives an enthusiastic description of the plateau lands of that country:

What are the assets of the Highlands of the country? They start with the climate, *which is a glorious one.* The question of its transcendent health-giving attributes is discussed later, but there can be no question whatever of the pleasure and joy of life it affords. The next asset lies in the soil, which is rich and abundant. In an area of considerably less than a quarter million square miles she

can produce in one part or another a sample of any kind of day or weather you may want."

And British East Africa, mind you, lies directly under the Equator.

And of Rhodesia, farther South, no less an authority and globe-trotter than Viscount Bryce tells us :

"The climate, though very warm,— for here we are well within the tropics,— is pleasant and invigorating, for nowhere do brighter and fresher breezes blow, and the heat of the afternoon is forgotten in the cool evenings. It is healthful too, except along the swampy river banks and where one descends to the level of the Zambesi."

And of South Africa this same authority tells us:

"It is apparently, the dryness and the purity of air which have given South Africa its comparatively immunity from most forms of chest diseases. Many sufferers from consumption, for whom a speedy death, if they remained in Europe has been predicted, recover health, and retain it to old age."

It will surprise many to hear of snow in Africa. But in North Africa snow is not unfamiliar among the Atlas Mountains and valleys and even on the Equator (Central Africa) snow may be met with. The peaks of charming Kenia and peerless Kilimanjaro are snow-covered for a large part of the year. Yet Mt. Kenia is directly under the Equator and Kilimanjaro not very far distant to the south.

There are great forests in the Congo basin and other regions of tropical Africa, but on the whole the African forests are thin affairs, "*travellers are often surprised to find that on the interior plateau, the continent offers no suggestion of the tropics, the landscape being much like that of North America and Europe.*" Even palms, the sign posts of the tropics, "are rarely seen, except along the streams." Instead of forests and jungles, there are on the plateau great grass lands, the savannas for which Africa is famous. These prairie sections are extensive in the Sudan, the lake country, and in West Africa, south of the Congo belt.

The African landscape is in sections exceedingly monotonous, but in other parts of the greatest beauty and grandeur. The North American continent has nothing to match the iridescent glories surrounding Victoria Falls— nor does Niagara Falls compare with this African "Mosi-Oa-tunya" either in volume or in majestic power. Of this mighty spectacle Cornelius H. Patton says :

"The river, 1,860 yards wide, with almost a straight front, but broken by islands and rocks, makes a leap of 343 feet into a fissure so narrow that it seems as if a stone might be thrown across. The clouds of mist, which seem blown out of the depth by great explosions, and which fall about you in heavy rain, add to the sense of mystery and awe. The fierce rays of the tropical sun, breaking through, project full-circled rainbows against the wall of falling waters. It is a scene unmatched in the world."

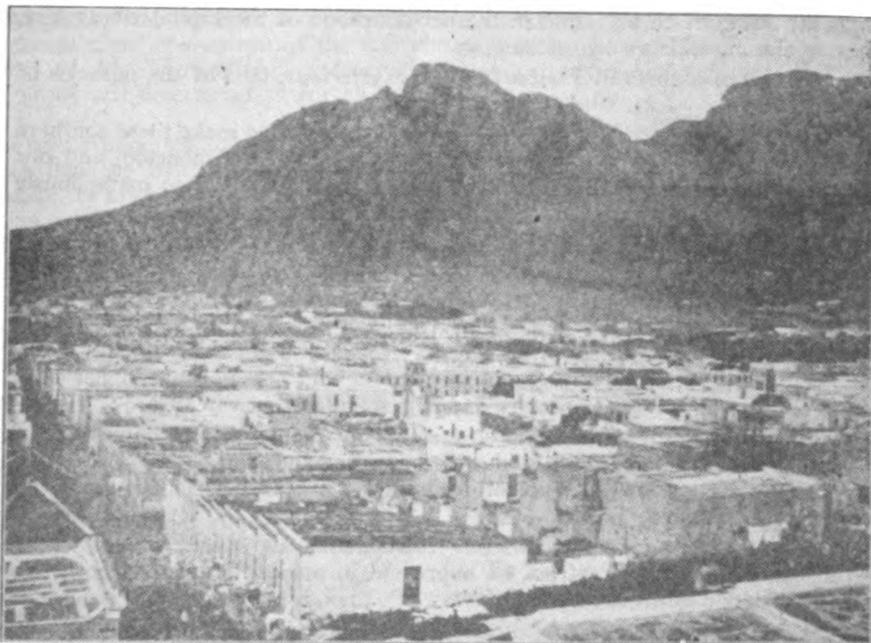
And only one lake in the world— Lake Superior— is larger than enchanting Lake Victoria in East Africa. And even the Sahara has its charm. In the Sahara, say the desert tribesmen, is the "Garden of Allah." Undoubtedly, says Cornelius H. Patton in *The Lure of Africa*, a book could be written on the majesties and beauties of the sand stretches of northern Africa. And about its Springtime beauties Raymond Recouley, writing in the September Scribner's says :

"Nothing can equal the charm of the oases of the Sahara. After long journeying over monotonous stretches of plateaus, across unending plains where nothing growing is to be seen save, here and there, scraggy clumps of l'alfa (esparto grass), after traversing interminable sand-dunes, suddenly one finds oneself in a veritable bower of living green, musical with the sound of running water.

"The barley planted at the foot of the palms is of a delicious green — a refreshment and a delight to the eye. Everywhere, growing among the native African trees, are the fruit trees of France; the apricot, the peach-tree laden down with pink blossoms, and the grape-vine, its long and flexible tendrils climbing upward about the dry and knotty trunks of the palms."

Tremendous is the lure of Africa to those who have once breathed her pure and exhilarating air or trekked across her boundless plains. Owen Letcher in *The Bonds of Africa* bears witness that :

"Not only in the wilds does the spell of Africa grip one. Who that has travelled along the East coast can ever forget the old-world beauty of Mozambique, the colour riot of Zanzibar, the verdure of the island of Mombossa against which the sapphire sea breaks in snow-white foam. If you have seen the illimitable sands of the Egyptian and Soudanese deserts, or from the Citadel watched the peace of eventide sink over Cairo; if you have drunk Nile water or day-dreamed



Cape Town, South Africa

below the mystic Sphinx — can you ever forget these things or turn their memories into the alleyways of the mind? And who that has hunted big game does not at times feel the passion of the chase and the surge of an almost irresistible wave of longing, years after those halcyon times when life was unfettered and the world seemed to be at one's feet?"

Nor is it for her charm and climate alone that utilitarian Europe looks with envy upon Africa. This continent is the second largest of the great land divisions of the globe, and the richest in natural wealth. "The mineral wealth of Africa passes all computation. Johannesburg produces one-third of the world's gold supply, 90 per cent of our diamonds come from Kimberley and other mines of South Africa. In these treasures the continent stands supreme. When we add the copper deposits of the Katanga district, on the Upper Congo, said to be the greatest in the world, the iron, tin and the gold of various sections, being uncovered by the prospector, we are inclined to agree with those who claim

that the mineral wealth of Africa is equal to that of any two of the other continents. What this means in the way of commercial development in coming years it is not difficult to imagine."

Africa's forests and vegetable wealth is equalled only by that of South America. Millions are annually made from the export of rubber, ivory, palm-oil, copra, gum copal, kola nuts, timber, and alfa while the cultivation of cotton, cocoa, coffee, tobacco, wine, hides, wool, etc., is annually increasing in importance. A personal glimpse at the vast vegetable wealth of Africa is given by the great African explorer, Stanley, who says :

"The productions of the land are of great variety, and, if brought within the reach of Europeans, would find a ready market — ivory, coffee, gums, resins, myrrh, lion, leopard, otter and goat skins, ox-hides, snow-white monkey skins, and bark cloths, besides fine cattle, sheep and goats. Among the chief vegetable productions are the papaw, banana, plantain, yams, sweet potatoes, peas, several kinds of beans, melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, manioc, and tomatoes. Of grains, there are to be found in the neighborhood of the capital wheat, rice, maize, sesamum, millets and vetches."

And Felix Dubois in *Timbuctoo, the Mysterious*, tells of the miracles of Nature :

"We have seen that Nature has neglected nothing to make these southern lands fit to maintain a commerce so important as that of Timbuctoo, and one fondly pictures the wealth that might be drawn from a country so marvellously constructed.

"The karita or butter-tree, indigenous to the Niger delta about Timbuctoo, supplies a fruit resembling the peach in taste and possessed of a nut from which is manufactured a vegetable butter used exclusively throughout the Sudan and having the inestimable advantage of never going bad.

"In the neighborhood of the karita tree grows the nata or flour-tree. Flour, contained in its large pods, is sold throughout the Sudan and has been used by Europeans for confectionary and it is singularly rich in sugar.

"It would be difficult to say too much about the third tree found in these parts, the cheese-tree. Not satisfied with providing the Negro with butter and pastry, Dame Nature has benevolently adorned the branches of this tree with camemberts and livarets."

No wonder the Hun dreams of "Mittelafrika and world empire ! And here is what *he* thinks of Africa, as expressed in an inspired article from the pen of Dr. Hugo Marquardsen :

"After a short review of Mittelafrika we come back to the main question : Whether it fulfills the demands for a future German colonial empire. These requirements are of many kinds, raw material supply, markets, military relief for the mother country, its own ability to offer resistance, support of the German policy in the Orient, trade, and naval bases, European settlements. *We must reply to the question, then that no other district on the face of the earth corresponds so well to the conditions in their totality as Mittelafrika.*

"... The intelligent and somewhat cultivated population in any case offers good market possibilities for European trade."

And such is the truth about Africa. And we repeat that a people less obtuse than ourselves could long ago have discovered the truth by the mere act of comparing what the white man said with what the white man did in regard to Africa. And you will notice that the white man who knows anything of Africa speaks well of the country, climate and resources. It is only the pass-by-night tourist and the man who has gathered his knowledge of Africa from the first grade school books that do not know the beauties and wealth of this richly endowed continent.

EDITORIALS

WE THOUGHT THIS WAS SETTLED.

Lord Robert Cecil's declaration that the African colonies of Germany will not be returned to her after the war, because "the British Government has been collecting and will soon publish evidence of Germany's callousness in governing her colonies, after which the world will agree that the colonies cannot be restored to Germany" messes up the African question considerably, coming as it does after the open acceptance by the acknowledged spokesman of the Allied Nations of the humane and democratic principle of self-determination for all peoples.

Are we to understand by Lord Robert's attitude that the British Government does not accept the lofty principles of justice and democracy laid down by President Wilson? Or if it does accept these principles of the American President and People why this talk of not returning her colonies to Germany? Is not the day of colonies and civilisation by gin and punitive expeditions past? Are we not all of us fighting for World Democracy,—for "government of the people, by the people and for the people" which for Africa means government of the African people, by the African people, for the African people." Has not Mr. Wilson been plain and candid enough in his condemnation of superimposed rule? Has he not frankly stated that "No peace can last which does not recognise and accept the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"? This being the attitude of the recognised Allied spokesman why should there be any doubt in British minds as to the future of colonies—German and others?

BUY BONDS

If you have the slightest doubt of whether you will be able to buy bonds of the coming issue of the Fourth Liberty Loan read the article in this month's Crusader entitled "THE BLOND BEAST." Then dig down, down, down, "until it hurts," to make an end to these things all over the world.

Not only for the sake of Democracy and Decency but for your own sake you should

buy bonds. Liberty Bonds are the safest investment in the world. You can at the same time safeguard your future and the future of the world by investing in Liberty Bonds.

Many of us have boys "over there." It is up to us to back them up in their struggle against Prussianism. It is up to us to make possible their early return. Buying Liberty Bonds is one of the best ways to do this. We can not only supply the money necessary to obtain for the Allies a vast preponderance in shells and guns but by making the Fourth Liberty Loan an overwhelming success we can, with our brave boys "over there," demonstrate to the Hun the utter futility of his hopes for victory or even a draw. So Buy Bonds.

TO OUR FOREIGN READERS.

The CRUSADER MAGAZINE founded by and for the Negro has been able quickly to build up a large circulation in the States. On the lips and in the hearts of thousands long ere its appearance in printed form, the CRUSADER MAGAZINE began its career with a subscription list of many thousands. With its appearance the number of subscribers has greatly increased, while on the stands of scores of American cities it has been voted "a good seller".

We are satisfied with the warmth of our reception in the States. Our extensive pre-publication advertising has brought about great results. But gentlemen, the 12,000,000 Negroes of the States lead you by many thousands on our subscription list. This, you will readily admit, reflects upon you who with your many millions in Africa, South America and the West Indies, should at least take as great an interest in the fight for World Justice for the Negro as the twelve million Negro Americans. This is your Fight, too!

RACE DRAMA AT THE LINCOLN

Will the Lincoln Theatre be the means and medium through which is presented in dramatic form the thoughts and life of Negroes, their aspirations and achievements? Will the Lincoln stage be the battle-field in

the war to undo the evils of alien education, and to spread the seeds of democratic instincts and demands among the Negroes of Harlem. At present it does not seem at all impossible. Mrs. Downs and her manager have from time to time in the past encouraged and presented snort plays and sketches of Negro life. And these, on the whole, have been successful enough to encourage a continuance of the policy of encouragement to Negro playwrights and Negro dramatic artists. In fact, so very popular have been these Negro plays and so extremely strong in drawing power that it is a question whether the special field of the Lincoln has not been indicated by the finger of public approval to lay along just these lines.

Sketches of Negro life presented by the John Wilson Company, the Lindsay Players and other Negro dramatic companies have given incontrovertible proof of the superior drawing power of plays of Negro life over plays depicting the mode of life and thought of other peoples.

THE GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITY TO TELL NEGROES OF ITS WAR AIMS

Some time ago the government selected a committee of Negroes to tell the Race of its war aims and enlist its hearty co-operation in the fight for World Democracy. The movement was not very popular, many Negroes arguing that more pertinent would be the telling the Race of the government's aims towards it. However, we have not heard much of the movement of late.

The government has now launched a new movement, of a national rather than of a group nature. The sum of \$70,000,000 has been appropriated for motion picture propaganda telling of the war needs, achievements, purposes and activities of the nation. Here is the government's opportunity to reach the 12,000,000 Afro-Americans constituting one-twelfth of the population of this country and to tell them of the government's aims and purposes through a medium that will be intelligible to each and all. And let not the government err in thinking that it can inspire patriotism and co-operation among Negroes by showing them screens depicting the activities of

white troops and war workers. To reach the Negroes and to bring the matter properly before them the government must have the co-operation of Negro motion picture companies, actors and scenario writers. A part of this vast appropriation—in fairness to the importance of the task and the numerical strength of the racial group—to be reached, one-tenth of the amount—should be set aside for the work among Negroes and this work should be done by Negroes themselves. This is the government's opportunity to reach the mass of the Negro people and in a manner that will appeal to their pride of Race as well as to their love of country and so be doubly effective.



VAE VICTORI

(From a Little People)

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

At your decree we die or live,
Our goods are yours to burn or bind,
Our honor which we would not give,
You cannot take. Ah! fools and blind.

What conquest wins you innocence,
What mastery a heart unstained?
Your power is but impotence,
Your gain—what is it you have gained?

What though your ships should ride the
seas,
Your armies sweep from tide to tide?
Man lives by higher things than these,
You shall go back unsatisfied.

And not to-morrow or to-day
The scales are set, the balance told;
They still have judgment who betray
Their Christ for glory or for gold.

The fruits of victory are sweet—
Ride on to reap your just reward!
Ride on in arrogance, to meet
The Angel with the flaming sword!

P. H. B. L.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

By ANSELMO R. JACKSON

It is admitted that the Negro race—in spite of depressing influences—has made remarkable progress. Yet, it is unwise to be indifferent and inactive because of past achievements, for there is much that must be accomplished before Negroes, as a race, will be respected. The plain and painful truth is that there are serious and significant obstacles to our progress—obstacles which cannot be surmounted by submission and indifference.

We have failed to act wisely in matters of our race, vital to our interest. We have been somewhat color-blind to certain pertinent facts. Too long have we observed important occurrences from a narrow and disadvantageous angle which has done little more than reflect harmfully and seemingly justify our senseless indifference.

Race-contempt, the spirit of dissension, false leadership and lack of confidence and respect combine to form the greatest part of the Black man's burden. Such qualities are far more injurious than the unjust and undemocratic attitude of white men in dealing with Negroes.

There are abundant evidences of race-contempt among Negroes. Many of us, with keen resentment, actuated by racial disregard, condemn and studiously avoid the use of the ethnological term Negro. These silly persons—who would not be taken seriously but for the race-contempt they inculcate in the minds of Negro boys and girls—invent all kinds of appellations which are both foolish and futile. But the term "colored" is the most meaningless of all the monstrosities which correctly reveal the curious notions of our people.

Then there are the light-complexioned Negroes who in their race-mockery pay for the association of white persons. Furthermore Negroes' contempt for their race is established by the fact that as soon as certain Negroes become noteworthy and acquire money and possessions they select as their wives disreputable white women—characters of the underworld who are despised by their friends and families and ostracized by the social standards of their

race. And they choose these specimens of human depravity for their wives in spite of the fact that there are women of the Negro race who possess all the qualities that make women truly noble and honorable!

Under any circumstances it would seem natural that a race of people, who are common sufferers from a certain condition, would be bound together in common loyalty. But a careful examination of the relative facts will indicate that such is not the case with Negroes who are admittedly victims of prejudice. It is unbelievable, but nevertheless true, that there are persons who are diligently engaged in sowing the seeds of dissension among Negroes. This pernicious practice, as a natural consequence, encourages and promotes an antagonistic sentiment whose effects are obviously destructive.

Foolish native pride, which is common to all peoples, is mainly responsible for the noticeable effects which have been produced. In the West Indies the insular pride of the different groups of Negro islanders keeps them divided and antagonistic toward each other. In the British West Indies the Barbadian Negro is despised by the other Negro islanders; the Jamaican Negro believing in his superiority is haughty and bombastic in his conduct whenever dealing with other Negro islanders; the Negro from Antigua actually scorns the Negro from St Kitts, and the same is true of other Negro islanders: each group possesses the same insular pride, each group succumbs and gives vent to the spirit of antagonism.

The Danish West Indians, now known as Virgin Islanders, dislike, and are disliked by the different groups of British West Indian Negroes. Then they, too, manifest that foolish insular pride among themselves. Negroes from St Thomas are impressed with a sense of their own importance and superiority and they substitute this for good common sense whenever dealing with Crucians; and the Negroes from St Croix (Crucians) are as ridiculous and conceited as any other group. It must be remembered that in the West Indies the most exacting

social standards prevail—social standards based upon the complexion, the texture of the hair, possessions, occupation, learning and parentage. Everything taken into consideration conclusively proves that each group lives in a “fool’s paradise”.

Then there is the pitiable and ominous division, “that feeling,” between West Indian Negroes and American Negroes. But this is not all, for the latter, like the former, are divided among themselves and manifest a spirit that is no less destructive and ridiculous. Negroes from the North despise Negroes from the South; and the Southerners are divided among themselves. Negroes from one Southern State, believing themselves better than Negroes from another Southern State, proudly do their part to keep alive the spirit of dissension and thereby prove to the world that the Negro race is weak and divided.

Perhaps “leaders” are the most burdensome form of the Black man’s burden. These “leaders” are devoid of every honorable quality; they by their conduct really elucidate the note-worthy distinction between the two stimuli, principle and profit. They are “leaders” who follow and obey the orders of white men because they are the purchased of black folk. They are the Judas Iscariots who betray for pieces of silver, but, unlike their patron saint, are conscienceless and lack the manliness and the sense of shame to hang themselves, and thereby leave the masses free and unhampered to work out their own destiny.

We find other false leaders in the pulpits desecrating the sanctuaries by their presence and defiling the Word of God by mere utterance. Now and then these ministerial leaders are the grateful beneficiaries of a Slush Fund, say for instance, the two-million-dollar Slush Fund; now and then, being mindful of the money they were paid, we find them advocating in the pulpits or at some auditorium the election of some “true reformer” to an office of trust and honor.

When the fight is greatest, when sacrifice and loyalty are required we find our false leaders “closing ranks” and pleading with Negroes to subordinate their rights and put something else first—a Something which they would like to believe is their’s but which the memories of the hanging of innocent men, the burning of outraged women

and the trampling of an eight-month child torn from its mother’s womb compel them to question.

We find other betrayers of our race’s confidence hurrying to a well-known city—like doctors called in consultation over a sick patient—and there agreeing that the masses are suffering from “justifiable grievances” and advising that the masses should forgive and forget. We find these race-traitors, everywhere engaged in dishonorable pursuits, and they and their successors will remain so engaged until an outraged and enraged race makes an awe-inspiring example of their type.

As a race we lack confidence, that quality which is so essential to the success and welfare of any people. A man suffers more from self-indictment than from the denunciation of his enemies. And it is not hyperbole to declare that Negroes are suffering more from their own condemnation than from the condemnation of white men. Negroes are unduly suspicious of each other, and so long as there is suspicion, so long will it be impossible to maintain unity within the race.

Because of this lack of confidence, this suspicion, Negro Enterprises do not receive the amount of patronage to which they are entitled; and whatever patronage they receive is only obtained because of the convenience which Negro enterprises afford, and not because of any racial consideration. There are not a few instances where Negroes have passed by the stores which are owned by members of their race and have patronized white stores. This situation is really interesting and noteworthy.

Our attitude toward our women is damnable. The same ridiculous indifference which is evinced elsewhere is shown when the honor of our women is at stake. We are at all times too supine, too satisfied. We will never amount to anything, as a race until we thoroughly value and fully appreciate the importance of women in racial development. To be indifferent toward our women is to ignore the future and welfare of our race.

(Continued on page 32)

WHY I AM PROUD

By ANDREA RAZAFKERIEFO.

*My color has stamped me as lazy;
One picked out by Nature to shirk;
But the wonders performed by the Negro
Could have only been done through work.*

*My color stands for a people
Whom you have called evil and wild.
Yet never a land have we stolen
Or a weaker race defiled.*

*My color stands for Achievements
The greatest the world has known;
A race, which for its endurance
Will ever stand alone.*

*My color stands for Religion,
The kind which the white man needs;
For creeds which are not only spoken
But are expressed in deeds.*

*My color stands for Forgiveness,
A virtue from Heaven above;
For a race which meets oppression
With patience and with love.*

*My color stands for Loyalty.
The kind which is ne'er uncouth;
For a race which has given an "Attucks"
But never an "Arnold" or "Booth".*

*My color stands for Meekness,
A trait which has wrought much scorn;
But wasn't this brought to mankind
When Christ, our Lord, was born?*

*My color stands for Sincerity,
A brotherly love complete;
A race which has not yet fallen
To the level of low deceit.*

*My color stands for Valor,
The kind which has stood the test;
For a people whose dusky soldiers
Have ranked with the nation's best.*

*My color stands for Honesty,
For those who would till the soil;
Rather than come into riches
Through other than honest toil.*

*My color stands for Music,
For Poetry and Art;
Three talents enriched, re-inspired
By the warmth of the Negro's heart.*

*My color stands for a People
Contented with their own,
Who only ask the rights of men
And to be let alone.*

*My color stands for a dreamer,
Who builds in the empty air;
A people whose faith in the future
Has carried them through despair.*

*So if you are a Negro
From the hilltop shout it loud—
For one of such a noble race
Should evermore be proud.*

*Negroes go to battle
Like children go to lunch
Yea, they're very naughty
When fighting in a bunch.
They're savage and inhuman,
Without restraint, and law.
For proof—just hike to Flanders
And ask the Germans so!*

—Razaferiefo.

The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.—President Wilson.

The American Race Problem

No. 2. The White Man's Solution.

Is it for this we all have felt the flame.
This newer bondage and this deeper shame?
—Dunbar.

While the Negro has been drifting and letting things take care of themselves, trusting in that great illusion, the Ultimate Equitable Peaceful Solution the white man in the South has been solving the Negro Problem in his own way. And in this he has had the acquiescence of the white man in the North.

Now, the white man's solution of the Negro Problem is great—for himself. For the Negro it is hell and worse! The white man's solution is simply that the Negro should behave himself and keep his place. To this end he has instituted jim-crowism, segregation, the terrorism of lynching, and peonage and convict-labor. If the Negro will stand for this, in the end he will be the dehumanized, servile, unambitious and abject creature that the white man evidently desires to see him. And lest we be accused of exaggeration we call the white man himself to the witness stand. Read what white men, naturally in half-sympathy with the South and only protesting when cracker cruelty went too far, have to say in the white man's solution then consider whether the Northern Negro can afford to stand by in smug complacency of mistaken geographical safety while his brother is being dehumanized in the South. The first we shall call to testify is William P. Pickett, a resident of Brooklyn and author of "The Negro Problem: Abraham Lincoln's Solution", a book we have lately read with great interest. Says Mr. Pickett:

"One of the most alarming aspects of the Southern situation is the constantly increasing tendency towards reducing the Negro to a condition of peonage. A chapter might be profitably devoted to this view of the subject, did space permit.

"From Virginia to Texas various state laws are in force which virtually operate to restrain the Negro farm-hand from leaving the farm, or the common laborer under contract from leaving his employment, and

enable the employer through a system of fines or imprisonment to control the personal liberty of his employee.

"...this amounts substantially to selling into enforced public service or the retaining in private involuntary servitude, persons who fail to pay alleged debts, frequently extortionate or fraudulent. The crime appears to be on the increase throughout the South,.....

"No more may be said upon this point here than that this system, with the barbarous and inhuman convict-labor system of the extreme Southern States, has a general tendency compulsorily to retain the Negro upon his native soil, and is leading towards a system of complete physical subjugation which promises to be fruitful of the greatest injury to the race.

"The practice prevails throughout the range of states extending from Virginia to Texas, of leasing persons convicted of crime (the great majority being Negroes) to the highest bidder, who thus acquires the right to avail himself of their labor as a matter of speculation. Statistics relating to this barbarous practice are simply incredible. The usual custom is for the bidder, frequently some favored politician, to sublet the convicts by hundreds to contracts for road-making, lumbering, working in the turpentine industry, or other similar exhausting labor. The prices paid for the labor of these convicts by those employing their services appears almost beyond belief.

"...and when we take in consideration the ordinary wages paid to unskilled labor in that section, or even the highest compensation of the same class in the North,, and reflect upon what must be exacted in the way of production from an ill-fated convict for whom a sub-contractor is paying \$47.50 per month, with the expense of keeping, the horrors of the system must at once impress themselves on the mind of any person possessing the least spirit of humanity."

Mr. Pickett's testimony is substantiated by other whites who have written on the subject. Prof. Albert. Bushnell Hart in

Continued on Page 31

DIGEST OF VIEWS

Dr. DUBOIS' DEFENSE.

We created last month the 'new' attitude of Dr. DuBois, editor of *The Crisis*; reprinted the objectionable part of what has been termed his "Surrender Editorial" and gave space to the comment of the Negro press criticising Dr. DuBois' attitude in that editorial. Since then Dr. DuBois has come out in his defence and, in an editorial in the September Crisis, tells us that

"A plan of far-reaching constructive effort to satisfy the pressing grievances of colored Americans has been under serious consideration by the military authorities at Washington for two months. On June 15, Dr. DuBois was called in and asked if he would accept a captaincy in a bureau of the General Staff, if one was established, for the above purposes. Dr. DuBois replied that he would, provided he could retain general oversight of *The Crisis*, and provided that his captain's salary (which was \$1,000 less than his present salary) could be supplemented from *The Crisis* income, so that he would suffer no financial loss. The military authorities saw no objection to these conditions. Dr. DuBois then consulted the President of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P., the chairman and the acting chairman of the Board and several members, including Dr. H. Bishop, Bishop Hurst, Dr. Bently, Mr. A. H. Grimke, Colonel Charles Young, Rev. C. R. Walker, Hon. Charles Nagel and Dr. Norton-Jones. All of them, except Mr. Grimke, agreed with the conditions and urged acceptance. Mr. Grimke expressed deep sympathy, but asked more time for consideration.

No decision, however, as to establishing the Bureau was arrived at and when the regular July meeting of the Board took place, the priority of the Government's claim on Dr. DuBois was recognized, but doubt was expressed as to the advisability of his continuing in charge of *The Crisis*.

"A puzzling dilemma between devotion to his life work and duty to his country in time of war was thus forced upon Dr. Du Bois. His final conclusion, painful as it had to be, was to accept the commission.

When thousands were giving their lives to their country, how could he long hesitate in risking far less? This delicate situation was further complicated by vague rumors which led friends of the Association with more zeal than thought to charge the Government with attempted "bribery" and Dr. DuBois with being a "traitor". Some who disagreed with the July editorials of *The Crisis* saw in them further evidences of a "corrupt bargain", not knowing that these editorials were written two weeks before Dr. DuBois had the slightest intimation that his services were to be asked, and were in print before he reached Washington.

"Finally, the General Staff, after carefully considering the matter from all angles, has decided not to establish the proposed bureau "at present" as its broad scope might lead "beyond the proper limits of military activity".

The case for the Defence rests therefore upon the conclusions that "A plan of far-reaching constructive effort to satisfy the pressing grievances of colored Americans" was "under serious consideration by the military authorities at Washington" and Dr. DuBois was asked to serve his race and the Federal Government in the execution of this plan, still, "A puzzling dilemma between devotion to his life work and the duty to his country was thus forced upon Dr. DuBois. His final conclusion, painful as it had to be, was to accept the commission."

In the meantime criticism of Dr. DuBois continues. *The Negro World*, a new newspaper of the progressive kind, in its issue of August 29, warns the amiable doctor that "*They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin*", and goes on to say, among other things, that:

"In the September Crisis, Dr. DuBois, stung to the quick by the hostile criticism of his compromising editorial of "Close Ranks" and his dickering with an official position, has devoted no less than three editorials and nearly two pages of letters to justify his conduct. He devotes all this space to his own defense despite his statement that the criticism had "left Dr. DuBois in unruffled serenity."

"Throughout his defense can easily be detected a desperate effort to bolster up a bad case by far-reached conclusions.

"He tells us that Country should be first and Rights next; that being the case will he explain why he insisted that before accepting a patriotic job he should not be called upon to suffer a financial loss of salary? If he puts his Country first why not make a personal sacrifice of reduction of income in the interest of that Country, especially when he advised the disfranchised black citizen of Georgia to make the Supreme Sacrifice of giving up his life for *his* Country."

POLICE BRUTALITY IN HARLEM

To Certain Policemen

Hail to our bully policemen
The Heroes of the town
Who spend their time abusing
And knocking Negroes down,
Who blindly wield their night-sticks
Spurred on by racial hate
And thus betray Democracy
Their uniform and state.

All honor to these policemen
Who ever seek the chance
To thank black men in Harlem
Whose sons have gone to France,
By cursing at their women
While passing on their way
And beating up their children
Engaged in harmless play.

All glory to these officers
And may they stay at home
For they would run like cattle
If sent across the foam;
For lack of moral courage
Makes cowards out of those
Who, just because of Color,
Would make a race their foes.

All homage to these officers
Whose actions help to teach
The Hun to say that "Yankees
Should practice what they preach."
Were they dismissed, the Kaiser
Would meet a heavy loss
For they with guns and night-sticks
Should win his Iron Cross.

Andrea Razafkertefo in "The Voice"

New York is rapidly learning that the status of one section of the Race, no matter how far away, affects others. Alleged brutality of police to Negro men and children in the Harlem section, has aroused the people of that section to determined pro-

test against the presence of all white policemen and certain ones in especial. Says "*The Voice*" of that section :

"Recent disturbances in this community have revealed that Negroes do not receive the amount of police protection to which they are entitled. Policemen, seemingly, are of the opinion that they have license to insult and brutalize Negroes whenever it suits their whims to do so, as the same notable disregard of the rights of Negroes which has been manifested elsewhere, is shown by them in dealing with Negro citizens. These uniformed employees of the city, who are being paid to protect the life and property of citizens, unnecessarily provoke and foment disturbances by their threatening attitude and brutal tactics.

"Every case of injustice and persecution deprives the white policemen of confidence and respect, and makes Negroes more insistent in demanding that Negro communities shall be policed by Negro policemen."

And "*The Amsterdam News*" of the same city tells us :

"For these manifestations of lawlessness in what was formerly a model community several factors are responsible. First and foremost among these factors is the war and its effect upon the mind of the late underdog; secondly, the irresponsible and unthinking street agitators; thirdly, the grossly unfair and impolitic attitude of most of the whites doing business in this district, and, fourthly, the individual lawlessness, bullying and often intolerable freshness of white policemen toward Colored citizens. This minority has so effectively nullified the good work of Captain Ward and most of his men that the Coloured people of Harlem—yes, even the most law-respecting—have completely lost confidence in the white police. A white man in a police uniform appears to most of us as a prejudiced bully, who would club and maltreat any of us on the smallest pretext and without provocation."

THE BLOND BEAST

Ever since Gobineau, in his book "*The Inequality of Races*," sprang the theory of the superiority of the white races, the European has been calling upon the darker peoples of the world to bow down before and worship the self-elected god of the white skin and curly locks. We were asked to believe with Gobineau that courage, strength, beauty, virtue, intellect were exclusive qualities of the white races, or at least, not possessed in as high degree of development by the darker races. And the whiter the skin and the fairer the locks the higher the race and the greater its possibilities for development, we were told. And only the white races are capable of self-government and only the whitest of them fit to master (i. e. exploit) the world. Europe preached the superiority of Aryan blood and the inferiority of the 'mixed' races, the decadence of Latin culture, as well as the inherent inferiority of the Black and Yellow races to all species of the grand white family. As Ferrera, a Latin, testified in his recent book, *Europe's Fateful Hour*. "Western civilization was on the way to thinking itself omnipotent. This malady had attacked all the nations of Europe to a greater or less extent, but its ravages were greatest in Germany which had fallen victim to that magalomania, that insensate pride, that unbounded ambition, that deterioration of the morals of the masses which made a country, which for long had been regarded as the model of the world, become in a few short months its terror and its detestation.

"From one end of the world to the other millions of men have stigmatised the German nation as the shame of our age, as the representative of barbarism, without any longer remembering that they admired it, three years ago, as the teacher and the model of the universe."

The Germans have always been "limited in invention". What had they done, Major MacFall asks in *Germany at Bay*, to place them above the rest of the world? Did the German invent the steam engine, the steamship, the locomotive, the telephone, the telegraph, the sewing machine, submarine, airplane "or any mortal thing that is at M'n's

service to-day? Is he not rather the more remarkable for having the brains to invent so little?"

But Europe, worshipping the ideal of force and preaching the theory of the superiority of the whitest skin accepted Germany, in the days before the War, as the model of the universe, for were not the Germans, with the Scandinavians, the purest whites in the world? "What did it matter if, so far back as 1870, she had resuscitated the old barbarous soul of war and proclaimed the sovereign rights of force? What did it matter if she had developed her industry and commerce by means of artificial methods such as *dumping*; by systematic deterioration of the quality of all the goods manufactured, and by making use without scruple of all the means of falsification that the human mind can invent? To blame these practices would have required ideals of perfection, or qualifying standards of appraisal. But these were growing confused, losing their prestige and their force. The result alone counted."

So Europe went on worshipping force and using it in contravention to all Christian, humane and democratic codes against the weaker peoples of Africa and Asia who, because they did not worship this god of the white man and were not organised to resist its attacks were declared to be inferior and incapable of self-government! Fortunately for the world and its civilisations the mass of white family balked at the final test and, hastily throwing overboard from the various ships of State the Gobineau theory of the superiority of the fairest race, declared war on the whitest of the whites and the priest of the Aryans. "Mongrel" Europe thus rejected the golden opportunity to be ruled by the whitest whites! And the repudiation of the pernicious doctrine of the superior fitness of the whitest whites was made complete by the alignment of "mongrel" America with the foes of the whitest whites!

And to their aid against the Blond Beast, France, Great Britain and America have not hesitated to call in the warriors of the darker races. Heresy, indeed! For bayonets plunged by Black, Brown and Yellow hands are giving the final puncture to the

bubble of the superiority of the whitest. Men will no longer worship the god they have pursued on the battlefield. And greater heresy was to follow. Germany's enemies themselves began to doubt whether, after all, virtue, courage, beauty and intellect were exclusive attributes of a pearly white skin and golden curly locks. Compliments were showered upon Japan and grateful praise was rendered to the Gurkhas and Senegalese who saved the day around Verdun. And Anglo-Saxon and Latin joined with African, Asiatic and Slav in pointing the finger of scorn at the highly organised and developed German nation. "Within a week the nation which had been the model of all the virtues became the object of universal execration. The dictionary no longer held adjectives adequate to stigmatise it. It was banished from the society of civilised nations." Accusations flew thick and fast, and proof was not wanting, of barbarities unmentionable, of shocking atrocities, of dark and bloody crimes against all Christian and humane ethics such as could—so we are told—have been committed only by fiends blind to virtue, and completely lacking in courage and high intellectuality. These whitest of the whites have been known to rape and murder helpless women, to bayonet babes in the arms of their mothers, to crucify captured enemies, to sink unarmed neutral ships carrying defenceless women and children and non-combatant men, to bomb Red Cross hospitals and torpedo hospital-ships, to bombard unfortified towns and to exercise the most barbarous hatred upon their captured or conquered foes. We said they 'have been known to' advisedly. Modern courts are satisfied with two forms of testimony, but the German atrocities are evidenced by five kinds of indubitable proof. "There is the testimony of men and women telling what their own eyes have seen, and their own ears heard. There is the testimony of little children, children too innocent to invent what they are old enough to describe. Third, there is the testimony of the photograph—photographs taken often before the massacred bodies had grown cold, and immediately after the German retreat from the town they had pillaged. Another form of proof is found in the journals and diaries of the German soldiers. There is also the testimony of the mutilated bodies

that have been preserved in certain morgues against the day of judgement when arbitrators will behold the proof, hear the witness, and weigh the guilt of the Germans."

"Strike him dead. The Day of Judgement will not ask you for reasons." This is the motto on the aluminum token that the German Government gives to every German soldier. This is the spirit of the command which the Kaiser issued to his soldiers about to violate China; "You will take no prisoners; you will give no quarter; you will make yourselves as terrible as the Huns under Attila." This was the spirit of the German proclamation to the Herreroes plundered of their natieland: "Within the German frontier, every Herrero, with or without rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot. I will not take over any more women or children. But I will either drive them back to your people or have them fired on". Such was the culture which Europe and America called superior in the days before 1914. The fruits of that Kultur let loose in Europe are identically the same fruits as when by common consent of Europe, that Kultur was let loose upon the weak peoples of Africa and Asia! "The full extent of the reign of terror and frightfulness in France can only be guessed with a shudder. More than one hundred thousand people are simply reported as "missing"; other multitudes were burned and thrown into pits."

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 dammed into existence under the name of German efficiency."

And here—and the least sickening—are a few of over a thousand documented atrocities, with the original photographs and affidavits, resting in the archives of France against the day of reckoning:

(D. 4, 5.) *A Belgium 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.*

(Continued on page 24)

A STREET EPISODE

By GERTRUDE E. HALL

"Oh my!" said a lady rushing breathlessly into the house. "I saw something terrible happen in a near-by street just now. It was something which I suppose often happens, but it really makes one think.

"On my way to Central Park I saw a young white woman coming along the street and all at once I heard loud shrieks of 'stop! stop! bring back my bag! bring back my bag, I say!' At the same time I noticed two little Colored boys about six years old running as fast as they could toward one of the Streets opposite Manhattan Square. The woman's screams attracted the attention of a street workman, evidently the only person in sight fleet enough of foot to pursue the culprits. The two little urchins who seemed to have been trained by Fagin were still making double quick time but just as they were entering the street the workman overtook them, and brought the young thief back to the waiting woman. The happy woman advised the workman to let the little fellow go (the other had already made good his escape) that he was too young to know what he was doing.

"By this time the usual crowd had gathered and with it was an older woman apparently a grandmother who wanted to question the boy as to who had 'put him up' to such a thing. But the young woman resented even this, and so did the boy, principally by opening wide his mouth and sending forth whoops to equal those of a wild Indian.

"The old woman continued to remonstrate with the boy, but the young woman again bade her to let him be, that she had recovered her bag and that was all that was necessary.

"But," said the elder woman, "I tell you there are older people teaching him to do this and I want to save him from something worse later in life."

So great was the crowd by this time that the teller of this true story could get no further details of the excitement, so

this ends the boy's story while mine begins.

Many will agree with both women when it occurs to them that small children are simply mirrors that send back our own reflections or like the wood that echo of ourselves. Anyone who has had anything to do with children knows they do not have to be taught to act out any talk they may have overheard, whether it be stealing or making an original prayer. And they are too young to be held accountable at six. They deserve to be saved from worse later in life. It ought always to be remembered that children aim to copy. Say a word and they repeat. They not only repeat but they add to and arrange and rearrange words around what they hear until their yarns unravel like the tales of a well-written story-book.

My long experience with children has taught me that they need watching and to be patiently listened to at all times. Especially when they least expect it. Most of us are acquainted with the sort of child that given an inch will take an ell. But if children are watched from a distance parents will detect the true nature of their children without any possibility of affectation in the form of excused or exaggerated actions and ideas. Thus having time to collect their own thoughts they can well advise and suavely guide the children into better channels.

Should the child's companions seem to be the cause of evil tendencies then his attention should be gently turned toward more wholesome playmates.

In my opinion one of the pitiable weaknesses of mothers is the mistake they make in thinking earnestness an unkindness to the child. The average four-year-old, able to eat his daily portion of beef-steak, has more surplus energy to use in waywardness than the average mother has over and above her daily household duties to train him right.

Hence, the busy mother whose word is not immediately law; who has not early

established in the child a confidence in her; and who cannot find the weapon of earnestness when necessary, is to be compared to a man who gallops away on his pet horse without a spur.

If one wishes to confirm the idea of firmness and consistent dealing with children as the correct one she has but to watch a child in his manner toward his mother and his governess, or even a nurse-maid. The child, many times will work all sorts of unpleasant devices on the mother when he steers clear of the governess with any untimely nonsense. Still, in many cases the child places the firmest trust in the governess out of sheer respect. Strange some mothers continue misapplying energy on husbands and house-maids that should be expended in the proper bringing-up of their children!

It takes all kinds of people to make the world and there seems to be four kinds of mothers somewhat responsible for the fate of humanity: The one who promises punishment and never fulfills; another who thinks it necessary to do nothing more than cuff and beat the child; a third who gives the child every pleasure and does nothing to exact obedience; and the kind who gives everything she promises and thinks will add to the happiness of her children.

And it was under the fourth description that I found a happy mother and her four happy children. Both the father and the mother give everything they promise their children, and "we begin it very early in each child's life," she said.

No one should misinterpret me to be endorsing harsh methods for the treatment of children. But there would be many more happy homes if parents refused to lose their authority to the two-year-old. As all classes of people have rights, so have children. As the adage goes, "Every boy has a right to be tied to his mother's apron strings," likewise it is his privilege to be "too big a coward" to smoke the first cigarette or to drink the first glass of beer. True manliness can find no better expression than in respect for one's parents or in quickly and firmly saying No when tempted to start on an evil course.

A Tribute

for

The Negro Soldier

by

JOHN EDWARD BRUCE "GRIT"

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FREDERICK DOUGLAS

AN APPRECIATION

By BRUCE GRIT.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

Frederick Douglas was diligent in his business. He was an agitator, and a successful one. He did stand before kings. Kings of thought and action in the domain of intellect. And he thundered from the rostrum like Angels trumpet-tongued for the rights and liberties of his Race. Frederick Douglas was the greatest man the Race in this country has produced in a hundred years, and his greatness is magnified by the great depth from which he arose and by the tremendous heights to which he attained. His virtues and greatness are enhanced by the passing years, and his influence upon Negro public thought is intensified by our constantly increasing knowledge of the nobility of his heart and mind. These give us a glimpse of the Man as he knew himself and as God knew him.

This inner view of his useful and eventful life shows him to have been one of the most remarkable, forceful and powerfully influential characters in the life of this nation and in the history of the Race which he dignified and honored more than it did him while he was struggling with voice and pen, man fashion, against the forces of evil and error to secure for it a hearing at the bar of American public opinion and a place in the great American family other than that of slaves. No man of Negro origin in America wielded such a powerful and permanent influence upon American thought and public opinion as did Mr. Douglas, *and this, too, without the sacrifice of a single principle of manhood or of honor.* Whatever else he may have been in the opinion of his critics, I think it may with truth be said that he was neither an opportunist, a genuflexionist, nor a sycophant courting by these methods the favor of white men for a little temporary power and influence. His life dream was the Emancipation of his Race from the curse of American slavery as he knew it and as he hated it, and to this end he employed all his great nature and acquired abilities to make slavery and slave-holders appear

as odious and as abominable as he knew them from bitter experience, to be both in the capacity of slave and slave-holder as it appealed to Christian and humanitarian people throughout the world. As a platform orator he ranked with the best this country has produced. His wonderful and magnetic eloquence on the platform enabled him to easily depict the then degraded condition of his people, and his ready and facile pen could paint it as faithfully as did the artist who painted Cromwell's picture; he painted it wart and all. He demanded not only freedom for his Race, but that this nation should confer upon it the great badge of citizenship—the ballot; and he lived to see the realization of his hope, the fulfillment of his dreams—the principle of the equality of men recognized as a part of the organic law of the reconstructed nation—at least on paper, and which is now more honored in the breach than in the observance of that which it typifies. He lived to see the coming of the morning, the dawn and the sunrise of a newer and brighter day for the Negro in America, and he realized that the hardest, and most difficult work of his life was done; and like Simeon of old was prepared to say when his summons came: Now Lord lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. He died in harness battling for the right of woman to use the ballot on the principle that right is of no sex. He perfectly understood that the battle of this Race is an intellectual one, that trained intellects are more powerful and effective weapons than physical force in a contest for rights denied and withheld, and so he encouraged young men to use their intellects in fighting this battle and to hit hard and hit often.

(To be continued)

*God made the world.
The white man found it
And quickly built a fence around it;
He let in the devil and locked up
well,
And ever since the world's been
hell!* —Razaferiofo.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

"CHEATING CHEATERS"

By MAX MARCIN

CAST

Steve Wilson A. B. DeComathiere
 Antonio Verdi Thomas Moseley
 George Brockton Sidney Kirkpatrick
 Nell Brockton Laura Bowman
 Ian Carey Abbie Mitchell
 Elias Ruth Brockton
 Mrs Palmer Susie Sutton

"Cheating Cheaters" was the play chosen by the management of the Lafayette Theatre for the opening of the Fall Season and the reopening of the house which had been closed for several weeks for renovations. The choice could not have been better.

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Sidney Kirkpatrick and Laura Bowman

ra Lazarre Will A. Cooke
 Grace Palmer Alice Gorgas
 Tom Palmer William Townsend
 Edward Palmer J. Frances Mores
 Phil Preston Lionel Monagas
 Morton T. Hanley W. J. Coleman
 Palmer Cole Williams

"Cheating Cheaters" is certainly one of the best and most amusing plays we have seen either on Broadway or on Seventh Avenue. Presented at the Lafayette during Labor Day week it brilliantly repeated its success

of a few seasons ago on the Great White Way.

"Cheating Cheaters" is the absorbing and amusing story of the battle of wits between two combinations of crooks, each of which mistakes the other combination for a wealthy and respectable family, while in reality both sets are aping respectability simply to get into the supposed elite circle of the other to effect a robbery of their jewels. This makes the story both interesting and hugely amusing, while a touch of the mysterious is given by there being in the background a great detective whom both combinations greatly fear and who in the end turns out to be not so much in the background at all, but none other than the girl leader of one of the combinations who had mixed with the crooks to gain their confidence and uncover their secrets. All in all, the plot of "Cheating Cheaters" is a corker. And its development is guided by the expert hand of a great dramatist who keeps his audience absorbed and amused at the same time and springs mysteries and surprises with happy effect.

"Cheating Cheaters" is presented by the strongest combination of artists that we have ever seen at the Lafayette Theatre. A stock company, its work compares with the best work of the greatest aggregation that Broadway could produce after months of study and coaching. Miss Abbie Mitchell in the leading role of Nan Carey would hold her own with the really great of the Broadway stage and surpass many whom we have seen accounted great. Her work was an exquisite combination of grace, art and perfect enunciation. Both as crook and as detective she was perfectly convincing.

The role of Tom Palmer, the leader of the other gang of crooks, was handled in an able and convincing manner by "Babe" Townsend, who has developed into one of the best of the leading men of the Lafayette Players—which fact should encourage the Lafayette directors to make such experiments from time to time.

The comedy end of the play, meritorious in itself, was greatly strengthened by the inimitable work of Laura Bowman and Will Cooke. As Nell Brockton Miss Bowman was a scream. Her interpretation of the character in its naturalness and in its poses

of respectability was immense and kept the house in constant good humor.

Distinguished in appearance and of great dramatic ability, J. Frances Mores scored a huge success as the dignified Edward Palmer of Crook Combination No. 2. Mr. Mores had been absent for several weeks and the audience was glad to see him back and gave him a warm welcome that would certainly have been thunderous but for his sudden appearance in a speaking scene.

The versatility for which A. B. De Comathiere is now justly famous was again demonstrated in his able handling of the role of Steve Wilson, the rough one of Crook Combination No. 1.

Sidney Kirkpatrick's dignified interpretation of the role of George Brocton made a great impression on the audience. It was indeed charming. He seems to be equally good as a crook and as a virtuous minister.

Thomas Mosely continues to make his mark. As the Italian crook-professor of Combination No. 1 he exhibited dramatic ability of no mean degree. His work was extremely pleasing.

Miss Susie Sutton gave an excellent and convincing interpretation of the role of Mrs. Palmer.

Miss Alice Gorgas was extremely charming and effective in the part of Grace Palmer.

W. J. Coleman and Cole Williams appeared to advantage as operatives in the Detective Agency.

The work of Lionel Mongas as Phil Preston, the 'butler' in one of the crook family-combinations, was extremely good.

All in all "Cheating Cheaters" sets a high standard for the new era at the Lafayette—both in grade of play and in the excellence of acting.

The house has been beautifully renovated and will undoubtedly constitute a pride and joy to patriotic Harlemites.

Much credit is due the Lafayette Management for its work in opening up in this and other cities dramatic opportunities for the Race, and we take great pleasure in registering our approval of its present policy. While we shall never hesitate whenever criticism is necessary we are extremely glad that it is not at present necessary.

BOOK REVIEW

PAULOWNIA. Japanese Stories. Translated by Torao Taketomo. Duweld & Co. \$1.25.

We find an unusual interest in *Paulownia*, a volume of stories from contemporary Japanese writers, translated by Torao Taketomo, and with a foreword by John Erskine, who recently edited a volume of Lafcadio Hearn's lectures to Japanese students.

The seven stories in the volume are by three writers. The title, *Paulownia*, is the name of a tree from which a lute of especial charm is made, and these stories are given as showing the melody of the Japanese mind.

These are stories in emotion rather than stories of action. They are like Japanese prints, delicately colored, chaste in outline and with a charm that relies on vague suggestion than on bold drama. They have the outer reserve together with the inner spiritualism and emotionalism that we mentally associate with the Japanese character.

Mori Ogwai, who is represented by three stories in the volume, is a Surgeon-General in the Japanese Army, author of many poems, stories and dramas, and translator of such American authors as Washington Irving and Bret Harte. *Takase Bune* is a sympathetic study of a man convicted of murdering his brother, who struggles vainly with the problem as to whether or not he is guilty. *Hanako* shows Rodin studying a Japanese woman, while *The Pier* gives us an analysis of the emotions of a high born woman bidding farewell to her husband. The wife would like to wave her handkerchief at her husband, as she sees others doing, but her reserve will not permit it.

"She also grasps the batiste handkerchief which she brought in her sleeve, but she cannot do such an immodest thing."

The translator tells us that while the general tone of Ogwai's work is white, that of Nagai Kafu is peacock blue and crimson, and that he is essentially a colorist. We see both the sombreness and the brilliance of his color in the sketches by him included in the volume. *The Bill-collecting* shows the experience of a girl employed as a servant in a house of Geisha girls, while *Ukiyoe* is a series of impressionistic descriptions.

BOOKS RECEIVED DURING AUGUST

LIBERA, by Frederick Starr. A sympathetic and truthful review of the geography, politics, history, progress, resources and problems of the Black Republic. Well worth reading. On sale at Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th street, New York.

EFFUSIONS OF THE SOUL, a small book of poems by Henry T. Bradely. Broadway Publishing Co., 835 Broadway, New York City.

WITH GOD AND THE COLORS, by Mrs. Leila Atwood Foust. The Vir Publishing Co., Phila.

MY COUNTRY, AND OTHER POEMS, by Theodore Henry Shackelford, with illustrations by the author, a promising young Negro poet, and an introduction by Charles Hastings Dodd, D. D., L. L. D. Press of I. W. Klopp Co., Phila. On sale at Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th Street, New York.

"The German people are destined for great things," says the Kaiser. Including the greatest licking in history.—*Wall Street Journal*. Yep, the "Buffs" are 'over there' to 'see it through'.

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mittent crashes and booming effects are due chiefly to irregularities in the shape of the path.—*Popular Mechanics.*

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THE BLOND BEAST

(Continued from page 15)

(D. 100-8.) Passing through Haecht, in addition to the young women they violated and killed, a child three years old was found nailed by its hands and feet to a door.

(Affidavits in Alcove 867.) The dead body of a young girl nailed by her hands to the outside door of a cottage. She was about fourteen or sixteen years of age.

At Capelle-au-Bois the Belgian troops found two girls hanging naked from a tree with their breasts cut off. In the same town, German soldiers held a mother down by force while other soldiers in turn violated her daughter in an adjoining room.

(D. 92-93. Also D. 100-8.) Photographs of an aged priest, staked down to the ground, and used as a lavatory until he was dead; photographs and affidavits of young girls with one breast cut off.

And this is the culture of the whitest of the whites! The nation which, prior to 1914, was accepted as the teacher and the model of the universe. This is the German, who with the Scandinavian, remains today the purest representative of the much-sung Aryan race! This is the whitest of the whites, whose white skin and fair locks made him, according to the hitherto European—and American-accepted theory of the whiter the better, the highest type of humanity and the only one fit to master the world—this Vandal, this murderer, this Blond Beast with his pig-stye and butcher-stall Kultur!

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Reminiscence

By W. FRANCIS, Jr.

Out on the field of battle
Where Negro and Frenchmen meet
To share the honors of glory,
To share the throes of defeat;

The scene brings a thought reminiscent
Of the valiant days of yore,
In the time of that martyred soldier
Toussaint L'Ouverture.

The deeds of this valiant soldier
Of effort however sublime,
Were dimmed by the sage who reckoned
His deeds with the sands of time.

But out on the field of battle
Where Negro and Hun doth meet,
The deeds of to-day will be reckoned,
The history will be complete.

And the names of these dusky heroes,
Will be linked with that of yore,
The soldier, the martyr, the statesman
Toussaint L'Ouverture!

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The Germans have again withdrawn their lines according to the prearranged plans—of Foch.—*New York World*.

If a successful retreat of a dozen miles stirs German military critics to such admiration, what will be their raptures when the Army gets to Berlin.—*Springfield Republican*.

America's vital need is fewer lynchings and more launchings.—*Springfield Republican*.

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HELPFUL HINTS FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

WHY WE GROW OLD WHILE WE ARE STILL YOUNG.

Why do you grow old? It is a most difficult question, one which some of the wisest men have tried to answer. But why most of us grow old before our time is a question easily answered and a situation over which we ourselves have full control. It is strictly true that some people are older at forty than others at sixty, this proves that it is not merely the passage of time that makes us old but how we live during that time. People who do not lead wise lives—who eat and drink too much and who almost never get as much sleep as they require are the one whose joints get stiff, whose hair turns grey and falls out before they are forty. Instead of fighting time with such weapons as cold creams and lotions, eat less, drink less alcoholic beverages and more water and be young at seventy instead of old at forty.

BEAUTY IS A DUTY.

There is only one thing that will destroy beauty more effectively than worry, and that is lack of sleep. One may worry for weeks before the little lines of care and the general weariness begin to make their marks upon your features, but two nights of sleeplessness in succession will make you look five years older. Baths are among the best remedies for sleeplessness. An ordinary hot bath and a brisk drying with a rough towel will nearly always bring sleep.

Do not attempt any mental exercises to induce sleep, because in concentrating the mind in this manner you are laying the foundation for crowsfeet and those deep wrinkles between the eyebrows.

MAKING BEADS.

The new beads that are so popular may be made easily at home in the following manner: Into a clean granite kettle put one cup of salt, moistened with cold water. Bring to a boil, add one-half of a cupful of cornstarch, mixed smooth, and stir, when it is thoroughly cooked lift the kettle from the

fire and turn the mixture into a dish containing a tablespoonful of olive oil. Have the hands well oiled with it. Knead the mixture as you would bread dough. When it is smooth, color the dough with water color paints or ordinary dye. If you use the dye, mix a small quantity of it with cold water and work into the dough with the finger tips.

If you wish after the dough has been colored, you can keep it for at least a week by wrapping it first in a dry cloth and then in a wet one, this will keep it in good condition in case you are not ready to make the beads at once.

As you mould the beads, make a hole through the center with a steelpin. After moulding let them stand over night. In the morning they will be ready to string. You can get a mould at most any hardware store, or they can be moulded by hand.

Rice Fondue.

This is such a delicious luncheon dish, and can be used to such good advantage at other meals that the provident housewife will find it very useful. Scald two cupfuls of milk, add two cupfuls of cooked rice, one cup grated american cheese, one salt spoonful salt, and one teaspoonful of your favorite sauce. Cook slowly until cheese is melted, stirring with a fork. Serve hot with a crisp green salad.

Peppers and Cheese.

Melt one tablespoonful butter, add two ounces cheese, and melt over a slow fire. Add one tablespoonful chopped peppers, salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Cook until well blended and serve on rounds of toast.

More Nourishing.

Baked Kidney Beans:—Two cups kidney beans, one half cup molasses, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful salt, one onion, four slices of bacon. Soak the beans over night and boil until tender. Mix with some of the liquor from them the molasses, mustard and salt, place the onions in a deep baking dish with the whole whole onion at the bottom and pour the liquor over them. Lay bacon slices on top and cook slowly two and a half hours, leaving the cover off the last half hour to assure browning.

Baked Beans with Semp.

One pint of navy or kidney beans, one

cupful samp or coarse hominy, one quarter pound salt pork, two tablespoonful molasses, two teaspoonfuls salt, and one teaspoonful paprika. Soak samp and beans overnight and prepare as in the foregoing receipt.

Raised Graham Rolls

Sift one pint each of graham and white flour into a bowl and turn the bran from the graham in also; then add a quarter of a cupful of molasses, one half of a cake of yeast, dissolved in a quarter cupful of water, one teaspoonful salt and one pint of warm water. Beat well for twenty minutes, cover the bowl and allow the sponge to rise overnight. In the morning beat again, add sufficient additional graham flour to form a dough that can be handled, knead slightly, form into rolls, lay in a greased pan and let them rise again until they are doubled in size. Brush over with a little softened butter and bake in a moderate oven.

Sweet Potato Muffins.

One cup flour, one cup sweet potatoes, one cup milk and water mixed, one egg, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add cold sweet potatoes which have been slightly mashed or put through ricer. Add beaten egg and liquid, mixing well. Bake in greased muffin tins in moderate oven thirty minutes.

Jam Cake.

Cream together one cupful of butter, and one cupful of sugar, add three eggs separately, five table spoonful of sour cream in which has been dissolved one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, three and a half cupfuls of flour, and one cupfull of blackberry jam. Double the quantity if a large cake is desired.

Stain Removers.

Remove tea and coffee stains with boiling water.

Remove chocolate stains with borax and cold water.

Remove milk and cream with cold water

Remove scorch with sunlight.

Remove grass stains with amonia and cold water.

Remove ink stains with milk, lemon juice or salts of lemon.

Remove paint with turpentine or turpentine with amonia.

Remove iron rust by moistening with amonia then use salts of lemon.

Remove medicine stains with alcohol.

Remove tar with kerosene then warm water and soap.

Sure Death to Roaches.

Sure death to flies and roaches and harmless to children is three teaspoonsful of formalin added to a pint of water and sprayed about the room.

THE IMMORAL AFRICAN!

"I have seen the Hausa woman and the bush Fulani woman in their classical robes. I have seen the Yoruba woman bathing in the bgun, clad only in the natural clothing of her own dusky skin. I have seen the scantily attired Gwarri and Ibo woman, and the woman of the Bauchi highlands with her bunch of broad green leaves "behind and before", and nothing else, save a bundle of wood or load of sorts on her head, or a hoe in her hand. I have visited many African homes, sometimes, announced, sometimes not, at all hours of the day, and sometimes of the night. I have passed the people on the beaten track. I have yet to see outside of our cantonments—where the wastrels drift—a single immodest gesture on the part of man or woman. Humanity which is of Nature, is as Nature herself, moral. There is no immodesty in the nakedness which "knows not that it is naked". The Kukuruku girl, whose only garment is a single string of beads round neck and waist, is more modest than your Broad Street dame clad in the prevailing fashion, suggesting nakedness. —E. D. MORAL in "NIGERIA—ITS PEOPLES AND ITS PROBLEMS".

True Mays

By WILLIAM H. BRIGGS.

THE individual who will come through this trying period successfully is the one who will face the facts, accept the situation as it is, and make the best of it. The test of an individual's capacity is to know when opportunity is knocking at his door and seize it before some one else does.

An unhealthful stagnant pool of water is not half as hurtful to the neighborhood as a stagnant man or woman.

We need to have some scheme of what human nature stands for, that we may be able to apply it in our own case and see whether we are making the most of our selves. To take stock of our assets sometimes is as wise a thing in life as it is in business. It is much to know where our weak points are—few men or women get as far as that in self-knowledge. They hide their weaknesses from themselves, and never make a frank and candid examination of their attainments. It does not matter much what classification of the powers we follow. The simplest and commonest is for practical purposes the best. The common division is that which begins with the body, the physical basis of life, and then considers the mental superstructure built on that, and then the moral and spiritual life.

This is roughly the lines we propose to take, applying in each case to our main thesis that there should be no division or separation in man's nature, and therefore that all parts of life merge into each other and affect each other. Naturally in a scheme of self-improvement most space is allowed to that of intellect, which usually indeed arrogates the title exclusively to itself. For clearness' sake the author will give later a special article to the place of imagination as a special power of mind which asks for separate consideration. We desire to impress this fact, that anything is better than living at random, making no attempt at any sort of knowledge of self or self-improvement. The surface life is easy enough to lead, living with no definite object, only satisfying instinct when it becomes imperious enough to compel us, but with no intelligent conception as to what

Andrew W. Reubel

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we should be and may be. It seems as if our only two objects in modern life, are, whatever we have to get more, and wherever we are to go somewhere else. This aimless discontent is largely due to the meagre view of human life which comes from lack of sincere endeavor after self-knowledge. It is no easy task, as we can imagine, for any one to cultivate the whole field of life. There will be sure to be gaps, some portions overworked and some neglected. To a large extent it must remain an ideal to all of us, but an ideal is useful even when we know we cannot attain it. Indeed if we did attain it, it would cease to be an ideal. It is the experience of all that the firmer a man lays hold of an ideal, the more it eludes his grasp. As he grows in knowledge and insight and moral wisdom and spiritual attainment, his ideal likewise grows with more unearthly beauty. Far vistas open up in moral life as the seeker advances. In any case, even with the confessed failure to realize what the heart sees to be best, it is well to have seen the vision and to have followed after. "What the eye never sees the heart never longs for" is a proverb with immense truth in this whole region of education. It enforces the importance of environment, the value of a rich and varied treatment of our faculties, opening up possibilities in different lines till one day the soul may wake and grow. This is the reason we cannot afford to neglect altogether any side of our nature, and why the different elements which go to the making of a true manhood and a perfect character deserve care and consideration. Nothing needs so many colours for its portrayal as the human face, though to the outsider the mere colour would appear to be the least difficult thing in portraiture. Similarly, many and varied elements are needed for the production of a complete character in life. Many members and one body; many faculties and one personality. If we leave out of account at present the ways in which the bodily nature affects both mind and soul, and look merely at the higher reachings of our being, we must notice how varied the elements are that go to the making of a full human life, and how well balanced and harmonious they must be. Reason and emotion, faith and action, conscience to enlighten and will to initiate, all are needed. What we feel is as true a fact as what we think.

You can determine to some extent what

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thoughts and feelings and imaginations you will harbor in your mind, and to which you give ready hospitality. It is perhaps this power of Will which distinguishes men and women most; for intellectually concentration of mind depends on it, and morally often the whole character of their inward life. And now, of two ways choose which one you will take for your future course in life. The habit of putting things off until to-morrow, the temporary individual who delays, lingers and waits, the one who never does to-day what he expects he can do to-morrow is a member of the majority.

Right while you have your mind on this idea, try it out. Put down the names of ten persons that you know, and see how many are doing things when they ought to be done. Write your own name first. You would be bigger, better, stronger, but somehow you rebel at the thought of being bigger, better, and stronger. Your life is your own. Whatever you do, you are willing to settle for. Certainly. And in this article this individual right of doing as you please will never be interfered with. I am not here to preach to you, nor to teach you. I am here to reach you. To help you get a position, and to help you hold a condition. And when men and women are doing things worth while, they have little time, or little inclination to get into mischief. The devil's ball is held in halls where men and women are out of work. And the more they work, the less they have time to tango, and to turkey-trot. Dancing is a splendid exercise, great fun, but dancing will not pay the butcher or baker. It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are. *Yesterday is Dead—Forget it! To-morrow does not exist—don't worry! To-day is here—Use it!* The things that color our thoughts of beauty and our views of right are of more consequence than the opinions we hold and the plans we formulate. Words are but vehicles, with which we try to convey to others what we want others to believe. Thoughts shine through the skin, and look through the eyes. Acts are acceptable evidence. Words are but tools. When a man shows me that he is a little better than his word, and a little bigger than his promise, somehow I know that I have found the Man. These essays have a message for men and women—have a talk intended to inspire, and stimulate the ambition and initiative of their readers. One way leads Constructively to a harmo-

nous life, the other Destructively to an inharmonious life. It is your life, make it what you will.

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THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM.

Continued from Page 12.

"The Southern South" bears witness that

"Even without a contract a Negro may be legally obliged to labor for a white man under the vagrancy laws, by which Negroes who are not visibly supporting themselves may be convicted for that crime, and then sent to the County Farm, or hired out to somebody who will pay their fines. Once in the hands of a master, they are helpless. For instance, one Clenny Helms, who was apparently guilty of no offense, was in 1907 arrested, fined and sold to one Turner. The corded. A woman was accused of a mission of this Turner was the agent in the most frightful case of peonage as yet redemnear; it is doubtful whether she had committed any; but at any rate she was fined fifteen dollars; Turner paid the fine; she was assigned to him and he set her to severe labor of clearing land. And then what happened? What was a hustling master to do with a woman who would not pile brush as fast as the men brought it, but to whip her, and if she still did not reform, to whip her again, and when she still would not do the work, to string her up by the wrist for two hours, and when she still "shirked," God Almighty at last came to her rescue; she was dead!"

This much testimony does space allow for peonage and convict-labor. Of the cruelty of the system there can be no doubt. Of the menace to the future of the Race let thinking Negro men and women judge for themselves. Of "Jimcrowism" William P. Pickett says :

"Of all devices employed for the purpose of marking the distinction between the white and Negro races in the South, probably the most offensive to the Negro is what are commonly known as the "Jim Crow" laws.

"Nothing more destructive of the natural pride of an intelligent and self-respecting man or woman can be conceived than the treatment to which the better class of Negroes in the South are subjected in this ruthless enforcement of the mortifying regulations for the separation of the races. Yet all protest is unavailing. The laws which accomplish this degrading discrimination against the black man are denounced

by the enlightened members of the race, but have been steadily upheld by the courts and sanctioned by the Interstate Commerce Commission as constituting proper and reasonable regulations of travel. The Negro asserts that these unjust laws result in the dwarfing of the manhood and womanhood of his people, and bitterly denounces the practice of exacting payment for first-class accommodations and then compelling the members of his race, theoretically equal before the law, to submit themselves to such obnoxious requirements."

Of lynching, the weapon of terrorism used by the Southern whites when all else have failed to break the spirit on lynching, let Walter F. White, assistant secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., and investigator of the recent lynchings in Brooks and Lowndes County, Ga., speak. We quote from his report in the September Crisis:

"The murder of the Negro men was deplorable enough in itself, but the method by which Mrs. Mary Turner was put to death was so revolting and the details are so horrible that it is with reluctance that the account is given. It might be mentioned that each detail given is not the statement of a single person but each phase is related only after careful investigation and corroboration. Mrs. Turner made the remark that the killing of her husband on Saturday was unjust and that if she knew the names of the persons who were in the mob that lynched her husband, she would have warrants sworn out against them and have them punished in the courts.

"This news determined the mob to "teach her a lesson," and although she attempted to flee when she heard that they were after her, she was captured at noon on Sunday. The grief-stricken and terrified woman was taken to a lonely and secluded spot, down a narrow road over which the trees touch at their tops, which, with the thick undergrowth on either side of the road, made a gloomy and appropriate spot for the lynching. Near Folsom's Bridge over the Little River a tree was selected for her execution—a small oak tree extending over the road.

At the time she was lynched, Mary Turner was in her eighth month of pregnancy. The delicate state of her health, one month less previous to delivery, may be imagined, but this had no effect on the tender feelings

of the mob. Her ankles were tied together and she was hung to the tree, head downward. Gasoline and oil from the automobiles were thrown on her clothing and while she writhed in Agony and the mob howled in glee, a match was applied and her clothes burned from her person. When this had been done and while she was yet alive, a knife, evidently one such as is used in splitting hogs, was taken and the woman's abdomen was cut open, the unborn babe falling from her womb to the ground. The infant, prematurely born, gave two feeble cries and then its head was crushed by a member of the mob with his heel. Hundreds of bullets were then fired into the body of the woman, now mercifully dead, and the work was over.

Of the general attitude toward the Negro, Prof. Hart says:

"So far as can be judged, the average frame of mind in the South includes much injustice, and unwillingness to permit the Negro race to develop up to the measure of its limitations.

"Observe that this ferocity is not directed against the Negro simply because he does ill, but equally if he does well.

And William Pickett admits that

"The conditions under which the great majority of the Negro race live, the handicap imposed upon them by their color, the implacable hostility which they encounter in their endeavors to compete industrially with the white man, their exclusion from the unions, all combine to constitute them a class apart in the realm of productive activity, and to compel them to accept the most meagre wages for their unskilled efforts, and in like manner to accommodate themselves to the lowest scale of living."

Next Month: No. 3. "THE NEGRO'S SOLUTION"

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THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

Continued from Page 10

We need to substitute race-respect for our present race-contempt and to cultivate a love for Africa and everything of African origin. The best interests of our race demand that the spirit of dissension be suppressed whenever it manifests itself. The masses must take a keener interest in their affairs and deal more effectively with race-traitors.

In the face of the present situation within our race—although one is mindful of the attitude of white men toward Negroes—it is impossible to form any other conclusion than that the greater part of the Black man's burden is himself.

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