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SYMPATHIZING MOON
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The Crusader Magazine

Vol. 1.

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 4.

NEGROES OF THE WORLD UNITE IN DEMANDING A FREE AFRICA

HAMITIC LEAGUE OF THE WORLD
DEMANDS FULL CITIZENSHIP
RIGHTS AND FREE AFRICA

The Hamitic League of the World, with branches in various parts of the United States, Africa and the west Indies, has issued the following appeal in behalf of the Negro Race throughout the world.

TO THE PEACE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE ALLIED NATIONS:

Whereas, the World War is about to be concluded and such conclusion marks the triumph of Liberty over autocracy and militarism;

Whereas to effect the happy conquest of might against right, the United States and the Allied Nations of the World joined in deadly conflict;

Whereas, among the armies of the United States and the Allies, thousands and thousands of Black men shouldered arms and made the Supreme Sacrifice;

Whereas, in determination of the final results, these Black men expect that the full substance of liberty and peace become their share;

Whereas, these same Black men have not, either in the United States or in the "Colonies" of the Allied Nations, enjoyed these rights as is consistent with the ideals and principles for which they fought;

We, The Hamitic League of the World, hereby request and demand that the full rights of citizenship be granted to all people of Color, that all discrimination because of Color be made illegal, that self-determination be extended to all nations and tribes within the African continent and throughout the World, and that the exploitation of Africa and other countries belonging to people of Color herewith cease.

GEORGE WELLS PARKER, President:
Omaha, Neb.

CYRIL V. BRIGGS' Vice-President; N.Y.
FRED. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.
GRACE HUTTEN, Porto Rica.
FRANCISCO GALLAS, Hayti.
COSELY HUYFUD, Gold Coast, Africa.

Emmet J. Scott

Joins in Demand For Free Africa

Speaking at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 3, Emmet J. Scott voiced the demand of 12,000,000 American Negroes for a free Africa.

After noting numerous cases where black men had been awarded the French Croix de Guerre and paying a tribute to the priceless labors of the black soldiers of America and elsewhere to "make the world safe for democracy," Dr. Scott made a plea for a solemn guarantee of international protection and larger liberties for the darker races of the world, registering a fervent protest against any policy that might restore to Germany her pillaged African colonies and urging a *form of self-government for the oppressed peoples, under an appointed International Commission, upon which shall be a colored American "to voice the inarticulate yearnings of that host of exploited and pillaged people."*

"Black men of America and Africa have helped to rout and humble the Hun," continued Dr. Scott. "When civilization all but totted to his doom, *Senegalesse, Algerian and Soudanese troops stayed the Hun and saved civilization to the world.* Soon around the Peace Table representatives of the nations of the Earth are to gather. France and England in their hour of need have gladly accepted the allegiance and the assistance of tribes from Africa. A great and responsible duty now devolves upon the nations of the world to see that these poor people, along with other oppressed peoples, shall not be again placed under the iron heel of malignant oppressors.

"In truth, the hour has come, in my opinion, when the world should declare that *not only are these colonies not to be turned back to Germany, but to no other nation as well.*

EDITORIALS

A FREE AFRICA

The Crusader Magazine is for a free Africa, and that without any frills of international control. The African people managed to get along before the white man came with his slave hunts to break up the splendid civilizations of the Sudan and other parts of Africa. The race that gave the world an Egypt and an Ethiopia and the groundwork and basic principles of civilisation and the sciences can be trusted to govern themselves. Or, if by disuse the faculty of self-government has become dulled why it will be restored by practise and experience. It is not by being kept out of the water that one learns to swim!

ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF ALIEN EDUCATION.

One of the effects of Alien Education is to be seen in the puerile and assinine attitude of some of the "high yellows" and "brown skins" towards their darker brothers and sisters of the Negro race and, in fact, towards each other. A certain class of light-complexioned Colored people with more personal vanity than either intelligence or Race Pride have for some time past affected to look down upon the darker members of the Race upon no other grounds than that these are not as light as themselves.

Now, such an attitude presupposes their belief in the inherent inferiority of the dark-skinned people to those of lighter skin. It leads, logically, to the conclusion that the light "brown skins" are superior to those of darker brown, and these superior again to the pure Black; and, of course, to the inference that the light "brown skins" are themselves inferior to the "high yellows" and, naturally, that these in turn are inferior to those lighter ones and that all—"high lights," "high yellows," light browns "dark browns," and pure Blacks are inferior to the white-skinned, golden-haired imitator of Black Egyptian civilisation. And here you see the natural and the intended result of Alien Education, the white man's teachings that all civilisation, past and present, was the creation of the white man, which has led the Negro child to exalt these

'plagiarists' out of all proportions to their real worth and to correspondingly debase his own race.

Making the situation almost ludicrous is the fact that none of these "high yellows" or "brownskins" can get very far away from their Black ancestry. Usually there's a very much alive Black relative somewhere's about.

But seriously, the whole attitude is disgusting. And this is not the spleen of a Black man nor yet a dark man voicing his resentment. The writer regretfully admits that he is, as light as any light-skinned Negro possibly can be. It is to his deep sorrow that this is so for, having studied more of the history of the Negro race than the poor deluded minds who would look to a light skin for superiority, he knows with absolute certainty that the greatest race of history was a black race, and he feels far more pride in allying himself with the stock of those whom the nations of antiquity hailed with one accord "the most just of men, the favorites of the gods" than in trying to connect himself with the "best white blood" of the South and North as one of these super-asses not very long ago attempted to do in a letter to "Town Topics". Now and always the writer of this editorial shall thrill with pride in the knowledge that he is allied with the great Black Race.

INSULTING ADVERTISEMENTS

One of the most widely advertised staple foods is given publicity through means that are decidedly insulting to the Negro.

On its advertisements and on its containers it carries a most repulsive female face with thick red lips, coal black complexion, flat, face-straddling nose, deep ugly lines and other tricks of the "artist" intended to make the picture as hideous as possible. This picture stares at you from every subway car and elevated station. It is supposed to represent a Negro "aunt," yet neither in America nor in any part of the so-called "Dark Continent" is to be found any human being of such repulsive features as this caucasian-created "aunt". No, not even the average red-nosed and choleric-looking white man can quite compare in ab-

solite hideousness with this horrible nightmare of a demented artist's creation.

This "aunt" is an insult to the Negro Race. An insult that should neither go unheeded nor unpunished. Thousands of our women are engaged as cooks in the homes of others and make the food purchases for these homes; millions more buy for their own homes. Both as housewife and domestic they can resent this insult to their race. They can make the money they spend TALK to remove this insult to their Race!

ROOSEVELT'S MISTAKE.

Theodore Roosevelt has asked the Senate, through Lodge, to oppose the President's fourteen points, which he brands as mischievous and as unacceptable to the American people; further stating that the world will never accept President Wilson's peace aims.

So far as the latter statement is concerned, Theodore Roosevelt probably speaks the truth. President Wilson's aims of self-determination for all peoples are a bit difficult for digestion by a Europe that has been for centuries dominated by the idea of the rule of force. So far, probably true. But when Roosevelt goes on to say that the President's Fourteen Points have not been accepted by the American people he falls into a very serious error indeed—that is, if by the American people he means the masses and not the capitalist-junker class he has so faithfully represented in his agitation against a peace of justice on the lines outlined by Mr. Wilson when he (the latter) demanded:

"Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples whom they have no right to rule except by force?"

To the man who found no fault with British superimposed rule in Egypt save that the white Britishers were too mild in their treatment of the Black Egyptians, President Wilson's pledges of world democracy and self-determination for all peoples must naturally have an ill sound, but to the Negro suffering the world over from the odious rule of force and the denial of self-development the words of President Wilson are of a most inspiring and encouraging nature.

THE GERMAN COLONIES

We agree with the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Balfour, that the German Colonies should not be returned to Germany. Mr. Balfour's reason for not returning the colonies are not our reasons, however. He would not have them returned because "in no circumstances is it consistent with the safety, security and unity of the British Empire that Germany's colonies should be returned to her." Our reason on the other hand is because *in no circumstances would it be consistent with the humane ideals and the principles of Democracy as embodied in lofty expressions anent "self-determination for all peoples"* made by President Wilson and most of the other Allied leaders.

Mr. Balfour tells us that his reasons for not having the colonies returned are not selfish and imperialistic. Mr. Balfour's chief contention is that "it is absolutely necessary that communications between the various parts (of the British Empire) should not be at the mercy of an unscrupulous power". Mr. Balfour is evidently thinking of the British railroad lines "from the Cape to Cairo" which, with Germany out of East Africa, can now be consummated. But would Mr. Balfour consider a native government in former German East Africa "an unscrupulous power?" Or would it not rather have to be an unscrupulous power that would try to thwart President Wilson's declaration of "self-determination for all peoples" and deny these former victims of the Blond Beast's rule an opportunity for self-development along the lines laid down by President Wilson and accepted by the American people and (so we are told) by their European allies?

Of course, the died-in-the-wool imperialist would come back with the assinine retort that this and that people are not 'fit' to govern themselves. But Mr. Balfour has already denied that he is such an animal! And the died-in-the-wool can tell it to the Hohenzollerns. They are about the only ones who still believe in the divine rights of certain individuals to boss it over their fellow men!

Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states.

— President Wilson

PROFITEERING LANDLORDS

Although winter is not very far off certain landlords have failed to adopt any preparatory measures to insure the comfort, and protect the health, of their tenants. It seems that, in Harlem particularly, the business of landlords is confined to demanding and receiving extortionate rents.

The fact that the landlords have been, and are, aided and advised by their Negro hirelings in fleecing Negroes, only serves to make the situation more intolerable. Indeed, there is a certain grim mockery in the attitude of Negro agents who take advantage of Negro tenants' race inspired confidence and indulge in more exacting excesses and go to greater limits than white men dare in mulcting Negroes of their hard earnings.

These real-estate sharks promise very much but actually give very little. Where their tenants are being chilled by wintry blasts; when repairs are to be made; when sanitary codes are to be observed; when human lives are to be observed by the expenditure of certain moneys essential to the humane and intelligent management of their properties, the landlords and their hirelings suddenly become ignorant and forgetful.

Negro tenants must bear in mind the terrible experiences of last winter and prepare to prevent (as much as it is possible to prevent) the recurrence of such hardships. Nothing that is desirable is gained by submission or an exhibition of cowardice. Only by imitating defiant Jewish tenants and displaying as much inexorable determination, tact and self-respect can Negroes hope to secure comforts and conveniences proportionate to the exorbitant rents which they now pay.

There is no excuse for coal conservation at the expense of tenants' health and comfort. Now that the country is suffering from the ravages of the deadly Spanish Influenza, the authorities should not hesitate to employ drastic means in dealing with profiteering landlords who endanger their tenants' health by withholding the heat for which they are paid. Profiteering landlords must be made to understand that they are as objectionable as any other kind of profiteers and that

public health and welfare cannot be sacrificed on the altar of private greed.

THE GERMAN 'COLONIES'

To those who are figuring upon the spoils to be derived from the capture of the former German 'colonies' the following words by President Wilson should be an eye-opener:

"Peoples are not to be handed about from one sovereignty to another by an international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists. *National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent.*"

HARDEN SPEAKS, WILL OTHERS?

If no boycott is allowed I think it all the same whether we get our gum or nuts from others or from our own colonies.—Maximilian Harden, German editor.

Now we will no doubt soon hear from Lord Northcliffe and other Allied editors and publishers to the effect that colonies do not matter after all so long as each nation has an equal chance in obtaining gum, nuts and other raw material.

WHEN CONSCIENCE SPEAKS.

By W. FRANKS, Jr.

What am I doing to help my race
 Along in the bitter fight?
 Am I willing to bear and do my share
 To make the burden light?
 What am I doing to help my race,
 What have I really done?

Is the work to do for the faithful few,
 Or a battle for everyone?
 What am I doing to help my race,
 What is to be my choice?
 Am I willing to face the wrongs to my race?
 Without my dissenting voice?

What am I doing to help my race,
 What am I willing to give?
 Would I sacrifice for my race—my life
 To help the Cause to live?
 What am I doing to help my race?
 The question recurs back to me,
 So therefore—I vow to do my part now
 And help my race to be free.

SIR KNIGHT FRANCOIS

(A Medieval Romance)

By J. FRANCIS MORES

Once, there dwelt in a beautiful castle, a-far off in a beautiful dream woods a bold, brave, chivalrous Black Knight. Sir Knight loved many ladyes fair and was in turn beloved by them because of his courteous ways. He was never happier or filled with greater delight than when in company of one of these ladyes fair; for each one of them possessed beautiful ways.

It mattered naught to him whether she be dark or fair, stout or slim, rich or poor, if she possessed beautiful ways, she'd be counted amongst his numerous friends.

One balmy summer day, while strolling with-out the castle walls, Sir Knight, by chance drew near the public highway. There he beheld a poster, on which was written in great gilded letters—these words.

A FORTNIGHT HENCE
WHICH IS THE 12TH NIGHT OF
THE MONTH
THERE WILL TAKE PLACE AT
WOODLAND DELL
A GREAT SOHREE AND DANSANTE
WHERE ALL WHO WILL MAY
WILE AWAY THE LAUGUID HOURS
AND DANCE THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
TOE TO THE DULCET STRAINS OF
MUSIC WHICH WILL BE DIS-
COURSED BY
LE ORCHESTRA GRANDE
YE GALLANT KNIGHTS AND
LADYES FAIRE — COME!

Now, Sir Knight being a devotee of the delightful art—Le Dance, set him about and made ready to attend, attired in his best (the courtly robes) on the approaching night.

The happy days passed by—the eventful night came on, full-mooned and bright—casting weird and fanciful shadows o'er the land; and the twinkling, shimmering stars resembling myriads of diamonds studied the canopied heavens of azure blue.

Many gallant Knights and Ladyes fair were there: So, too, was Sir Knight Francois, and with him, the adored and most beloved Lady Marietta, whose winsome smiles bespoke her joyous ways and whose gentle glances revealed her shrine of love, in the graces of her knight—Sir Francois.

As Le Orchestra Grande began the beautiful Dream Waltz they entered the great hall of Le Dansante. One of her shapely arms entwined in his. Towards the centre of the dancers he gently guided the way. She courtysing—he bowing low and away they whirled, until the last strains of the waltz were spent. Then, in a cozy nook they sought to talk and rest; yet alert and waiting the next acclaim, telling again Le Dansant was on.

Now, as are the polite customs at such affairs as these, many exchanges of Knights and Ladyes fair of the Dansante take place, that the night may be more gay and the hours be made joyous. Thus this night wore cheerfully on.

Oit with Lady Marietta did Sir Knight engage in Le Dansante, likewise others showed he favor. Then, while strolling leisurely about, he met (by chance) the charming Ladye Constantia. Plainly could it be seen, from the telltale expression in each their faces, that Cupid's dart had pierced their hearts—that true and holy love was throbbing in their breasts.

Queenlike and stately stood lovely Constantia, her beautiful face wreathed in gentle smiles, her chaste bosom heaving like the waves on a tremulous sea, while Sir Knight—tall, manly, towering above, looked kindly down upon her with gentle, calm and deep affection. 'Tween them the while no words were spoken; the silence pierced only by the throbbings of their welling hearts.

Again for Le Dansante the acclaim is sounded. Loudly above the din of merry jest and laughter, and full expressions of joy is heard the thrum, thrum, thrum of Le Orchestra Grande. Once again it is the waltz—Beautiful Dreams

Sir Knight Francois turns to Ladye Constantia and proffering his arm, softly whispers—May we? She, with a gentle toss of her shapely head, while yet the winsome smile upon her cheery red lips, answers in still softer accents, We May. Then with sweet abandon she gracefully rests within the enfolds of his mighty arms. They

(Continued on Page 25)



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INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S C. CHURCH

Beautiful beyond all words to describe is the interior of St. Mark's Catholic Church, west 138th street, since its recent renovation. The work of renovating, which puts this church among the most beautiful in the New World and even stimulates reminiscences of descriptions of old-world structures of superb beauty, was done by one of the parishioners whose entire work was contributed to his beloved church. Another contribution, this time from all the parishioners, is the exquisite Shrine Of Our Lady of Victories which can barely be seen at the extreme right of the picture.

FACTS, FUN AND FANCIES

By-ME

REPAID

"White men fought to free the Black man"
Was the saying once, they say.
"Black men fighting, freeing white men,"
Is the saying of to-day.

• WAR DOPE.

If the future could produce an international law, whereby the aristocracy would be compelled to do all the fighting in case of war, it would be a peaceful old world ever after.

? ? ?

We are looking forward with great joy to the withdrawal of all European nations from Africa, in accordance with the noble liberty-giving aims of this war. This will give a people who hold their land and Freedom nearest their hearts a well deserved chance to govern themselves and show their "self-determination."

If Africa was a barren, unproductive, unhealthy spot, with no gold, no rubber, no diamonds—possessing absolutely nothing of value, the white man would have been yapping "Africa for the Africans" long, long ago. So much for Christianity!

CASTES

Our race is divided into three groups: Negroes, "Cullud people," and niggers. Our Manhood, worthy ideals and progress are represented by the first.

LUDENDORFF "FLU" HOME

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

Before a Negro dabbles in Politics he should at least read American History and find out the truth about Lincoln.

"The Republican Party is the ship, and all else the "open sea", which accounts for the Negro's lease on the steerage.

President Wilson has done more for the Negro than the whole Republican Party put together.

ODDITIES OF HARLEM:

An invitation to dinner.
A flat without a pianola.
A dude with a bank book
A courteous janitor.
A sincere friend.
A debt repaid.
A steam-heated steam-heat apartment.
A businesslike Negro businessman.
A Reader who doesn't like THE CRUSADER.

KNOW YE THAT—

"Noise" is no evidence of good music, oratory nor facts? So many of us are inclined to believe the contrary.

Ignorance is the bar to progress and Happiness and the road to Misery.

You not only bring a curse on your child when you deprive it of education, but you help to keep the Race *down* also, thereby keeping *up* Prejudice.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT.

The man who is MAN enough to stand on a ladder, for hours at a time, night after night, in the streets of Harlem, teaching his people the things they need most—practical knowledge—does more for his race than all the so-called leaders combined, who look up their people about two or three times a year; not to teach them, but to Leach or Impeach them. Lawyers (?) included!

THINK THIS OVER.

I'm the new germ, I'm the Flu germ, piling up the earth with dead. And my numbers have been tripled by the filthy and misled. Tho' you've checked me, nearly wrecked me, I can still keep up my score. For I've found a precious Ally in the slimy Cuspidor!

The real reason against aristocracy is that it always means the rule of the ignorant. For the most dangerous of all forms of ignorance is ignorance of work. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

And who more ignorant of the African than his alien overlord?

IDEALISM IN WAR TIMES

By TIMOTHY THOMAS FORTUNE.

We have to go to the Mystics of all ages, the dreamers and recluses, who, in large measure, live apart from mankind, being with them and yet not of them, for the idealisms, the dreams, the theories, which have made for the accomplishment of the hope for better and higher things in the life of mankind. And Ernest Renan, in his "Life of Jesus," commenting upon the spiritualism of such beings, who come and go among us without ever being fully understood during their life among us, and seldom after being translated, when they have gone away from among us, into the shadows, where the average man cannot see nor hear them, being separated from us by dense darkness,—Renan says: "The preaching of Jesus, and his free activity in Callilee, do not deviate less completely from the social conditions to which we are accustomed. Free from our polished conventionalities, exempt from the uniform education which refines us greatly, but which so dwarfs our individuality, these mighty souls carried a surprising energy into action. They appear to us like the giants of a heroic age, which could not have been real. Profound error. Those men were our brothers; they were of our stature, felt and thought as we do. But the breath of God was free in them; with us it is restrained by the iron bonds of a mean society, and condemned to irremediable mediocrity.

Logically, we have for contrast the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and those of Julius Caesar. The idealism of Jesus Christ have conquered Europe and the Americas to the Christian philosophy of the Christian home as the foundation of the Christian State and Nation, with "peace on earth, good will to men," in the closed gates of Janus, the elimination of war and the enthronement of peace and happiness as the ultimate good, in the perfection to which it is so hard to attain as to appear unattainable; while the iconoclasm of Julius Caesar have not only made the name of Caesar a by-word and hissing in all civilised lands, but they have blotted Rome and the Roman world from the map, carrying with it into farthest Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea the brutal and corrupt principles of Caesar, that might and treachery in civil and personal conduct, immorality in the

family relations, and universal war upon weaker peoples for glory and profit, the Machiavellian philosophy reduced to an exact science, are correct and best for mankind, from the Caesarian viewpoint. We have lived long enough to see Caesar condemned and cast out in the iconoclasm of his philosophy and Christ accepted and enthroned by civilised mankind in the idealisms of his philosophy. In like sort, the affirmative and negative of human personality and conduct are found to run through the affairs of mankind from Cain and Abel to Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. They rule or ruin, until the positive character, the invisible Spirit of them, steps in and cuts them both out, giving us something new to construct out of that in which they two strove for mastery. In every condition of human affairs idealisms are simply aspirations after perfection in the creatures we bring into the world by our breath of life, or the thing made with our hands; the creation of a perfect man out of the child, or the making of a perfect thing of any object we may make. We have attained to the perfection of idealisms in the making of things with the hand, but we are, apparently far from the perfection in the creation of the child, which the poet says, and we accept as correct, is father to the man. The watch, the locomotive, the type-setting machine, the largest and the smallest thing we employ in our every day life, they are perfect in the mechanism and construction of them by the handwork of man; but God first gave us the models from which to build our things, as, for example in the eagle for the airplane, the whale for the submarine, and the serpent for the locomotive, winding and hissing its way in every direction, instinctive with life, and as amenable to the control of man, its creator, as the horse, which God created and which man did not make. With the child it is different, we create it with our breath, but what manner of man it will be depends almost entirely upon the training we give it in the home and in the schools. That is why Christian people expend so much time and money and effort in the care and protection and education of the child as father to the man, both as a duty of the parents and of the State. Where there is no family relation.

or where its existence is maintained as a matter of form and convenience, as it became in the last day of the Caesars, which extended far into the Christian era, there can be no idealism in National life, but only the iconoclasm that gripe the National body and gradually eat away its vitals.

In the world war we are now engaged we are simply seeking to hold fast and preserve the Christian philosophy which has little else in it, in the last analysis, than the Christian home and nation, with all that these mean as taught in the ten commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. If it were not so, "making the world safe for Democracy", "making the world a safe place to live in," would be meaningless phrases, used to catch the ignorant and thoughtless. It is a supreme effort to master the beast, the brute, in man, and to enthrone Christian manhood and womanhood. It is the menace of the armed beast, the greedy brute, which regards treaties as "scraps of paper" and human blood as so much fuel, to be squandered in war munitions, to the end that the few shall be at liberty to rule and rob the many, without their consent, and over their protest, and at their expense. That is what Kaiserism and German Kultur mean and stand for, and which Christian manhood and womanhood repudiate and seek to annihilate. It is Christian idealisms, the highest and best in human affairs, for the family and the Nation, as against Hun Paganism, as a survival of Roman brute force and beast greed in the life of the family and the Nation; high spiritualisms as against gross materialism, pure and imperishable thought against corrupt and mutable materialism in the flesh and blood of it, away from which mankind have been struggling, through horrible trials and tribulations, for some nineteen centuries and back into which they refuse to be dragged now by the German Kaiser, as they refused a century ago to allow Napoleon to do it after he had conquered kingcraft, priestcraft, and overlordship in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. "These have not attained their perfect work, in our own land or that of our allies, but the principle, which is the thing, the idealisms of it, is acknowledged, in the confrontation of which the offending individual as well as the offending nation always finds blazoned in crimson colors, "Thou Shall Not."

In the larger sense the present world war stands for the preservation of Christian idealisms as against Pagan iconoclasm.

But idealisms are not created by Nations, primarily; they are created by the individual. As thought is like unto a mustard seed, or other seed, and can only be multiplied by properly being scattered in the earth, so the idealism, or a collection of ideals is of no account otherwise than when adopted by a few and then by the many, and industriously inculcated in the minds of the masses.

War is a terrible leveller. One of its chief purpose is to destroy old idealisms, because they have served their purposes, and development of new idealisms. It was and make the way plain for the conception that way with the Napoleonic wars, out of which our American Republic emerged as the Goddess of Liberty, the "Thou Shalt Not!" of the Christ of us.

Out of the present war we shall emerge as individuals and as Nations with a larger measure of Christian manhood and Womanhood, in the glory of the Christian home and nation. And, in the changes that are to come, let us hold fast, as the apostle Paul advises, that which is good, fighting the moral fight for it to the last ditch, and surrendering all that is hurtful and injurious. And this should be the special business of the Afro-American men and women of this Nation, as far as the higher and better interests of their womanhood and childhood are concerned, for in these interests center all of good that makes for strong racehood and citizenship.

INSPIRATIONALS

The first war poster, painted by a woman, to be accepted by the War Department was the work of Madame Touissant Welcome of the Touissant Studios, 451 Lenox Avenue. Mme. Touissant Welcome's poster of the boys chasing the Huns 'over there' is the first and only war poster by one of her sex so far accepted.

Over in Philadelphia, Mrs. Carita O. Collins, who before her marriage was Miss Owens and well-known in New York City, is doing good work for her race and the country as an examiner in the U. S. Department of Labor, Employment Service. Her work consists principally in interviewing and placing applicants.

THE GREATER WORK

BY GEORGE WELLS PARKER

In Thomas Starr King's great lecture, Substance and Show, we read these lines, "The greatness which a nation has enshrined in its traditions is part of its deepest present life; and it often happens that the shades of the fathers are a more substantial rampart for a land than the swords of the children. Thus, in all cases, a nation or an army, so far as its persons—all that we can set of it—are concerned, is only a show; the substance of it is the ideas, passions, genius, enthusiasm, that pervades it, and are not seen."

There has never been a more accurate analysis of national or group power expressed in any language. It explains the subtle psychology that has attended the rise of the white races from homeless grease-haired savages to pre-eminent power and at the same time makes clear why the dark races have succumbed to weakness. Teach a child or nation that it springs from an inferior race and that it can never hope to overcome that inferiority, and you have made an obedient servant and a community of slaves.

Is it any wonder then that I have gloried in every copy of The Crusader? "Where there is no vision, the people perish!" said a Chinese Sage two thousand years ago. How many times have I read Negro magazines and Negro newspapers to try and catch the glimpse of some vision that would raise my people from the serfdom wrought by alien ideas, alien ideals and alien lies! But never have I caught a glimpse of the vision until I read the first number of The Crusader. I realized at last that out of this eternal singing of the blues had come a new strain, a plaintive harmony from mended broken keys, that sings of new ideas, new passions, new enthusiasms. The Crusader shall live, because it has found the lost chord for which the Negro heart has been longing.

Ours is the greatest race that the world has ever known and will ever know as long as the earth swings true to its celestial course. When men speak of Anglo-Saxon kings, they speak of men

born but yesterday. It was as recent as the Twelfth Century that the barbarians of Europe stood before the cultured and swarthy Saracens of the East and wondered. When they returned home they awoke from their stupor of ages and birthed the Renaissance. It was the Hamitic race who opened their eyes and later, these same barbarians, rising by brute force to world power and world domination, cast about for ideals and passions to sustain the minds of their children so that this power might be preserved. But their ideals of racial superiority were false and it has taken this world war to demonstrate that civilization is not safe in the hands of the white race. The Egyptians taught this ten thousand years ago, but mankind forgot.

I congratulate the men and women who have made The Crusader possible. From what I know of Negro journalism, it is the only magazine that we can look to that will bring back to our hearts our lost race pride, to our minds our forgotten race glory and to our souls our sleeping passions. It has started a ferment that shall leaven the mass and raise it from an inert clod to a seething and potential force. It MUST go into the home of every Negro man, woman and child.

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DIGEST OF VIEWS

RESTORE AFRICA TO THE AFRICANS.

That the more enlightened Negro publications are awake to the importance of democracy for Africa and the Africans is evident by the following quotations from "The Favorite Magazine" and "The Negro World." Says the Favorite Magazine under the above caption:

How much longer must Africa be exploited by the white invaders? How much longer must the diamond fields of Kimberley and the gold mines remain in the hands of the white man? How much longer must the black man of Africa, in the land that his fathers have owned for thousands of years, feel the lash in the hands of the white invaders?

Africa must be restored to the Africans. The Negro must demand as part of his share in the peace of the world the entire continent of Africa, and if he does not get it soon he will eventually. Nine hundred million people are bound to get what they want. The black man throughout the world has awakened and is stretching forth his hands to weigh the nations in the balance. He will build a new civilization in Africa, greater even than the ancient civilization of Ethiopia.

Autonomy is not what the black nations of Africa seek, but complete independence. The peace of the world will never be assured so long as white men attempt to dominate black men in their own land. Europe is the natural continent for the white division of the Caucasian race, Asia for the yellow race, and Africa for the black race. Each race must remain in its own territory or the peace of the world is forever threatened.

When the peace council that shall settle the Great War convenes, it must recognize the folly of autonomy, and the worn out theory of race domination. It must restore Africa to the Africans if it wishes to make peace permanent.

Much the same sentiment is to be seen in "The Negro World" where its editor, Marcus Garvey, warns the world, in a signed article, to be just to Africa and the Africans or suffer the consequences. Says Garvey:

"Arthur J. Balfour of England says the German (?) Colonies shall not be returned to Germany. I agree. Let Balfour know that England shall not have them. They neither belong to England nor to Germany. They are the property of the Blacks, and we are going to have them now or some time later, even if all the world is to waste itself in blood. Half the world can't be free and half slave."

RIGHT TO SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Self-government has been defined as not

a right at all but a capacity; and the right to exercise a capacity, as depending on the possession of it. That is a queer inversion. It is experience in governing himself that gives strength of character to the individual; it is the experience of their members participating in public affairs that gives strength of character to communities. Even if that were not so, the anti-suffrage contention falsely assumes that some people can govern other people and some communities other communities better than the others can govern themselves. If this were true, it would lead straight to universal monarchy. For there must, in that case, be at any given time some man who can govern all the rest better than they can govern themselves; and in accordance with the contention he ought to be enthroned. At any rate, that contention is the essential principle of monarchism, which derives all its force from the theory that the masses cannot govern themselves, but must be governed, both with reference to their individual and their communal rights, by others.

Though we admitted this principle, we should still have to ask how the governing nations or classes are to be selected. If they are selected by the governed, that would be government by the consent of the governed. But they never are so selected. No nation or class has ever forced its dominion upon another for the good of the latter, and none ever will. The desire for mastership is the most evil of all passions; and however it may mask its designs in philanthropic pretensions, the nation or class that seeks to govern others does so for its own aggrandizement. "It is not for my breakfast that you invite me down", said the goat in the fable to the wolf who had urged him to descend to the foot of the cliff where rich grass would give him a better breakfast, "but for your own."—Louis F. Post in "Ethics of Democracy."

Over 2,000 Negroes joined with the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League at Palace Casino, New York, in framing demands for a free Africa.

SOCIALISTS AND LIBERIANS
DEMAND A FREE AFRICA.

In a statement addressed to the Congress of the United States, the national executive committee of the Socialist Party demands in the coming peace, among other things that "the principles of self-determination of peoples be asserted to the fullest degree with the right of all subject peoples and races of both the central and allied powers to determine the conditions of their own existence".

Indication that Liberia will demand 'self-determination' for her Black neighbors and brothers in Africa is seen in a statement issued on November 2 by the Joint Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church and denied publicity in all the New York papers but the Post and Call. The statement printed in The Post is as follows:

"We believe that the disposal of the African colonies should be decided by the natives themselves. Liberian statesmen will probably ask that this principle be applied not only to former German colonies, but also to parts of Liberia which were absorbed by England and France. The sentiment toward these two countries, though not very cordial for a time, has decidedly improved since Liberia followed the United States into the war. It was a desire to stand by America in all things that prompted the declaration of war against Germany."

GET OFF THE EARTH

By Anise, in Seattle Union Record.

Down in the Transvaal of South Africa long before the British came there was a hardy race or ZULUS, tall and healthy, conquerors of other nations until the WHITE MAN came with his GUNS and his BIBLES and his WHISKEY, and SUBDUED them. He came as a guest and was WELL received, but he GRABBED IT and passed his laws (The white man's law with armies to enforce it) that No BLACK MAN henceforth should OWN ANY LAND, and they who had been owners of ALL were DISPOSSESSED of ALL (Just as WE did with our own INDIANS). And so the BLACKS were driven to WORK for the WHITES but they were only allowed the

UNSKILLED JOBS, because the white men CORNERED all the SKILLED work, and now the whites are discussing whether it is better to let the blacks keep on SLAVING at the hard, unwanted jobs, or to take away these also, and let the blacks GET OFF THE EARTH entirely. And the blacks meantime are doubtless also discussing, but NOT so PUBLICLY, for they are NOT ALLOWED a VOICE OR VOTE. I wonder if they mention (Threateningly) the fact that there are FOUR OF THEM to every WHITE or talk of the days when they were the OWNERS of ALL the land, or if, in a quieter mood, they dream of a world "made safe for democracy," and of "self-determination of nations," and the ruling of lands by the people that live there.

DEMOCRACY.

By BEN E. BURRELL

Oh, Chosen of all chosen words,
Thou slogan of the great and free;
To-day the Allied nations breathe
The sacred word, Democracy.
And rising god-like from the dust,
To thee the world new altars raise;
To thee the weaker peoples cry;
Thou art their canticle of praise.

And like the never-ending fall
Of waters from a bubbling fount,
Thou marchest with sweet conquering tread
Like the great Sermon on the Mount.
And thrones are crumbling into dust;
And sceptres slowly pass away;
Upon the world falls newer light;
It is the breaking of the day.

While anger stalks across the earth,
The lamps of Liberty are lit;
On kindred states of dusky tribes
Thy cloven tongues of flame shall sit.
Then shall my race to vict'ry move,
That wondrous things the world may see,
How Black men bear the flag of faith,
Democracy! Democracy!

America, the Negro race
Is waiting for thy promised word.
The tempest passing o'er the earth,
The dead and dying leaves have stirred.
Thou canst not be a nation great,
With half as bondsmen and half-free;
Give Freedom unto whom thou wilt;
But give to us Democracy!

SIR KNIGHT FRANCOIS

(A Medieval Romance)

By J. FRANCIS MORES

Once, there dwelt in a beautiful castle, a-far off in a beautiful dream woods a bold, brave, chivalrous Black Knight. Sir Knight loved many ladyes fair and was in turn beloved by them because of his courteous ways. He was never happier or filled with greater delight than when in company of one of these ladyes fair; for each one of them possessed beautiful ways.

It mattered naught to him whether she be dark or fair, stout or slim, rich or poor, if she possessed beautiful ways, she'd be counted amongst his numerous friends.

One balmy summer day, while strolling with-out the castle walls, Sir Knight, by chance drew near the public highway. There he beheld a poster, on which was written in great gilded letters—these words.

A FORTNIGHT HENCE
WHICH IS THE 12TH NIGHT OF
THE MONTH
THERE WILL TAKE PLACE AT
WOODLAND DELL
A GREAT SOIREE AND DANSANTE
WHERE ALL WHO WILL MAY
WILE AWAY THE LANGUID HOURS
AND DANCE THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
TOE TO THE DULCET STRAINS OF
MUSIC WHICH WILL BE DIS-
COURSED BY
LE ORCHESTRA GRANDE
YE GALLANT KNIGHTS AND
LADYES FAIRE — COME!

Now, Sir Knight being a devotee of the delightful art—Le Dance, set him about and made ready to attend, attired in his best (the courtly robes) on the approaching night.

The happy days passed by—the eventful night came on, full-mooned and bright—gasting weird and fanciful shadows o'er the land; and the twinkling, shimmering stars resembling myriads of diamonds studied the canopied heavens of azure blue.

Many gallant Knights and Ladyes fair were there: So, too, was Sir Knight Francois, and with him, the adored and most beloved Lady Marietta, whose winsome smiles bespoke her joyous ways and whose gentle glances revealed her shrine of love, in the graces of her knight—Sir Francois.

As Le Orchestra Grande began the beautiful Dream Waltz they entered the great hall of Le Dansante. One of her shapely arms entwined in his. Towards the centre of the dancers he gently guided the way. She courtying—he bowing low and away they whirled, until the last strains of the waltz were spent. Then, in a cozy nook they sought to talk and rest; yet alert and waiting the next acclaim, telling again Le Dansant was on.

Now, as are the polite customs at such affairs as these, many exchanges of Knights and Ladyes fair of the Dansante take place, that the night may be more gay and the hours be made joyous. Thus this night wore cheerfully on.

Oft with Lady Marietta did Sir Knight engage in Le Dansante, likewise others showed he favor. Then, while strolling leisurely about, he met (by chance) the charming Ladye Constantia. Plainly could it be seen, from the telltale expression in each their faces, that Cupid's dart had pierced their hearts—that true and holy love was throbbing in their breasts.

Queenlike and stately stood lovely Constantia, her beautiful face wreathed in gentle smiles, her chaste bosom heaving like the waves on a tremulous sea, while Sir Knight—tall, manly, towering above, looked kindly down upon her with gentle, calm and deep affection. 'Tween them the while no words were spoken; the silence pierced only by the throbblings of their welling hearts.

Again for Le Dansante the acclaim is sounded. Loudly above the din of merry jest and laughter, and full expressions of joy is heard the thrum, thrum, thrum of Le Orchestra Grande. Once again it is the waltz—Beautiful Dreams

Sir Knight Francois turns to Ladye Constantia and proffering his arm, softly whispers—May we? She, with a gentle toss of her shapely head, while yet the winsome smile upon her cheery red lips, answers in still softer accents, We May. Then with sweet abandon she gracefully rests within the enfolds of his mighty arms. They

(Continued on Page 25)

MEN OF OUR TIMES

Capt. Joshua Cockburn

That devotion to duty in the course of time will yield success, honor and prosperity has been clearly demonstrated by Capt. Joshua Cockburn, who has recently arrived with his wife, a lady of culture and refinement, from the West Coast of Africa.

Captain Cockburn was born in Nassau, Bahama, and served his apprenticeship as a navigator under Messrs Hall, Holding and Dillatt. He boarded the Training Ship Richmond and by dint of perseverance and exemplary conduct graduated in 1896. Later on he shipped from New York to India. He returned in 1897, when he went to South America. He then went to Europe where he passed the second mate's examination, sailing out of Liverpool as first officer of the bark "*Providentia*." Some time later he qualified in the West Indies as a master for local schooners and for two years commanded the schooners "*Emanuel Rahoul*" and "*Woodpecker*," both of which plied between the Isles of the Caribbean Sea and South America. He next went to England, via South America, as first officer of the British bark "*Lancashire*." He left England but returned in 1903 when he joined the Mersey Dock and Harbor Dredging Plants after he had met with some reverses.

After this he persistently struggled until he became first officer of one of their steamships. Owing to certain working conditions he left them and connected himself with the Loyd Brazilian and other So. American firms. In 1908 he was appointed under the Crown as master of the *S. S. Trojan* and *S. S. Baman* in Nigeria, West Africa, and served in that capacity until 1917 when he was invalidated.

Capt. Cockburn at the outbreak of the war was placed on patrol duties on the coast of Nigeria, being afterwards attached to the Cameroons Expeditionary Force. He has received honorable mention for gallant services performed during the operation in the Cameroons.

Capt. Cockburn is the only Negro who has secured a first class pilot's license for port of Lagos, W. Africa. He has been granted the highest grade master's certificate or London. He is now employed by

Messrs Elder Dempster Liverpool-West African line as master but is on a three months' vacation. He has taken advantage of the leave granted him to stop at New York on his way home to see his parents, whom he has not seen in 23 years.

Capt. Cockburn has been commissioned by some wealthy Africans to purchase schooners for trading purposes. He brings a message of hope from Africa and refers to that continent as the economic salvation of Negroes everywhere.

JOHN E. BRUCE.

Ethiopia looks with smiling face
Upon a man—a leader of his race—
Who stands undaunted, without shame or
pause

And speaks out boldly for a noble cause;
Who only knows and plays an honored part,
And only speaks when guided by his heart;
Who hates the coward and the hypocrite,
His name reads in the book of fame—
"Bruce Grit"

—Andrea Razafkeriefo.

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE.

After the war is over and the munition factories close down one of the least affected of the occupations and professions will be that of the chauffeur. Hundreds of our people are grasping the opportunity to learn the profession now. Other hundreds should follow their example. There is a good pay and ample opportunity in this line. Furthermore, as before said, it will be one of the least affected of all line of . Those who are now making big money in the munition factories can do nothing that would better safeguard their future than to make up a course in auto instruction. One of the best equipped schools in the city, irrespective of race, is the Harlem River Auto School, Jeter and Doswell, managers at 2165 Madison Avenue. Protect your future with the money you are making now. War munition prices won't last forever.

AFRICAN FOLK LORE

Compiled by BRUCE GRIT

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER

There is a great woman spirit in Africa who has control of the spirits of rain, lightning, etc. They say that once some women were busy in a district where water was very scarce and they had brought with them their jars containing some of the precious fluid. Suddenly an old woman with a little child on her back passed by, hesitated, and then asked whether they would not spare a little water for the infant. The women said no, they had carried the water a long way, and they needed it all for themselves. The poor old woman passed on; but said that they would be some day sorry for their lack of kindness. Presently she saw a man up a palm tree, and she called to him, asking if he would give her baby a little palm wine as it was dying of thirst. He instantly consented, came down from the tree, and handed her a calabash full of wine. "But I have no cup", said she.

"Nay, mother, let us break an empty calabash and give the child to drink." She was very grateful. As she went away she bade him be in the same place to-morrow.

He wondered so much at this that he had a sleepless night, and next day hurried to the appointed spot. He got a great surprise. He knew there had been no water there yesterday and now there was a great lake! The old lady came to him and told him he need not be surprised, for thus had she, the Great Spirit of the water, ordained. She told him he was to fish in that water, and the supply of fish would never fail. But no woman should ever touch those fishes: lake and fish were to be alike forbidden to all women, because of the unkindness women had shown her. And the name of that lake is *Bosi*.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A certain young man being upon a journey, lodged in a friend's house by the way. The friend before he went out next morning had got a wild hen ready for his breakfast, those birds being more savoury than the domestic fowl. Now, it so happened that the young traveler was under an injunction with penalties attached to it, not to eat a wild hen. These injunctions are called *Chegilla*. He asked his host if the

dish were of wild hen, and he answered 'No', whereupon the young man ate heartily of the repast and proceeded on his way.

After four years the two men met again, and the former host asked the other if he would eat a wild hen, and he said 'no', he was under a *chegilla* and must not do it. Then the host began to laugh, enquiring when he had begun to be so scrupulous, seeing that he had eaten one at the host's table four years before. Thereupon the youth trembled, and presently sunk into so sad a condition of body that he died within twenty-four hours.

IF YOU RUN RISKS, TAKE THEM.

A sheep and a dog were in the constant habit of stealing into a man's yard and feasting themselves on what they could find there. Occasionally the man saw them, and then he fell upon them with a stick. On these occasions the sheep would only grunt quietly and move slowly off, but the dog would run off yelping vigorously. So the sheep said to the dog, "If you can't stand a blow or two why do you come into the yard at all? What is the good of shouting bow-wow-wow! just because you are receiving the penalty which you knew was to be expected? If you cannot accept the punishment why do you run the risk of it?"

HUBERT H. HARRISON.

Speaker, editor and sage,
Thou who wrote a brighter page
In the Negro's book of thought—
What a change thy work hath wrought!
Men with timid intellect
Who would never circumspect,
'Woke to think and did rejoice
At the thunder of thy "VOICE".
Men with longing in their breasts
Struggled with a new unrest;
Scornful ones who ne'er would heed
Paused to listen and to read.
Men, made cowards by despair,
With a laugh, came forth to dare.
For thy manly tongue and pen
Made them bold, proclaimed them Men!

—Andrea Razafkeriefo.

MME. C. J. WALKER.

By Andrea Razafkeriefo.

Ye who lack ambition
And the hope to rise
Think of this great woman
And her enterprise.
She, once chained by Poverty
Fought and broke her bands
Cleaved the way to riches
With her naked hands.

Yea, she had a purpose
Naught on earth could swerve,
Thus she went in business
Started out on—nerve.
And to-day she triumphs,
Hers is wealth and fame,
Thus she proves that Fortune
Favors worth—not name.

Since, O' Ethiopia
She has paved the way
Why not start to follow
In her path to-day?
Business men and women
Are our greatest need,
We who imitate her
Do a worthy deed.

ETHIOPIA.

By Master Paul Lofton.

O, Ethiopia can't you see,
Why not let your mind go free;
Lift up your head and do your best,
And Nature will do all the rest;
Let your mind have lots of space,
Make all mankind respect your Race;
Never be false in your Pride,
Or you won't know where to abide;
Never cringe and neither bow,
For Cubans and Haitians don't know how;
Let your mind for-ever grow,
And remember Antonio Maceo;
Do not be ashamed of Race,
For that is one more big disgrace,
Lift up your heads be proud and sure,
to be like Touissaint L'Ouverture.

**WISH YOUR FRIENDS
AND THE PUBLIC
A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

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which will take your Card and Picture
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throughout the Year. Let your Card be
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that Turns its Pages.

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THE CHURCH AND THE DRAMA

By GEORGE M. BELL

After more than two years of the Lafayette Stock Company in our midst I am convinced that the Drama is with us to stay. It is as much a permanent fixture in Harlem, as any of our Social, Civic, or religious organizations. Hence this article, "The Church And The Drama". A few of my church-going friends object to the Theatre because they are good Churchmen, they claim they cannot be good church people and still frequent the Theatre.

I shall in the course of this discussion endeavor to eradicate this fallacy.

It has been said that the Drama is the oldest of the arts, this may or may not be a fact, but I do believe Professor Brander Mathews statement to the effect, "that it is from religious exercises, set off always with music, and often with dancing that the Drama has evolved itself in almost every literature". That the Drama has, in every instance during its evolution, through the early Greek tragedies, up to the time of the

conversion of Constantine, when it was almost banished from off the face of the earth and remained extinct for nearly two thousand years, been to a certain extent influenced by religious ceremonies, is a surety.

It was in the church that it again appeared after a long absence, the Priests became the actors, and the plays produced were Bible stories, the birth, crucifixion, the resurrection, together with other incidents in the life of Christ were depicted. We are told that these Medieval Dramatists went so far as to represent God and the devil in person.

Since the Drama originated from or through religious functions, and the first actors were the Priests, and the first Theatres the Churches, Why-you ask-has the Drama and the Church grown so far apart? We cannot in this small treatise cover all the ground over which this separation extends; but to again quote Prof. Brander

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Mathews. "It is,—says he—a corollary of M. Bruntiere's Laws of the Drama that if the Drama demands a display of the human will, it must flourish to a greater extent among the people of strong will power." Let us hope that its appearance in our midst is a sign of increased will power, but to return to Prof. Mathews, if his statement is correct, it would appear that when the will of the people became stronger, the Drama became more flourishing, and consequently advanced in proportion to this increased will power, the Church failed to keep way with this advance, the Drama expanded, the Church remained static. There is no reason why the Church should not have advanced along with the Drama.

I suppose that were the statement made that more people come under the influence of the Theatre than that of the Church, my statement would be challenged. But to satisfy yourself take your stand outside any Theatre every evening in the week, and tell me whether you recognise the same people coming and going on every occasion? No; then take a walk to the nearest church, don't you see the same faces every Sunday? Certainly you do, the same congregation every

Sunday, while the Theatre crowd changes every day of the week. You may ask what this proves; it proves that a larger number of people come directly under the influence of the Theatre than that of the Church.

If, then, the Church was in harmony with the theatre, the congregations would increase in proportion to this excess of its audiences over the congregation.

Why do these people prefer the Theatre to the Church? Because being of the Earth earthly, the Theatre deals with the subjects that affect them here on earth, the Church on the other hand prepares us for the world to come.

This is neither an attack on the Church nor the Bible, but merely the statement of facts; for whether we believe in the Supernatural authorship of the Bible or not, it must be conceded that the Bible is one of the finest books ever written.

If Theologians would come down to earth for a while, and treat on the Bible as it relates to human nature, the spiritual end would take care of itself.

Christ once said, "If any man says he loves God and hates his neighbor he is a liar, for how can a man love God whom

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he has not seen, when he hates his neighbor whom he has seen?" This statement is broad enough to found any religion on. Christ here showed the necessity for brotherly love, and according to his statement it must be acknowledged before we can realize the love of God.

The axiom 'action speaks louder than words' is also applicable in this comparison between the Church and the Drama. In the Theatre life is represented by action, in the Church the emotions are appealed to through the sense of hearing: which is more effective? Let us see; suppose we read or are told of an accident in which a child was killed, would it affect you in the same way as though you saw it with your own eyes? I think not, the sense of sight is quicker in its methods than that of hearing.

When you go into a theatre to see a play, you are looking into a room with its fourth wall removed. There in front of you, you see the tragedies of life with which we are surrounded, you live with these stage people, your emotions are affected in the same way as the people in the Drama, you laugh with them, you weep with them, their joy is yours as is their sorrow and all of this because they are human just like you.

The representative plays past and present are as truly sermons as any preached by the best ministers of the day.

Was there ever a sermon preached on the temptation of Christ by Satan, that moved you in the same way as did Goethe's "Faust?" Could any sermon on the woman taken in adultery move you in same way as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?" Or could one more truly depict brotherly love than "The Servant in the House?" Does minister concern himself with the misfortune of unwed mothers, and preach a sermon on them that would appeal to you as did "My self Bettina?" Could any sermon affect the conscience-stricken man more thoroly than "The Eternal Magdelene?" You must answer in the negative if you have seen any of these plays.

Think you that my task has been accomplished? Has it been proved beyond a reasonable doubt, that the Theatre, because of its very nature, is as necessary in our midst as the Church and that no matter how good a church-man you are, you can go to the theatre without affecting your religion in the least degree.

AT THE LINCOLN THEATRE

Some very good pictures are being presented at the Lincoln these days. Not only in the way of latest release pictures of which Harlem gets at least one a week but in the line of shorter and almost quite as pleasing comedies and sketches.

WILLIAM S. HART is the man who, more than any other, has brought the fading West back to the memories of those who are now old and given it a realistic presentation on the screen for the newer generation which knows it only through books or by word of mouth in the form of reminiscence. The West lives again in the pictures in which Mr. Hart is starred by Artercraft. He has been badman, woodsman, plainsman, puncher, gambler—everything in a procession of characterizations, each perfect in itself, pictures as faithful to the types as, for example, are the drawings of Frederick Remington.

Now he will come to the Lincoln Theater Nov. 15, 16, 17, in a new type of picture—new, yet old. For he is still a Westerner, and for a time, a bandit. But the story is modern. It deals with German spy plots on the Mexican border and Mr. Hart saves the day by a splendid piece of bravery and daring. Patriotically speaking, the film is one to make every true American thrill, there is a wholesome love story and a mystery of concealed wireless to add piquancy. This is one of the best Hart films in the entire range of his offerings. Wanda Hawley, a genuine beauty, is his leading woman.

The Divine Abbie continues to be divine in her interpretation of leads at the Lafayette.

Eveyn Ellis is without doubt one of the most valuable members of the Lafayette Stock. In ingenue roles she has no equal, and in other roles she stands on par with the best.

Very able work has been done during the past month by those other new members: Thomas Mosely, Irene Elmore, Jim Burris, John Christy, Theresa Bluford and Barrington Carter. The last named in particular has made a name for himself. The older members are holding their own.

BOOK REVIEW

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

By George Wells Parker

Published by The Hamitic League of the World, 933 North Twenty-seventh St., Omaha, Nebraska. Price Twenty-five cents obtainable at Crusader office.

In "The Children of The Sun" George Wells Parker has contributed a work of vast importance to the future of the Negro race. It is a great work and a work that is destined greatly to change the Negro's outlook upon history as well as his appraisal of himself and race.

Hitherto Negroes have been taught by Alien Education to debase their own race as a race of backward savages and non-creators and to exalt the white race as the creators and inventors of everything that has been done for man's advancement and benefit. But now comes Mr. Parker's splendid book to deal a crushing blow to this colossal falsehood propagated throughout the world by the self-exalting caucasian.

It would be your own fault if you longer continue in the nets of ignorance with this book on the market to enlighten you. He who now knows not the glorious history of his race has but himself to blame. No longer is the excuse good that the records are covered, for, lo, they have been brought to the light of the fierce-revealing sun by one who gave some twenty years of his life towards the achievement.

BOOKS RECEIVED DURING OCTOBER

JESUS CHRIST WAS PART NEGRO, By W. L. Hunter, M. D. A book that proves that Jesus Christ had Negro blood in his veins, and also shows that David and Solomon, rated among the wisest of the ancients, both married black women. We always knew Solomon was wise!

FROUDACITY, By J. J. Thomas, as answer to James Anthony Froude's mendacious book on the West Indies: "The English in the West Indies".

THE CURSE OF RACE PREJUDICE

By James F. Morton, Jr., A. M.

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WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO THE COLORED PEOPLE

By Gertrude E. Hall.

Just what Democracy means in the opinion of some white people we have not yet fully determined. But through the misconception of its principles demonstrated in lynching and police brutality, etc., many Colored writers have been forced to camouflage its true meaning by writing in irony, which is apt to mislead many young minds.

Along this route we should not continue as the young people must know the truth in order to instruct the ignorant anywhere and everywhere with whom they daily come in contact as well as magnanimously fight their own battles as liberty-loving people should.

Therefore it would seem henceforth that a deal of epigrams and questions must be used to stimulate the young mind in the right direction. To say that democracy means unity and harmony; a government of the people; is scant measure for the average Colored man's net. We must wade into the middle of the pond and fish out at least a vest-pocket-size dictionary meaning of the word "democracy" - simply the people's rule. And the people rule by votes. Perhaps more honestly among first grade school-children since they only know that two and two makes four.

So let us reason it out this way: should a bear be elected to office undoubtedly the poor fellow would be likely to try to serve us. And in case he was objectionable to the eye previous to election, the first duty of the people would be to find out his reputation and power. This we do in this country largely by newspaper publications, mass meeting and soapbox oratory. Very seldom a man enters an important office without first giving a newspaper interview. If you have found out enough good merits about a nominee to believe him worth your vote, give it. So far as party is concerned the name makes little difference. As yet none have done full justice since our freedom. Then vote for the man who will



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The Colored people need many fields bestowed upon us and it is extremely vivifying to watch for the bestower. Let the party lose that is too weak in words and low in deeds to gain the confidence of the people. This we deem entirely in keeping with our pro-Negro policy should be instilled into all young people.

A prominent editorial writer quotes democracy as meaning "Interdependence" That is, the thinker cannot get along without the laborer and vice versa. But is this true of peoples, or races? This great Republic can get along without the hand-ful of 12,000,000 Black people. This we glean from the doors of inter-ship closed in the faces of young physicians from the colleges that graduate Colored people and the universities that bestow degrees and afterward chiefly recognise their gifts as fit only for labor.

Then, since a fair field can be obtained by vote principally, the children must be taught at home the value of keeping abreast of the times via the Colored press to realise the necessity of electing the upright and intelligent Colored man. They must be taught that under democracy, in normal times we work or play, save or spend, be women and men of affairs, or servants, which in our contentment is our one serious menace. They must be taught to do sound reasoning and they will then always know it whenever they hear it. They must be taught obedience and to be amenable to reason, to learn good as well as evil of Catholic, Protestant, Jew or Gentile. They must be taught the virtue of standing on their heels of independence in earning an honest livelihood from two sources rather than scorn or wheedle tips from the pockets of the well-to-do.

(To Be Continued)

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(Continued from Page 7)

soon are whirling away to the enchanting strains of *Le Waltz*, *Beautiful Dreams*. Now in, now out, around and about, amongst the merry throng.

But see! Sir Knight is holding her closer, tighter; and while yet they dance, he softly whispers in her ear—Most gracious one, gently close those lovelit eyes, and for this moment forget that other souls are here to-night save you and I. Forget that these arms are held to guide you in *Le Dansante* but only to enfold your dear form closer to the heart of him who loves you dearly, who shall crave always the honor to call you for all time, e'en now and through all eternity—Constantia.

A light tremor thrills her graceful form, while colors fairly cavort as they come and go on her sweet smiling face. Her eyes are closed. Sir Knight Francois sees—he understands. It is his answer. And now his dark, handsome face assumes a look of happy, sweet contentment.

The waltz now ends. Side by side they move as on air they seek the rose-covered bower within the grove out under the bright African stars. Afar off is heard the thrill of a nightingale's sweet song, calling to its mate.

A cozy seat is found, in which they recline, his arm-enfolding her, while she rests her head lightly upon his shoulder. Their love-flamed lips steal closer—closer—until they meet.

Above the deep silence only can be heard the rich mellow love tones of his deep, rich voice, murmuring—Constantia!—Constantia—I—I love thee. Lov'st thou me? For answer she gives but a whispered sigh.

When the final tones of *Le Orchestra Grande* ceased to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," Sir Knight arose bowing low and Lady Constancia courtseyed. They parted at the rose-covered bower, out under the stars. He wends his way back to Lady Marietta and she, lovely Constantia, —you would know? They met again the following eve, out under the stars and slowly wended their way 'long down the dew laden pathway of love, losing themselves to view in the deep, gray shadows of night.



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"If I were to tell you of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint their great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a Negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a Negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his army—out of what? Englishmen, the best blood in Europe; out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of Negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluc-

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kiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skul.ed home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this Negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired Black of San Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the Negro. Go to Haiti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the Negro's sword. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broker oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his domains.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will write Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France.

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choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earliest civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

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"It does not matter that the Creator has sown with stars the fields of ether and decked the earth with countless beauties for man's enjoyment. It does not matter that air and ocean teem with the wonders of innumerable forms of life to challenge man's admiration and investigation. It does not matter that nature spreads forth all her scenes of beauty and gladness and pours forth the melodies of her myriad-tongued voices for man's delectation. If liberty is ostracized and exiled, man is a slave, and the world rolls in space and whirls around the sun a gilded prison, a domed dungeon, and, though painted in all the enchanting hues that infinite art could command, it must still stand forth a blotch amidst the shining spheres of the sidereal heavens, and those who cull from the vocabularies of nations, living or dead, their flashing phrases with which to apostrophize liberty, are engaged in perpetuating the most stupendous delusion the ages have known. Strike down liberty, no matter by what subtle art the deed is done, the spinal cord of humanity is sundered and the world is paralyzed by the indescribable crime. Strike the fetters from the slave, give him liberty and he becomes an inhabitant of a new world. He looks abroad and beholds life and joy in all things around him. His soul expands beyond all boundaries. Manipulated by the genius of liberty, he aspires to communion with all that is noble and beautiful, and feels himself allied to all the higher order of intelligences, and walks abroad, redeemed from animalism, ignorance and superstition, a new being throbbing with glorious life."

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JIM-CROWISM AND DEMOCRACY

Writing in the Cleveland Gazette William H. Hammond of Boston, Mass., takes the Administration to task for its failure to take cognizance of the Negro's objection to Jim-crowism on the Southern railroads, now that those railroads are controlled by the government that is appealing to Negroes to help make the world safe for democracy. Says Mr. Hammond:-

Any court decision concerning interstate passengers are irrelevant. There are no laws requiring "separate accommodations for white and colored" interstate passengers on railroads. The constitution provides that powers over interstate travel are in the hands of the federal government and, by the war amendments, that congress has power to pass laws for securing our traveling rights. If the city of Boston were afflicted with a municipal government so idiotic as to pass an ordinance prohibiting, for instance, the collecting and distribution of mail on Saturday afternoons, would that insane law (?) be respected?

The present administration will put an end to this particular disgrace if the administration will evince half of the interest in our rights as that which Mr. Wilson displayed in the demands of white labor unions—an interest which he so vigorously demonstrated in the "eight-hour railroad" controversy of the summer and autumn of the year of 1916. There is no law under which a state governor is forced to delay the legal execution of a white convicted murderer because the president of the United States requests procrastination. But who does not know the power of a presidential request (if it be not ambiguous nor purely Perfunctory) now? Why does not Mr. Wilson's administration see to it that insulting, segregating, anti-democratic abuse be abated, at least during the war, which he says, is being waged for liberty and democracy?



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THE SIN OF SILENCE.

To sin by silence when we should protest makes cowards out of men. The human race has climbed on protest. Had no voice been raised against injustice, ignorance and lust, the guillotines decide our least disputes, guillotines decide our least disputes. The few who dare must speak and speak again to right the wrongs of many.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DOORLESS APARTMENTS.

Yes, actually, doorless apartments! That is—of course it would be well to leave the front door securely in place. And a door to the kitchen can be used to good advantage. But have you ever stopped to think what a clever woman can do with—say a four room apartment where there are no unnecessary creaking, sagging doors that are almost sure to swing on the very side that one most needs the space. Now first let us take the few inches of space that the landlord dignifies by calling the private bedroom, in the place where the door is intended to swing can be placed a small table with a vase of flowers and a few books on it, and in place of the door can swing a pair of soft portieres, they need not be expensive portieres, but be just as soft and pretty. The four room apartment has still another door that can be dispensed with—the one leading from the entrance hall to the dining or sitting-room, with this door removed, an easy chair or a bookcase can be placed against the wall, and with a pair of portieres that will harmonise or contrast prettily with the wall-paper you will have an apartment to be proud of, for besides having an air of spaciousness, there will actually be more room for moving about.

NOTES.

Mr. George C. Kendall our agent at Carney's Point, N. J. paid the Main office a surprise visit on Nov. 8. It was our first personal meeting and we were very much impressed with the pleasant, intelligent and energetic appearance of Mr. Kendall. Incidentally we have ceased to wonder how he established the Crusader in his section on so large a scale in so short time.

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MR. ADVERTISER, use your head!
Buried or Displayed, which shall it be?
For the latter see

The Crusader

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PARTY SUBSERVIENCY.

211 West 138th Street.

Editor The Crusader:

You complain, and justly, that the old political parties never nominate Negroes for the Congress. But are your own activities any more consonant with the citizens of the race? Last year, Mr. Johnson was nominated for the Assembly and elected, on the Republican ticket. This year he is remominated, and in this, the 21st District a Negro also is nominated. What do you do? Instead of presenting a solid front and electing both gentlemen, as no doubt could be done, you do all you can to insure their defeat, all you do to permit the Tammany men to slip through your divided ranks, and leave you without representation at Albany. Does not this conclusively show that you think more of your Socialism than you do of your race representation, more of party than of race rights? And such a Socialism! The pro-German, defeatist, Socialism of Berger, Hillquit, Nearing, Shiplacoff. Is this the way in which you support the black boys bravely fighting and dying at the front? Certainly you must be aware that you are not driven to do this in order to advance the cause of Socialism; you must know there is a loyal, pro-Ally, unconditional-surrender, Socialist-Labor party, led by a great number of the ablest American Socialists. Why not be with and of that party and so vote the way your boys are shooting?

And you are trying to send my good friend Frazier Miller to the Congress as a representative of the defeatist Socialist party of America. You and he must recall the fate of Poor Dog Tray, who also got into bad company, and inevitably was judged by that company.

You do not like Mr. Bolles? Well, who have you to thank for him? Instead of supporting Mr. Humphrey (as I did), for long a steadfast worker for the rights of your race, you injected Mr. Ransom into the contest, thus splitting the Negro vote and so automatically insuring the selection of Mr. Bolles, just as you are doing all you can to insure the defeat of the Negro nominees in the 19th and 21st Assembly Districts by the Tammany candidates. "Divide and conquer" is the slogan of your en-

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emies. "Unite and win," should be your battle-call, but, unhappily, it is not. Instead, you are giving your aid to the political party, the only political party in this country, that from the beginning has been stabbing the white and black soldier boys in the back.

Sincerely but most regretfully yours,
Edwin C. Walker.

"NO MAN'S LAND".

By Lucia B. Watkins

in The Richmond Planet

Between contending storms of strife
A blasted world is void of life;
There only Death may move or stand—
The warriors call it "No Man's Land!"

And yet wherever love is not,
Wherever murderous hate is hot
And Liberty belies her name—
That place is "No Man's Land" the same!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Young Men's Christian Association,
Du Pont Works, Carney Point, N. J.

Oct. 22, 1918

The Crusader Magazine,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—

After reading two editions of your magazine, I am anxious to have a copy placed on our reading table each month for the use of the men here. You will find enclosed herewith money order for one dollar as payment for a year's subscription.

I speak for twelve hundred men of color here when I say that we are willing and ready to "PITCH IN AND HELP."

Wishing for "The Crusader" a laurelled victory and smooth success, I am

Respectfully Your,

(Signed) L. H. Midgette.

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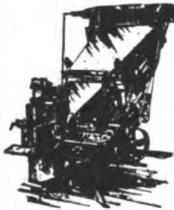
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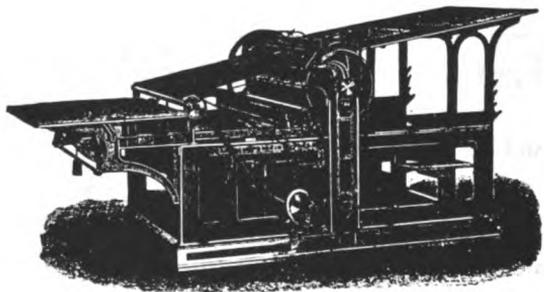
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