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181

AFRO-AMERICAN HYMN

God of our fathers! In thy loving
 kindness
 Thou hast brought us dry shod
 through the stormy sea.
 Thy Truth shall free us,
 Thy Light remove our blindness
 Ethiopia stretches forth her hand un-
 to thee.

It was thy love that brought us here
 to suffer
 Slavery and its evils in a land of the
 free
 Likewise Thy love that led Thee
 to offer
 Thy Son for all mankind on Calvary's
 tree.

God of our fathers; God of the Nations
 Thou who comprehendest all the music of the spheres,
 To Thee we pour forth our songs and adorations
 Inspired by Freedom that is ours for these years.

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No. 6

CONTENTS

Cover: Telephoning, Posed by Miss Marie Fraine for The Crusader		
With the Buffaloes in France, By Lieut. Osceolo E. McKaine	page 3	
Noble Thoughts	By William H. Briggs	page 5
Editorials	page 6	
The Call	By George Wells Parker	page 8
Punta, Revolutionist	By Romeo L. Drugherty, (fiction)	page 9
The Colonel's Narrative	By "Bruce Grit", (fiction)	page 12
Men of Our Times	(John E. Bruce and Arthur Schomberg)	page 13
Would Freedom Make Us Village Cut Ups	page 15	
The National American Sport—Lynching	page 17	
The Confessions Of A Lunatic,	By Andrea Razafkerlefo	page 18
Features for Next Month	page 21	
Success	By Austin A. Lewis	page 22
Toussaint L. Overture (poem) By Andrea Razafkerlefo	page 23	
Two Babies (poem)	By I. J. L.	page 24
Plays And Players	By C. V. B.	page 24
Digest Of Views	page 26	
When Africa Awakes.....(poem) By Geo. Wells Parker	page 26	
Book Review	page 30	

183

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The Crusader Magazine

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With The Buffaloes in France

By LIEUT. OSCEOLO E. MCKAINE

Lieutenant McKlaine is one of the Negro officers who commanded the 367th Infantry of the American army—the "Buffaloes"—at the battlefront in France. They were the nearest 'Allied troops to Metz' when the armistice order came to cease fighting.

THE Black Crusaders landed in France with the same emotions Elijah must have had when he landed in heaven. They had made a strange and perilous journey from the terra firma where they had played and toiled, which they hated and loved, to a strange semi-mythical region, where a grand reception and a cordial welcome, where a square deal and an absolute equality awaited them. France was a terrestrial heaven where they could forget that they were sinners simply because they were black. They were not disillusioned. France proved herself more free from those color caste distinctions which had everywhere under the Stars and Stripes, made them feel a people apart, an abnormality in the body of its citizens, than their fondest dreams could have conceived. They found that the "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite" inscribed on her national escutcheon were more than high sounding words, for they express a national idealism that guided them in all of their daily intercourse. That France was really free; that the Government of France was the father of all Frenchmen; that all Frenchmen enjoyed the same economic, political and educational equality without regard to color or section. They discovered, also, that France had no man made laws governing social equality; but on the contrary, submitted obediently to the great natural law of individual selection. The absolute lack of color caste in this great republic dazzled and bewildered them for a moment even as the superb splendors of heaven must have dazzled and bewildered Elijah.

America suffered by the comparison.

If you can imagine how Elijah must have felt when he first penetrated the inner portals of the heavenly gates you can obtain a slight conception of how the Buffaloes felt when they were re-

ceived by France in her cities, churches and homes.

The French should have added a other word to those on their national escutcheon—Service—for the French serve. The colored soldier has learnt that if he would be a full fledged citizen he must serve—serve until it hurts—or kills.

For the duration of the war he has put aside his grievances; but he is determined that the new physical liberation of Belgium, Roumania and Serbia will also mean complete economic, political and educational liberation for himself and his race. The process will be a little different, the results a little different, but the sum totals absolutely the same. He feels that any inhabitant of a country who willingly, nay eagerly, offers himself for the supreme sacrifice in defending that country's honor, liberty and peace has an inalienable right to share equally in that honor, liberty and the prosperities of battle he has had to fight, the double peace. He keenly resents the double burden he has had to carry. Not only has he had to fight the enemy in No-Man's-Land, but he has had to fight at the same time his traditional oppressors and enemies in the rear. He was weaponless in the battles with the latter, for they were his countrymen and the enemy was at our gates.

He feels that an unfair handicap has been placed upon the full expression of his desire to serve. He feels that any American who committed any act which would lessen our chances for an early victory should be interned with the rest of the enemy, for they were as guilty of disloyalty to the flag as the German who blew up munition factories. Because his first duty was to win the war he ceased fighting for the compensation for past services. He further inquires of himself

his peculiar status. How is it possible for a people to eulogize a certain citizen for his bravery in battle and then deny him the right to use public accommodations equally with the uneulogized?

What manner of people be these who in time of national need select certain citizens to guard its capital and then deny them the right of economic equality?

Can it be possible for people whose motto is "A square deal" and who live under a government whose very foundation is the freest possible individualism, whose superstructure is a revolt against "taxation without representation," whose most beautiful embellishment is a "Government of the People, for the People, by the People," to include in the defender of this noble edifice a certain class of citizens whose very lives are nearly hopelessly imperiled by their duties, place them where the grim shadow of death may forever obscure the beautiful shine of life and deny them right to vote?

Is the servant to remain without compensation for his services?

These self inquiries are recurrent and constant. His homecoming will give him the answer.

Perhaps the most significant and important phase of the war's reaction is the enthusiastic and unconditional acknowledgment by the colored soldier of intelligent, efficient and successful black leadership. He has acquired an inordinate and passionate love and respect for the colored officers. The black man in the ranks demands black superiors. This acknowledgment, this love and respect forever refutes the contention that black men could not successfully lead black men, for these black officers led their Buffaloes successfully and sometimes brilliantly in the carnage of Chateau Thierry, the bloody and bitter Argonne and in the eleventh hour drive on Metz. When the peace bells tolled their first stroke, its echoes found the old 15th New York (colored) the nearest American troops to the Rhine, and the 367th Infantry (the Buffaloes) the nearest *Allied* troops to Metz.

The white and colored Americans in the ranks mixt nearly everywhere, indiscriminately. There were times when they ate out of the same mess outfits, drank out of the same canteen and bunked in the same hay pile at night. They—the white and colored soldiers—have been

strolling and eating with French women without the least exhibition of embarrassment. Many times white soldiers have invited the Buffaloes to their billets for a good time, and they have fairly lived among us. We sang together, played together, ate together, slept together and fought together. The world was safe for Democracy. These men will not hold these friendships lightly. These white "bunkies" of the Buffaloes will not subject them to the old humiliating prejudices. The Buffaloes have gained a new respect and knowledge of their fairer brothers. Neither will easily forget. These war attachments and alliances have been welded together by a common ideal, a common country, a common danger and a reciprocal respect and admiration; peace will weld them closer. They are the finest auguries for the future.

The white soldier has learned that it was a psychical and intellectual impossibility for the colored soldiers to have lived in glorious America for more than three hundred years, attend its schools, study its history, its literature, absorb its ideals, its principles, its culture, and, yes, serve its best families, without becoming thoroly Americanized, without becoming an integral and inseparable part of the Republic.

The colored soldier has learned that there are millions of his white brothers who are really democratic in spirit and practise. That they have considered him a man apart, a foreigner, because they did not know him, because they had not investigated him impartially, because they did not understand him nor properly appreciate his marvelous progress under their tutelage.

Contrary to general belief among some of the whites, the colored soldier, broadly speaking, is more anxious to get back home than the whites. In spite of the fact he has experienced what it means to be really free, in spite of the fine, cordial relations existing between him and the French, in spite of the fact that he has penetrated the hitherto mystic veil of white society by his associations with the French of all classes and found warmth and welcome everywhere, in spite of the injustices, discriminations, indignities and perhaps lynching, he knows he will have to face and fight, he yearns to return home—for he is an American.

Metz Sector, France—Independent.

Noble Thoughts

By WILLIAM H BRIGGS

A man may usually be known by the books, magazines and other literature he reads as well as by the company he keeps; for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best of company, whether it be of books or of men.

A good book is often the best of friends. It is the same to-day that it always was, and it will never change. It is the most patient and cheerful of companions. It does not turn its back upon us in time of adversity or distress. It always receives us with the same kindness; amusing and instructing us in youth, and comforting and consoling us in age.

A good book is often the best turn in life, enshrining the best thoughts of which that life was capable; for the world of a man's life is, for the most part, but the world of his thoughts.

It takes two classes—the pessimist and the optimist. Do not be impatient with the pessimist. Let him point out the hard spots, and then let the optimist show you how to get over them.

I don't want to give advice. I can't say that I have any particular rule of life. But get the understanding of the following thought. Earn your own living, and do your day's work—that's about as good as anything; and if you don't get some funds and philosophy out of hard work as you go along, you won't get any out of anything.

If you will spend one-half your time minding your own business you will probably have more business to mind. Take stock of your own faults and your sense of values may change. Its dollars to doughnuts that you will find most of your personal machinery out of commission. You are not all in action. You just think you are. We are not always what we think we are, but we are what we think. Work is the scheme of Success. Loud clothes, over dress is the scheme of the schemer. Extreme clothes are evidences of where your mind is centered. Its necessary to dress well—absolutely. But it is imperative that you keep your brains ahead of your clothes.

And noble thoughts will give poise to your mind. Your mind is like a garden—sure to be filled with something.

Get this simple explanation of mind and body. We will say your body is the engine,

and your mind the engineer. The fellow who works with his hands and his feet will receive machinery wages. The man who works with his head, his hands and his feet, will get engineer's pay. Man has two kinds of service to sell—his brains and his brawn. No man is too old to learn—no boy or girl too young to begin. Age is not the criterion that spells success—ambition is the condition that tells success. If you are young, you have so many chances. If you are older, you have the advantage of experiences. Some of the greatest men have made good at twenty, others at eighty—wide range of possibility. Every thought, every action, for thought is the birth of action—and every feeling contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, and understanding, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life.

Thus character is undergoing a constant change, for better or for worse—either being elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other. The mechanical law, that action and reaction are equal, holds true also in morals. Good deeds act and react on the doers of them, and so do evil. Not only so; they produce life effects by the influences of example, on those who are subjects of them. But man is not the creature, so much as he is the creator of circumstances; and so by the exercise of his free will, he can direct his action so that they shall be productive of good rather than evil. Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. You will agree with, and do well to memorize this thought: "Nothing can work me damage but myself, the harm that I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." Beware of your company, whether literature or people. Associate only with inspiring and invigorating companions. Remember there is good in everything, even in the pessimist. Get off the back of whom you are depending and be independent. Put your personal machinery in perfect running order, and run it constructively in harmony with the Universal Law of Cause and effect.

Don't let your body run your mind, but make your mind run your body, which will

(Continued on page 32)

Editorials

Food For Thought

It appears that the fellow of whom they are not too almighty sure is in better position to get a taste of the good things of life than the guy who is labelled "harmless, won't go off".

For instance, the testimony of Captain Lester of the Military Intelligence Bureau concerning the methods employed by German propagandists in the United States, brought out the very interesting fact that President Wilson's anti-lynching proclamation was simply a war measure, issued in response to the representation of the military authorities that German propaganda among Negroes, based upon the brutal treatment accorded them in this country, was becoming dangerous and menacing.

If there had been no German propaganda and no resultant danger and menace there would probably have been no denunciation from the White House against mob murder. This is certainly food for thought.

The League of Nations

Evidently the proposed League of Nations is designed not only to prevent wars between one nation and another, but to suppress all revolutions upon the part of the oppressed and dissatisfied; and also to bring about a division of the earth which the beneficiaries will agree upon and jointly support: for instance, "it will be realized that such countries (the tropical) must be administered for the benefit of their own people and their products made for the whole world. If this is done it will matter little by which nation they are administered". So that they are not administered by the natives!

"The benefit of the natives" has long been Europe's excuse for her presence in Africa. The rank hypocrisy of this claim is known to the most casual student of African affairs. The Crusader has several times published statements from authorities (most of them white) on the "blessing" of European force-imposed rule in Africa, and upon this point, as Cornelius Patten remarks, "the best authorities do not differ".

The proposed League of Nations is plainly in the interest of thieves and ty-

rants: those who have and are determined to hold. The exploitation of the darker races is becoming dangerous as the worm begins to turn. Then, too, every little European principality wants a hand in the game and, as Lord Robert Cecil says, exploiting "backward nations is bound to lead to international difficulties unless some power be intrusted by the nations of the world with the duty of providing this assistance". The League of Nations would supply a convenient vehicle to continue the old method of exploiting the weak peoples and yet prevent the old results when thieves quarrel among themselves.

Rewards and Rewards

There are rewards and rewards.

The Czecho-Slovaks who first opposed the cause of the Associated Nations and later helped to enforce the latter's will in Siberia are to be rewarded by independence and—it is now announced—a slice of African territory; the native population (no, it's not uninhabited) of said territory being thrown in for good measure and consulted not at all.

There is also a strong possibility that the Irish will be rewarded for their non-participation in the war by independence. Probably they, too, will be given a slice of African territory.

The Negro who, unlike the Irish, put heart and soul into the business of beating the Hun and contributed far more to the victory of the Allied Cause than did the Czecho-Slovaks—even when the latter had changed from fighting the Allies to fighting for them—is to be rewarded with—what? It seems likely that a bit of hemp in the white man's country and a continuance of the blessings of European rule—especially British—in his Fatherland will be his reward.

There are rewards and rewards!

The Neutrals vs Negroes

The neutral nations are to be allowed representatives at the coming Peace Conference when matters are under discussion that vitally affect them. The neutral nations contributed nothing to the winning of the war for democracy. The

Negro contributed of his blood and treasure, going forth to battle in his hundred thousands and supporting the cause in the rear lines in his millions. Yet the neutrals are to be represented at the Peace Conference when matters vitally affecting them are to be discussed. And the Negro is not to be allowed a single representative even when the African question—vitally affecting him—is discussed.

The lesson seems to be that democracy is not to be bought by the Negro merely by shedding his blood in a white man's war.

"The Free Nations"

Latterly there has been much talk of the rights of "the free nations" and little of the rights of those nations enslaved by "the free nations." England, France and Australia tell us that the rights of these "free nations" to the undisturbed enjoyment of their plunder should not be questioned. They ask every security for "the free nations," including security from revolution on the part of those who, because of the "free nations," cannot yet assume the proud title of free nations. They tell us that military despotism has been destroyed, the while they complacently ignore the hard fact that European rule in Africa and Asia is based on nothing less. It would seem that hypocrisy finds its highest development in the mind of the white man.

With Our Readers

In this, our second confidential talk to our readers we want first of all to thank you for the enthusiastic support you have given us in the past: a support that was expressed in terms of donations, large and small, subscriptions, and news stand sales.

We know you like The Crusader. Many of you have told us so by letter and subscription and others no less emphatically through the sales of their local agents. We are glad to know you like it. We have endeavored to make The Crusader the best Negro magazine in the United States. Many of you have been good enough to call it just that. Our aims have been to produce a real magazine, containing fiction, poetry, fun, spec-

ial articles and editorials treating local and world question.

In this we have succeeded to a degree hitherto unknown in the Negro magazine field. Others have preferred to work along the lines of a hybrid magazine-newspaper. The Crusader alone has made a specialty of entertaining fiction, informing articles and other purely magazine features.

Our course, while giving you a more companionable periodical has also added to the expense of production. Writers have to be paid. Fiction should be appropriately illustrated. These add expenses that are not carried by the newspaper-magazine hybrid but that are absolutely necessary for our program of pleasing, informing and amusing you. Thus it is that, beginning with the next issue, we will have to ask you to pay fifteen cents for your magazine. Subscribers will not be affected and subscriptions will be accepted at the dollar a year rate until further notice.

In taking this step we have given careful consideration to all points and angles of the question. We want you to do the same. We ask you to look about you and note the increasing cost of everything. Note that in the white publication field all of the ten cents publications have gone up to fifteen cents while those that sold at this latter price not so long ago are now at twenty-five cents. Even the former penny dailies are now two cents a copy. And remember that we are giving you more than a shear and paste pot concoction. We are giving you a magazine that is a magazine in every sense of the word.

Donations Still Coming

Race patriots are still doing their bit to help make effective the fight being waged by The Crusader Magazine and several donations were received last month, for which we hereby render grateful receipt. The task of fighting injustice on the part of one race and ignorance on the part of the other is a colossal one and neither The Crusader nor the enlightened section of our Race can afford to rest on its arms at any stage of the fight, until a complete victory has been achieved.

The Call

By GEORGE WELLS PARKER



ACROSS the world like a sigh of winds awakened, none knows how or why or whence, comes a new call. Perchance it birthed in the thunders that have shaken earth; perchance it is the echo of the mighty blasts for freedom that have startled sleeping souls; perchance it is one of those mystic reactions which God and Nature bring forth from the aludels of time. But it is a call that shall be sounded a thousand times, in a thousand different ways and places, and by a thousand different voices, It is a call that shall become the web and woof of story and song, of verse and prose, of essay and history,. It is the call to the black races to claim the glorious heritage of pride and intellect and spirit, which the past has held for them.

Long have these black folk dreamed that some uncharted path of earth might open to them and that they might find their way without the bruising of feet and the torturing of soul. Hate and alien tradition placed upon their brow the curse of Cain, upon their minds the chains of ignorance and upon their shoulders the burdens of the world. But never star was lost that it did not rise afar. Time left a fragment of a dream in their aching hearts and love a shred of passion in their blood. They were bereft of visions, but amidst their eternal wonderings crept glimpses of forgotten glories and unheralded flashes from the flambeaux that black races carried when the world was young.

The white man's history is an unvintageable sea and his teaching a slumbrous anodyne. But truth has tugged at the bruised and broken chords and fact is growing where expectation never breathed. The tide of time has turned for us and faith is blotting out the dark.

Let us heed the call, No race ever rose to power that did not love itself; no race can ever love itself that has no pride.

Punta, Revolutionist

By ROMEO L. DOUGHERTY

Harry Longslade, a young colored American, after an exciting adventure in his home in Savannah, Ga., arrives in New York and finding that he is white in looks although with a strain of colored blood, struggles from selling newspapers until he finds himself a newspaper man on the NEW YORK THUNDERER. He is sent to Santo Amalia to write the story of the activities of the troops in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. Falling in with a group of young Spanish—West Indians in the island of Santo Amalia, he is having a great time until his attention is attracted to Puntacious Hernandez, hero of our story who is called "Punta" for short

Having made my bow and introduced myself, I will now devote my time and attention to "Punta." Although I had every reason to believe that these young foreigners with whom I became associated before meeting our hero all had Negro blood in their veins, somehow or other the question never came up and for some unexplained reason I felt more at home in their company than I did in the company of the representatives of the big American dailies. I sometimes think it was "the call of the blood." Landing from the cutter after our sail in the harbor where I first saw "Punta", we decided to make a night of it and proceeded to La Fonda Media, the largest hotel in the island fronting on the principal plaza. Here we dined sumptuously and at eight o'clock that evening drew our chairs to the rail of the wide piazza to enjoy the music of the band. Here, unfurled before our gaze, was a scene which I imagined must have been transplanted from Madrid itself. Beautiful black-eyed señoritas with their equally handsome escorts paraded around the band stand during intermissions between the enticing strains of music which had an Oriental touch and even savored of the harems of the Far East.

Suddenly the strains of the Borinquen flouted upon the cool night air. Instead of halting in their march around and around the plaza as they did when other pieces were played, the people quickened their steps and the light of some unknown joy seemed to light up their faces. Asking one of my companions the cause of this sudden animation I was informed that this was the national hymn. God! I listened attentively to the music and it seemed to be drawing my very soul from my body. Le Borinquen made me feel that this was a race hymn and not a national anthem. It seemed to carry an appeal to men of color like nothing else ever did. In it there was no appeal for allegiance to any flag, just plain patriotism to race—the Negro race the world over. The Americans in the audience and those who also occupied seats on the piazza of La Fonda Media were noticeably silent. They gazed straight ahead and at times I could detect a covert smile as Alphonso Delabano and his expert bandmen drew strains from their instruments that seemed to make the people almost writhe in an ecstasy of joy. Then the music stopped.

Applause wild and insistent rent the air. Senor Delebrano bowed happily as he raised the baton and again sent his men away on a sea of music that sent the crowd surging forward from the sudden stop made when the end of the piece had been reached with a flourish.

The encore was given with right hearty good will and now the musicians played louder. The people took up the strains and—say friend, did you ever hear a Spaniard sing of Barcelona on a cool night in a tropical island with a tropical moon shining down upon the sea wall of the Morro Castle, the rays dancing upon waves caressingly breaking with a subdued hush upon the ramparts? Mucho gusto. My companions joined with their people in singing La Borinquen and when Senor Delebrano again brought his musicians to a stop happiness was depicted upon faces on the plaza and all around—except "Los Americanos". One of the "young bloods" of the island in his joy shouted from the plaza of the hotel such warm, complimentary terms to the bandmaster the olive skinned son of the tropics shouted back: "Espero que este troza le gustara a usted." And take it from one who knows, that piece certainly pleased them!

Suddenly there was a craning of necks. All eyes seemed bent on taking in what was going on in the southeast entrance of El Plaza Elquenda. The crowd was parting as a party of about six entered and hats were being raised.

All around me I could hear nothing but "Punta," "Puntacious muy Amigo," and other expressions which told me that this "Punta" was certainly some popular man in this little town of Santo Amalia. Ernesto Estaban, my closest companion and friend among the foreigners, excitedly pointed out to me Senor Hernandez, father of "Punta"; Senora Hernandez, his mother, and beautiful dream of a picture come true—Senorita Maria Lucalda Hernandez, sister of our hero. My pen trembles as I describe this beautiful daughter of a tropical isle. Tall and stately, brunette of an unquestionable tint, the olive skin deeply colored and complexion of a score of creole beauties from New Orleans gently rolled into one to make up this beautiful picture that clung with an unmistakable love of sisterly affection to the arm of his almost imperial highness, Puntacious Hernandez.

As the party passed under the glare of one of the electric lamps, I for the first time real-

ized that the youngster whom I had decided must have been fifteen was between eighteen and twenty. Remember that he was sitting in the pit of his boat when I first saw him and even at that time caught only a hasty glance. But now he was before me in all his splendor. Tall for his age, with features of a boy much younger, almost girlish in their aristocratic refinement, hair and eyes jet black, body lithe and supple and an easy stride which showed the athlete in every move. His face was darker than his sisters, and a hasty glance at Senor Hernandez showed unmistakably that Negro blood had quite some say in the family. The mother carried herself with grace and the daughter showed that she had inherited all the good qualities of Santo Amalian parents whose refinement was handed down to them from ancestors. Spanish grandees on the one side, Carib Indian and Negro on the other.

"Punta's" appearance on the plaza seemed to have created a great deal of excitement, and delving into the cause of it my ever ready informant Ernesto disclosed that on the morrow one of the most exciting races ever taking place in Santo Amalia would be run at the Rio Piedras race track. "Punta," it would seem, suffered a big misfortune when his fearless little jockey fell while exercising the country's champion, Del Fuego, property of "Punta," and the young man had imported an English jockey from one of the neighboring islands to ride his horse in this great race which was for the Governor's Cup and a purse of \$5,000.

Thousands of dollars had been laid on Del Fuego. Americans in the island betting heavily on a fiery little animal brought from New Orleans especially for this race. The Santo Amalians objected most strenuously to having the imported jockey in the saddle and now, with "Punta's" appearance, all over the plaza could be heard "Compadre non Totolanio." The proud son of Elascions Hernandez was beloved by the people of his country, for rich and poor alike received the smiles and favors of "Punta." The music was forgotten as the people excitedly discussed the coming race, and from every group the demand seemed to come that "Punta" himself should ride Del Fuego. All Santo Amalia would rather lose with "Punta" in the saddle than with a "Totolo." Through it all "Punta" appeared oblivious to what was going on around him, and he devoted his attention to his beautiful sister who, as they paraded around the band stand and piazza, appeared not to see the Americans who raised their hats to her. I wanted to learn more about this "Punta" and expressed a keen desire to meet him when Ernesto found time from arguing with his fellow-countrymen about the merits of Del Fuego and the other horses to be entered.

"Meet him? why certainly. After the concert we are all going to El Carrizal, the big dance pavilion on La Luna street, and after he has seen his family home our "Punta" will, as usual, be on hand to mingle with all classes." So to El Carrizal we wended our way at the end of the concert. As we swung into Luna street from Tetuan I saw the big electric light sign, flashing and spelling out the word Carrizal. We paid the small admission fee and entered into a blaze of light, laughter and confetti that told me we were right in the midst of a regular carnival. Stringed instru-

ments, with here and there a flute, furnished the music for the occasion, and here for the first time I saw dances that afterwards came North under the name of the Tango, Brazilianne, etc. Men and women of all shades were assembled in the hall, and they seemed to mix freely without the least semblance of friction. Many I had seen on the plaza earlier in the evening and I paid particular attention to the dark-skinned ones. Through the crowd they had mingled without the least restraint. In their bearing there was nothing apologetic; I did not notice the upturning of noses on the part of the white and much lighter people of Santo Amalia and when they sang the Borinquen black, white, yellow, brown, had all joined in and with locked arms had paraded in the best of spirit. These things were new to me as I came from a land where it is almost an offense to be other than white. Suddenly the music struck up with more vim, the men, most politely, took the arms of their female partners and walked slowly around the large hall. This I was afterwards told was "the promenade." The music slowly died away and again came to life in a beautiful native waltz called "Amores," and as the little fans in the hands of the women were gayly moved from side to side with an abandon that was at once entrancing, they all started to hum the tune. At this juncture "Punta" entered the hall and cries of "Del Fuego manana" from the men and "muy Queride Punta" from a number of the ladies greeted the hero of this story. He was surrounded by a retinue of youngsters, all about his own color. All bowing left and right, they proceeded down the hall and drawing up chairs by one of the large windows sat down to enjoy the scene. Ernesto, who was a clerk in a big dry goods store, was on bowing acquaintance with "Punta", but he did not know him to speak to. He therefore informed me of this but lending me to the entrance he hailed a fine looking little Santo Manian by the name of Manuel Estrada, spoke for a while to him in Spanish, then brought him over and introduced him to me. Manuel was the proprietor of El Carrizal and well liked by those who came to his place to dance and enjoy themselves three nights a week after the concert on the Plaza Elquanda. Senor Estrada spoke fairly good English, and after a few words beckoned me to follow him. He headed straight for the party in which "Punta" seemed to be the central figure. Arriving there he asked an apology and introduced me all around. I cannot say that the greeting which the Santo Amalians gave me was enthusiastic, but when I grasped the hand of the young man who afterwards turned out to be a revolutionist, he must have seen the admiration in my eyes and sensed the interest which he had aroused in me, for without hesitating he offered me a chair and immediately asked me to order something refreshing. "Punta" spoke almost like an American and again I was surprised. Senor Estrada took the order himself and soon a waiter returned with it. By mutual understanding I and the young Santo Mallan conversed together, the other members of the party appearing to be more interested in the dance and dancers, and when at a certain stage of our conversation I remarked on his perfect control of English, "Punta" informed me that he had lived in America for two years.

"And did you like it while there?", I queried. "Greatest country in the world with one draw back that is going to strike at the very foundation some day," answered the son of the richest man in Santo Amalia.

"And what is that, may I ask?"

"The color question. In years not far distant and which I firmly believe we are going to live to see, intelligent black men of that country are going to put it square up to America to interpret the constitution as it is written and I fear thousands of men are going to die as in your civil war. I have black blood in my veins myself and will never get through thanking my father for sending me to America. I came back to these islands with a true perspective of the position of these, my people, under the protectorate which America will sooner or later establish in some of these islands. I am even of the opinion that the United States will acquire certain other islands by purchases, and while it is true that the majority of these people in these islands of which I speak would welcome the change, they are going to live to regret it. You see, they cannot all go to the United States and live and earn a few things for themselves and while a number of the poorer ones might go there to better their conditions, they will ever be restless under those terrible conditions that exist where men of color are concerned.

"The blood rushed to my face. I could feel my eyes bulging as these words came hastily from the lips of the young man. There was a defiant light in his eyes as he spoke to me. Never once did he bat an eye and at times he even seemed to tremble with pent-up emotions. He did not know yet that I too was a man of color. He spoke to me believing that I was a white man and like my fellow journalists who were in his home "stretching" stories from the cables.

I felt like jumping up and shouting that I was a colored man. The lie which I had been living for once came to me with a sickening sensation and I decided then and there to make a confidant of my new found friend. He saw my agitation, "Senor Hernandez," I said. "I have a confession to make to you after what you have said to me to-night. I am more pleased to have met you than words can tell. We have things in common of which you know not and I crave an opportunity of seeing you on the morrow. Will you see me?" "Certainly," said Punta, "where shall it be?"

"I would like to take a sail with you—but wait. Your horse runs tomorrow and all Santo Amalia will be at the Rio Piedras race track, I understand. If your horse wins you will doubtless have to be at some great celebration during the evening and all your time, tomorrow and tomorrow evening, will be taken up. I too will be at the track to see your Del Fuego. My wishes for your success are sincere and I am going to be one of your noisiest rooters. How about meeting me or I meeting you the next day?"

"If you so desire," said "Punta," "you can meet me on the Marina at eight o'clock in the morning, day after tomorrow, and we will spend the day in the Serena, sailing around the little

uninhabited islands and visiting the bays that I am sure will appeal to you. On the sandy beaches shells of the greatest variety and colors of a rainbow tint about. You can make a collection to take back with you to America when you return. Is it a go?"

It was agreed upon that we would meet the day after the races. This young man had so impressed me with what he had to say regarding the Race from which I had become an expatriate I wanted to be by myself to think. I rose and bade the young gentlemen good-night. Ernesto, basking in the smiles of one of his native beauties, did not miss me and I forgave him for appearing relieved when I informed him that I had to take my leave and hoped to have his company to Rio Piedras the next day. Leaving El Carrizal I swung to the left and soon found myself going down the slant abutting the old fort Christoforo Colombo. After a few minutes walk to collect my thoughts I was fortunate enough to run into one of those quaint little coffee houses where the beverage is sold in glass and one can get the tastiest of sandwiches. I ordered a light lunch and after regaling myself headed for the now deserted plaza where I could sit for the longest while without being disturbed while inhaling the refreshing breezes from the hills.

Here I found plenty of food for thought. Punctacious Hernandez, son of the richest man in Santo Amalia, thousands of miles removed from America, resenting with all his heart and the fervor of an aggrieved colored man, conditions which kept his people in bondage though parading before the world as "freemen." His predictions worried me for the longest while and as I had been so long an exile from my people I doubt that the full force of it all came to me then as it did in after days. Here I sat "thinking colored" so long I almost forgot to be white when one of the other boys on the same mission to Santo Amalia as myself came along and hailed me. We boarded at the same hotel and I decided to let the matter rest until the morning when I would be with "Punta" in his sailboat. I looked forward to the day of the race with great pleasure, and I doubt now if I could have foreseen the thrilling event which almost caused bloodshed between some Americans and colored Santo Amalians, I would have gone to Rio Piedras.

(To be Continued)

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(There was reason in his argument, thought I. Why do the little babies laying on their backs, look about them and smile and coo and laugh? What are they laughing and smiling at and putting out their chubby little hands trying to catch? Who can say?—From last month's instalment.)

194

Our host proceeded: "Well boys, I'll tell you how it was—when I was 'bout the age of Henry there—pointing to a young man who was at the moment busy in an effort to make the bottom of his mug, now empty, slide up to his mouth that he could remove with his tongue the evidence that it had contained any spirituous liquors—I was a slave and belonged to one of the worst masters in Roanoke Va. He had bought me at Public Auction in Richmond when I was sold with thirty-eight other slaves as part of the estate of Major Carrington, who had died two years previous. We were all "likely Negroes" and we, of course, brought good prices. I being young and strong and a good furniture and cabinet-maker brought the impoverished members of the Carrington family \$1,250.00, minus auctioneer's fees and storage. The man who purchased me had more money than brains or character. He was an ignorant, blustering specimen of the type called 'poor white trash', a class more contemned by the real blue bloods of his race than were we Negroes. If one of his class entered a gentleman's home with his hat on he would be ordered out instantly. This fellow, it seems, had acquired a considerable sum for one of his class, \$500 or \$600 through the death of a relative in a distant state and when he got possession of this money, being a clever gambler at cards and regular patron of the racetrack, he picked the winner and woke up and found himself the possessor of several thousands of dollars; being particularly lucky at cards he considerably increased his capital by clever plays in one or two of the noted clubs in the Pelican State and in two weeks time returned to his native city with something like \$10,000 winnings. The poor whites regarded him as a millionaire and those of the upper class who passed for gentlemen, with the tolerance which superiority accords to mediocrity, endeavored to break into society and with his wealth would very probably have suc-

ceeded if it had not known his pedigree. So he went North for a few months where he met and courted a Southern girl who wanted a home, and in a year married and brought her to Virginia where he established himself as a planter but still following his profession as a Paste Board Expert. He bought and sold Negroes with money he won at cards and he soon was able to amass a considerable fortune. When he reached the goal of his was a very black slave girl named Kitty, the most beautiful black girl I had ever seen. We got to be good friends and as time grew our friendship ripened into love and the climax came one moonlight night in June when we decided to obtain our masters permission to marry, according to the custom then prevalent in the South. Kitty spoke to her master the following morning and I lost no time in bringing the subject to the attention of mine. **Both masters willingly consented.** As no marriage licences were issued to slaves—they being chattels—marriage ceremonies were performed in the presence of the owners of the high contracting parties and the lady's name was changed by jumping over a broom with her hand clasped in that of her future husband. In order that we might both be together my master purchased my wife from her owner and she became the pastry cook in her new home, and boys let me tell you that my Kitty could do more things with a pound of flour than any woman I ever saw. She soon got on the good side of the white people, and her new master especially who had epicurean tastes regarded her as the best investment he had ever made. She could make a sweet potato pie that would melt in your month and waffles that would give inspiration to any poet and make him dream dreams. The white women of the household thought the world of Kitty, and her skill as a pastry cook brought her many presents and gim-cracks which tickle the vanity of the

(Continued on page 27)

Men of Our Times

ARTHUR SCHOMBERG, who is one of the most famous historians that the Negro race has produced, was born in San Juan, Porto Rico.

He pursued his primary studies at the private and public schools of that island. Later on he attended the Institute of Popular Education and St Thomas College. Being a printer by trade, he worked on the local papers of San Juan as a compositor.

Schomberg came to the United States in 1891 and studied law in the office of Pryor, Mellis and Harris. He studied and indexed 4,500 printed pages of the testimony in the famous Johnson and Johnson case, which was tried in the Courts of New Jersey to determine whether the red cross could with propriety be used as a trade mark on the absorbent and medicated cottens manufactured by the above named company. By the permission of the Chancellor, at the special request of Senator Brinkedoff, Schomberg assisted in the presentation of exhibits.

He is secretary of the Negro Society for Historical Research and a member of the following societies: Negro Lib-

rary Association, Honorable member of the Stylus Club of Howard University, American Negro Academy, N. A. A. C. P., Craftsmen, Club, Secretary 1892) Cuban Revolutionary Club, Las Dos Antillas and chartered member Club Borinqueen organised to promote the independence of Porto Rico.

Mr. Schomberg has devoted a great number of years to the cause of Cuban liberty. He associated with Rafael Sera, the Cuban poet and journalist.

He is an author of great ability and has to his credit the following contributions of which the race can be justly proud: "Placid," an appreciation of the Cuban poet who was executed in Havana (1844) for having incited the slaves to rebel against their masters. Editor of the de luxe edition of

Phyllis Wheatley's poems and letters; biographical checklist of American Negro Poetry; Racial History Helps to the Study of Negro History; American Negro Academy Occasional Papers; The Economic contributions rendered by the Negro to America.

Such men as Mr. Schomberg should be an inspiration to the Race and ample proof of the Negro's ability to compete with the white man in all fields and endeavors.



ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

There is no more impressive, interesting and inspiring figure among Negro journalists and men of thought than John Edward Bruce, who was born of slave parentage on February 22, 1856 in the town of Piscataury, Md.

Popularly known to the present generation by the *nom de plume* "Bruce Grit," he has endeared himself to their hearts by his unyielding championship and defence of Negro rights and liberties.

In 1859, when he was four years old, his parents moved to Washington, D. C., where by sheer perseverance, inspired by a great ambition and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, he began the tedious task of educating himself without assistance of any kind and source.



John E. Bruce

Bruce, at an astonishingly early age, developed a taste for journalism which matured with the passing years.

He served an apprenticeship in the office of L. L. Crouse, who was Associate Editor of *The New York Times*. In 1874 he became Special Correspondent for the *Progressive American*. His first newspaper contribution was an article entitled "The Distillation of Coal Tar" which was so meritorious that it evoked many complimentary expressions and earned for its writer the enviable and encouraging recognition of several prominent writers and other white men of learning. He also contributed special articles to the *New York Herald*, *The*

Times, *The World*, *The Mail*, *The Express*, *The Sun* and *The Globe*.

Mr. Bruce has established many brilliantly edited journals. He published *The Argus* at Washington in 1879 with C. M. Ostey as its editor. In 1880 our subject who has been approximately termed "the prince of Negro journalists," published *The Sunday Item* which was the first Sunday paper to be published by Negroes in America. He also published *The Washington Grit*, and *The Commonwealth*, the latter paper causing the removal of the word 'white' from the constitution of Maryland in which state it was published.

Mr. Bruce has written under the pseudonym "The Rising Sun" for the Richmond (Va) *Star* and under his real name for many other journals. For nearly a score of years Bruce was Special Correspondent for the *Lexington Standard* and certain European papers. Nor has his fame been confined to America and Europe. He has been special correspondent for *The African Times and Orient Review* and other African papers. He has served on the editorial staff of *The Exodus* of Washington. *The Maryland Director* and the *Washington Bee and Leader*.

Never has Bruce during his remarkable career sacrificed his manhood and honor, or lacked the courage and character to assert his convictions and defend those principles which are dearest to his heart. Possessing a clear, analytical mind and that inexorable determination which will not compromise, he has always demonstrated independence of thought and admirable originality in his writings.

Other men have experienced short-lived glory and have been surrounded with blazes of fame which, like unfanned coals of fire, soon became extinguished, but the fame of John E. Bruce is undying: it must serve to inspire Negro boys and girls to the highest heights of intellectual proficiency, service and sacrifice.

Dr. Edward Wilmont Blyden, ex-Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Liberia, and other men of universal importance have given testimonials in his honor. The Congress of the United States, as a mark of recognition of Bruce's ability, gave him honorable mention at the instance of Senator Chandler.

Mr. Bruce is president of the Negro Historical Research Society and a member of many other societies, among them the Stylus Club of Howard University; Society

International De Philologi; Science et Beau Arts; African Society (Mary Kingsley, founder); Negro Academy, Washington; and Knight African Redemption, Liberia, Africa.

He was appointed a Commissioner of the Tennessee Exposition in 1897 by Governor Morton, and was elected as delegate by Westchester County to serve at the Saratoga Conference which re-nominated Chas. E. Hughes for governor.

Mr. Bruce is the author of *The Biography of Eminent Negroes, the Blood Red Record, A Tribute for the Negro*; and many other works.

The Negro race will have just cause to consider itself favored if it should be blest in the future with men who possess the conscience and calibre of John Edward Bruce, for he is a model man, a kind father and husband; at all times true to his God, his race and himself.

Would Freedom Make Us "Village Cut-Ups"

The Chicago Defender, the only powerful Negro publication that is not voicing the overwhelming sentiment of the race for a free Africa. in its issue of December 28 revealed its reason for its silence upon a matter so greatly affecting the future of the race. The Defender naively believes that for the Negro to have a country of his own where the inhabitants could exercise the functions of self-government and to which the New World Negro, tired of oppression, could migrate, would mean simply that we could "build a black 'white house,' enact 'Jim Crow' laws against invading whites, carry razors, guns and knives to our hearts' content and in fact be regular village cut-ups without let or hindrance from the 'superior race'".

Is the razor-carrying village cut-ups the highest development to which the Negro, free of the 'superior race,' could attain? Does The Defender know nothing of ancient Ethiopia and Meroe; of mediaeval Nupe, Benin and the Songhai? Is the truth of the splendid progress of Liberia, hindered and hampered as she been by imperialistic Britain and France and robbed by their concession-seekers, unknown to The Chicago Defender?

One of the main arguments used to 'prove' the Negro's inferiority is the claim that the Negro is incapable of self-government. Incapable of governing himself what right has he to participate in the government of another people, even though he be also a part of the nation? Is The Defender not aware of the falsity of this argument? Does it not know that both Liberia and Hayti have produced great administrators and diplomats who can favorably be compared with the leading European statesmen? Certainly

it has only been through the ability of her statesmen that Liberia has so long been able to escape the clutching hands of thieving Europe.

Those of us who have advocated a free Africa have done so in recognition of the fact that the status of one section of the race surely affects the status of all other sections, no matter what ocean rolls between. In a world of fast transportation and rapid thought communication we cannot be slaves in one part and expect to be recognised as free men in another part. Those of us who have spoken of returning to Africa, should a substantial part of that continent be set aside for the Negro, have considered such a return from the standpoint of escaping the oppressive and degrading conditions in this country and in the prospects of a free enjoyment of 'security of life' and property, equal opportunities and the freest development along the lines of our own race genius. But The Defender can only see in the New Negro's natural and human desire to escape from galling and menacing conditions a wish to escape to some spot where we would be surrounded by ourselves and wants to know "how long it would be possible to keep a white face from their midst" satisfying its own curiosity to the effect that it would be impossible to do so for long and concluding its inquiry with the advice that "there is no use in moving away to get rid of that evil."

We would that the American Race Problem were as simple as The Defender believes or would have its readers believe. But unfortunately the almost daily lynchings, the recent revival of the Ku Klux Klan, the evident determination of the white South to keep the Black South in the mire,

the government's apparent helplessness in the matter, its sanction of jim-crowism on the railroads it now controls, its qualifying statement in help advertisements that "Negroes and aliens" are not wanted, are only a few of the stern signs of the times warning us that the future of our children will not be safe in such a land. And we are afraid that all of the smart and bombastic sayings such as The Defender's that "if there is any moving to be done it's up to the other fellow" won't help or alter the situation in which 90,000,000 whites are determined to uphold 'white supremacy in what, in times of peace they consider a 'white man's country', against 10,000,000 Negroes who are becoming increasingly restive under weight of their wrongs.

But since The Defender has such aims on the African question it is a matter that really does not interest The Defender.

The Negro who opposes an African State because he is a Colored American—a half-a-man citizen of the United States—and intends to remain so, is attacking something that doesn't concern him. No one is going to forcibly remove him. But if his fellow Negroes—the men who want a man's rights, equal opportunities, free development, security of life and property—want to leave the United States it will be a good thing for them to have a free Africa to go to, where they can exult in an independent nationality and enjoyment of security of life and property and all the other rights of men, at the same time demonstrating afresh to the world the Negro's ability to govern himself.

The National American Sport Lynching

Dyersburg, in Tennessee, is a prosperous town of some 7500 people, the county seat and a representative community of the better class. In this town on Sunday morning, December 2, in a lot the corner of which adjoins the public square, and which is within a stone's throw of two churches and the residences of several ministers, as well as the mayor of the town, while the people of Dyersburg surrounded the scene, watched all that occurred and approved, since no protest was made, a Negro was thus dealt with:

The Negro was seated on the ground and a buggy axle driven into the ground be-



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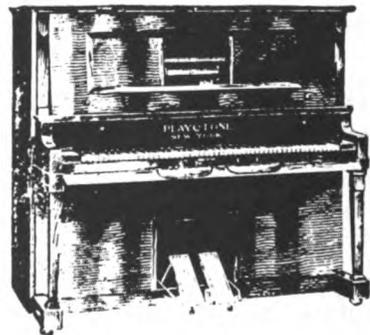
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tween his legs. His feet were chained together, with logging chains, and he was tied with wire. A fire was built, pokers and flatirons were procured and heated in the fire. It was thirty minutes before they were red-hot.

His self-appointed executioners burned his eyeballs with red-hot irons. When he opened his mouth to cry for mercy a red-hot poker was rammed down his gullet. Red-hot irons were placed on his feet, back and body, until a hideous stench of burning human flesh filled the Sabbath air of Dyersburg.

Thousands of persons witnessed this scene. They had to be pushed back from the stake to which the Negro was chained. Roof tops, second-story windows and porch tops were filled with spectators. Children were lifted to shoulders that they might behold the agony of the victim.

A little distance away, in the public square the best citizens of the county supported the burning and torturing with their near-by presence.—Moorfield Story in *The Negro Question*.

A sentiment which makes the most atrocious of all crimes a trivial and a justifiable deed, can only be classed as degrading and infamous.—James F. Morton, Jr.

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The Confessions of a Lunatic

By ANDREA RAZAFKIERIEFO.

During my frequent visits to the "Home of Missing Minds," on the "Island of Not," I became acquainted with the unfortunate occupant of "Padded Cell No. 13." On our very first meeting I was struck by his remarkable figure, his commanding personality and his charming grace which would have made Louis XV and his gallants look like a bunch of elephants.

He was introduced to me by the keeper, as Mr. John Dummy but immediately corrected the latter as being guilty of a grave error. "I am none other," he added with fiery emphasis, "than Julius Caesar, whom the world has long been tricked into believing dead." At this he extended me his hand with the air of doing another a great favor and I, knowing that he must be humored, bowed low and long and, forcing a sob into my voice, acquainted him with the fact that I was his long lost friend, Mark Anthony. At

this he shrieked aloud with joy, danced about, beat his head upon the padded walls and finally embraced me. It is well that nothing makes me sick for he sealed his joy with a kiss, flush upon my lips.

My closer intimacy with John Dummy or Julius Caesar, proved him the possessor of a wealth of information. He was versed in any topic of the day, spoke three languages (English, Slang and Profanity) and was a novelist, poet and philosopher. He had been everything from a Boot Black to a Bank President and a Minister down to a Murderer. The latter capacity seemed to have taken up a considerable bit of his time for I gleaned from his own lips the ghastly details of over a hundred crimes he had committed. The following story is one of his confessions given to you exactly as imparted to me:

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"I, Julius Caesar, whom men have the impudence to call John Dummy, am a miser in the use of the words and weigh them as carefully as the merchant weighs your potatoes and am as liberal with them as your janitor is with his coal in the dead of winter. Thus the brevity of my account.

"My method of killing Phillip Losay-back was a simple one, so simple that a baby two years old could have done it—with about twenty years training. The scene of the crime took place in his studio, upstairs below the basement. The time was precisely twelve sixty G. M. by my watch, which, by the way, I didn't have with me. The motive of the crime was theft. The loot, a fresh egg (only two years old) estimated by some experts as being worth six cents. The weapon used was a toothpick. And now I will explain how it was done.

"I learned through. . . (the name of the person I cannot disclose as I do not want to keep it a secret) that a certain wealthy gentleman, living on E. Z. Street, was the proud possessor of a treasure which in modern times represents a fortune—an egg. Spurred on by the demon "High Cost of Living" I planned to rob him. I left my home on departing and reached his residence on arriving and at the time, already stated, proceeded to do the dirty work.

"Making as much noise as possible, I crept silently to the door of his study which I found lightly ajar. I picked the lock and entered. Fearing that the creaking of a loose board would betray me I picked up my feet and slipped them in my pocket and then tiptoed towards my victim, who lay awake, sleeping in his arm chair. I could plainly see his face as his back was towards me and to my joy I beheld the egg—he was sitting on it. Within two feet of him, to my terror, I sneezed. Startled, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'Who in the Sam Hill are you?'"

"Don't be frightened, I am only a burglar," I answered. At this he looked greatly relieved. "I am so glad," he sighed, "I feared you were an honest man, seeking to rob me." I saw that diplomacy must be used.

"Dear Sir," I began, "It pains me greatly but I am obliged to relieve you of something you prize highly." For a moment his hands twitched nervously at his sides.

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"And what is that, sir," he snapped.
 "The egg you have there," I chuckled.
 "I thought as much," he shrieked, "but
 I will fool you in your attempt!" And
 before I could stop him, he had thrust
 the egg into his mouth and swallowed it.

For a moment I stood rooted to the
 spot. My anger knew no bounds. The
 loss of the egg had turned me into a de-
 mon. Springing upon him, I drew my
 toothpick and stabbed him three times in
 succession upon his bare wrist. He spun
 around like a top, 'got over 'sal, and fell
 dead at my feet, dying five minutes later.

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Success

by Austin A. Lewis.

The first law of success today is concentration. That means to bend all your energies to one point looking neither to the right nor to the left. You must know one thing well and have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand other things, however attractive they may seem. This also applies to your vocation.

If you would succeed you must know your own work perfectly; you must single out your specialty and into that you must use all the energy of your hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain.

The second law of success is character. In the formation of character personal exertion is the first, the second and the third virtue. A good name will not come without its being sought. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by outward advantages, it does not issue

from birth, or wealth or talent or station but is the result of one's own endeavors therefore, a good name is in the reach of every one no matter how humble is his birth or how obscure is one's condition.

All the virtues of character are the result of untiring application and industry. The most fatal acquirement of a good name is the treacherous confidence in external advantages. It is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view and that your aim in life be elevated. An old proverb says, "he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on the level with himself."

This is also true with the formation of character, therefore, set your standard high and you cannot fail to raise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Our young people in general, are not conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt to superior excellence. The said consequence is that their efforts are few and feeble and they are not waked up to anything great or distinguished.

Young men and women, you can be whatever you resolve to be! Resolution is omnipotent. Aim at excellence and I assure you excellence will be attained. "I cannot do it," never accomplished anything. "I will try," has worked wonders. If you do not believe these two statements try them and I believe you will agree with me. If you want to rise to a place of usefulness you must do so by your own exertions, remembering that you must have every atom of dishonesty squeezed, hammered and burned out if necessary and you must become as true as 24karat gold.

If your ideal is to be a surgeon and you try to be a farmer, you will fail; if your ideal is to be a lawyer and you try to be a chauffeur, you will fail; or if your ideal is to be a good Christian and you try to be a loafer, you will fail; at the end of all your efforts failure will be present if you do not try to do what your conscience tells you to do. A wise individual will not fight against his conscience but with it.

If you are ambitious give room to that

204

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spirit, measure yourself with your equals and learn from frequent competition the place which you are aiming to fill. Never take cognizance that you are said to be too ambitious. One can never be too ambitious if he wants to succeed, unless he tries to conquer and rule everything and everybody or tries to learn something about everything which is impossible, therefore, not ambitious for ambitious does not tend to lead one to do impossibilities.

Remember progress leading to success is seldom smooth, you must profit by the mistakes of yesterday. Do not imagine there is no chance for you. The world owes all of its inhabitants a living but it is for each individual to employ his intellect to earn his own livelihood. All honest work is honorable no matter how menial it is remembering that preparation of some kind is essential to advancement and success. I might add that success also depends upon your ability to keep secret your private and personal affairs in business or otherwise. This does not mean to be selfish. We should always have something pleasant to say to our neighbors and friends then say it and stop talking, remembering it is easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. Say less than your neighbor and listen more than you talk for when you are listening you cannot be talking about yourself or any one else, thereby, flattering the person who is.

In conclusion let me say firstly, you must make a place for yourself in the world be it small or great. Secondly that the world cares nothing for you until you do something to prove your value. Society not only demands that you be somebody but also that you prove your right to the title. To be successful you cannot lean on the arm of somebody and enjoy their fruitful exertions.

Thirdly, that you must exercise patience to thoroughly prepare yourself remembering that it is the seemingly difficult things you must master which generally begin at the foot of the ladder and as you ascend the view of your aim will become less indistinct.

By so doing you will not only grasp the power of self-respect and self-reliance but the respect of your friends and the public.

TOUISSANT L'OVERTURE

By Andrea Razafkeriefo

So great was he that in his fullest hour
He nursed no thought of riches or of
power,
Thus did this noble Black look with a
frown
On what Napoleon cherished most—the
crown.

He broke no oaths, he used no tyrant's
rod
He stood for freedom and he stood for
God,
(Full master of himself as well as others)

He dealt with foes as though they were
his brothers.
In spite of treachery which sealed his
doom

And sent him to a prisoncell—his tomb:
He leaves a name that ever will endure
Such was the CONQUEROR—L'O-
VERTURE

TWO BABIES

205

Two babies came to earth one day,
Both down from heaven—the selfsame way;
And in two homes that happy morn
Parents rejoiced for the man-child born.

Playmates through youth, with books and
toys;
They learned alike of griefs and joys.
Happy till manhood's brink they reached,
When diverse paths were sought by each.

One pleasures sought in selfish mode,
And traveled fast the downward road,
Till people shuddered to behold
A dwarf in body, mind and soul.

He could not see the wonder grow,
That God's creature could sink so low,
He called himself, e'en in his plight,
Superior—God made him white.

The other chose the better plan—
Respected God and his fellow-man;
Developed, battling for his goal,
A giant intellect, heart and soul.

His superb body ne'er knew abuse;
His soul with wrong ne'er made a truce;
Yet some folks called him—spite of fact—
Inferior—God made him black.

—I. J. L.—Chicago Defender.

Plays and Players

By C. V. B.

The probable popularity of melodrama in Harlem was strikingly indicated during the run of "The Fatal Wedding" at the Lafayette. Never was there so much hearty applause and uproarious laughter than during the New Year week when that melodrama was presented at the popular Seventh Avenue Playhouse.

The work of Andrew Bishop as *Howard Wilson*, the character about whom moved most of the action in "The Fatal Wedding", was charmingly clean-cut and convincing. Bishop probably never appeared to better advantage.

Cleo Desmond as the heroine made quite a hit and shows increasing ability in emotional work.

Arthur T. Ray's work as the Gaelic "Toto" was half of the show in the first part of "The Fatal Wedding". Ray is one of the most versatile of the Lafayette stars.

Clarence E. Muse made an impressive come-back in his old best line: the villain. Time was when he was THE best stage villain about, but nowadays he must divide honors with Luke Scott, who is now in Chicago, and with A. B. Comathiere.

Miss Lillian Gilliam has been lately seen at her very best in two plays, "The Brat" and "The Fatal Wedding". In both she handled the role of a precocious and sophisticated child. Miss Gilliam is undoubtedly the best Negro actress of juvenile roles. And in ingenue roles she is second only to Miss Evelyn Ellis.

While not as good a heavy as Luke Scott or as good at bullying as Clarence Muse, Hayes L. Pryor nevertheless takes the cake in certain villain roles. He is without an equal as the suave, gentlemanly villain.

Miss Elizabeth Williams gave a very able interpretation of Irish Bridget in "The Fatal Wedding".

206

Lincoln Theatre

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Arthur Simmons made his New York debut in effective manner and is already for on his way to winning the hearts of Harlem.

A good brand of vaudeville, coupled with the latest releases in pictures, is being handed out at the Lincoln Theatre to large and appreciative audiences.

The Amateur Contests every Sunday at the Lafayette have created a great deal of interest in Harlem circles.

The Lindsey Players

The Lindsey Players, an aggregation of semi-pro artists, under the direction of I Louis Lindsey, scored a tremendous hit on January 8 when they presented before a large audience at the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, (Rev. William P. Hayes, D. D., pastor) the famous drama "The World Against Him".

The work of the Lindsey Players in this presentation deserves the heartiest commendation. The roles were all well handled. The work of Jervey H. Wilson as the tramp left little to be desired, Miss

Marguerite Hubbard Brown, the great Shakesprian actress, appeared to advantage; while the work of William K. Hoggans, Miss Doris Hernandez, Arthur Davis, Miss Lina Vann-Baker and Edward Royster greatly contributed to the effect of the whole.

Another delight of the evening was the superb repertoire of songs rendered by Mme Lula Robinson-Jones during entr'acts.

1919 BEST WISHES FOR A 1919

Prosperous New Year

from

William "Babe" Townsend

Lafayette Players

207

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Digest of Views

Africa and Democracy

"Africa for the Africans does not appear on any of the peace programs thus far published," we are informed by *The Literary Digest*, which goes on to say, as a preliminary to quoting some London publications, that 'self-determination' doesn't seem to go south of Suez. The Africans are still considered a 'white man's burden' and as Germany steps out it is now suggested by some of the London papers that America step in and relieve Great Britain, which is already over-burdened with colonies".

The spectacle of Great Britain appealing to be relieved in the work of stealing other people's lands is indeed amusing and *The Omaha (Neb.) Monitor* assesses the British 'appeal' at its true value in the following words:

Isn't that simply a lovely and delightful manifestation of generosity on the part of the London papers and shouldn't Uncle Sam try to break his neck gathering in these colonies which Great Britain "really doesn't want, doncher know?"

Of course we have always had more or less suspicion that "self-determination" doesn't go south of Suez," but doesn't it rather strike you that if south of the Suez is such a momentous burden for the white man, that he would really want to turn it loose and apply "self-determination" there first of all?

The white man, when judged by some of his acts would seem to have so much hypocrisy in his make-up, that he too often imagines that it is sincerity.

This "white man's burden" stuff is a joke of too long standing. Read history with open mind and careful analysis and you will discover that the white man has never "assumed" a burden that didn't pay for itself over and over again in dollars and cents. England's "burden" in Africa has brought into her country a stream of gold that has enriched her beyond any nation of the world. She does not want to get rid of the "burden" and the suggestion that the United States take the German colonies is only a gentle feeler put out to have the United States say she doesn't want them

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and beg England to take them, sort of Gaston-and-Alphonso-like. Of course, we blacks of America will have nothing to say about it and probably, neither will the blacks of Africa, but don't try to spring that old joke again about "the white man's burden." It has gone to seed now. Those "burdens" are big investments that are paying handsome dividends and it will take more than words to make the white man turn them loose.

When Africa Awakes

When Africa awakes! and from
The crushing centuries of crushing wrong,
Base defilement, lust and thong,
Lifts up her voice and cries aloud
Her right to rule herself! Methinks the
crowd
Of gold-greedy men will laugh and say:
"Not now, thou backward race! This is
our day!
Yours yet to bow and meekly pay
The price of weakness."

But Africa will ponder well these words,
Her sons shall seek the shadows of the hills
And vow, as they recount the rosary of ills,
That their fair land of summer sun and
mien
Must not forever be the Midas dream
Of self-made masters, who even loathe to
give
The one, last human right, to live.

Africa bids her time! But from the ocean
strand,
O'er jungle, mountain, vale and mead,
That sweet word, "Unity" will speed
On wings of winds, and woo her fretful
folk
Into one dream! one voice! one heart! one
hope!
And yet again she'll claim her sacred right
To rule herself, apart from alien might;

But if, once more, the pale-faced men shall
say:
"Not yet, thou backward race! Still thine
to pay!"
I quake to think how swarthy arms shall
hurl
Thundering terrors at a gasping world!
When Africa awakes!

GEORGE WELLS PARKER.

The Colonel's Narrative

Continued from Page 12

female sex. I was fond of her myself not only because others appreciated her for selfish reasons, but because she was a noble hearted, pure minded and high spirited woman, and was as true to me as the needle to the poles.

Several months after we were married I was supplanted as butler by a young mulatto that my master had won at cards in New Orleans, in a big game where he sat for a week, and I was made gardener as I was known to have considerable knowledge of horticulture and landscape gardening. There were now about eighty slaves on our plantation most of them young and middle-aged men and women. The men all knowing some trade, and the women also, there were dressmakers, cloth spinners, tailoresses, etc., among them. All of them had learnt from their mothers the art of cookery, now a lost art among moderns. A large number of these slaves were hired out and their labor brought in a good revenue annually to their master. About twenty-five or thirty were kept on the plantation to raise the crops, and children large enough to work assisted them. Sometimes when their master was unfortunate at cards some of these children or young men around the plantation would be sold and in a week or so new faces would appear in the quarters. We always knew when luck went against him in New Orleans because he usually came home drunk and remained in that condition for a week or ten days at a time. And when he sobered up our hearts quailed for we knew that something was about to happen. The last time he went to New Orleans he lost \$1,500 in one night's play and came back home as drunk as an Irish sailor. When the whiskey had oozed out of him, he sent for slave traders to visit him. They arrived at the place about ten o'clock in the morning of the day following the receipt of his letter and stayed nearly all day, going from place to place on the plantation looking at the slaves at work asking us all sorts of questions and making notes in a book which one of them carried. We all felt as ill at ease as a hen with her brood of chickens when a hawk is hovering over them preparing to swoop down and carry them off. Finally one of these slave traders caught sight of my Kitty who was standing at the

pantry window looking out. She wore a nice clean calico frock, a gingham apron and white ruffled cap on her head. He said something to the others and they all started toward the house. The "Colonel", our master, as he was called, now joined them and the group advanced to the piazza and within hearing distance my suspicions were aroused and I shifted my position so as to be as near them as possible without seeming to be eavesdropping. They were having an animated conversation and the man who had first spied my Kitty said:

"Colonel, that's a very likely nigra woman you've got thar Ah've been watching huh for sometime, she handles huhself well. I think she's a valuable darcy and Ah' lak to own huh mahself."

The Colonel didn't say a word, he simply looked at the slavetrader and winked. I was setting out some flowers under the dining room window, but my heart was in that pantry and my eyes were on those slave traders. Presently all of them at the invitation of the "Colonel" went into the house where they remained for about half an hour, then they came out on the piazza where they sat and smoked the finest Havana cigars and kept Hezekiah, the butler, busy as a bee making mint juleps and Sangerees. About three o'clock they went away—They had done their work.

The next morning after breakfast the overseer blew his horn for all hands to stop work and come to the great house. Then we knew that trouble was in the air. When we had all assembled, the "Colonel" walked out on the piazza, his big white sombrero tilted slightly back on his head and a cigar in his mouth—he advanced to the rail and said:

"I have sold most of you nigras to those gentlemen whq were here yesterday. I shan't keep more than ten or twelve of you old field hands. Acrou (which was myself) I have sold you to a planter in Alabama. Kitty your wife I have sold to one of the gentlemen who were here yesterday. He goes to Georgia to-day. All the oldest of you nigras go back to your work—and keep at it."

Out of the forty-three slaves called up only fifteen, not counting the house servants returned to the field. (The remainder who were marked for the slaughter were interned in the smoke

house for over two hours until the arrival of the slave traders. Two prairie schooners each drawn by four mules arrived to take us God knew where. There were chains and manacles enough for sixty or a hundred slaves in these wagons. We were chained together in groups of five and six. Seven of us were sold to planters in Alabama and the others to that dreaded state Georgia.

When I saw my Kitty step aboard the vessel bound for Georgia, I knew that I was looking on her face for the last time on earth. We each went our several ways with sorrowing hearts, hoping against hope for a reversal of the verdict of Fate. But this was not to be.

When I reached Alabama, I was put almost immediately to work with a planter near Selma who was as great a gambler, and a worse tyrant than the "Colonel". I remained here about a year when he sold me to a planter in Baton Rouge, who was a pretty good man and a strict church member, and held family prayers night and morning in which all his slaves, some 16 or 17 had to join. This mummerly had little effect on me for I could not reconcile it with slavery I had in my heart the greatest contempt for my new owner who I knew was in the sight of God an arrant hypocrite (We all assented in this drastic but truthful estimate of the slave-holder, especially that type which claimed intimacy with the Almighty). While in Louisiana my thoughts were constantly fixed on my wife whom I had not seen or heard from since the day we were rudely put asunder, two years and eight months previous. I wondered where she was, how she was, getting on and whether our babe which then would be a little over a year old was living and had like us been sold by a cruel master to satisfy a gambling or some other debt. One night while sitting in the door of my cabin enjoying the moonlight and the fragrance of the magnolia, wild rose and honeysuckle that climbed up beside my humble hat and peered into my window, I fell asleep in my home-made rocker and I slept for possibly an hour. When I woke and prepared for bed, I lay down but I could not sleep for I was thinking of Kitty and our babe. The silvery moon painted shadows upon the wall of my room and the gentle rustling of the leaves sent into it a refreshing breeze redolent of the odor of pine, the wild rose that grew hard by and sweet smelling magnolia.

As I lay there on my back thinking, thinking of my dear wife and child there appeared upon the scene the form of a woman. She carried in her arms a huge bundle and stood with her back to the door and fixed her gaze on me. I could not take my eyes from hers and the perspiration rolled off like water. I knew I was awake, but I could not move a limb of my body until the apparition disappeared, which it did in a few seconds. That shadow was my Kitty and my child. I mustered up the courage to call her name and as I did so she faded from my view. Now comes the interesting part.

I slept no more that night, but tossed and rolled on my couch until the early hours of the morning, and I gladly hailed the sound of the overseer's horn calling to the field hands to turn out. While at work I mentioned the matter to several of my fellow slaves and each of them shook his head ominously. Matters went on for a week and I was very much depressed in spirits and could not eat or sleep.

One morning there came to my plantation a gang of twenty slaves who had been purchased by my master at a forced sale in Georgia. There were ten women and ten men they all showed unmistakable evidence of brutal treatment. They were poorly clothed and seemed to have been poorly fed for sometime past, if outward appearance were any indication of inward conditions. Hearing that they were fresh from Georgia, I soon made myself acquainted with them. One of the women told me that she had belonged to Colonel L., the man who had purchased my wife. I eagerly asked if she knew my Kitty and if she was still living and in Georgia.

"No, honey", she answered sorrowfully, "Kitty am in a better world by dis time. Dat child been daid for two weeks. Her young master, he tried to take advantage of her and she hit him with a hammer and almost killed the dawg. Den de ole Colonel he ordered her to be whipped an' de oberseer he whipped tweek she fell daid. She was a spirited gal and she des tak her maul'ng. She nevver whimpered. While dat dung was a flogging of her."

Did Kitty have a child, I asked this old woman.

"Yes, son, she had a boy about seventeen month's old, a bright and lik'ly little fellow, but he were sold some months ago with a wagon-load of pickaninnies."

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(Continued on page 32)

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Book Review

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That these things may not be accomplished by Mr. Morton's work is no fault of the author's but rather a vivid illustration of the cussedness of human nature—white, in particular.

One of the most discouraging phases of the race question is the white man's reluctance—in many cases refusal—to discuss the matter.

Mr. Morton's work shows a wide knowledge of facts (ancient and contemporary) and of human nature and of the various sciences bearing directly upon man. "The Curse of Race Prejudice" contains a profound consideration of the roots and causes of prejudice as well as its effects and evils. It is indeed a valuable contribution to the race discussion and a book that no student of the ques-

tion and certainly no Negro should be without.

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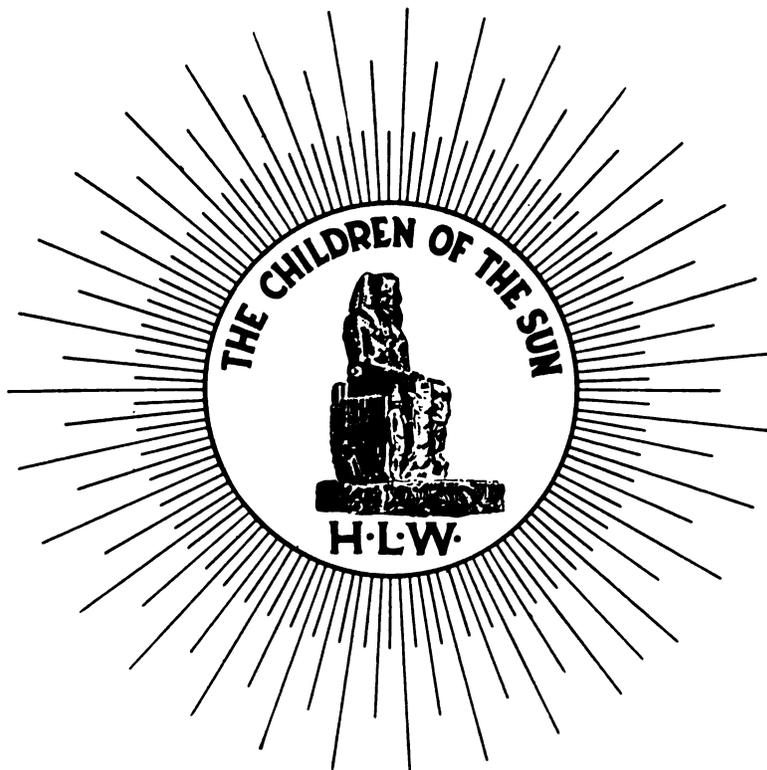
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by WILLIAM H. BRIGGS.

Continued from Page 5

give you control of your feeling, and in the last analysis, needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self discipline, and self-control. The very effort to advance—to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached—is inspiring and invigorating, and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction. Read good literature understandingly for it enshrines the germs of action, for good words almost invariably inspire to good works. They are never alone, that are accompanied by Noble Thoughts.

A TROPICAL SIBERIA.

(Continued from page 29)

land too well. It would be unpleasant to see men grown old in confinement, to be reminded of young hopes, of ruined lives, of aspirations, of the passionate love of home and country, of fine energy and of genius lost to India and to the world. It would be annoying to think of the despair of long, weary years of prison life to come, of solitary confinement, of the lash, the chains, of intense heat, of prison brutality, of more young men swelling the ranks, with "Hail Motherland!" on their lips.

So the Andaman islands in the Bay of Benga! brood away, and it may be well that a veil be drawn between them and the world. They are far distant, and the world is not prone to delve too deeply into distant and unpleasant things. Of some things it is inexpedient to think. The prisoners are a subject people, although their forefathers for near to five thousand years drew the breath of freedom. But perhaps times have changed and desolate islands are appropriate places for dark-skinned individuals who worship freedom as they worship their God. Only the khaki-clad guardians of his majesty's empire know the meaning of liberty or are worthy of its blessings.

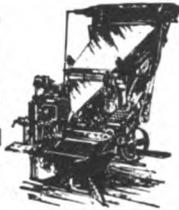
If for no other reason than for the geographic interest, it may be well to remember that there is a small group of islands called the Andamans in the Bay of Bengel, some few hundred miles off the east coast of India.

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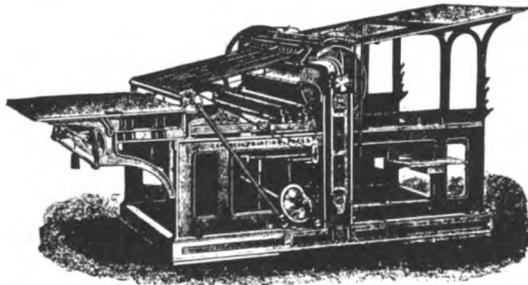
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