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The Crusader Magazine

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Please Mention The Crusader.

The Crusader Magazine

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APRIL, 1919

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Fighting Savage Hun And Treachorous Cracker

By Cyril V. Briggs

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Much has been said of German frightfulness and savagery and some little of the heroism and valor of the Negro fighters that made unavailing all the Hun's efforts to terrorize the world. You have heard of the great style in which the Black defenders of civilization met and crushed the Hun menace but you most likely have not heard—for few there are who dare to speak out just now—that these brave boys had to fight so-called friend as well as open foe. And the fight against prejudice on the part of those whose hides and homes and families were being protected by the black warriors of the 369th and other Negro units was the hardest fight of all. One can get accustomed to facing an enemy in the opposite trench whose aim it is to pick you off before you can effect the same disservice for him. But what man can ever become accustomed to the enemy in the rear who refuses to bury his share of the common differences in the hour of mutual danger and insists inopportunistly and in sneaking and underhanded ways upon carrying on the internecine strife, at the same time that your attention is engrossed with the enemy of your common country.

And everything that prejudice and hatred could conceive and crackers execute was done to make it unpleasant for the Negro soldier and to degrade him in the eyes of the French. Only the Negro soldier's good humor, nerves of steel and unconquerable *corp d' esprit* saved him from utter demoralization as a result of these nerve-racking attempts to break his morale.

Faced Insidious Propaganda

The "Hell Fighters" feel mighty hot about this unexpected phase with which they had to battle. They expected German shell and shot, machine gun and gas attack and went prepared for these.

But the thought that they would have to face an under-handed war waged upon them by men serving under the same flag and in defence of the same country had never crossed their minds, and accordingly they were unprepared for the war of prejudice that was directed against them the moment they set foot in France. But before it was all over it was given back tit for tat and a little more! For to the "Hell Fighters" prejudice was nothing new. They have faced and tackled it from their very first induction from a voluntarily organised State militia into the Federal service of the nation. And they have faced it squarely and fought it to a standstill, forcing RESPECT if not affection from those who at first were inclined to treat them as doormats. They faced it at the Southern camps before going over when they tore down all discriminating signs and put the fear of God and the love of humanity into the heart of many a rabid cave-man. They faced it when they "fixed bayonets" for the Alabamians at Camp Mills. And they had to face it "over there" even when they were fighting to protect American women from the bestial Hun and American institutions from the iron fist of the Kaiser. And the things they ran up against have sent them home exceedingly hot and wondering if it was worth while after all to face the veritable hell of "No Man's Land" for a country that apparently has no conception of the corresponding duty to protect in his rights to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' the citizen who takes up arms in its defence.

Ample Proofs

The things that happened over there are of a nature to make one's blood boil and one's feelings to volcanically erupt! Nor are these idle tales from disgruntled men. The men show ample proofs to

corroborate their statements. And the statements, coming from so many men, unknown to each other for the most part and serving in units which were widely separated during the war and since, are sufficient in themselves to convince. But behind these statements are a battery of literary Seventy-five's and photographic evidence gathered by the Negro officers and men in spite of the efforts of white officers to prevent this very thing.

Priority Given to Enemy Wounded

The boys were ill-treated and neglected at the hands of their white officers, many of whom were inexperienced or of the white feather variety, and at the hands of the Y. M. C. A., of medical men and nurses, some of whom are accused of being not only rabidly prejudiced, utterly depraved and savage but even of committing treasonable acts in neglecting wounded Negro-Americans on the field and in the hospitals and in giving prior aid to slightly wounded enemy prisoners over badly wounded Negro heroes. One atrocious incident is cited, wherein it is alleged, a white-American medical man kicked off of a stretcher a wounded Negro soldier, who had just suffered the loss of a leg, that the stretcher might be used in the case of a slightly wounded German prisoner. It is said, too, that the "white roses of No Man's Land" would often neglect wounded Negro-Americans for wounded Huns in their preference for a white skin.

Demanded Negro Officers

The "Hell Fighters" had to tackle prejudice in their white officers. At first it was a difficult proposition: an officer has immense power and military rules are strict and often harsh. But when the boys could stand it no longer they 'cut loose' on their white officers and began to make them toe the mark. Twice in the Argonne, they refused to be led by white officers and the commander had to dig up Negro officers for the job. Several times, too, fresh white officers would get left out in "No Man's Land." Huns and crackers being both white it was often impossible for the "Hell Fighters" to distinguish between the two—especially as they had to fight both anyhow.

Among the causes that militated to make them distrust white leadership is given the story of a white officer who chose for his command a shell hole in which several detachments had recent-

ly been killed and after he had been warned of this fact he is alleged to have made the remark: "That's just the place. I have some niggers here for that hole."

The "Hell Fighters" had few colored officers at this time for these latter had been transferred to other organizations directly the "Old Fifteenth" began to make a reputation for themselves. The men protested this transfer but were told that "the rules of the A. E. F. in France called for all colored officers or all white officers.

White Artillery Withheld Support

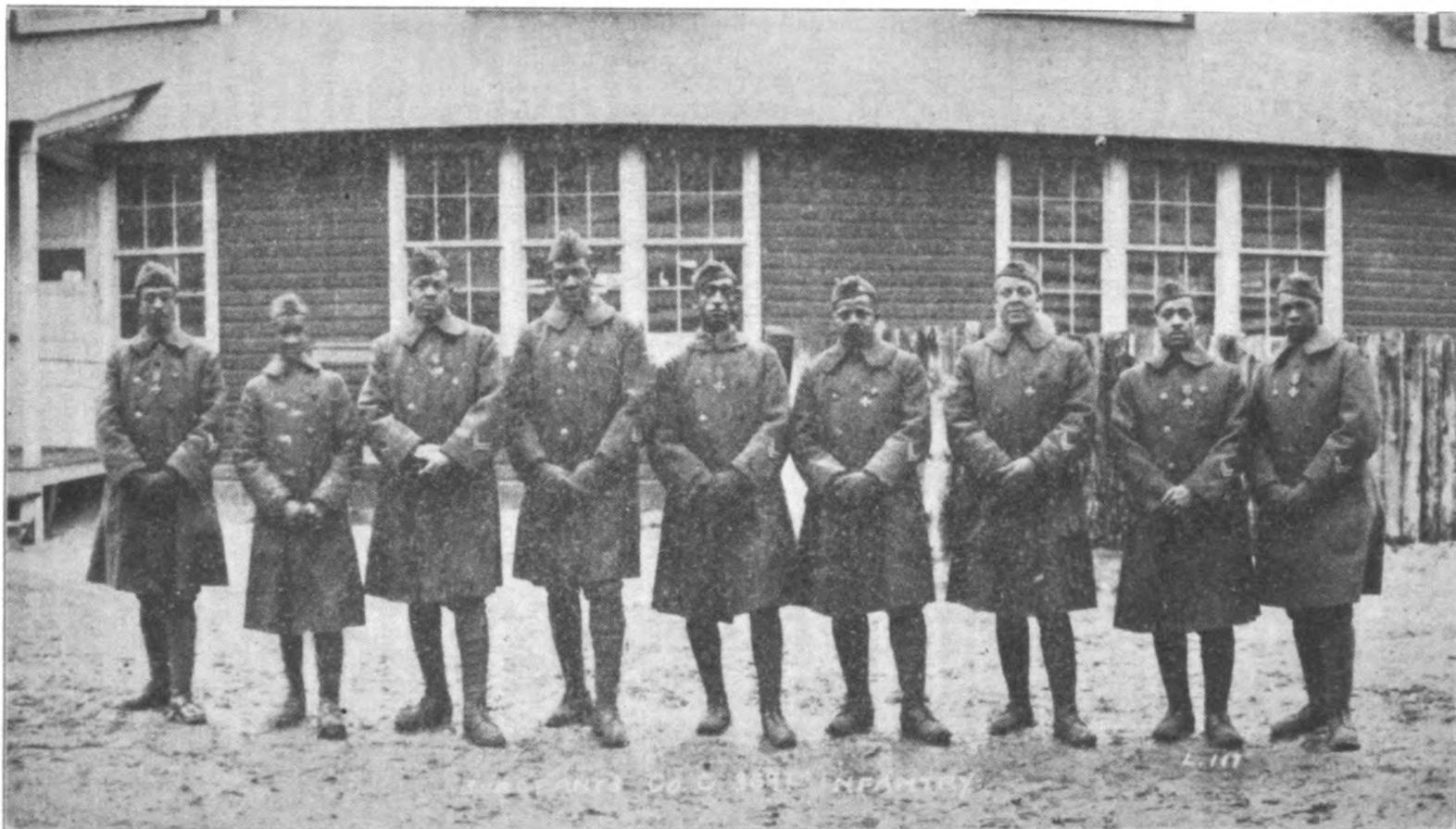
The "Hell Fighters" might as well have been fighting the A. E. F. for all the support they received from it. It was only after they had been placed with the French that they began to make their fighting qualities tell upon the Hun. While with the A. E. F. the white artillery often refused to support their advance movements and these as a result were effected at terrible cost to men and officers. But they were effected.

Even Smokes Denied

Another way in which the spite of hatred and uncontrollable prejudice was vented upon them was in the denial of smokes. With nerves shattered and yearning for the solace of tobacco they very often could not get their hands upon a cigarette and were forced to the expedient of using their daily coffee ration as a substitute for smokes. Talk about cabbage-leaf cigars! How much more awful must have been those coffee cigarettes!

Smokes had to be fought for almost as strenuously as for an enemy trench. It was sometimes the sheer devilry of their cracker officers that denied them this comfort, often it was the neglect—intentional or otherwise—of the organizations entrusted with the distribution of tobacco. This happened to a lesser extent in this country, when white war-workers with their boxes of candies and smokes for the out-going soldiers were known to turn away from trains when it was discovered that their occupants were not the white soldiers for whom they were apparently reserving their gifts but Negro soldiers on their way to fight for 'democracy.'

The Negro soldiers were given little rest in the rest camps. Directly back from the most strenuous campaigns they



SERGEANTS OF REDOUBTABLE COMPANY C. OF THE FAMOUS 369TH INFANTRY

Reading right to left: Sergt. Robert Pollard, Sergt. James Smith, Sergt. Charles Wright, First Sergeant Marshall T. Bridgett, the famous "Honorable War Lord," Sergt. Robert Mason, Sergt. Alfred Adams, Sergt. Albert Johnson, Sergt. James Beckton, Sergt. McNamary.

were put to do stevedore work. One unit of the "Hell Fighters" arriving at four o'clock in the afternoon at one of the rest camps was served with dinner at five and aroused at seven from the sound sleep into which they had fallen and put to work from that hour to four o'clock in the morning unloading vessels. Protesting they were told they needed the exercise. They who had been among the slumber-disturbing, nerve-wrecking alarms of the trenches for many days and nights on a stretch!

One officer has the reputation of having gone even farther to make things uncomfortable for the men under him. This man, Major Spencer, is said to have camped a detachment in a swampy field and refused the men permission to build huts or do anything to make themselves comfortable, in spite of the fact that they were at the time at a safe distance from the front and that he himself was billeted upon a French family and exceedingly comfortably situated.

Spread Lies and Calumnies

Not to let them billet upon the French appeared to be one of the cardinal principles of white officers commanding Negro troops in France. The vilest lies and calumnies upon the Negro were disseminated in the French towns. Among these were warnings to the French women that they should keep off the streets while Negro soldiers were about; that the Negro-Americans were savages who would cut off their heads and run away with them. The warning was also issued—whether for the benefit of the decapitated or for those whose heads were still resting upon their graceful shoulders is not quite plain—that the Negro would "make them do things they did not want to do."

In this connection a regular and apparently official propaganda was conducted, propaganda committees preceding the colored soldiers in their advance through France and disseminating among the French stories that these soldiers were unclean and immoral, and advising French women to run from them lest they should attack and rape them on the streets. But in spite of all these tales and to the chagrin of the white Americans the Negro-Americans gained in popularity among the French and at the time of the armistice were the most popular of the armed guests of France.

Yet everything that evil cracker mind could conceive of was done to convince the French of the low degree of the Negro-American. Negro soldiers were even put in box cars, half filled with straw and ordered to ride about the towns that the French might "properly appraise them." But the boys conquered without any conscious effort the conscious propaganda of the despicable cracker. Their own good nature and sterling merits won for them a welcome to every French home. Their brave deeds for France found them a place in every French heart. As a matter of fact the cracker's work was over-done for the French found it hard to reconcile such vile slanders with the fine appearance, good nature, reckless valor and splendid corp d' esprit of the Negro-American.

EBON MAID AND GIRL OF MINE

By Lucian B. Watkins

The sweetest charm of all the earth
Came into being with her birth.
All that without her we would lack
She is in purity and black.
The pansy and the violet—
The dark of all the flowers met
And gave their wealth of color in
The sable beauty of her skin
Gentle with love and rich in grace;
Glad winds of evening are her face—
The burning splendors of her eyes
Are jewels from the midnight skies;
Her hair—the darkness caught and curled
The Ancient wonder of the world,
Seems, in its strange, uncertain length,
A constant crown of queenly strength.
Her smile—it is the rising moon,
The waking of a night in June;
Her teeth are tips of white—they gleam
Like starlights in a happy dream;
Her laughter is a Christmas bell
Of "Peace on earth and all is well;"
Her voice—it is the dearest part
Of all the glory in her heart:
The height of joy, the deep of tears,
The surging passions of the years,
The mystery and dark of things—
We feel their meanings when she sings.
Her garments gracefully caress
Her tender form of sinlessness,
Make love's eternal rhythm and rhyme.
And on her bosom's curves sublime
Her thoughts are pure and every one
But makes her good to look upon:
Daughter of God! you are divine.
O Ebon Maid and Girl of Mine!

Facts, Fun and Fancies

By M-E

"DON'T TREAD ON ME!"

There is a wondrous symbol
Which has come from 'cross the sea
It's worn by every member
Of the Fifteenth Infantry:
A snake, curled up, prepared to strike—
And one can plainly see
That, by its threat'ning attitude
It says, "DON'T TREAD ON ME!"

O! race! make this your battle-cry—
Engrave it in your heart
It's time for us to "do or die,"
To play a bolder part.
For by the blood you've spilled in France
You must—and will—be free
So, from now on, let us advance
With this, "DON'T TREAD ON ME!"
—Razafkeriefo.

Mr. "Bris-tle-b-rane," the phoolosopher and Unhumanitarian of the New York American is not a poet, but we gleaned this from a recent masterpiece of his: He wants the African nation to get the "Croix de Extermination" as a citation for helping to save Civilization. Which is a striking example of Anglo-Saxon justice, gratitude and Christianity!

Although the removal of Colored officers from the Fifteenth was a rotten, un derhanded trick, it was (as usual) a boomerang, for it unmistakably saved these men's lives and since they were spared the pain of dying for something which they have never enjoyed—Democracy—we have something to be thankful for after all.

Let the State legislature "legislate" and not "articulate" their "thanks" to the heroic Fifteenth by getting them positions and bettering the conditions of their race in Harlem.

Since the local dailies (white) thru the splendid efforts of Mr. Harry T. Klem (white) and the Evening Mail (white) are showing a more liberal news policy by giving publicity to the constructive efforts and achievements among Colored people it's pretty certain that Colored papers will do likewise. We hope so God knows !

THE HUMOR OF NEGROPHOBIA

A gentleman from Dixie, in a restaurant not long ago, spoke in the highest terms of the meal he had just enjoyed, adding that the cook was a "pipin". When he was told that the cook in question was a "son of Ham" he ran his finger down his throat so as to become nauseated, returned the meal he had eaten and with a cry of joy exclaimed, "The honor of the South is saved!"

Another Southerner, while riding in the subway recently, heard a passenger near-by remark that the third rail was the invention of a Negro. With a shriek he dived through an open window to the track, determined to walk the rest of the way. A train also going in his direction evidently overtook him for shortly after a track walker came across a pile of cracker dust.

A SLOGAN FOR NEGRO EDITORS:

"This paper comes out weekly but not meekly!"

Of what avail the plow or sail,
Or land or life, if Freedom fails?

—Emerson

DIXIE SONGS

I cannot see why colored folk keep singing "Dixie" songs, in spite of Southern prejudice and all its countless wrongs. Though constantly, on post and tree, they're hanging them in Dixie. The Negro sings "I want to be back home in dear old Dixie." Now is there something in the water that we folks are drinking? Or are we still allowing "Massa Charles" to do the thinking? Does Ireland sing "God save the King"? Do Frenchmen "Hoch der Kaiser"? Your answer shows quite plainly that white men, at least, are wiser.

—Andrea Razafkeriefo.

Nothing But The Truth

The white race is absolutely sincere when it insists on "self (-ish) determination."

EDITORIALS

ONE OF THE "MANDATORIES"

It would appear that in the rule of the United States in the Virgin Islands law and order are ignored and the American marines are free to do as they please with the native women and to kill and brutalize their men relations.

The native police, armed only with nightsticks, are powerless against the unduly marines who it is claimed are allowed to carry their guns even when on shore leave. These marines are accused of breaking into native homes to attack the women and of even satisfying their caucasian lust upon the streets and in the public places of the islands. The men relations of the raped women who go to their defence are brutally handled by organized mobs of marines and several of them have been killed and one at least so brutalized that he has since become insane.

A report sent out by Virgin Islanders in this country, among whom are some just arrived from the islands, declare that: "Respectability is at stake in the islands. The marines are not allowed to marry native women, the newspapers are suppressed, and any public comment made by speakers result in arrests."

An ex-policeman driven from the islands for defending a native woman from a crowd of marines is authority for the statement:

"The marines had no respect for law and order, they attacked people in their own homes, assaulted girls on the streets and took pot shots at the native policemen and civilians who tried to stop them."

And all this happened under the rule of one of the proposed "mandatories" of the League of Nations!

WHERE GLORY CALLS

The ultimate equitable peaceful solution of this country's Race Problem is by all signs and indications of the present and by all the lessons of the past a chimaera and an idle dream. It can never be consummated.

But even were an equitable and peaceful solution of the American Race Problem possible is there not a higher duty for the Negro than the enjoyment—were it possible—in this country of the rights to life, liberty, property, and com-

plete equality, socially politically and every other way? (Intelligent people know that there can be no equality unless it be complete and unabridged: no man can be politically another man's equal if socially his inferior.) But even with complete equality from the shop and the market place to the political caucas and the drawing room is not there a nobler destiny for the Negroes of America?

Indeed there is! And as a matter of fact no matter what other solution is worked out—complete equality or complete annihilation—without the creation and existence of an independent Negro nation the word FAILURE will be inscribed for all time against the African name.

This it is Glory and Necessity, both, that call us to the motherland to work out a proud and glorious future for the African race and to prosper and increase under government of the Negro, by the Negro and FOR the Negro. It is Glory and Necessity, both, that demand that we spare ourselves no toil, that we shrink from no labor and sacrifice, and that we face all perils and hardships in order to again achieve for Ethiopia a place among the nations.

And if it was worth while to make sacrifices of treasure and of blood in the recent World War for a democracy that we have never and will never taste under government of the Negro, by the white man, and FOR the white man, how much more is it worth while to make sacrifices for a redeemed Africa, where lynching, segregation, white domination and all its spites and hurts will be a thing of the past, violently cast into the abyss of oblivion by an Ethiopia awake to self-preservation and the call of glory!

A DISCREDITED MAN

Woodrow Wilson stands before the world a discredited man; and history, no matter what contemporary press hirelings may say to the contrary, will write him down as such.

Woodrow Wilson promised the world genuine freedom. He promised real and world-wide democracy. And he has made

no really earnest effort to convert these promises into reality.

Woodrow Wilson had the opportunity—as no man has ever before had—to make the world truly free. And he declined to push home that opportunity in the face of an opposing minority of reactionaries and imperialists.

Woodrow Wilson, speaking in Milan gave utterance to the solemn promise that “the world is not going to consist now of great empires.” Yet Woodrow Wilson, sitting at the Peace Conference supported and encouraged the addition to the already huge empire which England has subjugated to her superimposed rule of “*superior force*” of various parts of African and other territory. Woodrow Wilson, who in the name of America and the American people had promised “self-determination” to the weaker peoples of the earth, accepted and encouraged the damnable and hypocritical principle of the “mandatory,” a principle differing only in name from the old and discredited Spoils System.

Woodrow Wilson promised that the world is no longer to consist of great empires. Yet Egypt, India, Ireland, Nigeria, Uganda, Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli and many other countries whose only offence lies in *inferiority of armed strength* are still forcibly held by the various European Powers in their enchained empires.

And Woodrow Wilson makes and has made no protest. He has given Africa over to predatory “mandatories”; he has refused to declare himself for Irish and Indian freedom; he has done nothing to stop lynching of American citizens and still he returns from Europe prating as he went of liberty and democracy.

AMALGATION

Word comes to us out of Boston alleging that Stanley Braithwaite is advocating amalgamation as the solution of the race problem.

Negroes who preach amalgamation must either be ignorant of its logical results or are lower than we have ever dreamed that human beings could be. Are they unaware that the process would have to be carried out between white men and Negro women and never between Negro men and white women? Depraved as the white man is he rightly will not lend his women to such an in-

famous scheme. Neither is he willing to legalize the relations between white men and their colored paramours. The only way, then, in which amalgamation can be worked out is by illegal and immoral relations between Negro women and white males. And the Negro has not yet sunk so low as to be willing to see his women in such a role.

Neither do we see any necessity for the Negro to bow to amalgamation. It is the last shameful resort of the mentally crushed and the hopelessly beaten. The Negro is neither mentally crushed nor hopelessly beaten. There is always hope for the race that can and will fight! No race possessing such a glorious history as the Negro race can ever be mentally crushed or forever kept in ignorance of its past. The pyramids of Egypt and the numerous other monuments scattered throughout Africa are too vast and eternal a menace to the lies of Alien Education for those lies to forever hold in thralldom the Negro mind. No people of 250,000,000 members and of the world's best fighting stock can be forever held under the heel of a cheap and cowardly oppressor.

The sword has won the way to Freedom for others. It can and will do the same for us when other honorable means fail. The race that gave to the world a Hannibal, a Touissant L'Ouverture, a Moshesh and many others of the world's greatest generals and wisest administrators has no need for effacing itself in amalgamation!

SHAW “CUTS A HOG”

Evidently George Bernard Shaw has not heard or his frank soul refused to accept the dictum of Viscount Bryce that “Providence has ordained the British to be the race to do more for the welfare of mankind than any other people.” This idea that Providence decreed the thefts of other peoples lands and the murder of their rightful owners by the British has always been more or less popular with the British themselves whose solid intellects could never understand why “subject” peoples should object to being “subjugated” and annihilated under the widely advertised “benign and benevolent British rule.” But here's George Bernard Shaw “gone and cut a hog” branding the British lion as no less a

pirate than the German eagle. Says Shaw under the caption of "Virtuous Fools in War:"

"The outcry about the crime of Germany might have some meaning if it came from a community of Quakers. From a nation which still boasts of Agincourt, and has since, to be quite frank, grabbed every corner of the earth it was strong enough and adventurous enough to lay its very heavily mailed fist on, the outcry is worse than non-sense, it is a sort of treachery to our own past and an insult to our dead (and living) captains.

"Take our own conquests away and what remains of the British Empire?"

What indeed? And yet President Wilson had the audacity or the hypocrisy to declare that "the world is not going to consist of great empires."

But Shaw certainly did "cut some hog!" And right after Viscount Bryce had obtained an interview with Providence and sprung the "Us and Gott" of the British successors to the 'chosen' Hohenzollerns! It's enough to give a fit to Bryce and the rest of the thieving imperialists!

DEPORTING ALIENS AND NEGROES

It has recently been announced that the Federal authorities would deport all alien radicals in this country. Unannounced the local authorities of Coatsville, Pa., HAVE deported Negro steel workers who had been induced to come North during a crisis in the Labor Market. On the face of it the two deportations would appear to be unrelated, but those who scan below the surface of things can see the same hand in both. The capitalists who would bring the Negro North during a crisis and then shuffle him back willy nilly to the old hateful conditions and to Lynch Law—all of which were cited in the argument to make him leave the South—are the same capitalists who would send out of the country all workers who dare to talk against the system.

The lesson should be plain to anyone. In both cases the mailed fists of capitalism was aimed at the worker. To capitalism it made no difference whether it was a colored or a white worker that was to be exploited and then deported. Yet in both cases it found the Negro uninterested in what was being done to

the whites and the whites ignoring the blow struck at the colored. Thus labor suffers by its race prejudice! Capitalism, on the other hand, knows neither prejudice nor nationality save the brands it seeks to foster, for its own benefit, among the workers.

STREET PREACHING NUISANCE

Those two irrefrangible accompaniments of warm weather—the filthy fly and the disgusting ignorant street preaching hypocrite—have made their appearance and we wot that summer is at hand. Careful housekeepers will now resort to the expedient of "swatting" the fly and if the police and the city's license authorities do not relieve us of the street-preaching pest we are very much afraid that careful Harlemites jealous of conditions in their community and of their race's reputation, will resort to the same expedient and begin to do some "swatting." At least we do not find it difficult to conceive of such action among a people daily growing more and more race-proud and correspondingly careful of outward appearances. We therefore deem it advisable to bring to the attention of the city authorities the fact that the issuing of licences to these public nuisances is neither tending to protect the people of Harlem from unnecessary noises and nuisances nor to protect the public peace. These ignorant itinerary street corner preachers are not only disturbing peaceful residents but are doing much to create a wrong impression of the Harlem Negro in the minds of the whites doing business in, or passing through the district. And the Harlem Negro is tired of being made a laughing stock by a few ignorant fools whether with or without the conscious assent of the city authorities!

The government of a people by a people has a meaning and a reality, but such a thing as the government of one people by another does not and cannot exist. Either a people governs itself or that people has no real government but only a system of provisional government.—Mill.

While wrong is wrong, let no man prate of peace."

"He who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

Rewarding The Battlers For Democracy

THE difference between a real democracy and the camouflaged thing can easily be discerned by a comparison of the treatment of the Negro by the French Democracy and his treatment at the hands of the American "democracy."

In France the Negro soldiers were feted and honored, eulogized and decorated for their brave deeds against the Boche. They were welcome everywhere. There was no color line drawn, no sign of discrimination, only appreciation of a brave cultured people for the heroic Negro soldiers. These same soldiers, returning to the country from which they went forth and for which they fought are met on every hand by insulting and degrading discrimination and heartless ingratitude. Coming over they are discriminated against on the ships. Taken to the mustering-out camps they find such Memorandums as that issued by Brigadier-General Nicholson at Camp Upton, instructing the officers commanding colored troops to see that their men use the Hostess House at 2d Avenue and 13th Street exclusively, and emphasizing that:

"3. This applies particularly to Sundays, when, in all probabilities, large numbers of white women will be in Camp to visit the white soldiers, and it is not desirable to have them served and accommodated in the same Hostess Houses with the families of the colored troops if it can possibly be avoided."

This Memorandum, issued at Camp Upton in the liberal State of New York, gives an idea of the sort of democracy that is being applied to the Negro soldiers at the mustering-out camps. In all likelihood, judging from the activity of the Ku Klux Klans and the other Negro-hating bodies, the same brand will meet these soldiers on their return to civil life.

Genuine democracy ends for the Negro when he leaves the shores of France. From the moment he steps aboard a U. S. transport he finds it impossible to obtain the genuine article. One example, out of many, is the case of the Negro officers of the 365th Infantry, 317th

Sanitary Train and 350th Field Artillery who, coming "home" aboard the British liner, "Olympic" which, however, was under direct command of the American military authorities, were subjected to the most insulting and degrading "jim-crowism" ever visited upon officers and gentlemen.

These officers were relegated to the tea-room of the ship while all whites aboard, officers, nurses and even civilians with no rank whatever, were served in the main dining room.

A protest written by a colored lieutenant was ignored by Colonel MacMaster, the officer in command, whose only action on the matter consisted of calling together the colored captains and demanding of them if they allowed their lieutenants to run their companies. The captains refused to repudiate the statements of the lieutenant and retorted by signing en masse a duplicate of the same and delivering it to Colonel MacMaster with the request that it be forwarded to the higher authorities. This the Colonel refused to do, alleging irregularities in the manner of its presentation.

An attempt was also made to exclude the colored officers from the smoking room. This room was the grand room of the ship for lounging and recreation purposes. The reason given for desiring the exclusion of the colored officers was the presence on the ship of white women. The colored officers retorted that the room was a smoking room, not a boudoir.

The white women on board did not stay away from the smoking room because of the presence of colored officers, but passed in and out at will, sat at tables and played cards, wrote their letters and, in fact, availed themselves of all the comforts the room afforded. They were all—white officers, women and passengers—present at concerts furnished by a colored band and quartette. And at no time was there entered into any personal differences, disputes, arguments or any exchange of unfriendly comments between the races. It is also

(Continued on page 13)

The Power and Influence of Music

By WILLIAM H. BRIGGS

The remarks in this article are intended to be introductory to a series of writings on *Music*. First as to the spirit in which they are offered. These articles are not written in a disputable spirit, nor as an increase to the stock of speculation, of theories awaiting the approval proceeding from many or people in general. It is a waste of time in arguing with people who do not wish to be convinced, or who deride or jeer everything which is new to their circumscribed or restricted outlook. This message is for those who desire to know—those who are seeking for some thing that will solve their apprehensions and banish or destroy their obstacles to belief or understanding. I trust I may never a moral to a writing or a song, nor produce any of my literary or musical efforts without a meaning. May I respect any material so much that I dare not slight my work. I shall deal honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. As in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. May I always see the local color without being blind to the inner light. May I have an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. May I never care more for books than for folks, for art than for life.

It is an ordinance of heaven, that a man must be employed or be unhappy. Mental or corporeal labor is the destination of his nature; and when he ceases to be active, he ceases to be useful, and descends to the level of animal and vegetable life. And certainly those pursuits which call into activity his intellectual and spiritual powers, must contribute most to his felicity, his dignity and his usefulness. When I endeavor to enforce those considerations which ought to operate upon us generally as men and women, and particularly those of our race, to attend to the cultivation of knowledge, you will not, I am persuaded, expect that I shall act the great author or composer, or attempt an ostentatious display, or a gaudy exhibition, which would neither suit the character of the magazine, the disposition of the writer, or the importance of the subject. What I shall say shall come strictly within the purview of the magazine, shall be comprised in language of unvarnished truth, and be directed with an exclusive view

to advance the interests regarding the appreciation of *good* music. Truth like beauty needs no ornament, and the cause of knowledge needs no factitious assistance, for it stands on its own merits, supporting and supported by the primary interests of society, and deriving its effulgent light from the radiations of heaven. The man or woman is best educated who is the most useful. And the true test of education will lie in the possessor's ability to serve, to be a power for the uplifting of humanity, to work for human good. Creeping into the lives of men and women everywhere is the thought that cooperation is better than competition—we need each other, and by giving much, we receive much. Be slow to condemn the boy or girl, much of their apparent fickleness and worthlessness is unrest, is that uneasiness that affects all people who have not found themselves, which usually means found their right work. Just lose yourself in your work. Once we thought work a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary 'evil; and yesterday the *truth* dawned upon us that it was a blessed privilege. Half of morality is finding out where you *belong*, going there, and *staying* there.

You will agree that ignorance or error lies at the foundation of wrong; that truth suggests grounds and motives of virtue; and that the general elevation and expansion of understanding as favorable to the influence of kind affections, the sound principles, and the high motives which belong to a sterling character. It should be the distinct duty of a place education to form the young to those habits and qualities which will win regard and command respect—gentleness of deportment—propriety of conduct—the moral courage that will make them hate cowardice and of doing wrong, and obedience to the laws of virtue. In our intellectual and spiritual unfoldment we must recognise the basic facts that we are body, mind, and soul; the soul that spiritual seasonable, and important part of man which distinguishes him from beasts, and fits him for moral and higher things in life. Genesis, 2: 7. Eccl. 12: 7. Education is essential, and music should be a part of everyone's education. I feel it my duty to do what I can to promote the noble art of music too much neglected by our people. And so at this time bring a message. What the world needs is an extension of good

music into every community, into every home. As people work hard, relax too little, are too much concerned with our material welfare, and too little with things that feed the spirit. We need more song in our hearts, more rhythm in our thoughts, more harmony in our lives. We need to be lifted out of the common place of our humdrum-work-a-day concerns and duties, at frequent intervals by the concord of sweet sounds. Our social activities need the tonic of Good Music. Our Children need to be reared in the wholesome and under the educational influence of Good Music. We have had enough of music for the musicians. Art for Art's sake—but not enough ART for Humanity's sake. Music laughs with our joys' cries, with our sorrows, broods with our doubts, wails with our despairs, throbs with our passions—it is Human. And so Humanity has claimed music as its own. If in your daily life, you wish to be regarded as a lady or gentleman, you are obliged to be careful of the company you keep. It is the same musical life. If you associate with noble thoughts that constitute Good—or, as you call it classical music, you will be counted with a higher class in the world of music. You might ask, do you believe the playing of modern rag-time pieces to be hurtful to anyone studying music? I do, indeed, unless it is done merely for a frolic; though even such a mood might vent itself in better taste. The touch with vulgarity can never be but hurtful, whatever form vulgarity may assume—whether it be in literature, a person, or a piece of music. Why share the musical food of those who are by breeding or circumstances, debarred from anything better? The vulgar impulse which generated rag-time cannot arouse a noble impulse in response any more than the dime novels or questionable literature can awaken the instincts of gentlemanness or ladyship. If we watch the street sweepers we are liable to get dusty. But remember that the dust on the mind and soul is not so easily removed as the dust on our clothes. Those who appreciate and understand music are too busy explain it to others. They are applying what they know and learning more. Naturally they are somewhat inclined to keep this knowledge to themselves, just as the gold miner, who has struck a rich vein of yellow treasure, is inclined to be secretive about his good luck. You will learn something about the best and higher class of music in these series. Watch for them, and read them understandingly and think *deeply*.

REWARDING THE BATTLERS FOR DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 11)

worthy of note that after the fact was established that the colored officers were to use the room for their convenience and whites had the choice of remaining away in other parts of the vessel they did not do so.

No criticism was made of colored officers or soldiers aboard, though a white 2nd lieutenant, in conversation with a group of officers, among whom was one colored officer of light complexion whom he had not recognized as colored, very emphatically expressed himself as being desirous that "the nigger division be demobilized as quickly as possible." On the other hand, Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, who was aboard was very democratic in his attitude towards the officers, mixing in with colored and white and showing great interest in the former.

The records show that neither colored officer nor enlisted man was called upon for disciplinary action of any sort. There was therefore no basis for segregation save that of rampant race prejudice. The colored officers and privates' deported themselves in the most cultured manner and in such a way that no one could object to associating with them because of the lack of refinement. They were intelligent men and spent their time in discussions ranging from the local conditions that they expected to cope with in America all the way to the great international questions commanding the attention of the world at large to-day. These discussions showed that both officers and men were conversant with the gravest international problems of the present day and that their outlook was not limited by sectionalism or provincialism. These things indicate both that the segregation directed against them was based upon nothing else than color prejudice and (this is most important) that these men who have been abroad, rendered their patriotic service to their government and seen many of their comrades making the "Supreme Sacrifice," are prepared to take a part in the settlement of the questions that concern them in common with the rest of the world.

Valentine's All-Negro All-Star Five

By C. Valentine

<i>George Fiall, of St. Christopher</i>	<i>Forward</i>
<i>Clarence Jenkins, of St. Christopher</i>	<i>Forward</i>
<i>George Gilmore, of Loendi</i>	<i>Center</i>
<i>Johnny Capers, of St. Christopher</i>	<i>Guard</i>
<i>Sammy Gumbs, of Spartans</i>	<i>Guard</i>

The considerations guiding this choice are, (1) special ability in position designated; (2) general usefulness to team as an all-round player.

The two forwards, Georgie Fiall and Clarence Jenkins are chosen because of their special ability at that position and also because of their value in keeping down the score of their opponents at the same time that they are piling up that of their own team.

Georgie Fiall is undoubtedly the best shot in the basket ball world to-day. He is almost uncannily accurate—whether shooting from the foul line or from the open court. A lightning fast player and a quick thinker he has many times saved the day for his team. Though playing at forward and comparatively small of stature he never hesitates to go after his opponent when the ball is in the hands of the other team.

Clarence ("Fat") Jenkins is in many respects equal, in some superior and yet in others inferior to Georgie Fiall as a forward. During the latter part of the season "Fat" has been playing at guard and he makes an extremely efficient guard, too, but it is as a forward that he really shines. Although he has never been as good as Fiall at long shots he is one of the surest shots about if he is ever allowed to get near the basket. And opposing teams rarely find it possible, even with all five of their men after him, to keep "Fat" from getting down the court with the ball.

George Gilmore, our choice for center, is now with the Loendi Club of Pittsburg. He is undoubtedly the greatest center at present in the game.

Johnnie Capers and Sammy Gumbs are both young and vigorous players. Both all-round men, although Capers rarely attempts and even more rarely ever makes a basket. But like the Greeks at Thermopylae, Johnnie Capers is there with a spectacular shot at any time his team is in danger of defeat. It has never been known to fail in the memory of liv-

ing fan. Sammy Gumbs is better on caging baskets and represents about the only real all-around player on the Spartan team, although the latter has such acknowledged stars as Dash, Hobey Johnson, Slocum, "Headache Band" Capers, Turner (whom we have not yet seen long enough in action against a big team to appraise) Wallace and Big MacDonald.

Of course it is not the duty of a guard to play forward, but a shooting guard is a valuable adjunct to any team providing he does not try to run the thing in the ground. When forwards and center are closely guarded by the opposing team such a man can spring a most unpleasant and demoralising surprise and perhaps change the whole complexion of the game.

THE CASE OF JOHNNIE JOHNSON

By Andrea Razafkeriefo,

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Little Johnnie Johnson was the talk of all around the town. The story of his actions circulated miles around. Whenever he was passing all the whites would stop and stare and wonder why he walked so straight with such a lordly air. Oft they would ask "What is the matter with that colored chap? If he keeps pushing back his head his neck is going to snap!" There was a firmness in his voice, a strange light in his eye that grew more evident each day and here's the reason why: THERE WAS A CRUSADER MAGAZINE in Johnnie's Home!

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Punta, Revolutionist

By Romeo L. Dougherty

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Harry Longsdale, a young Colored American, after an exciting adventure in his own island, arrives in New York and finding that he is white in looks although with a strain of colored blood, struggles through many years as a New York newsboy and a few years after finds himself a newspaperman on the New York Tattler. He is sent to Santo Amalia to write the story of the activities of the American troops in Cuba and Porto Rico during the Spanish-American war. Falling in with a group of Spanish-West Indians, he is having great time until his attention is attracted to Puntacito Hernandez, hero of our story, who is called "Punta" for short. After a band concert on the principal plaza in the island he makes the acquaintance of the rich young "Punta" at an amusement resort called "El Carrizal" and is astonished to find that "Punta" has lived in America and deplores as deeply the conditions surrounding men of color in the United States as much as the American Negro himself. Longsdale, finding that the young Spanish-West Indian is "true blue", is about to disclose his real identity to "Punta" and towards that arranges a meeting for the day following a set of races at which "Punta's" horse "Del Fuego" is the favorite. Our hero's horse wins the race with the popular Spanish-West Indian in the saddle. American sailors and marines at the track, backing an American horse ridden by a jockey of international fame, chagrined at the turn of Dame Fortune against them, started to "beat up" the natives but to their surprise the natives were ready and the last seen of them was a disorderly retreat towards the town. An officer of one of the ships tried to pull "Punta" from his horse and—continue the story in this issue.

With the hasty departure of the marines and sailors with the rabble in the rear of them my attention was now centered upon the fine looking young Spanish-West Indian and the American officer. Taking a firm grasp on the reins, "Punta" forced his horse to rear and bringing his whip down with a resounding "swish" through the air, gave the American as neat a cut across the shoulder as if he had measured the distance. Grooms soon rescued the foreigner and started him on his way towards the town and when "Punta" started towards the mayor's box which by this time had been surrounded by the "rurales", he was laughing heartily. Seeing that I was enjoying the scene as much as himself and did not appear in the least embarrassed, he hailed me with: "Quite an unusual sight, is it not, my dear Longsdale? If I am not mistaken, affairs of this kind where whites and Negroes come together in your country the Negro always get the worst of it. We have had so much of this thing in these islands the natives are getting tired of it you can rest assured that when your marines and sailors "start something" these children of the sea will be ready for them." Dismounting and turning the beautiful animal over to his grooms he vaulted gracefully into the box and into the arms of his sister. How I envied him! With the easy manner of the well bred he disengaged himself and introduced me all around and the mayor lost no time in inviting me to accompany the party on their return journey. Through beautiful country road bordered on each side with turpentine trees we made our way, and although I found the conversation engrossing enough as the entire spoke English, I found time to enjoy the scenery and the handsome old fashioned Spanish houses of the better class, with now and then a squatter's hut set back in the midst of spacious grounds a good distance from the road. As we emerged from a bend in the road the view disclosed an eminence on which rose the stately mansion of the Hernandez family. Large pillars, wide verandas, well kept grounds, stables in the rear, a wonderful flower garden with gravelled roads running between the beds was the scene which my eyes hastily

took in as we rolled up to the palatial entrance. A dream of old world splendor met my eyes when we entered and but for the familiar tap on the shoulder which "Punta" administered I might have remained in a trance for a long time.

My reportorial work had taken me into some of the most beautiful and expensive homes in New York, but few of them could boast the stately and at the same time refined atmosphere of this mansion. My eyes lighting upon the setting sun through one of the large windows frontings the west unfolded before me in living reality a picture of "The Setting Sun" which years before I had seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and seeing with what interest I gazed at the blood red ball of fire "Punta" remarked: "Wait until you see the moon this evening my boy. People who have lived all their lives in big cities can appreciate a tropic moon even more than we natives of these isles. Had I not travelled I doubt if I could find so much to enjoy in my long hikes along the country roads on nights when the moon is at her best. A clear, blue sky at the end of a warm day here denotes a bright, beautiful moon of which your song writers, whose imagination must be wonderful, can write so easily without having enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of a tropical moon. You dine with us and take part in the festivities which usually attend the triumphs of Del Fuego. This is your room and you need not worry about evening dress. We are rather informal as to dress as we believe in enjoying ourselves without the danger of spilling wine on a shiny shirt bosom. Your crash suit gives you the "Entree" as you will find the majority of our guests in crash and whit duck. This is the tropics my boy. After you have made your ablutions we will take a smoke and stroll through "the Garden of Diana". That's what I call our garden as it is the pride of my sister. When you hear me whistling come down."

As I made my toilet preparatory to dining with my rich friends, I wondered if the disclosure of my true identity would make any difference to "Punta". Although he appeared proud of the fact that Negro blood coursed through his veins, the prescription which is the

lot of my people in the United States did not hold good in these islands, and no question ever arose as to the standing of a man as regards color when that man held the position of "Punta" in the island. But he had lived in America and mayhap he would not want a man who, recognised as only half a man in a country which boasts so glibly of "freedom" and tries to crush ten million human beings of a darker race at the same time, mingling with a family as proud and respected here as any white family in America. Then there was the beautiful, black eyed senorita Maria, for whom senor Hernandez cherished the ambitions of a proud father with a proud lineage. Suppose by chance a tender feeling should spring up between us? I could not ask her to go with me to America and be the wife of a man who lived in dread of being discovered and sent back to lead the life of half a man with a race of people who, although they and their ancestors had made every sacrifice which gave to other men their full share of recognition along all lines, gazed perforce upon Columbia and the living lie which she represented as the symbol of "the land of the free and the home of the brave".

As these thoughts surged through my mind I almost lost all sense of reason and bewailed my lot in life—a lot which condemned me to be what I am not. Then I became calm; the calmness which comes over persons when their minds are made up as was mine, and for a moment I believe that I enjoyed being a fatalist. I asked myself why did the people of my race rave and carry on over a flag that gave them such scant recognition? True, I loved that flag my self, but I believed then that we should raise our hats respectfully and pay silent tribute as its beautiful colors are thrown to the winds. In my moment of frenzy I was for advocating that when the flag go by in parades Negroes should stand at attention, respectfully saluting but gazing seriously straight ahead. This attitude while showing the respect which all good Americans should pay to the colors, would ever remind the white man that something was lacking and that something the wild enthusiasm which we too readily display. Fight for it, Die for it, but let the white man know by your silent reproach that the flag does not as yet wave over true justice and freedom. Such an attitude would make the people who keep us down and refuse to allow us to enjoy God's right to a full measure of all this earth can give toss restlessly at night. Their conscience would reproach them and in fear when they realize that we are at last THINKING DEEPLY, they would give us what is justly ours. A race that deeply thinks breeds men who are ready to die for their rights and when that realization dawns upon white men, a change must come as only desperate men commit suicide.

But hark! "Punta" is softly whistling the "Borinquen" and as the air floats up to my window there is something almost defiant in it. Leaving my room I hastily descend the broad stairs and soon we are admiring "The Garden of Diana". And where was Diana? The life of the party who sat on the veranda lightly snipping the soft native beverages. She was a vision

in white as she stepped to the rail and waved familiarly at us. In your youth did you ever see a girl without whom you thought you must die? Did you ever gaze upon the countenance of this girl and desire with all the heart of youth that she allow you to whisper sweet

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nothings intr. shell like ears and gaze at you with softening eyes and fluttering lids? I speak not to those of you who in early youth did not enjoy the inspiration that send men out to conquer the world and do wonders. But ah! Look you now my comrades in distress! Those of you who have experienced that tender feeling at an age when the world seems so bright and all is NOT fair in love and war. Would thoughts of fairness enter my heart if some Santo Amalian youth had come upon my horizon of love, engaged the fair Maria in conversation and mayhap stroll in those same bowers where I stood, with her eyes speaking the love of a passionate Spanish-West-Indian maiden? Nay, nay. As I gazed upon her my heart went cold for a moment, for I wanted her then as man never wanted woman before and that fleeting thought of some other swain made me experience that feeling which Northern men and women claim is only of the tropics—jealousy. As beautiful as the girl who owned them were the flowers on each side of the gravelled walks where we strolled. They were here in profusion and but for my lack of a botanical education I would enumerate every single one and name them as henceforth they were to grow not only in "The Garden of Diana," but in the heart of Harry Longsdale.

As we wandered through the paths admiring God's great handiwork in the colors of the rainbow, I wanted to confide my secret to "Punta" then instead of waiting until the morrow, but I wanted to see a little of senorita Maria and I was not too intoxicated with the joy of her presence not to decide to wait. It was now early evening and darkness were creeping upon us. With "Punta" I made the trip to the stables to see if Del Fuego was receiving his full amount of oats and the attention worthy of the islands greatest race horse. He was. The attendants were rubbing him down gently and reciting among themselves the events of the afternoon and one had upon his head a sailor's hat, trophy of his brush with one of the boys from the ship. When we left and made our way to the veranda Oriental lanterns were being lit, senorita Maria remarking how useless they would be when the moon, which was in full splendor at ten o'clock, would make them fade into insignificance. I sipped of the enticing beverage and for the time being I forgot the THUNDERER, my mission to Santo Amalia and everything but the beautiful young girl who brought into my heart a spark of which I had read but which, up to this time, I knew not of. True, I had lived a dream life at times when I read those wonderful stories by authors of whom I spoke in my opening chapter, and I had a mind picture which carried me to ethereal heights but here in real life was the first girl who unconsciously tugged at my heart strings and while I became 'a rolling stone gathering no moss, giving my love where it was accepted, caring not when refused,' in after life, I believe that senorita Maria Lucalda Hernandez had a great deal to do with shaping my destiny and rescuing me in time from a path that must have eventually led to untold misery.

The soft jingle of a bell announced that dinner was served and we rose and I made way for the mayor, his wife, senora and senor Her-

nandez and "Punta" and his sister. But "Punta" took the left arm of his mother as his father gallantly offered his left, and I found the arm of the beautiful Maria through my left wing before I knew what was taking place. Pity a poor love-sick boy! My heart fluttered as I found the warm and shapely arm in mine, and as she gazed up into my eyes with the innocence and friendliness which were no doubt aroused as she suspected I was an admirer of her brother, I floated into the dining room as in a dream. I have read of the sumptuous feasts in the days of early Rome, but if they could rival the repast to which we did justice I have another guess coming. The surroundings, I am sure, also spoke of "the grandeur which was Rome's", the only thing lacking, perhaps, being the baths. Soon I became the central figure at the dinner table as the meal progressed, for my friends wanted to know of America from the lips of an American and as "Punta" had spent some time in our country, it held for them a certain fascination which I shattered before we were through.

Again I was white. I was proud of my country and spoke with an enthusiasm which was not lost upon my hearers. Then like a bolt from a clear sky came the question. It was senorita Maria speaking and as she pronounced my name it sounded, like rippling water in a hidden brook on a hot summer's day, when one has sat down to rest after hunting the mountain doves for hours. "But, senor Longsdale, tell us about -er-el Negrito-er-bueno-the colored people. Is not that what you call them when you do not want to offend? Is it not 'colored people' you say instead of or-Negro, as that word so easily leads to the feminine, Negress, and which "Punta" tells us is very offensive and insulting to the black woman of America?" I was challenged by the woman I had learned to love in so short a time and for a fleeting moment I wondered if she, with woman's intuition, had penetrated my disguise—the disguise of "passing for white", and sought by this means to embarrass me. No. It could not be, for she would not willingly have given me her arm if she contemplated unmasking me. Then too, she was too well bred for anything of the kind. Awaiting my reply they all leaned forward. I have never seen an audience so eager before in my life. My lips became dry as I went back in fancy to Atlanta, Ga., travelled over the ground I had covered before "passing for white" and the bitterness of my position assailed me with all the force which had marked the thoughts I had when "Punta" had left me to "wash up". In a moment I made up my mind that I would tell them here and now the part I was playing in life. There would be no tomorrow on which to meet "Punta" and the next steamer bound for New York would take me from the land where I would leave for all time the girl that I wanted so badly. "The Negro, senorita?", my voice had become hoarse, albeit changed to a deep, measured bass. I was going to plead for my people and in so doing plead for myself with this woman whose beauty would attract attention in my country, a land of beautiful women. Then I gave a short laugh,

(Continued on page 30)



WOMEN'S

Dull eyes may be made lustrous by the proper attention to hygiene. A beautiful eye is full, clear and brilliant, every woman should take the utmost care of her eyes, bathing them several times a day in pure water, and avoiding every operation that will over-tax them.

SAVING MONEY THAT WE SPEND NEEDLESSLY

"The butcher who cut off the beef for his customer wore a neat white apron and a diamond ring. The customer outside the counter wore a last years suit and pained expression when the butcher announced fifty cents a pound sir,—three pounds a dollar fifty, sir, thank you."

The customer knew that he would have to have meat for his family, but he didn't know what to buy. The butcher knew his business, bought at high prices—sold at higher prices—and kept the trimmings of his steaks. But the real villains in this everyday market tragedy were not present. They were profiteering meat packers in Chicago.

It is the business of the efficient housekeeper to select the food for the family, as well as to cook it. Part of her business is to learn that not all nourishing meats cost fifty cents a pound—and there are other cuts of beef than steak, and other meats than beef.

A little study of the cheaper cuts of meat will reduce the butcher's from one third to one-half. Cuts of beef from the neck are considerably less expensive than steaks and roast. Neck cuts are good for stew, small pot roasts and hamburger steak. Cuts from the shanks are good for soup meat and stews. Other parts of beef not commonly bought but good for food are the brains, which may be fried or braised; the heart, to be stuffed and baked; the tongue, to be boiled or pickled; liver for frying, and the tail to be used in soup. They are all comparatively low priced. There is no difference in the quality or nourishing value of different parts of the beef carcass, the difference in price is due to the greater demand for the best cuts."

FEED THE BRUTE!

Wives of philandering husbands, take notice: a man who is treated to good wholesome food three times a day wants to be home three times a day to get it, and his satisfaction is so complete that, besides coming home to meals he will stay home nights. "There is no surer way to keep his love for the fireside and dressing jacket," says Dr. Chas. D. Aaron, of Chicago.

Poor cooking will make a man so disgusted that he will seek out cafes where the best of food is served, and he'll order drinks with the dinner, poor cooking is one of the quickest methods of driving a man out of his home to the saloon. If he gets good meals at home, he will stay at home and behave himself. A man thinks more of his food than any thing else, so if you want to please him, please his palate .

FACTS ABOUT FOOD

In preparing any kind of raised dough a handful of sugar will hasten fermentation.

Butter is the most digestible form of fat. Cold or left-over vegetables may be mixed with a french dressing and served as salad.

Peaches of all the common fruits contain the least sugar, and are therefore useful to diabolic and gouty people.

Tea was first cultivated in China.

In China tea is served with no cream, no sugar and no milk. In Japan, it is powered; hot water is added and stirred in with bamboo twigs until it froths. In Russia, it is served with lemon. In Switzerland, with stick cinnamon added to increase the flavor; in England, with sugar and milk.

Cocoa has been known in Central America from time immemorial. Columbus brought home samples of it, for a long time it was imported into Spain in the prepared state, at present it is grown in many countries including the British West Indies, and some parts of Asia and Africa.

DEPARTMENT

READING CHARACTER FROM THE FEATURES

I know there are people who do not believe it possible to read character from the features, they will laughingly tell you that "People cannot help their looks" which may be true to a certain extent. It is true that any man who has ever dealt in dogs believes implicitly in signs of ugliness in their muzzles. And if this is true of animals why not of a man or woman? Of course it is not fair to condemn a subject because one feature is bad, the face as a whole must be considered, as for example: a receding forehead is a sign of weakness, but a strong chin will redeem the receding brow. When a man selects a wife her face need not be beautiful, it should, however, have one or two signs of integrity and loyalty.

First of all: the eye seems to be more closely connected with the soul than any other organ, a woman reflects almost every emotion from her eyes. Large, round wide open eyes are a sign of gentleness, a very childlike and undeveloped character, women with such eyes always remain childlike.

Protruding eyes are a sure sign of good memory, and it will be well for the man who is not in earnest to remember this, also remember that the girl with protruding eyes is usually very clever, and capable of strong emotions, the possession of which qualities makes her a terror to the man who wishes to be forgotten.

The long narrow eyed girl is suspicious, she is charming and, My, she is jealous, let any man who aspires to her affections be warned in time, give her no cause for jealousy, or she will make life such a burden as no "mere man" can conceive of.

The eye of the flirt need not described you will find it almost everywhere, it may be any size or shape, but it is never still, its possessor is making eyes every moment of her life, and she often makes them to mans' undoing.

Next comes the mouth, and as I know that most of us admire the tiny mouth, I will say right here, beware of the tiny mouth, women with rosebud mouths, are fickle, vain, frivolous and untruthful.



The short upper lip is a sign of conceit, and you may feel sure that the best way to gain the favor of the possessor of such a mouth is to flatter her.

The mouth that is moderately large (the kind a girls brother would call big) with full lips, is an indication of truthfulness, loyalty, and justice. This is the mouth for a man to swear by. Usually people are much impressed by the indications of the nose. The nose of the conqueror, which is aquiline, is found upon the faces of most of the great warriors, Toussaint L'Overture had such a nose, so had Napoleon.

The Greek nose is straight, it indicates a gentle nature, and a love for all that is beautiful.

Beware of the snubs! For women with snubs are usually cruel, very cruel, and if you happen to come across the real snub nose together with the rosebud mouth, small baby staring eyes, run for your life, for you have met the incarnation of deceit and cold treacherous cruelty.

For a wife that is saving, and thrifty, select the girl with a hump on her nose, she will start out empty handed and at the end of a few years you will have more than you had hoped to have in many.

THE STYLES

It will be well to visit a few of the up-to-date shops before purchasing your spring suit. There is every indication that the exaggerations the shops are offering will before many weeks have passed, be modified into something like wearable modes, the smart short coat and the skirt of moderate fullness will be favored for the street wear. A close second of the tailored suit for the street will be found in the dress of velvet, and indeed these—when not too narrow, are most attractive, and just when the games and dances are in full swing a woman finds the appropriate occasion for its use. Cotton back velveteen is a favored material for this garmen for despite the word, cotton, that is tacked on to it, it is not cheap in the formal sense of the word. The quality has been wonderfully improvident in the last few years, and the fabric now holds a worthy place among fashionable dress materials.

Men of Our Times

The first Finance and Accounting department 92nd Division of the United States Army composed of Colored men arrived in Hoboken recently on the Holland-American ship Rotterdam. This department has made an unquestionable record in the A. E. F. When the Division was formed it was generally thought colored men could not successfully operate Finance on a large scale, such as paying an Army Division and public claims incurred by an army in the field. This question however, is settled forever. When the history of the colored boys



Sergt. ARTHUR L. OWENS

and their achievements are recorded, the work of this particular Department will occupy a prominent chapter in the same. The total disbursements of the Finance and Accounting Department of the 92nd Division in four months exceeded \$4,500,000.00 which was converted and paid in French money. When the work of the Department was no longer necessary it required only one week to clear up all accounts pertaining to the Department and transfer money, etc., to the Base Quarter-master at Brest, France.

Sergt. Arthur L. Owens, Q. M. C. at the time of his induction into the military service was business manager of the Progressive Messenger of Charlotte, N. C. He was promoted Sergeant Quarter-master Corps from a private on September 20, 1918, while the Division was in the Marbache Sector. He was placed in charge of Officers' Pay and Public Vouchers. With the aid of Melvin W. Cuffee, a student of Howard University, vouchers for more than one thousand officers and many public vouchers were

computed monthly. The following is a Memorandum to the Division Adjutant which will give our people an idea of the grade of work performed by our boys "over there."

Office of Division Finance
December 7, 1918.

Memorandum to Major Turgeon:

1. The bearer, Sergeant A. L. Owens has charge of a section of my office which handles officers' pay vouchers and by his efficiency, accuracy and long hard work has reduced to a minimum my worries over that section of the work, but at the cost of working himself down to a ragged edge. At the time we received orders to be ready to move I had decided to ask special leave of absence for Sgt. Owens but the expected move stopped it.

2. Every officers pay voucher in the office is now ready for payment and practically all officers of the Division have been paid and I request that if possible Sgt. Owens be given 48 hours leave from tonight with permission to visit Metz. He did not ask this and does not know where I have requested that he be allowed to visit.

3. Marshall Foch and President Poincare are to be at Metz tomorrow which will be added attraction.

(Signed) D. D. Douglas.

Capt. Q. M. C.

Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O God! be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

—John Hay.

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TALKING VEGETABLES

A Story For The Children
By Gertrude E. Hall

Caroline Sarah Ann had begun the day in an angry mood, as cooks sometimes do. And as she went into the garden to gather the vegetables for soup a brilliant idea struck her as to how much quicker she could make it if she merely washed and put all the vegetables into the pot of cold water.

Now as you know, turnips and carrots and onions and potatoes, when properly prepared, and put into a pot with a good size shin, makes a mighty fine soup. But as Caroline was angry, she just got, as she thought an onion, a turnip, a potato, and a nice ear of sweet-corn and dropped each one into the cold water, dashed in a handful of salt and set the pot on the stove.

All the vegetables were alive, active and well; and looked at each other in astonishment.

"Why!" said Mazy Sweetcorn to Burbank the potato, "Isn't it cold in here? 'Do you like it?'"

"No I don't," Burbank answered, "for farmer Jackson planted me in low ground this year, and the rains were so heavy and it kept so cold, I thought I would either drown or freeze; and then to be taken up and dashed into this cold water, is almost more than I can bear. And besides the salt gets into my eyes and keeps me wiping briny tears all the time." And lo and behold, if Burbank wasn't slyly wiping his tears, first on Reddy Carrots' greep top, and then on Mazy's beautiful silk.

"You know," said Mazy, "I do not belong to the soup family, but cook snatched me off quickly, as if she did not care who she put in here, and dear only knows who else is in here with us. I am sorry though that I have spoiled my beautiful silk, because the children might have had that to play with now that I am through with it"

"But why do you wear silk anyhow?" asked Burbank.

"Well, you know, I am covered with layer upon layer of green husk, and each strand of silk is fastened to each kernel, to give me the nourishment that I could get in no other way.

"I am very fond of children too, and
(Continued on page 28)

Digest of Views

MOTON'S ADDRESS

Dr. Moton's address to the colored soldiers in France has aroused the ire of not only the Negro masses but of a large section of the Negro press as well, which probably marks the first time that any appreciable unanimity has existed between the two. Of course, there has always been a number of papers that have essayed the task of leadership and interpretation of news and events. The Portland, (Ore.) Times is such a one so it is not strange to see The Times rapping the honored doctor's alleged humble-pie advice and saying of Moton's address.

The Montgomery Advertiser gave a few extracts from Principal R. R. Moton's address, delivered at Tuskegee to the worker's conference in January. Dr. Moton has just returned from France, being one of the fortunate persons who found favor in the President's mind, considered worthy of confidence and entrusted with special privilege of visiting Europe at this time. There has been some doubt in the minds of the people, and much comment, why Moton was called to France. Many claimed it camouflage, instructed to preach peace and happiness to the boys there, with the request to return to the old home, impressing the colored man in the South that he should be contented and remain. Moton's speech justifies the conclusions formed."

The Chicago Defender while not taking up the matter directly gives an incidental jab it appears to the honorable doctor when in a Welcome Home editorial to the glorious Eighth Illinois it remarks

We have no sympathy with the class of truckling, fawning individuals among our people sent to do missionary work among you in the battle area. There you were told by these sycophants that upon returning to your homeland your attitude should be one of humility and meekness. Humility and meekness to whom, pray? To the draft dodgers, to the burners of munition plants and supply depots, to the cowardly lynchers and night riders, who remained at home masked behind one excuse or another while you risked life and limb? Better ex-

termination there, better an unmarked grave in the soil of France, better any fate, however bitter, than such dog-like cowering to any master. If you have been fighting for democracy, let it be a real democracy, a democracy in which the blacks can have equal hope, equal opportunities and equal rewards with the whites. Any other sort of democracy spells failure.

That he has cut the rope which bound him to his race is the argument of the Seattle (Wash.) Searchlight forcefully expressed in the following

Robert R. Moton has been to France, and chanted his doctrine of submission. He has cut the rope that bound him to the twelve millions of loyal people in this country. Their only plea has been for justice, which cannot be had through supplication, submission or humiliation. His words had no effect on men who have sacrificed their all for the promised "Democracy." They have earned it on the bloody fields of France and the debt must be paid.

THEIR COUNTRY IS THEIR COUNTRY

Said Prince Lichnowsky

The surrendering of any portion of German territory to Poland would mean not only that portion would be dragged down to the level of a less efficient, less orderly and less developed economic administration,.....but would also destroy northern Germany.

Commented The New York World upon the above:

Not one inch of "German territory" do the victorious powers propose to render up to Poland; only Polish soil. Whether the Poles will make a worse botch of government than Germans have done is a question. At least their country is their country.

And retorted "Our Boys and Girls", of which Anselmo R. Jackson is publisher and editor:-

We agree with The World in its opinion regarding the Poles and their country. By the same form of logic we declare that even if the Africans, after being permitted to govern themselves, should elect scoundrels and cutthroats as their officials and should start wholesale murder on the continent of Africa their self-government would be better than the undemocratic and superimposed rule of foreign countries. Surely their self imposed cruelties could

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not be worse than the shameful and shocking cruelties of the Germans in Togoland or the unspeakable atrocities of the Belgians in Belgian Congo. Even if they should make a humbug of governing themselves, they would have the consolation that their injuries were self imposed. At any rate it would be no foreign government's business, for as Poland should be for the Poles so Africa should be for the Africans, their country is their country.

DEPORTATION

Taking up the gage of battle for the Negroes despotically deported by the Coatesville steel barons and their "Pennsylvania Cossacks," The New York Call says additionally:

Coatesville is a little barony of the Pennsylvania barons. Of the great Negro migration from the South the past few years, Coatesville received a supply for its labor market. With the decline of employment there was no longer any need of these and many white workers. Thrown out of work, they congregated about the streets, in saloons, and poolrooms. The noble soldiers of the barons made a raid which we will permit the Evening Post to describe:

More than 50 men were rounded up. Those who were unable to show that they were residents of Coatesville for at least a year, or cards from the steel or other plants showing that they were employed, were then marched to the Southern limits of the town and ordered to "head south." Virtually all of these men were penniless. No effort was made by the police to find out whether they could raise funds to leave the town by railroad. All were forced to walk.

This is "efficiency" with a vengeance. We are informed, also, that there has been no organized protests in Coatesville "by any of the civic or other organizations" against this exile of unemployed whites and blacks. These civic bodies are generally made up of the agents and parasites who get their living by their fealty to the controlling dynasty of such cities.

It will be noted that no color line is drawn in this class struggle by the ruling powers. Black and white are undesirable when they no longer can serve the profit-producing fraternity. There is no vote taken, no mushy talk about "democracy" and such abstract things. The mounted bullies are called up, orders are given, and the victims are told to "beat it!" scoot, vamoose, 'raus mit'em. While they are on their way through Pennsylvania Hills, they may get some consolation by remembering that the President was speaking in Boston about the same time they were driven out, and that, among other things, he said that we not only "think idealism," but "act

idealism." Here it is. How does the Pennsylvania brand strike you?

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Plays and Players

By C. V. B.

GOING STRONG

Andrew Bishop is busy winning new laurels. Cleo Desmond is fast developing into one of the best leading ladies. J. L. Criner of another company and new to the Lafayette Stage shows brilliant promise. Evelyn Ellis is living up to the numerous promises and expectations of her stage debut. Ethel Watts is showing marked ability in certain roles. Miss Inez Clough is still one of the most charming and convincing personalities on the Negro stage. Tom Brown is still going strong. Barrington Carter is there with the goods in comedy roles—and, in fact, in any kind of role. Mr. Carter is one of the most brilliant and versatile of the Lafayette Players. Walker Thompson is still the matinee idol of Harlem.

IN CHICAGO

Over in the "Windy City" Babe Townsend and Abbie Mitchell are "hetting it up" good and strong. The pair scored an immense hit in the presentation of "To-

day." Laura Bowman, Sidney Kirkpatrick, Thomas Moseley. Alice-Gorgas, Julien Keith, Susie Sutton, all contributed heavily to the success and popularity of the play.

Washington, D. C.

C. V. B.,
February 20, 1919.
The Crusader Magazine.

Dear Sir: It was with great pleasure and accord that I read your article in the February Crusader concerning the make-up of Miss Cleo Desmond in "The Ninety and Nine". Miss Desmond also had the red wig and white-washed face in "The Girl He Could'nt Buy." In this play the make-up was so ridiculous that all Washingtonians who saw the play commented on it.

Altho I consider Miss Desmond an excellent actress, I do not at all approve of the white-washed face and do not believe that many people do.

Now Miss Ellis is a very good actress but somehow Miss Desmond seems to appeal to me more. Miss Ellis played

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in Washington last week in "The Escape." In this play she took the leading role and also had the white-washed face to my disgust, for all who had seen Miss Ellis knew that she was naturally dark-hued.

There is an article in the columns devoted to Facts, Fun and Fancies which should be read by all of the Q. A. players. The article referred to is "Two Whites at the Show." I am of the same opinion and don't see why we can't be what we are when we know what we are.

Hoping to be able to read more of your comments about and suggestions for our players, I am respectfully,

(Signed) Clarence A. Carter

"PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

Sung by St. Mark's Dramatic Club

"The Pirates of Penzance" one of the prettiest and most difficult of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas was presented on February 28, 1919, by the St. Mark's Dramatic Club, an aggregation of talented colored artists. Among those whose work featured are Mme. Elaine Hanley, Madam De Silva, and Messrs. Versalez-Corminston, Bushby, Hardaway and Charles Jarvis.

Walter Robinson of the Lafayette Players appeared to excellent advantage in "The Two Orphans" and in "Convict



999", two of the recent presentations at the Lafayette Theatre. Mr. Robinson is one of the most popular of the Lafayette Players

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Book Review

Your Negro Neighbor. By Benjamin Brawley. New York Macmillan company. Price, 75 cents.

In travelling recently, afoot and a wheel, in the South, I heard divergent opinions concerning the Negro. White farmers in Virginia declared that the black man was no good as a workman, that he was lazy and impudent. Yet in Baltimore a distinguished publicist who has moved widely about the land assured me that "the Negro is the only decent citizen to be found in the South."

There is no doubt, however, that the Negro's path in this country has always been uphill; that he has been abused, exploited, treated as a beast of burden, rather than as a human being.

A new appeal for justice to the American Negro is sounded in a little volume *Neighbor.* Mr. Brawley has authored two other volumes on the Negro, one by Benjamin Brawley, "Your Negro" detailing his history in the United States and one citing his achievements in literature and art.

"In the world war we have fully done our part," declares Mr. Brawley. "As officers or stevedores, our men have borne their share of the brunt of battle. Let it not be supposed that many of them did not enter the conflict with misgiving. They could not readily forget that under our country's flag crimes unspeakable had been committed against them.

Today the Negro daily suffers indignities which makes the words 'liberty' and 'democracy' a travesty. If he rides in a trolley in the South he is assigned a few rear seats. If his part of the car is crowded and seats near the front are vacant, he must still stand.

"He is not content to be simply the doormat of American civilization. Twelve million people are ceasing to accept slander and insult without a protest. They cannot quite see the consistency of fighting for outraged Belgians or Armenians so long as the rights of citizens at home are violated."

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IN THE HELL CALLED DIXIE

READ WHAT WILLIAM P. PICKET, A WHITE MAN, HAS TO SAY OF CONDITIONS OF VIRTUAL SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH THEN DECIDE IF THE CRUSADER'S SOLUTION OF "GOVERNMENT OF THE NEGRO, FOR THE NEGRO, BY THE NEGRO" IS NOT BETTER FOR US THAN EITHER THE WATCHFUL WAITING POLICY OF THE NEGRO "LEADERS" OR THE MURDEROUS POLICY OF THE CRACKER, SAYS MR. PICKETT:—

One of the most alarming aspects of the Southern situation is the constantly increasing tendency towards reducing the Negro to a condition of peonage which amounts substantially to selling into enforced public service or the retaining in private involuntary servitude, persons who fail to pay alleged debts, frequently extortionate or fraudulent. The crime appears to be on the increase throughout the South.

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

....

If, however, the conditions portrayed in Chapter IV. of Book 1. continue to exist, if the Southern Negro is to be confined to the position of a disfranchised serf—his

industrial freedom restricted, his education neglected, and his morals allowed to degenerate,—nothing is more certain than that he is doomed to lose ground in the struggle for existence, and his final elimination by the inexorable laws of nature will work out the slow solution of the problem.

....

It is due only to the repressive sentiment of the North that the virtual reintroduction of slavery has not taken place.

Another acute observer, Dr. Robert R. Bean, of Ann Arbor, writes:

Taking a dip in the future, one sees the gradual forcing of the true Negro, by competition, into the most degraded and least remunerative occupations. The large cities, with their inevitable blight of squalor and disease, will destroy great multitudes. Pitiless competition, merciless corporations, disease, and other afflictions will cause a constantly decreasing Negro population.

If tired of the Crimes committed against you under a System of "Government of the Negro, by the White Man and for the White Man" and willing to do more than cheap talking, Send your Subscription to

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TALKING VEGETABLES

(Continued from page 21)

I just like to grow and grow for the big girls and boys. The little tots cannot eat very much of me, for as sweet and dainty as I am I give them tummy ache; and though I love them dearly, my heart is very hard.

"I am one great big ear, and I love to hear the prattle of children. In the spring, farmer Jackson marks part of the garden off like a checker board, and the children drop the kernels on the ground an equal distance apart. I am much beloved by birds and worms, so the children drop:

One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
One for the cutworm,
And two to grow.

The children are not so anxious to feed the birds and insects, as they are to make sure that enough stalks will grow up, to please farmer Jackson."

"Well," said Burbank, growing more agreeable as he grew warmer, "I am glad to have this talk with you, you seem so fond of children that it makes me interested. You know of course, many clever people do not like them. Some folks claim there is danger, if there are too many children, of some not getting their education, and there won't be enough for everybody to eat. Why that was talked right here in America" continued Burbanks, "but when war brought the great necessity for food, many acres of idle land were found.

"I tell you Mazy, it pays to be philosophical because they all shall be provided for. Then, there is a class of people who want to martyr themselves taking care of the orphans, and besides, I am a big husky fellow and with the skill of farmer Jackson, I am of a family, that will yield an average of 84 1-2 bushels to an acre right here in these United States. I am made into corn-starch and flour also. Now why should the people worry? When they don't need bread they can make pudding, and when they are tired of that, they can make pudding-rice."

"I think," said Silver-skin the onion, who had been all this time waiting his turn to speak, "there are too many slacker-parents, parents who are not doing their duty. And to change the sub-

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ject, I think it is getting warm in here also."

"Yes it is, and you are not making it any cooler," growled Curly-top the Turnip. "Why I am in a huff, because my top is all spoiled."

"Oh keep still about your top" shouted Silverskin, "The rabbit bit your top off in farmer Jackson's garden."

"Here, here," interrupted Mazy, "don't quarrel boys, stop before you provoke one another to murder."

"Gee", said Burbanks, "there's murder here already. Things seem to have taken on a gory hue every-where."

Just then the pot began to boil vigorously, and Caroline gently lifted the lid, and peeped in, only to find that she had put in a red beet, which caused the alarm among the talking vegetables.

Caroline sincerely repented of having spoiled the looks of the soup just because she gave vent to her angry feelings, and vowed to herself never to get angry again.

AN OMISSION

From the Contents Page of last month was accidentally omitted the information that the lady on the cover was Mrs. Bernia Smith Austin. Our many inquirers will please accept this information in lieu of a direct answer by letter.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS

By Andrea Razafkeriefio

It's nice to be proud of yourself and nationality but there's a certain kind of pride that ever puzzles me. And that's the foolish kind of pride which often is displayed by men, born on the other side, who are of darker shade. "I am a foreign subject," you'll often hear them boast and they will clink their glasses, giving some "white" race a toast. And thus we see the clever way the Anglo-Saxon works his game, how he divides a people who are one and all the same. The Negro, who thinks for himself, comes to this sane conclusion: That Black men, guilty of this fault, are victims of Delusion. No matter what you call yourself, no matter where you're from, if you are black, you're put down as a Negro and then some. The day this fact is realized by every colored man we will have the Anglo-Saxon living on instalment plan.

Punta, Revolutionist

Continued from Page 17

for the strange position in which I found myself crossed my mind in a flash. They too were Negroes, only conditions were different. "Ah, yes, the Negro. In America we seldom speak of this darker race of people as the Negro; usually 'the colored people,' for the term 'Negress' is looked upon as insulting and Negro can be so easily changed to an even more insulting term, to wit: nigger. So I will proceed to speak of 'the colored people' of America, senorita. To be a black man or belong to the black race in the United States of America is a crime for which you are punished from the time you are born until the day you breathe your last. I speak only of conditions as they exist and will not try to take up your time with a recital of the history of their coming to America. History will supply you with this. By no stretch of your imagination could you picture the terrible injustices heaped upon this inoffensive and ever loyal race of people. In the Southern States they are lynched upon the least excuse. To justify their crimes against the Colored race white men invented the story that they are only brutes and cannot resist the charms of the women of the white race, hence whenever a white woman is raped in the South they saddle the the crime upon the race. However, a careful investigation of friends of the down trodden people in the North proved the charge to be nothing but a story invented out of utter hatred by white men of the South. Unlike the great majority of your people here in these islands the mulatto or lighter peoples of America are the result of an amalgamation in which the Colored man played no part. I am sure you have my meaning. All over the country the door of hope is closed in the face of black men and women. They are discriminated against to a criminal extent. They pay taxes and are denied the rights of tax payers. They have no rights which white men of America are bound to respect. Their women are grossly insulted in the South and their men would not dare or perhaps cannot give them the protection all other peoples give their women. In fact, the terrible things which MY PEOPLE are forced to endure are of such _____". Senorita Maria Lucalda Hernandez gasped. "Punta" was on his feet in a second. Consternation reigned and then I realized that in the words MY PEOPLE I had told of my race. They knew the things of which I spoke came from a heart that beat fast with the sufferings experienced before I stepped across the line and "passed for white". Before I knew what was happening "Punta" had my hand in a firm grasp, beaming upon me with eyes that bespoke admiration. All in turn got up from the table and shook my hand. Senorita Hernandez appeared to be in a daze, but laughter and merry voices coming from the entrance of the house announced the arrival of the guests who were to make merry on the occasion of Del Fuego's victory and preparations were made to meet them. I stepped out upon the large veranda and there, shining in all its splendor was the moon. As I stood there thinking of the events of a few moments before and drinking in the beauty and majesty of my sur-

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roundings, the ruffle of a dress attracted my attention and looking around I gazed upon the olive features of Maria. She appeared shy and by the light of the moon I read a message in her eyes that sent a thrill through my frame. "Ah, senorita, this is indeed a beautiful, a wonderful night. With your permission I will stroll through your garden for a few minutes before coming into the house to meet your guests, for I divine that you are here to ask me to join in the festivities. May I?" She stepped nearer and in a voice that appeared strained said: "Senor, if you will permit I will stroll with you through the garden and perhaps you will tell me more about America and your people." I offered my arm and a few moments later we stood upon the threshold about to enter.

MR. ROLAND HAYES AT AEOLIAN HALL

Mr. Roland Hayes, a Boston tenor of country-wide reputation, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last month. It was the first time he was heard in New York to such good advantage. The large audience was very appreciative and interesting, and Mr. Hayes did not fail to arouse them to unbounded enthusiasm with his singing which revealed faculties of high artistic possibilities. The program was rendered with artistic touch and finish. Perhaps Mr. Hayes was happiest in the rendition of the group of French songs by Massenet, Fourdrain, Campbell-Lipton in which he disclosed the beautiful faculty of the "soft voice". However, departing from the "soft voice," Mr. Hayes is not so successful. His faculty for dramatic expression is blurred by "throatiness," thus the registers become hard and the upper tones "false," or, in other words, "unmusical." This must be so whenever tones are emitted without resonance. This was especially evident in Burleigh's "Ahmed's Farewell," and in Coleridge-Taylor's "On Away, Awake Beloved" (from Hiawatha.) Of course these are defects that are not without remedy since Mr. Hayes is talented to a high degree, and has the ability to delight his audiences. He received many encores.

Music Lover.

"WHEN THE WHITE MAN GOVERNS HIMSELF, THAT IS SELF-GOVERNMENT, BUT WHEN HE GOVERNS HIMSELF AND ALSO ANOTHER MAN, THAT IS MORE THAN SELF-GOVERNMENT; THAT IS DESPOTISM."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LETTER BOX

(No attention paid to unsigned communications)

*Just a few samples of the enthusiastic letters received from all over the country.

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Kindly send me a sample copy of your valuable magazine, having heard so much about it and being a dealer of Negro papers I would like to handle same in....

(Signed) Thomas B. Hall.
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Yours Very truly,
Edward L. Jones.

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Dear Mr. Briggs:

I am very happy to say that the outlook for The Crusader is amazing. It is the talk of the town. I will give you all the remarks when I come to New York again, which will be soon. You can mark me down for 5,000 of the Christmas Number. I am going to try to get it up to 7000 by January. Possibly will do this on the Christmas Number.

Truly Yours,
Agent for Philadelphia.

Feb. 10, 1919

The Crusader Magazine:

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Gentlemen:

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It's reading has made me think deeply, holding head higher and shoulders more erect.

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(Signed) Curry Mount Harris

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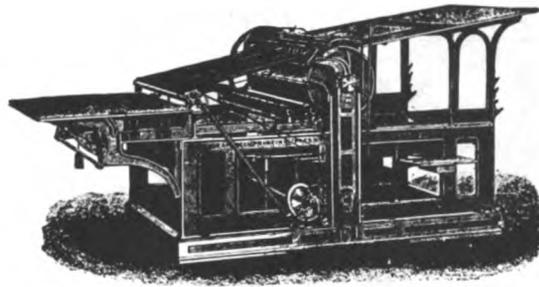
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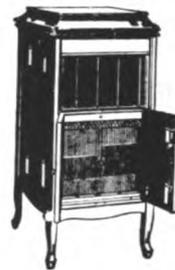
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