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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Cover, Mrs. George Ralston

Du Bois Misrepresents Negrodom.....By Cyril V. Briggs	Page 3
The Bolsheviki (poem)Anonymous	Page 6
The Work of the Colored Q. M. C. in France ...By Jas. H. Ravenell	Page 8
How Walter Regained His Manhood....(Short Story) By Carita Collins,	Page 10
The African Origin of Grecian Civilization ...By Geo. Wells Parker..	Page 13(1)
The Negro in the West Indies.By Edgar M. Grey	Page 14
The Wealth of Africa.....By W. Francis, Jr.	Page 15
A Brave Young Officer in No Man's Land.....(Humoresque)	Page 16
Acrostic By "Bruce Grit"	Page 16
The 369th Band(Picture).....	Page 17
Cultivate Courage and Perseverance, By Gertrude E. Hall	Page 25
Art is Propaganda	Page 28
Peace Anthem (Poem)By J. Henry Arrington	Page 29

291

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	Page 4
Facts, Fun and FanciesBy M-E	Page 7
The Fight For Freedom	Page 17
Women's Department	Page 18
Men Of Our Times	Page 20 -
Digest Of Views	Page 22
The Play of the Month	Page 24
Book Review	Page 26

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Dr. Du Bois Misrepresents Negrodom

By Cyril V. Briggs

This publication desires to register an emphatic protest against the compromising tactics of Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois at Paris.

When Dr. Du Bois, taking advantage of a public sentiment worked up by others than himself, jumped out of the very hot pot in which he had found himself as a result of his cringing, compromising editorial on "Close Ranks" and his willingness to accept a post in the Intelligence Department of the government, and placed himself (in the estimation of himself and friends, at the head of a movement in which until his departure for Paris he had shown little interest,) indignant as we were at the fraud we held our peace in the hope that, having gotten to Paris, he would aid in bringing about the fulfilment of the aspirations of the African race everywhere for a free Africa. But DuBois at Paris has been the same compromiser and traitor to the Negro's legitimate aspirations as DuBois in America during the war. It is now easy to understand why he was allowed to go to Paris when passports were refused to other Negroes—these others elected by popular will to present the aspirations of the Negro to the peoples of the Allies and, if possible to the Peace Conference.

Du Bois, the unelected, was granted the passport privileges refused to the Negro's elected delegates! And DuBois sailed in the brave company of Moton! In spirit he has apparently been in the same company ever since. His "exposure" of the ill-treatment of the Negro soldiers was a mild farce. Knowing much he told little. With facts and information easy to hand he assiduously refrained from using anything that might embarrass the government or get his publication in bad with Bourbon Bursleson.

And the work of the Pan-African Conference of which we are told Du Bois is "founder and secretary" is along the

same line of compromise and genuflection. While hundreds of colored men died in Nyassaland in 1914 and thousands are today dying in Egypt, Morocco and Nigeria for the African's right to govern himself this Du Bois' "Pan-African Conference" makes a mockery of the sacrifices of these Africans by presenting the Peace Conference with a set of resolutions calling merely for "better" white government of the black man.

How is a thing that is rotten to the core to be made better? Government without the consent of the governed is iniquitous and there are no two ways about it. European super-imposed rule has brought more suffering than anything to the African. The African is heartily sick of it. Native uprisings are the rule and not the exception. The entire continent of Africa is seething with dissatisfaction of alien rule. President Wilson and the rest of the Allied leaders have from time to time declared for the "self-determination of peoples." What reasons can DuBois have for not seeking to apply this principle of "self-determination" to the case of the Africans? Does he believe them incapable of governing themselves? Any people is more capable of governing themselves than is someone else of governing that people. Super-imposed rule may annihilate a people—it usually does!—but it can never elevate them. The African peoples got along fairly well before the advent of the cultured barbarians. They gave birth to civilization and erected such time-defying monuments as the Sphinx and pyramids. They can get along again without the white man. Better, in fact, without him than with him! And that Africa ardently desires her freedom is to be seen in the revolts taking place today in Egypt and Morocco and the uprising in Nigeria and other parts of Africa. What are Dr. Du Bois reasons for misrepresenting Africa?

EDITORIALS

HIGH RENTS AND BOLSHEVISM

The landlords and real estate agents of Harlem are doing their merry best to increase the converts of Bolshevism in that district. So far they have been highly successful. And the future promises to be even more fruitful of converts.

Several times during the war have rents been raised in Harlem, and now there are indications that there are to be further increases. Where the people of Harlem are to get the money from to meet these constantly increasing rentals along with the other increases of the general high cost of living is not evident and does not seem to carry any concern for either the white owners of houses or their colored real estate hirelings. There is an opportunity to further gouge the Negro public and that is all that interests these profiteering pirates.

Perhaps in the future they might find other interests. At present they have only one to gouge the Negro rent-payer. But perhaps when the Negro seeks relief in the class war of the proletariat against the conscienceless capitalists and makes common cause with the Bolsheviks of the world then the grabbing landlords may be interested, too late! in other things than profiteering. Such other things, for instance, as the humanities.

WORD-PROTESTS

How ineffective are word-protests against the lynching spirit was demonstrated the other day when the Advancement Association, protesting against the lynch-murder in the State of Mississippi of Eugene Green was told by the Jackson (Miss.) Daily News that Green "was advanced, all right, from the end of a rope, and in order to save burial expenses his body was thrown into the Yazoo River."

This information from the Daily News was clipped and sent by some one to the Advancement Association accompanied by a memo, in excellent handwriting, (no doubt that of one of "the best white people" of the South) as follows:

"If this information does not suffice,

we can give you the size of the rope and the exact location of where this coon was hung."

This should be a hint to the Advancement Association to change its tactics, but how can a body made up for the most part of white men and officered by white men essay in a whole-hearted spirit the cause of another race? No man can serve two masters. White men will find it impossible to forget that they are white. And so long as they cannot forget that fact they will always be inclined to compromise on the just demands of the Negro where these seriously conflict with the selfish interests of the white race. As an illustration of this truth note that while Negroes are demanding an Africa absolutely free and independent of white rule the Advancement Association has contented itself with mild and belated claims for "internationalization." Evidently the white people of the Advancement Association do not of the Advancement Association equal of the white man. Certainly they do not believe that the Negro is the rica should be for the Africans in the same sense as Europe is for the Europeans.

THE CURSE OF SERVILITY

Servile, lick-spittle leaders have been the curse of the Negro race in America and one of the greatest handicaps to its proper development.

In spite of the fact that the history of the human race clearly and plainly shows that nothing worth while has ever been won by an attitude of servility and craven fear, a certain type of Negro leader—the white elected tribe—insists upon preaching to others and practicing themselves the principle of servility. At one time we were given the fool advice to refrain from political activities since such activities offended his majesty. We were advised to confine our activities to the ownership of pigs and lands, though we were not told by what magic means an oppressed people eschewing both the ballot and the sword were to defend their property rights in the said pigs and lands or even their right to the life and liberty necessary to

the enjoyment and ownership of said lands and pigs. Now we are told by one Bishop Gailor writing in that organ of the servile and the craven, "*The Southern Workman*", that "thoughtful colored people must be missionaries to members of their race and restrain those who are quick to resent (injustices and insults and attacks upon one's life and women) and who provoke trouble." In other words it is in Bishop Gailor's estimation the duty of "thoughtful colored people" to preach the doctrine of servility and docile submission to wrongs and humiliations. We think the bishop has another thought coming. "Thoughtful colored people" will find it difficult to understand why colored men should stake their lives and limbs in the cause of white democracy and refuse to do the same thing where black democracy is concerned. And the more thoughtful they are the more difficult will they have understanding why if it is worth while for Negroes to die that white men in Europe may enjoy the "right to life, liberty and happiness" it is not correspondingly more worth while for Negroes to die that Negroes themselves may enjoy this right to "security of life" and "unhampered development."

Bishop Gailor belongs to a rapidly decreasing and at present absolutely impotent class. However well this class may fool its white masters into believing its influence with the Negro unimpaired its day is over and no one knows it better than the despicable class referred to. The Negro has had enough of hand-picked 'leaders' and their disgusting servility to the white man. Today the Negro faces the world as a man demanding MAN'S RIGHTS—*nothing more and nothing less.*

OUT FOR NEGRO TOOLS

The Plutes, daily becoming more and more afraid of the influence of Bolshevism in America, are showing signs of turning to the Negro for protection of their ill-gotten loot in case of a conflict between capitalism and labor. Schwab and others are now engaged in soft-soaping the Negro. And the servile "weakly" Negro press is giving its support—as usual—to the white capitalists' schemes to hoodwink and use the Negro.

But the Plutes—and the 'weakly' press

are forgetting one little detail: the fact that the Negro race in America is almost wholly of the proletariat and that Negroes more than any others have reason to be dissatisfied with the present system by which the white capitalists exploit the black and white masses and spread imperialism throughout the world at the expense of both their own and "the weaker peoples" in which latter class is at present included the oppressed and exploited millions of Africa and Asia.

Mr. Schwab and his tribe will have to give out—and this time permanently—more than a paltry dollar a man to change the Negro's conditions and thus his frame of mind. At present having nothing he is in no frame of mind to concern himself with the protection of the Schwab and Rockefeller millions. Let those who have the looted millions protect them. For our part we believe in the doctrine that a man should eat by the sweat of his brow, or by some other equivalent sign of physical or mental endeavor more than the mere twiddling of one's thumbs. We do not see why one should have millions he can never spend while others should have stomachs they can never feed. We fail to see why some should be unable to earn a dollar, while others should have the privilege of stealing millions.

APPROVING SEGREGATION

The Southern Workman reports with apparent approval the segregation of Negro workers in the Pittsburg plant of the Aluminum Company of America, and enthusiastically points out that:

"The houses of the Negro section are just as good as those in the white section, and in some respects even better. The theatre serves the white people. A spacious Community House equipped for moving pictures is the amusement center for the colored portion of the town. Each section has its own churches and schools."

The Southern Workman neglected to tell us, however whether the human beings in the Negro section were considered just as good human beings as those in the white section or whether it was because of a belief they were not 'just as good' that they were segregated. And how about the cemeteries? Are these separate and far apart so that the humble dust of the lordly white

may not mix with the humble dust of his black neighbor and fellow-worker? And are separate tickets handed out for the next world—those to the colored having a "C" upon them as in the case of the tickets issued to the Negro officers who recently arrived from France on the *S. S. Olympic*? And who will look to the proper separation of the two races in Heaven—or do the whites concede that none of their race will reach that place?

AFRICA SPEAKS!

To the despoilers who would have the world believe that African men are delighted with European super-imposed "benevolent" (hypocritical!) rule and that African women live only to raise slaves for British, French and other European tyrants Africa gives the lie.

Myassaland in 1914! Morocco and Nigeria in 1918-19! Egypt in 1919! These are a few of the more audible answers to the unspeakable lie that the peoples of Africa have less than the average human instincts for liberty and no aspirations for a political future free of the evils of alien rule.

Egypt, Morocco, Nigeria, Nyassaland! These are but the louder tones of an answer that is swelling from every African heart and square inch of African territory. So far some of the tones have been stifled and the facts censored and concealed by the despoilers. But concealment cannot change facts and sooner or later the mighty chorus will be heard the world over giving hope and encouragement and the signal for concerted effort to Negroes everywhere and sending fear and terror to the heart of the white oppressor.

Will the white man heed the warning and rid Africa of his loathesome presence or will it come to pass that the same land that gave Europe the gift of its first civilizations shall be the destroyer of the putrid, capitalistic imitation of the glorious Egyptian-Ethiopian-Greco civilizations?

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH

The New Republic in its issue of March 1st cites a mild case of the "New Slavery" in the southern states of the "grand, great and free United States of America". Says the *New Republic*:

In a small town in Alabama, sixteen miles from Montgomery, the state capital, the mayor of the town had a colored cook. This cook one Saturday night asked her employer for a higher wage. The mayor

refused, stating that he had never paid any more for a cook and wasn't going to do so now. The woman thereupon quit, and, as the law provided, the mayor took up her employment card which he himself had issued to her. The following morning a deputy sheriff appeared at her door and demanded that she show her work card. Despite her explanation of the reason why she had no card, she was arrested and on Monday morning was brought up for trial in the *Mayor's Court*, before the mayor himself. She was found guilty, and fined \$14.00, which fine was paid by the mayor, who then said to her, "Go on up to my house, work out the fine and stop your foolishness."

This is but a mild example of the working of the "New Slavery" in the South, where Negro men and women are to-day being sold as openly and as irretrievably into slavery as in the worst days of the "Old Slavery".

Slavery in the United States in 1919? Slavery in the land of Woodrow Wilson, smug exponent of the doctrine of "self-determination for all peoples"? Slavery of a race whose men so recently fought for "world democracy" and all the glorious advertisements of American citizenship? Unbelievable? *Read the records!*

THE BOLSHIEVIKI

"They have turned earth upside down,"
Says the foe;
They have come to bring our town
Wreck and woe."
To this never ending cry
Boldly hear we make reply;
Yea and no.

Upside down the world has lain
Many a year;
We to turn it back again
Now appear.
Will ye, nill ye, ye will do
What at last no man shall rue;
Have no fear.

—Anonymous.

Strange is the game the world doth play
Rouge et Noir, with the counters gold!
Red with blood and black with sin;
Few and fewer are they that win
As the ages pass untold.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

What youth hope for spirit when striving is
old?
What warmth-hope for hearth with a hearth-
stone a-cold?
What joy-hope for birth while a birth-right
is sold?

—E. J. Salisbury.

Facts, Fun and Fancies

By M-E

WHERE IS GOD

The Centenary Committee of the Episcopal Methodist Episcopal Church, claims that the Church has "caught the new spirit of the day" and therefore proposes to make the "Old" world a more cheerful and better place in which to live. We sincerely hope that the church will continue "catching spirits" for it may, eventually, get around to the "New" World especially that hypocritical portion of it called "The land of the free and the home of the brave", where twelve million people are Jim-crowded, segregated and lynched by a people who are white everywhere else but on the inside.

CRACKER COURAGE

Thousands of Cracker mountaineers, who had never failed when it came to "Defending their women from Black men," were missing when the time came to "defend them from the Hun." While they were hiding and resisting the draft, the Negro was producing men like Needham Roberts and Henry Johnson.

JANITOR'S GUIDE

TENANT, a rent payer.
STEAM, a promise unfulfilled.
HALL-LIGHT, an illumination that comes late and goes early.
RADIATOR, twin sister of a refrigerator.
COURTESY, a bad habit.
REPAIRS, a chance to stall.
LANDLORD, known in the "movies" as "The Clutching Hand."

JIM-CROW PARADES

Every sane and just person will agree that it would have been more fitting, more stirring and democratic for New York to have had but ONE parade, with her dusky heroes in the line of march also.

Tho' the 27th Division fully deserved such a demonstration, to the thoughtful spectator, there was a mixture of tragedy and humor in the affair on comparing it with the "second hand" celebration accorded the "Hell-Fighters" whose record—history (French history) has not lied—put New York on the map and was equalled by no other American unit.

ers" received their "welcome home" first, but 'Tis true that the New York's "Hell-Fight" it is apparent that she was carrying out that quotation in the Bible which says: "The first shall be last and the last shall be first."

We sum the whole Jim-Crow affair up in this manner: Our Black heroes were "war-crossed" in France and "Double-crossed" in New York.

CANNIBALS

When I was a boy in Caul I beheld the Scots a people living in Britain, eating human flesh; and although there were plenty of cattle and sheep at their disposal, yet they would prefer a ham of the herdsman or a slice of female breast.—Jerome.

SOME SONG

After the Negro Soldier has seen real Democracy in France, that song entitled—"How 'ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm"? certainly fits in nicely.

STREET PREACHERS

In Harlem, all the summer you will find them on the streets, disgracing decent preachers as they're nothing more but cheats. And their base, degrading actions bring but scorn upon their race. If they want to act like monkeys—"Barnum Bailey's" is the place. On every other corner you can find some ignorant clown (who would make a good Longshoreman) yelling, leaping up and down, cutting up the English language an d insulting God and Man. Now these (hard-work dodging) beggars should be subject to a ban. I'm sure that we could stop them if we all would practice this: HISS ! ! !

SOME "EX-RAY THOUGHTS

Warfare, like Baseball, is forever presenting new line-ups.

We hope to see civilization civilized.

What we need most is a league of "States" in the "United States", to suppress the atrocities of the Southern Hun.

ENEMIES WITHIN

The Rowdies who frequent a certain Theatre, in Harlem, for the purpose of annoying the performers, whistling, using profane, vulgar language and insulting the opposite sex around them, are helping to lynch their own Race as all of us are judged by these few degenerates, who are too low down to realize it.

May God bless our noble men and women who are struggling to raise that remaining forty-five thousand dollars for the Y. M. C. A. in Harlem and the Devil take our, much touted "wealthy" men and women who have allowed such a thing to be.

Why dont our "thousand and one" churches in Harlem combine and come forward with that "forty-five"? It would be a cinch—but it wouldn't be ppractical. Is it not so. O ye Ministers.

A little girl approached a strange man on the street, the other day, begging pennies for her Sunday School. After looking at her tattered garments and worn-out shoes, he gave her a dollar, saying, "This is for you, as for your Sunday school, give it my best regards."

Work of the Colored Q. M. C. in France

By James H. Ravenell

FOR those at home, who for obvious reasons held more than a passing interest in America's "Buffalo" Division, and who must have asked themselves at various times during that anxious period when the great battle for Democracy was raging, What do our boys eat and how is it conveyed to them? How are they faring in the matter of clothing, etc.? When and how,—if they do get paid at all—are they paid? and a thousand similar questions,—this article might prove interest.

The answer to these questions is—the Quartermaster Corps. If it were not for the fact that the Q. M. C. attached to the 92nd Division was composed entirely of a colored enlisted personnel, the following need not have been chronicled.

When the Q. M. Corps of the 92nd Division was being organized at Camp Funston, Kansas, considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the required qualified men for the various branches as prescribed by the War Department for the organization of Quartermaster Corps. The difficulty was enhanced by the fact that the elements of the 92nd Division were scattered among almost every camp in the United States and were not brought together until the Division reached overseas. Furthermore, there were agencies at work to discourage the idea of a colored Q. M. Corps and evidently were determined to prove that such an organization was an impossibility.

Several regimental commanders, in answer to a request from Division Headquarters for men qualified to perform the duties of a non-commissioned officer in the Quartermaster Corps, stated that there were no colored men in the entire drafted army capable of handling such work. Notwithstanding this the Division managed to secure nine men before the start for France was made. A Quartermaster Corps of nine men to perform the work for which the War Department had authorized eighteen men was the Q. M. C. that arrived in France with the 92nd Division on June 9, 1918. After arrival and the Division assembled, a canvas was made of the organizations and some of the best material weeded out to fill up the Quartermaster Corps. At the end of July the personnel had grown to sixteen men and the office of the Division Quartermaster was organized as follows:

I. N. Braithwaite, Chief Clerk

J. H. Ravenell, Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Subsistence Branch

W. E. Pierson, Principal Clerk.

R. W. Stringer,

A. L. Brandon,

C. W. Cabey,

W. E. Woody,

E. I. Miles.

Fuel and Forage Branch

A. F. Burnham, Principal Clerk
John Taylor.

Finance Branch

R. W. Overton, Principal Clerk,
W. A. Burgess,
W. D. Miller,
A. L. Owens.

Clothing Branch

J. H. Boyd, Principal Clerk
O. L. Lancaster.

In September I. N. Braithwaite was made a Field Clerk in the Adjutant's Department, and J. H. Ravenelle was transferred from the Bookkeeping and Accounting Branch to become Chief Clerk while W. D. Miller was assigned to the Bookkeeping and Accounting.

The biggest and most important job of the Q. M. C. was the feeding of the troops. Whether in training or in battle, Sunday or Monday, rain or shine, the men had to eat and it was up to the Q. M. to see that they got their rations. The garrison ration was the prescribed daily ration for the A. E. F., and entitled each enlisted man to the following: fresh beef, 20oz; soft bread, 16 oz; baking powder, .08; dry beans, .04 oz; rice or hominy, .02 oz; potatoes, 20 oz; jam, .03 oz; coffee, 1.12 oz; sugar 3.2 oz; evaporated milk 1 oz; vinegar 0.16 gill; salt, .64 oz; black pepper, .02 oz; cinnamon, .014; butter .5 oz; vanilla extract .04; candy, .8; smoking tobacco, .4 oz.

Baking powder was issued only with flour or cornmeal. Only four issues of beans were made in ten days. Only six issues of rice or hominy in ten days. 1-2 lb. of candy issued once in ten days, and 100 cigarette papers were issued with each four ounces of smoking tobacco.

When at times the above articles were not available substitutive articles were issued, such as mutton bacon, pork, fish, onions, canned potatoes, canned corn, canned peas, prunes, evaporated apples, syrup, tea, pickles, oleomargarine, lard substitutes, etc.

Other rations used were the field ration, to be used by troops in the field. The travel ration issued to troops en route during change of station. The reserve ration, issued to unit supply officers for use when expected daily garrison ration was held up due to transportation troubles, etc. And the emergency ration, carried by men and organizations in the advance zone, to be consumed only in cases of extreme emergency when all other source of supply had been cut off.

Most of these rations consisted of canned goods which could be readily preserved and easily transported. Rations are known as subsistence stores and are handled by the subsistence branch of the Q. M. Corps.

Garrison rations were received daily at the Railhead. This was an automatic supply based on daily strength reports to the Army Headquarters. The rations were consigned to the Railhead Officer and issued by him to

a commissioned representative of the Division Q. M. on presentation of the usual form of a ration return. A ration return is a written requisition for food for an organization. The daily rations for the Division were hauled from the Railhead by means of the trucks of the Division Supply Train to the Division Dump from which place the rations were distributed by the Division Q. M. personnel to the Regimental or other independent commands. A Dump is the name given to point where rations, equipment etc., are temporarily stored for issue to units.

The Division Dump was always close to the Railhead requiring only a short haul therefrom. The Regimental and other independent unit Dumps were at various distances from the Division Dump, according to the location of the organizations in the sector. If the distance from the Division Dump to a Regimental Dump was more than fourteen kilometer haul (round trip) trucks were used in hauling the rations; if less than fourteen kilometers (round trip) regimental horse-drawn transportation was required to be used. A kilometer is a little more than one half mile.

Q. M. Supplies, other than subsistence stores, such as clothing, fuel and forage, etc., were usually received at Railhead consigned to the organizations of the Division. The Division Q. M. provided for the hauling of Q. M. Supplies from Railhead to the organizations concerned. Each day's business of issuing rations and Q. M. Supplies to organizations of the Division was usually complete in itself.

In most cases troops to take part in advance, were issued two days' reserve rations before advance was started, after which if the situation was such as to allow hot food to be brought from the rear during the night, same would be supplied by details. Kitchens were established in rear. In some cases about a mile back of the advance troops, food was prepared by company cooks and detachments of men from the front lines would be dispatched to rear for warm food and coffee. Marmite cans for solid food and milk cans for coffee were used as containers for the food.

The paying of the Division was handled by the Financial Branch of the Q. M. Office, and unless held up by its own officers, no organization of the 92nd Division went unpaid up to date. Before sailing for America in February, every outfit of the Division was paid up to and including the month of December. The pay of the 92nd Division averaged one million dollars per month. On the 30th of November 1918, the 92nd Division Disbursing Office disbursed in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars in the form of payments to the Division.

The men of the Disbursing office received little or no training in America, in fact as previously stated, the office was not organized until after arrival in France where in the midst of active field operations they were burdened with the responsibility of paying troops. The only possible method of paying troops in the field, scattered about at various towns several miles apart, was to pay through agent officers (usually the Supply officers) who secured the money from the Disbursing Office

with the pay rolls and paid the troops in billets and trenches.

Probably one of the most annoying and laborious features of the work of the men in the Finance Office arose in connection with the conversion of all payments into French equivalents. All vouchers and all entries on payrolls had to be shown in United States money and then converted to French money. Thus doubling the paper work of calculating all payments. It is an established fact also that the more often figures are juggled the more opportunity there is for errors. This was true in the present case although tables of French equivalent money were prepared and available to expedite and reduce the labor of making conversions.

Attached to the Quartermaster's Office was also what is known as a salvage squad. The duties of a salvage squad are to gather all the refuse, in the line of clothing and equipment etc., and assemble it at a designated point for rehabilitation.

A Sales Commissary Unit was also under the supervision of the Division Quartermaster. This Commissary operated a Rolling Sales Commissary. A list of the organizations and the area occupied by each was procured from the Personnel Adjutant, which permitted a truck, filled with sales articles, to visit each organization and sell direct to the troops. Special effort was made to send this truck to the more isolated areas and to make bulk sales to officers purchasing candy, etc., for distribution in the trenches.

Sales articles were in great demand among the troops, and the high spirits of the men when they had secured a supply of the articles such as candy, chewing tobacco, etc., from the truck plainly showed that their morale was strengthened. A few of the largest daily receipts were:

August 6,	\$ 2480.48
Sept. 24,	1834.86
Sept. 26,	1819.64
Oct. 7,	2626.36
Nov. 15,	2758.99
Nov. 16,	3306.66

Total monthly receipts were:

July	\$ 10568.75
August	14018.77
September	21197.55
October	27814.62
November	40335.72

Sales at times were to troops other than United States and to organizations other than troops, but authorized to make purchases from Sales Commissary.

The automatic supply of Q. M. Stores received by the Division Quartermaster was the result of daily reports relayed in the following manner: The companies of a regiment informed the battalion supply officers of the needs and quantities on hand of clothing, subsistence, fuel and forage, etc., in the companies. The battalion supply officer forwarded these reports to regimental supply officers who in turn would submit them to the Division Q. M. The Division Q. M. would transmit these reports by phone to Army Headquarters from where they were wired to the Chief Quartermaster who would base his requisition

(Continued on Page 32)

How Walter Regained His Manhood

By Carita Collins

WALTER Cummings was "passing." If you don't know what "passing" means, an explanation is due.

In the United States of America there is a very common and prevalent ailment from which mainly white people suffer, known as color prejudice.

This disease so afflicts and distorts the victim's mind that he is unable to recognize any merit or capability in a person of African descent.

You will realize how dreadful and formidable this disease is when you learn that Walter Cummings was not as dark in color as many of the foreigners that flock to the shores of the U. S. A., and his blue eyes and brown, wavy hair in no way marked him as one whose foreparents had been enslaved.

When the door of opportunity was closed many, many times in Walter's face because he announced himself to be a Negro, the idea of "passing for white" presented itself to him. He had several friends who had in this way obtained lucrative positions. He thought of Margaret Evans, a stenographer, and Charles West, an engineer, and John Cummings, a cousin, who was serving the Emergency Fleet Corporation as auditor—all failing to claim kinship with the Negro race in order to earn their daily bread in the profession which they had chosen.

Hitherto Walter Cummings had nothing but scorn for these friends of his whom he termed "deserters", but when he found himself face to face with the same conditions that confronted them, he fought a desperate battle with his conscience—and lost.

Applying at the Pierce Arrow Company in Long Island City for a position as automobile salesman, in the space on the cards for applicants reserved for nationality, he placed the word "American", comforting his displeased Conscience with the fact that he was an American even if he did have Negro blood in his veins, and adding in an undertone as he noted many dark, swarthy countenances here and there in the great factory, "I am a darned sight better an American than many of these foreigners here".

Walter was a successful salesman, and soon his economic troubles vanished. Nev-

theless his life was most miserable. His desk happened to be near a group of Negro-haters, and their frequent conversations on the subject tried Walter's soul. The following is a sample of one of the conversations:

"Say, William" said one of the salesman, "come out and take a drink with me. My nerves are somewhat wobbly. I nearly ran down a damn nigger today, and——"

"Ha! Ha! Too bad you didn't succeed. Why in the hell didn't the black fool have sense enough to keep out of your way?" replied his friend.

"Oh I am not worrying about hurting a nigger. The trouble was that I had an old man and his daughter in the car demonstrating, as I thought to their perfect satisfaction, and when this accident happened, the girls insisted upon getting out of the car to see if the nigger was hurt. And that father of her got out with her. When I made some remark about their showing so much concern over a nigger, they both glared at me and called the whole deal off. Damn it!"

Another day the men engaged in arguments concerning women suffrage, and several thought white women ought to vote, but most certainly not colored women. The thought of colored women voting was preposterous!

Many times, Walter had to leave the room in order to refrain from telling his fellow salesman what unspeakable cowards they were and how ignorant they were of the culture and intelligence existing among Negroes.

While Walter was enduring these daily torments of the spirit, Fate prepared another for him.

As he slowly guided his car down a long road known as Jackson Avenue, suddenly around a corner darted a girl on a bicycle, and before Walter could swerve aside, there was a collision. The girl was thrown to one side of the roadway, and bringing his car to a sudden stop, Walter jumped out hastened to aid her. As he knelt beside her, raising her in his arms, his alarmed gaze rested on what Walter believed to be the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She was unmistakably a Negro. She was as brown as the Indians who long ago followed this same road to Flushing Bay.

Her curly black hair lay in moist little ringlets about her face, and occasionally the soft June wind would secure a tendril and wave it aloft.

As Walter gazed into her face, her eyes opened, and she said feebly, "Where am I? What happened?", making an attempt to rise. Walter suddenly remembered that he was almost embracing a charming young lady whom he had never before seen, and gallantly assisted her to her feet.

When Lola Warfield attempted to stand up, she suddenly slipped forward, exclaiming, "Oh, My ankle! And Walter, overjoyed that she was really alive, very willingly caught her in his arms. Then briefly explaining the accident and apologizing for his carelessness, stupidity and poor driving, he picked Lola up and deposited her in his car.

Lola was very much embarrassed. Her ankle was paining her and she couldn't walk, nevertheless she did not want this strange man whom she found staring at her so intently whenever she glanced at him, to take her home in his car. Her embarrassment increased a hundred-fold when, Walter handed her his card stating that he was a salesman for the Pierce Arrow Company. It Suddenly dawned upon Lola that this man was white, and she cordially hated and distrusted all white people. She made another ineffectual attempt to leave the car, but by this time her ankle was swollen considerably and the pain was making her faint. Seeing her distress, but not realizing the entire cause, Walter secured Lola's home

COMING ! ! !
"A CHILD OF LIGHT"
 By Marie A. Dorsey
 A STORY OF DELIGHT

address at Corona, and in a few minutes, Mrs. Warfield, Lola's mother, started to the door in great agitation as she saw a man come up the walk, leading to the veranda, with her daughter in his arms. Lola could not walk, and Walter was both sorry and glad of this opportunity.

He explained to Lola's mother, who hastily summoned a doctor, and took on himself the entire cause of the accident, although Lola occasionally from the divan in the sitting room interolated, "It wasn't his fault at all mother, it was mine".

Finding that he had no excuse for lingering further, Walter left the house. The next day he telephoned an inquiry concerning

Miss Warfield and was told that she had sprained her ankle, and was suffering somewhat from shock.

Immediately Walter inquired of the salesman nearest him, if people died from the shock of an accident when the physical injury amounted only to a sprained ankle.

"Sure", replied the salesman, as he winked to another, "a Pierce Arrow car gives a fellow that's hit a shock from which he sometimes never recovers.

This car being the-so-different-from-the rest, best-on-earth, more-miles-for-your-money—"

The sight of Walter's grave face was too much for him, and he ended in a burst of laughter.

The next day Walter wondered if he could, with propriety send Miss Warfield some flowers, and he crystallized this idea by going post-haste to the nearest Florist and sending with his card one dozen American Beauties.

When the flowers came, Mrs. Warfield with a smiling face and a troubled heart, took them up to Lola's room where Lola sat in a big chair alternately reading and looking out of the window.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Lola, who sent them?"

"Mr. Cummings my dear," said the mother as she arranged them in a vase.

"Mr. Cummings," repeated Lola, "Why, why—I suppose it is very nice of him, but really, mother, I do not wish to accept flowers from a stranger—and a white man too. Please send them back".

"No Lola", said the mother, "that would be most discourteous. I shall write him a note myself and thank him for them. You know, my dear, I have tried to teach you that there are kind hearts everywhere, even among white people.

Believe good of all people, until you, yourself, find evil in them."

With these words, Mrs. Warfield descended the stairs, leaving Lola the prey to many conflicting emotions. No matter how often the thought of Walter's courtesy and gentleness presented itself to her mind, the thought that he was white and her aversion for his race persisted.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Warfield discussed the matter and Mr. Warfield wanted to go to see Cummings and tell him that he did not care to have him send flowers to his daughter, but his wife's counsel prevailed, and a clam and courteous note of thanks was dispatched by mail to Walter.

Walter wondered why Lola had not her-

self written the note, and then reflected that he supposed some mothers were like that, or maybe, it was some form of etiquette about which he did not know. And daily he telephoned inquiries about Iola's health and the latter part of the week, sent to the house a gorgeously decorated basket of fruit.

The daily telephone inquiries, and the flowers and the fruit all served to anger Iola and to crystallize the fears that were

**A Thrilling Instalment of
"PUNTA, REVOLUTIONIST"
in next month's Crusader**

slowly forming in the minds of Iola's parents. Years ago when Iola was but a little girl, a white man in their community had forced his attentions upon a attractive colored girl, only sixteen years of age, and helped to lynch her father who had sought redress. Shortly after this Mr. and Mrs. Warfield had migrated to the North, where they felt they could rear their daughter in safety and proper protection to human life could be secured. They did not feel that Walter's intentions could possibly be honorable, and even if they were, they felt that an inter-marriage might be alright for some people, but they didn't want it in their family!

On Sunday afternoon the subject of their discussion blithely drove up to the gate, and found Mr. and Mrs. Warfield, and Iola on the veranda.

He was duly present to Mr. Warfield, who immediately invited him into the living room.

Mr. Warfield's stern countenance made Walter curious as to what he would say to him, and Mr. Warfield lost no time in beginning.

"Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Warfield and I are very grateful to you for your kind assistance to our daughter at the time when she carelessly ran into your machine. We realize that you are in no way to blame for the accident. We appreciate your inquiries and the other courtesies you have extended to us, but we do not wish you to continue them. You are a young white man, my daughter is a young colored girl. Between you two is the gulf of unreasoning race prejudice. We have no desire to span this gulf. I trust you understand me fully".

Walter listened with a sinking heart to Mr. Warfield. He had totally forgotten that they had no way of knowing that he

too belonged to the Negro race, and he groaned inwardly as he thought, "I have indeed sold my birthright for a mess of pottage!"

Mr. Warfield," he began, "I must tell you that I"—and here he paused. Suppose Mr. Warfield should inform his company that he was a Negro, he would lose his position. Then, too, Mr. Warfield might not believe him, and he knew of no mutual friend that would substantiate his statement.

"Mr. Warfield," he said, "I understand what you mean, and I assure you that you need have no fear of me. I do not know that I shall be in Long Island after this month. Permit me to shake your hand, sir".

Giving Mr. Warfield's hand a hearty grip, he passed out. Lifting his hat to the two ladies on the veranda, he went down the steps, entered his car and drove away, as they thought, out of their lives forever.

Mr. Warfield told his wife and daughter of his conversation and they expressed their approval of the course he had taken.

* * * *

On the morning of October 15th, 1918, a group of colored soldiers from the 92nd Division occupied an advanced position in the northern part of France, just beyond the river Meuse. Pontoon bridges had to be built immediately in order to provide for an advance before nightfall. The stream over which the bridge was to be constructed, was being swept by German shells, but the bridge was absolutely necessary. Not being willing to assign men to so dangerous a task, the Commanding Officer called for volunteers and Lieutenant Walter Cummings stepped forward and offered to direct the work. Other volunteers offered their services, and the men went to work. Under the most deadly fire they worked feverishly, dodging shells and laying the bridge, and in a few hours a triumphant company swept forward to victory over the bridge. But Lieutenant Cummings was being rushed to the nearest field hospital where he lay for weeks waging a now successful and now a losing battle with the grim monster Death. Often in his unconscious moments he would call pitifully for "Iola" and beg her to let him explain. The kind red cross nurse who attended him thought Iola was either his wife or his sweetheart, and in an effort to help straighten out matters looked in Lieutenant Cummings' address book, found Iola's address

(Continued on Page 29)

The African Origin of the Grecian Civilization

(By George Wells Parker)

No. I.

From Mr. Parker's Speech Before The Omaha Philosophical Society, April 1, 1917.

TO claim an African origin for the Grecian civilization is hardly in keeping with the historical traditions inherited from our school days. It savors of a sort of heresy and passes far beyond the limits of popular opinion. There is a peculiar unanimity among all historians to state without reservation that the greatest civilization the world has ever known was pre-eminently Aryan, but historians are not always to be relied upon. They write for their own race and times and are careful to give as little credit as possible to races and events which fall within the pale of their prejudices. I question, however, if there is to be gained any ultimate good by subverting truth and popularizing error. Indeed, I believe that if today our historians, authors, press and pulpit would give the public the truth as far as it is possible to attain to tomorrow would find us filled with a new vigor and a fresh determination to conquer the wrongs and inconsistencies of human life.

The old idea of the Grecian civilization was that it sprung, like Minerva, full armed from the brow of Zeus. It seemed to have no tangible beginning. The fabled kings and heroes of the Homeric Age, with their palaces and strongholds, were said to have been humanized sun-myths; their deeds but songs woven by wandering minstrels to win their meed of bread. Yet there has always been a suspicion among scholars that this view was wrong. The more we study the moral aspects of humanity the more we become convinced that the flower and the fruit of civilization are evolved according to laws as immutable as those laws governing the manifestations of physical life. Historians have written that Greece was invaded by Aryans about 1400 B. C., and that henceforth arose the wonderful civilization; but the student knows that such was an impossibility and that some vital factor has been left out of the equation. When the Aryans invaded Greece they were savages from Neolithic Europe and could not possibly have possessed the high artistic capacities and rich culture necessary for the unfolding of Aegean civilization. "Of thorn men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes."

Speaking of the two foremost Grecian states, Herodotus writes as follows: "These are the Lacedaemonians and Athenians, the former of Doric, and the latter of Ionic blood. And, indeed, these two nations had held from very early times the most distinguished place in Greece, the one being Pelasgic, the other a Hellenic people, and the one having never quitted its original seas, while the other had been excessively migratory. "The Hellenes" wrote Prof. Boughton in the Arena some years ago, "were the Aryans first to be brought into contact with these sunburnt Hamites who, let it be remembered, though classed as whites, were probably as strongly Nigritic as are the

Afro-Americans." "Greek art is not autochthonous," said Thiersch some fifty years ago, "but was derived from the Pelasgians, who, being blood relations of the Egyptians, undoubtedly brought the knowledge from Egypt." "The aptitude for art among all nations of antiquity," remarked Count de Gobineau a few years later, "was derived from an amalgamation with black races. The Egyptians, Assyrians and Etruscans were nothing but half-breeds, mulattoes." In the year 1884 Alexander Winchell, the famous American geologist, upset Americans with an article appearing in the North American Review. From it I quote the following: "The Pelasgic empire was its meridian as early as 2500 B. C. This people came from the islands of the Aegean, and more remotely from Asia Minor. They were originally a branch of the sunburnt Hamitic stock that laid the basis of civilization in Canaan and Mesopotamia, destined later to be Semitized. Danaus and his daughters—that is, the fugitive "shepherds" from Egypt—sought refuge among their Hamitic kindred in the Peloponesus about 1700 B. C. Three hundred years before this these Pelasgians had learned the art of weaving from Aryan immigrants. In time they occupied the whole of Greece and Thessaly. Before 200 B. C. they established themselves in Italy. Thus do we get a conception of the vast Hamitic empire existing in prehistoric times, whose several nationalities were centered in Mesopotamia, Canaan, Egypt, Northwestern Africa, Iberia, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Central Europe—an intellectual ethnic family, the first of the Adamites to emerge into historic light, but with the records of its achievements buried in gloom almost as dense as that which covers the ruder populations that the Hamites everywhere displaced. To this family, chiefly, are to be traced the dark complexions of the nations and tribes still dwelling around the shores of the Mediterranean."

It was to be expected that such statements as the foregoing would throw the scholastic world into a ferment. There was a scramble to bolster up the cause of Aryanism and to preserve this one civilization, at least, to the credit of the Caucasian race. Homer was scanned with a patience unknown to college students and the classic myths were refined in the alembics of master minds. Yet there were some who cared for truth more than for racial glory and among them was Dr. Schlieman. Armed with a spade he went to the classic lands and brought to light a real Troy; at Tiryns and Mycenae he laid to view the palaces and tombs and treasures of Homeric kings. His message back to scholars who waited tensely for his verdict was, "It looks to me like the civilization of an African people." A new world opened to archeologists and the Aegean became the Mecca of the world. Traces of this prehistoric civilization began

to make their appearance far beyond the limits of Greece itself. From Cyprus and Palestine to Sicily and Southern Italy, and even to the coast of Spain, the colonial and industrial enterprise of the Myceneans has left its mark throughout the Mediterranean basin. The heretics were vindicated. "Whether they like it or not," declared Sir Arthur Evans before the London Hellenic Society a short time ago. "classical students must consider origins. The Grecians whom we discern in the new dawn were not the pale-skinned northerners, but essentially the dark-haired, brown-complexioned race." Perhaps Sir Arthur's words will carry weight with you when I remark that his wonderful discoveries in classical lands have brought him the honor of election last year as president of the British Association, the most notable assemblage of scholars in the world. I might further mention that Prof. Sergi of the University of Rome has founded

a new study of the origin of European civilization upon the remarkable archeological finds, entitled "The Mediterranean Race." From this masterly work I choose the following: "Until recent years the Greeks and Romans were regarded as Aryans, and then as Aryanized peoples; the great discoveries in the Mediterranean have overturned all these views. Today, although a few belated supporters of Aryanism still remain, it is becoming clear that the most ancient civilization of the Mediterranean is not of Aryan origin. The Aryans were savages when they invaded Europe; they destroyed in part the superior civilization of the Neolithic populations, and could not have created the Graeco-Latin civilization. The primitive populations of Europe originated in Africa and the basin of the Mediterranean was the chief center of movement when the African migrations reached the center and north of Europe." *Classical Archaeology*

The Negro in the West Indies

By Edgar M. Grey

No. 1.

To the better understanding of the West Indian Negro by his American brother, I dedicate this series of articles treating of the history, geography, people, government, politics, laws and industries of the West Indies.

The West Indies are a group of Islands stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the delta of the Orinoco in Venezuela. The island number about one thousand and are divided into four groups, namely, the Greater Antilles, the Lesser Antilles, the Bahamas, and the Venezuelan coast islands. The Islands were discovered by Columbus, on his voyage in 1492. Because of the motive of this series of articles, it is well that I deal specially with those groups which are governed by Great Britain and, incidentally, peopled by more than 3,000,000.

The history of the Negro in the West Indies dates back to the time, in 1619 when the Dutch West India company transported 600 Negroes to the Island of Cuba. Then came the Battle of Blenheim, when the Duke of Marlborough defeated the French. The result of this battle was to make England mistress of the French, and consequently, of their possessions in the West Indies. From the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the slave-trade in the West Indies, became a central object of English policy. As long as the slave-trade in the West Indies remained remunerative, the English carried it on. And Liverpool's greatness, for instance, is not due to her industry, but to the hunting down and bartering of millions of unhappy Blacks. For the horrors and iniquity of the slave-trade, the ruin and degradation of Africa which it brought about, the oppression of the Negro himself, had till now, moved no pity in the hearts of Englishmen. English slavery in the West Indies was the most brutal and unkindest in all the New World. It was not until the great Wilberforce had dropped on the floor of the House of Commons pleading for the abolition of this terrible inhumanity, that

Parliament, on August 1, 1834, passed the famous Compensation Bill which made slavery a crime in any part of the British Empire. Then began a system of Government in the West Indies, which was the forerunner of the fair and inequitable system of government in the West Indies of to-day. In the year 1835 the islands were given what was known as the English Federation of the West Indies, and a government, also called by that name. This form of government lasted until about 1888 when, on account of an idea then prevalent among the Mulattoes, that the Blacks would soon become masters of the Islands, a proposition, known as the Crown Colony system of government, was submitted to the then supposedly representative Legislative Council of the Islands. None of the Legislative Councils of any of the islands were then in any sense representative, since, under the existing form of government, in order for a subject to vote in any election, it was required that he have in his own right, or that of his wife, the sum of \$250.00 in property, or that he pay an annual rental of that amount. This requirement was prescribed, as can readily be seen, for the purpose of making it impossible for the Black man to participate in the elections, since slavery had left him little better off than a pauper, while the whites and most of the mulattoes could very easily fulfill this requirement. It might be said in explanation to those of my readers who are not familiar with conditions in the West Indies, that the English, being past masters in the art of colonization, realized that the best way to establish alien rule over a people is to divide them against themselves. And so, when slavery was abolished and the new order of things set up, the English at once played upon the vanity of the Mulattoes by placing them in an ascendant position, just beneath the whites but above the blacks; because as the English reasoned, and rightly, one's mind is usually biased by the source from

whence one's living and pleasure are derived. But this scheme worked against the Mulattoes and the whites sooner than either looked for; for the Blacks being of a thrifty and economical nature soon removed the obstacle; and by the year 1888 had successfully elected to the legislatures of several of the islands Black men who were determined to make law that would be more beneficial and just for all of the people. Consequently, the before mentioned proposition was submitted in 1888, for the first time to a legislature or conclave which

met at the island of Barbadoes, and which was by no means representative since, out of the body of 106 members, 86 were Mulattoes, 18 were white, and 2 were Black. While the Black population, in all of the Islands at that time, comprised more than 86 per cent of the total population.

In the next article, I will deal with the deliberations of that convention, its ultimate decision, and the new form of government in the West Indies.

The Wealth of Africa

By W. F. Francis, Jr.

Under the title of "America's Opportunity" an article appeared in a recent issue of "Collier's Weekly" (March 22, 1919) with the intention of awakening the American manufacturer to the usual opportunity of expanding his trade to the undeveloped parts of South Africa.

The writer of the article in an effort to enlighten his white brethren, has gathered some interesting statistics which prove why the autocrat whites of the South African Union, and for that matter the European nations are eager to control and retard the progress of the natives of the vast continent.

Says a paragraph of the article, verbatim: "In any matter pertaining to Africa the American merchant and exporter must remember that he will confront a human equation and in this instance it is a black one. The African native is not our colored man. The African native is a child with a body of a man—who reasons as a man does and who follows first impulses. On the average he is honest. He may steal a loaf of bread when he is hungry; he may kill you if he thinks you intend to harm him and his Tet, withal this primitive manifestation of human nature is not of the vicious type is not produced by a warped brain or wrong motive. It is human nature as it prevails in Africa."

While the foregoing is partially true the writer of the article in a following paragraph reveals the old caucasian lust of subjugating the native to manual labor to further their own commercial interests, while little or no effort is made to give him an equal opportunity for development. Says another paragraph:

"American capital can find an excellent outlet in the development of cotton farms worked by natives under white supervision. So far as individuals are concerned, Americans unless they be mining or constructing engineers or salesman should keep away from Africa, as native labor is so cheap that no white man can compete and eat. All manual labor is numerically that only interecne hatred, tri-done by natives. The blacks are so superior hal differences, and the superior "kultur" of the whites help the latter to maintain their control. Africa is worth controlling."

Undoubtedly the concluding sentence (Africa is worth controlling) has been the pre-

vailing thought of the European nations at the Peace Conference, each seeking to obtain as much territory as possible and finally conceding to the mandatory system in preference to "Africa for Africans." For the six months ending June 30, 1917 the mineral productions of South Africa was Gold \$94,445,421; diamonds, \$18,562,505; coal \$7,808,421; copper, \$2,793,171; tin, \$981,622; antimony, \$45,750; asbestos, \$221,392; ostrich feathers, \$10,000,000.

Egypt is the third largest cotton producing region in the world. The British Cotton Growing Association reports that in 1916, in addition to the Egyptian crop West Africa produced 20,300 bales of 400 lbs each; East Africa 33,800 bales and the Sudau 16,200 bales a total of 32,100,000 pounds.

Indeed! Africa is worth controlling.

305

You can take that much needed Vacation this Summer——

We have \$300 for you

and a proposition that will interest

Every Progressive Man & Woman

and

Particularly Ministers & Students

Let us help you with your expenses

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THE CRUSADER MAGAZINE

2299-7th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A BRAVE YOUNG OFFICER IN NO MAN'S LAND

(Copyrighted 1919, by Crusader Magazine)

Wounded, cold and desolate, he sat alone in a deserted trench in no man's land. German shells were bursting all about him as the German line steadily advanced. Separated from his company many hours ago, hope had all but fled, when suddenly something fluttered past, he crept nearer the edge of the trench for another glimpse of the object which now lay passively some distance away, between him and the advancing line, there was something about the object that seemed strangely familiar, "can it be possibly?" he exclaimed. He looks more closely, "I cannot be mistaken," he says, as he scrambles over the top, where a moment before a German shell had ploughed the earth. Shells continued to burst around him. Death-dealing gases filled the air. Now and again a bullet whizzed past his head, but on he went. With his heart and soul he had resolved to reach the spot where lay that precious object—fluttering and beckoning. Then a terrible thought came to him, "what if the wind, coveting him so great a blessing, should again take up the prize, and bear it on, and on! and on! "No! no!" he cries, and with one great effort, reaches the spot, grasps the object, and with one swift glance at the cover, exclaims. "I was right, it IS A Crusader Magazine!"

The side of our country must others be took,
An' President Polk, you know, he is our country,
And the angel that writes all our sins in a book
Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per contry.
An' John P. Robinson, he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

—Lowell.

TO CERTAIN POLICEMEN

By Andrea Razafkeriefu
(Reprinted For Occasion)

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

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

All glory to these officers
And may they stay at home
For they would run like cattle
If sent across the foam;

For lack of moral courage
Makes cowards out of those
Who, just because of Color,
Would make a race their foes.

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

ACROSTIC

By Bruce Grit

C hampion of the dark sad millions,
R aise Thy Voice and plead our Cause
U nify our struggling people
S tand with us, thou art our choice,
A nd the Victory o'er the oppressor
D oubt and fear we will achieve
E ver striving to attain it
R ight will triumph we believe.

—Bruce Grit.

FORWARD FOR AFRICA

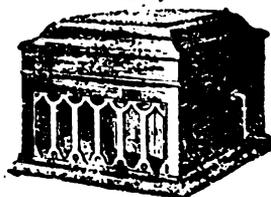
Africa shall not fall or perish
While her sons are living.
Though they robbed us, we'll redeem it,
With our good swords striving.
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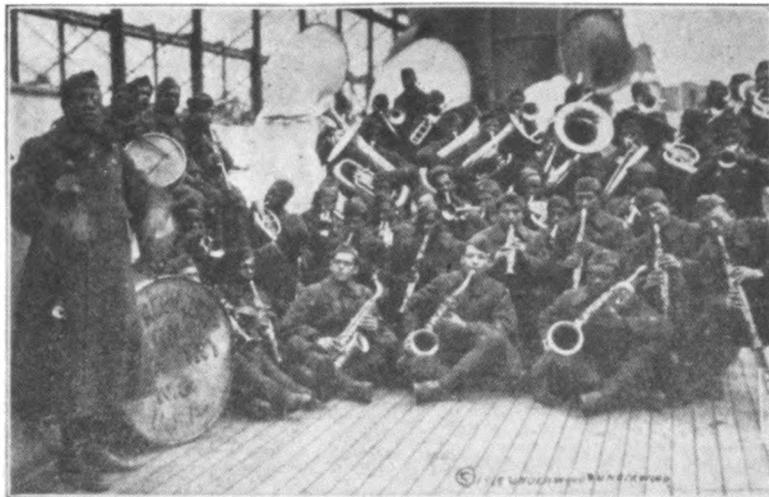
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The Band of the 369th Infantry ("Hell Fighters") which led by Lieut. James Reese Europe is now touring the Country.

The Fight for Freedom

307

Recent news despatches show the red British Empire menaced by revolt in Egypt, uprisings in Nigeria, and unrest in Ireland and India.

Dolhi, India, reports an uprising. This city was the centre of the famous Sepoy Rebellion.

Paris, March 31—Gen. Allenby who has been sent to Egypt to put down the rebellion warns Egypt that he will use drastic measures.

Madrid, March 28—Martial law has been proclaimed upon the entire length and breadth of Spain, as a result of renewed demonstrations in Barcelona and other centres.

Paris, April 2—The nationalist uprising is spreading in Egypt. Bedouins are said to be active. Peasants are burning crops and buildings and destroying railroads. British troops from the Soudan occupy Assouan.

Chicago, Ill., March 30—Dr. Leroy Bundy, the famous East St. Louis dentist, has been sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in helping to defend Negro women and children from the attacks of the mobs on July 1, 1917.

Washington, March 26—The formal plea of the Phillipine Islands for independence will be submitted to Secretary Baker April 4

San Francisco March 26—Two white American soldiers were killed in the recent clashes with Japanese troops at Tien-Tsin.

Paris, March 24—A neutral observer here predicts a "Holy War of Blacks" as the Germans' latest plan for keeping other Europeans out of Africa as it appears practically certain that they themselves will lose their African colonies!

Cape Town, March 31—South Africa has enjoyed unusual prosperity during the war. Agriculture, commerce and industry are progressing apace in the sub-continent.

ANNOUNCEMENT

With this number The Crusader Magazine returns to ten cents a copy. It is with great pleasure that the cost of production having come down, we take this step. The Crusader aims at reaching the largest number rather than of being the organ of a minority or special class. Evidently many people were willing and able to pay fifteen cents for The Crusader, and our circulation has even increased at the price, but it is our aim and desire to reach and bring inspiration and entertainment to all classes—those who think adime enough to pay as well as the many who think The Crusader fully worth any price that might be asked.

THE APRIL LIBERATOR

As we go to press we are in receipt of a copy of the Liberator for April, containing along with many other good articles a pertinent play on Negro life, experience and new-born aspirations in the South, entitled "The Aftermath." In the same magazine is a poem "The Dominant whitle" that bravely and frankly champions the cause of the "dark sad millions." Both play and poem are in line with the policy of fairness and justice towards the Negro of The Liberator and other white radical publications.

As one good turn deserves another we suggest our readers buy the April Liberator. They will find in it much entertainment, instruction and inspiration.



WOMEN'S

FACTS ABOUT FOOD

A very thick white sauce, stirred thick with cheese, cooled, then molded into balls and dipped in brown crumbs makes a very tasty dish.

Thorough mastication develops in all uncooked foods a new and delicious taste.

The thing that makes nuts such an excellent article of food is that their nutritive elements are almost perfectly proportioned.

The food that needs the least preparation is the best for mankind, that food is most healthful and will give to animal life its highest form that which can be taken most nearly in its natural condition.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

By Dr. Leonard K. Girschburg in the New York Call

308

WHEN you speak of a good night's rest, you sometimes do not think what these words mean. Most frequently the idea suggested is simply that you feel fit to work the next day.

Sleep during the quiet hours restores what life or action during the day has broken down. Sleep is a restorer of muscle tissue as life is its distinctior.

Imagine the wear and tear that goes on in the heart of a great engine when a train is in motion. See, in your mind's eye the water consumed to be turned into steam and back again into water. Think of the coal consumed to produce energy, fire, ashes and many more details. Life in the human engine goes on in a similar process. The food you eat creates water, gas, ashes. Out of these elements the human engine selects those which produce energy. During the life process many of the tissues which form a large part of the bodily frame are consumed and turned into what corresponds to ashes in the steam engine. When these are broken down in unduly great proportion, the mechanism suffers what is ordinarily known as fatigue. This means that muscle tissue waste has become harmful to the rest of the mechanism and that the freedom of the life process has been harmed.

It is when sleep is soundest that this repair of torn-down tissues becomes accomplished, when the mind is at complete rest. And the food you have taken need not be divided between feeding mind and muscle at the same time.

Sleep, therefore, acts as a builder, a restorer of muscle, and makes the anatomy fit for another day's work, and for this reason whatever disturbs the night's sound sleep should be avoided.

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DEPARTMENT



TAKING CARE OF THE STOUT WOMAN

If some progressive business woman of Harlem would open a shop that catered especially to stout women, someone who understands the stout woman (who is perhaps a stout woman herself, and would give her clothes in which she is good to look upon.

If properly treated the stout woman is a good customer, one of the best. It has been said that "flesh comes more or less from good things to eat," and as there will always be good things to eat the stout woman will be always with us. It has also been said that "one woman in three is stout" but the chances are ten to one that the proportion is larger than that. People who are not stout do not know what stout women suffer and how much they need special attention paid to their clothes and the proper women to wait on them. A stout woman will go into a shop and ask for a suit or a blouse, a little woman comes up to her, looks her over, and says with a superior air: no we haven't anything that will fit you. The stout woman goes out humiliated and discouraged and fees to her dress maker or tailor. You have got to have the right kind of clothes for the stout woman, you can't make over a suit for her and make it fit her properly. The frame of the stout woman is individual.

If she were given a special shop she would feel comfortable in going into it for there she would see in the saleswoman other stout women, well dressed and with good lines. Of course the idea of a stout woman's shop is unique, and at first it would be hard for them to believe that they had a place of their own—a place where for instance: if a skinny little thirty-four, not noticing that it was a stout woman's shop, seeing a blouse or suit in the window of a style that she liked should walk in and squeezing in between a dozen or more stout women, ask for her size, the stout saleswoman would answer her with a superior air: Madam, we have nothing that will fit you.

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A BEAUTY HINT

For giving the face a good color: get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there.

A WORD ABOUT CLOTHES

If we had no other indication to show our enormous debt to Japan for clothes inspiration, the frequency with which we use the word kimono would suffice, for that is a direct borrowing from the Japanese language to indicate a national costume for both men and women.

The Orient has also contributed its share to clothes words, and our pajama, comes from the Hindu "Paejama" which literally means "leg garment."

Some of the new tassels are made with cords on which are hung real pebbles, colored to match the cords.

AN UP-TO-DATE HAIR DRESSER

One of the best in the Hairdressing business is Mrs. Grace B. McDowell. Her treatment of the hair is prolific of good results. And her establishment at 2247 Seventh Avenue, New York City, is one of the most up-to-date in the Metropolis. Clean, sanitary and equipped with all the latest conveniences and appendages of a rapidly growing business it is the joy and comfort of her many patrons. Efficiency is visibly on every hand. There is no long waiting. A large and competent corps of attendants is one of the present and visible signs of the superior business acumen of this woman who has so often demonstrated her knowledge of the wants of her patrons and her ability to please, both in point of service and of results.

Men of Our Times

"REPUTATION COMES FROM PERFORMANCE"

THAT is the motto, righteously lived up to, of R. W. Justice, director of the New York Academy at 447 Lenox Avenue, New York City.

In other words a man is known by his deeds of performance rather than by any high sounding promissary phrases. Mr. Justice is essentially a constructor, a doer of things, as his aggressive jaw and determined manner denote.

And to his hard work, patient application and ambitious toil the New York Academy stands as a monument. Hard work, grit and determination have made it what it is to day—the greatest independent Negro educational institution in the city of New York.

A few short years ago this institution was but a stripling in the educational field. To-day it stands foremost in the Metropolis and almost unique in the race and one of the few schools recognised by the United States Government as deserving a place on the Federal Board of Vocational Training for crippled United States Soldiers. The school has just been federalized and given a contract by the Federal Board.

Mr. Justice and his associates are very proud of the New York Academy. One notes that the instant he enters the well equipped study rooms of the school. There is a *corp d'esprit* among teachers and students that promises great things for the commercial future of the Negro race. The work done in the School and the results obtained have been often complimented by the House of Pittman, Business Schools, and prominent educators. Mr. Pittman himself, writing of Mr. Justice and the New York Academy has said:

"I have received your School Catalogue. I thank you for it and congratulate you and the School upon the wonderful achievements during the last ten years.

"You have exhibited a thoroughness and a patience and perseverance that is rarely found outside the pages of fiction. I trust that you will continue to grow and to progress, and that you will have a great large School Building some day, which you deserve and which you have worked hard enough for.

"A man like you can never fail. You have our best wishes for continued success and growth."

Mr. Justice has dedicated his life to service to his race in the capacity of an educator. His words on this subject show a high nobility of purpose paired with indomitable courage and relentless determination. The dedi-



R. W. JUSTICE.

cation of any man to helpful service among his fellows is one of the most beautiful things that can happen on this earth. The words in which Mr. Justice tells of his dedication constitute two of the most beautiful paragraphs in the English language. They are:

"I have found my task, fortune will be unkind to lure me from it by considerations of material gain and ease, or through any vagaries to which human frailty is susceptible. My highest personal ambition is to render service in the capacity of school master, and to behold the fruits of my labor.

"The high glory of war's behest, and the comforts of the fire-side are paltry and insignificant in comparison to this work to which I have dedicated my life, and in which I find the highest satisfaction and pleasure."

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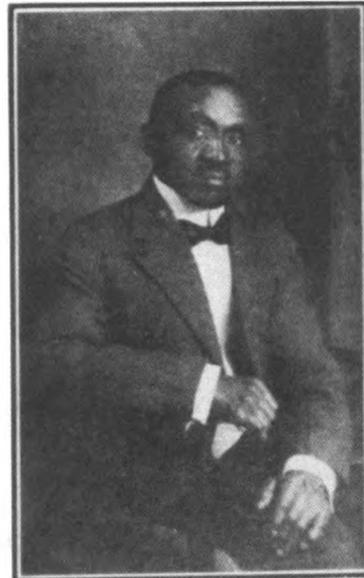
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J. Henry Arlington

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His mature experience as a lecturer on timely topics makes him a valuable acquisition on any program. His conscientious work has won him much praise in the religious and literary worlds.

I loved my country so as only they
Who love a mother fit to die for may.
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame;
What better proof than that I loathed her
shame?

—Lowell.

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Digest of Views

"EGYPT FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM"

THE Negro World is among those who believe that the entente conjured up a Frankenstein when they declared for the rights of small nations, "self-determination for all peoples" and other war-time philosophies that they have since attempted to turn into peace-time junk. Says the **Negro World** under the caption "EGYPT FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM":

"From the appearance of things it seems as

though Great Britain, France and the United States conjured up a Frankenstein when they declared that their object in this war was "to make the world safe for democracy" and for the protection of smaller nations.

Meager news despatches are filtering through the censorship telling of a revolt in **Egypt** against the continued British occupation of that country; of a revolt in **Morocco** against the French; of the demand being made upon the United States by **Hawaii**, **Porto Rico** and the **Philippines** for self-determination. In addition to these violent and pacific demands made upon the Allies for them to practice what they preach, comes news of **Korea's** de-

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mand for independence from Japan, and of the ever present Irish question. With the exception of Ireland, the populations of these nations are not of the Caucasian race and, as a consequence, have developed no enthusiasm in favor of their cause among the whites of the United States.

We, as Negroes, have a special interest in the future of Egypt particularly. We sympathize with all oppressed countries, but, as is natural, the greatest portion of our concern goes out to Egypt, the seat of ancient Negro greatness."

Those two amiable and caucasian-obliging gentlemen, Drs. Moton and Du Bois are still coming in for the criticism of the race. Says the Wichita Protest of them:

Prof. Moton and Dr. DuBois seem to have gotten in bad favor with colored Americans. The object of their visit to France seems to be looked upon with suspicion by race leaders. Moton went over under instructions from the powers that be with "sealed" orders. It is reported here that he was to use his influence among troopers from the Southern States to get them out of the notion of returning home as men, but to return with their hat under their arms, bowing and scraping to "Marse Gawge." It will never be. There is bound to be a "New South".

One of the first race publications that have dared to come out for prohibition

Coming Next Month
**"WHAT DOES DEMOCRATIC
 AMERICA IN HAITI?"**
 A Pertinent Question Put
 In Fearless Crusader Manner

the juvenile organ "Our Boys And Girls" tells us that:

"Persons who are earnestly concerned over the welfare of children cannot but rejoice at the enactment of the prohibition amendment prohibiting the distillation, sale and use of alcoholic beverages.

Whiskey and other intoxicating liquors have caused untold misery. Women have been brutalized, children have been neglected and in some instances have been starved and deprived of educational advantages."

So long as a single one amongst your brothers has no vote to represent him in the development of the national life, so long as there is one left to vegetate in ignorance where others are educated, so long as a single man, able and willing to work, languishes in poverty through want of work to do, you have no country in the sense in which country ought to exist—the country of all and for all.

—Mazzini

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The Play of the Month

"Tess of The Storm Country"

By far the best play presented at the Lafayette Theatre during the month of March, "Tess of the Storm Country" took Harlem audiences by storm by its freshness and charming *naivette*. Of able construction, it was also ably presented.

Miss Evelyn Ellis in the leading role as "Tess" broke all former records and surprised even her most ardent admirers. As she interpreted the character, the two seemed specially made for each other. Hers was a triumph attained by no other actress since Mrs. Anderson in "Within The Law" and the Divine Abbie (Miss Mitchell) in "Madame X".

Walker Thompson in the leading male role greatly contributed to the pleasure experienced by the audience in witnessing the presentation of this play. His work as *Frederick Graves* minister, idealist and lover of *Tess*, constitutes one of the best bits of work done in his long career of this immensely clever and widely versatile actor.

The two leading characters were ably supported by the rest of the cast. In fact, it ap-

peared to be a week and an aggregation of stars, for all were at their best. Tom Brown as *Elias Graves*, the irascible old father of the idealistic *Frederick Graves* and enemy to *Tess* and her people; Charles Olden as the

Tell Your Friends *Just
WHY THE CRUSADER
 is The Best

idiot, *Ezra Longman*; Mattie Wilkes as *Moll*, the witch; Barrington Carter, greatest of character artists, as *Orin Skinner*, the father of *Tess*; Inez Clough as *Myra Longman*; Ethel Watts *Martha*; Walter Robinson as satisfied *Longman*; J. L. Criner as *Ben Letts*; C. L. Moore as *Jake Brewer*; Samuel Jackson as *Dan Jordan*; Harold Le Seane as *Tom Hecker* and Miss Beatrice Wade, a new comer, who made her debut in quite brilliant manner as *Lola Graves*—they were all good, very good.

314



PAULINE
 FREDERICK
 in *The WOMAN*
 on the INDEX -
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Cultivate Courage and Perseverance

By Gertrude E. Hall

How greatly in need of kindness is the whole world, and how little appreciated are self-control, patience, perseverance, and even the people possessing many other virtues and achievements so much needed.

Let us take for example, perseverance; We leave the theatre, perhaps dissatisfied with the play or full of some special criticism to pass upon the performers; but we do not seem to appreciate what patience and perseverance and control of self had to be cultivated before even the author could publish or the actors perform their part in what we considered poor.

This is not intended to deter the stage critic from his duty, in which there is a just necessity, but there is an element of people among us, who have never been made to understand fully, or that think it worth while to be any thing more than captious critics, personal muck-rakers, and common roust-a-bouts

We have another class among us, who think it folly to talk perseverance, because they have ever cherished that inborn gift, and without knowing why, have been successful in reaching their goal. And it is with the greatest reluctance that we dissect our own decorum, and diagnose and prescribe for our peculiarities and short comings.

Occasionally, authority is thrust upon a mere skeleton of a man or woman, with a tongue that cuts like a cleaver, and with words that are as alive as Homer's.

As I write, there comes to my mind, the case of two young girls who went to a hotel in search of work. The one intercedes in behalf of her awkward friend for a position, as waitress, the intercessor was frankly informed, in the other's presence by the colored head-waiter, that they did not want a bear to wait.

Now, we all admire open manners and disposition, but there is a time and a place for every thing, and though this may have been the girl, it was neither the time, nor the place. Surely what is gained in the time spent on cultivating ones-self to keep quiet under difficulties, cannot be overestimated.

There is an excellent example told of perseverance, somewhere in the works of Samuel Smiles. "A friend of Marshal Lefevre, was complimenting him on his possessions, and good fortune, the Marshal said, "You envy me, do you? well come into the court, I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces, and if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. What: You wont; Very well, recollect then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand dimes, and much nearer, before I arrived at the state in which you now find me."

Perseverance is a golden gift. It is well worth striving for. And what most of us need is the strength to cultivate self control under painful difficulties.

315

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Book Review

SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

By Arthur W. Calhoun, Ph. D. Vol. III.
Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company.
Price, \$5.

THIS, the third and last volume of this work, completes a historical study in a new field. Like the previous volumes, Dr. Calhoun quotes from original sources, and draws upon contemporary opinion in illustrating the vicissitudes of the American family as they affected the various types. These include the white family of the South, the Negro family since emancipation, the family of the wage worker, and the family of the rich, all of which have their peculiar variations, according to the economic mold in which they are cast.

THE White family of the South and the adulteration of the white and black stocks through miscegenation offer two of the most interesting chapters in the book. The interesting fact is noted that, in every war, when troops entered the South a "crop of white nigger babies" was born.

It would seem that many of the whites of the South are no more "color blind" in this respect than some of the whites of the North who come in contact with unfortunate colored women.

The curious moral twists that Southern class opinion can take are represented by the reaction of a Mississippi physician to a constitutional proposal that the blacks be placed on the same level as the whites in respect to legal marriages. He regarded this as elevating every nigger wench to the equality of mah own daughters. The monstrous thing! . . . The Negro women have always stood between ouah daughters and the superabundant sexual energy of ouah hot-blooded youth. And, by God, Sir, youah so-called constitution tears down the restrictions that the fo'sight of ouah statesmen faw mo' than a century have placed upon the Negro race in ouah country.

This is by no means an exceptional opinion among the ruling whites. One may appreciate the high "moral" estimate this old cad places upon the young male whites and the place assigned to female Negroes by him.

—James Oneal.

The eyes of Asia. By Rudyard Kipling. New Yorks Doubleday, Page & Co. Price 75c.

THERE is an ancient saying to the effect that some men live too long. The meaning of this phrase must be that certain writers continue to write long after they are capable of good work. Rudyard Kipling has given us many hours of pleasure and occasionally instruction of real value. His best short stories are remarkably fine, his "Jungle Books" are a perfect delight, some of his verse is excellent. But Kipling is failing.

This present volume is a shabby work. It

detracts from Kipling's fame as a literary craftsman. It seems impossible that the same hand could have written such a precious story as "Without Benefit of Clergy" or such a poem as "The Recessional."

"The Eyes of Asia" is supposed to be "a series of letters written by an East India trooper serving in France to his people at home. "It is no such thing. There is one letter that might be so described, then two monotonous one-act "plays" and, finally a short story written in the first person—a total of 101 pages, all badly written. The philosophy of the books seems to be this: that, according to native Hindu soldiers in French and British hospitals, Great Britain is a wonderful country and India a pig sty; that European manners are delightful and Indian customs atrocious, and that English public schools are little heavens and Indian indifference to academic education disgusting. One insult to India after another, and all put into the mouth of an Indian! A cheap trick, a miserable deception!

"The Eyes of Asia" serves no useful purpose, except, perhaps, that it demonstrates how weary the author is, how burnt-out his art. Kipling should rest. He is an old man; he is tired.

James Waldo Fawcett.

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ART IS PROPAGANDA

"In every period of history is a crusade for the liberation of man from bondage—from bondage to superstition, governmental tyranny; from bondage to obsolete custom; from industrial oppression."

The task of really great art and literature in any age is to "propagate" or popularize this struggle for liberty among the men of its own time and to pass on the torch to the coming generations. If it does this, it is as intelligible to men of 1918 as it was to men of the century in which it was written. The dialect may be different; the message is the same. Read in the light of this universal impulse, this aspiration of all men for liberty and justice, the slavery abolitionists of the 1840's, the French revolutionists, the Old Testament prophets, the Apostles, the Greek heroes, and the liberals of to-day are all seen to be expressing the same ideas.

When the years have winnowed the chaff of literary crudity from the grain of literary skill, the writings which remain are termed "literature." They are art. But they survive, not because of their skill of workmanship, but because of the grandeur of their ideas. For they are only a supreme form of propaganda.

Of the propaganda which is swashing around the world today, most of it will perish, but its effect will remain. Here and there will survive examples which men of the future will read in order to understand us people of to-day, and those surviving pamphlets, or books, or pictures, or songs, or plays or statues, or poems they will call art.

The young people of those days to come will be urged to imitate the external forms of these works of art in the hope of becoming artists, they will copy the body instead of the spirit.

Here and there will be one aflame with the passion for human liberty who will brush aside the art models of the past and plunge into a propaganda for the Great Idea of his own time. And it is he who will be the artist.—Uncle Dudley in Boston Globe.

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O, Father of mankind
 Do Thou the nations bind
 In bonds of love,
 Bid enmity to flee
 Let race with race agree
 And all be ruled by Thee
 Great God above.

Bid Thou all wars to cease
 And this a world of peace
 Man's wrath control,
 Let brotherhood extend
 Till human hearts shall blend
 In concord without end
 From pole to pole.

Welcome that "Age" sublime
 Told in Thy Book Divine
 When earth shall rest,
 When none their brother hate
 And Truth shall dominate
 The earth Thou didst create
 Thy name we bless.

319

**How Walter Regained His
 Manhood**

(Continued from Page 12)

and wrote her a letter describing his brave deed and stating that his recovery was doubtful. She tactfully suggested that a letter from Iola might help a great deal. She told Iola that she was a southern white woman who had lost all her foolish prejudices. She had nothing but praise for the heroic deeds of the colored soldiers, and stated that Lieutenant Cummings was one of the bravest and most gallant colored gentleman that she knew!

Iola read and re-read this letter. She knew there could be no mistake about the matter. She realized that Walter had not

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made known his identity because of his work; and she found herself hoping and praying for his recovery, and thinking how proud she would be to have his friendship if he ever returned. When she read the letter to her parents, asking their advice, both her mother and father urged her to write to him, and her father added. "think I'll send him a little note in your letter myself."

While Walter was slowly convalescing, his nurse handed him a letter. Walter surveyed the girlish handwriting without much interest, and would have laid it aside, but his nurse insisted upon his reading it immediately.

He read a few lines, and then turning to the last page saw in letters of gold "Iola Warfield". When he had finished reading the letter for the fourth time, he remembered the nurse, and calling her, thanked her with tears in his eyes for the great happiness she had brought to him.

He told the nurse how he met Iola; how he loved her, how her father had disdained him. He said,

"When I left Mr. Warfield, my heart was very heavy. I was denied the privilege of trying to win Iola's love because they thought me to be white."

If I had told them then I was colored, Mr. Warfield might have doubted me, and I had no way of proving the fact. I had no friends who could substantiate my statements. I was alone and I had always hated the false position in which I had placed myself. The money I earned meant nothing to me. I did not care to associate with the men with whom I worked, and I could not make friends with my own people. It seemed to me that I was an outcast. I made up my mind that I would be a man and not a coward. I determined to throw in my lot with my people, and I thought if other Negroes can be successful, I can be so too. I resigned my position, telling them I was a Negro. I really did gain some satisfaction from the horror on the faces of my associates and their remarks, but it was grim amusement. Then the call came for colored officers and I went to Des Moines and became a Lieutenant. Then I came over here, and you know what happened here. I do not believe I can ever express my deep gratefulness to you. You have opened the door of hope for me".

"My experiences here in France have opened my eyes to the courageous manhood that exists among colored people, and I am

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truly glad that I have been of some little service to you", said the nurse.

Walter lost no time in writing to Iola. In the letters he wrote her during the months that followed, he told her all that he had told the nurse and more.

* * * *

Early in February 1919, the great steamer Leviathan majestically swung anchor at New York. Among the convalescent troops which hung over the side of the steamer and enthusiastically cheered every building, large or small, every pier every body and everything that marked their return home, was a pale officer, with one arm in a sling and a painful limp that kept him from imitating the antics of his brother officers.

But his blue eyes were alight with hope and love as he crowded close to the railing of the ship in order to get a good view of the pier at which they were to dock.

Standing just behind the great ropes that keep anxious relatives and friends back and that make a pathway for the heroes who come home, was Iola Warfield. Her father and mother were there too, but Walter saw no one in that throng but her. And so keen are the eyes of love that among 5,000 men, Iola saw Walter and waved a tremulous but joyful greeting.

Work of the Colored Q. M. C. in France

(Continued from Page 9)

for supplies for the entire A. E. F. on these and similar reports from other A. E. F. Divisions, and cable the Quartermaster General's Office in Washington, D. C. accordingly.

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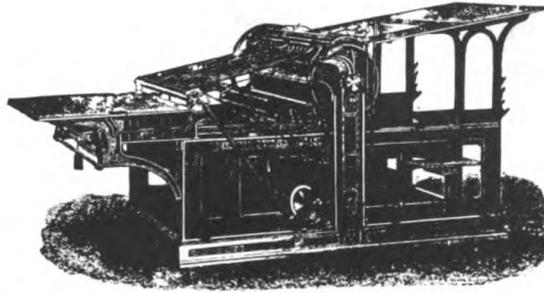
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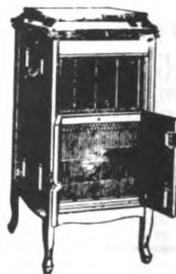
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