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STAFF

Cyril V. Briggs, Editor,
Gertrude E. Hall,
W. Francis, Jr

Bertha F. Briggs
Jeremiah Peters

R. L. Rossi,
Andrew Razafkeriefo,
Bertha De Basco,

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The Crusader Magazine

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What Does Democratic America in Haiti ?

IN an imaginary conversation between the President, the Kaiser, Venizelos and a Dominican revolutionist in the March Metropolitan, William Hard, under the caption, "IS AMERICA HONEST?" makes the Kaiser address the President as follows:

You set yourself up, as yourself have said, to be the world's supreme internationalists. You blame Austria because Austria attacked Serbia without being willing to listen to a conference with other nations. That made this war. But what did you do? In the same year, in that very month, in July 1914 you prepared to attack Haiti without being willing to listen to any cooperation of any sort with any other nation whatsoever. Do you deny it? Let me remind you.

"In July of 1914 when you were preparing to assume your present control, by force, of the custom houses and of all other governmental institutions in Haiti, you were approached by the French. The French said that it was only right that they, being also interested in Haiti, should be admitted to a joint consideration with you in your purposes. You repulsed them. You denied that peace in Haiti was an international concern. You maintained that it was a concern for the United States alone. And you proceeded, in time, to inundate Haiti with your Marines and to establish a solely American control, by force, of the Haitian custom houses, the Haitian treasury, which you lodged in an American bank at Port-au-Prince, and the Haitian army."

After paying a doubtful compliment to the American people, the Kaiser continues:

"While I am busy in Europe, they go and get into Haiti and San Domingo and establish themselves in Nicaragua in defiance of Central American international law, as laid down by an international court, and they spend their spare time shouting internationalism and international courts across the Atlantic to us in Europe, and they are absolutely correct in their sentiments and they are absolutely successful in getting an empire of vassal states for themselves. I am going to have an American for Chancellor. But it just occurs to me:

"My dear Mr. President, why not put Haiti and Santo Domingo into the Peace Conference? What? All conquests, by anybody, during the war, into the Peace Conference! One of my best ideas!"

In the same imaginary conversation, Evangelista, a Dominican revolutionist, is made to take the president up on the following phrase in one of his many speeches:

"That no nation shall seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people shall be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development,

unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful."

"That's what he said, "screamed Evangelista." That's what he said. Unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid. He said it, and did he get up next morning and cable Admiral Knapp to come right home from Santo Domingo and leave us unhindered, unthreatened, un—"

"He did not," said the Kaiser. Sit down. Who are you to talk to a man of blood and iron."

"We have a President in 1916. (Continues Evangelista.) Jiminez. And we impeach Jiminez. For graft in his cabinet. Congress impeaches him. Our Congress. But Jiminez, he refuses to be tried. He fortifies himself. So we must fight. We must fight for Congress, for law. General Arras, he rises, and he fights. And then what?

"All at once these marines from the United States. Thousands of Marines. And Admiral Caperton. No ultimatum, no big public ultimatum, for all the world to see, like from Austria to Serbia. No, sir. Santa Domingo, it is a nation. Full right to ultimatums. But no ultimatum. Only a little speech by American minister in Santo Domingo, and, then marines, lots of marines. And fighting."

"Tut, tut!" Said the Kaiser. "Every nation has a right to make war on any other nation. That's not the point."

"But this was not a war by a nation," said Evangelista, "This was a war by his excellency. The United States never declared war on us. The Congress of the United States never declared war on us."

"What?" said the Kaiser. "No declaration of war. Made a war by himself without any declaration by his Parliament. Bismarck!"

The Kaiser then reminds Mr. Wilson of his message to Congress on April 2, 1917, in which he encouched:

Plans of aggression can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands, and where it insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

"And now I find (continues the Kaiser) that the head of a democracy can conduct two wars and acquire two new possessions without any consultation with his parliament or his people. It is most disillusioning, most saddening. Evangelista, you must have taken my handkerchief."

In the words of the imaginary Venizelos, the American people profess a pure anti-imperialism. But they have an empire. And they are increasing it surreptitiously. Will the republic of the United States soon become

openly and in name, as it has already become to all purposes and intents, an Empire? Will the American Republic follow in the path of the Roman republic? Louis F. Post in his "Ethics of Democracy" does well to remind us that:-

"When Rome passed from Republic to Empire the name of King had the detested significance in the Roman mind that both king and emperor have now in the American. Yet the Roman republic was strangled by the Roman empire, and there was no king.

"Nor could any one at that time have told where and when the republic ended and the empire began. The transition was effected by a series of departures from old standards and old ideals, each of which recommended itself to superficial observation as being in the interest of the republic.

"...the true distinction, the only test distinction, turns not upon the number of despots or their benevolence, but upon the question of self government or superimposed government. Whatever may be the titles of its administrators, the government that is at all times responsible to the people governed is a free government, while a government that governs without responsibility to the governed is imperial."

Superimposing her imperial government upon all, Rome held no relation of responsibility whatever to the governed in her colonies. From that moment, says FROUDE, the days of her own self government were numbered; and he points this moral for all time: "If there be one lesson," he writes, "which history clearly teaches, it is this that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are an abie or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall to pieces from mere incompetence of duties."

"OUR CULLUD LEADERS."

By Andrea Razafkeriefo

Today our colored leaders are as fearless as can be. In fact in gameness, they outshine the jellyfish or flea. Why Douglass was a piker—even valiant L'Ouverture; who never faced the hardships modern leaders must endure. For instance, old time leaders were appointed by their race, today they go to the "white folks" when they seek that lofty place. In other words, in olden days, our leaders were inspired, while on the other hand, our modern leaders now are hired. Again our early leaders were out-spoken—sometimes rough and never knew the word "retreat" or feared the white man's bluff, but leaders of the present day don't believe in manly pranks; they're "modest, unassuming" and are fond of "closing ranks." What's more, those old time leaders were not business-like nor neat. Oft-times in rags (and hungry) they would lecture on the street, which showed that they were quite stupid too contented in their ways and not as brainy as our leaders in these modern days. Today we find our leaders chewing on the best cigars, dressed to death and owning mansions, buying stocks and touring cars, going on their "special mis-

sions" thro' the land and o'er the sea so this shows our modern leaders more enterprisingly. Now, dear reader, I will finish tho' there's more that I could say of these honest, fearless leaders who are leading us today. But I'd like to say in closing: If you're ever in a fray and you spy a leader—save yourself and run the other way!

A WARNING FROM SHAKESPERE

(With Apologies to the Bard of Avon)

Hath not a Negro eyes? Hath not a Negro hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a white man? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest we will resemble you in that. If a Negro wrong a caucasian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a caucasian wrong a Negro, what should his sufferance be by caucasian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach us, we will execute; and it shall go hard, but we will better the instruction.

THE MALAGASY SOLDIERS' WAR SONG

We soldiers of the Third Volunteers
Go forward with confidence and courage
To serve Queen HANAVALOMANJAKA;
To obey a sovereign who is wise and good,
To defend the Fatherland, which is sweet and beloved,

To hold the independence of this kingdom;
To sing loudly our war song, which says:
"We would rather die than not conquer!"
Proving fidelity with might and with life,
Yielding our bodies as a wail of defence,
Presenting our strength as a shield for protection,

The distant and the difficult our glory shall be.
Wounds in the war our Medals to wear;
The uplifted flag our memorial for aye,
We who are here are ready for all that.
We volunteer soldiers have a fixed time,
Are ready and sufficient for what is designed;
If any go astray for what is wrong and unwise
They can never true soldiers become.
Each pledges his honor to the agreement that's made,

And drink the "I would rather die";
We are men, and trust what is finished and done,

And gladly present our allegiance true.
We are Malagasy born,
What is seen is not feared; what is to come gives no tremor;

Blood and life split are our charms, and the more set ablaze our courage as fire,
The difficult and bitter make us more manly;
To refuse we can never while breath in us lasts

With devotion here we yield ourselves saying
"We are soldiers ourselves and our generals are honored."

Note: the above song was used by the Malagasy troops in the last war.

Americans ?

By CYRIL V. BRIGGS

WHILE white people view as a slave that man who has no part in the making of the laws that govern him, there is among sapheaded Negroes a tendency toward accepting the phrase, "American citizen" as a glorified and sufficient camouflage for the inconsistencies of the case. But who and what is an American Citizen? To those who have not read the Constitution of the United States let Dr. Frank Crane, a white man, explain:

"Whatever rights one American citizen has every other American citizen has.

"The right to vote wherever he resides,

"Freedom of religion,

"Freedom of the press,

"Freedom of peaceable assembly,

"The right to petition the government for redress to grievances,

"The right to bear arms,

"Protection against having his house papers, or property searched or seized without due process of law,

"No American citizen may be put in jeopardy twice for the same offence, nor

"Be compelled in a criminal case to be a witness against himself,

... "When accused of crime he is entitled to a speedy and public trial by jury, he must be told the nature of the charge against him, allowed to compell witness in his own favor to come and testify, and allowed or provided a lawyer to defend him,

"He may not be deprived of life, liberty or property without a fair trial."

Is that person then an American citizen who is discriminated against, refused the right to travel when, how, and where he pleases, refused the protection of the laws and denied the right to vote in many parts of the country?

When accused of crime an American citizen is entitled to and is given a speedy and public trial by jury. A Negro,—which is quite a different thing by all the facts of the case—is usually strung up by self constituted and unrebuked, and unpunished judges from among his "superiors" and "masters".

An American must be and is protected by law against having his property seized without due process of law. A Negro may be deprived of his property by the simple process of gathering a mob and driving him out of town with a threat to lynch him if he returns. The law does not protect the Negro in his property rights.

An American citizen may not be deprived of life or liberty without a fair trial. There were over sixty Negro women, children and men lynched in the United States last year, and even the white man agrees that lynching does not allow of a fair trial. But they were Negroes, not American citizens. Many others were sold into slavery in the South.

Finally, "whatever rights one American citizen has, every other American citizen has." And this would seem to show plainly enough the difference between being an American citizen and being a Negro in America. "What-

ever rights one American citizen has, etc." Every American citizen has the right to "life, liberty and happiness," the right to vote wherever he resides, to travel where, when and how he pleases, protection against having his property seized. I, as a Negro have not these rights. Therefore I am NOT, in the true and therefore important sense of the phrase, an American citizen. This however is not my fault. Still, for the guidance of the Immigration Officials, who have lately shown a tendency towards deporting all who dare think for themselves it might be well to state my citizenship or subjectship. Let it be understood then that I am a Negro—Negro, first, last and all the time. Negro by birth, choice and by the treatment which denies to Negroes the right of being American citizens. It does not matter where I was born since the place of that unimportant event is of a purely accidental nature and may have just as easily have been the West Coast of Africa or the Southern part of the United States as the West Indies or South America. It would all depend upon the whereabouts at the time of one's mother. Had my mother been aboard a steamship on the high seas, I would have been born on the high seas. What really matters is what one is born. I was born a Negro and have not been allowed to forget that fact. Yet I daily thank the Supreme Being—God, Jahveh, Allah, whichever you will—for the good fortune of being born a Negro when all Negroes should be fighters. Yet this fact would hardly help the Immigration Officials since the Negro has today no country that he may call his own. (That is if he is intelligent and knows the things that a country should stand for.) However as I hail as my true mother land, my only motherland, the mother and inventor of all civilization—Glorious Africa! I stand prepared to be deported—if it should so please the white government in which I, as a Negro, have no deciding voice or part—to that continent. However there is one proviso to such voluntary deportation on my part. And that is based upon the historical fact that my ancestors did not come to this country of their own choice and free will, but were brought here in chains and much against their will who loved the sunny healthful climate of the African continent. I make but one stipulation and that is: that it must be a free Africa to which I am deported.

Pope Bendict recently received Abdul Hazid, a representative of the Moslems and a man of decided African descent. It is the first time in history that the Roman Church has welcomed a Moslem.

The Coercion Acts which have just become law, are causing great agitation and unrest throughout India. Before they were passed public meetings of protest were held all over the country, and all the elected members of the Viceroy's Council were opposed to them.

EDITORIALS

WILSON SUPPORTS TYRANNY

WILSON'S recognition of alien superimposed rule in Egypt is the most deadly and cowardly blow struck at Freedom in many a day, for the blow comes not from an out and out autocrat like the ex-Kaiser of Germany who frankly believes in the 'divine right' of certain families and persons to boss it over other peoples, but from the loud-mouthed, blatant enunciator of "world democracy", "self-determination", "the rights of small nations" and other similar war-time shibboleths, now lost or drowned in the sea of Allied and American hypocrisy.

And thus it becomes more evident day by day that Negro loyalty to white governments in the recent war is to be rewarded as Negro loyalty to any cause but the Negro's own has ever been rewarded: *with war-time promises made for peace-time breaking.*

THE APOLOGIST

OF all villainy that spawns the earth, the apologist is the worst. He has a coward's mind and a traitor's heart. He has the subtleness of the serpent and the cunning of a fox. He is a misanthrope: a fool who curses God in his heart for making him one of a weaker race. His one consolation is to keep the company of the strong and whisper to them of the weakness of his own, never thinking that faults are universal. To his own he moans and groans over their wrong, instead of giving them a vision and buckling on his armor so that the vision may come true. His race love is measured by the flow of gold and his deeds for paltry pay. In him there is no honor, no manhood, no faith. His existence is a negation and his hope a blind. He kisses with the kiss of a Judas, only that he may the more effectively betray those who are foolish enough to trust him.

Let all races learn to curse their apologists.

PREACHING AND PRACTISING

AS there are preachers who would have their flocks do as they tell them to and not as they themselves do, so are there Negro publications preaching race pride in one column

and in another column showing their own lack of race pride by the carrying of kink and lighten your dark complexion advertisements.

If these publishers are really proud—as God knows they should be—of their identity with the great Negro race why, can anyone tell us, do they allow themselves and their publications to be used for disseminating the white man's propaganda of racial debasement? Why should Negro papers accept for publication the lying advertisements of white fakirs that are injurious both to pride of race and to health. Have Negro publishers no ounce of the race pride their papers preach? Have they no consideration for the good health of their readers, of their race?

WHY GLAD TO BE SLAVES?

SPEAKING of the Phillipino plea for independence, the Journal of Commerce gives utterance to the following gem:

"...Why should not the native population be glad of the shield of the United States Republic over them, as those of South Africa, New Zealand and other colonial possessions of the British Empire are glad of their overhead protection?"

And, where, pray, did the Journal of Commerce obtain this most interesting information that South Africa and other colonial possessions of the British Empire are glad of the superimposed rule which this minion of capitalist-imperialism defines as 'over-head protection'? Are men ever glad to be slaves? Are not Egypt and India showing their "gladness" in a most peculiar manner? Does the Journal of Commerce really believe that the peoples of Africa and Asia are satisfied with the foreign overlordship it euphemistically terms "overhead protection"? We think not. This fat organ of capitalism serves but the interests. It knew that it was lying when it spoke of the 'gladness' of the subjugated to be subjugated. But the world must be made safe for capital. Africa and Asia must be opened for British, French and American investments and their peoples enslaved to bring in big dividends.

The world must be made safe for—capital.

ENGLAND

HOW we love her! Why shouldn't we? Does not her 'benevolent rule' preserve British "law and order" in black men's countries from Cairo to the Cape and from the Indian Ocean eastwards to the Atlantic swell? Is she not civilizing—off the face of the earth—millions of Black and Brown men in different parts of the world? Has she not offered the Andaman and Maltese Islands as a 'refuge' for brown and black men who are so impertinent as to object to her benevolent (malevolent) rule? Has she not brought poverty and division and the foolish caste system to the West Indians, driving them into strange lands to seek a livelihood? Has she not, with France, robbed and plundered the black man in Africa and handicapped his efforts in the Black Republic of Liberia? Is she not now shooting down Egyptians for the crime of asking for their country? Has she not bombed undefended towns of India from the air—something it was very barbarous for German Zeppelins to do to English towns but which, of course, it is quite proper and cultured for the English to do to Indian towns?

And are we not faithful dogs and servile slaves, licking and fawning over the hand that strikes us?

England! How we love you!

THE NEGRO'S PLACE IS WITH LABOR

THAT the Negro's place is with Labor is evident to all who recognize the truth that the Negro is essentially a worker. There are few, if any, "idle rich" in the ranks of the Negro American. Practically all Negroes are workers of one sort or another. The interest of the workers is then the interest of Negroes and vice versa and the sooner that this is recognized by black and white the better for Labor.

This fact is not yet generally understood either by the white or black workers. Lately, however, white labor has shown encouraging signs of casting aside its blinders and getting rid of its capitalist-manufactured prejudice. Unfortunately for Labor unity, the attitude of white workers and their unions toward the Negro worker in the past, has created hot resentments in the breasts of colored workers and these latter are not yet generally aware of the changing attitude toward them of white

labor. But providing white labor does its share toward erasing the resentments raised by its unwise attitude in the past there is no power on earth that can keep permanently apart these two important sections of the world proletariat for after all is said and done the interests of labor are preeminently the interests of the Negro and vice versa.

WHY DOOMED?

UNLESS we have some supernatural power to curb the anti-Negro policy of the United States and South Africa, we are doomed eventually to *fight* for our rights.—Dr. Du Bois in *The Crisis*.

We quite agree and we quite recognize that we have not the "supernatural power" the doctor speaks of. Therefore it does seem as if we will have to do what all others have had to do before us—fight for our rights. But why should the eminent doctor consider that we would be *doomed* to fight for our rights? Is there aught more glorious than fighting for one's rights? Is not such a war holy? Is not such a cause sacred?

We can comprehend men being *doomed* to perpetual slavery, but *doomed* to fight in a cause so holy and so righteous, *doomed* to fight the battles of the God of the world, *doomed* to fight on the side of the God of right and justice—ye little gods and jelly-fishes 'tis beyond our poor conception!

THE CALL FOR UNITY

THE American Negro is familiar with the call for unity, so familiar with it that he pays no attention to it. But since the close of the world war, the African race and its descendants thru out the world are calling for unity and calling for it louder than ever before. Especially are the Africans and West Indians calling to the American Negro to unite his economic forces and take advantage of the wonderful opportunities made possible through the war. The white American, too, has heard the note and so eager is he to grasp the chances offered, that Congress has recently passed an act known as the Webb act, whereby a billion dollars is placed at the disposal of American manufactures so that they may enter the foreign field more actively and compete for the trade of the world.

The American Negro has a most entrancing opportunity just now to establish commercial relations with his kith and kin

across the seas and to make millions of dollars trading with them and for them. Have we any leaders with vision enough to see and energy enough to do and knowledge enough to point the way? If so, let them awaken the race before these opportunities are gone forever.

THE WORKMEN'S THEATRE

THE psychological need that called into being a workmen's theatre is the same psychological need—as yet unfulfilled—that demands for the Negro race a Negro theatre.

In the same way that the Negro has been injured, handicapped and propagated against by the hot house product of the white capitalistic theatre so has Labor (white and black) been hoodwinked and propagated against by the same iniquitous institution.

Just as it is impossible for the plays of white people to satisfy the racial yearnings of the Negro or do justice to his proud history and legitimate aspirations so is it impossible for the plays of a capitalistic cycle to do justice to, or satisfy the aspirations of, Labor.

The African Origin of the Grecian Civilization

By GEORGE WELLS PARKER
(Part II.)



WHAT then are some of those discoveries which have so completely destroyed the ethnic fetish of the Caucasian race?

The greatest and most conclusive of them all was the discovery of the palace of Minos by Sir Arthur Evans. In 1894 this scientist undertook a series of exploration campaigns in central and eastern Crete; it has so happened that some years previous he had been hunting out ancient and engraved stones at Athens and came upon some three or four-sided seals showing on each of their faces groups of hieroglyphics and linear signs distinct from the Egyptian and Hittite, but evidently representing some form of script. Upon inquiry Sir Arthur learned that these seals had been found in Crete, and to Crete he went.

The legends of the famous labyrinth and palace of Minos came back to him and were refreshed by the gossiping peasants, who repeated the tales that had come down as ancestral memories. In wandering around the site of his proposed labors Sir Arthur noticed some ruined walls, the great gypsum blocks of which were engraved with curious symbolic characters, crowning the southern slope of a hill known as Kephala, overlooking the ancient site of Knossos, the city of Minos. It was the prelude to the discovery of the ruins of a palace, the most wonderful archeological find of modern times.

Who was Minos? In the myths that have come down to us he was a sort of an Abraham, a friend of God, and often appears as almost identical with his native Zeus. He was the founder and ruler of the royal city of Knossos, the Cretan Moses, who every nine years repaired to the famous cave of Zeus whether on the Cretan Ida or on Dicta, and received from the god of the mountain the laws for his people. He was powerful and great and extended his dominions far and wide over the Aegean isles and coast lands, and even Athens paid him its tribute of men and maidens. To him is attributed the founding of the great Minoan civilization.

I will not have the time today to review the

mass of archeological data which the discoveries of this civilization have produced. They consist of cyclopean ruins of cities and strongholds, tombs, vases, statues, votive bronzes, and exquisitely engraved gems and intaglios. That which is most valuable in establishing the claim of the African origin of the Grecian civilization is the discovery of the frescoes on the palace walls. These opened up a new epoch in painting and are of the utmost interest to the world. The colors are almost as brilliant as when laid down more than three thousand years ago. Among these frescoes are numerous representations of the race whose civilization they represent. It was a race neither Aryan or Semitic, but African. The portraiture follows the Egyptian precedent and for the first time the mysterious Minoan and Mycenaean people rise before us. The tint of the flesh is of deep reddish brown and the limbs finely moulded. The profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. The hair is black and curling and the lips somewhat full, giving the entire physiognomy a distinct African cast. In the woman's quarters the frescoes show them to be much fairer, the difference in complexion being due probably to the seclusion of harem life. But in their countenance, too, remain those distinguishable features which link with the African race.

You will pardon me, I trust, if occasion is taken here to impress upon you the value of genuine archeological evidence. Historians may write anything to reflect their vanity or their prejudices, but when the remains of ancient civilizations rise out of the dust and sands and give the lie to their assertions, there is nothing more to be said. Egypt, Mesopotamia, Phoenicia, Greece and Rome, have all been claimed for the Aryan, but the spade has unearthed stone that bears silent witness to the fact that the African has been the pioneer in the field of civilization. We wonder, then, why the historians continue to ignore these remains and persist in continuing falsehood. There can be but one answer, and

(Continued on page 27)

A Child of Light

By MARIE A. DORSEY

Chapter 1—Morning



HE warm spring sun, shining through the windows of the little country school, brought joy to the children within.

Larry, the mischief maker, who spent most of his time standing face in the corner, declared that it had rained enough that week to make another ocean on the map.

Miss Lloyd, the pretty little blue eyed teacher, sitting at her desk on the platform, called division number one to the class bench for the first afternoon lesson. Miss Lloyd had no favorites, but found herself deeply interested in a small colored girl of dark complexion, piercing black eyes and kinky hair.

Joan, of the back woods, she was called by her schoolmates, for she lived with her widowed mother on the farm, three miles back of the village, and came every day to the little Red School on the hill, and being the only colored member of the little band, she was looked upon with scorn and sometimes derision which wounded her childish heart, more than anyone knew. But Joan possessed a bright intellect, and stood second to none in her classes, loving her studies so, that her mother had to force her to lay aside her books in the evenings.

U. S. History being her favorite study, she would linger over it for hours during the long winter nights. But her heart was heavy, and her eyes dimmed with tears, when she read of the landing at Jamestown, Virginia, of the trading ship which brought the first Negro slaves to the United States.

Joan asked her mother many things concerning her race landing in this country, and of their warm bright Africa beyond the sea.

The little teacher noticed the child's devotion to her books, and listened with astonishment to her correct answers. This particular afternoon, the history lesson had led the minds of her scholars across the ocean to France, describing the many wars that had brought sorrow and destruction to her sunny land.

Then Joan of Arc was spoken of with pride, as having saved France and her people. This touching story of the pride of France, left such a deep impression upon the mind of little Joan, that she made a firm resolution in her childish way, that she would become a second Joan and liberate her people from the iron hand of oppression, and lead them on to perfect peace and prosperity.

And tripping home that afternoon, the all absorbing question kept arising in her mind; why can I not do something to help my race?

Finding her mother engaged in her daily occupation, ironing before the open kitchen window, Joan kissed her and asked if she might help; receiving no for an answer, she curled up in the large rocker in the corner, book in hand, to complete her home work; but there was not much home work done that

evening, for the questions came thick and fast, her curiosity was aroused.

The first question was, "Mother why do the histories and most people call the United States a land of liberty, when it is only a land of liberty for the white race?"

"Why has the United States erected a beautiful monument called the statue of liberty, to welcome the foreigner to this country, while they are hanging the Negro, the people who have lived here, and worked for them for two hundred and fifty years? And you say my great grand father fought in the Revolutionary war, and father fell in the civil war only a few years ago, and colored men have fought bravely in every war, and brought fresh honors to the old flag, and we have labored night and day to make white people rich, and still they are heartless enough to lynch men and women, simply because they are black."

Joan's mother being a plain hard working woman, owing to the oppression of slavery, had not received much moral training and no education, for her owners had taught that the Negro was unfit for education and self government. Therefore the coming of freedom had meant little for her, who had not yet realized the great changes that were taking place in her former land of bondage.

Joan's questions had aroused her sleeping spirit, and she too, could see the silver lining of equal rights shining through the clouds of obscurity. In answer to Joan's last question, she calmly replied "It has always been the custom of white people to persecute the blacks, and unless they unite and make some public appeal to the President or to Congress, it will always be so."

Joan was thoughtful a moment, and finally said, "Miss Lloyd says the president lives in a large city, called Washington, in a wonderful big white house, and don't you think if some one was real brave, and went there, straight to him, and told him the dreadful way our race is being treated, not only in the South, but all over the United States, don't you think he could make the nation happier?"

"That would be a good idea Joan, but colored people are happy-go-lucky and contented, I do not think that many of them pause to consider a brighter future, it seems to be only the white man who is wide awake and continually planning for a greater tomorrow, while the colored man sleeps dreamlessly, hoping for some higher power to bless and protect him just for today."

Joan thought long and seriously of her mother's words, and sunset the next evening found her and Uncle Reuben Taylor, who was head man of all work on the next farm, seated on the old fallen gate post, by the roadside, deep in conversation.

Joan and Uncle Reuben were old friends, many a stormy morning he had taken the little girl from her own gate to the school in the old dearborn, and he had often told her of his early life, as an overseer on a plantation

in the far South; and of the great sorrows he and his fellow laborers had patiently endured under a cruel master; and how in the night he had stolen away, hiding in dense woods and swamps by day, and after traveling many months with bleeding feet and aching heart, he had crept into a city called Washington: begging from door to door, and from back gate to back gate, and always at the homes of the poor and lowly, for he being a fugitive, could not venture on the principle streets; and how an old rheumatic colored woman, who had been driven into the streets homeless, when her old mistress died, because she was too old for service; had taken him into her little hut just beyond the boundary line of the capital city, where he cut wood and carried water, and helped the old woman to wash clothing for the butcher who lived near by.

One morning news came that officers from the South were in the city, hunting missing slaves; it was with regret that he bid "Aunt Ann" good bye, and once more found himself a lonely traveler, with far off Canada before his mind, as a destination.

Three nights walk, always keeping North had brought him into a hilly green country, having left the level sandy country of the sunny South behind, he found it difficult to climb the steep hills, and keep warm during the cool nights, the morning found him weary and footsore. Any stone or treeroot was as welcome as a feather bed to his tired frame.

Well into the afternoon of the fourth day he was rudely awakened from his slumber, to find a large Shepherd dog licking his hand and running to and fro, barking loudly, as if to attract the attention of someone nearby. His first impulse was to hasten away, but he was too late, for there was a cracking of dead branches under foot, the thick bushes parted, and he stood face to face with a colored man, attired in hunting garb, armed with a dangerous looking gun, who said, good day, so friendly that all Reuben's fears vanished. The stranger after introducing himself, invited him to share his humble home, until the opening of the great war, which the stranger told him was coming soon.

Then Uncle Reuben told of how the war came, and all of the Negroes were free after two hundred and fifty years of slavery; and he had lived in the hilly green country.

Joan listened in open eyed wonder, to Uncle Reuben's story, but Washington was the magic word which held her spellbound. After a short silence, she carelessly said, "did you really walk from Washington here, in three nights?" Well uncle Reuben, if you walked from Washington in three nights, I think I could walk there in a shorter time, by walking day and night. I can walk fast, for I can walk to school in half an hour, and that is three miles."

"Yes girlie, but walking to school, and walking to Washington, are very different matters." "Some day soon I am going, for I just have to go, Uncle Reuben."

"Which way will I go by the Valley road or the pike road?" "The Pike road leads straight there," said Reuben, "but it is a long way, and I hope when my little Joan goes to the big city, she will ride on the cars, all the way."

Reuben Taylor wondered at the serious

face, and anxious voice of his little neighbor. The shrill voice of the child's mother calling her from the house, broke the stillness of the evening.

Joan bid Uncle Reuben good night, and when her mother was tucking her into bed that night, Joan buried her face deep into her white pillows, and added as a sequel to her prayers, "God bless mother; until I come back and God bless the great man who lives in the big white house, and make him help my people."

The next afternoon, when school dismissed, Joan who had worn her best coat and hat, and carried a little extra lunch, with a lump in her throat, turned her back upon home and mother, turning into the narrow path back of the school, was soon lost to sight in the thick wood.

Good naured Miss Lloyd, who lived in the Village, wondered on her way home, why Joan had been so quiet, and dreamy that day.

Leaving the wood behind, our little heroine crossed several large fields, another wood, and came out upon the Pike road, leaving the old school five miles behind. Traveling the Pike road was not so easy, for it was hard and uneven and so many stones objected to her stepping upon them, one particular stone turned completely over, wrenching her ankle painfully, but she plodded on, thinking of the many things she would tell the President, who lived in the big white house.

Each mile seemed to grow longer, and her limbs were getting heavy, and just as the sun was setting behind a pillow of golden cloud she sat down on a fallen tree by the road-side to rest her aching ankle.

How long she sat there, she never knew, she must have fallen asleep, for awaking suddenly she discovered it was nearly dark. One star had already appeared in the Western sky, and for the first time, since leaving the school Joan thought of her mother, and the little white bed at home. Rising and bravely shaking off her fears of the dark, she once more took up the weary journey, which was to free her race from the iron heel of oppression.

So many thick dark woods on each side of the road. So many fields, a bridge here and there, with the darkness falling fast, and the injured ankle swelling horribly, slowly and painfully she dragged her steps down a steep hill, and before she realized it, was passing through a long bridge of the old fashioned covered type. With the darkness and the sound of dashing water beneath, fear came once more to rob her of her good intention. Joan had never seen or heard of such a long dark bridge, or such a wide stream, and it seemed that she never would come to the end, but like all other things, the end did come, and feeling with her hands in the now inky darkness, she found a narrow ledge of stone, just wide enough for a seat, and sitting down, leaning her head on the wooden frame of the old bridge, Joan slept and dreamed that there were two white houses, and two Presidents, one a white man making laws for his own people, the other a colored man making laws for his people.

Meanwhile, consternation reigned in the
(Continued on page 23)

THE WOLVES AND THE DOGS.

A Fable for the Wise
By C. VALENTINE

I DON'T remember whether Aesop told the fable of the pack of wolves and the ten dogs. The great Aesop being a Negro, it is quite possible that he did tell it. Any how I am going to tell it in my own way.

Once upon a time there lived among a large pack of wolves and dogs whose ancestors had been captured and taken to the forest by the ancestors of the wolves. These ten dogs were first used as slaves to some of the wolves. Later on in a war between those wolves who had dogs and those who had none and were therefore in favor of giving the dogs free choice in the matter of masters the dogs were freed. However, they were more than ever hated by the wolves, who at every opportunity set up discriminations and barriers in the way of their progress toward dog happiness. They were constantly made to understand that they were "just dogs" and not "free wolves." Only at certain times was this not so.

Whenever the wolves were at war with a neighboring pack or with some other denizens of the forest, they told the dogs that they—the dogs—were really "free wolves" and should defend the freedom of the wolves, that the country was the country of all and that it was not true as had been stated in times of peace that the country was the country of wolves and not of the dogs. And the dogs believed and fell for the gab. Then would they join the wolves in prating of "our glorious country" and the wolves would condescend to speak of us and our's, the while they sent forth the dogs to do battle with the enemy. Then was the war won and the dogs would return mangled and torn, but expecting to receive the gratitude and love of the wolves and then, then, would the dogs be told that they were 'just dogs' and returned to their former position in the country of the wolves.

This was repeated many times. The credulous dogs would always fall for the gaff and the "noble wolves" would always see to it that the dogs did not remain "free wolves" after the war was over but that they were returned to their former degraded position where in the dogs had no rights the wolves were bound to respect.

This was repeated many many times. So often, in fact, that some of the dogs began to see the light and there was talk of the dogs staying dogs all the time and not bothering to take the transition into "free wolves" in time of danger to the wolves. The most enlightened among the dogs advised that they should go to the dogs' country and help their kin there instead of staying to build up the country of the wolves and protect it in times of danger. These were at first barked down, but as "truth struck to the earth will rise again," the dogs could not quite get out of their minds this good advice.

Finally, a great, great war came about. The forest was in conflagration with the hat-

reds of the animals. The wild pigs declared they and they only would dominate the forest, that they were the only fit, the veritable chosen of the good god, Animalisus, and the pigs gathered together a huge army of snouters to turn the trick. They fell upon everything and everyone and no one was left unmolested. The wolves were finally drawn into the maelstrom and loud and fervent were their howls for the dogs to arise and repel the enemy. Now, some of the leaders of the dogs advised that the dogs should not go to fight as willingly as in the old wars, but should strike a bargain with the wolves that would safeguard in the future, their rights in the country of the wolves. But there were among the dogs some that were paid of the wolves and these dilated upon the need for continued loyalty to the wolves as, finally, they said, the wolves would out of the goodness of their wolfish hearts reward the dogs for their servile loyalty. These paid tools of the wolves calmly ignored the fact that the wolves had never rewarded the dogs for what they had done in the past. They shouted "Close Ranks! Close Ranks!" and "Bury your Grievances!" as they themselves buried in a safe place the price they had received. And so the dogs again fell for the Gaff and went forth to be mangled and torn, that the wolves might live on in security. At this instance of juvenile credulity the wolves sat back on their haunches and snickered and helped the enemy to kill and maim the dogs. This they did by refusing the dog nurses permission to go to nurse their warriors and by instructing the monkies, whom the wolves used as their artillerymen, not to give the usual barrage of coco-nuts when only the dogs went forth against the foe. But in spite of everything the dogs drove all before them and were the first to enter into the country of the enemy. And the dogs at home seeing these things, grew restless and dissatisfied and they sent word to their warriors that there would be a little fighting to do when they returned and that this fighting would be in their own cause instead of for the wolves. At this the wolves got to trembling and the paid tricksters threw a fit of denunciation of the "radical spirit." The wolves said that something must be done to curb that spirit, so they picked out the most ignorant and servile among the dogs and sent it to talk with the warriors of the dogs. It went forth, as instructed and in the company of one of the most dog-hatingest of the wolves, and it told the dog warriors that they must be "modest and unassuming" upon their return to the country of the wolves.

In the meantime, among those wolves who had remained behind in safety while the dogs went forth to fight their battles were formed Ku Klux Klans and other organizations to attend to the 'reconstruction task' of keeping the dogs in their place. These took a delight in terrorizing the females and little puppies of the dogs, and in attacking and kill-

ing any of the returned dog warriors that they came upon alone.

Then was there a great awakening among the dogs and heap much barking. Or was there an awakening? And one arose who said that the dogs should have a country of their own in which they would have the equal protection of the laws, which laws moreover would be made by dogs to suit the need and spirit of the dogs, and where opportunities would be open to all and not closed to the 'dogs simply 'because they were dogs, and where, too, little puppies could be taught to bark and dig in dog-style and not in the manner of wolves, which manner, he said, was not suited to dogs. Moreover, he said, this teaching should instruct dogs of the noble history of their breed and so make them proud to be what they were. "Then, too," he said "the dogs would fight—since fight they must in this world—for themselves, their females and their young and not for the ungrateful wolves." But was he listened to?

Well, are dogs wiser than men? And did men listen to Christ?

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Foreign Notes

The natives of West Africa have made such a howl against the proposed Criminal Code, that the British government has withdrawn it.

Word comes from France to the effect that the Moroccans, Algerians, Senegalese and Madagascarans, are going back home and tell their people that the white man's civilization is a bluff and that they should prepare to govern themselves.

The natives of British Guiana and West Africa are appealing to the American Negro to interest himself in commerce to the end of connecting up with them in the way of trade.

Mr. Daniel Headley, of British Guiana, is on his way to London to close a mining deal with an English company. The sum of four hundred thousand dollars is involved.

The West African Merchants Association held a big meeting recently for the purpose of outlining plans to the end of finding new markets for their products.

A Captain of the Elder Dempster Steamship Lines is in New York in interest of several African Merchants who wish to trade with the United States.

As soon as Liberia secures her loan, she will begin actively to develop her trade relations with Americans. Before the war about 90 per cent of her trade was with Germans.

The head of the Brazilian delegation to the Peace Conference is of African descent.



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Talking Points

The Negro in the South is not admitted to the public parks or to the public libraries. Thirteen cities have segregation laws.

In the North the Negro finds civic privileges, but often find with them industrial disfranchisement, while the saloons of the lowest type are often the only recreation places open to him. With the overcrowding and the social lacks there follows an increase of immorality and in the death rate—always high among the race—and in juvenile delinquency.

Truly a giant in size, Africa could quite comfortably hold Europe, United States, India, China, Argentine, and the British Isles.

The Cape-to-Cairo Railway, planned by Cecil Rhodes, will, when completed, bring London or Paris within ten or twelve days of Cape-Town.

The vast resources of Africa will then be quickly available for the markets of the world: 800,000 square miles of coal fields, 95,000 acres of fertile farm lands, iron ore equal to five times the output of North America, ninety percent of the world's diamonds, \$10,000,000 worth of rubber yearly from Belgian Congo, besides uncounted millions in ivory, nuts, copper and gold.

Africa has 40,000 miles of river and lake navigation and more than 25,000 miles of railway.

European enterprise and 'syphillisation' have up to the present time brought more evil than good to the African.

The first white man found Africa a land without drunkenness; now the liquor traffic in Southern Nigera furnishes fifty percent of government revenues.

In 1914-15, the City of Boston alone sent 1,571,353 gallons of rum to West Africa.

Slave trade forbidden by law, exists on plantations under the name of contract labor (the same as in the Southern States of the United States.)

("Talking Points" this month is taken almost wholly from the booklets published by The Centenary Commission of the Board of Foreign Missions Methodist Episcopal Church.)

"GIVE NO HEED TO BONDSMEN"

(From Kipling)

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining "He is weak and far", crying "Time shall cure".

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.

Suffer not the Old Thing, here or overseas.
They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood

Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brothers' blood.

How so' great their clamor, whatsoe'er their claim,

Suffer not the Old Thing under any name.

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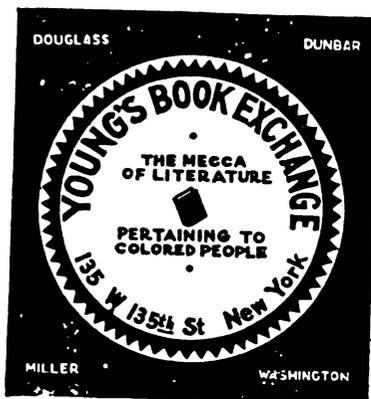
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FACTS, FUN AND FANCIES

By The Staff

THE FABLE OF A FOURFLUSHER

ONCE upon a time there was an Eminent Fourflusher who discovered that by Posing as a Real Race Leader, he could shake the shekal Tree and Live in the Valley of Peaceful Pickings. Slipping a halter upon his Respectability and Manhood, he tied them to a Post and started out to Lead them—the Wrong Way.

For Many Moons he copped the Swag Muchly and ever and anon Let Loose a Host of Heavy Stuff to make his people think he was On the Job. Eventually he won Their Confidence, but he found it so Hefty that he didn't know what to do with it. Finally a World War busted loose and, seeing that the Big Speculators were willing to Pay Heavy for confidence, the Four Flusher began scanning the Market Values. The highest bid was a Pair of Epaulets and an Easy Chair, and the Four Flusher made a Noise like Grabbing Hold. But the Constituents had their Eyes Focused, where-upon the Fourflusher got a mess of Frigid Feet and Ran for Cover.

"Never mind," he whispered to the Big Speculators. "You'll need me by and by worse

than you need me now, so Put on the Soft Pedal."

The War progressed nicely as most wars do. The chief slogan was "Self Government!" and so loudly was it howled about, that it wasn't long before the Four Flusher's people thruout the world Became Bold and began asking Where Would they Come In.

After a while the war ceased and the Big Speculators saw that they Sloganed their Slogan too Noisily. Everybody began hunting around for Self Government, and the Speculators knew that they didn't mean it that way. So they whispered in the Fourflusher's Chocolate Ear to hie Paris Way and put on a Big Dog Bluff and put a Muffler Over the People's Desires.

And it was Done. The Meeting Met with a Few Safely Bought Leaders and when they got through, the Manacles were Tighter than Ever. The Four Flusher cabled back about what a Peach of a Time he was having and how much Cain he Was Raising, but when he hit the Home Dock again, all he had was a Sheaf of Banknotes and a Healthy Complexion.

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GEE, some cigar! The nicest I've ever smoked. The aroma is great, the quality superb and perfect as a Jane. I bought it at MITCHELSON'S and believe me, Some variety. Have you tried one lately? The tobaccos that make up these cigars are mild, not mildness without character, but a pleasing cool smoke which takes you at once into their confidence and become staunch friends. Smoke one as an after dinner solace, for a day of strain, for your personal ease, or hand them out for the comfort of your guest. Their delightful taste, smoothness and pleasing aroma makes them indispensable. A box of them makes the smokers gift supreme. Next time you are in the neighborhood drop in. For good quality cigars that are moist, with an aroma to perfection, look over the variety at MITCHELSON'S—Thank you.

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THE GREAT UNWASHED

See where they had to force a white man to take a bath after twenty years of going without.

Those of us who have had to sit in white crowds or stand packed in a subway crush are minded to engage in prayer that such judicious use of force will increase to the decrease of the great unwashed!

"Du-ty-bo," as one of the returning soldiers nick-named the amiable doctor, is still doing his 'duty' as "the Association for the Advancement of White folks' Niggers" sees it. Of course it would never occur to the She-ladies and other "friends" of the Negro that the African Negro could govern himself, and in fact had been doing the little trick even when the white man was roaming Europe in the informal garb of the nude!

We would say that the African is quite as capable of governing himself as the white man is of misgoverning, him.

Enthusing over the fact of 6,000 American soldiers marrying French girls, Editor Bristle-Brane says it is a good thing for the next generation and that the more it is mixed the more the human race improves. Which simply means, judging by past vaporings of this animal, that in Bristle-Brane's estimation the human race does not include the Negro. Or did he mean the inhuman race? Very probable.

'Tis reported that a white woman may die as the results of injuries sustained in her attempted theft of a chicken. Sad! and what becomes of the ancient Superstition that chicken-stealing was exclusively a Negroid trait? Another popular fiction gone to seed!

"Don't grab," British Premier advises small nations. Sure, leave that for the British to do. The fewer in the game the richer the loot. "Don't do as I do but do as I tell you to do", said the preacher to his flock while he grabbed the coin and broke every one of the commandments.

Must be "Hell Fighters" in Egypt, too, when Churchill in the British Parliament asks for an army of 900,000 to keep 'order' in a country whose arms, "even heavy walking sticks", have already been confiscated by the British tyrants. We Negroes sure are some scrappers!

England hastens to assure the world that the uprisings in Egypt were not political. Assurance unnecessary. How could anyone ever rebel against the dear benevolent British rule?

Using the "sweet by and by" to keep Negroes contented in the hell here and now is the specialty of the servile tribe of white folks' niggers.

A. E. F.—After England Failed.

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West Indian American Trade Opportunities

No. 1.



HERE are as many opportunities for successful and mutually profitable trading between the colored people in the West Indies and the colored people of this country, as there are for inter-racial trading between Japanese at home and Japanese in this country.

The Japanese have taken full advantage of their trading opportunities, and, as a result, almost everything that Japan imports, or exports now passes through the hands of Japanese merchants whose racial identity with the home merchants obtain for the latter fairer treatment and better prices.

When will colored people do the same?

There is already in existence a very large trade between the West Indian Islands and the North American mainland. Unfortunately, however, for the West Indian merchants the bulk of this trade passes in white bottoms to white commission merchants in this country, thus putting at the mercy of the prejudiced whites the colored merchants of the

Islands, and bringing about a most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Take for instance, the steamship company which at present supplies the chief passenger and freight service between the Islands and the Eastern coasts of the North American mainland. This steamship line derives almost 98 percent of its support from colored people. Yet what is its treatment of the race? It shows its appreciation of our patronage by jimcrowism in many departments of its service—jimcrowing so far as it dares and so far as the individual passenger allows, the colored people who travel between the islands and the mainland. It tries hard to keep colored persons out of the first class section and if by dint of determined effort one does finally obtain a first class ticket, he is segregated by the company's minions acting in collusion with the poor white and near-white passengers.

In the New York offices of the same company, members of the race that gives it 98 percent of its support can find employment only in the capacity of porters, cuspidor-cleaners, door men and in similiar menial capacities. Yet many of the men so employed are noticeably far more educated and cultured than the poor whites or poor buckras sitting at the desks and in their colossal ignorance and lack of the most ordinary courtesy accepting every opportunity presented in the ordinary line of business to insult the colored customers who contribute so tremendously to the revenues of their employers. None, but those who have previously tamed them, can hope to escape the insulting treatment of these hired upstarts.

In the offices of a company deriving the bulk of its support from colored people why are not these clerical positions filled by trained and able colored men? Why should colored trade go to the support of white upstarts?

And where is the wisdom of doing business through commission merchants who are white and therefore prejudiced against the race and color of their customers? For, prejudiced against a man's color how can they avoid being prejudiced against him personally and so against his business interests? The fact that this is so, has been amply proven by the greater success attendant upon West Indian firms when doing business direct with colored American firms than when dealing thru white commission agents. It is a fact, too, that these white commission agents must constantly go to colored American firms for the disposal of West Indian produce and even for the purchase of goods to be sent out in exchange. Why should not the colored West Indian Merchant deal direct with the colored American (or West Indian American) firms in the United States and so save the middleman's profits of the white commission merchants and the loss to the race (through themselves) of that money and the prestige and prosperity it would bring to them and so to the race?

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WOMEN'S

The Fashion Corner.

The girl who has a modest dress allowance and still desires to possess other things, such as extra gloves, collars and stockings, will not find it a bad idea to force herself to put aside all the nickles and dimes she spends needlessly, and see how soon she can lay in a supply of the little odds and ends so dear to a woman's heart.

The small turban of satin with jeweled ornaments closely sewn to it is considered smart.

Plaids will be much worn this season, and some of the models shown may be quite easily made at home. a yard and a half of the marked to half price remnants of costly fabrics that are to be found just now at almost any department store, combined with any plain material (preferably dark) with the plaid forming the upper part of the skirt and bodice, or the little vest with pockets according to figure and taste. Another feature of the spring styles are the coats, they are marvels of beauty, naturally being made of the most expensive material. And naturally to, they have been widely copied in the less expensive materials because they are so practical and the most interesting of all points so adaptable and replete with possibilities.

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THESE items will be interesting to any woman with an earnest desire to make the most of herself. No woman who stoops can have any style about her, but round shoulders are easily cured in young people, and are not difficult to repair in women over thirty, the first thing for the subject to do, however, will be to determine to cure herself, she will have to exert all her will power, as one always must to break a habit.

If the face show a tendency to break out in little pimples, the diet must be attended to, during the warm weather one must be careful not to eat too much meat or starchy foods. Green vegetables, salads, fruits and fish should form the menu, meats may be taken of sparingly, and cold meats are better than hot. All highly seasoned food must be abandoned.

When the skin is dry and feels drawn, cold cream should be used at night and a lotion during the day.

Eyes that are reddened or swollen by excessive weeping or over work should have a soothing lotion applied while the subject rests in a darkened room.

Clipping the eyelashes will sometimes produce a heavier growth.

When the eyebrows meet at the nose they give the face a sinister expression, in such cases the superfluous hair should be moved with a pair of small tweezers once in three or four weeks.

Chapped hands are common to persons with poorly circulating blood, or to women who are obliged to frequently immerse their hands in either hot or cold water, the lotion here given will keep the hands soft and smooth: Rose water two ounces, glycerine, one ounce, tannin 5 drops, shake well before using:

To cure soft corns: dip a piece of linen rag in turpentine, and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is situated, night and morning, and in a few days the corn will disappear.

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DEPARTMENT

FRESH FRUIT PIES AND PUDDINGS

THE receipts here given for sweet dishes are varied enough to tempt the most blasé, and are planned to cut the high cost of living as far as it is humanly possible.

Pie

Pie is a dish which is closed in and covered with paste, and subsequently baked. Pie in the American sense is flat and baked in a round plate and not in a pie dish, the words tart and pie are commonly and erroneously interchanged, but as a matter of fact, the tart, which is essentially an open thing, is exactly opposed to the pie, which is closed. Some people consider it more "high toned" to allude to a fruit pie as a tart. A moment's reflection, however and they may be made to realize that they never speak of a "mince tart," or reduce the apple pie of childhood days to "an apple tart."

Apple and Egg Pie

Beat an egg well; add one gill of milk or water, seven tablespoonfuls of flour, one salt spoon of salt; mix well together. Pare and cut into pieces three medium sized apples; stir them into the batter; add sugar to taste. Boil in a cloth for an hour. Eat with melted butter flavored with lemon.

Blackberry Pie.

One quart of blackberries, well picked; and two apples, peeled, cored and sliced, four ounces of sugar, bake about forty-five minutes.

Cherry Pie.

Take one quart and a half of stemmed and pitted cherries, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; proceed as for black berry pie.

Peach Pie

Take one dozen large peaches; Slice into thin slices; sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar over them; thoroughly mix. Prepare a pie-paste and proceed to finish the pie in the same way as in other receipts given.

American Pie Paste.

Sift half a pound of flour on a table; make a hollow space in the centre; place into it one ounce and a half of butter; one gill of water; and one salt spoonful of salt, then with the hand mix the butter, water and salt briskly, and gradually mix the flour with the rest, mixing for five minutes. Lay the paste on the plate, cover it with a towel, and place in a cool place for a few minutes; have ready one-fourth ound of well washed butter, re turn the paste to the table, flatten it lightly and place the lump of butter in the centre; fold over the edges so as to enclose the butter; roll it out lengthwise, and refold the paste in three folds. Place it again in a cool place until ready for use.

Pies may be glazed with beaten white of an egg and a little sugar. A good oven is

essential. Test it by putting in a little flour, which will blacken if the oven is too hot. If it becomes pale brown the oven is ready for your pie.

To Rout Insects

The odor of camphor will drive away all insects. Put a piece of camphor wherever they are troublesome and you will find that it works like a charm. It may be put in refrigerators and will not affect the taste of the food.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGE-
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 THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
 Of The Crusader Magazine, published monthly at
 New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1919
 STATE OF NEW YORK,
 COUNTY OF NEW YORK

SS.

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Cyril V. Briggs, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Crusader Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, in accordance with section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	Post Office Address
Publisher, Cyril V. Briggs,	2299 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
Editor, Cyril V. Briggs,	2299 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
Managing Editor, Cyril V. Briggs,	2299 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
Business Managers, none.	

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
 None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stock holders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is:
 (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Cyril V. Briggs

(Signature of Editor, publisher, business manager or owner)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31 day
 March 1919

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MEN OF OUR TIMES

THE subject of this article is a well-known and popular figure in the business life of New York City.

R. E. Nicholas, popularly known as "Nick" is the genial proprietor of Nick's Torgery Shop which is situated at 520 Lenox, corner of 136th Street, on the lead-

and money for the general uplift. Success has not made him forget that he is a Negro or inculcated in him the foolish desire to be something else. "Nick's success has made him all the more proud of his identity with the great Negro Race.



R. E. NICHOLAS

ing business thoroughfare of Harlem, and is the oldest and the most progressive colored men's furnishings shop in New York. This up-to-date men's shop, operated by Negro capital and served by Negro clerks is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever", embracing the most modern fixtures, and brilliantly lighted with merchandise attractively and temptingly displayed.

"Nick" has made this store famous throughout the length and breadth of the great Metropolis by carrying a de luxe line of snappy men's wear that would do credit to any of the great Fifth Avenue or Broadway shops, and with no end to variety. "Nick" was the only one who had the nerve to risk this undertaking in a district like Harlem, but he believed instinctively in his people and felt confident that they would support an entirely modern enterprise using modern methods and subscribing to progressive and honest business principles. Nick's policy is to have what the public want, when they want it, and rendering cheerfully personal service, manifesting a personal interest in each and every customer, dealing honestly and fairly with creditors and customers and giving an hundred cents worth for a dollar. And he has been abundantly rewarded for this foresight and subscription to modern business principles.

Then, too, "Nick" is a great believer in the future of his race and has contributed time

SLANG

By GERTRUDE E. HALL

Slang is vulgar. That was a short sentence I diagramed some years when I began to study grammar; and at no time is there a better time than now to say something on slang. It is so frequently used by colored people, that other people are inclined to believe it our language. Carelessness is the chief cause of its use.

But our bad habits stand out before white races like mountains against a sunset sky. We are not excused. Our morals, in their sight, are contaminating and so they keep away from us.

It is appalling to be near the school at the time of dismissal and hear the number of "seen its", and "done its" among the higher grade pupils. It seems so hard for people to learn to use the words "seen" and "saw", "done" and "did" properly. Now these are not slang terms, however, but solecisms and should also be avoided. Allow me to say here most forcefully, always use "seen" with "have, has or had." Always, "I saw it," "I did it."

It should be remembered that slang words and phrases are short lived. Much of it is said to live about ten years; while at the end of a generation, the slang terms are buried with it.

Think for a moment on each of the following terms, and see how difficult it is to find the proper expression in its stead:

"Can you beat it?"

"Man; he was going some."

"Go way back and sit down."

"Not on your life"

"Nothing doing," etc.

It takes much thought and will power to overcome the habit of slang; but our cry is for the uplift of the race. We cry for the rights of citizenship, and we already possess the important factor that will lift us to a noble race—The free will.

In this free country, no man has control of the individual free will of another. If we cannot imitate the virtues of white people; then why their vices?

If we exercise care in the selection and use of words in our daily conversation and writing, and keep the language as pure and as free from faults as possible, those will be found the first steps and the cooperative opportunity of every one toward the making of a race, which will be all that our greatest men have hoped for.

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"THE UNKNOWN VOICE"

A Mystery Play in Three Acts

CHARACTERS	PLAYERS
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ROGER WARING	Mr. Arthur Simmons
JIMMY FARELY	Mr. Lionel Monogas
DR. PHILIP CARSON	Mr. Arthur T. Ray
GERALD GRIFFIN	Mr. Andrew Bishop
INSPECTOR BROOKS ...	Mr. Charles Giplin
BRAM—The Butler	Mr. H. L. Pryor
DETECTIVE COLLINS	Mr. David K. Brisbane
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CECILY BLAIR	Miss Cleo Desmond
AMY WARRING	Miss Carlotta Freeman
MARY BROUGHTON	Mrs. Elizabeth Williams
JANE ARTHUR	Miss Lillian Gilliam

While somewhat drawn out in the unfolding of its plot, "The Unknown Voice," presented at the Lafayette Theatre during the week of April 23, was nevertheless one of the greatest mystery plays presented in Harlem.

The acting was, on the whole, very good, although the company presenting it was conspicuous for the weakness of its female players. These, whether singly or in groups, at no time appeared to even approach the

artistic and effective work of the men individually and in group.

THE SMARTER SET

"The Smarter Set," the leading Negro Theatrical company in the United States both by way of talent and of pride of race and appreciation and use of the traditions and historical material of the Negro race, will soon present a stage version of "The Children of the Sun," written by Mr. Whitney in collaboration with Mr. George Wells Parker, the author of the book.

AT THE LINCOLN

Good bills are the rule these days at the popular New Lincoln Theatre, and a rule hardly ever broken by the exception supposed to prove the rule. In fact, to prove the rule you must be conversant with the poor shows being presented at some of the other local vaudeville and picture houses. Conversant with these you will be the more appreciative of the stellar attractions in pictures and vaudeville being presented by the progressive Lincoln Management.

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Digest of Views

DR. MOTON'S MISSION

UNDER the heading, "Opinion of W. E. B. DuBois," (said opinion being represented as a lighthouse upon a dark world.) The May Crisis says of Dr. Moton's visit and mission to Paris:

"What did Dr. Moton do? He rushed around as fast as possible. He took with him and had at his elbow every moment that evil genius of the Negro race Thomas Jesse Jones, a white man. Dr. Moton took no time to investigate or inquire. He made a few speeches, of which one is reported by a hearer as follows:

The address delivered by Dr. Moton to the men consisted of one or two jokes of a colored preacher, the assurance that the people at home were proud of them and the manner in which they should act upon their return to the United States, dwelling almost entirely upon the phrase "Not to be arrogant." After he had spoken to the men the Major informed the officers that Dr. Moton desired to hold secret council with them. All officers congregated in the office. After being presented to the officers, Dr. Moton stated that he had been sent to France by President Wilson and Mr. Baker for the purpose of speaking to the colored troops. He also stated that he had just left Paris, where he had been in conference with President Wilson and had asked the President his views as to the practical application of Democracy toward the colored man in the United States, but ended by saying "I was very much pleased with his reply; but, gentlemen I cannot quote the President."

After Dr. Moton finished his talk no opportunity was given to the officers to inform him of the conditions that had existed in France, and he did not seek any information relative to same from any of the officers after the conference ended.

Dr. Moton then returned to Paris and met Col. House, General Perishing and others. Colonel House told the writer that he urged Dr. Moton to remain in Paris and that if he would, Col. House would give him an opportunity to appear in person before the Peace Conference to speak for the black world. Dr. Moton refused to stay, but promised to return. He then went to England and secured an audience with Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England. The destiny of the black race today is in the hands of England and the destiny of England is in the hands of Lloyd George. Yet Dr. Moton did not keep his appointment; but rushed to catch his boat in order to be present at the Tuskegee Conference. He sailed, with Thomas Jesse Jones still watching him, and did not return to Paris or the Pan-African Congress, which he said he favored and promised to support."

"THE PRICE OF LOYALTY"

After reminding us of the many fine things promised us by our leaders if we would only continue to protect a country which never

returns the compliment, The Negro World, one of the really great papers of the race, tells us:

Now that the leaders have learned that loyalty as a means of stopping lynchings, proscriptions and Jim Crowings is futile, they are running to cover, and trying to exculpate themselves. Most of them are laying low, while others are saying things like this: "I was not one of those who were so foolish as to think that injustice and prejudices would cease if we stood by our country". Like cowards they are not manly enough to admit that they held out hopes that are not capable of realization by the tactics they suggested.

In as much as we maintained a prudent silence during all the period of promises, we are in a position to ask our leaders such as Kelly Miller, William Pickens, and DuBois for an account of their stewardship. The masses did their part; they bought Liberty Bonds, gave up their young men, and now they are asking for the democracy they were promised.

DUBOIS HECKLED

That Dr. DuBois is not highly popular with the New Yorkers of long memory is evident from the following report, taken from the Amsterdam News, of his reception in the metropolis upon his return from France, Says the Amsterdam News:—

Dr. W. E. Burghardt Dubois, who has just returned from Paris, spoke to a large audience Wednesday night last at St. Phillips Church, —and told of his experience of organizing the Pan-African Conference in Paris. In telling of his trip to Paris he stated that it had "just happened that he got a passport;" he knew not how. It also just happened that he sailed on the same boat with Dr. Moton.

After his lecture, Dr. DuBois was flooded with questions from all parts of the auditorium. In answering these, he stated that he was in favor of the League of Nations, which he regarded as the greatest step the world had taken in a thousand years. Asked if he was in favor of the Egyptian and Indian rebellions against alien rule, he answered that he was not in favor of anything foolish; that there were over 350,000,000 people in India and if they wanted self government they could easily take it. He forgot to say what they should do in the event of the British opposing their taking over the government of India. After answering quite a score of questions, Dr. DuBois decided that he had done a good night's work.

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The African Origin of Grecian Civilization

(Continued from page 8)

that is racial vanity prefers falsehood to truth and prejudice demands suppression rather than expression.

Yet these frescoes of Crete need not be such a surprise to scholars and public after all. The very classics themselves have more than hinted of the great part played by Africa in the development of Grecian civilization. Let us revert to the myths and trace the descent of Minos and his progeny. You will recollect that the ancient heroes of Greece were divided into the older and the younger branches the former belonging to the house of Inachus distinctly Hamitic, while the latter belonged to the Race of Japetus, distinctly a mixture.

The Pelagic races of the South traced their descent from Inachus, the river god and son of Oceanus. The son of Inachus, Phoroneus, lived in the Peloponesus and founded the town of Argos. He was succeeded by his son, Pelagus, from whom the afore-mentioned races of the south derived their name. Io, the divine sister of Phoroneus, had the good fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to attract the attention of the all loving Zeus and as a consequence incurred the enmity of Hera. She is trans-

formed into a beautiful helper by Zeus, but a gadfly sent by Hera torments her until she is driven mad and starts upon those famous wanderings which became the subject of many of the most celebrated story of antiquity. Aeschylus reviews her roaming in his great tragedy, Prometheus Bound, and makes Io to arrive at Mount Caucasus to which the fire-bringer is chained. It is here that Prometheus delivers to her the oracle given him by his mother, Themis, Titan-born. He directs her to Canobos, a city on the Nile, and tells her that there Zeus will restore her mind.

"and thou shall bear a child
Of Zeus begotten, Epaphos, "Touchborn,"
Swarthy of hue."

Aryan parents do not usually bear black children and to show that Aeschylus was thoroly cognizant of the ethnical relationship here implied, permit me to quote from the Suppliants, another of his tragedies. The Suppliants were the fifty daughters of Danaus, the shepherds of Egypt, and they described themselves as, "We, of swart sunburnt race," "our race that sprang from Epaphos," and when they appear before the Argive king,

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claiming his country as their ancestral home, their color causes him to question their claims in the following words:

"Nay, stranger, what you tell is past belief
For me to hear, that you from Argos spring;
For ye to Libyan women are most like,
And nowise to our native maidens here.
Such race might Neillos breed, and Kyprian
mould,

Like yours, is stamped by skilled artificers
On women's features; and I hear that those
Of India travel upon camels borne,
Swift as the horse, yet trained as sumpter-
Mules,

E'en those who as the Aethlops' neighbors
dwell.

And had ye borne the bow, I should have
guessed,

Undoubting, ye were of the Amazon tribe."

No, Aeschlyus made no mistake. He meant just what he wrote and the discoveries of the wonderful Minoan civilization have proven that the swarthy touch-born son of Zeus and Io was the incarnation of the African element that raised Greece to the very pinnacle of civilization. Mino is in direct descent from Epaphos and from the latter's proflig progeny we note such names as Agenor, Cadmus, Europa, Aegyptus, Danaus, Perseus, Menalaus, husband of the famous Helen, Hercules, and Agamemnon, chosen by the Greeks to lead them against Troy.

(To be Concluded)

See p. 8 July No.
A Child of Light

(Continued from page 10)

neighborhood of Joan's home, her mother was nearly frantic, for she had never known Joan to stop any where between school and home. The alarm had spread like wild fire, and the kind neighbors were searching the country side for the missing child, she had not been seen in the village.

Miss Lloyd was questioned, and she spoke of the absent manner of her pupil that day, and of the best coat and hat which her mother had already missed. And last of all, Uncle Ruben heard the news at the village store, and starting for the widow's home in the old dearborn, with Bum, his faithful dog seated by his side, he drove fast. On the way, his mind traveled back to the conversation of the day before, he thought how anxiously the child had questioned him about Washington, and the way to go. And instead of going to the widow's house, he turned his horse's head and drove down the pike road, which was very lonely with only a few houses far back from the highway. The nearest village was twenty miles. Reuben Taylor knew he could overtake the traveler before she reached that village, and also if she had become exhausted and laid down beside the road, Bum would find her. Even now he was far ahead with nose to the ground as if scenting some trail. Slowly descending a steep hill on account of darkness, he entered the long bridge, Bum was no where in sight, but before he was half way across, he heard him barking furiously. Reuben's stout heart was struck with fear, for this bridge had long been famous as a

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rendezvous for robbers, and it had been the scene of many bold robberies and day time holdups.

Bum came running back barking and leaping then running ahead again into the darkness. Coming to the end of the bridge, by the feeble light of the lantern, he saw Bum prancing and barking at some object on the stone ledge, stopping the horse, he stepped down, lantern in hand, and gingerly examined the object, found to his delight a very sound asleep Joan, whom the barking dog had failed to awaken

Uncle Reuben had to shake her to arouse her from her deep sleep. Awaking at last, recognizing her old friend, she tried to explain, but the old sand man and the aching ankle were too much for her, so she willingly let her kind neighbor lift her tenderly in the wagon, and turning homeward, snuggling up close to Reuben Taylor, she slept the sleep of the utterly exhausted.

Arriving home about midnight, he delivered his precious burden into the hands of her mother, who was too over-joyed to thank him or ask him any questions.

Joan's dream of addressing congress was ended, but not forgotten, she vowed in her little heart, that the day would come when she would proudly represent her race, and speak so that all the world would hear and heed her message. But now she is tucked snugly in her little white bed, to sleep peacefully until morn'ng, never dreaming, that in the greatest of all books, it is written, 'A little child shall lead them.'

Correspondence

DEFENDING MOTON

Box 207, Estherville, Iowa.

April 18th, 1919

Mr. Cyril V. Briggs,
 New York City,

Editor and publisher, "The Crusader Magazine."

Dear Sir:

A few days ago a friend in Omaha, Nebraska, handed me a copy of your Magazine, called "The Crusader." I confess this is the first issue of that publication I have had the pleasure of reading and studying.

I wish to congratulate you and the good women of the Negro Race of New York upon the plan of founding a Negro Bank! It is a splendid idea, one that is in actual practice in the South and West; and one of the things that the late Booker T. Washington advocated during his lifetime. Let us have Banking institutions all over this country among and managed by our people! We need to have organizations of this kind the same as other people, and races. It spells moral as well as financial progress, and such progress means finally the breaking down of racial prejudices of every kind in the end. Political or other heated agitation will not get us very far in the latter direction: let us have the banks all over the country among us and directed by Negroes.

Your editorial in this same issue (for March 1919) entitled "The Moton Mission" is very queer; and very different indeed from the

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bank scheme you advocate. Verily, the latter is a lesson in contrast in my humble opinion.

You quote Dr. Robert R. Moton's speech to the Negro soldiers in this criticism, laying special emphasis on his words: "you should try to be at all times modest and unassuming," etc. You call this "cowardly advice" I notice, and you say all manner of unkind things about the president of Tuskegee Institute, the man who is in charge of the largest racial enterprise on earth! Permit me to ask a few questions here please:

1. Where did you get the idea that Dr. Moton had been "chosen" "leader" of the Negro Race? He insists himself he is no leader at all! Who chose him "leader?"

2. As to the special mission, was it not right for Negro soldiers to be lectured to the same as others? White school teachers and workers of prominence went to Europe to address white soldiers: why shouldn't our men speak to Negro men under the colors?

3. Had you been the representative instead of President Moton last winter, sir, what kind of advice would you have given?

As to your foolish destructive criticism of Dr. Washington, that it —"was foolish advice to own pigs and land," we will let pass with the mere mention, since it appears to the very learned editor and publisher of "The Crusader" that the Afro-American is so rich it does not need "pigs and land."

I quote one sentence from your hop-scotch editorial: "Moton, the man who once apologized for his wife's attempt to ride as a HUMAN BEING," etc. This is supposed to refer to the Pullman car incident of some two or three years ago. Verily your sources of information have been very warpy indeed. At no time since his election as President of Tuskegee has Dr. Moton "apologized for his wife's attempt to ride as a human being," and this part of your statement is therefore a real juggling of the TRUTH. I want you to know sir that these lying scribes and editorials and harping, destructive revamps which contributed so much toward the late Booker T. Washington's untimely death will not be permitted to go on indefinitely unchallenged, especially if they are aimed at conspicuous Negro men and women who are rendering signal service to the races' up-building and progress.

This expresses the real sentiment of many scores of our people out West here and who read your Editorial, discussed it carefully, and let the writer know their sentiments with reference to your unwarranted and uncalled for attack on the President of Tuskegee Institute.

Very Sincerely Yours,

C. BAILEY HOSMER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Time and the returning soldiers who disgustedly listened to Dr. Moton's speeches at the front, are rapidly placing Moton where he belongs. As to our correspondent's talk about our "destructive criticism"—"that it was foolish advice to own pigs and land" we will simply do here in this note what our correspondent would have done him-

self had he desired to be fair and that is to print the context in full, it was:

"But times and the Negro's spirit have undergone a radical change since the servile days of fool advice to own pigs and land and give no thought to the political rights that could alone protect the owner of land and pig in his property right."

We still say that it was fool advice under the circumstances outlined in the above paragraph. —Editor.

The Crusader Magazine,
New York City

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find amount of one dollar. Kindly forward to me a copy of The Crusader monthly at every earliest possible moment.

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Theo. A. Armstrong,
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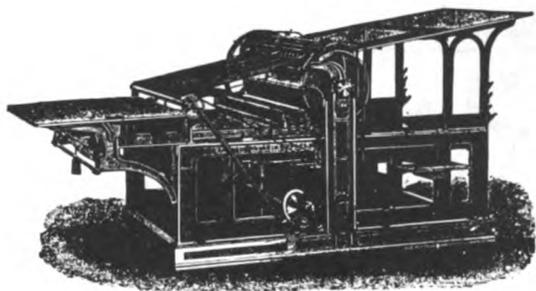
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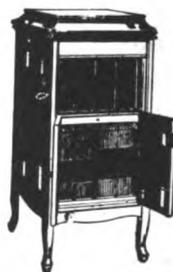
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