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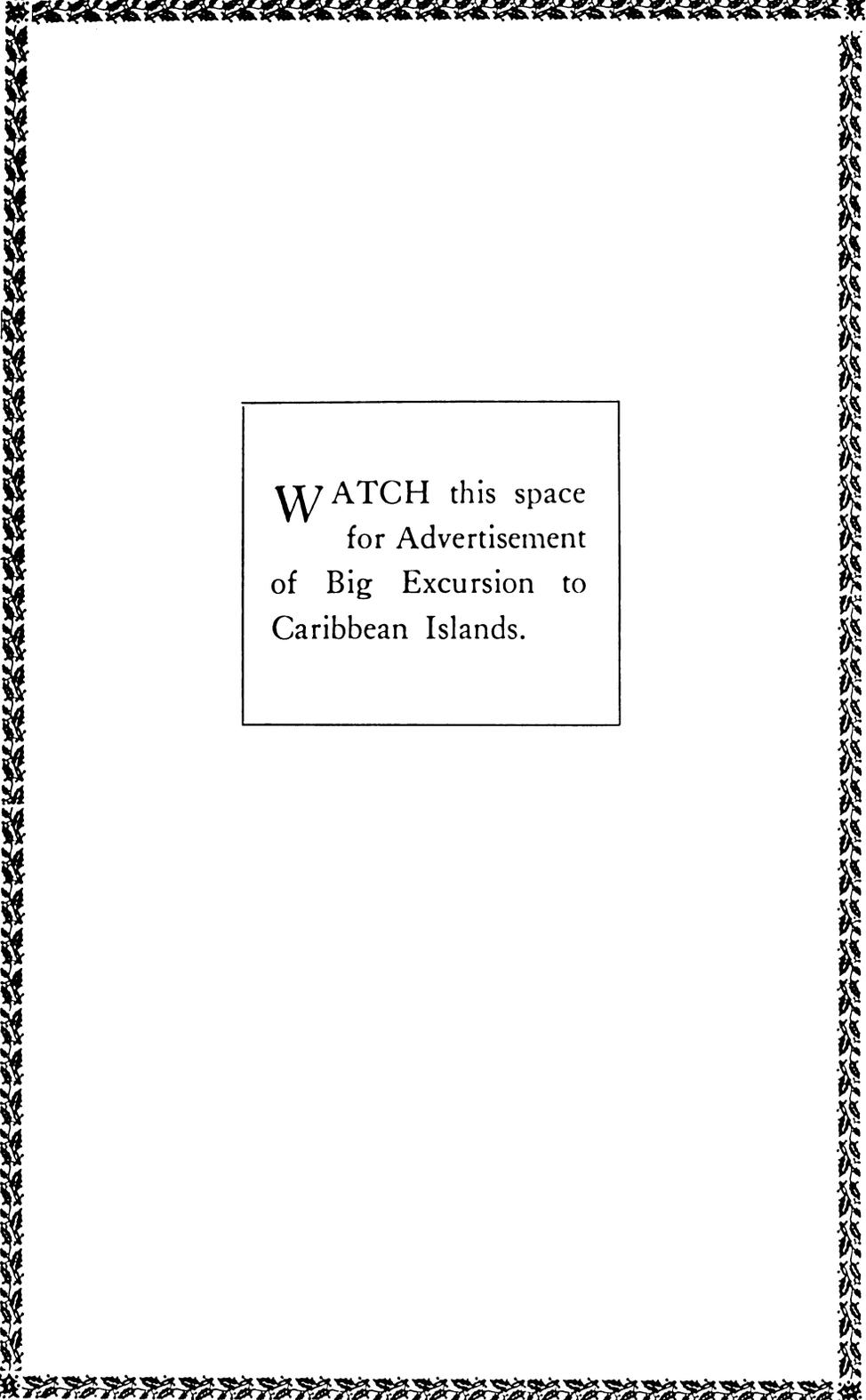
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THE CRUSADER

VOL. III. No. 4

DECEMBER, 1920

WHOLE No. 28

THE MAN OF GALILEE

By M. FRANKLIN PETERS

MORE than two thousand years ago the most singular and unique personality of all time was born. His birth was ignoble, and for thirty years or more he lived a life of obscurity.

A man of destiny, philosopher, teacher, agitator, democrat; He found a world sick of its own fetters and seethed in its own selfishness. With deep sympathy and unsurpassed ruggedness he threw himself into this wild vortex of reaction and slavery and declared that he had come that man might have life, and have it more abundantly. He met all men with supreme generosity of soul and with magnificent tolerance. He condemned no man who differed with Him on principle, but declared that if they were not against Him they were for Him. He made no attempts at coercion of any kind, but founded a philosophy upon "whosoever will." He set up no theological system, fixed no creeds, dogmatized no truth. He attempted to substitute the negative and prohibitive philosophy of the Jews with a philosophy of positive freedom and justice. Being rejected among his own people because of his liberal ideas, he sought refuge and companionship among the poor, and became for all time the champion and spokesman of the inarticulate masses of mankind. He was the prince of peace who came not to bring peace but a sword. But His sword was never drawn save in the defense of the helpless. Rugged but kind, just but merciful, were the elements of His nature.

His teachings are the most sublime ever offered to a world in slavery. Through all the centuries they have come to inspire and sustain. All of warpings and distortions of His philosophy have not diminished one iota the luster of His character, nor the force and genius of His personality. All of the yearnings and pathos of a sick world may find comfort through a simple faith in the teachings of the Man of Galilee.

He taught that God is the father of all men, and that the supreme purpose of all true worship is to seek first His kingdom and to worship Him in spirit and in truth. He did not condemn wealth, but He showed the foolishness of pride and self-satisfaction in the possession of wealth when He told the story of the rich man and his barn. He told the haughty Jew that, "Sinners and harlots will enter the Kingdom of Heaven before you." He put great stress on personality, but declared

that no man has value outside the sphere of social usefulness. He ignored and denounced all racial antipathy when He talked with the heathen woman at Jacob's well. He taught that the Kingdom of God was not an abstraction—something outside, but that it was wrapped up in the compass and possibilities of a man's soul. He was and is the enemy of the reactionary forces of all time.

Thus was the manner and life of this simple and unique personality—the Man of Galilee.

He was finally apprehended, tried and crucified on a cross by intolerance! Intolerance, scion of hell! Intolerance that slew the prophets, and whose hands reek with the hot blood of innocent children, helpless women and brave men. Prisons do not make prisoners, nor does death kill. Silently but irresistibly the spirit of this Man of Galilee moves through the centuries beating down one by one every enemy, and shaking a hundred thrones. It gathers strength as it moves, and in that strength shall the fettered millions of those who suffer and toil conquer. O, my brethren, awake, put on thy strength. We have nothing to lose but humiliation. All the forces of the universe may be our's. The deep silent immensities of a thousand eternities call us to march. The spirit of the man of Galilee is invincible. Let us catch it and be free!

AS TO WHO BUILT THE SPHINX.

But this same Sphinx by moonlight impressed me more than did anything I saw in the East. Not as one sees it by day, with tourists and photographers and donkey-boys making it cheap and familiar, but at night, when the tourists had gone to bed, and the donkey-boys had been paid to keep out of sight, and the moonlight threw the great Negro face and the pyramids back of it into shadows of black and lines of silver, and the yellow desert stretched away on either side so empty and silent that I thought I was alone and back two thousand years in the past, discovering the great monuments for myself, and for the first time.—Richard Harding Davis, in his "The Rulers of the Mediterranean."

Yeast is recommended by the scientists as a health and beauty food, supplying the valuable vitamins in which so many foods are deficient.

"PEACE UPON EARTH"

By BEN E. BURRELL

"Peace upon earth, and unto men good will!"
 So sang the angels in the legend old;
 "Peace upon earth?" No, but an age of gold
 Has bade the messengers of peace be still;
 And all our earth is like a raging sea;
 And all our peaceful toilings are in vain;
 To hungry thousands all but dregs remain,
 Crushed grapes of life, ashes, and memory.

"Peace upon earth," but how shall there be peace
 If there is neither love nor brotherhood?
 How shall we joy, if all the common good
 Is lost, and truth and righteousness decrease?
 We have not learned that in the throng and press
 Our souls must be immersed and purified;
 Thrust out the evil, let the good abide,
 Aught gross that enters mars our righteousness.

"Peace upon earth?" nay, not till men have been
 In spirit into Syria, walk her earth,
 Draw in the sweetness of the newer birth,
 To feel the urge prophetic, and be seen
 To touch the seamless robe of purity;
 To feel the Christ of love born from us all,
 Hear His admonishings and hear His call
 Of silvery sweetness by the Gallilee.

"Peace upon earth!" the star of love appears
 To human souls whose weary feet must wait
 In serving penance by the outer gate,
 Earning the freedom of the sinless years
 That will yet fall on our humanity,
 When in cathedrals of the human soul
 Organs of Justice, Truth and Right shall roll
 The nobler anthem of man's liberty.



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Yes, the Picture Show and Dance of the Walter Baker School of Photography was an immense success, and here's a few of the celebrities whose pictures were thrown on the screen that night— November 10. Photos by Walter Baker.



MISS RUTH PARKER.
A Colored Beauty Formerly With the
Ziegfeld Midnight Follies.



ASSEMBLYMAN J. C. HAWKINS.
Recently Re-elected to the New York
Assembly.

EDITORIALS

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

THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

More than in the causes which contributed to a Republican victory we are interested in what action the Republican party will take to make the "American citizenship" of the Negro vital and a reality. The Republicans are to be in complete control of the government of the United States after March 4 next. Their majority in the Congress is overwhelming and absolutely without parallel in the history of that body. The power of the Democratic opposition is nil. The Republicans can pass any legislation they may favor to see that the Negro is fully protected. They can effect any reforms they may desire. Of course, they have been in power before and have done nothing to ameliorate the lot of the Negro in this country or to reward his blind loyalty to the party—a loyalty so blind that he would cast his ballot any day for a mule were it entered on the Republican ticket!

Now that the Republican party has been voted back into power, what will the Negro get out of it? Some months ago a Republican Congress defeated a measure aimed at the vicious system of jim-crowism. Is that act of a Republican Congress—many of whose members have been re-elected—a sign of what we may expect of the incoming administration and Congress? Is Republican "friendship" for the Negro to be again demonstrated in the regular Republican way of campaign promises and after election betrayal?

The day has passed when the Negro race in America will be satisfied with the sop of insignificant jobs to a few serviles. The Republican party is on trial and none know it better than the paid Negro tools who preached Republican allegiance in the last election. They probably know, too, that the "Grand Old Party" will once more run true to form by converting into "scraps of paper" even its recent half-promises to the Negro. The general mass of the race will find it out sooner or later—sooner, in all probability. The race will need a magnifying glass of the utmost power to be able to discern any benefits to be derived from a Republican administration.

THE GREAT DILEMMA.

On November 2 the people of the United States having no vital political issues to vote upon were forced to make a choice between

the Devil and the deep sea. They made choice of the sea, the only difficulty with such a choice is the Devil can swim, and just as sure as you are born the Devil will get us first or last.

We may rest assured that the same high-handed, autocratic, reactionary policies which characterized for eight years the outgoing administration will be in full swing in the next. No student of progress and liberal ideas is worked up over Mr. Harding and his clan. The only element of hope in the whole mess is that the American people are capable of inflicting great punishment on political parties that betray them. Even this is a forlorn hope.

There is one point in Mr. Harding's favor. He has promised nothing. How a people could support a man who declared that we must go back to the "old landmarks" will always remain a problem for the political historian.

Mr. Wilson went back to pre-historic times—back to the cave man, and the people almost lost their liberty. After all, it takes a great deal of experience for man. Thou hast made him a little higher than the brute.

"NOR HISTORY, NOR MYSTERY."

From stones and bronzes, from flesh and blood, message after message welled up from ever greater depths, until they took us back to the wonders of an astoundingly far-off past. The stories heard with amazement by the classic authors of antiquity as the former voices of a time long gone, lived again as we turned the tropic pages of universal history; but I ceased to smile, although I was often obliged to remember that "black Africa" was deemed to have "nor history, nor mystery."—From "The Voice of Africa," by Leo Frobenius.

During the coming year THE CRUSADER will endeavor to unfold for its readers these "tropic pages of universal history" which tell of the gigantic achievements of men of our race westward from the banks of the Nile over the smiling Sudan to the Atlantic shores (and some say to lost Atlantis) and southwards to the gulf of Guinea and the fastnesses of the primitive forests of Central Africa and further south still to the strange monuments that tell of an ancient high state of culture on the plains of Rhodesia and the rolling veldts of South Africa.

White investigators in the lands of our fathers have been forced to acknowledge the utter absurdity of the opinion so widely prevalent in the nineteenth century (and still

tenaciously clung to by many of our own educated ignoramuses) that Black Africa had "nor history, nor mystery." The results of their investigations are all too little known among the very group that should know them best. In spite of the efforts of earnest men like Hubert H. Harrison, Professor Ferris and the editor of THE CRUSADER to lift aside the dark veil which has been maliciously cast over the achievements of the African races (in Africa and elsewhere) by so-called educators of the white race, much of the darkness still remains and the magic words fiat lux are still to be spoken.

THE CRUSADER, with its present circulation of (on an average) 33,000 copies per issue, will be able to carry the message of a rich race heritage to many more than was possible during the writer's attempts some years ago while editorial writer of *The Amsterdam News*. Our readers can do much to help in this work of enlightenment if they will tell their friends of the series of special historical articles which will be published during the coming year. Surely no argument is necessary to convince our readers that this is their fight and that they must get into it?

MACSWINEY.

Dying that the attention of the world might be attracted to the unhappy plight of his country under the blight of brutal British rule, the late Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney, must be listed in the impartial records of history as great a patriot as any of the brilliant array of men and women who have died for their race and country. His death, by slow degrees, evinces a courage and a loyalty to country more marvellous by far than the hot courage of the battlefield.

And MacSwiney has not died in vain! His soul, like John Brown's, will go marching on until the world is free of the overshadowing despotism of "great empires." Already have the shackles dropped from the land he died for. British rule in Ireland died with MacSwiney's last departing breath. Only the shell and the ghost of "British prestige" now remain. No, MacSwiney has not died in vain. May God grant the Negro race such heroic spirits in its fast approaching hour of trial.

A RACE OF CRY-BABIES?

Is the Negro race a race of cry-babies that it prefers to wail its wrongs and plead for a crumb of justice under white dominion

to the task of setting up dominion of its own?

How are the mighty fallen! How have the gods fallen! Our fathers carved out dominion for themselves. Our fathers conquered! Our fathers ruled mighty domains and many races! How have their sons degenerated! The Isles of Greece and rich India knew well the conquering tread of our sires. Rome heard Hannibal thundering at her gates and trembled! Where today is the spirit of our noble sires? Has slavery completely robbed us of the manhood fires? All races have suffered slavery and most of them have risen again. The dominant Anglo-Saxon of today were slaves in the markets of mighty Rome. Cannot we, too, throw off the shadow of the yoke and rise free men and great?

Ever it is the weak and impotent who wail about their wrongs and plead at the conquerors' feet for a "fair chance." But the Negro is not weak, nor is he necessarily impotent. Two hundred and fifty million people are under no necessity of continuing impotent. All that is needed to make us great once more is the spark of a common purpose and the links of racial unity. Let us unite from the ends of the earth on the common purpose of liberation and redemption of our motherhood and the rejuvenation of the great states that in ages past held Africa securely for her children. Let us aim even to increase the ancient power of the African races which in other days won for our fathers the respect of the world. Let us even include in our aims the lands of the New World for which our blood was shed and where still we are numerically predominant. Let us aim for a greater rule that will include Haiti and the rest of the West Indies and the vast republic of Brazil in South America with the ancient homeland.

The gates of hell must fall before the determination of 250,000,000 people. Let us give wing to our aspirations and purpose to our course, remembering that ever it is the weak that whine and ever the strong ignores the crawling craven!

THE NEGRO'S BRAIN-PAN.

The depth to which the political status of this republic has fallen is attested by the manner in which Mr. Cox, his defeated highness, and his coadjutors closed their disgraceful and mud-slinging campaign.

As a last straw in a losing and desperate fight these democratic gentlemen attempted to ignite the flames of "nigger-hatred." "Mr. Harding has negro blood!" Ugh! God

of the nations! They succeeded. There went up from certain sections a howl and a shout—Disgrace! To whom? To Mr. Harding, of course.

No more was expected from "nigger"-hating America. We have learned to accept such things as a part of our democratic social outlook. Mr. Cox may be excused for the use of such cutthroat methods, for he was badly in need of a job, therefore, he no doubt thought that any means would be justifiable in obtaining it. Then, too, it was whispered that Mr. Cox was on the verge of insanity.

But in the name of the great god Pan, what is to be done with those Negroes who also considered such charges as a disgrace to Mr. Harding? A disgrace to be a Negro?

This raises the very important and fundamental question:

Is the Negro human? If so, has he a brain? If he has one is it capable of thinking? In short, what is the function of a brain?

The Negro is a living paradox. How a race of people can assert at one moment its quality and superiority and at another moment acknowledge its stupidity and inferiority is a problem of the Sphinx. All of this, of course, is indicative of serious disorders in the brain-pan. Lord give Thy people more light.

BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND.

Three More Irish Towns Destroyed as Reprisal Acts.—New York World, Nov. 5.

Vengeful Burning of Granard Done as Wreckers Sing—Terrorized Irish Inhabitants Watch Black and Tans at Work from Distant Fields.—New York World, Nov. 6.

Drunken Troops in Skirts Dance as Houses Burn—Correspondent Finds Reprisal Campaign in Ireland Is War on Women and Children.—New York World, Nov. 7.

It is not often that the pitiless glare of publicity is given to the murderous methods of the British Government in their dealings with the many peoples and races that they rule and exploit because of the possession of superior force. India has had its Amritsars, and before that its crawling orders and aeroplane bombing of defenseless villages and various other highly "kultured" methods of the "British Empire." Africa has had her towns plundered and laid low and her children tortured and enslaved and despoiled of their ancestral lands under the pretext of "civilizing influences": Egypt, Nigeria, Rhodesia, South Africa—all bear eloquent witness to the philosophy that force makes right. But these latter atrocities have occurred behind an effective censorship screen in the lifting of which no one in the outside

white world was particularly interested. But Ireland is nearer home. Moreover there are several million Irish in America who, unlike the African in America, are not afraid to make known their presence and their sentiments. And therefore the news value of British atrocities in Ireland and the enterprise of the *New York World* in having its correspondents in the field.

It is to be hoped that these belated exposures of British brutality in dealing with "subject peoples" will have the effect of at last opening the eyes of the world to the real truth and import of the autocratic control over more than four hundred million human beings which fifty-five million people, massed for the most part in the island of Britain, have by a conjugation of fraud, hypocrisy and force established and are trying to maintain by the brutal and cynical exercise of force. Here lies the real menace to world peace.

IN HAITI.

Never had cant and hypocrisy so much trouble and so many set-backs in their efforts to convince the world that murder is being done with the best possible intentions as have beset the American naval authorities in their efforts to whitewash the bloody record of the United States Marine Corps in the Republic of Haiti.

The dispatch of one day to the effect that President Dartiguenave had declared before the Naval Board of Inquiry that he had no "official knowledge" of the charges against the marines of indiscriminate killings and maladministration is followed the next day by the publication of a complaint from President Dartiguenave in which he accuses the Americans and asks for a Congressional Investigation of conditions arising from the American occupation, and declares that "the treaty has been violated and not carried out because Haiti has been under the oppression of the American Minister and his financial adviser. . . . The minister and adviser have sent to Secretary Colby declarations alleged to have come from me, in an attempt to infer that Haiti is not keeping her obligations."

As Shakespeare saith:

"Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down."

STILL DREAMING!

After full five thousand years of recorded history which emphatically teaches that the stronger of two groups living in the same country has always oppressed the weaker group, even when there was little racial dif-

ference between the two (which may have been differentiated from each other by points of religion, prior occupation of the land, or more advanced culture, etc.) the African in America still tenaciously clings to his futile wishy-washy dream of "race conciliation" and a future in America, in which, contrary to all historical precedents, the dominant group will voluntarily relinquish the privileges of its dominant position and admit an alien race to full participation in government and exploitation of the country's natural wealth.

Evidently we have no use for the lessons of history, or is it that the myriads of self-imposed leaders and leaderettes are not acquainted with these lessons? While other peoples are guided by the lamp of experience, we stubbornly blind our eyes to its warning flashes and allow ourselves to be swayed by the "orator" whose windy messes of glittering generalities are as far apart from a real oration as is night from day. We follow most willingly those who call for the lightest sacrifices and, fathering their thoughts by our wishes, make the most fatuous prophecies of ultimate solution without the moving of a foot or the giving of a drop of blood or any other sacrifice toward the solution. We call those pessimists who refuse to bury their heads ostrich-like in the sands of self-deception and we prefer to follow those—like the Washingtons and Motons—who are either unaware that problems such as ours have faced the world for (at least) the past five thousand years as the records of the ancients plainly show, or in their zeal to gain the commendation of the dominant group are unwilling to tell their race the truth and exhort them to profit by the experience of the past and the clear and emphatic warnings of history that two races of unequal strength cannot live together but as slave and master, dominant and serf.

"Where there is no vision the people perish," and to this it may be added that where there is neither knowledge nor a willingness to seek the facts there can be no vision and the people are foredoomed to destruction.

THE MOST PATHETIC SIGHT.

The most pathetic sight forced upon commiserating human gaze is undoubtedly that of a man or woman of Negro descent flaunting on parade (or otherwise) the national symbol of the white nations which have so greatly wronged his race first by theft of his people and their enslavement, and later by theft of his land and eventual

dispossession, and universal denial to his race of a man's chance, of equality of opportunity with others whether in white lands or in those parts of his own homeland over which white dominion has been established by the machine gun and the punitive expedition.

Not even the whining cur which fawns over and licks the foot that kicks him is quite as pathetic a spectacle as is the colored person proudly flaunting the insignia of his own degradation.

Before we berate the dominant white for his oppressive methods and theft of our homeland, we would do well to change our method of apparent acquiescence in both his supremacy and his plunder.

Where would we find a participant in a Sinn Fein parade carrying a British flag? Or for that matter the members of any oppressed white people carrying the flag of their oppressors? Is it possible that we are really inferior to the whites? It will look that way so long as we insist in an asinine loyalty to our oppressors, against all dictates of manhood and all interests of race.

THE GATHERING WAR CLOUDS.

Having raped Negro Haiti and Mulatto Santo Domingo, the United States shows a disposition to give further vent to its hatred of the darker races by insulting the proud Japanese through the adoption of discriminatory legislation demanded by white Californians against the too-thrifty Nipponese. How seriously the Japanese people view the projected insult we may judge by the warning words of Marquis Okuma, former Japanese Premier, to the effect that if Japan's appeals to America's sense of international morality failed, *only force remained*.

As President-elect Harding has already pledged his support to the whites of California in their efforts to bar Japanese immigrants, and rob those already in California of the lands which their enterprise and labor have conquered from the desert in much the same manner as Negro labor and enterprise turned the Southern wilderness into a productive garden, the outlook for inter-racial peace is not very bright.

Then there's Mexico—a rich prize that has for many years excited the cupidity of the Wall Street gang, the Hearst people and most of the other backers and supporters of the successful candidate for the presidency. All the predatory interests of this and other countries are tuning up for the big grab that will plant the stripey banner over the rich lands of Mexico and open up these to the

feverish exploitation of international capitalism.

Mexico's sixteen million people are mostly colored: Amerindians and mixed breeds, the latter the result of caucasian conquests and lust. And while the white world is in the final stage of its period of world dominion its cupidity and flaming color-hatred are still sufficient to spur it on to further aggressions against the colored races, unmindful that such aggressions are hastening the inevitable rising of the tide of color that shall bury in the slime of the depths the now soaring ambition of the white races.

Now, while American Negroes were not invited for service in Haiti and Santo Domingo (Negroes are not wanted in the United States Marine Corps), in a war of aggression against Mexico or in a war to force acceptance of the doctrine of white superiority upon Japan, the American Negro will without a doubt be called upon to shoulder *his* share of the white man's burden of keeping colored races in their place!

With such a possibility confronting us the time is here for plain speaking regardless of consequences. No race-loyal Negro can neglect to define the Negro's duty in eventuality of war between white United States and colored Japan or Mexico. And no manly Negro will mince his words in the definition. The editor of THE CRUSADER here and now defines that duty as NOT TO FIGHT AGAINST JAPAN OR MEXICO, BUT RATHER TO FILL THE PRISONS AND DUNGEONS OF THE WHITE MAN (OR TO FACE HIS FIRING SQUADS) THAN TO SHOULDER ARMS AGAINST OTHER MEMBERS OF THE DARKER RACES. The Negro who fights against either Japan or Mexico is fighting for the *white man* against himself, for the *white race* against the darker races and for the perpetuation of *white domination of the colored races*, with its vicious practices of *lynching, jim-crowism, segregation and other forms of oppression* in opposition to the principle advocated by Japan of Race Equality, and these are things that, we are convinced, *no loyal Negro* will do.

THE REALLY EDUCATED.

We hear so much nowadays about the "educated Negro" and the part he is expected to play in the solution of the "race problem" that we deem it advisable to arrive at a clear understanding of what constitutes

a generous education and who may pass as a really educated person.

Necessarily, since it is with Western civilization that we are concerned, and therefore Western standards of education, we must utilize white standards to help us arrive at our conclusion.

Now, white standards, while closely related, are nevertheless differentiated along lines of nationality and race. The Frenchman, educated in the history of his nation and the folk-lore of the Latin race, but ignorant of the history and folk-lore of the English people could never pass muster as a liberally educated Englishman, no matter how familiar he may be with the sciences, the arts and the classics.

We hope the reader would study closely the above paragraph and search his experience for any fact that can controvert the statement it contains. Of course, the same statement applies to the case of the Englishman educated in his own history and versed in all the sciences, etc., but ignorant of French history. He could not pass muster among the French people as a well-educated Frenchman. And so with all the other nationalities and races of Europe.

The statement made in Paragraph Three is therefore the gist of the whole question. It represents the scales by which we must weigh all claims to being "educated." It is the standard by which the French judge as to the real learning of a Frenchman, the English as to the real learning of an Englishman, the Italians as to the real learning of an Italian, the Germans as to the real learning of a German.

In the crux, and taking the English as an example, it is simply this: that the Englishman who is not familiar with the history of the Anglo-Saxon race is not by Englishmen adjudged as being possessed of real learning—no matter what his knowledge of the sciences or his accomplishments in the arts may be. Of course the more he knows of the sciences and the arts, if he is also familiar with the history of his own race and homeland, the more highly educated is he esteemed to be. But knowledge of the arts and sciences without knowledge of the history of *one's own race and homeland* is top-heavy education and rightly considered of inferior worth as against less knowledge of the arts and sciences and more of the history of race and country. However, white men who have progressed as far as the sciences are not likely to be in ignorance of the history of their own race and homeland.

That the average "educated" Negro lacks this essential knowledge of the history of

his own race and homeland is not altogether his fault. White institutions of learning do not give instruction in the glorious history of the race which gave to the world the first seedlings of civilization, for the reason that these institutions are designed to meet the educational needs and requirements of the white child. Those of America being designed particularly for the white American child, those in France particularly for the white French child, etc. If the design fits the colored child well and good. If it does not happen to fit that is no concern of the whites who are concerned only with the requirements of their own children. However, while it is not primarily the fault of the so-called "educated" Negro that he knows little or nothing of the history of his own race and homeland, the conclusion is nevertheless inevitable under the standards of the very peoples whose cultures he has sought to imbibe that he is not as well-educated as the man who, while knowing very little of the arts and sciences, is thoroughly familiar with the history of his own race and homeland.

WORTH-WHILE PUBLICATIONS.

From time to time, THE CRUSADER has called the attention of its readers to the existence of other independent and meritorious publications in the belief that there is room and, in fact, vital need for other worthwhile publications in our group. Such publications are happily on the increase and to *The Messenger*, *The Triangle*, *The Promoter*, *The Up-Reach* (magazines) and *The Cleveland Advocate*, *the Baltimore Afro-American*, *The Negro World* (weekly newspapers) we are glad to be able to add *The Philadelphia American*, *The Pittsburgh American* and *The Chicago Whip*.

Among white publications favorable to the Negro: *The Nation*, *The Liberator*, *Pearson's*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Gale's Maga-*

zine, *The Socialist Review*, *The Crucible*, *The New York Call* are a few. All of the white publications in this class are allied with the Labor and Socialist cause.

"THE CULLUD FRIENDS" OF ROOSEVELT.

Have colored men and women nothing better to do than give their time and energy to efforts to cajole their race out of huge sums of money for the purpose of building monuments to white men who have left behind them only the vaguest notion of "friendship" for the race and no tangible benefits whatever that we can date from the periods of their greatest power and subsequent opportunity to do something tangible to show their "friendship"? Are there no starving colored children, no weak wronged colored women, no disabled colored men, no crippled colored soldiers (who fought for "democracy") that need their attention and sympathy? Is there no need for social work among our segregated slums? No urgent need for educational and uplift work?

And how do they square the late Theodore Roosevelt's professions of friendship for the American Negro with the Brownsville injustice to the colored soldiers? Or with his infamous Guildhall (London) speech in which he flayed the British for what he termed their "mild rule" of the black Egyptian fellaheen? Or with the fact that he consistently espoused and defended the doctrine of the white man's burden and its inference of white superiority? Or that he opposed freeing the Filipinos on these very grounds, and that he condoned on the same grounds white aggression against the remaining free colored nations? Or with the knifing of the colored voters by Mr. Roosevelt's Progressive party in his efforts to break the Solid South?

943

THE NEGRO ALSO

By THEO. BURRELL

THREE gentlemen surprised me the other day with an argument. I did not join them because one of them in the height of the discussion, strayed from psychic tendencies and from facts and aired himself as a college "grad." In fact he was rather insinuating and made himself the most ridiculous of the three. They were discussing Man, his origin and accomplishments. To them, the Negro, considering what they had known, really did not

spring from the same origin and had done practically nothing. They Were All Negroes. They made many quotations which showed me that they had read quite a lot of Darwin and his *Species*; Briabanc in his *Today Column* of the *New York American*, and the Bible. They cited more than once that we were Ham's children and that the curse (?) was visited upon us and is still upon our heads. They quoted from the "blessed book" to show that

we were the "servants of servants and would be so all our days." And now I am taking exceptions in my peculiar way. Any man that will use the Bible to prove present day facts, knowing the conditions under which the book was written, makes a mockery of progress. Any book that is against our fight for progress and against races and demand kings is not fit for a modern bookshelf. My version is that we represent Man whenever or wherever he is spoken of. We feel through the senses and perceive through the mind and discriminate through the intellect and that is Man. We are the experiencers developing in knowledge and expression through changing states of existence and that is real Man. The real Man is not of any special race, is neither body nor mind, but the soul, utilizing these only as instruments to relate it to spheres of mental and physical experience. In the expression of soul there is oneness.

Man is the creator, the sustaining force, and the dissolver of his own world; and the world of each of us is widely different from the world of another. Each individual, be he black or white, yellow or red is isolated from the rest of life, for each has its separate course, its path to make, its individual destiny and its peculiar mode of expression. Though divergent in manifestation every being has the same origin and ultimate unity as all others. Truly, each man is a vessel, self-manned and self-propelled, afloat on the shoreless ocean of existence. Each soul is the pilot of its own expression, each individual fate the pathway of a single vessel. Men are "ships that pass in the night." They meet; their destinies may cross; their interests blend, but each person is to himself. None can help, none can save. The in-

dividual is his own helper and his own savior. Now and then the path of two seem to blend into a single way. The line of distinction, however, is dreadfully separate. What appears as external is really internal. What appears as without is the circling of vibrations within. Each person is a potential God. The Self of the individual is the Self of all men, gods and breathing beings. Each is the teacher and the student of his individual existence. Each soul is a problem-maker and a problem-solver. "The wise," says an old adept, "are only great preachers. You yourself must make an effort." Saviors incarnate give us spiritual motive force, but the individual must keep the divine spark alive with the breath of spiritual resolution. The soul must redeem itself from the curse of superstition and the thralldom of ignorance. Each is free to pursue whatever course is desired. Alien in nature, Man traverses the cycle of time with the veil of illusion covering true perception. In our spiritual unfoldment we pass through stages of doubt. We must pass through our present stage unto a broader outlook on life when difficulties and differences consistently meet and their divergent qualities unite through the discrimination of the spirit. Much depends on the truth, that there is no limit to our perception and understanding; that each effort to perceive substantial values of life is followed by gain. No one can knock at the door of life without being answered. The answer may come as a mythical assurance that the soul is at union with life and reality behind an Universal Expression. This applies to all races—all men—we too, and neither Bibles nor colleges with their adopted courses and prejudicial inklings can check this mighty stream.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF A STEADY INCOME FROM RACE ENTERPRISES

By C. A. MEADE

JUST at this time, as the worker closes a year, fairly successful, but here and there marked with disturbing aspects boding ill for the future, there appears in the spirit of investment the possibility of consolidating his gains, via race enterprises, were there specific guarantees or even reasonable assurances of strength and stability in our corporate efforts.

Disturbing aspects, like the influx of cheap immigrant labor at record breaking rate, heavily reduced wages, scarcity of the better jobs, increasing discrimination, etc., which are readily apparent even to the veriest tyro, inspire our worker with the desire to turn an annual income of more than 3 and 4 cents on the dollar, and yet be sure of the absence of speculation, ready liquidation, minimum risk, and rock-bottom security.

The spirit of speculation, characteristic of the past three years during which we grasped at airy nothingness, from the encumbering wrappings of our economic swaddling clothes, has vanished amidst disappointed hopes, in which our venturesome ardor has been severely tempered. Now we want to invest, but we want to be very sure that our seeming investment does not degenerate into speculation of

the worst kind by the actions of unscrupulous or illiterate insiders. Before we unloose the triple knots of the purse strings that guard the hard-earned savings of years of sensible frugality, we want to be sure that we are not buying poker chips, we want to have substantial inducements offering every guarantee of stability.

From time to time I meet corporation presidents who complain bitterly of the poor response to their clamorous demand for capital from race investors. I sympathize with their needs, knowing as well as I do the pressing demands with which they are confronted at this time. But on the other hand, it is apparent to me that they are foreclosing against themselves. Our race corporations veil their operations with an air of Oriental mystery that baffles the most optimistic, and ever and anon

The Stenographers' Institute
Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Commercial Law

EDWARD T. DUNCAN, President
1227 S. 17th STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

continue to run up large publicity and advertising accounts designed to attract the credulous and unwary. Year after year passes without the appearance of a financial statement of any kind, or any other form of improved publicity, and the creation of reserve funds to tide over dull periods is an aspect of corporate finance, yet to be learned let alone practised. Yet great shrewdness is displayed time and again by the payment of unwarranted dividends to inspire interest and other up-to-date methods of shameless juggling and gross inflation.

To add to this state of affairs, occasionally there emerges from behind the Corporate Holy of Holies, the Banquo's ghost of failure, to accentuate the scarecrow of Pessimism and incredulity in the mind of the undecided prospect.

Some corporations think it enough to announce the declaration of an attractive dividend as a means of enticing the investor. But the investor has learned the lesson now which requires him first to think in terms of "safety of principal first."

Truly one looks eagerly forward to the time when, periodical, matter-of-fact balance sheets will adorn the columns of race papers and magazines as a means to indicate the progress of our erring corporations. Almost as eagerly do I look forward to the prospectus of a corporation appealing to conservative investors for funds that would indicate a "surplus" or "funded reserve." Prospective!

The foregoing prerequisites granted, now is the time more than ever, for the small investor to rally to the support of the several well-deserving corporations in Harlem and elsewhere. Where we have a well managed and meritorious corporation the necessity for racial advancement is behind every share of stock. The war and its aftermath—depression and need for expanded facilities and greater production and turnover, have created the demand for greater capital on the part of Negro as well as white business. The life-blood of Trade and Industry is Capital, and it must be raised from the co-operative efforts of the common people, where, as in our case, there is no wealthy monopolistic class. It is synonymous with independence when looked at from a certain angle, but in our particular case it is also synonymous with self-preservation. It is, therefore, necessary in consistency with the proverbial instinct of self-preservation for us to propel ourselves forward by supplying the needed capital to our own deserving and legitimate efforts.

Such firms as Douglas Shoes, Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, Standard Oil, Vanadium, Steel, Bell Telephone, etc., have startled the country by the extent of their new financing in recent days—financing most readily taken up by white men all the country over. It then seems a logical reprisal for us to take up the gauntlet and resolve here and now, in like manner, to take up the stocks and bonds of our own as an answer to White efficiency.

TALKING POINTS

C. H. MacFarland, 58 West 133rd street, is putting out two delicious products in the candy line: An almond patty and a peanut bar that have no present rivals in the market, and should prove a most successful wedge in the wholesale candy market. Both products are on sale at the majority of Harlem ice cream parlors and candy stores.

India's Verdict on "Brutish" rule in India: "This Congress is of the opinion that there is no course left open for the people of India but to approve of and adopt the policy of progressive, non-violent, non-co-operation (with the British Government of India) until India's wrongs are righted and Swarajya (national self-government) is established."—Resolution passed by the Indian National Congress at its special session in Calcutta, September, 1920.

The old Roman policy, "Divide and Rule," which the British have adapted with such evident success has had a rude set-back in India, where the two most powerful sections of the community, Hindus and Mohammedans, have now at last united against the common enemy.

An All-America India Independence Conven-

Notice to Advertisers

When change of ad. is desired, new copy must be in by the 15th, otherwise old copy will be run. Proofs are sent when requested, and must be returned within 24 hours to insure attention.

tion will be held in New York City Sunday, December 5, under the auspices of the Friends of Freedom for India of which Prof. Robert Morss Lovett, of the Chicago University is President, Dudley Field Malone the vice-president, and Gilbert E. Roe and Frank P. Walsh the legal advisers. The convention will open at 10 a. m. and last throughout the day. A mass meeting will follow in the evening. Delegations from all organizations are invited.

James Weldon Johnson, who has been serving as acting secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., following the resignation and repudiation of the N. A. A. C. P. policies by John R. Shillady, was appointed regular secretary at a meeting of the Board of Directors on November 8.

Britain, France and Italy have divided up Turkey among themselves. But the old bird is tough and the carving is a stiff proposition, and several carving sets have already been broken in the process.

Britain's House of Lords having approved the Amritsar massacre now O. K.'s the Irish reprisal policy The "Brutish" Empire is certainly running to form these days!

Governor Terhune Suicide at Samoa—U. S. Naval Administrator Shoots Himself on Eve of Inquiry Into Affairs.—Headline. The headline tells the tale. The governor had been accused of maladministration.

Thick spacing in the planting of cotton is

advocated by the United States Department of Agriculture, whose experiments have proved that cotton will bear better when the plants are crowded together thickly in the field than when they are thinly spaced.

All of Ohio's Negro candidates for the State Legislature were defeated.

Mr. L. W. Duvalier, correspondent for The Crusader in the Bahamas, announces the launching of a Colonial Products Agency to undertake on commission to act as agent and shipper for Bahamian and foreign goods; to create a demand for Bahamian products; to sell the products of the colony arriving from the Out Islands; to buy for the Out Islander his requirements; to act as agent for colonial or foreign-owned vessels; to distribute manufacturers' and exporters' catalogues, price lists and samples. The post office address of the company is as follows: Colonial Products Agency, P. O. Box 4, Nassau, N. P., Bahamas.

Mr. William J. Hall, of Indianapolis, Ind., has donated the sum of eight dollars to The Crusader, thus joining the ranks of the remarkable race-patriots who have given from time to time to help the work of enlightening propaganda in which The Crusader is engaged. We cordially thank him.

The United Produce Association, Inc., has brought into the United States several shipments of excellent Haitian coffee, as well as other products from the smaller West Indian Islands, and is also now actively engaged in marketing the produce of the Southern Negro farmer. The United Produce Association, Inc., is thus doing its full race duty. The Crusader hopes that other race enterprises—particularly our restaurants, grocery stores and their clientele—will be as mindful of their duty. Co-operation must be all along the line. We hope our lawyers and ministers and others who live solely by the race will bear this fact in mind.

FACTS, FUN AND FANCIES

HELPING THE H. C. L.

Sing a song of gas bills,
Pockets full of jack
Lawyers fees, doctors pills,
One suit on your back.

Bought ourselves a flivver
Got it second-hand;
Must cut out two-bit cigars
Try a cheaper brand.

Wife needs an overcoat
Winter's getting near,
But get a very cheap one,
Those tires are awful dear.

Baby's wore out all his shoes,
Gosh! that's more expense—
Don't you know that gas is high?
It costs me thirty-four cents!

The insurance is'nt paid up
And neither is the rent,
Still how could Daddy walk to work
And be a reg'lar gent?

Yes, dad must have an auto
To show off to the crowd,
He couldn't ride the subway
And do the thing up proud.

CHORUS

Sing a song of Prices,
And how things cost us so;
But run up expense on a flivver
That is only good in a show.
—Parker.

"WHY."

One thing that puzzles me is this: Why, do we read the "great newspapers" of the country to such great extent, when we know that we will never see in their columns any worthy act that has been done by a member of the Race? I want to get confidential, so come a little closer. Now, I am going to take you back a

bit into the history of the World War: "Does any one remember the time when Johnson and Roberts put twenty-four Germans on the casualty list?" "That's fine, Johnny, you win the pasteboard hat-pin." "Well, then, do you remember those 'glaring headlines' in the Post, the Star, the Sun, the Journal?" "No." "Neither do I." It was tacked away in a corner something like this: "Negroes battle twenty-four Germans," and about six more lines telling how they did it. "Seven," you say. I thought it was six. But when the "Brooklyn boy rescues comrade from two-foot mud-hole"—Horrors, what a deed! Now why do we read those papers? I give it up.—Parker.

REMINISCENSES OF 1918—B. P.*

We have often had brought to our notice the fact that persons of great wealth usually had some one room set aside "done" in a color most pleasing to whom it belonged. Consequently we heard of Green rooms, Blue rooms, Gold rooms, etc., but the room which was most famous of all and had many visitors to view its charms is the much lamented Bar room, in which all the colors of the rainbow could be discerned. At times.

* B. P.—Before Prohibition. PARKER.

FAMOUS MANUFACTURES.

It is a well-known fact that before the war (I mean before July 1, 1919) Germany and Russia were the foremost producers of intoxicating liquors, but at this date they have lost their lead on the United States. It is officially estimated (by me) that there is in operation at this time at least five million breweries in the United States, all conducted on the private ownership plan devised years ago by residents of Kentucky, and commonly known as "stills." Probably so named because of the unusual quiet that pervades the vicinity of these "stills."—Parker.

The successful Republican candidates apparently proceeded upon the theory that every

Negro was a d— fool in their appeal to the Negro voters. And they won out on that theory!

Dr. Copeland promises a crusade against unnecessary noises. We would the good doctor or somebody would drop a safe upon the head of the nut who passes the window of our sleeping quarters at 2 o'clock in the morning whistling "Angeline" or some such chronic tune. And as to the gink who chooses the nocturnal hours to roar out a croaking chorus that would win a reward of rotten eggs and tomato cans upon a first night stage—well, we think a safe much too soft for his coco-bean, and we haven't decided yet what missile would be most effective. Then, there are the gents who must start an argument (or as they no doubt would call it by way of dignifying it a controversy) at three o'clock in the morning under somebody's window.

Walks Miles in Search of His Wife.—Headline. A guy who would do that doesn't deserve to have lost her.

Barnum said there was a sucker born every

second, and according to our own observations they must be all born into the Harlem Negro belt.

And once more have Britain and France involuntarily contributed to the support of the Soviet forces in the field.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the "Brutish" ambassador to the United States, fears civilization could not survive another onslaught such as the last Peloponnesian affair. Still a civilization that permits a "Brutish Empire" with its Amritsars and Balbriggans, its aeroplane bombings of defenseless towns, its "crawling" orders and its wars against women and children is perhaps not fit to survive.

The wrangle over Wrangel is over.

The plan to "starve Ireland by stopping traffic on island" is quite worthy of the "Brutish" Government, and would be but another one of their many "famous wars" against women and children. The last of this famous series being their starvation blockade of the women and children of Central Europe.

WHO ARE THE REAL JEWS

By JAS. N. LOWE, of Jamaica, B. W. I.

(Note.—Mr. Lowe was specially requested to write on this subject by the Editor)
In two parts. Part II.

947

IF the white race was the maker of the mould of civilization, or if the race was not in a brutal state of savagery during the bright days of Egypt, Babylon and Phoenicia, when Egyptian, Babylonian and Sidonian societies fell into ruin, there would have been a white race capable of taking up the torch of civilization and keeping it burning. But it sank into ruin even before the Hebrews were civilized enough to take account of the extent and scope of black civilization. Yet these same Hebrews are the ones to whom the white man paid homage for civilization. Not only did the black race teach civilization to the Hebrews but the Phoenicians, we are told, traded with the Greeks, the French and the Britains. It would be foolishness to think that the Jews could have built a degree of civilization such as that which Alexander found in Jerusalem during his conquest of that country. Nor could they build the civilization which existed in Jerusalem before their going captive into Babylon. The highest civilization of the house of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was to pitch tents and dwell therein. This was not a civilized state of life and their children could not have changed such a life without coming under the influence of some higher state of civilization which existed among some other people than their father's house.

For more than 400 years the Hebrews were under the influence of Egyptian civilization, and for many hundred years they came in contact with Canaanitish institutions and culture. Yet they knew not enough in the arts and craft to furnish workmen capable of building the great temple at Jerusalem called Solomon's temple. When Solomon sent for Hiram, the black artist

of Phoenicia, and his Sidonian architects, who built the temple at Jerusalem, he said that there was none in all the Hebrew race skilled like the Hamitic or Sidonian architects and masons to do the work, and Hiram was placed in charge of the construction of the great temple of Jehovah. He built also Solomon's palace and the palace of his most beloved wife, the daughter of Pharaoh (please read I Kings, 5-6-7 chapters). It is very certain that Europe, which is today a slaughter yard for human flesh and blood, was in a beastly state of savagery when the Phoenicians came in contact with it. Civilization can be changed into savagery through economic misery and anarchy, but savagery which is a binding condition of mind, cannot be changed without the influence of some other more powerful state of mind, i. e., civilization. Savages that have never seen cities and streets, sidewalks and vehicles could not have built them without the influence of those who saw, built or lived in cities. If we were taught to live in tents we would continue to live in tents. If we were taught to live in cities we would continue to live in cities. If we were taught to live in huts, we would continue the same, and such minds like that of the European gypsies continue to live in tents even in the midst of cities.

Even though the Phoenicians traded with and taught the Britains some degree of civilization, yet when Ceasar went to Britain he found them semi-savages who lived in crude huts and poorly built cottages. The ancestors of the black man had built a civilization. Jerusalem, the golden city of the Blessed, was built by the black race. Jerusalem has crucified her

(Continued on Page 21)

DOG'S LOSS OF HAIR LED TO CURE FOR BALDNESS

*As a Reward "Milnshaw" Now Appears on Label of Jules Ferond's
Discovery*

"MY dog's hair is coming out by the handful. What can I do about it?" This was the query which Jules Ferond, of New York, addressed to specialists on canine diseases a few years ago—only to be told that there was no remedy for the condition, other than the use of any one of the numerous "mange cures" then on the market. One by one Ferond invested in these preparations and tried them out, but without success. Milnshaw, his pedigreed pet, continued to shed until he was giving a lifelike imitation of a Mexican hairless dog.

Then, in desperation, Ferond set out to do a little experimenting of his own. He made a close study of the growth of hair, the reason why it fell out and the chemical agents which stimulated its increase. He found that the microbe which lodged at the base of the hair lived upon the tiny fat cells which nourish the hair-bulb, or "papilla." Thus the bulb gradually loses its productive energy, the formation of hair ceases, the connection of the hair with the hair-bulb is broken and the hair itself falls out and stands out.

"But," reasoned Ferond, "there must be some way to renew the life of the hair-bulb. That it is capable of producing more than one hair is proved by the fact that men, dogs and other animals shed more or less hair every year, and this is usually replaced by other hair from the same root or bulb. As long as the proper nourishment penetrates the three layers of scalp tissue and feeds the bulb, it will produce new hair which, in time, will come to the surface and eventually attain full growth."

It was, therefore, upon the problem of supplying this nourishment that Ferond concentrated his attention. Experiment after experiment was made, but without success. Then, as he was almost on the point of giving up in despair, Ferond hit upon the combination he had been looking for—a mixture of oils and fats which would nourish the papilla and cause them to recommence the process of hair growth.

The first experiments were naturally made upon the dog, Milnshaw, and proved so successful that Ferond determined to try the same preparation upon himself, having been afflicted with baldness for a number of years. Rather to his surprise and greatly to his satisfaction a few weeks of the treatment resulted in the appearance of a crop of new and downy hair, which gradually increased in length until now Ferond, at the age of fifty-eight, has achieved a regrowth of hair which compares favorably with that of men half his age.

His next step was an even more radical one. In order to prove the merits of his discovery, Ferond inoculated himself with the germs of follicular mange and effected a cure within three weeks. Even then, however, he had difficulty in securing financial backing. For centuries baldness had been considered incurable and it was not until the discoverer of the new preparation had shown in scores of cases that his preparation would really regrow hair that capital would consent to become interested.

As a result, a widespread advertising campaign has been launched to call attention to the merits of Ferond's (Milnshaw) Hair-Grower—the name of the dog upon which the original experiments were tried being included in the full title and the United States Patent Office having granted permission for the sole use of the words "Hair-Grower" to the Jules Ferond Co., 126 West Twenty-third street, New York city. As an additional guarantee, the company agrees to pay a hundred times the amount spent for the hair-grower if it does not produce new hair within a reasonable length of time, no matter how long the condition of baldness has existed.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

CHAS. A. HENRY, Editor

DIVINE MUSIC.

*A quiet patient heart, that meekly serves its
Lord,
God's finger joys to touch; it is his harpsi-
chord.*

The loveliest tone.

*In all Eternity, no tone can be so sweet,
As when man's heart with God in unison
doth beat.*

—Angelus Silesius.

Philip Hale, one of America's foremost musical critics, writes in part, concerning Mrs. Jesse Eleanor Shaw's (pianist) recital in Jordan Hall (New England Conservatory Bldg.), Boston, Mass., on November 9:

"Mrs. Shaw has evidently worked industriously to gain a certain facility. She should acquire a more commanding mastery of rhythm and of dynamic gradations. The audience was warmly applaudive, especially after Mrs. Dett's suite."

Concert given by the Quartette of Ebenezer Baptist Church, Mrs. Ella France Jones, soprano; Mr. Charles Henry, tenor; Mrs. Gertrude D. Jones, alto; Mr. Edw. H. S. Boatner, baritone, assisted by Mr. Elmer Harrell, violinist; Mr. Ernest H. Hays, accompanist, Massachusetts Avenue Baptist Church Hall, Cambridge, November 9, 1920:

PROGRAM.

1. (a) Viking Song.....S. Coleridge-Taylor
(b) Song of Illyrian Peasants....Schnecker Quartette.
2. (a) The Night Has a Thousand Eyes
(with violin obligato).....Nevin
(b) Rolling Down to the Rio.....German
(c) Mother O' Mine.....Burleigh Quartette.
3. MazurkaMusin
Mr. Harrell.
4. (a) Night and the Curtain's Drawn
G. Ferradt
(b) Only at Eve Flies the Raven....Sinding
(c) Calling to Thee.....Cadman
Mr. Boatner.
5. Listen to the Lambs.....Dett
Quartette.
6. The Winds from the South.....Scott
Mrs. E. F. Jones.
7. Selection from "In a Persian Garden"
Lehman
Baritone Solo, As When the Tulip
fof Her Morning Sup
Quartette, Alas! That Spring Should
Vanish With the Rose
8. (a) Romance.....S. Coleridge-Taylor
(b) SouvenirDidla
Mr. Harrell
9. Fairest Daughter of the Graces
(Quartette from Rigoletto)....Verdi
Quartette.
Management, J. Sherman Jones.

Ebenezer Church quartette rendered a program in Cambridge, Mass., November 9, 1920.

Livingstone College of North Carolina held a meeting in Park Street Church (white) in Boston, Mass., Rev. Mann, of Trinity P. E. Church presiding, to raise money to complete new buildings. A musical program was rendered by Ebenezer Quartette.

The People's Baptist Church of Boston, Mass., Rev. Klugh, pastor, has followed the good example set by Ebenezer Church and installed a quartette. May the other Negro churches do likewise.

"He that walketh with the wise men shall be wise."—Proverbs XIII, 20.

NOTICE.—All Massachusetts news of musical programs rendered may be sent to our Music Editor, Mr. Chas. A. Henry, 31 Windsor Street, Roxbury, Mass. Notes from other States may be sent direct to The Crusader, 2299 Seventh Ave., New York, to insure prompt publication. Short reports of musical events are solicited.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC

By CHAS. A. HENRY

949

"THE primal element in music is vibration: Music is motion always in perfection."

Folk-song was the beginning of what we call "melody," and the best specimens of folk-songs are quite as perfect in range as are the greatest works of the masters.

Their contour and rhythm are sometimes as delicately balanced as the mechanism of a fine instrument. And when we remember that these melodies were the spontaneous utterance of simple, untutored people who, in forming them, depended almost entirely on instinct, we realize how intimate a medium music is for the expression of feeling.

People who could neither read nor write and who had little knowledge or experience of artistic object could, nevertheless, create perfect works of beauty in the medium of sound.

Harmony is an adjunct to the other two elements. It is in music something of what color is in painting.

Music deals first of all with feeling or emotion.

Is it any wonder that it's a fact that the Negro melodies are the true American songs? Who has any more right to call its people's songs, American? They have suffered and still love their country. True prayer to God and faith in Him, with the aid of their songs delivered them.

We may accept Schopenhauer's saying: "Music is an image of the will." (The Divine will.)

When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also another man, that is more than self-government; that is despotism.—
Abraham Lincoln.

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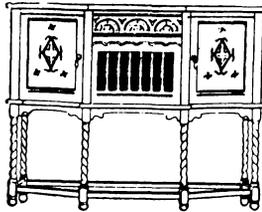
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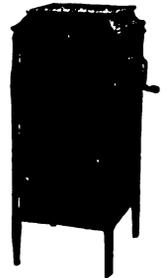
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WHO ARE THE REAL JEWS

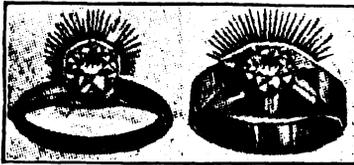
(Continued from Page 17)

God, spat upon and nailed Him on the cross, but, thanks to God, not one of the Hamites took part in the scandal and slaying of the righteous. Every one who reads the Hebrew Bible, especially books as Joshua and Judges, can acknowledge the truth that Canaan was a country of cities and a land of milk and honey and wine. Joshua told his people that they became owners of cities not built by Hebrews, wells not dug by them, vineyards not planted by them (read Joshua 24:13). The ancestors of the black race were the lawful Jews. In Nathrop's history he stated that after the Hebrews captured Jebus, the country of the Jebusites, they called themselves Jews and the city Jerusalem. It should be noticed that this same land and city was the same land over which Melchisedec reigned King and priest of the Most High God. This country was a country of a Hamite tribe called Jebusites who built the great city called Salem, which means city of peace. It was later captured by the alien Hebrew enemies who adopted the name with a slight change Jerusalem. The Hamitic name of the city would be Jebusalem, which means Jebusite, city of peace. It was a city of righteousness before the coming of the Hebrew alien shedders of blood, from the fact that characters like Melchisedec and Araunah lived in it. Melchisedec was ruler of the country and had the power to make it a country of peace and righteousness, and it was. That is the reason why the city was called a city of peace.

Having the wealth of the world in their hands with no one to dispute their rights, our people were left unarmed except only a few tribes which had only a crude system of defense, and their enemies, both Hebrews and

Europeans, went in and slaughtered them, took their wealth and arts for themselves and children's children, and so we have the present civilization. In answering the question which race is the chosen race, I must advise my people with due respect to avoid the errors which wreck other men and nations, and that is undue selfishness. The Hebrew account which marks themselves as the chosen race has no unchangeable authority. In fact, most of the Hebrew writing from Abraham to Zerubabel proves to be absolutely false. The following is a sample of the falsehood of the Hebrew writings (Judges 1:19): The Lord was with Juda and He drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but those of the valley He could not because they had chariots of iron. Gen. 17-6, the Lord said Kings shall come out of Abraham; 1st Samuel, chapter 8, this chapter displeases Samuel and the Lord that Kings should come out of Abraham. Judges, 3rd chapter: Here we learn that these Hamitic peoples knew nothing about war, but God left Hebrews to teach them war. As compared with God's commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," etc., this Hebrew fallacious reasoning is ridiculous. God is unchangeable. When He created man He was no different from when He came in the flesh. If He called the Hebrews "my people," He called our mother Egypt also "my people" (read Isa. 19:25). If He intended to drive the Canaanites out, iron chariots could not prevent Him. He had no chosen race and will never have any. Our race was the first great race that colonized many countries and built civilization, but a great hand, which is God's, has come and hushed us to sleep. He has promised to awake us to reason and restore us again, and, perhaps, for this reason William II of Germany was born into the world. Perhaps he is that very one of Isa. 19:20. Everywhere there are signs that Egypt shall be freed, if she receives her independence the prophesy will come to pass which was published in the "Revealed Secret" to wit: Ezekel 29: 12, 13, 14 vs., Isa. 19:20, Egypt is a country of our ancestors and prepare for an Exodus. According to the close analysis on black man's land written in the "Rising Tide of Color," France and Britain have pledged to hold Africa for white boys and girls. And so, Christianity, you circumventive brute, there will be nowhere on the earth for the black race to live! It was well said by Christ that you would come in His name and deceive many, and yea, my people, are deceived. But if Egypt does not receive her independence an evil exists in Britain dressed in robes and wigs which shall be plucked up and burned in the fire, even fire kindled by the Nile's God, and the world shall be freed.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim.—*Macaulay*.



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WAR WITH MEXICO; WHAT IS THE NEGRO GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

By LINN A. E. GALE,

Again the American Negro is to be called upon to do the bloody, butcherous business of the world's worst brigands, the capitalists of the United States and England.

Will he be fool enough to obey when the summons comes? Will he once more consent to fill the wretched, brutal role that his masters have marked out for him? Is he still so stupid as to go forth and murder his fellow-men without cause, without incentive, without even profit for himself, and with the certain knowledge that after he has done the dirty work, he will be kicked about, spat upon, enslaved and burned to death with the same contemptuous cruelty that has always marked the attitude of the white race toward him?

We shall see. We shall see whether the fire of radicalism that is kindling in the hearts of this eternal victim on the altar of greedy tyranny will actually impel him to assert his liberty and refuse to be the tool of his exploiters longer.

There are many indications that the limit has been nearly reached, that the *worm is about to turn*. Not a few soldiers who went to France to fight and suffer for the saving of democracy have come back with the gall of bitterness in their hearts and a glitter in their eyes that bodes ill for whoever tries to send them on such a hypocritical errand again. More than one of them has said that if he does any more shooting it will be to kill the "Huns" of America rather than to slaughter harm-

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less workers of other lands. And among the disillusioned and awakened veterans none has been brought to his senses so sharply and suddenly as the American Negro.

Just now an insidious propaganda is being conducted in the United States to pave the way for military intervention in Mexico, the overthrow of the elected government and the establishment of a "protectorate" under which the oil companies will really run the country. Ghastly tales of "atrocities" in Mexico are being published and circulated with assiduous care in the republic to the north. Pains are being taken to distract attention away from the fact that the real agitators for intervention are petroleum magnates and their agents, and to make it appear that the demand comes mainly from victims of robberies and relatives of murdered persons. Bandits are secretly supplied with funds and weapons so that they make rebellions against Obregon, terrorize people and furnish evidences of "disorder" that needs intervention to stop it. A campaign of "education" is quietly going on so that the opposition to intervention may be eliminated before the time of the actual declaration of war. A few months ago American soldiers crossed the border and entered Mexico to "chase bandits" who, it was alleged, had kidnapped two aviators. The aviators were returned with surprising rapidity, but it took a long time to find the bandits. During the search the Carranza soldiers captured most of the brigands and the Yankees made a poor showing. However, they stayed on Mexican soil as long as possible, probably in the hope that they could goad the Mexicans into attacking them and giving an excuse for immediate invasion of the country generally. The Mexicans did not attack them, however, and the attitude of the American people was decidedly cool toward intervention. So the troops were withdrawn and the oil magnates are now waiting a more opportune time. Meanwhile, the process of "education" is being attended to carefully.

It is safe to predict, then, that it will not be many months before a new attempt is made to wage war on the Mexicans. The only thing that can prevent it is such a manifestation of solidarity among the American working class generally that the men higher up will not dare to have their blood-feast.

They who fight the wars can refuse to fight further wars. They who make the in-

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struments of destruction and death, can refuse to make more of them. They who run the mills and mines and railroads can refuse to run them any longer.

This is the only language that insensate and conscienceless capitalism will understand. It is the only language that is of any use to the workers. Petitions, resolutions, protests, meetings and the like have a certain agitational and educational value and are, therefore, useful in informing the public, but that is as far as they go. The same is true of votes. In the "democratic" United States people do not vote on wars, anyway. Wars are declared without consulting the voters. And even if pacifist legislators and officials are elected, the prospect of war profits easily induces them to break their promises. No pledge could be more emphatic than Wilson's to "keep us out of war," but he broke it with the cool callousness of an accomplished liar when Wall Street pressure grew strong enough.

The slogan of the *Radical Review* that "Right Without Might is Moonshine," is true as truth itself. Polite pleadings and respectful remonstrances won't amount to a damn if the capitalist government of the United States declares war with Mexico. The majority of the American people did not want war with Germany and could not see where Potsdam was any worse than London, but they had war just the same. The steam roller went smoothly on, flattening out most opposition. Those who wouldn't be steam rolled were put in prison, lynched or bullied into acquiescence by tarring and feathering and horse-

whipping or else managed to flee the country, as I did. The same thing will happen when war with Mexico is declared unless—

The workers use their economic power. DIRECT ACTION WILL PREVENT ANOTHER WAR. Nothing else will.

Let us be sensible and look the situation in the face. Wars, being a phase of capitalism, cannot be carried on without workers to run the industries and fighters to do the killing. The capitalists never do either the work or the killing. They wouldn't, anyway. But they couldn't if they would. They are too few. The workers outnumber them hundreds and thousands of times. *So if the workers won't work and the fighters won't fight there won't be any war.* That is all there is to it. It is as plain as the nose on your face.

From an economic standpoint the Negro and the white man have no differing interests. It is to the interests of the capitalists to make them think they have, but in reality they haven't. They are all fellow workers and they all ought to stand together. This is the fundamental, general reason why the Negro ought to get ready for the next war by organizing to refuse to participate in it. *But the Negro has the special, specific reason that he is a Negro.* Outrageous as it is to expect a white workingman to fight in the wars of capitalists, it is the acme of criminal absurdity to ask a Negro to do so. Some white workingmen get temporary benefits from wars—temporary, never permanent,

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mark you—but *no Negro gets anything out of any capitalist war.* A little palaver while the hellish affair is on, maybe, but the minute it is over he is abused, maltreated and murdered as usual. In most cases he doesn't even get the palaver after the fighting begins—only before, as verbal flypaper to lure him on.

Some Negroes entertained a certain amount of faith in the decency of their exploiters before the last war, but no Negro in his right mind can have any faith left in them now. Therefore, there is no excuse for any Negro taking part in war with Mexico if war is declared. Any Negro who does is a downright, unadulterated idiot—nothing else. But I have so much confidence in the growing intelligence of the race that I do not feel that I need to elaborate on this point. I think the day of the conservative Negro has passed and that with the coming of the radical Negro the mass of colored people will be ready to resist the next conspiracy of international capitalism.

The only question for the Negro, then, is *how* shall he act to prevent war with Mexico? That has already been answered—*Economic power and direct action.*

Organize industrially if you work in a factory. Join the I. W. W., the only red-blooded labor organization functioning on a nation-wide scale and with a clear vision of economic realities. Join as a member-at-large if you have no local union, but try to start a local union. Organize your fellow Negroes. Drive into their minds the fact that war is imminent, and they will be called on to fight as usual, and that this time they must have sense enough to refuse and to resist, if necessary. If you work on a plantation, organize your fellow workers the same as if you were in a factory. Keep quiet about your organization. Your exploiters will begin to prepare, too, when they know you are preparing, so *prepare first*, but do so secretly as long as possible. This gives you so much time ahead of the other fellow.

Don't confine your work to factory and farm employes. Get in touch with Negro soldiers. They are "workers," too. Tell them to *get ready to strike, also, if they are summoned to do any more of the kind of "work" that they did in France.* The Boston policemen set a good example lately. So did the American boys in Russia who mutinied and refused to fight the Bolsheviks. You will be further examples before long. You won't be alone. You will

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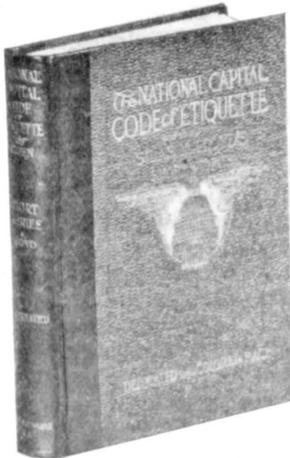
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find more co-operation than you expect.
 If capitalism really believes that labor
 will neither work nor fight in the event
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 a little before declaring such a war. It
 probably won't dare to declare one. If it
 does and uses force to try to break labor's
 general strike, *let labor act in self-defense.*
 All American workers should get ready
 for direct action in order to avert another
 hideous hell of war. They may not need
 to use it, but let them *get ready.*

The American Negroes, being the most
 oppressed and miserable element among
 the American workers, have racial reasons,
 as well as economic reasons, for immediate
 preparedness.

Organize now! Tomorrow may be too
 late!

(Signature deleted.)

New York City, Sept. 18, 1920.

Editor The Crusader.

Dear Sir:—That notorious sycophant and
 race traitor, Charles W. Anderson, opposes the
 return of the Negro to Africa for purposes of
 government of the Negro by the Negro and in
 the interests of the Negro in place of the pres-
 ent pernicious system of government of the
 Negro by the white man and in the interests of
 the white man and his few servile tools like
 Charles W. Anderson.

The Crusader seemingly anticipated this op-
 position to African redemption upon the part
 of our Negro Serviles when, in its last issue, it
 remarked that, "It may be expected, too, that
 the old-time, truckling, lick-spittle politicians
 and editor-politicians of the Negro race would
 be opposed to any movement out of this coun-
 try of the suffering Negro masses. That would
 be robbing them of their bread and butter since
 depriving them of the privilege of selling their
 brothers for insignificant political jobs and
 profitable political advertising. It is not likely
 that in a Negro State, with degrees of merit
 and not degrees of servility ruling, that these
 half-baked intellects would escape the neces-
 sity of turning to honest manual labor for a
 livelihood. No wonder the creatures are op-
 posed to a plan that would cut short their
 posing, on an ounce of brain and less of train-
 ing, as editors and leaders of the race!"

Of course, it would deprive Mr. Anderson of
 his livelihood. But we should worry. Let him
 starve. Yours, a regular reader,

C. JONES.

P. S.—Moreover he doesn't have to go.

C. J.

If it weren't for those devilish Russian
 Soviets putting "propaganda" into Negroes'
 heads, they'd think it were perfectly all
 right to be burned alive.—*New York Call.*
 That seems to be the idea to a T.

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A MARINE'S CONFESSION

Washington, Oct. 24, 1920.
Mr. Cyril V. Briggs,
Editor of The Crusader.

Dear Sir:—I am an ex-marine and wish to inform you that I was down in San Domingo with the "Fighting 32nd," 4th Regiment, and have seen injustices committed on the natives. In fact, participated in them, for I was young and foolish in those days, a sufferer of capitalist propaganda. I was seething with prejudice and mad with Dominican booze. Now, however, since I have been chastened by the spirit of Socialism, and humbled by Truth, I desire to atone and fight the colored man's battle along with that of other oppressed peoples, even though it makes me enemies, even though it kill me.

The Dominicans are a brave, musical people (I can appreciate that now). I have seen one native with seven bullets through him walking along smiling and smoking a cigarette. And I have seen every pedestrian of the City of Santo Domingo, who were in the vicinity of a ship in which an Austrian friend of mine was playing a mandolin, stop and listen to the music.

I and three other marines took French leave from camp one night, held up a boat manned by natives and left the town of Sanchez. We went to the mountains, obtained civilian clothes and ran into General Cha Cha, who knew we were marines, yet spared our lives. Soon a battle ensued while we were still in Monte Cocoa where Cha Cha had his troops stationed and I and the other marines surrendered to Colonel Barnes of the U. S. M. C. We asked him to spare Cha Cha if he were captured, but while I lay in prison at Fort Ozama I heard that the poor fellow had been

killed, whether purposely or not I do not know. The Dominican Government furnished us with underwear, for which I am eternally grateful to it.

At Sanchez we used to obtain liquor and other unnecessary things and sign our names George Washington or Christopher Columbus, or something vulgar, and never paid.

One of my confederates in crime while digging a trench alongside of me, picked up a large piece of clay and struck a native in the face. I believe it knocked the man's eye out, but nothing was ever done about it, and my friend ate a good supper that night.

I was with a party of drunken marines who made a raid on an old fort one night, and a sergeant in charge of us struck an old native (who was poor and sleeping on a bare floor) across the forehead with a big machetta. Another time a native asked a friend of mine (a marine) for some money that was owing to him. The sergeant in charge of my patrol knocked the man clean across the street. In consideration of these facts I sympathize with the Dominicans or Haitians when they protest against the treatment dished out to them by the Democratic administration at Washington.

It all goes to show how militarism will brutalize the natures of men who are not naturally mean at heart. God grant that the day will soon come when the world will cast off the chains of capitalism and rejoice in the free air of brotherhood.

Very truly yours,
(Signature deleted by the editor, but both signature and address of the writer are held by this publication at the disposal of any Federal investigating body that may make application for it.)

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SUGGESTION 3.

5 shares Knights Developing Co. @ \$50.00	\$50.00	\$5.00
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CORRESPONDENCE

1520 W 26th Street,
Omaha, Neb., Oct 20, 1920.

Cyril V. Briggs,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure to write you in regard to your great magazine of which I am a reader, and must confess that its merits are sublime in scope—yet plain and simple. I am indeed interested in the paramount movement that is being fostered and operated by the leading men of today. There could not be a greater thought of the leaders or of the people than that of forming a republic of their own—which is essential to the realization of our highest ambitions and desires, if we as a race or people are ever to come into our own, this is the chance through which we may direct our steps to reach the desired place in the world. I am longing to see that day when it can be said Negroes have founded a republic of their own, when said republic is once founded the result will be far-reaching and its powers will be felt throughout the world, and its voice given consideration and its prestige will secure for it the respect and consideration of the world. As God has given our race this great country called Africa, with her vast riches that far exceed those of all other continents, then why will we remain in a country where we are treated like dogs, where our grievances go unheeded and our protests unregarded, and where we are barred from participation in the affairs of the government whose life we have contributed to in every way—yet we are barred

from the benefits of her common wealth, while others, foreign born, are accorded the full benefits and opportunities. The question that lingers in my mind is how long will we tolerate these conditions that spell the handicap and death of our highest ambitions and desires and menace our future generations. I am a poor boy, born in the Southland I did not have a chance to finish my common school education—all as a result of those conditions that so terribly handicap the Southern black man, and his ambitious son, though I have always desired my freedom and a chance which has always been denied.

I am interested in this great effort to organize ourselves in a body to win back our fatherland, therefore, I write you in order that I may be kept posted along the line of its operation. Yours for success and prosperity.
CHARLEY PORTER.

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

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