

The Crusader

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STAFF:

CYRIL V. BRIGGS, Editor
REV. M. FRANKLIN PETERS, Associate Editor.
BERTHA F. BRIGGS, Business Manager

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Gertrude E. Hall, Theo. Burrell, Ben E. Burrell,
William H. Briggs, R. L. Ross, Bertha De Basco,
C. Valentine.

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Please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the UNITED PRODUCE ASS'N., INC., for the purpose of electing Directors and Inspectors of Election and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held on the second day of February, 1921 at eight o'clock, in the evening, at the office of the company, at 2547 Eighth Avenue, Manhattan.

The transfer books will remain closed from the 15th day of January, 1921, until the 3d day of February, 1921.

Dated the 10th day of January, 1921.

T. H. PLUMMER,
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for Advertisement
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THE CRUSADER

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FEBRUARY, 1921

WHOLE No. 30

Heroic Ireland

*The Irish Fight for Liberty the Greatest
Epic of Modern Times and a Sight to
Inspire to Emulation All Oppressed
Groups.*

By
CYRIL V. BRIGGS.

THE spectacle of a Little People intrepidly and tirelessly opposing the might of the world's greatest Empire and Oppressor, is one that must thrill all lovers of liberty and give birth to aspirations of freedom and emulation of daring deeds in the breasts of all the oppressed peoples of the world.

The Irish fight for liberty is the greatest Epic of Modern History. It is a struggle that should have the sympathy and active support of every lover of liberty—of every member of an oppressed group. The Negro in particular should be interested in the Irish struggle, for while it is patent that Ireland can never escape from the menace of "the overshadowing empire" so long as England is able to maintain her grip on the riches and man power of India and Africa, it is also clear that those suffering together under the heel of British imperialism must learn to CO-ORDINATE THEIR EFFORTS before they can HOPE TO BE FREE. The mighty tyrant is not to be toppled over by an unaided Ireland, however, courageously her valiant sons may fight; nor yet by an Africa or India unorganized and unaided. England menaced in ONLY ONE QUARTER AT THE SAME TIME can successfully defend her ill-gotten spoils and her bleeding conquests—can easily maintain her grave-yard peace—her boasted *par Britannica*. But England menaced on many quarters AT THE SAME TIME, faced by the determined bayonets of ALL her "subject peoples" would be an England AT THE END OF HER ROPE. And until England is brought to the end of her rope there will be no freedom for Ireland, India or Africa

Co-ordination of efforts will win the day, but preceding co-ordination there must be understanding and appreciation of the aims and aspirations of each other. The British are now trying to embarrass the Irish fight for freedom as well as to justify their own Hunnishness in Ireland by the belated publication of papers pertaining to prove Irish collusion with "the enemy" during the recent war. There is so little proof of this given in the British "papers" that their publication has failed to raise a ripple of interest even in England. But suppose there had been collusion between the Irish and the Germans Who, from the Irish standpoint, was the enemy? The Germans who, not having had the opportunity, even though possibly pos-

sessed of the inclination, had not murdered Irish men, women and children, burned Irish cities to the ground, destroyed Irish creameries and factories, and in a thousand and one atrocious ways made war upon the Irish people—or the English who having both the opportunity and the inclination had done (and are still doing) these things?

In shocked tones they tell us of "wanton Sinn Fein attacks on constituted authority" in the shape of British soldiers and officials in Ireland. But by what right are British soldiers and officials maintained on Irish soil in direct violation of the plebiscite by which more than nine-tenths of the Irish people declared themselves in favor of an independent republic and elected their own constituted authorities? When Englishmen complain of attacks on their mercenaries stationed in Ireland and brand such attacks as "murderous" and speaks of their casualties in battle as "murders," it is time to ask by what divine decree is British rule established in Ireland that it is to be considered as inviolate and unchangeable.

It should be easily possible for Negroes to sympathize with the Irish fight against tyranny and oppression, and vice-versa, since both are in the same boat and both the victims of the same Anglo-Saxon race—albeit the Negro suffers in the New World as well as in the Old World, in Africa as well as in the United States.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO.

J. Aubrey Carpenter.

Firm for our Rights we stand, though many
burdens we have borne
And trials and tribulations of fifty years and
more to mourn.
We have risen from the depths; yet we have
always comprehent
The heights of Progress where all men must
to victory ascend.
We have had many noble men who have never
thought of giving pause
Until the goal is reached; the victory won for
our righteous cause.
We stand firm, for we have heard the voice and
call of Liberty and Right
And battle and fight we must if to Freedom's
call we must answer with our Might.



MAMIE SMITH AND—

MAMIE SMITH, the nationally favored lyric syncopater, is forsaking the cabaret and legitimate stage, and is answering the call to the higher realm of art, the concert stage. There is unbounded enthusiasm for Mamie Smith throughout the country. Uncle Sam is burdened daily with hundreds of letters from her admirers, voicing urgent requests for Okeh records of her songs. She is being booked for an extensive tour. So great is her popularity that she sings to capacity filled houses always. She is reputed as having filled

the Billy Sunday Tabernacle, Norfolk, Va., which has a seating capacity of 15,000, and there were crowds even around the windows. This is the way she is received, heartily and spontaneously.

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An exclusive Okeh Record artist, she monthly adds to her repertoire of pleasing songs. Watch for the release of new Okeh catalogs, and you will learn of her latest. Perry Bradford, the eminent song composer, is her only song writer.

Miss Smith made her first records for the Pace & Handy organization, which gave her the opportunity to prove her ability.



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All Photographs on this Page were Taken by the Famous New York Photographer, Walter Baker.



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CAPT. OLIVE GAYNES,
of Corp. No. 8, Salvation Army, with Headquarters at 131st Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. Capt. Gayne has been with the Salvation Army for Over Fifteen Years, and has Seen Much Service. She was Trained in the Salvation Army Training College in Kingston, Jamaica, and Worked for Three Years in that Part of the Field. She has Worked, too, in Colon, Panama, in Trinidad and St. Lucia. Capt. Gaynes has been in the United States for Six Years.



MRS. MARION DANIELS,
of Wainwright and Daniels. Mrs. Daniels is One of the Best Colored Business Women in the Country.

EDITORIALS

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

PROPAGANDA AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

The Ku Klux Klan, according to an article in the *New York Herald*, proposes to spend one million dollars a year "for propaganda."

In this recognition by the Klan of the vast power for good or for evil of organized propaganda lies one of the greatest dangers to the Negro. In the past propaganda, unorganized and on a scale insignificant in comparison to that on which the Klan is now planning, worked great injury to the Negro race. Organized and intensified, the powers of propaganda are practically illimitable.

But propaganda need not be confined to one side. Nor was the Rev. Simmons and his pack of amiable hell-hounds the first to recognize the merits of propaganda. The great world war was practically won by propaganda—propaganda that destroyed the German morale and propaganda that kept up the spirits of the allied nations. Soviet Russia has destroyed enemy after enemy by the insidious power of propaganda, and France and England today stand powerless against Lenine because of the success of Soviet propaganda among the French and British workers and the resultant refusal of these workers to fight the Russian proletariat. Two years ago, too, the *African Blood Brotherhood*, organizing to meet just such a menace as that presented by the resurrection of the Ku Klux Klan, emphasized its belief in the power of propaganda to effect certain of its aims by appointing from its secret membership two significantly named committees—the "Committee of Propaganda" and the "Refutation Committee." One to spread Negro propaganda and the other to refute anti-Negro propaganda.

In the end victory in the war of the propagandists will rest with the side having the greatest resources in money and brain power. The Negro will have Truth on his side, but, on the other hand, the Ku Klux Klan will have a most fertile and willing soil in the mind of the average white man for race prejudice propaganda. The Ku Klux Klan will also probably have the advantage in resources unless the Negro absorbs the lesson that money is the sinews of war (war of the pen as well as war of the sword) and learns to give generously and—wisely.

AS TO WHO "CAME DOWN OUT OF THE TREE LAST"

Realizing the probable outcome of a fight between "White World Champion" Jack Dempsey and the colored hurricane, Harry Wills, the *Daily News* (New York) attempts an explanation in advance of the white man's defeat: "If the hope of the white race is blasted with Dempsey we'll give him a monument with an inscription, 'He was a durn good white man, but he came down out of the tree too soon.'" And again: "Wills came out of the tree a long time after Dempsey did. . . ." All of which, summed up, means a repetition of the claim that the white man was the *originator* of civilization as against the *fact* that he was wandering over Europe a naked, greasy savage at the time that civilization was being originated on the banks of the upper Nile, and has since become an *imitator*, albeit, an improver, too, of the civilization which black men (with, perhaps, a comparatively few Semites) developed in the dim dawn of civilization several thousand years ago.

It takes a long time to nail an ordinary lie and a much longer time to nail a lie that people wish to believe. The white race likes to believe itself superior to the other races, and so voluntarily blinds itself to the facts to the contrary. When its physical inferiority is proven in a manner that it cannot ignore the white race explains it by the allegation that the Negro is more closely allied to the gorilla than is the white man, and then falls back upon the intellectual superiority claim, the while discouraging to the utmost the efforts of the Negro to again develop the dormant intellectual powers that once ruled the world through the mighty Theban Pharaohs.

Were it not for this determination on the part of the white race to believe and keep alive a lie the Negro race would long ago have been given universal credit for the birth-process of civilization. As it is, it is only in the scientific world, and even there only by scientists who, although caucasians, are not willing to stoop to the prostitution of their science for the perpetuation of the lie that the white world wishes to believe.

The fact is that the European races have always lagged behind in the past, although at present in the very van of progress.

Europe originally received her culture through Greece, to whom it came through Egypt, Syria and Mesopotamia. And in the Dark Ages, when Europe was again sinking to her old-time cultural level, it was a Saracenic impulse that gave birth to the Renaissance which, beginning in Italy, slowly extended its influence over the continent and brought Europe back to civilization. But the white man knows the story. He knows who gave civilization to the world. He knows that even the development which civilization has had at the hands of the white man would have been impossible but for the Negro's discovery of the art of smelting iron ore. It is not that the educated white man does not know. It is merely that he wants to believe the contrary, and in such a case all arguments will be unavailing—save, perhaps, the argument which Japan found so highly effective in the case of Czarist Russia.

BLAMING IT ON GARVEY

While THE CRUSADER holds no brief for Mr. Garvey it must emphatically reject the explanation offered by Mr. Hubert of the Urban League in a letter to the *New York Globe* (reprinted elsewhere in this issue) for the "peculiar" fact that the present unemployment crisis is affecting Negro workers as well as white workers.

In the first place, unemployment is general—unconfined to any particular race or class. In the second place, in spite of Mr. Hubert's attempt to invoke a new principle in economics, it is a well-known fact that employers do not hire workers primarily to give the latter aid. If white workers "who are in a position to help" are not employing "colored girls and boys" it is because they have "neither need of their services nor a desire to engage in 'industrial philanthropy.'" (The latter exists only in Mr. Hubert's imagination. Even in their contributions to the Urban League employers have a reason other than any of simon-pure philanthropy). If individual white employers are telling colored workers to "go to Marcus Garvey" for employment these employers are merely utilizing—in the white man's time-honored way—an opportunity to weaken the morale of the Negro race and to create a schism among the race by leading one group to hold another group responsible for ills that are general throughout the country and were certain to be inflicted even had Negroes remained 100 per cent. servile.

That Negroes are the first to feel the pinch of unemployment in prejudice-ridden America should hardly create surprise.

Have they not always been *the first* to feel the pinch of hard times and *the last* to receive the benefits of prosperity? Is it not true that they were given employment in Northern industries during the war merely because, immigration having stopped for the time, white labor was unobtainable in sufficient numbers to fill even normal needs, much less the needs created by conscription?

ANTI-SEMITISM.

Once again the world is being swept with a wave of anti-Semitism before which the comparative security and toleration enjoyed by the Jews in a few of the more advanced countries have already withered in some and are seriously threatened in others, while in those lands where Jewish rights were never secure the plight of the "race of sorrows" is indeed pathetic.

THE CRUSADER is in hearty sympathy with the oppressed of every race and clime. We sincerely hope that Negroes will be prompt to discern the right and wrong in the case, and the similarity between the situation facing the Jewish people and that with which they themselves are faced. In both cases the two peoples have filled the ancient world with their deeds. In both cases the upstart races, appearing on the world-scene much later than either Negro or Semite, have attempted to rob them of much of their glory—with more success in the case of the Negro than in that of the Semite—and to bend them to their imperious will, dealing out to them persecution and repression in a vain attempt to prevent them from regaining the heights which they won of old.

We also hope that Negroes will discern the futility of "putting their trust in princes" or of relying upon the toleration of dominant races. For many, many centuries the Jewish people have suffered persecution and oppression. For thousands of years they have been traveling along the wrong road in the effort to reach a solution of their problem and an end to their persecution. For thousands of years they have put their reliance upon the mere possession of money and the toleration of the dominant races in whose countries they lived, which they thought money could always buy, forgetting that the man possessed of money alone and not having that force with which it can be defended and held to its rightful owner is always at the mercy of the man who covets the money and has the force with which to take it from its rightful owner. This is not the road that the world's strongest races and

nations have traveled. This is not the road by which Japan was able to solve within half a century the problems which have afflicted the Jews for many centuries.

That the Jews are now beginning to recognize the futility of their efforts to attain security and liberty by any other road than that of strong, successful nationalism is evident from the enthusiasm with which the Palestine project was hailed and the speed with which many thousands of Jews have returned to the land of their fathers.

It should not be necessary for the Negro to go through the same experience to discover a truth which universal history so plainly teaches and emphasizes.

DEBS UNREPENTANT

On the grounds that Eugene Debs is still unrepentant President Wilson refuses to consider an application for the pardon of the aged Socialist who was sentenced to ten years in Atlanta Penitentiary for saying during the war what Woodrow Wilson said after the armistice; i. e., that the war was engendered by commercial rivalries and fought for commercial advantages.

We are sincerely glad that Debs should be unrepentant. Of what should he repent? Debs did not run on a platform having as its main plank the statement that "he kept us out of war," with the implied promise that if re-elected he would continue so to do. Debs did not scrap that pledge directly after his re-election. Debs opposed war on principle. He sought election on a campaign of truth. Why should Debs be repentant?

Debs did not lie to the American people in grandiloquent phrases as to the "holy" purposes of the war and later admit the truth that it was caused by commercial rivalry and fought for commercial ends. Debs said that all along. Why should he be repentant?

Debs did not formulate a set of fourteen points upon which the enemy was induced to ask for an armistice only to be later wantonly betrayed by the originator of the points. Why should Debs be repentant?

Debs did not betray the struggling masses of humanity who placed their trust in him to make "wrong right" and to create a "just and lasting peace." Debs did not go to Europe posing as the savior of mankind and return to America the most discredited clod of humanity. Why should Debs be repentant?

Debs went to Atlanta Penitentiary rather than play false to his conscience and his fellow-men. Do heroes repent their heroism? Do martyrs repent their choice? Debs, like Wilson, could have served Mam-

mon and the Interests. Debs preferred to serve the people—his conscience and his God! Of what should he repent?

IF EGYPT WANTS FREEDOM SHE MUST PAY THE PRICE

History repeats. Now, as in the past, "he who would be free himself must strike the blow." If the Egyptian people have any desire for freedom from British oppression they must buy that freedom with their money and with their blood. They must fight for it.

Trust in British promises was bound to meet with bitter disappointment. Imperial Britain, arch-enemy of liberty, will have none of the Milner plan, shameful compromise with tyranny on the part of the Egyptian leaders though that was. Britain and her House of Lords have decided for a continuation of the system of governing Egypt by the organized terrorism which in British eyes passes for law and order. *Pax Britannica*—the peace of the dead, the quiet of depopulated wildernesses—is to be the fate of Egypt as it is of India and Ireland. As it is intended to be of any victim of the BRITISH EMPIRE which in the future raises its protesting voice for self-determination.

A WORTHY PURPOSE FOR SERVILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

To those "cullud" persons who are so ready to raise funds for the starving Belgians or funds to erect memorials to white men who left behind them on their death no tangible evidence (the hot air having been blown away by the icy breath of the grim reaper) of ever having done anything for the Negro, THE CRUSADER submits as worthy of their servile co-operation the effort being begun to raise funds for the purpose of carving "a vast memorial to the Confederacy on the face of Stone Mountain, a great granite monolith just outside Atlanta."

The Renaissance Theatre, built by the Sarco Realty Co., is completed, and Harlem now has a new picture house whose seating capacity is large and whose interior decorations compare with the best in Harlem. The new theatre opened on the evening of January 14, with a private show to stockholders of the corporation and friends; opening the next day to the general public.

The New York Academy, N. Y., has launched a drive for the completion of its building fund.

Caribbean Love Song

By
Ben E. Burrell

All night I am tossing and dreaming,
 Awaiting the break of day;
 All night the bright moonbeams are streaming
 On me, O beloved where I lay.
 The tides in my heart are conspiring
 To draw forth your soul unto mine;
 O dark eyes my soul is desiring
 To take you and make you divine.

I am taking the path thro' the meadow,
 The pathway that leads to the bay;
 I'll pass 'neath the ceiba trees' shadow
 Ere dawn turns the blue mountains gray.
 Your isle I shall reach in the even,
 When skies turn to gold in the West;
 And under the bright stars of heaven
 I'll lull you to sleep on my breast.

*I will take you away from your island,
 I'll take you away to mine own;
 Black maiden for you, I'll bring my canoe
 My heart you shall take as your throne.
 The bamboos they're bending and sighing,
 And waiting for you 'neath their shade;
 Wild woods are speaking, palm fronds are creak-
 ing,
 The morn winds have heard what they said.*

*My isle is the best in the Carib Sea,
 So come from your cabin I pray;
 Here I am waiting, slip thro' the grating,
 And come down to me in the bay.
 Sleep while we glide in the moonbeams to rest;
 And dream of our isle o'er the sea;
 Death cannot sever, the love that forever
 Will bind me black maiden to thee!*

A Threat From Texas

1011

Houston, Texas,
January 12th, 1921.

Cyril V. Briggs,
2299 Seventh Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The latter part of the letter was deleted because of indecent language. The letter bore no signature. In the place where a BRAVE MAN would have signed his name were two badly scrawled initials. This is what comes out of Texas. The Negro's courage needs no defense. Texan can ask the Germans, who ran every time they faced our boys, or the French, who decorated a full Negro American regiment.

"Nigger" Briggs:--

Your plan to organize an "African Brotherhood to protect the gang of "black bellied" reptiles termed by you as an African and by a true Southerner a "black nigger" is amusing inasmuch as you state that your race "met and defeated the flower of the white race on the bloody fields of Chambers" which you know to be nothing but a damnable black lie!! Being a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces, I saw your gang of "Niggers" serving in Labor Battalions BECAUSE they couldn't stand the "guff" of the big guns---the niggers got down on their knees and prayed for their lives whenever a German Gun would explode. **Niggers!!!** This is a lie told to you to put the "soft pedal" on the organization of your society or WE WILL

Cyril V. Briggs,
 Organizer, African Brotherhood,
 2299 Seventh Street (or Avenue),
 New York, N. Y.





THOMAS H. GREEN,
Photographer, Whose Studio Appears Below. Mr. Green Is One of the Young Successful Business Men of New York.



P. A. McDOUGALL,
Director of Harlem Dramatic School, a Much Needed Institution in Negrodom, Holding Classes at the Harlem Community House, Seventh Avenue, at the Corner of 139th Street. Classes are Held on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 8.30 to 10 P. M.

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A View of the Photographic Studio of Thos. H. Green, Photographer, of New York. Mr. Green was Born in Xenia, Ohio, Where in 1905 he Graduated from the Xenia High School. Studied One Year in the Cincinnati Art Academy. Came to New York in 1906. Is a Graduate of the School of Arts and Sciences, 44th Street, Where he Won First Prize. Later Entered the Studio of A. F. Bradley on Fifth Avenue, from Which, After Five Years as Head Printer, he Went to the Studio of Kazenjjan, One of the Finest Portrait Artists of New York. Worked There Five Years, Leaving to Establish his own Business at 2139 Seventh Avenue. Photo of Mr. Green above.



Race Prejudice and Pride

On What Are They Based? What Has the White Man Ever Done to Equal the Tremendous Achievements of the Sons of Ham?

By REV. HARVEY JOHNSON,
of Baltimore, Md.

THE white race cannot tell when they began to be known as such. This being a fact (for a fact it is), why is the white man so proud, haughty and boastful of his race, which has such an uncertain origin, and what have they done since they became a race, that had not been done long before they came on the stage of action? Yes, so great were the works and deeds done by the race of Ham, that the white man is still digging, exploring, searching and excavating all over Africa, Egypt and Ethiopia among the bones and skulls of the long buried dead in the effort to find out their great refinement and culture. And there is at the present time an English excavating society in East Africa digging up the bones and skulls of the dead with an effort to prove that these Africans are not Africans but Caucasian, and yet, at the present day, the white man thinks and acts as if he knew it all, and what he does not know is not worth knowing.

The day has gone by, and gone forever, that the colored people of this country will take the white man's religion for the religion of Jesus Christ. What! Take the white man's religion for Christianity when white preachers join the mobs that murder, lynch and burn members of the colored race, and that too, simply because they are colored. No, I say thrice, No! For the white man's Christianity and religion is but a pretence. Not only so, it is hypocrisy gone to seed. So we, the colored race, are refusing to receive it. Not only so, but we are no longer taking the white man's doings and sayings as a criterion, for we have known and studied him carefully for more than three hundred years. We have weighed him in the balance of Divine Justice, and he is found woefully wanting in every capacity that is necessary to make him a proper custodian of the affairs of the people and the nation. Yes, we have found him, and still find him, totally unfitted for that great and ponderous task. For everything he undertakes, no matter how prosperous at the time, soon becomes entangled through his misguided machinery, and is perverted from its design and purpose and so goes down or becomes more and more involved and entangled. Yes, the white man is a colossal failure in government all over the world wherever he is found attempting to govern. One has only to call to mind his recent war management, and the whole field of his mismanagement at once looms up before you, and you are morally and economically shocked and dismayed at the white man's war failure and waste, and yet he does not seem to be the least ashamed of the condition in which affairs are at the present writing.

What can the white man be other than a failure in business when he deals entirely on a theoretical and sentimental basis? No sitting down and collecting the facts, and then undertaking to do business according to the facts acquired. Oh no, none of that; but he just rushes in pell-mell, and the first the subscriber for the stock knows is the whole thing

has gone into the hands of a receiver. The white man's system of government is conflicting and nullifying, for one officer can and does nullify the acts of another, and the first thing one knows he is in court, and then from one court to another, and all this because of the white man's incapacity to form a proper system of management.

The white man has no regard for business rectitude and honesty, but everything is a scheme, a political bargain and trade, with no regard to the best interest of the people, country and State, "but what is in it for me, my party or my friend," and in no case is the best good taken into consideration; hence the people are greatly taxed and burdened to meet personal and selfish ends. Yet the white man in his egotistical pride and blindness thinks he is all of it, and only he. So he in his selfish pride says the colored man should have no part in the movement, though we are citizens born here and not naturalized, so have the fullest right to participation in all of the affairs of the State and nation.

Yes, there is corruption in everything concerning the government—in high places and low places; on your right and on your left. It is being exposed and shown up, and the colored people all over this country know this. The people of this country were only three millions when they entered a protest against what they considered the unfair government of Great Britain, but we are now fifteen millions, so have entered our most solemn protest against what we know to be a very unfaithful and corrupt government.

The white man thinks he is fooling us, to use that slang expression, "by pulling the wool over our eyes," but we see through and through him as one that looks through an open-knitted tidy, and we know him from head to foot. He is not fooling us, no, not a bit of it. And when he gets his eyes open he will find that he know far more about our rights than he has been willing to give us credit for. We have documentary proof that we were on this continent long before Columbus got lost and found himself on this continent. We know our rights, but the unfair and unjust white man has taken advantage of our numerical weakness and kept us out of them. But now, all over this country, we are contending for them and will continue to do so until they are granted and given us, for we can take care of them much better than he has up to the present time. Indeed, we have found him incompetent to take proper care of his own, therefore, we ask why should we longer trust him with ours? We will not do it, and the sooner he ceases to try to direct and lead us the better it will be for all, for we will no longer follow his lead contentedly. If the white people want us to respect them, their religion and Christianity, they must unload and throw off their great race prejudice and race hate and take on the manner and life of Christians.

But let us revert again to the white man's

failure at government, and what do we find? Simply a state of wreckage and ruin everywhere. And who are the wreckers but the all-wise, proud, haughty white man, yet the Good Book says, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." I again ask, what do we see? A probe here, an investigation there; up high and down low, and the newspapers fairly groan with the stories of pillage, steals and frauds everywhere. We know all this and are governing ourselves accordingly.

Another reason why the white man fails in business is because he is a compromiser, and compromises settle nothing, but simply side-tracks them. But side-tracking is not settling things; it is just putting them off to come up again to perplex and plague their authors. Hence all compromises are economically wrong in that they are not business settlements, and this is another reason we are not willing longer to follow the white man's lead. We believe matters of business ought to be settled, and settled right.

The Association of Trade and Commerce

*Negro Business in Metropolis Drifting
Toward Necessary Co-operation—Plan
Devised to Cover Country.*

By
C. A. MEADE.

AS a result of what seems to have been a mental stock taking of the business minds of Negro Harlem, due to an impulse born of economic pressure, all factions have reacted towards each other in a great co-operative effort, having as its aim the consolidation of the gains in our communal life made during the three years of Armageddon.

Painfully groping our way and struggling through the difficulties of administering our newly acquired resources, we have emerged from a prolific period during which colossal sums were expended for experience, and it is a great pity that selfish profiteering tendencies blinded us then to the overwhelming power and advantage that intelligent co-operation offered.

Now that the last dying note of the funeral march in Saul has died plaintively away on the interred remains of the \$80 per week long-shoreman, the \$60 per week munition worker, the \$40 per week factory girl, and the \$25 per week domestic with room and board, the organization that should have been able to provide the information proving the last will and testament of the short-lived quartet, like Wellington's belated Blucher, now hoves into sight. Prosopice! again. Let us hope that the tide of battle will be advantageously turned.

Anyway, the Association of Trade and Commerce has been formed by what seems to be the "creme de luxe" or "intelligencia" of Harlem Negro business men "to further and protect the interests of Negroes in New York and elsewhere," and a belated but effective step has been taken on the highway of general cosmic evolution of the race.

One wishes to emphasize that it has been high time that an organization of the best brains and money combined should have taken place in what has been termed the wealthiest Negro community in the world to make for mutual progress in the development of business and commercial life, not only locally but extending its efforts to the general development of inter-racial comity in trade embracing outstanding units in every State of the Union, in the West Indies, Central and South America, in India and Japan and in Africa from Aghulas to the Cape.

Truly one can foresee in the general development of the idea, providing it embraces the proper financial power and unprejudiced support of its constituent personnel in various cen-

ers of Negro activity, a stabilizing medium for almost the entire structure of race economics, as also a means for international understanding and propaganda among a class in Negro life existing and carrying on like a ship without a rudder. Besides as Associations of Trade and Commerce or any other like nomenclature the idea can proceed unmolested by external influences that militate against political and semi-religious organizations with more pretentious aspirations.

In the Garveyan philosophy one sees the organization of the "proletaire" of the race dominated by the almost unsupported efforts of one man and radiating like the spokes of a mighty wheel embracing the less intelligent classes of Negroes all over the world. One sees, also, and realizes how far would be the extent of its power if it had been less brazenly and more subtly conducted, and if it had had provision for co-operation with a simultaneously organized effort as exemplified by the Association of Trade and Commerce. The axiom is that as in the case of every national unit of admitted success the people made no progress ignoring the power of their organized intelligence.

Associations of Trade and Commerce may place within the hitherto peevish grasp of the race business man beside the experience of his more successful brethren, possibilities he never dreamed of before, and can provide statistical information and other facts that can render possible the entire monopoly of certain lines of trade. Again, to the uninitiated it will surely provide helpful and valuable information and advice, as likewise the sense of security and confidence born of companionship and association.

In conclusion let me advise that the newly born child of circumstance be nurtured and supported with the greatest care in order to insure its successful growth to the strength and proportions necessary to attain championship honors.

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The Psychology of the Clashing of the Races

By JUSTICE WESLEY O. HOWARD

of the Third New York Judicial District.

(Reprinted from the New York Herald, 1919.)

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

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The Amazing Case.

BUT the report of the grand jury plunged me deeper, even, than the report of the race riots, into the riddle of human nature. The wisest and most temperate of the Negro leaders do not favor intermixture of the races. No normal white man favors it. Therefore mating between the races is obnoxious to the best thinkers among the colored people as well as to all white people. Yet this mating continues. In rare instances it is open; but in its widespread extent it is, of course, secret and illicit.

The newspaper article stated that the grand jury has indicted a Negro; indicted him for abduction. In fact the grand jury indicted him

because he was a black man and his bride was white. They loved each other, so the newspaper said, this big, brawny, burly black man and the dainty, delicate, demure white girl. The very thought was repulsive. They ran away together and got married. He was twenty-four and she was slightly under eighteen—eighteen, the age of consent, the artificial age fixed by man. The common law fixed the age at fourteen, and nature prepared women for marriage at about the same age. But the girl was not quite eighteen and that was the technical element which made the Negro's love into crime.

He was a porter at a summer hotel and she was a hoarder. His face was jet-black, and his lips were thick and his nose flat and his hair kinky. The slender, well-bred white girl had

married the Negro!—and it shocked the community. And, what was most amazing, she had married him freely of her own volition; and she loved him, so she said, and again the community was shocked. The grand jury detested the black man because he was black. It was a crime to be black, and to be a Negro and love a white girl; it was atrocious!—so it seemed to the grand jury—a Northern grand jury. They were honest men. They were conscientious. They visited the jail and looked at the culprit and were staggered by the enormity of the offense!—the offense of marrying the woman he loved. There he stood, the tall, straight, deep-chested, heavy-muscled, woolly-haired Negro; with white even teeth; and rolling black eyes; and smooth velvety skin. There he was before them, the monster! the felon! healthy, symmetrical, sound, but the perpetrator of an unnatural crime. It is true that he had been overseas and had stood in the forefront among the bravest of the brave at Chateau-Thierry. It is true that when he came home he brought back upon his body an ugly scar where a German bullet had ploughed a ragged furrow eleven inches long across his abdomen. It is true that before the war he had been an honest young man, well-known in the community, faithful to his employer, true to every trust, upright in all his walks, kind to his aged mother, modest, sober, sensible, gentle.

Guilty to the Jury.

The culprit smiled as the grand jurors looked through the grated door; a broad, kindly, innocent smile—a wonderful smile. It almost repelled any idea of crime. It would have won the confidence of a child. His great muscles moved beneath his shirt; his clean, shapely limbs betokened strength; his innocent, inquiring eyes looked toward his accusers. He spoke, and his voice was deep and musical and mellow.

But he was a black man; a Negro; an African!—and he had loved a white woman, and married her, and she had loved him, and did love him, and loved him then, and she wept for him; therefore he was a criminal! a friend! a monster!—this offspring of an outlawed race!

Thus the grand jury reasoned, not audibly, but unconsciously. And thus the community reasoned. But why did they thus reason? Why were they shocked? The white girl had not been wronged or deceived. She did, in fact, love the Negro. That was the shocking feature. It was unaccountable, unspeakable, unthinkable; but it was true. They loved each other and mourned at each other's misfortunes. That was astounding and unnatural and obnoxious. They asked for nothing except to be let alone and to be let to live and love. They menaced nobody, they broke no law; except technically the law which made their love into abduction; a technicality which would have been winked at if both had been white or both black. A technicality which has been winked at ten thousand times.

But it shocks society when a Negro marries a white girl, or loves a white girl. And it shocks the writer of this article. And society cannot help but be shocked. But ought they to be shocked? Who made the tender white girl love the burly black man? What force impelled her to it? She fought against it; fought with all her strength. She knew that it would make her an outlaw, an outcast, an object of scorn and contempt. She knew that it would ostracize her from society, from churches

and theatres and the houses and homes of her neighbors and friends, and cast her into exile. But she could not master it—master the laws of the Omnipotent. And who can master those laws?—inexorable! immutable! inflexible! unconquerable!

Across a continent tears the course of the earthquake, shaking the foundations of mountains and heaving up the waters of the sea. The inscrutable, unbending, unerring hand of nature steers its course. The pigmy forms of men tumble into the gaping chasm like the crumpled autumn leaves. The earthquake is a law of nature moving regardless of man.

The Inexorable Law.

And so is this great law of miscegenation. Sweeping across the continent, parallel to the track of the earthquake, as ruthless and resistless as the earthquake, overpowering men and the ethics of society, moves this mighty force called miscegenation; this overmastering impulse in the human race.

And why should man attempt to pit, or wish to pit, his puny will against the Omnipotent, the Irresistible? Why rail at the whirlwinds and the tornadoes? Why rave at the tidal wave, or the lava of volcanoes? Can ants dam up the flow of the Amazon; or hares push back the weight of glaciers? Then neither can the statute books of man nor the conventions of society thwart the mighty law of miscegenation or hinder its resistless march. We are staggered that there is such a law. But we stand staggered before floods and volcanoes and pestilence.

The propensity of the races to interbreed and amalgamate grows out of some wise reason. Every impulse springs from something. There is a cause; a reason. Every desire has a root. Nature does not move at random. Every passion is planted for a purpose. Nothing goes at haphazard. In all the reaches and stretches of the universe each movement and sound denotes a law; the rustle of a leaf, the roar of Niagara; the chirp of a sparrow, the plunge of an avalanche. In all the voids and vacancies of space, in every solitude and desolation and desert, in the belly of the sea and on the peaks of mountains, there is no chance. Nature knows no chance. Chance exists only in the mind of man—a delusion. It is man's answer to the Unknowable; his reply to the Incomprehensible; his conception of the Inscrutable.

Why were a hundred million Negroes created? Why are they let to live? Why are they permitted to breed? Why have they human hands and hearts and desires? Why does the blood run red and warm through their veins? Why do they love and live and laugh and strive and die—as white men do? Why is their abode fixed in the tropical land of sunshine and flowers? Why are the fairest fields of the earth allotted to this outlawed race? Why do buds blossom and brooks babble at their doors? Why does the fragrance of flowers perfume the air and birds warble in their ears? Why is the white man forced to fight with the winter's wastes and the blizzard's blasts, struggling endlessly against the hostile elements of the rugged North, while the black race basks in bowers of shaded, scented, tropic woods?

Has the Omnipotent blundered? Has the Supreme Will of the universe gone astray? Has it populated the most lovely lands and

fertile fields and element climes with an ignoble race—a people beastly, bad and base? Created them only to be despised, outlawed, hated, hunted and enslaved?

Barrier in Nature.

Nature has interposed no barriers to the interbreeding of the races as it has to the intermixture of the animal kingdom. Nature has decreed that cows and horses shall not mix; nor sheep and swine, nor dogs and goats, nor foxes and rabbits, nor hawks and pigeons, nor whales and sharks. By a secret, silent, subtle law nature has absolutely prohibited this; absolutely prohibited the amalgamation of the animal kingdom; otherwise long ages ago the whole animal world would have become one vast, conglomerate race of hybrids. How this occult, deep-hidden, insurmountable law operates no scientist can explain. It simply is so. The will of the Omnipotent has decreed it. No perversity of beast or depravity of man can thwart it. But nature has interposed no barrier to the intermixture of the human races. Nature tolerates it, and invites it, and even compels it, by implanting in man a proclivity to mate with his opposite. The black woman is as prolific mated with the Caucasian as with the African. The Indians and the French interbreed the Incas and the Spaniards cross, the Mexicans and the Mongolians mix.

The grand jury and society were shocked when the coal-black African wed the white girl. They were appalled at the crime. It staggered their senses and stopped their breath. But nature was not appalled—eclipses did not come, neither were mountains shaken nor rocks rent. In fact it was in obedience to nature that the act was committed; in obedience to the inexorable, relentless law of miscegenation. It is the same law which compels the blond to love the brunette, the lean to love the fat, the tall to love the short, the homely to love the handsome, the violent to love the placid, the nervous to love the patient, the brawny to love the fragile. It levels up the human race and places individuals on an equality. It averts the division of mankind into classes. It dispels prejudice and propagates brotherhood. It works in opposition to Nietzsche's brutal exposition of the law of the "survival of the fittest."

Legends of the Gods.

Traditions tells us that the races of the gods from the beginning of time have condescended to mix their blood with the races of men. In the books of all peoples in all ages tales are told of the gods coming down upon the earth, making love to women; courting, ravishing and marrying them. Even in our own Holy Scriptures, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, we read that the sons of God came down upon the earth out of heaven and made love to the daughters of men; and bred children by them and reared a race of giants; half god and half man; a mighty people of great stature and wide renown. Who knows that these daughters of men, admired and loved and wed by the gods, were Caucasians? Who knows of what race they were or in what land they lived? Who knows whether their faces had been faded by the frigid frosts of the north, or blackened by the burning sun of the tropics? Who knows where the remnants of this race of giants live? —this race of men tinctured with the blood of gods!

Even though these stories of the mixture of the celestial races with the race of man, includ-

ing the one in our own Bible, be fiction and fable (and all scientific men believe they are) yet they prove that it has been the popular notion of man in all ages and regions, that the deities have considered it wise and proper to mingle their blood with the blood of an ignoble race; to plant their seed, the seed of the immortals, in the flesh of mortals.

But laying aside myths, if they be myths, and laying aside fiction and fable and the diverse opinions and prejudices of man, nevertheless, there stands out before us the majesty of nature. We cannot oppose it; we cannot obstruct it; we cannot combat it; we must bow before it. The laws which rule the universe are immutable. They are no more influenced by the opposition of men than by the anger of ants; no more flexed out of shape by the prejudices of mortals than by the antics of apes. Implanted in the human frame, deep-rooted and ineradicable, is the tendency to the interbreeding of the races. This impulse springs neither out of perversity nor depravity. It is a law of nature, defiant of the statutes of man, unconscious of the scorn of society, disregarding of the reproaches of prejudice—this great law of miscegenation!

But notwithstanding all my reasoning and philosophy, I feel an aversion to the intermarriage and interbreeding of the races. I cannot help it. The practice seems wrong to me; abhorrent and unnatural. This feeling is bred in my bones; it is instinctive. I do not, however, feel intolerant on the subject, nor inclined to rebuke those who hold a different view. Yet I have this aversion. In all candor I feel bound to say this.

But why do I have it? And why did the grand jury have it? And why does the community have it? These are the questions that puzzle me. I leave their solution to the reflection of wiser minds.

(Concluded.)



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Two Interesting Books

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF EDWARD WILMOT BLYDEN, LL.D. The Aims and Methods of a Liberal Education for Africans. Published by Young's Book Exchange, New York.

Profound student of the race question as Blyden was, anything emanating from his mind on that subject is of immense value—and his Inaugural Address delivered in 1881 at the time of his inauguration as President of the Liberia College is no exception to the rule, and the publication of that address by Mr. George Young, of the Young's Book Exchange, New York, is a distinct service to the race.

Blyden's Inaugural Address is for the most part a protest against the "alien education" inflicted everywhere in Christian countries upon the Negro, and with results greatly disquieting and unsatisfactory. Blyden in 1881 clearly recognized what we are only beginning now to recognize; the need of a special system of education designed to meet the requirements of the Negro: "The evil, it is considered, lies in the system and method of European training, to which Negroes are everywhere in Christian lands subjected, and which affects them unfavorably. Of a different race, different susceptibility, different bent of character from that of the European, they have been trained under influences in many respects adapted only for the Caucasian race."

Again:

"It is true that culture is one, and the general effects of true culture are the same; but the native capacities of mankind differ, and their work and destiny differ, so that the road by which one may attain to the highest efficiency, is not that which would conduce to the success of another. The special road which has led to the success and elevation of the Anglo-Saxon is not that which would lead to the success and elevation of the Negro, though we shall resort to the same means of general culture which has enabled the Anglo-Saxon to find out for himself the way in which he ought to go."

In view of the general agitation to-day against the teaching of the Classics—an agitation which it is to be regretted has reached the Negro colleges—it is well to remember that Blyden laid especial stress upon the necessity of the Classics:

"The instruments of culture which we shall employ in the College will be chiefly the Classics and Mathematics. By Classics I mean the Greek and Latin languages and their literature. In these languages there is not, as far as I know, a sentence, a word, or a syllable disparaging to the Negro. He may get nourishment from them without taking in any race poison. They will perform no sinister work upon his consciousness and give no unholy bias to his inclinations.

"Passing over them, for a certain time, the current literature of Western Europe, which is, after all, derived and secondary, we will resort to the fountain head; and in the study of the great masters, in the languages in which they wrote, we shall get the required mental discipline without unfavorably affecting our sense of race individuality or our own self-re-

spect. There is nothing that we need to know for the work of building up this country, in its moral, political and religious character, which we may not learn from the ancient. There is nothing in the domain of literature, philosophy, or religion for which we need be dependent upon the moderns. Law and philosophy we may get from the Romans and the Greeks, religion from the Hebrews."

The few quotations here given are proof enough to those unfortunates who are unfamiliar with other works of Blyden, that Blyden thought with the entire race in his mind. He spoke for the African in America as well as for the African at home. The following words of his are pertinent alike to the problems of education, here and in Africa, and to the problems of Negro existence among an alien and antagonistic race:

"We cannot afford to waste time in dealing with insoluble problems under impossible conditions."
C. V. B.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS, By Walter Everette Hawkins. Published by Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass.

"Chords and Discords," a book of poetry by Walter Everette Hawkins, a Negro poet of Washington, D. C., represents a collection of verse in different moods and in varying degrees of sweetness and perfection. They range from love songs to preachments, with poems of protest, of humor, of labor among those in between. There are verses of sharp protest against wrong and genuflection as in "The Apologist," page 89:

"Who would condone the wrong,
Or else for private gain
Speaks what his heart disproves,
Who would his conscience blunt
And accept a lie for truth,
Or else accept inferior place
When nature made us men—
Mocks the God within him,
Rebukes the highest attributes
Which distinguishes man from beast,
And makes himself less man."

There are verses of sentiment, of the highest earthly love, as in "A Mother's Lullaby":

"I have heard the prince of songsters,
Pour his soul upon the air;
And have heard sweet bells of Sabbath
Softly calling souls to prayer;
But the song that touched me deepest,
Till I turned aside to weep,
Was the soul song of a mother,
As she sang her child to sleep."

These verses that are quoted here are good samples of the contents of this most interesting and entertaining book of poetry. However, the best of them all, in my estimation is the one on page 76, "So Sweet of You," whose lilted words alone could make the author's reputation:

"So sweet of you to scoff and tease,
To tantalize and then appease;
For joys are sweeter after pain,
The Sun shines brighter after rain.

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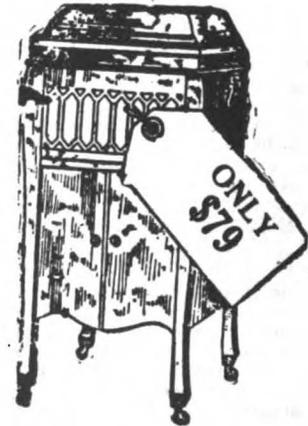
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The drooping bud is bathed in dew—
My head's anointed well by you;

So sweet of you."

This book should make a welcome addition to any library.—Valentine.

The News at a Glance

COLORED shriners wearing the Shriner button have been murderously assaulted in Alabama.

Rev. Francis J. Grimke, of Washington, D. C., has given out for publication copies of correspondence with Lincoln University to the effect that Lincoln University shuts colored men out of its professorships and board of trustees.

As a result of the confession of a white Texas woman that she had framed charges against him, Walter Stegall of Dallas, Texas, is now a free man.

Mayor Hylan has given instructions to his Chief of Police to prepare a warm welcome in New York for any members of the Ku Klux Klan who may try to get busy in the metropolis.

In India Soviets are now in formation in widely separated districts, and already the "Brutish" authorities are having their hands full in dealing with them.

In the rioting in the Lucknow region, the police are reported to have been powerless, and troops had to be summoned.

The British unemployed are beginning to cry for "revolution and soviets."

Information shows Bolshevik forces consisting of four armies, amounting to some 80,000 men and one cavalry division, between Batum and the Georgian frontier, and moving southward.

Charges that American railroads are in a conspiracy to create unemployment and are defrauding the American people of millions of dollars through operation of cost-plus system of contracts with equipment and repair companies, were made by representatives of employees of the roads appearing before the Railroad Labor Board.

It is estimated that there is a shortage of 1,250,000 houses in the United States, and that more than 4,000,000 persons are inadequately housed.

The proposed loan of \$10,000,000 to Santo Domingo to be negotiated by the United States naval officers in control of the country, is being hotly protested by the Dominicans, according to a statement issued by the Information Bureau of the Dominican Republic in New York. The statement says the loan jeopardizes the financial future of the country.

A boycott on the proposed visit of the Duke of Connaught to India and a tribute to the memory of the late Lord Mayor MacSwiney of Cork, were voted in a resolution adopted by the Indian National Congress in session at Nagpur. A message of sympathy to the Irish in their struggle for independence was also drafted and despatched.

Members of the French Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 30, 1920, taunted the United States with its race prejudice. Deputy Andre Berthon said he regretted that the nations had not rallied to the doctrine of Wilson, to which

Deputy Molinie retorted that "he ought to have commenced by regulating the question of the blacks in the United States. There is no such question among us." With which M. Berthon agreed, saying "There is also in America a certain imperialism. I was pained during the war at seeing American officers refuse to salute black officers who were fighting in the same cause for civilization and justice."

There was wild uproar during a session of the House (U. S.) Census Committee when representatives of the N. A. A. C. P., made wholesale charges of wilful discrimination against Negroes at the polls in the Southern States, and Walter White, one of these representatives and one of the most useful men to his race, declared that the majority of the white population of many Southern communities were "lawless." Southern members of the Committee, knowing full well the truth of Mr. White's statements, still got up enough nerve to jump to their feet "in protest"—gesturing for home votes.

Senator France of Maryland, suggested that the United States Government seek, with the co-operation of American Negroes, to develop the former German African colonies by some arrangement with the Allies whereby the colonies would figure in the indemnity and in a sale to the United States.

In Jonesboro, Ark., Wade Thomas, colored, accused of killing a policeman during a raid, was taken from the jail by a mob and paraded through the streets of the town before being lynched.

Neval Thomas of Washington, numbered among the most progressive and fearless men of the race, has again taken up the fight for a fair and impartial District appropriation bill.

Figures available with regard to Palestine immigration show that for the ten months ending December, 1920, more than 8,000 Jewish immigrants arrived in Palestine.

The army of Kolchak is reported stranded and deserted by its French and British friends on Galipoli Peninsula.

Auguste Gauvain, political editor of *Le Journal des Debats*, prophesies a fight to the death between East and West, between the colored races and the white. "The Allies have made a hopeless mess of their Near East policy and the result may well be a death-struggle one day between the civilizations respectively of the West and East."

At New Star Casino, Feb. 4, a pre-lenten recital and dance is to be given that is attracting wide attention from lovers of music and terpsichore. Walter M. Hunter will be the musical feature of the evening, surrounded by many other well known artists.

At Manhattan Casino, January 7, a very interesting basketball game between the Spartan Braves of New York, and the Loendi of Pittsburg, was made abortive because of the hitherto unheard of action of a scorer (for

Loendi) taking away the watch from the hands of a neutral timer, chosen because of his neutrality, and giving out the impression that time was up when, according to the Spartan claim, there were still at least thirty seconds to go. At the time, the Loendi team was leading by one point. After much argument and hearing of evidence, the referee gave the decision "no contest."

All Negroes of Camden, N. J., have been warned to leave because of an attack by a criminal Negro on a white woman.

For failing to supply sufficient heat to his tenants, Alexander Thompson, owner of a twelve-family house at No. 2257 Seventh avenue, New York, was fined \$250 with the alternative of spending ten days in jail by Magistrate Brough. Thompson paid the fine.

Representative Britton, Republican, Illinois, has introduced a resolution calling upon the President to protest against the retention of

French black colonial troops in the occupied area of Germany.

Robert Lewis, colored, accused of the murder of a railroad watchman, was lynched in Meriden, Miss., by a mob which forced the policeman who had arrested him to surrender his prisoner.

An armed mob in Independence, Kan., seeking Negro slayer, fired on all Negroes they met. They later discovered that two could play at the same game. One white man was killed, two fatally wounded, while two Negroes are dead.

The Baltimore Afro-American reports that "London and Paris have gone stark raving mad over Negro art."

The Naval inquiry into marine misdeeds in Haiti ended with a large spread of whitewash, in spite of the showing that 3,142 Haytians were killed in two years of the illegal American occupation.

1022

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Edited by
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"CLASSICS."

BECAUSE the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole.

As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist, and finds expression in his work, so far it will always retain a certain grandeur, and will represent to future beholders the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine. No man can quite exclude this element of necessity from his labor.

Classic Music or Music of the Masters, possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models—I might almost say the masters of composition and thought in modern years.

NOTES.

In "Arts and Decoration" for December, an article by Daniel Gregory Mason, on "Folksong in America" might give us cause for great hope in trying to establish Negro Spirituals as the original Songs of America. At least we know that these spirituals grew from the conditions imposed upon these people, thereby stamping them as emanating from the Americas.

We welcome two Musical magazines to the field: "The Encore," edited by the violinist, Clarence Cameron White, of Boston, Mass., and "Music and Art," edited by the composer, Nora Douglas Holt, of Chicago, Ill.

Can we as striving musicians, look to these magazines for articles of authority on musical

thoughts and subjects, or are we to read the pros and cons of recitals and such from friendly and unfriendly persons as the case may be?

I trust that they will discuss the French, German, Russian, Italian, etc., and, last, but most interesting of all from several points of view, the American Indian and Negro Music.

Why not discuss our Love for Music? Musical book reviews?

Before going too far perhaps it would be well for us all to look once more at the "Painting" by G. F. Watts, R. A., entitled "The Dweller in the Innermost." We truly trust that these two most promising composers will not allow magazine work and grasp after material glory and prizes to ruin their calling. They were both called to be artists of the first rank musically and artists of magazines.

Somewhere and somehow every violation of the normal growth will tell its gruesome tale because it has made a scar, a constitutional weakness.

Mrs. Ella France Jones, of Ebenezer Church Quartette, is to make a short concert tour. She will be in Springfield, Mass., January 21, with Wm. S. Lawrence, pianist and accompanist; Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, with Joseph Douglas, violinist, and Miss Eva Dykes, pianist. Later she will appear in New York, Philadelphia, Sedalia, Durham, Danville and Greensboro, N. C., through the courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown.

1023

The Season's Dramatic Find

*Is a Woman—And She Is the Most
Charming and Effective Actress Since
Abbie Mitchell and Evelyn Ellis.*

By C. V. B.

The season's dramatic find is a woman. She is Edna Lewis Thompson, and is with the famous organization known as the Lafayette Players.

There is a charm and fire about the acting of Miss Thomas, a naturalness and an ability to be convincing without appearing to try, that clearly indicates the possession of that most elusive of qualities: Genius.

We have seen Miss Thomas in only two roles so far. And we did not need to see her in the second to recognize that she had histrionic ability of the very highest order. Her work as Rachel Westwood in "Woman Against Woman" evinced power, capability and versatility of the widest range.

In "The Heart Breaker," she lifted that play out of the ordinary effort of a budding playwright into something that could hold the interest of an audience by the sheer genius of her personality. "The Heart Breaker" is a

good first effort at playwriting for a race new to the field, but without Miss Thomas it is doubtful if it would have been tolerated, much less made the hit it did. But "The Heart Breaker" is not the first play to score a hit more because of the excellence of someone's acting than of any merits in the writing. "White" plays of the kind there are many.

While Miss Thomas is without doubt the best woman player with the Lafayette Players at this writing, it is just as certain that her best work is yet to come, that the theatergoers have yet to see her extend herself—as opportunity is given her by the directors for the display of her extraordinary powers.

Remembering the experience of Evelyn Ellis with the Lafayette organization, we can see a hard road ahead midst petty spites and jealous cliques, for Miss Thomas or any player possessing the distinguishing mark of genius. But is it too much to hope that the Lafayette

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1024

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management and the public will stand firm for Genius over Mediocrity?

CREAMER AND LAYTON'S NEW-EST SENSATIONAL SONG HIT.

Creamer and Layton, the well-known song writers, have written a new song entitled "Strut Miss Lizzie," a very clever novelty fox-trot song, which has just been published by Jack Mills, Inc., 152 West 45th street, New York City.

"Strut Miss Lizzie" is a very bright, snappy song, and is already going on all the phonographs and player rolls. It is the same firm, Jack Mills, Inc., who are also publishing songs by Maceo Pinkard, Lucky Roberts, J. Berni Barbour, Henry Creamer and Turner Layton.

"Sweet Mamma (Papa's getting Mad)" is the name of one of the bluest of blues ever released. "When Alexander Blues the Blues" is another clever blues song. Both of these are published by Jack Mills, Inc. All these songs are arranged for singing and dancing purposes.

GREAT NEGRO MAIL ORDER HOUSE IS ONE OF FIVE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES.

In these days when our enemies are insidiously attempting to undermine race-confidence

by questioning the ability of Negroes for Big Business, it is imperative that the widest publicity be given to those Negro concerns which have made good and are clearly and emphatically demonstrating the Race's capacity for Big Business.

Such a concern is the Cole-Bailey Co., Inc., the biggest general mail order house operated by the Race, and one of the five largest in the United States. For years operating under the name of the Cole Sales Company, this concern has recently incorporated as the Cole-Bailey Co., Inc., with an extraordinarily broad charter which allows it the greatest latitude in its operation in what is generally regarded by those who know as the most lucrative field open to American investment and energy.

The Cole-Bailey Co., Inc., having built up a large and highly profitable business is desirous of extending its operations on an even larger scale, and has decided to give the investors of the Race an opportunity to share in its prosperity and the frequent and substantial dividends which its quick-turnovers and profitable line assure. Shares are to be sold at the rate of \$10 for preferred stock and \$10 for common stock. Stock is being sold in blocks of ten and up, and may be purchased on the deferred payment plan.

Readers of The Crusader desiring to participate in the prosperity of the mail-order field are advised to address the Cole-Bailey Co., Inc., Box 1, College Station, N. Y., for shares.

1025

Quien Sabe (Who Knows)

A Survey of the Ferment of International Unrest as it Affects or Is Likely to Affect the Race.

By
FRED H. WILLIAMS,
of Detroit.

THE world today is in a decidedly chaotic state. From Kansas to Khartoum the affairs of men and nations are as chaotic and restless as a milling and shifting herd of Texas steers.

About the only places upon this mundane sphere of ours where one may find peace and quiet—excluding, of course, the eternal war of the elements—are the North and South Poles.

Very orderly have these universal disorders arranged themselves so that one may with alphabetical precision, run the gamut from Arkansas to Zanzibar.

Argentine, with all the cocky impudence of the bantam, withdraws from the conference of the League for Some Nations. The reasons for this withdrawal are apparent, and Argentine's action will not tend to inspire the rest of the Little Self-Determiners with any further confidence in the presumably good intentions of the Big Leaguers.

Africa is being parcelled into delectable morsels for the rapacious maws of that shark among territory-grabbers—England. Slowly, but surely, the natives are arousing themselves from their slothfulness of despair created by a

debauching and exploiting nation of alleged Christians and entering the ranks of the Islamic group, where the militancy of the free man is taught, and not the servility encouraged by a hypocrisy masking beneath the cloak of Christianity.

Asia is a molten mass of quiescent unrest, while Afghanistan is coquetting with Russia's present-overland Bolshevism.

Armenia is still the cemeterial playground of Turkish cruelty and Christian stupidity.

Bulgaria has assumed nightmarish proportions among a Europe already grown stark nervous with the uncertainty of another Balkan unexpectedness. In China republicanism is doing more to arouse the lethargic consciousness of the yellow colossus than all the boasted sins of commission and omission of the Japanese Government. White men in general may yet regret the "opened-eyed" policy of Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

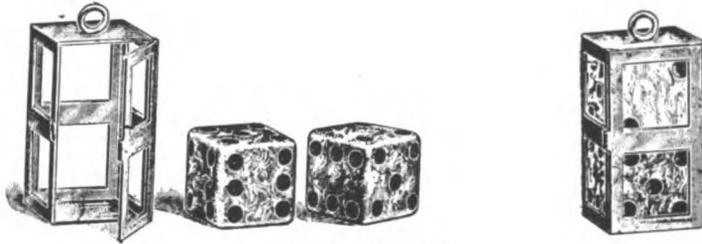
Canada, particularly the Western Provinces have an ever-growing labor problem as well as a "return" soldier situation. In the Eastern Provinces there is being waged an internecine war between the "Drys" and the "Wets."

England is a seething cauldron of labor unrest as well as having the undeniable menace of an army of unemployed. It is even said that the seeds of disloyalty are being sown in her army.

(To be continued next month.)

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CORRESPONDENCE

Editor of The Crusader:

Sir:—As a reader of your magazine for the past two years, from the Panama Canal to the sunny South of the United States, I have always admired its fine articles and editorials. I must now say that I can't agree with Mr. Geo. Jones of Portland, Ore., in his system of obtaining our rights "In a Nice Quiet Way." "While wrong is wrong, let no man prate of peace." I am now requesting that you permit the following words of mine to be placed in your magazine for February, so that the Negroes of the world may read:

"A Plea for Our Rights."

To the Negroes of the World:

Fellowmen, there is only one action possible, that is "A Plea for Our Rights," but we cannot save our "Rights" without the exercise of Force, and Force means war, war means bloodshed. But it will be God's Force. When has a battle for Humanity and Liberty ever been won except by Force? What Barricade of wrong, injustice and oppression has ever been carried except by Force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; Force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; Force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille, and made Reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; Force marked the snow of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; Force held the broken line of Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hills at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Look-out Heights; Force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; Force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "wrong right." The time for God's Force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of Negro patriots once more take up the song:

"In the beauty of the lillies, Christ was born
across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that Transfigures
you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free.

While God is marching on."

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay; but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action. I am ready to answer to my conscience. My Rights and My God.

(Signed) JOSEPH LAMONT.

New Orleans, La.

THE LYNCHING RECORD FOR 1920.

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.,
December 31, 1920.

To Editor of The Crusader:

There were 61 persons lynched in 1920. Of these 52 were in the South and 9 in the North and West. This is 22 less than the number, 83, for the year 1919. Of those lynched 53 were Negroes and 8 were whites. One of those put to death was a Negro woman. Eighteen, or less than one-third of those put to death, were charged with rape or attempted rape. Three of the victims were burned to death. The

charges against those burned to death were: Rape and murder, 1; killing landlord in a dispute, 2.

The offenses charged the whites were: Murder, 5; insulting woman, 1; no charge except being a foreigner, 1; killing officer of the law, 1. The offenses charged against the Negroes were: Murder, 5; attempted murder, 4; killing officer of the law, 5; killing landlord in dispute, 6; rape, 15; attempted rape, 3; assisting fugitive to escape, 3; wounding another, 2; insulting woman, 2; knocking down guard, escaping from chain gang and then returning and surrendering, 2; jumping labor contract, 1; threatening to kill man, 1; cutting a man in a fight, 1; for receiving stay of death sentence because another confessed crime, 1; peeping through window at woman, 1; insisting on voting, 1.

Very truly yours,

R. R. MOTON, Principal.

NEGRO PROSPERITY OVERRATED

Editor Globe—The Garvey movement and similar demonstrations have done great harm to the Negro along many lines. Its influence is being felt very keenly just now during the unemployment crisis. Many employers, business men, and persons who are in position to give aid where it is most needed have gained a false impression as to the wealth of the Negro community. Every day colored girls and boys are being told by employers who need help that they should go to their own capitalists and employers for jobs. "Go to Marcus Garvey. He has factories, steamship lines, etc., and should give you work." The fact is that there are not enough jobs within the limits of the Negro community to satisfy 2 per cent. of our rapidly growing Negro population.

A recent article in the World's Work asserts that Harlem has two multi-millionaires, a half dozen or more millionaires, and scores of very wealthy men. The writer further states that there are four banks in Harlem, two of which are owned outright by Negroes. I have been trying to discover those banks during the last few days. Seventy per cent. of the Negro women work to supplement the family income during normal times. Bad housing and congestion have contributed to make the infant mortality rate almost three times that of the city rate. The Negroes have been the first to feel the pinch of unemployment. Unless the agencies, such as the Urban League, that are working so strenuously these days to assist the families of the men who are walking the streets without jobs, receive proper support there will be an even greater degree of crime in our city. If funds are to be distributed without regard to race, but according to the greatest need, then surely the Negro sections, with their large quota of unadjusted newcomers, should have their share.

JAMES H. HUBERT,

Executive Secretary, New York Urban League.
New York, Dec. 21.

DON'T BE SELFISH!

Help others to get what you so much enjoy.

Send your friends a copy of THE CRUSADER now and then. Or better yet, give them a year's subscription to the leading Negro Magazine. Only \$1.50 a year.

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 stays 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 discovery of the new preparation had shown in score 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.

Please Mention the Crusader

Rev. Tindley's Sermon

*Final Instalment of a Very Interesting
Composition by a Leading Philadelphia
Divine.*

By
REV. CHARLES ALBERT TINDLEY.

WE all know what havoc this barrier has been in the way of the coming of Christ to individuals and nations. It wrought the overthrow of Jerusalem and the kingdoms of Greece and Rome. Has the church anything better for mankind than the pleasing of the senses and the cravings of flesh and blood? Of yes, it proceeds with the trumpet-call of the gospel which like the first thunder of spring-time arouses that higher nature the spiritual man from his death or sin to his sense of a need of something better.

In answer to his cry—the cry of this spiritual life, the church places in his trembling hand of feeble faith the words of God which is the bread of real life. Then over against all the crumbling towers, mansions, kingdoms and all the things of this world the church points to a house, not made with hands but eternal in the heavens; to a city that will be standing when Paris, Berlin, London, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have been crumbled to dust and scattered by the storm of the mighty judgments; to a kingdom whose king is the Lord Jesus Christ and whose subjects are the holy angels and the redeemed; a kingdom that has no end. If the church can succeed in placing this picture before the eyes of the nations of this earth it will soon hear in one mighty chorus, "Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine." Then there are other barriers, namely materialism and infidelity. There is no nation or race that does not possess a deep, unconquerable and perhaps unexplainable, so far as they are concerned, knowledge of a supreme being. Literature alone will hardly capture peoples and races for God. A human life saved by grace in which the Christ lives, moves and has his being is among the mightiest arguments which the church has to extend to the unsaved and unbelieving peoples of the world. When books fail to convince men that God is love, some God-filled soul will speak in terms of good deeds that must convince, even though the convinced will not confess, that common nature is incapable of producing a life out of which such acts can come.

The march of the church through all the ages has been over fields of blood. It was in the wake of the sword that she passed the Amalekites and Canaanites to reach her Canaan. It was in the wake of the sword that she took the stronghold of Greek culture by way of the Battle of Marathon 2357 years ago. Through this bloody pass the church moved westward. Over the bloody fields of Syracuse and Arbella, the church caught sight of the Roman Eagle. By way of the Battles of Tours, Hastings, Victories of Joan of Arc, Blenheim, Pultowa, Saratoga Springs, Waterloo, Antietam and Manila Bay, the banner of Salvation from sin has followed the national colors, and the sound of the gospel has been heard almost before the sound of the war bugle died away. Our God is a man of war as well as the Prince of Peace. He makes the wrath of men praise him and turns all things to the good of them that love him. In majesty he

treads the earth though centuries sometimes lie between his steps, confusion of nations, earthquakes and garments rolled in blood are like the shaking of leaves in the first breath of a storm or the fright and flight of disobedient subjects at the approach of a powerful kin. The church is singing:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

He has sounded for the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat
O be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

WE'RE MARCHING ON.

By Charles Biot.

We're marching on twelve million strong
Up yonder rugged mountain steep;
The Rocks reverberate with song
As up its side like clouds we sweep.

With brawny arms and steady feet
We have no fear of hidden foe;
But onward with a constant beat
I hear the tramp-like echo grow.

We're coming boys, I hear the tune
Its sweeping o'er sea, land and vale,
The victors will receive the boon;
The men who dare can never fail.

Our numbers grow, I hear the tread;
The portals of the mountain quake;
The cry is courage boys go ahead,
Our children's future is at stake.

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Our men grow braver, truer, bold,
I hear the Negroes' victory
Along the world like thunder roll.

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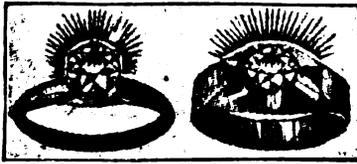
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