

# MARCH CRUSADER



*Mrs. Bernia Smith Austin \**

*(\* See Page 29 April Number)*

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# The Crusader Magazine

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# The Crusader Magazine

Vol. 1

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## Basutoland The Hope of the Black Race

By CYRIL V. BRIGGS



HE hope of the Black race and the centre of all Negro inspiration, intrigue and activity is Basutoland."

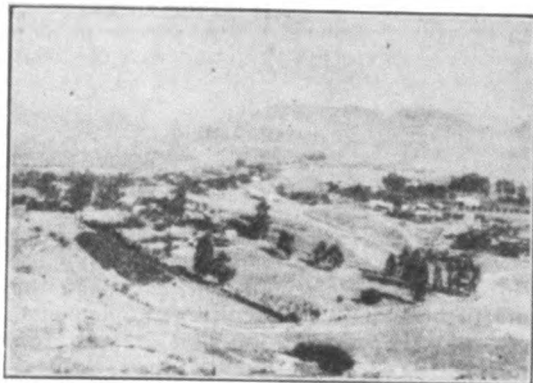
This concise statement by a Britisher represents the viewpoint and experience of the white "settlers" of South Africa concerning the 10,300 square miles of fertile plains and wild mountain country that comprise Basutoland, a nominally independent native state of South Africa, and its some 400,000 inhabitants.

Basutoland lies near the heart of the South African Union and comprises much of the best agricultural land in the sub continent, as the southern end of Africa is usually called. It is surrounded on every side by so-called 'white man's territory' where white men in varying minorities wantonly exercise the rule of force over large native populations; yet to all intents and purposes Basutoland is an independent Negro state. The country belongs exclusively to the Basutos. There are fewer than 1,000 whites in all the territory and these are denied the right to own land. No white man is allowed within the country except as a special act of grace and no white man can remain beyond a certain time except with the express permission of the chiefs. The Basutos acknowledge the suzerainty of Great Britain (King George is represented by an Imperial Commissioner, who re-

sides at Maseru, the capital), but the chiefs administer their own affairs and owe no allegiance to the South African Government. Save for the slender tie which binds them to Britain they are an absolutely independent and autonomous community. Basutoland is the one place in South Africa where the Black man's power is unquestioned and supreme. It is the one place in all Africa, with the conditional exception of Liberia, where native education is fostered and encouraged.

In shape and configuration Basutoland

is a fortress. The Drakensberg, the superior mountain range of South Africa, forms a semi-circle almost one-half of its frontier, extending from the source of the Caledon to that point of the Orange where the river frontier ends. Within them lie the subsidiary ranges com-



MASERU, THE CAPITAL

monly known as the Maluti, a term signifying in the native language simply "Chain of Mountains". They traverse a great deal of territory, so that the general elevation of the plateau upon which the bulk of the population resides varies between 5,000 and 7,000 feet. Rising like a gargantuan Gibraltar from the lower circumscribing levels, its top is a magnificently fertile table land. Its climate is one of the finest in the world. Pure atmosphere, invigorating breezes, a crisp winter and abundance of sunshine combine to make it exhilarating and at-



FIFTY THOUSAND BASUTOS IN CONFERENCE

tractive. As might be expected of a country so situated and with such surroundings it is picturesque in the extreme, and is prolific in springs and beautiful water falls—one of the glories of Basutoland—and well watered from end to end.

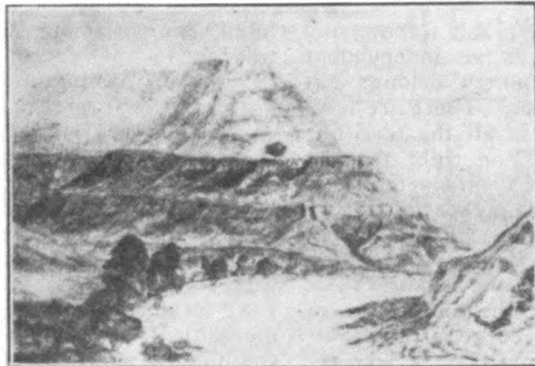
The Basuto system of government is an admixture of patriarchalism and socialism. Land is divided on the communal principle and is inalienable. Many of the chiefs are enormously rich; they are all wealthy and powerful men. The Chief Paramount is loyally revered by his subordinates and in his hands is focussed the entire strength of the nation.

The government is wise and liberal. The Chiefs do everything in their power to encourage industrial progress and the arts of civilization. There are three great industrial institutions in the country and about 260 public schools, subsidized by the Chiefs, which are daily attended by some 25,000 Negro children. Every

year a number of picked scholars are sent abroad to be educated at foreign universities at public cost. These scholars return to be local teachers.

Signs of progress are abundant in the country. The population is thrifty and industrious. Savings banks abound. Agriculture is the principal industry, but manufacture is steadily increasing. The foreign trade is expanding by leaps and bounds. The Basutos export horses, cattle, wool, wheat, mealies, hides, mohair, etc. In exchange they import iron, agricultural implements, and machinery of the latest types, groceries and large quantities of clothes. Their exports amount annually to over \$2,000,000.

The Basutos sense of nationality is strong and well-defined. They cherish their independence above wealth and life itself. They have an army, and above all a history, short perhaps, but not inglorious. This branch of the Bantu race took possession of the tableland in 1820,



A TYPICAL STRONGHOLD

under the leadership of a great chief named Moshesh, "a man of extraordinary bravery, talent and resource". Moshesh instantly recognised the wonderful natural strength and the climatic and agricultural advantages of the country, and he determined to keep it, and build there a stable, self-supporting nation. But he was not allowed to work in peace. Chaka, the famous Zulu King, had long coveted the table land, and the seizure of it by Moshesh threw him into a fury. He declared war upon the Basutos and marched against them with a powerful army. The war lasted for four years and was decided by the battle of Thaba Bosigo, in which Chaka was overwhelmingly defeated. From that time until about 1850, the Basutos were left comparatively undisturbed and were free to develop the arts of peace. They wisely took protective measures against the future and religiously strengthened the natural defences of Thaba Bosigo, an eminence of great strength having on its top an extensive flat plain with strong springs and fine grazing ground and

so impregnable indeed that, though resolutely attacked by powerful armies of Boers and English armed with modern weapons, it has never been wrested from the Basuto Chiefs whose future home and burial place it was to be.

From 1850 on, they came into collision successively with the Boers, the Zulus and the British. The military genius of Moshesh and the splendid courage of his subjects enabled him to defeat the Zulus and the Boers, and in 1852 he crushingly repulsed the attack of a huge British army under General Sir George Cathcart, who had boasted that "If I make war on Moshesh, it must be no small war".

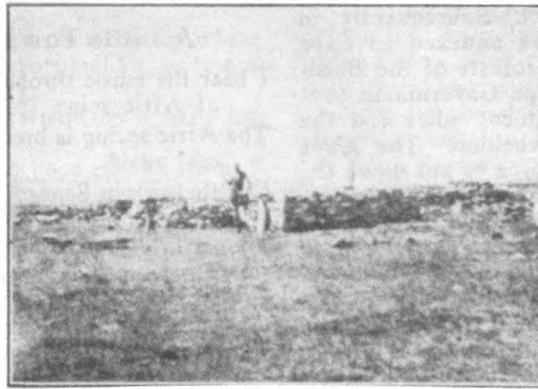
In 1858 the Boers declared war on Moshesh and invaded Basutoland. The

war lasted ten years. The Boers made war in the most barbarous manner, venting their hatred of the Negro upon his defenceless women and children, and destroying Christian mission and stations—in much the same manner, in fact, that their Hun relations destroyed the churches of France and Belgium in the recent World War. The Basutos, on the other hand, conformed in their warfare to all the civilized usages of war, and as Sir Godfrey Lagden testifies: "Scrupulously refrained from harming women and children." That the Basutos keenly felt and resented the barbarous acts of the Boers is demonstrated in a letter that Moshesh wrote to President Boshoff of the Orange Free State upon the latter suing for a cessation of hostilities. Said Moshesh in that letter:

"And now, if my heart could allow me to copy your children, I would be justified in carrying women and children into captivity, in killing old and sick people, and in sending into eternity all the blind people that I could find in the Free State."

During this period history made it self fast.

Though the Boers penetrated the country, burning and pillaging, not one of the important natural fortresses had fallen into their hands. And Moshesh who had been playing for British sympathy during the first stage of the war when he allowed the Boers to cross the border, now began to create diversions by well-organised raids on an extensive scale. In the South, Moinosi, one of his generals, crossed the Orange River and swept through the lower Free State almost down to Aliwal North burning farms and carrying off stock. In the North, mounted bodies of Basuto on the small but hardy ponies of the country scoured the Winberg district reducing many of the farms to ruins and clearing off such of the farmers' property as could be found. These expeditions were staged



THABA BOSIGO, GRAVES OF THE CHIEFS

simultaneously and greatly demoralized both the Boer forces in the field and their families at home.

In 1865 Moshesh defeated and killed General Wepener in a pitched battle at the famous hill of Thaba Bosigo—which, by the way, means "Mountain of —driving the Boers over the border. The Boers, however, soon returned with augmented forces, many of the Transvaal Dutch and the Cape and Natal English who disliked the idea of Black men beating whites in battle, having come to the aid of the Free State. After three years more of desultory fighting Moshesh saw ruin facing his people and suddenly offered his country to Britain as a fief of the Imperial Crown. The offer was accepted, and the Boers were compelled to retire. Moshesh died soon after and was buried on the scene of his greatest victories. The Basutos worship his memory and always will. Subsequently in 1871, Basutoland was annexed to Cape Colony despite the protests of the Basutos. In 1879 the Cape Government promulgated a disarmament edict and the Basutos rose in rebellion. The Cape despatched a large force to put down the rebellion, but failed to make even an impression upon the sturdy Basutos who loved their liberty more than wealth or life itself and were determined not to give up their guns and assegais. The Basutos demanded that their allegiance to the British crown be only of a nominal nature and that they be ruled by their own Chiefs with the advice of a Resident Commissioner and the Cape Government in a frenzy of impotent rage begged the Imperial Government to take the Basuto beehive off their hands. This was done in 1863 but not before the Cape whites had been beaten severely and several times humbled by the plucky Basutos.

During the British-Boer war they remained strictly neutral, but they were ready to take arms at a moment's notice, and the Boers were extremely careful to refrain from giving them any excuse for intervention.

At the time of the formation of the South African Union the whites made an attempt to include the Basutos in that Union—an event that would have meant the surrender of their independence and the eventual exploitation and theft of their country by the whites. The Chiefs protested with energy to the Resident Commissioner, but with little success. They then made quiet preparations for

eventualities. Some three or four days before the Union was proclaimed every able-bodied Basuto and Zulu—for the former enemies are now allies in the face of the White Menace—working in Natal and the Orange River Colony suddenly disappeared. On the Basutoland Plateau, meanwhile, many thousands of natives stood to their ponies under arms, ready to present arms to the world in defence of their treasured independence, and only waiting the word of their Chiefs to pour down through the passes on the comparatively defenceless plains below. But war was averted. What protests and pleas had failed to win was achieved by a show of force.

Note: The writer acknowledges indebtedness for much of the information contained in the above article to Sir Godfrey Lagden's book "The Basutos" and Ambrose Pratt's "The Real South Africa".

### A Little Town in Senegal

I hear the music throbbing down the lanes  
of Afric rain:  
The Afric spring is breaking, down in Senegal again.  
O little town in Senegal, amid the clustered gums,  
Where are your sturdy village lads who  
one time danced to drums?  
At Soissons, by a fountain wall, they sang  
their melodies;  
And some now lie in Flemish fields, beside  
the northern seas;  
And some tonight are camped and still  
along the Marne and Aisne;  
And some are dreaming of the palms that  
bend in Afric rain.  
The music of the barracks half awakes  
them from their dream;  
They smile and sink back sleepily along the  
Flemish stream.  
They dream the boabab's white buds have  
opened overnight;  
They dream they see the solemn cranes that  
bask in morning light.  
I hear the great drums beating in the  
square across the plain.  
Where are the tillers of the soil, the gal-  
lants' loyal train?  
O little town in Senegal, amid the white  
bud trees,  
At Soissons, in Picardy, went north the last  
of these!—By WILL THOMPSON  
in *The Omaha Monitor*.



## Facts, Fun and Fancies

By M-E

When, O' When, O' When, O' When!  
Will someone find that long lost pen  
That Hist'ry claims, "with one swift stroke  
Abe Lincoln, cut in twain the yoke  
That did enslave four million men  
To leave them, dazed, in freedom's ken."

As "nineteen, nineteen" finds these men  
That Lincoln freed (?) enslaved again;  
Our hope is that some white house clerk  
Will find that pen so it can work.

—Razaferiefo.

### STATEMENTS OF MODERN "L'O- VERTURES" (?) ON THE AFRICAN QUESTION:

"It is proposed to give us a country where  
we can carry guns, razors and knives to our  
hearts' content."

"Self-Government would be a hard job  
for the Negro."

"The old U. S. A. is good enough for us."

"The Negro will never leave America."

The white man after reading and hear-  
ing the above "darkey" talk, will go to the  
peace table prepared to let all demands, on  
our part, go "thru one ear and out the oth-  
er," for he readily sees that Negroes STILL  
LACK the only force which has ever made  
a demand amount to anything and that is  
unity—MANLY UNITY.

### STOP, Look, LISTEN!!!

Have you heard the greatest JAZZ of  
the day?

The title (which is uplifting and inspir-  
ing) is "HAVE THE BRIGHT FAIR  
SKIN THAT RIGHTLY BELONGS TO  
YOU" the words and music were written  
by the famous "OINTMENT" team,  
"WHITE AND BLACK."

### BACK-FIRE.

The Negro is the greatest fighter on  
earth—for the WHITEMAN.

Who ever gets the largest piece had better  
have the largest Army and Navy.

Negroes, especially those of the South,  
would like to have a piece of PEACE.

### A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Sam—"My preacher done turned over a  
new leaf."

Lucifer—"Whut's he done done?"

Sam—"He's gwine tuh study readin,  
writen, 'n' 'rithmitic."

Lucifer—"He sho does mean tuh help  
his flock."

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When making soups use no kind of  
liquids.

The best way to detect dirt is to let it  
accumulate.

The easiest way to get rid of garbage is  
to dump it down the dumb-waiter.

Your neighbor's milk will cut down ex-  
penses.

Don't knock for steam, get an oil stove.

### THE LOCAL HERO.

I'm the boy scout hero  
Pride of New York town,  
In my brand new uniform  
Marching up and down;  
I fought at "chicken Theory,"  
And led a charge—on lamb;  
They say that I'm from Bingham;  
But I'm of Amsterdam.

By—A. Phool.

### TWO WHITES AT THE SHOW

(During The Act)

"Those actors are not colored'  
Look for yourself and see—  
Here, take my opera glasses;  
They're just as white as me.  
You say that they're mulattoes?  
Go on! You've lost your sight!  
Why any fool can look at them  
And see that they are white!"

(On the Street)

"What man? Those are the players  
We've just been looking at  
Why these are colored people—  
Say you're talking through your hat!  
By Jove! You're right—the joke's on me—  
But what a funny race!  
If I was doing such great work  
I'd never hide my face!"

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# Editorials

## The Moton Mission

The Special Mission upon which Robert R. Moton was sent to France, the dastardly nature of which was long suspected, at last stands revealed in all its shameless treachery and disgusting servility!

Moton, *the man who once apologized for his wife's attempt to ride as a human being*, and so betrayed the Race's legitimate aspirations to be treated like human beings, has once more proved the traitor to his race and given emphasis to the truths that "no man can serve two masters" and that "he who pays the fiddler calls the tune."

Robert, in which manner the gentleman is no doubt familiarly and condescendingly addressed by those who "appointed" him to "lead" the Afro-American people, is reported to have given to the Negro soldiers who fought 'over there' for World Democracy the cowardly advice that they should be "modest and unassuming" upon their return to this country. In other words that in returning to this country they should also unprotestingly return to the old shameful conditions, that they should accept without protest the old galling and repressive wrongs and insults which prejudice and race-hatred have heaped upon the Negro; that they should submit themselves, their defenceless women and innocent children to lynch-law and the Southern mob, to disfranchisement, jim-crowism, segregation, insulting and degrading discrimination and the hundred and one evil practices designed and used by our enemies to keep us "in our place."

Robby, we can assure him, is living in the wrong era. Himself and another "great" white-appointed "leader" would have made a fine team a few years ago. But times and the Negro's spirit have undergone a radical change since the servile days of fool advice to own pigs and land and give no thought to the political rights that could alone protect the owner of land and pigs in his property rights. The Negro has learned from sad experience that begging and crawling and following "hand-picked" leaders will win nothing that is worth while. He has seen Suffrage and Labor triumphant through a policy of *demanding* and *agitating*. And neither the Negro men who fought for Democracy on the shell torn fields of France, nor the Negro women and men who stood by the

country and backed up all its soldiers, are going to adopt the "modest and unassuming" attitude that Robby recommends.

We are moreover of the opinion that Robby's period of usefulness to the forces that appointed him is at an end. He has never evinced any marked usefulness to the Negro Race, which he, like his predecessor, has injured far more grievously with his servile attitude than he has been able, in his half-hearted divided devotion, to serve. No man can serve two masters and we commend Robby to his white 'massas'. The Negro Race is forever done with the spineless Judas Iscariot type of leader!

## A Puzzler

A despatch from Paris anent the deliberations of the Council of Premiers upon the claims to the German colonies made by the whites of South Africa tells us that in regard to South-West Africa "it is thought that President Wilson may assent to this proposition, because the English South African colonies and the former German possessions in the southwest are not separated by water or by any natural frontier. If there were natural barriers, the captured colony might plausibly advance a claim to the right of self-determination." Whether in that case the claim to be considered would have to be made by the few German colonists or the rightful owners of the land—the natives—is not plain. The indications are that it would have to come from the white "colonists"—South-West Africa being considered in the nature of a "colony" colonised by foreigners and not as a country populated by native sons. But as there is no "natural barrier"—the terrible Kalahari Desert and the great Orange River evidently not being in that category—the question is to be decided in favor of the whites of the South African Union who already autocratically boss it over a native population four times their number.

The question of the future of the former German possessions in East Africa was not yet touched, we are informed. But with such a precedent before us we may reasonably assume that by the time the Conference is ready to discuss it the whites of South Africa will have discovered that German East, too, is lacking in natural barriers, for what are little things like Lakes Nyassa, Tanganika and the intervening

mountains to such miracle-workers as the whites of South Africa? Or perhaps the task of eliminating natural barriers will be left to the whites in British East. In that case it is conceivable that great Lake Victoria, mighty Kilimanjaro and the Taita Mountains will easily sink into the insignificance of non-barriers. No wonder Great Britain is willing to leave "the future of Mesopotamia, Palestine and the German colonies to the League of Nations"!

### Need of An Awakened Public Conscience

That ministers can wade in the dishonesty and mud of a political Slush Fund and yet not face an upheaval in their congregations and the just punishment their dishonest participation merited is a terrible indictment of religious organizations and the public conscience.

Where the public conscience is in a torpid state there is bound to be an unhealthy growth of graft, hypocrisy and other forms of deceit and dishonesty. For instance, it will be noted that the names of the same ministers who were caught in the net of the Mitchell Slush Fund have again appeared in connection with other dishonest schemes. This is only natural. These ministers are obviously wolves in sheep's clothing, Judas Iscariots in the church of a betrayed Christ and sellers and betrayers of their flocks; and will continue their evil-doing until brought up short by the lasso of an awakened public conscience, which apparently will have to be directed against the trustees of the churches as well as against the treacherous, grafting ministers, since the trustees in neglecting their plain duty to their congregations, their Master and the public in general are obviously in collusion with the ministers or, themselves living in the glass houses of immorality and dishonesty, do not dare to take action against the ministers.

The public conscience that could tolerate the return to his church and the continued presence in Harlem of a certain minister after various charges and proofs of immorality and disgusting degeneracy is certainly in a bad state and bodes no good for the welfare and progress of the community.

### Welcome Fifteenth!

Welcome home glorious Fifteenth! Our hearts go out to you as much for your cracker-taming deeds over here as for

your gallant exploits "over there". Real men you were before you left these shores, real men you proved yourselves upon the fields of France and real men you have returned! Not for you the genuflecting attitude or the cheek-turning mood! Whatever Fate has in store for you you will face it bravely with eyes straight and heads held high! Should it be that any of your members must die a death of violence because of the color of his skin Ethiopia may be proudly confident it is as a hero and a warrior that he will face the call to Paradise and not as a crawling creeping insect begging for the mercy that is never accorded! Welcome home victorious Fifteenth!

### Who Pays The Fiddler Calls The Tune

Many Negro publications have as just cause to complain of the paucity of race support as has the race in regards to their lack of loyalty and integrity during political campaigns and 'carrying' of insulting Kink-no-More and Bleach-Your-Complexion advertisements as often and as steadily as they can induce the white manufacturers of these "aids" to a doubtful "beauty" to let them carry their race-insulting advertisements.

During the past few months, The Crusader has been the recipient of several hundred letters congratulatory upon the absence from our columns of insulting advertisements and hotly condemnatory of the publications that carry them. This is a good sign of an awakening race pride. But does not the blame lie halfway between the grasping, race-selling editors and the Negro reader and business man whose scant support both in the circulation and advertisement departments drive the editors to the white man for support? It is simply a matter of "who pays the fiddler calls the tune". Both where the publication is supported by white advertisers and where it is published by an association for the advancement of certain white folk's niggers its policies will be dictated by the white man. And whenever the interests of the two races clash—as they so often do—it is the white man's interests that will be served by those publications who derive their support from white sources. "Who pays the fiddler calls the tune".

The Crusader Magazine because of the hearty support accorded it within the race and because it is purely a racial enter-

prise has neither the need to bite its tongue nor to seek outside aid, and does not find itself forced to accept advertisements that insult and shame the race. But are the others as well supported by those in whose interests they are published?

### If It Were Only True

The New York World tells us, and we wish we could believe it, that as a result of the Peace Conference and the formation of the proposed League of Nations, "new nations are to be formed. Old nations are to be recreated. Tyranny is to die. Subject races are to be freed. Geography is to be no more merely an expression of imperialistic greed and plunder."

Ah! If it were only true! If a League of Nations would really mean these things! If at last universal peace was to be bought by universal justice! But how can these things be compassed with imperialistic England, greedy France, and land-hungry Italy and the hypocritical murderer of Haitian freedom the leading spirits of the League? Are England and France prepared to give up their millions of square miles of African territory? Are they willing to have the principle of self-determination applied to Egypt, Morocco, Algeria, Nigeria, Tunis, 'French West Africa, and 'British' East Africa? Are England and her puppies in South Africa ready to extend the franchise to 4,000,000 wronged and subjugated natives of the Union of South Africa? Is Italy willing to give up Eritrea and her ambitions in Abyssinia? Is she willing to withdraw her absurd claims to Tripoli and leave the natives of that country to a quiet independence? Is America ready to step out of Haiti and San Domingo and return their country to the Hawaiians? Is she ready to recognize the demands of the Filipinos for independence or to apply self-determination to Mississippi and South Carolina and democracy to the South in general?

We would we could believe that the League of Nations would bring about a universal reign of justice *but the gathering of the pack is no sign that either World Democracy or the Millenium has come!*

### Force and The Big Thieves

A Peace Conference statement framed by President Wilson condemns the exercise of force and warns the new nations of

Europe that they will spoil their chances at the Conference if they take territory by force instead of waiting for the Council to settle the question of whose it is. This is very wise and very good. But if force is not to decide the ownership of territory seized by the smaller nations neither should Force be allowed to decide the ownership of territory seized by the greater Powers. Great Britain and France and various other European nations to-day claim ownership over millions of square miles—in fact, nearly the entire area of the continent—of African territory. This territory was seized by the most wanton exercise of force and fraud. It is held to-day only by force. Is this to continue? Does the statement of the Peace Conference apply only to the exercise of force by the smaller nations? Is the rule for one and not for the other—for the weak and not for the strong?

### A Negro Bank For Harlem

There is now under way among the women of the race in Harlem a movement to found a Negro bank in that community.

This movement merits the aid and enthusiastic co-operation of Negro-Harlem—both because of the crying need for a Negro Bank where Negro business men and women could enjoy the privileges of borrowing now enjoyed by white depositors but denied by the white banks to the Negro depositor, no matter what his business, his measure of success or the amount of money he has on deposit; and for the safe and splendid investment it offers.

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# Unto The End?

By Eva B. Dukes

**U**NDER an arbor of honeysuckle that hangs over a gate in a small southern village, there stands a young girl as radiant and full of beauty as a sunny May morning when the air was redolent with the odors of green grass and violets. Her face with its soft, brown skin and irregular features, was enshrined in a heavy mass of thick, black hair. Her large, dark eyes were all aglow with hope and expectancy. Her youthful figure which as yet did not reveal signs of maturity, was clad in a simple, blue gingham dress with its white collars and cuffs. As she stood by the gate she seemed the embodiment of life and joy.

"Jean", a voice calls from within the simple cottage, "It is time for breakfast."

"All right mother," laughingly she answers and with two or three agile leaps, she is on the porch where there stands an elderly, slightly grey-haired woman whose dark-tinted face was sweet yet sad. With a hearty kiss Jean greeted her mother, gaily catching her hands and pulling her around and around.

"Oh, mother, I am so happy to-day, I can't help acting in this way. For once I have forgotten the rules of etiquette we learned at school and my whole being responds to the joy I feel. Mother, just think! Eddie is coming back to day. How can I help being happy?"

"Yes, Jean," the mother replied with a smile, "How glad I feel that Eddie is going to fight for his country, your country and mine. It makes my heart rejoice that the future husband of my daughter is going to show the same manhood and loyalty to the American flag that our fathers showed many years ago. How proud his mother and father must be of him!"

The daughter answers by silently pressing her face against the mother's; and, entwining their arms about each other's waist they turn and enter the house together.

Not far away, just around the corner, there is another little cottage that sits back modestly from the street. There are luxuriant vines running over the white porch with its green posts. A path leads from the steps to the gate, on either side of which are rose-bushes on whose branches tiny buds are just beginning to appear. Sitting on the porch in two rockers are an old grey-haired man and woman. Their wrinkled, brown faces, which show the toll of many years but indicate the pleasing results of an honorable, well-lived past, are radiant with joy this bright May morning.

"Mary," the old man says breaking the silence, "the Lord has blessed us wonderfully. To think that we should now be sitting here enjoying the comforts of life! More and more I learn that in spite of our sufferings God is ever with us. And to-day our Eddie, our little boy who has grown up to be a fine young man, is returning from camp before sailing abroad. O, Mary can't you see how wonderful it all is?"

Mary, who was proud of her son but, mother-like, hated to see him go away, answered, "Yes, John, it is; but I don't see why Eddie, our only son had to go. There are plenty of white boys. Why couldn't they have gone?

They have their rights here, they are not deprived of the rights and privileges of an American citizen, they are not "jim-crowed," treated as dogs or strung up on a tree for the least offence; they have a country to protect, whereas we—"

Here Mary's flow of words in her excitement was suddenly checked by the pained look on John's face; and impulsively as if ashamed of herself, she said, "O, forgive me John, I forgot; I have forgotten my promise to stop talking this foolishness, but I just couldn't help it."

And as if there had just dawned upon her mind the words, "Forgive your enemies, do good unto them that hate you," her face was at once illuminated by that spirit of love that the simple Fisherman taught by the Sea of Galilee. She reached over and grasped the hand of her husband who showed his sympathy by a firm pressure. So the happy couple sat rocking together side by side.

Beyond the limits of this little village, in the outer world everyone was filled with excitement over the news that America had proclaimed war upon Germany. For months she had calmly stood aloof with her policy of "watchful waiting," while Germany was committing depredations on land and sea. At last she was drawn into the great world conflict. Many of her best youths immediately were ready to give up home, relatives and career to defend their Country. Among those who were anxious to do "their bit" was Eddie Brown, the only son of John and Mary. In the small southern village where he was born he had grown up with Jean. When they were approaching the threshold of manhood and womanhood that unconscious love which was the outcome of their childish associations gradually asserted itself. Eddie left home to attend one of the northern colleges where he remained until the first tidings of America's entry into the war. Immediately with some of his classmates, he stopped school and with the unselfish spirit of self-sacrifice joined one of the training camps for colored officers. Here he worked faithfully and was finally given a commission as First Lieutenant. Before sailing abroad he was given permission to return home and now he was on his way to see his dear old parents and his sweetheart.

As Mary and John were sitting on their porch, they heard a quick firm step and a sudden pause. They looked up and beheld at the gate a splendid looking young man with his officer's cap and khaki uniform that fitted closely the tall well-made body. His eyes were frank and fearless, the nose straight, the lips thin and determined. His coarse, wavy, black hair was brushed back becomingly from his forehead. Altogether he was a fine specimen of all those qualities that make for noble manhood.

"Mother! Father!"—and with a bound he was in their arms embracing first one and then the other. There is no need to describe the happy scene, the faces bedewed with tears of joy of the father and mother, and then the meeting with Jean; the happy evening meal

where they talked of old times and where Eddie amused them with vivid descriptions of the camp life he had just experienced. There is no time to dwell upon the joyous days that followed in which Joan and Eddie pledged their love anew, days in which the older folks seemed to be inspired by the same feeling that animated the young couple. The days sped by only too quickly until at last Eddie received orders to be back at camp prior to the preparations for going abroad.

It is the last day of his stay. The two families were taking the last meal together. Although all attempted to be joyful, underneath their there was a vein of sadness. At last the mother could endure the strain no longer. She jumped up from the table, crying, "Eddie, don't go, don't leave me." Eddie calmly patted her shoulder as he said, "But mother dear, I am coming back, I know it, I feel it. Can't you see how much better it will be for the whole race if we, who can, only do our part? After this great war, if we have helped to defend America, we can rightfully claim those rights that belong to every American. Why, it is even now better for us. Look at the many positions that are gradually opening up to us already. Why, mother, are not our boys and girls holding jobs at this very moment that never would have been obtained if it had not been for the war? Do you think that such persecution as we have undergone will continue unto the end? Why, no! Already the outlook is better; already the cloud is turning its silver lining upon us while the darker side recedes from our view. Only a little patience and faith, mother, and it will come out all right in the end."

If the mother was not inwardly appeased by these optimistic utterances of youth she outwardly assumed a happier countenance. The hour arrives for Eddie's departure. After many injunctions as to his conduct and care of his health, he embraces one after the other; first Jean's mother, then his parents and last of all Jean who was bravely keeping back the tears that would now and then rise to the surface, but with a smile she tenderly kissed him good-bye. He finally snatches himself away and the last glimpse they get of his youthful figure turning the corner, blithely—waving his cap and throwing kisses of love. And thus Eddie with a youthful, hoping heart goes out into a new life and a new world.

The time passes by very quickly and Eddie arrives on a new scene of action.

He writes his first letter-home telling of his novel experiences "over there."

His letters are looked for by a little group in a small southern village across the seas. In one cottage a young girl reads every night over and over and prays God that the writer may return home safe. In another cottage two old parents eagerly read those letters from which they derive so much comfort and at last covered with tears and kisses they are gently placed in a little box on the mantle-piece. Frightful war goes on with deadly devastations. Millions are killed daily and the ground of Europe is red with the blood of the flower of almost every nation's manhood. There seems to be no relief, but the Great Unseen Power behind the universe showed the way and one day an armistice was signed. Immediately wherever the glad tidings went there

(Continued on Page 30)



The present basketball situation presents an extremely simple aspect. One team just now stands head and shoulder over the others. The St. Christopher "Red and Black Machine" has defeated both Alpha and Spartans and also recently the Carlton Lightning Five of Brooklyn, which up to a short time ago stood almost on par with the champions as having the honor of having defeated Spartans and Alpha, too. Now, however, with the overwhelming victory of the St. Christopher Machine over the Carlton conquerors of Alpha and Spartans the Machine stands supreme in the basketball world. One of the four biggest teams in the country she has defeated the other three and one of them in an overwhelming manner right after that one had defeated the other two.

The present situation finds the Machine supreme, but she must face each of her big opponents once more this season and she is certain to find them harder and more determined than in the first game. Carlton especially she will find harder since she must face Carlton on her own court in Brooklyn. Will the Machine weather the storm?

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# Helpful Hints on English

By Gertrude E. Hall.

**T**HERE seems to come a time in most people's life to find cause to lament because they were never forewarned. Too often we hear a man or woman of middle age sigh and say "Oh! If I had only known." Though we spend the best part of our life learning how to do things nevertheless that pitiful wail should be no longer on the increase. So if to be forewarned is forearmed, I will begin by taking from the essays of George Campbell that: Language is a species of fashion, established by consent of the people of a particular country. Grammar gives not law to language, but from speech derives its authority and value."

This would seem then a necessity of reading books of standard literature and paying strict attention to the way the best speakers use words.

"Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us" says Dean Alford, "but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors speak no courser than usual; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of providence say what you are."

Several would-be writers have told me of their attempts to write stories, but that it was impossible to express themselves. I should say it is, upon the first attempt.

Frederick Douglass was one who openly acknowledged finding himself at a loss for words, to say things as he wanted to say them. Consequently he studied speeches delivered by great men. He found out the meaning of words, and this is one important step toward successful speaking and writing. To have a vague idea of the meaning of words is one thing; to know them is another. We must possess words; otherwise any of us are apt to make the mistake as did the boy who was asked to show the use of the word "concise" in a sentence and whose mind was on eatables as boys' minds usually are, said: "My mother made a concise cake of which I am very fond."

All great writers acquired the dictionary habit. They know immediately how to discriminate between such words as diadem and crown, amateur and novice, sure and certain, ought and should, affront and efront, expect and anticipate.

The following shows how Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to his father at the age of sixteen, which gives evidence, at that tender age, of quite a large and varied vocabulary.

"Respected Paternal Relative:—

"I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous—nay elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician's fees, and the most expensive time of the twelve months was March.

"But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved, Yours Truly.

Does not this deserve remuneration? I appeal to your charity. I appeal to your generosity. I appeal to your justice. I appeal to your accounts. I appeal, in fine, to your purse.

"My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less—than half-a-crown. Greeting, from, Sir,

Your most affectionate and needy son, R. Stevenson."

Students of English should note the pleasing manner in which some writers speak of commonplace objects. Take for example "Whittier's Bare Foot Boy":

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!  
With thy turned up pantaloons;  
And thy merry whistled tunes,  
And thy red lips, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

And again from Dunbar's writing of the dawn:

"An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night--  
Night woke to blush, the sprite was gone,  
Men saw the blush and called it dawn."

In either case there is noble thought expressed in marvellous simplicity. Students must learn the parts of speech, that is, whether a word is a noun, verb, adjective, adverb, interjection, preposition, or conjunction. They also must learn what slang is in order to avoid it. Likewise barbarisms, Colloquialisms, vulgarisms, solecisms. They must learn when not to use contractions and what they are. They must learn about the use of foreign words also. Eng-

lish is a lawless but beautiful language. It takes the jury of best writers to decide its fates and its breaches of syntax and teach how to grope with its verbosity, tautology, redundancy, circumlocution and ambiguity; and just when obscurity is permissible.

Though there is a vast difference in teachers, such men as Prof. Miller, Dr. DuBois and President Wilson who have always been careful students of English, I presume are able to help students overcome arising difficulties of the language and point out the various styles of writing.

While I have been taught much about the language, it would be unfair and unjust to give away the secret of writing for which men claim a neat sum of money to teach. Practice is the best advice that I know. But to write like Dante or Dumas or Stevenson, or Hall Caine, one must be learned. He must possess a fine quality himself, and understand the inner qualities of human beings.

Above all it takes mature reflection and age to arouse the morbid world or subside the giddy.

However, I repeat the advice to practice, in the words of Dunbar: "Keep a-plugging away." Whether one is a doctor, lawyer, the butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, the post-graduate course should be English.

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# Punta, Revolutionist

By ROMEO L. DOUGHERTY

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Harry Longdale, a young Colored American, after an exciting adventure in his home in Savannah, Ga., arrives in New York and finding that he is white in looks although with a strain of colored blood, struggles through many years as a New York newsboy and a few years after finds himself a newspaperman on the New York Thunderer. He is sent to Santo Amalia to write the story of the activities of the American troops in Cuba and Porto Rico during the Spanish-American war. Falling in with a group of Spanish-West Indians, he is having a great time until his attention is attracted to Punctacious Hernandez, hero of our story, who is called "Punta" for short. After a band concert on the principal plaza in the island he makes the acquaintance of the rich young "Punta" at an amusement resort called "El Carrizal" and is astonished to find that "Punta" has lived in America and deploras as deeply the conditions surrounding men of color in the United States as much as the American Negro himself. Longdale, finding that the young Spanish-West Indian is "true blue", is about to disclose his real identity to "Punta" and towards that arranges a meeting for the day following a set of races at which "Punta's" horse "Del Fuego" is the favorite.



found the day of the races at Rio Piedras one of those beautiful days for which the islands of the Caribbean are noted. A cool breeze came from the hills and tempered what would otherwise undoubtedly have been an exceedingly warm day. The town was enjoying a half holiday, and the gayly bedecked crowds were all headed for the Rio Piedras track. Feeling that I had the time, I strolled towards the Marina where I met Ernesto enjoying a smoke and gazing intently into the harbor. After a warm greeting he called my attention to a number of American cruisers and gunboats at anchor, and as we discussed the possibility of these ships meeting the "Spanish Armada" at sea, scores of boats crowded with officers and men were arriving at the landing and discharging their human freight. The boys in blue took immediate possession of the town and scattered to see the sights and, those so inclined, to test the strength of the native composition of rum, cane juice and some other ungodly ingredient making up a decoction guaranteed to make the hind legs of a Kentucky mule reach for the stars. As I am a late riser we did not linger long on the Marina, it being then one o'clock. The first race would start at 2:30 sharp and we boarded one of the crowded cars for Rio Piedras. It was an hour's ride and one that I always enjoyed. I found a great deal of pleasure inspecting the old Spanish houses on both sides of the track as the car proceeded and I never got tired of gazing upon landmarks which will always live. Balboa, Christopher Columbus, Pizzaro and many others have lived in Santo Amalia, and regardless of the many changes the natives will always keep fresh their memory. From the windows of the car we could see the military road, and the scene presented here was one that told how well Santo Amalians could enjoy a holiday. Large crowds of the poorer class of people jammed the road on their way to the races, and now and then the hollow beat of a drum would keep accompaniment to the "Bamboula" which made the crowd cut all kinds of capers that kept the Americans and even natives in good spirits all the way. As we neared Rio Piedras wild "country dances" played on mandolins, guitars and flutes, accompanied by tambourines and a surging mass of dancing singing souls jammed the sandy street that led to the principal entrance of the track. Around the far end where the cheaper seats and "standing room" could be obtained, the same thing held good and when by hercu-

lean efforts I and young Estban did manage to get into the grand stand it seemed as if the people of the entire island were in Rio Piedras. The sailors, marines and officers of the American ships, or I should say the majority of them, had "followed the crowd" and joined heartily in the spirit of the occasion and just like the mariners they were, started to lay their money on any horse carrying a name that appealed to them. However, they soon changed their attitude when they noticed that the American residents of the islands were backing the entry from New Orleans, and soon an excited throng were knocking over the bookmakers under the stands. Suddenly a hush fell on the assemblage as the first strains of the "Borinquen" floated upon the air, but just as suddenly the Santo Amalians gave way to the joy of which I have spoken when I first heard this hymn. Upon its conclusion a fanfare was blown by six youngsters of the Amalian University who were in the judges' stand and immediately after a score of gayly caparisoned horses with riders dressed in yellow and red bounded on the track and started to drive the people into the stands and on the side. Music filled the air and as the horsemen disappeared and everything seemed to be in readiness everybody settled back to await the coming of the "Alcalde" or mayor. When this important personage arrived it was the signal for another outburst of joy, for Don Juan Rinaldo was one of the most popular officials that ever held that office. But as the beautiful carriage, drawn by four thoroughbred horses, swung around the track before swinging up to the mayor's box with a dash, it was seen that he was not only accompanied by his wife but by the proud-looking "Punta," his beautiful sister and his father and mother. The "Bamboula," "Country Dances," and all kinds of music and songs again rent the air and shouts attested to the popularity of the occupants of the mayor's carriage. One uncouth son of Georgia or Alabama, who up to this time had attracted the attention of the people in the stand where he sat by his boisterous conduct wanted to know who was "the high muchamuck nigger" and but for the hateful look which darted from the eyes of a score of natives around and the suggestive manner in which their hands sought their back pockets, he might have forgotten that he was from a certain part of the United States where the popular sport is taking the lives of unoffensive Negroes.

Don Juan Rinaldo was a dark brown-skinned man with the stamp of refinement and good

breeding which one can notice even in the very dark natives of the better class throughout these islands. Shortly after the party was settled in their box the first race was run. Then came the second event. A look of expectancy settled upon the faces of the natives as they gazed silently towards the far end of the race track, and I could not help but notice that they were becoming a bit restless as the minutes passed. Ernesto, my mentor, explained that this was the race in which the great Del Fuego would meet the best horses from the surrounding islands—the race upon which thousands of dollars had been wagered and one that would for the first time introduce a famous American jockey and a thoroughbred that had pulled down many a stake at the tracks in America. All of a sudden a great roar interrupted Ernesto's recital of the merits of Punta's horse. If the people appeared wild before in their demonstrations, now they seemed to be a frenzied gathering giving vent to a joy which must have been pent up for many weeks. The gates at the far end of the track had swung open and from my point of vantage with field glasses glued to my eyes I could see two men frantically clinging to the bridle of a jet black horse. This animal was plunging, rearing, jumping, in fact, he was doing everything in his power to get away from the undersized natives who tried valiantly to quiet him. He was surrounded by a retinue of about ten servants of the Hernandez household who walked around him acting as a body guard. Not a soul was allowed near the horse, except those who attended him, and as they drew nearer to the mayor's box for which they were headed the animal seemed to become more frenzied than his admirers who were shouting his name, throwing hats into the air and otherwise giving a correct imitation of a people carried away with the joy of gazing upon an idol that they worshipped.

Following sedately came the little jockey from one of the neighboring islands. He was mounted on another horse and carried his saddle, whip and spurs over his left arm. It would seem that "Punta" never allowed his horse to remain in the padlock, being satisfied to walk him from his home in the capital on the day of the race and immediately send him back at the conclusion of the day's sport. For some reason which to this day I can never explain, I kept my eyes centered upon the little boy who was to ride Del Fuego until he disappeared in the judges' stand to weigh in. While he smiled it appeared to me that he was not in the best of spirits, for every time his gaze rested upon the frantic animal he was to mount in a short while a sickly look came upon his face. That boy couldn't hold the horse and he knew it. Del Fuego was finely drawn albeit a very powerful animal. His side was white with foam and I laughed to myself when I saw the look of distress upon the faces of the two men holding on to his bridle with might and main as "Punta" leaned from the box and tried to quiet the horse by speaking to him. But Del Fuego continued to plunge forward, then backward. Then he reared and when he dropped on his forefeet and found that he was still in the grip of his keepers he snorted. The muscles in his body trembled and if ever fire burned in an animal

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## Q. R. S. MUSIC ROLLS

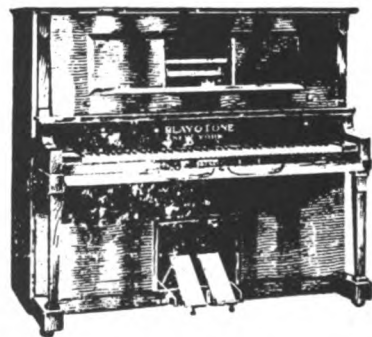
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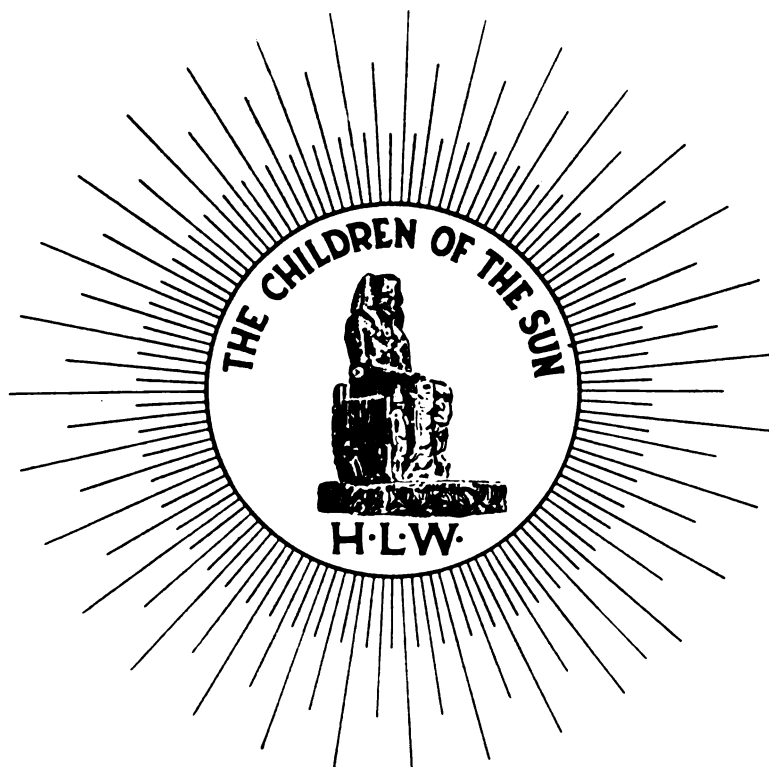
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# WOMEN'S

## COOKING AN ART INSTEAD OF DRUDGERY.

Cooking is usually looked upon as a despised work, and the art of cooking is not so very old as its development depended much on culture and increase of wealth. In the early stages of civilization our ancestors thought a great deal about food, it is true; but the meal was altogether a matter of feeding, all eating was done with the fingers, no attempt was made to have the food present a pleasing appearance and to serve food to-day as it was served then would take the appetite of a healthy man. Cooking then, as above stated is the result of civilization, and instead of being a despised work, the work of buying and preparing food for the table should be considered as much an art as literary work or writing music.

And in order that the food be pleasing, it is not necessary that it be expensive. The remedy for the foolish waste of money in buying costly foods "will be found" writes Dr. Atwater "in a better knowledge of cooking and serving food and in the acceptance of the doctrine that economy is not only respectable but honorable."

### FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

The principal point to keep in mind in making soup is to draw out the juices and flavors into the water, cold water extracts the juices of the meat and should always be used in soup-making.

A little fat should be used in any soup, as a part of it will be absorbed by the soup

in cooking and the remainder will rise to the top, and when unbroken will preserve the soup.

In the early settlement of this and almost every foreign country, fish formed the principal article of food.

White fish is more easily digested as the fat is stored in the liver. The red-blood fish have their fat distributed throughout the body, as in salmon, bluefish, mackerel and herring.

Test for fresh fish: eyes bright, and protruding, gills, bright red, flesh firm leaving no mark when pressed with the fingers.

Olive oil occupies the first place among vegetable oils, it is very valuable as a food, never gets rancid, does not dry up, nor does it freeze at any ordinary temperature, as a household liniment hot olive oil has no rival.

Tough meats are more nourishing than tender for the reason that the tough meats come from the part of the animal where exercise of the muscle is greatest and where the blood has carried the most nourishment.

The albumen element in meat is called myosin. It is found in the blood and muscle. This the proteid or muscle-building element in food, needed to build tissue and to give strength. Albuminous food is more digestible in a raw or rare state, so people with the weak or delicate digestive organs may eat raw or rare beef, as beef is the only meat that can be safely eaten in a raw or rare state.

A Paris manuscript mentions the use of coffee in 975 B. C. It was used in Abyssinia and Ethiopia from time immemorial. A legend of the discovery of it is as follows: A poor Arabian dervish noticed evening after evening that his goats returned home in a remarkably happy humor. He watched them closely to find out the possible cause of their joyfulness, and discovered that they ate largely of the leaves

# DEPARTMENT

and flowers of a beautiful unknown tree. He tried the effects of them on himself, and was so exhilarated that his neighbors accused him of drinking wine forbidden to them.



## THE USE OF COSMETICS.

It is most amusing to hear someone railing against the use of cosmetics, especially when it is a sourced and pitilessly unattractive female or a loud mouthed whiskey soaked male. They dwell upon the fact that untold millions could be saved were women not so given over to vanity, or that no good woman ever painted her face anyway. But as a matter of fact, whatever one's opinion may be on the subject, cosmetics have been used by both good and bad women as far back as anything can be learned of the personal customs of the female sex, just as wine has been drunk by priests and sots, by gentlemen and street corner loafers and will be used and abused so long as wine and men exist. I am not an advocate of indiscriminate painting and powdering because the result is perceptibly artificial and unbecoming, but I certainly believe that a woman should be her own Judge in the matter, without masculine interference, and, anyway, any woman in the world, if she cares to, can deceive the cleverest man on this point. It is always the husband of a plain unadorned and too natural woman who will break his heart and waste his money in the worship of a painted and powdered Jesebel.

## POSSIBLE TO LIVE TO SIXTY WITHOUT WRINKLES.

After sixty one should expect wrinkles, not before up to that time they are premature, I will say however, that the treatment for their prevention is a moral one. I do not think it possible for any external treatment to remove wrinkles

caused by dissipation until the subject has reformed her ways. The best treatment for wrinkles that have been caused by illness is nutritious food and plenty of fresh air.

## INFORMATION.

For the benefit of the dear little boy who called at our office to find out how his goldfish managed to breathe under water, we are pleased to furnish the following information: "While fishes as a class are easily distinguished from other animals, they show their relationship to certain of the amphibians in the fact that a few of their members have lungs as well as gills. As a rule, however, fishes breathe by means of gills alone. Instead of legs and arms, fishes are provided with fins, thin flimy webs stretched on a number of little bones. Fishes are all cold blooded and as a rule possess hearts of only two chambers. Just as birds are specially built for flying through the air, so the form of a fish is perfectly adapted for moving through the water, the head is sharp and the body is oval in form, the scales are placed somewhat like the slates on the roof of a house so that the water slips over them easily. Under the gill-covers of the fish are a number of reddish arches, these are the gills, and they are red because all the blood is sent there from the heart in order that it may get a supply of oxygen before it is distributed through the body.

Instead, then, of inhaling air as other animals do, the fish passes the water through its gills, which absorb a great part of the oxygen which it contains, and as this action is repeated incessantly, so the fish manage to breathe under the water."

# Men of Our Times

Andrea Paul Razafkeriefo, poet, songwriter and leading Afro-American humorist, whose poems and humorous articles monthly add to the joy of living for several hundred thousand people throughout the world, was born at Washington, D. C. on December 16, 1895 of native African and Afro-American parentage. He is a grandson of the late Captain John L. Waller, United States Consul to Madagascar, on his mother's side and a grandnephew of Ranavalona III, late queen of that island, on his father's side, who was a graduate of the

at least an hundred numbers of all sorts he has approached music publishers but twice, preferring to write for the amusement of himself and friends. In 1913, at which time he was but seventeen, his song, "Baltimo" was published by James Kendis Music Co., of New York, and was a sensational hit in Shubert's "Passing Show" of that year, at the Winter Garden. Not being wise to the tricks of the game he apparently did not derive from his song all the benefits that should have accrued. For the past few years he has spent most of his time with poetry, contributing to local magazines and newspapers, mainly The Crusader and The Voice. He has, however recently written an immense song-hit, "The Fifteenth Infantry", which though just published is creating a great sensation throughout the country. He was happily married in 1915 to Miss Annabelle Geneva Miller of Charleston, S. C.



ANDRAE RAZAFKERIEFO

Royal Military Academy of France and fell in battle for Malagasy freedom, shortly before the birth of his son.

Mr. Razafkeriefo must have inherited his poetical ability from his mother, who is a poetess of great merit; and his musical talent from his father who was a great musician. He early began his communion with the Muses, writing his first verse "The Boys in Blue", at the age of nine. He began writing songs at the age of fifteen and though he has written

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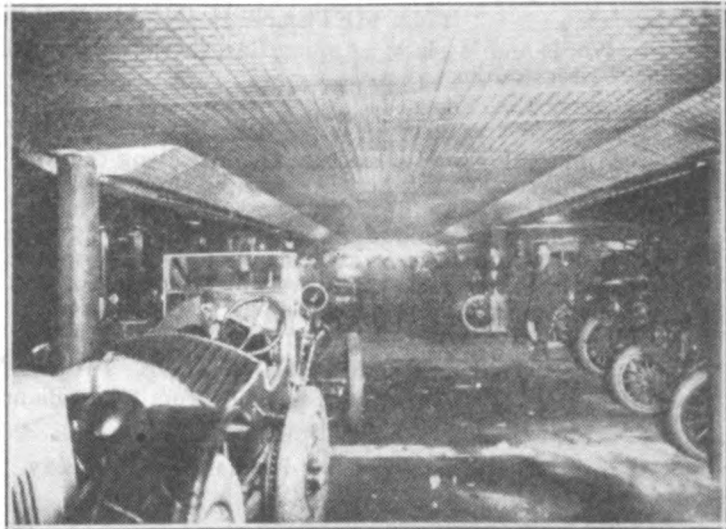
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recognition as such was considered competent and capable. ¶ The Thomas Broadway Auto School has to its credit the turning out with efficient license a large quota of members of the Haywood Motor Corps Unit, and is prepared now to instruct with comfort twice as many as the past latter years. The Main Office, Thomas' Broadway Sales Room and School, situated at 213 West 53rd Street, is now undergoing a thorough renovating and enlargement, and every comfort is in sight for enrolling students for

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this year, and adds the necessary office comfort to buyers. The public is invited to inspection and it is advisable to consult this well stocked Sales Room before buying a car.

## Liberia, The Gateway to Africa

There are still on the African continent several independent and semi-independent Negro states. Of the former Liberia and Abyssinia are the two most important. It is through one or other of these independent states that any action taken by the Western Negro for the redemption of his motherland must be directed. Abyssinia may promptly be eliminated from the consideration because of the absence of a littoral. Any action directed through Abyssinia would be made abortive by the European Powers surrounding her and cutting her off from the sea. Liberia with its extensive coast line and its strategic geographic position also possesses the necessary mineral and

vegetable resources to the creation of a strong nation. Its 40,000 sq. miles can easily support a population of 20,000,000 more than its present 1,500,000. A hustling, determined population of 5,000,000 could effect a wide development of its resources and through that development could build a mosquito fleet of submarines and mine-layers for coast guard purposes, and organise an army of 500,000. With the Liberian littoral effectively guarded against foreign invasion the position of Liberia would be fairly impregnable. Through pre-war propaganda an alliance with the Mohammedan forces of North and Central Africa could easily be achieved. These forces are ever ready for

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Just listen to their band the best band in the land;  
'Twould almost make you grab a gun, grab a gun, join them too.  
See how they keep in step they put the "P" in pep  
Those colored boys have surely made some rep,  
They win but admiration from all the population  
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war against the white enslaver. With their co-operation the invasion of Liberia from the hinterland would be made impossible; but even without their co-operation such a task would be largely impracticable, excepting through the means of troops landed at Sierra Leone, Guinea and the Gold Coast and the landing of troops at any point along these coasts would be a dangerous undertaking with Liberian submarines about and the Liberian submarine bases so near.

The Liberian position would be always that of a nation operating around its home base, while its opponents would have to send troops thousands of miles over submarine-infested seas and over rugged lands, vast swamps and deserts where railroad development is practically nil. But Liberia would have to have a population of at least 5,000,000 before she could even develop her resources and build a mosquito fleet and raise an army of 500,000. Where is the necessary 3,500,000 to come from? Is the Western Negro ready to adventure? Is he willing to make the necessary sacrifices for freedom and a redeemed Africa?

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

By Andrea Razafkeriefo.

T'would seem that folly once again will plan  
(Behind closed doors) the future fate of man  
Yea, folly—ever foolish, ever blind.  
So graciously, extravagantly kind;  
To rid the world of war, has now designed  
To speak—in SECRECY—the people's mind.

Ah Folly! Fool thou art! Dost thou not know  
That thou wouldst plant the seed of greater woe?  
If thou wouldst dare to hold a people's court  
Yet view their future destiny as naught;  
They (who four years of hell new things have taught.)  
Will rise and take the things, for which they fought!

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# Plays and Players

By C. V. B.

Miss Cleo Desmond in "The Ninety and Nine" with a white face and a wig of golden hair certainly added nothing by her makeup to the illusion of the play. On the contrary by introducing the ridiculous she helped greatly to mar that illusion. Whose is this idea of white washing, anyhow, and for what purpose was it designed? All who go to the Lafayette Theatre understand and expect the plays will be presented by Negroes. It is not necessary for these Negroes to make up as white people simply because the plays were originally written for and by white people. French actors in presenting an English play do not attempt to make up like English people and there are quite wide differences between the two peoples. It is only when a special typical British character is called for in the caste that the French actor to whom the part is assigned tries to make up like, and imitate the exact mannerisms of, the Englishman. One would as soon expect a company of Negro players to present "Darkest Russia" in the Russian language as to present the same play in

a white-washed state to represent the Slav characters. Of course the superficial make-up—such as dress—is perfectly legitimate, but why carry it further? We do not think the theatre-goers of Harlem will long tolerate a white washed Negro stage. But is this the explanation of the persistent attempts to hold dark-hued Miss Evelyn Ellis in the background when Miss Ellis is by far the best actress in her company and an actress second in ability only to Miss Abbie Mitchell? We were always unable to understand why a director would put his best talent in insignificant roles the while trying to star others of only mediocre ability. We think we understand now. And we know that this game, by whomsoever originated, won't go in Harlem!

## "DARKEST RUSSIA"

"Darkest Russia", one of the greatest and best presented plays recently at the Lafayette Theatre, showed the Russia of the Czars and all its crimes, tyrannies

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Theatre  
Presents  
THEDA  
BARA  
in  
**'The Light'**  
Friday  
Saturday  
and  
Sunday  
February  
14th 15th 16th

and sufferings compared to which the Bolshevik regime even as painted by the capitalist press is a blissful era. The play was ably acted. Miss Abbie Mitchell's portrayal of Iida Barosky, the Jewish heroine of the play, was divinely exquisite and left nothing to be desired. Babe Townsend's work as Ivan Barosky featured several parts of the play. The role of the Minister of Police was vividly portrayed by De Comathiere, one of whose best pieces of work it was. That of Alexis Naximoff found vigorous and convincing interpretation at the hands of Kirpatrick. J. Frances Mores was never more charming than in the role of Count Paul Nazimoff, a part he handled with the utmost artistry. Versatile Laura Bowman was at home as the Countess Karischeff. Susie Sutton pleasing as the Baroness De La Vinne. In his metier, too, of comic roles, was the inimitable Will Cooke. Alice Gorgas in her work as Olga Karischeff surpassed all former triumphs. As Nicholas Karischeff, Thomas Mosely scored a distinct hit. Work and makeup were both excellent. J. W. Coleman and others did good work, albeit in roles that denied a chance to shine.

**"THE LIGHT" FEATURE.  
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One of the greatest feature films ever released will be shown February 14, 15 and 16 at the New Lincoln Theatre, 58 West 135th Street. Starring in this great production will be the famous Theda Bara, Eugene Ormonde, Robert Walker, George Renavant, Florence Martin.

The story is of "The wicked woman in Paris" and of the transmutation of her soul by the fires of real love. It is a most beautiful story, effectively and prettily told. The scenes are gorgeous, The acting great, the time is of Paris during the late war and many secrets of the Allies are shown in this film in which interest will never lag.

---

Lard added for shortening makes bread whiter, but butter makes bread taste better. In making rolls and light biscuit the butter should be added to the last kneading, as much fat in the form of shortening retards the rising of the dough.

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THE HOUSE OF GOOD PLAYS

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# Digest of Views

## THE WHITE MENACE.

To be or not to be? That is the question for the Negro and a question he must hasten to answer if he would be in a position to answer it at all. Competent Negro observers do not like the internationalization scheme for former German Africa, and neither does Arthur Brisbane of the powerful Hearst's interests. But there is a different motive in the case of Negroes and of Brisbane. The latter, though aware that internationalization and Mandatory are simply new names for the old spoils system is afraid that the new scheme might in some unlooked for manner serve the interests of the natives—particularly afraid that it might not kill off as many natives as did the old supreme control of one European Power. And Brisbane is of the opinion that the African natives should be killed off as rapidly as possible.

But let the Hearst editor tell it himself:

"Most seriously, the world must ask what the result will be if the powers succeed in protecting barbarous people against outsiders and against themselves, thus enabling them to breed ignorance and savagery on a gigantic scale, protected from the processes that would kill them off.

"Suppose we had fed, protected, encouraged and multiplied our red Indians along the Atlantic, instead of killing them off as rapidly as possible? We should undoubtedly have thirty or forty millions of them now. What a race problem would that present?

"What race problems are the well-meaning peace delegates preparing for future generations if they succeed in checking processes that having been wiping out inferior types of the last half million years?"

The solution offered by Brisbane is by no means new. It is even now in operation in various parts of Africa and the South. It has been offered by many learned white scientists as those who read scientific works are aware.

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**Punta, Revolutionist**

(Continued from Page 16)

a furnace must have been ablaze in Del Fuego. Although the little English boy was to ride the horse of their popular idol "Punta," the poorer classes among the Santo Amallans started a chant of "Compadre non Totolanlo" when the youngster came from the stand to mount, but this did not worry him half as much as the thoughts of having to tussle with the fiery animal, if I judged correctly by his covert glances at Del Fuego. Another shout attracted my attention. This time it was from the Americans who were bidding welcome to their favorite. He came from the padlock as cool as the proverbial cucumber and I immediately recognized his rider as one of the highest-priced jockeys in the States at that time. He wore the colors of the Whitney stable and was loaned for the occasion by his rich employers who had many friends among the resident Americans in the island of Santo Amalia. His look was that of the experienced rider who has his duty cut out and was going to it like a veteran. The sailors from the ships gave him a big "hand" as he walked his horse before the boxes in the grand stand and when I got a good look at the animal that was going to dispute the claim of Del Fuego I knew I was about to witness a race that would have drawn thousands to Sheepshead Bay or Aqueduct. The race horse was stamped all over the animal and his fine joints showed that he was of the best stock.

The bugle blew for mount and the handlers of Del Fuego swung him around as his rider came from the judges' stand. There were six horses in this race and the other four came from the padlock ready for the contest. Del Fuego's jockey had the time of his life trying to mount, but by the united efforts of the men who still held him and some of the officials, the boy was swung upon his back in a moment when he was not plunging or rearing. Leaning far over the jockey took a turn in the reins as the men suddenly turned, I should say jumped away, from the fiery Del Fuego. It was then that the crowd saw the hopelessness of the situation, for Del Fuego refused to go to the barrier and plunged and reared now more than ever. The boy was exhausted by his efforts to calm the animal and it was all that he could do to remain on his back. Suddenly Del Fuego reared, plunged, darted forward, stopped as suddenly and jumped to the side. This happened in a flash and before the crowd knew what was happening the boy was flung heavily to the ground. Fortunately one of the attendants managed to grab the reins as Del Fuego was about to bound away and "Punta", jumping from the box, managed to get to the side of his horse before he again started his tactics of plunging and rearing.

The jockey got up but limped and held his side. That he was out of the race there could not be the least doubt and the stands sent up a shout for "Punta" which was taken up by the people on the course and even those on the fences and trees outside of the grounds. Stroking the horse caressingly, "Punta" managed to calm him somewhat, but he was still restless and although the attendants worked heroically the foam came from him. Iglesias Manasas who trained for the rich young Santo Amallan shook his head in a knowing manner as he remarked to "Punta" that he expected

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what had happened. The Americans went wild with joy when they saw the possibility of their horse winning the race without hardly any opposition and those marines and soldiers who had imbibed, perhaps freely, before coming to the track, did a "war dance" and hurled defiance at the natives. But for the timely arrival of "rurales," a body of mounted men, a few heads might have been cracked and a stiletto or two might have flashed, but these hardy sun-tanned sons of the island on their even harder steeds swept back the sailors and marines and kept them from precipitating a clash.

All this time "Punta" had been dressing, for he, too, experienced his doubts when in training he saw that the boy was afraid of his horse. Without whip or spur he appeared on the track and this was another signal for a demonstration from the natives who again hurled defiance at the sailors and marines. The young athlete bounded to the back of his horse like a veteran after the weights had been taken out of the saddle and the owners and judges agreed that no objection would be placed in the way of "Punta" riding his own entry. Del Fuego plunged and sidestopped when he came to the barrier and in that vast throng a silence as of the grave reigned as the horses were being lined up. The American jockey eyed the rich young rider and his horse closely, and when "Punta" managed to get Del Fuego in line for a second he rose in the saddle and the barrier flew up like a shot. The American was off in front with all the intention of keeping the lead. A groan full of anguish and despair broke the silence as Del Fuego reared when the barrier went up and it seemed to all present that minutes passed before the horse came down on his forefeet and with the stride of a hound darted after the others with "Punta" leaning far over his neck and apparently whispering to the black horse upon whose sides he stood out in bold relief.

Although it seemed like minutes it was only a few seconds, but in those few seconds about two hundred yards had been placed between Del Fuego and the other horses. The entry of the Americans with the great jockey in the saddle held the lead about twenty yards in front of the four horses, and the officers, sailors, marines and other Americans did not disguise their satisfaction at the splendid start made by Harry Martin, rider of international fame. He took the course like one who had been riding all his life, and from time to time would turn around to see what his opponents were doing. The Santo Amalians leaned forward with an anxiety that was almost painful, and even Ernesto forgot everything else in the world except "Punta" and Del Fuego. The black horse was now stretching for all he was worth. A slight ripple of encouragement greeted his overhauling of the four horses with jockeys plying whip and spur in frantic haste to get in touch with the leader. Del Fuego breezed by as calm a gentle zephyr and how the people rose as one in the stands! The Santo Amalians were screaming themselves hoarse and Senorita Hernandez, "Punta's" sister, had her arms extended in an appeal that was full of emotion; it left her beautiful dark face pale and black eyes shining with the suspicion of a tear as "Punta" tore after the entry from New Orleans.

Looking back again the American jockey saw the black animal and his rider cutting

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down the distance, and again he rose in his saddie and leaned far over the neck of his mount. But Del Fuego continued to creep up and when about a horse's length behind, jockey Harry Martin realized for the first time that he had to ride to-day as he had never ridden before. When his hand went up to apply the whip to his mount the Santo Amalians screamed louder and frantic cries of joy and exultation greeted Martin's first blow to his horse. These people knew that "Punta" carried no whip or spur. They saw Del Fuego creeping upon the great runner from America without any exertion upon the part of his rider and as they hit the turn that would bring them into the home stretch "Punta" forced his rival into a long turn and Del Fuego hit the stretch a neck ahead. Spur and whip played their part upon the flanks of the American horse. Martin practically lifted his horse and dashed him forward as he saw that the black animal had speed and stamina left. Again they were even. A slight commotion in the mayor's box as Senorita Hernandez, carried away by the excitement of the moment, fainted. The men from the ships and the other Americans now acted like wild men. It was all the "rurales" could do to keep the people off the track as the horses battled. A glass of water hastily applied brought Senorita Hernandez to herself and as the horses neared the mayor's box she climbed upon a seat and excitedly waved her hand.

"Punta" was stretched so far out on his horse it appeared as if he was laying flat, but as he came by the box with his mother, father, sister, the mayor and his wife, he rose in the stirrups, waved his hand, gave Del Fuego his head and the black horse responded as if he had just started as he jumped ahead of Martin's mount and went by the judges' stand a winner by a length. No more races that day. Like wild men the Santo Amalians rushed upon the course. The music started again. The unruly sailors and marines started to bunch the natives right and left and seemed bent on "Beating up" "these damned niggers," as they called them. They even went so far as to rip boards from the fence which enclosed the track. A bottle struck me a glancing blow on the head and while the cut which it left was not a deep one I bled profusely. Resenting the attack of the strangers pistols started to bark and everywhere around me men and even women held the murderous little stilletos.

Fearing for my life as the people were now thoroughly aroused against the Americans for this unwarranted attack, I forced my way to the mayor's box which by this time was surrounded by a score of policemen. I was hardly noticed until Senorita Hernandez, pale and trembling, saw the blood streaming from my head and applied her handkerchief. Thanking her and also assuring the other members of the box that it was but a slight hurt, our gaze rested upon a scene that would have been fraught with terrible consequences but for "Punta." Having Del Fuego under perfect control although the horse was inclined to plunge, he headed a party of "rurales" and pleaded with the people to come to their senses. The presence of the horse that won the race had a splendid effect upon the natives, especially as the sailors and marines were now on the run with the riff raff after them. Many people

were wounded, and as they were being cared for another shout was heard as an American officer tried to pull "Punta" from his horse.

## Unto The End?

(Continued from Page 12)

were great demonstrations of joy and delight. There were those who were glad that it was over although they had lost loved ones; there were others that were joyful that they would soon see their loved ones who were fortunate enough to escape death. Among the latter class was that same little group in a southern village for not long after that memorable day they had received news that Eddie was unhurt and would be home soon.

Winter glided swiftly by and spring came around again. One day Jean received a letter from Eddie stating that he was about to leave Europe and would be with them in May. Again she is happy with glee and joy. And in the cottage around the corner two people are happy that they shall soon see their son again. The happy day arrives. Eddie having returned to the United States, is quickly speeding on the train southward which cannot bring

him too soon to his people. It is a May morning similar to another May morning some months ago. The sun shines brightly and the air is redolent with the odors of green grass and violets.

With expectant eyes, he keeps looking out of the window at the familiar scenes. As the train draws into the station of his home-town he sees a great crowd assembled there; there is much jeering and hooting with repeated cries of "Lynch him! Lynch him!" Eddie quickly goes to the door and sees in the hands of a frantic crowd a slim colored youth of fifteen or sixteen years. His face is full of terror and now and then he looks dazedly about him as if for help against the men-demons that press about him. But he only received kicks and cruel blows. "Lynch him!"

The words fall with dreadful sound upon Eddie's ears. "Lynch!" No! it cannot be. Why the Black boys "over there" were fighting for Freedom and "over here" their comrades were being treated like beasts and lynched. No! And regardless of the consequences he rushed before the excited crowd and said, "You shall not lynch him, I say; I don't know what he has done. But why don't you give him a fair trial? Do you think that—"

But his words were cut short as a voice rang out, "Shoot that nigger! He has no business with that uniform on anyway."

A shot was heard. Immediately Eddie fell, still fighting for freedom. With curses and jeers that crowd went off to the woods with their victim, leaving behind outstretched on the earth the cold silent body of a young colored officer.

Jean with her mother and Eddie's parents had just arrived on the scene, in time to see him fall. Quickly she ran up him and as she stooped over his lifeless form from the side of which the blood was flowing, she gave one heart-rending cry and fell in a swoon across his body.

It is two days later. Over a grave in the lonely woods two old figures stand. Their wrinkled faces are ravaged with the traces of grief and suffering. The woman in a paroxym of tears kneels on the ground. The man looks at her a moment, half stupefied; then lifting his hands towards the sky he cries in a voice full of energy and despair, "O God, how long will this last? Was it for this our only son left us? Is it for this that our noble black boys are fighting? Is it for this that our Liberty Bonds are bought? Will this last unto the end?"

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Immediately his face grows stern, and like a prophet, as if addressing a crowd, he says, "No! When our boys come back do you think that they will permit such crimes against justice and humanity to continue? Will they, having confronted the terrible dangers of war, return here and submit to such humiliation? No! O, that I were a young man again!

"O millions of Black faces, remember that as long as you go idly on your ways, paying scant attention to such crimes as this, America's name will continue to be disgraced. It is not only by making long speeches against these evils that they will be remedied. It is not only by holding protest meetings, the results of which are a mass of fine rhetoric and no action! Remember that after the American Colonies saw that talk was of no avail against the oppression of Great Britain, they took opportunity by the forelock and ACTED. In the sixties when the North and South were divided, the questions at issue were decided by ACTION. And now if you will only unite and refuse to submit longer to insult, we will win by the help of God."

As if overcome by such exertion the old man suddenly knelt down by his weeping wife. After a moment, he arose with his face illumined with a mysterious smile of hope, as if the future were expanding itself before his eyes, and said only, "Come Mary, let's go." Slowly putting his arm around her waist he gently lifted her up and with trembling steps and bowed heads they made their way homeward until finally they reached a path hedged in by rose-bushes on whose branches tiny buds were just beginning to appear.

Just around the corner under an arbor of honeysuckle that hangs over a gate there stands a young girl in a blue gingham dress in an attitude as if she were expecting someone. In her large dark eyes from which the light of reason has fled there is only a vacant stare. Her hair which has been cut short because of illness clings in soft tendrils about her face. It is a sunny May morning and the air is redolent with the odor of green grass and violets.

"Jean," a voice calls from within the cottage, "It is time for breakfast."

"Alright, Mother," she dreamily answers, "But I am still looking for Eddie. Why doesn't he come? I am so tired of waiting. Do you think I shall see him soon, mother?"

As the elder woman looks into the face of the young girl with its hectic flush on the sunken cheeks, she answers in a voice full of tears, "Yes, my child, you shall see him soon." And tenderly winding her arm around the waist of the maiden, the two silently turn from the gate with its arbor of honeysuckle and go up the steps together.

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 But from the whole world round  
 To call on you Caucasian  
 To meet on common ground.

We come with strength of numbers;  
 Re-enforced with cause of right  
 To open the portals of Justice  
 To the black man as well as the white.

We come with the charter primeval  
 That tells of your many crimes,  
 From the dawn of civilization,  
 Up to these modern times.

We come with the names of our soldiers  
 Who've died for Democracy's cause;  
 And rest in the graves with their brothers,  
 Our heroes of other wars.

We come with our thousands of nurses  
 Who were willing to do their share;  
 Was it you—who stopped them Caucasian

From giving a hand "over there"?

We'll come—though the march may be weary,  
 And the goal may be far away,  
 The march will continue in progress  
 To the dawn of a glorious day,

When men—no matter the color.  
 Who labor under the sun,  
 Will share with equal Justice  
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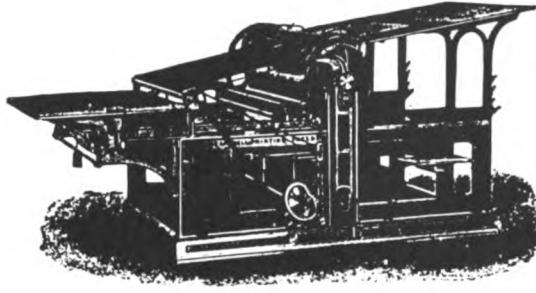
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