

The Christmas 1918

CRUSADER



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 Garland Kennedy

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The Crusader Magazine

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AFRICA AND WORLD DEMOCRACY

Whether there really exists upon the part of the Associated nations a genuine attachment to democratic principles will be shown by the manner in which these principles, advocated by their leaders during the war, are applied to Africa and the African peoples.

Woodrow Wilson, as president of the American people and as accepted spokesman for the Entente has declared for "the perpetuation of the Rights of man," "the rights of peoples—great and small," "the undictated development of all peoples," "self-determination for all peoples," "the settlement of every question on the basis of the free acceptance by the people immediately concerned and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery."

To all of which the American and Entente peoples have responded with enthusiastic applause.

The President saw fit to refuse Germany's plea for peace upon the basis of her first meeting these democratic requirements.

To Austria's peace pleas, too, the President gave emphatic and unequivocal reply, demanding as the first step towards negotiations the complete democratization of the ramshackle Dual Monarchy. Mr. Wilson in a note to Charles gave notice that this country has "recognized in the fullest manner the justice of the nationalistic aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs for freedom," and insisted that "the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations."

And again was Mr. Wilson vociferously applauded by his countrymen and the peoples of the Entente nations!

But surely, the gift of Democracy that is being forced upon our enemies is not to be denied our dusky allies? If Democracy is safe in the hands of those who but a short time ago would have throttled her,

does it not stand to reason that Democracy will be as safe, yea safer, in the hands of those who, from distant South Africa, tropical Central Africa and Mohammedan North Africa rallied in their dusky hordes to her defence?

Then, what of Africa? What of the legitimate aspirations of the peoples of that vast continent so long under the dominion of imperialistic Europe's wanton rule of force? Have not the people of former German East Africa, the Kamerun, South West Africa and Togoland a right to "self-determination"? And can the peoples of the Belgian Congo, of British, French, Portuguese and Spanish Africa be rightfully denied this right? Is not this a war of Right over Might? For the triumph of the principles of Justice over those of mere Force?

President Wilson has not as yet specifically referred to the African peoples and their rights to Liberty and "undictated development," but one can hardly escape the conclusion, if we discard the hypocrisy of the old era, so neatly expressed by Viscount Bryce in the passage that "expressions of democratic principles were understood not to include the Negro," that the President has definitely, if not specifically, referred to the rights of the African peoples. For has he not declared that "there is no application of democracy we do not believe in"? And has he not warned our own allies that they, too, as well as Germany, must come to the peace council prepared to make sacrifices in the interest of universal justice and universal peace?

The acceptance by the Allies of President Wilson's principles and the settlement of the African question upon a just and democratic basis will prove, far more effectively than forcing democracy down somebody else's throat, the sincerity of the Allies' rejection of the ancient doctrine of Force and acceptance by them of the principles of Justice and Democracy.

There is little doubt in our minds about the genuineness of President Wilson's democracy, but will those who have followed him hitherto still continue to accept his leader-

ship when he calls for "impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed, and not only impartial justice but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with."

There can be no doubt of the aspirations of the African peoples for governments of their own peoples by their own peoples and for their own peoples. This is the true aspiration of all peoples. The African peoples are no different from the usual run of humanity—in spite of what lying and special-interest-serving imperialists whisper to the contrary.

Will imperialistic Europe admit the rights of the natives of Africa to govern themselves and develop the resources of their own land for themselves first—and then for the benefit of the whole world? Tyranny has never been shaken but by force. Rights have never been won that those who won them did not have to fight those who would have denied them. Will the New Democracy be more potent to change men's hearts from evil to good doing than was the old "democracy"? Are we really witnessing the dawn of a New Day when no longer will "the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except by force" nor "strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interests?"

Is the world about to witness the long-prophesied universal reign of justice that shall assure universal peace? Or must Negroes prepare to use force to realize their just aspirations? Will the end of this war see Africa for the Africans in the same sense as Europe is for the Europeans? Or must there be a greater war with Asia and Africa united against a race of Kaisers? Negroes, while hoping for the best, should prepare for the worst. Yet, in truth, is there much room for hope so long as America conducts her peace negotiations through the man who has recognised that "whatever affects the peace affects mankind, and nothing settled by military force, if settled wrong is settled at all. It will presently have to be reopened."

The "partition of Africa" was effected by force. In its operation neither the wishes nor the rights of the African peoples were considered. Territory was gobbled

up as though it were unpopulated. The population was enslaved. Treaties made by the Europeans were just so many "scraps of paper." The natives have been treated like less than human beings. There have been Belgian and French atrocities in the Congo, Portuguese and British atrocities in East Africa as well as German barbarity in German 'colonies.' Surely the "partition of Africa" among the thieves of Europe was something that was settled by force, and *settled wrong!*

THE CHRISTMAS OF PEACE.

By BEN. E. BURRELL.

O Bethlehem! O Bethlehem!
A star of peace is rising near;
After the battle's mighty rush
There comes the hour of love and prayer;
And once again the angel's voice
Shall soothe the waiting hosts of men—
A Christmas of immortal peace.
"Peace upon Earth! Good will to men!"

The teacher came, he lived and walked
Beside the holy Syrian sea;
With eyes of pity, heart of love
And heavenly measured imagery.
He spake of nothing else but love,
A shining rainbow in the rain—
O hills, chant out your psalmody!
"Peace upon Earth! Good will to men!"

Oh earth, of war and bloody lust!
Oh unkind hearts of warring men!
Above the battle and the roar
A voice is speaking peace again.
Above the thunder of the strife
It calleth clear, and calm, and still,—
O hills ring out in clearer notes
Peace upon Earth, to men good will!"

Peace, love, immortal brotherhood,
Joy unconfined to every man,
Is written on the larger scroll
That all humanity may scan.
The day is near, the time is ripe;—
O hills ring out and never cease;
Chant out the Christmas joy of years,
The Christmas of Eternal Peace.

THE COLONEL'S NARRATIVE

A Christmas Story By "Bruce Grit"

One Christmas Eve in the early eighties, a small party of us were seated around the dining room table of a friend in a Middle Western State, swapping yarns and sampling a particularly highly seasoned bowl of Egg Nog, which had been made after the approved Southern formula and warranted "to paint landscapes on the brain of man", provided, of course, he stuck to the job. Our friend was a Southern man, and we were all of us from Southern States. The gathering was a sort of reunion of kindred spirits. Our host who was an old-timer, left the South immediately after the close of the Civil War, went West, prospered and was now in comfortable circumstances. He owned his home and a large farm, and had nothing particularly to worry over. He was fond of the company of young people and of company generally. He entertained lavishly for he could well afford it but he was mighty particular in his choice of guests to share his hospitality. We had been invited a year previous to come and spend the Christmas holidays with him and so five of us young fellows made our arrangements accordingly and spent our vacation in this little Western town, in true Southern fashion. We arrived early on the morning of the 24th of December 188-, having previously telegraphed our friend that we were *en-route* and would reach his town, if the train did not run off the track or spill us down an embankment, at 7:30 A. M. according to schedule. Fortunately we arrived without serious event exactly on the hour and our host was at the station to meet us with a large sleigh with room enough in it for three or four more. After the usual exchange of greetings, we walked out into the clear crisp morning air, took our places in the sleigh and were driven to the home of our host about three quarters of a mile from the station. When we arrived we were met by the wife of our host who received us with true Southern hospitality and ushered us into the big dining room where there was a cheerful fire of hickory logs in the large old-fashioned fire place with its brass andirons and an im-

mense wire screen before it to prevent the sparks from doing any mischief. Our host in the meantime had gone to the stable to put up the horses and we were shown to our rooms to prepare for breakfast, for which each of us had a place in our several anatomies. While we were brushing the cinders from our hair and removing the coal dust from our faces preparatory to invading that big room, our host returned and escorted us down stairs to a little room off the parlor which he called his den where he produced a two gallon stone jug of home made peach brandy such as was made by the Black people of Virginia before the war of rebellion. He took a small glass pitcher holding about a pint, filled it from the jug and told us to "go to it," and think of home. We advanced in single file and what we did to that peach brandy would be horrible to relate. Then we went into breakfast, and such a breakfast! In the center of the table there was a big Egg pone, that looked much like a pound cake, and which we all recognised as one of the *chef d'ouvres* of an accomplished Southern housewife and cook. There was an omelette of generous size beside a platter of pork tenderloins, and plenty of crisp fried potatoes and fried hominy (the kind our mothers used to cook with beans all night), old Government Java coffee, and cocoa, plenty of rich cream and milk, and other good things too numerous to mention constituted our first breakfast in this hospitable home. It was so different from New York restaurant food so well cooked and so plentiful that some of us forgot and ate too much. I fear I did, for I found several buttons missing from my nether garments. But as I felt no bad effects from it I know that the food was pure and fresh and that I was safe. We had not seen such a breakfast table since we came from our Southern homes. There was enough food on it to start a Lenox Avenue dining room and keep it going for two days. After we had made numerous assaults on those tenderloins and destroyed the beautiful symmetry of

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EDITORIALS

BRITAIN TO ABSORB AS USUAL.

Following several feelers from British sources on the subject of the disposal of the German colonies and whether the United States would "reconsider her attitude in regard to undertaking territorial obligations in the backward regions of the earth"—an euphemistically worded invitation for the United States to share in the division of the swag—comes the authoritative announcement from the British Secretary of State for Colonies, Walter Hume Long who, speaking at Bristol, Eng., announced that "although he did not desire to enlarge the British Empire, he saw no alternative to the solution of the problem of the German colonies save by their inclusion in the empire."

British statesmen have "never wanted to enlarge the empire," but somehow or other it has suffered a constant enlargement. We suppose the world should sympathise with these "unwilling" builders of empire who, despite their "sincere" desires to the contrary have always been loaded down with the lands and territories of other peoples—more especially of the weaker peoples. It is by accident that so vast a portion of the globe is painted RED—with the British red and the red of martyred patriots. It was by accident that such proclamations were issued as the one of February 3, 1848, relating to certain districts of South Africa, and described by Sir Godfrey Langden, K. C. M. G., as "denying profusely any desire to extend the Queen's dominions or deprive chiefs of their hereditary rights, it annexed at a sweep a vast tract of country, with the sole view, as stated, of affording protection and establishing good relations between the miscellaneous people dwelling within it."

And, of course, it was by accident that "no African State was a party" to any of the agreements and conventions between Great Britain and other European nations, concerning Africa, therefore, quite by accident that the African was robbed and that "the natives' rights were absolutely ignored and the division was carried on as if there were no inhabitants to be considered."

Really, the array of accidents by which the various "subject" peoples of the British Empire have been deprived of their rights

and robbed of their lands is truly amazing!

And how British hearts must bleed at the necessity for shooting down Indians, Egyptians, Bantus and Irishmen, who are so indiscreet as to want to govern themselves and develop their countries for their own benefit.

ROOSEVELT AND AFRICA.

The always inspiring words of Theodore Roosevelt, as the editor of *The New York News* puts it, is to be seen in the December Metropolitan in the junkeristic statement that "It is the fate of America as it has been the fate of England to govern subject races who cannot govern themselves. *We too have taken up the white man's burden.*"

The article in which these "inspiring" words appear is captioned "GERMANY UNFIT TO GOVERN COLONIES," and bears upon the question of the future of the former German African Colonies, inhabited by Black men—*our brothers!* The principle of "self-determination" should not be applied to these lands, according to Roosevelt, who sees "nothing undemocratic, however in the fact of our governing alien races."

Further, "It would be a sin against democracy to give Bengal independence...." and "the worst kind of foolish sentimentalism is the man who prates about freeing India or the Phillipines."

Even Germany, by taking up "the white man's burden" "essayed to do her part!"

Gradually Mr. Roosevelt is revealing his true self and we can easily see the time when even the most ignorant, besotted and servile of the race will see in his true light, the man who not only condoned but praised British rule in Egypt, condemning it only in so far as it had been 'too mild.'

INCREASED RESPECT.

The photographs published in this country of the Allied War Council drafting the Armistice terms to Germany shows a representative of the yellow race among the draftees. This fact will no doubt lead some of the exponents of the "ultimate equitable solution" to exclaim upon the ap-

proaching death of prejudice. However, in the opinion of others the presence at Versailles of a Japanese will be taken more to indicate the increased respect in which that people is held, perforce, by the white world than of any indication of the approach of the Millennium.

Efficient internal organization can work wonders when functioning in the direction of powerful fleets and large armies. These speak the Universal Language!

The Japanese case is not less prejudice, but more wholesome respect.

FINE BUT ARE NOT THEY FORGETTING SOMETHING.

"The aim of France and Great Britain in carrying on in the Near East the war let loose by Germany's ambitions is the *complete and final liberation* of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of Governments and administra-

tions deriving their authority from the initiative and the free choice of the native population."

The above high-sounding paragraph is part of a statement issued by the British Embassy at Washington "by direction of the British Foreign Office in conjunction with the French Government." It undoubtedly has a fine sound: *the complete and final liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks.* Queer, nothing is said of "the complete and final liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the English and French." This democracy that is to be given to those whom the enemy oppressed, is it to be denied the oppressed peoples of Ireland, India and Africa? Is the fake of British and French 'benevolent rule' to out-live a war fought by all races for Democracy?

The Peace Conference

Although the Negro was represented in his millions on the battlefields of Europe, Palestine and German Africa, he is not to be represented by one lone individual at the Peace Conference!

Yet the Negro has his legitimate war aims and has made every effort to give them expression and publicity. Mass meetings have been held in numerous American cities and resolutions adopted, which were given a degree of publicity by the white daily press. The Universal Negro Improvement and African Communities League has held several big meetings at Palace Casino in Harlem, at which were present representatives of the Metropolitan press as well as, we may feel assured, agents of the Department of Justice. This organization has sent out broadcast to the world the resolutions adopted at its meetings and accepted by the Negro race at large, among which were the following:

(1) That the principles of self-determination be applied to Africa and all European controlled colonies in which people of African descent predominate.

(2) That all economic barriers that hamper the industrial development of Africa be removed.

(5) That Europeans who interfere with or violate African tribal customs be deported and denied re-entry to the continent.

(6) That the segregation and proscriptive

ordinance against Negroes in any part of the world be repealed and that they (Negroes) be given complete political, industrial and social equality in countries where Negroes and people of any other race live side by side.

(7) That the reservation land acts aimed against the natives of South Africa be revoked and the land restored to its proscriptive owners.

(8) That Negroes be given proportional representation in any scheme of world government.

The Hamitic League of the World, too, has sent out resolutions, demanding among other things that "full rights of citizenship be granted to all people of Color, that all discrimination because of Color be made illegal, that self-determination be extended to all nations and tribes within the African continent and throughout the world, and that the exploitation of Africa and other countries belonging to people of Color herewith cease."

All of which, along with the demands and 'requests' of other organizations, among them The Equal Rights League, did not avail to consummate that beginning of "World Democracy" in which the Negroes of America, the West Indies and of Africa would be allowed a voice in the deliberations that are so vastly to affect their future.

Yet the necessity for representation is too

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Punta, Revolutionist

By ROMEO L. DOUGHERTY.

You would not call this town provincial even though it boasts a population of only twelve thousand and is governed by a European delegate. The time is during the Spanish American War and we have not as yet heard the rumble of a railroad train; the horn of the motorist demanding his right of way; the clang clang of the trolley; nor have we seen and heard any of the other things without which you would feel that you are in a "one horse town." But life here is such a delight. The people for the most part are colored, and while the white brother has not taken the Negro to his arms, he shows a certain amount of toleration and even consideration that makes one forget there is a land where to be anything but white stamps you as an inferior being; not, of course, that you are inferior, but where "might is right" you invariably bow to the inevitable—until "The Day." When "Punta," christened Puntacious Hernandez, but called "Punta" for short, was born, the birds must have sung and the trees whispered of that day when his people, led by the son of a tropical isle, would rise in their might, and forever banish the illusion (or delusion if you must) from the thoughts of those beings who had for centuries been running things pretty much their own way without any serious thought or consideration for the race from which Punta sprung.

As I said in the opening paragraph, life in this land which many will recognise as Santo Amalia as I proceed with the story, is such a delight. As we sit on El Plaza Colona afternoons sipping the delicious native drink called cocala and from time to time raising our glasses in toast to "The Day," the discussion hangs on the masterly manner in which the boys of Uncle Sam are administering a defeat to the Spaniards. The *U. S. S. "City of Paris"* had just entered the port for coal and water one afternoon after it had become a certainty that Dewey had bottled up the Spanish fleet and would write another page in the world's history that would live for all time. Conversation lagged and we decided to engage a little cutter and sail around the majestic looking craft which carried the colors of Los Americanos. Wending our way down to the seashore we engaged the cutter. We had been

sailing around the *City of Paris* for about a half hour when from the upper bay came as fine looking and trim a little sailboat as I have ever seen and handled in a manner which showed that whoever was at the helm knew all the tricks and turns of the winds which come from the hills of Santo Amalia.

As the little boat flashed under our stern I just had time to make out a youngster sitting in the stern, the only occupant of the boat, and as I turned in haste to ask my companions who was the expert sailor, Ernesto, the most talkative member of our party, exclaimed: "Punta!" "Punta! Who is Punta?" I inquired.

"Son of Elacios Hernandez, biggest retail merchant in the capital. Born rich. Plenty money. Great horse back rider. Unequaled when it comes to sailing a boat. Swimmer of no mean ability. Holds a racquet with the best of men. Even rides his own horses at El Fonda race track when he doubts the ability of his jockeys. And say, when it comes to rising in the stirrups and stretching his mount for a win right under the wire, the best in the land are forced to take a back seat."

Ernesto rattled this off just as easily as if he had to recite Punta's history every day. There was something in the skipper of the boat that made me anxious to meet him. He appeared to be hardly more than fifteen, but I liked the manner in which he took the big puffs and refused to throw her head into the wind. We admired the *City of Paris* to our hearts' content and as the last strains of the six o'clock bugle sounded from the ramparts of Fort Christoforo Colombo, we were once more on land.

But before proceeding further with the story let me introduce myself. My name is Harry Lonsdale and I first saw the light of day in Savannah, Ga. When I was fifteen I had an argument with three or four white boys and had to skedaddle after cracking one on the head with a stick. Arriving in New York it did not take me long to learn the ways of the big city and a year after I was "passing for white." During the year I had hustled newspapers from Twenty-eight street to Fifty-third. When I found that I could "pass" and get away with it I removed to Brooklyn. I lived on

Atlantic Avenue with a Swedish family and continued to hustle papers around the Brooklyn end of the old Brooklyn Bridge. Nights I used to hang out on Sands Street and mix in with the boys from the navy yard. Good fortune must have smiled on me, for while I tasted of all the evils of a lone youngster, somehow or other I was never cut out to be "bad." I stuck to selling papers for about two years and having a big time. About this time I decided I wanted to see the old folks at home and settled down to saving money as I knew Savannah would be a pretty unhealthy place for me if I ventured to return.

Removing from Atlantic Avenue I got a room in a more up-to-date neighborhood not far from Columbia Heights. I bought some pretty fair clothes and "Chucked" the newspaper business. Through my acquaintance with some decent fellows who worked on Nassau Street, I obtained a job as messenger in the down town district and started to save my money. This job paid me ten dollars a week and I was getting along nicely. From early childhood I found great delight in reading, not the kind of books that make statesmen out of newsboys, but the kind of books that used to be known as the "blood and thunder" variety. I ate up "Old Sleuth," swallowed Jesse James whole and became Nick Carter's best pal. Always on time, paying strict attention to my duties and having gained a reputation as a "neat dresser," I was hardly six months on my new job before I found another opening with a firm on Fulton Street. This was a commission house and the boss seemed to take a fatherly interest in me. A few months after I took over this other job I sent for the folks, father and mother, and they found a rooming place on Twenty-seventh Street. I was now making fifteen dollars a week with a promise of an early raise. Nights I would visit the old folks but always returned to my home near the Heights. "Pop" soon had a job and everything was going nicely. I do not know whether my frequent visits to my people occasioned any comment, but I never had any trouble while passing for what I was not.

Things went along swimmingly for five years. I had graduated from the "blood and thunder" variety of books and was now taking a course in Laura Jean Libby. Marie Corelli, Charles Garvice, Mrs. Southworth,

Eugene Sue, Alphonse Daudet, Dumas and a host of other wellknown authors too numerous to mention. Love and adventure stories gave me a most vivid imagination. Although I had earlier in life read books that usually give youngsters a desire to hike for the West and hunt Indians, I never lost my balance. When I came to "love stories" although I did not entirely lose my balance here, I was nothing short of a prince in disguise and the girls around me were all adventuresses seeking my future throne. I was now making twenty-five dollars a week, saving money and living on Eighty-first Street "somewhere" between Columbus Avenue and Riverside Drive. One night while in one of the big down town restaurants, I fell in with a bunch of newspaper men, and after I left them that night I decided I was going to become a newspaper man or die. One young fellow in the bunch I will always remember. His name was Charlie Mervin. We started to travel together and he encouraged me to try my hand at the game. Night after night I practised writing articles, the next day submitting them to my friend, Mervin, until the big chance came. One night he was assigned to a big fire in the downtown district and I went out with him. He told me to go ahead and write the story and if it bore the earmarks of a really good story he would send it in. I worked feverishly on the job. Mervin made a few minor corrections and sent the matter in. I could not sleep that night. Morning could not come fast enough for me. When I rushed from the house to get a copy of the *New York Thunderer* (the *Thunderer* was too sensational for the good folks where I was staying and it never came to the house) I believed I trembled in every limb. I bought a copy and on the train opened it in feverish haste. I read the headlines hastily. Suddenly there loomed up before my anxious gaze: "DISASTROUS FIRE IN FINANCIAL DISTRICT RAZES ENTIRE BLOCK" I read the sub-head and then I started on the story. What a feeling of joy! With what elation I read the words I had written the night before. I could have recited those lines without glancing at the paper. I could hardly do my work that morning and when lunch time came I met Merwin and we lunched together. He had a little influence on the *Thunderer* and a week later I was "one of the bunch" on Park Row slinging

ink for the edification of the New York public. My imagination had full play on the great *Thunderer*. Color your story, boy, color your story was all that I could hear and believe me. I painted every one of mine with a rainbow finish. When the word was flashd throughout the civilized world that war had been declared between the United States and Spain, all of the fellows on the *Thunderer* believed the paper had a lot to do with swinging public opinion in channels that eventually forced the declaration.

I was sent to the upper East Side to write a story of how the tenants in the houses in the immediate neighborhood were getting out of the district in a hurry as they feared that "a Spanish battleship was about to bombard them." A Spanish Steamer which I seriously doubt carried even a good old fashioned flint lock was moored to one of the docks, and the last thing in the minds of the harmless crew was a thought of trying to bombard anybody.

I sent in a rip-roaring corker of how the entire city was threatened by an armored cruiser which was disguised as a harmless merchantman. I drew pictures of the devastation, the cries of the wounded, the moaning of the dying, the fleeing of the panic-stricken inhabitants of this part of the town, if this monster of the sea flying the flag of Spain should open up a broadside into upper New York. When I walked into the office the next morning after this effort I was lionized. The "Big Boss" wanted to see me as soon as I came in and instructions had been left for me to get into the sacred sanctun sanctorium without any delay. When I came out I was treading on air. I had been ordered to leave the United States as a war correspondent. I might say here that while I knew the nearest I would get to the front would be about five hundred miles, I did not take the trouble to explain to my friends that I would only be engaged in the harmless "indoor sport" of stretching stories from the direct cables coming into the office of the West Indian and Panama Telegraph Company's office in Santo Maria. And how I did "stretch" those stories! With a company of about twenty of the boys from the various big papers we steamed out of New York one glorious morning on the chartered yacht "Anita," headed straight for Santo Amalia. Six days out at sea and another glorious day

as we steamed into the little landlocked harbor.

In the days when Captain Kidd plied his trade in the West Indies, Spain owned this little island, and the inhabitants to this day speak Spanish. It was from this beautiful little island, just eighty miles east of Porto Rico, that I wrote those wonderful tales of the shelling of the Morro Castle, the charge of the Rough Riders, and it took so great play of the imagination for me to try and outdo myself when the short reports came to me of the gallant work of the famous 9th and 10th. Remember that I am still "passing" but deep down in my heart is "the pride of race."

(To be continued).

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MEN OF OUR TIMES.

W. C. Handy, the foremost composer and musician of the race was born on Nov. 16, 1873, at Florence, Ala., of parents who were very desirous of educating him for the ministry.

However, at an early age, he showed exceptional talent by his ability to read vocal



W. C. HANDY

music in the public schools. Against his teacher's wishes and his parents' will he prepared himself in his own way for the work of a Bandmaster, and in the five years of work that followed as a minstrel show and vaudeville band and orchestra leader he found opportunity to study the scores of the Master musicians. He naturally came in contact with some of the greatest of modern musicians and accumulated a store of knowledge from travel that made him see the beauty of the primitive melodies and queer expressions characteristic of the Southern Negro.

His first musical composition, THE MEMPHIS BLUES touched a responsive chord the world over, and so great was the demand for his BLUES melodies that he organized a company that has for its object the publishing of the folk-songs of the darker race as well as the lighter and popular and semi-classical compositions.

The fact that Handy's Orchestra was often called for a distance of a thousand miles to play a dance or concert with his

own selections, that the Columbia Graphophone Co. brought this orchestra from Memphis to New York City to record their numbers and the fact that New York City, like the rest of the world is learning to love the BLUES style of composition, is proof of the worth and popularity of this queer music.

Mr. Handy intends making use of the Tercentenary, to show that these BLUES can be woven into beautiful symphonies and a truly higher art.

If you feel that you cannot succeed because the odds are against you, it will help you to bear in mind that W. C. Handy, though unaided, overcame almost insurmountable obstacles and finally achieved undying fame. Handy, whose suite is in the Gaiety Theatre Building, 1547 Broadway, New York City, the other day played "The Star-Spangled Banner" from his window and provoked expressions of admiration from a crowd of 2,000 persons who had gathered to see a dare-devil actor dive into a tank of water from the roof of the Broadway building.

It is said that Mr. Handy's wonderful business nets him the income of a bank president.

COMING

The lives and achievements of two of the leading Negro scholars and patriots. You know them both well and love and admire them for their strenuous activities in Ethiopia's cause.

OH! BOY!

When you've got the ball and chain around
your ankle,
And a stony-hearted jailer is your wife,
There's no virtue in repentance,
You've got to serve your sentence,
And labor long for life.

You have got a number, and you bet your
life your wife has got it.
Any hope of a reprieve is all in vain,
Matrimony is a crime.
And you've got to serve your time.
When your ankle wears the ball and chain.

Democracy and The Colored People

By GERTRUDE E. HALL.

One strange thing is that few of us make any suggestions at election times. Why should we not ask that the state laws recognise our future railroads, munition factories, chemical works etc. We have to have our own hospitals, if certain laws go into effect—or no colored doctors. For what of the genius of an increasing colored population in this country if we do not organize and establish our own manufacturing centers? How shall we educate African natives (which is our duty) without resources? What of inventions that are not secured and used by our own plants. At this rate or drift in the next few generations one will be able to count prodigy on the fingers of one hand. And except we look far into the future and acquire wealth from our own industrial centers and expend time and money as educators and missionaries, North, South, and in the far fields of Africa what will prevent our lapse into ex-

inction (if the white man desires it) as tribes of Africa are lapsing deeper into savagery by the mere dropping of edifying words from their language? On the wing is a nonsensical statement that we should not own property for somebody to squabble over after we are gone, but where is the foot-hold without it? As if that were not sufficient we make another stab to crown democracy by feeling most graciously pleased to will a large share of wealth to the white people as if we owed them something, as if we are minus churches and charitable institutions and poor relations. It is perfectly permissible to talk "cheap" talk under a democracy and many are ready to listen. Though this is not expressing the views of the magazine any more than it is appropriately sounding my voting views, but under the heading of this subject I prefer to give plenty of-food for thought.

Now, how many are willing to listen to

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the inquiries of an eagle to the race-hawk, who considers country second, to know if he expects to fly to the planet Mars in time of threatening dangers and approaching devastating evil? Duty and democracy are inextricably bound and while some very fine views of democracy have been expressed by our President the colored people must find a just way to make the white man live up to such views, and the less we can do for our country (not the white man's country only) the more sheepishly will we accept whatever is our due after the war.

It would not be unfair if all who use the pen would clip the newspaper accounts of the vital importance of the colored people's part in the war to be used as copy upon the slightest dissertation that we have played no important part. It is plain to be seen: that America is not meeting the demands of the race's evolution. Be it known it is not our policy to either beg or boldly demand our rights but when we pay as we go we will most certainly insist gently and firmly upon a corresponding courtesy and service.

Have we not drifted for fifty years depending upon the pie-crust promised of pushing white people to give us fair fields to show our ability outside the field of labor? For the real believer in democracy says, "The Outlook" "holds that even mistakes that people make in governing themselves are more to be desired than the perfectly correct decisions that may be made for the people by a ruling caste."

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THE PEACE CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

essential to allow the Negro to accept initial defeat as final. Negroes are therefore to be sent to Paris to be near the Peace Conference and in touch, as far as possible, with its members and its proceedings, and in that situation to make every effort by every possible form of propaganda to influence its 'democratic' deliberations.

So far, two representatives have been elected to present the Negro's cause to the authorized delegates and to the French people. These two representatives are A. Philip Randolph, a leading radical thinker in whom the New Negro has the utmost confidence, and Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett. The latter of Chicago, the former of New York, both were delegated to go to Paris at a Mass Meeting of The Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League on December 1. With them will go Elizier Cadet as interpreter. The money for their expenses was subscribed at the mass meeting. However, it is quite possible that the sum subscribed will not be sufficient to pay their expenses for the trip across, board and lodging in the French capital and the necessary propaganda. Therefore those who can help still have the opportunity. Finally, the three still have before them the task of obtaining passports.

In the meantime, it is understood that a party, included in which are Dr. Du Bois and Dr. Moton, has made the trip across.

Its departure and the reasons therefor are closely veiled in mystery. We do not know whether Dr. Du Bois has made the trip as a captain of the United States Intelligence Bureau and we certainly cannot conceive for what reasons the eminent Dr. Moton, the gentleman who, it will be remembered, once apologized for his wife's attempt to ride as a human being, has gone abroad.

The South has been greatly troubled of late with its guilty conscience and fear of what those Black Soldiers, who have chased the white Huns, will do to murderous crackers when they get back home.

It may be possible that the South intends sending white men's "niggers" across to placate the Black warriors of Democracy before they get back home, to the end that they will have been prepared by "nigger" leaders to go back South

in the old spirit of servile submissiveness to wrongs and insults that no self-respecting race or man can further tolerate?

We merely ask the question. In the meantime we prefer to pin our faith in the Randolphs, the Geo. Frazier Millers, the Monroe Trotters, the Harrisons and the Garveys of the race.

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Editor, Chick Tucker.
Volume 43672F4653.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

B. H. Q. Oct. 19, 1918, S. O. S. Sgt. Major Andrew Gasmask has just sent in an order to the effect, that the pay rolls should be in at B. H. Q. no later than this week. I heard somebody say payday. I used to know what that meant before I joined the Army.

COOTIES.

There was a certain corporal digging in his shirt the other day, while a buck private stood looking on. The buck asked him what he was looking for, and this corporal buzzed that he was looking for a deck of cards, some cards.

WITH IMPUNITY.

Yes darling Charles, we have at last found someone who is willing to take a ham sandwich to a banker. As you would like to know, we thought you would print it in our column. Very quiet sector eh! Charles. Quite a long trip to get your Pinard isn't it. After all it doesn't matter.

ISN'T IT AWFUL

A dog robber while saluting an officer the other day with his right hand, was scratching with his left, so the officer asked him what was the matter, and he said that he had the humor in his blood, and it made him itch. No doubt he had the humor in the shirt looking for blood. Some more Cooties, Monsieur.

WANTED

One 7 days leave, plenty of money, and Paris to spend it in. You can't stop a man from wanting, but you can stop him from getting what he wants.—Private Cornbeef Turner.

FOUND AT LAST: THE NOTED RAIN COAT OF THE FAMOUS WAR LORD HON. SGT. MARSHALL T. BRIDGETT.

The famous war lord has found his rain coat, a garment that he has worn through all of his victorious battles. It was found on the person of a frivolous young Liaison from B. H. Q.

The war lord seemed very much pleased when the Honorable rain coat came within his view, as it was on the eve of a great battle, and the war lord was in dire need of it. Previous to that, some one had suggested to him to name it. No, the war lord had other means of recovering his stolen property. The war lord has the record of being cited for bravery in the heat of battle more times than any soldier in France. The Sgt. wishes to state that with his influence he will try to end the war before the President has time to sign the peace stuff as he thinks that he will have the whole of Germany eating out of his hand. He says he is going to make the Kaiser his janitor, in his pinard factory he is going to open up as soon as he gets his troops into Berlin. Pretty —Bo;—PKETTY.

HEALTH HINTS.

During a terrific gas attack do not take your gas mask off to smoke a cigarette, as you will never remember throwing your butt away.

Do not go to sleep out in No Man's Land. Try to stay awake, as this is the only means of retaining your health.

SOME THINGS YOU DON'T SEE IN FRANCE.

Fair brownskins, Conners, Leroy's, Lafayette Hall, and the Statue of Liberty.

BON-JOUR MONSIEUR.

To the Editor of the Amsterdam News:

The War Lord and myself thank you for the space you allowed in your paper for the piece I sent over sometime ago, entitled The Over Sea's Blues. "The whole Regiment sends its heartfelt congratulations, to all.

A bird from the 3rd platoon walks into my boudier and picks up my last can of bully beef, and eats it up, and then tells me that when we get back to N. Y. C. he would take me into Rose's Restaurant and buy me a dish of Rose's rice pudding. I couldn't say anything, because I got it the same way he did. Just eased up on it. Right now I would give my Gasmask for a dish of rice pudding. AH' ROSE'S WHERE ART THOU?

Advice to the lovelorns. By Dangerous DAN MCGREW.

Corp. Mason. There is a hard tack inhaler in my company who receives mail from my girl in Mt. Vernon. What can I do to make him stop corresponding with her?

Answer.—Have your allotment turned over to her.

is She True?

Dear Dan.—I just received a letter from my fair brown after waiting four months for a letter. Why didn't she write before? Answer.—The Buffaloes were in the States then. But don't worry, they are over here now, and you shall hear from her regular.

8 P. M.—BANQUET TONIGHT.—Oct. 19, 1918 at the TRENCHEE RUE DE LA DUGOUT.

Bring your rifles, helmets, gasmasks and cartridges along, in case of an attack.

MENU

Shrapnel, served in hardshells.

MEATS

Bully beef a la newburg with mustard gas.

PASTRY

Mud in du la Boyau French Hardtacks. Liquors—rain mixed drinks—rain with mud.

Music by the high Explosive Orchestra. The Shrapnel Brothers will sing their famous ballad entitled "Meet Me in the Brick-yard Where the Pickled Onions Bloom."

FACTS, FUN AND FANCIES

BY ME

By—ME.

It was a "white man's war" until
He found he couldn't win it
And then, as in the days of yore
He stuck the Black man in it.
This wise injection gave affairs
A different kind of flavor;
Defeat was turned to Victory—
The Negro was his Saviour.

The strongest medium for Race defense and improvement would be our Negro Press if its Editors were men enough to lay aside their egotism, money-lust and jealousy of one another and form a newspaper syndicate, pledged to print nothing humiliating or detrimental to the race, to copy from each other all news inspiring and uplifting and to stay out of dirty political deals.

It is rumored that a movement is on foot to send a body of Negro missionaries to Africa. How long must Africans be insulted this way? They, no doubt, would be glad to send some of their own people to this country to teach Christianity in the South.

LOGIC.

Teacher—"Lindy, what is a ground hog?"
Lindy—"A groun' hog am a whiteman!"
Teacher (Horrihed) "Why Lindy; give your reason for such an absurd and insulting statement or leave the room!"
Lindy (Defiantly) "What am de white folks doin' in Africa, India and de Wes' Indies if dey aint groun' hogs?"

A PEACE—HOPE.

We hope that Prejudice, Greed, and Selfishness miss the Peace conference.

IF THERE WERE NO FOOLS:

How could some men get wives?
How could some Dealers make a bargain?
How could Landlord's keep raising rents?
How could some Employers pay such small wages?
How could certain "Leaders" remain in Harlem?
How could "kink no more" newspapers sell?
How could children be in the streets at all hours of the night?

Your Question Answered:

You, who wrote us (without giving your name) inquiring about a certain statement in this column of last month, must remember that this page not only contains facts but fun and fancies also, therefore a great deal is left to the imagination of our readers.

Ingratitude.

Hannah—"Honey, don' you know dat lots o' whitemen claimed zemption?"
Liza—"Go on chile; I couldn' 'believe dat if you tole it on yo' death-bed!"
Hannah—"Mah boss don' claimed zemption hisself no longer den yisterday!"
Liza—"Well, it takes a mighty po' whiteman to 'fuse tuh fight fo' such a gran' country ez dis whar he aint nebber jim-crowed, lynched and knocked about like we po' folks. Dey sho' am ungrateful!"

Religious Hints.

Make the world your church so you can be good everywhere.

The Hymns you chirp on Sunday are good enough for Monday.

Watch the person who shouts the loudest and prays the longest.

IF U DON'T C
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BASKETBALL

The 1918-19 basketball season opened with a rush. By Thanksgiving the opening date but a few years ago some six big games had been played at Manhattan Casino. The results of these showed that Alpha "Big Five" had defeated the fast St Douglas Five of New Jersey, the same team that later beat the Carlton "Lightning Five" of Brooklyn at Labor Lyceum, Brooklyn, and still later rode roughshod over Madden's "Incorporators" at Manhattan Casino, by the crushing score of 44 to 29.

On Election Night, the Spartan Juggernaut made it's season's debut with a 32 to 23 victory over the much-heralded Camp Upton "Bearcats" captained by George ("Headache Band") Capers, and playing La Beet of Salem Crescent, "Babe" Thomas of Alpha, and Jackson of Carlton among its line-up. Later, the "Bearcats", with "Babe" Thomas absent, was defeated even more decisively by Alpha 23 to 9.

The Owls of New Jersey were also humbled by Alpha "Big Five" at Manhattan Casino by the score of 25-10. A return game, with Chris Huiswood refereeing and while the Owls were in the lead, the game was forfeited to Alpha on account of failure of the Owls to abide by a ruling of the referee.

The world champion St Christopher "Red and Black Machine" has been seen so far in but one game and that against a white team on the occasion of a benefit for the United War Fund. The white boys were disposed of to the tune of 21 to 10. The game showed that the champions had not yet got into the stride that has made them in the past invincible opponents. A game scheduled for December 5, between the Melrose of New Jersey and the Machine, did not come off on account of the failure of the latter to appear. In an earlier game on their own court the Melrose had been thrashed by the Machine.

The results of the games played so far show Alpha in the lead in point of number of victories; with St Douglas Five a flashing comet from the Jersey side and a power to be reckoned with in big basketball. Spartans and St C., while engaging in fewer contests than Alpha, have been victorious in those.

Andrew W. Reubel

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Digest of Views

EUROPEAN RULE IN AFRICA

Ample proof of the truth of the utterance of Louis F. Post that "superimposed government may exterminate a people; it can never elevated them" is to be seen in a recital of European atrocities in Africa. The New York Evening Post, warning that "Africa will be one of the touchstones to test whether the world is actually regenerated" gives a partial list of these atrocities:

The British Government has had no difficulty in compiling through a Minister of the South African Union, a long report on German brutality in the administration of German Africa. We know too well the character of Prussian officers and bureaucrats to doubt that in the treatment of helpless blacks they would often prove ruthless. The Herero war is the greatest blot on the recent colonial record of any nation, and the Germans know it. Indeed, a great amount of material upon colonial atrocities in

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German Southwest, German East and Kamerun alike can be compiled from German sources; for they have not failed to evoke protests at home. General Leutwein's book on his eleven years as Governor in German Southwest; J. K. Victor's report upon the development and administration of the protectorates; the writings of Paul Rohrbach and Karl Dove and the Reichstag debates in which Social Democrats and others denounced misdeeds in the colonies, all yield condemnatory information. Cabled summaries show that the new reports add to old matter the sworn statements of natives about recent instances of cruelty and injustice on the part of the Germans. The expressions of native fear of a return of the colonies to Germany are brought forward to justify Lloyd George's statement that in determining the future of these lands the inhabitants must be consulted.

This report is worth careful attention as a description of conditions whose repetition the world ought now to be resolving never again to permit in Africa, by the Germans or by any other nationality. Too many of the abuses fastened on the Germans have their counterpart in abuses by other countries. Some, no doubt, are peculiarly and exclusively German. The attitude of the worst Prussians toward the untutored native is that of the complete contempt expressed by the Kaiser, when he told his soldiers in China to act like Huns, and declared that "men who wish to thwart European commerce and European civilization" must be taught never to look askance at a German. A special callousness to suffering has at times been manifested in Africa, which we must compare with the like callousness in Belgium. No experienced colonial nation would have permitted the Herero outbreak, caused by the attempt of land and mining companies to cheat the natives of their holdings and make them virtual slaves.

Here we must interrupt the Post to refute the argument of "no experienced colonial nation, etc" made in the preceding paragraph. Superimposed rule is bad, no matter by whom it be imposed. It has been the rule among the advocates of Anglo-Saxon imperialism to point to England as the model colonial administrator, yet read what Herbert Adams Gibbons, an impartial American observer, in his "New Map of Africa" has to say of British rule in Africa:

"When one criticises the campaign of the Germans against the Herreros, it must not be forgotten that the British campaign in Natal, in proportion to the rebel effectives in the field, was just as merciless and just as disastrous to the Zulus as the German campaign to the Herreros. So disgraceful was the con-

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Dancing from 3 to 6:30 o'clock

New Year's Afternoon: ALPHA vs ST CHRISTOPHER

165

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Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year

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Friday Evening, January 10th

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St. Christopher Machine

vs.

Spartan Braves

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duct of the Natal troops that the Bishop of Zululand felt impelled, much against his will, to publish the information he had gathered of robbing kraals and native women, stealing stock, and shooting natives and throwing their bodies to rot....."

And the cause of the Zulu rebellion? The desire to return to the old mode of tribal and family life when Government action seemed to have done nothing to raise the economic and moral level of the Blacks. Was it not most stupid and malicious, this interference with the tribal and family life of a people, this pernicious attempt to denationalise, to divide to rule? But we must allow the Post to proceed:

Only the product of an arrogant officer caste could have issued Von Trotha's proclamation that "within the German frontier every Herero . . . will be shot; I will not take any more women or children." It caused a storm of wrath in Germany, but the Kaiser decorated its author when he went home. Trotha's brutality in commencing a war that destroyed 120,000 people is of a piece with much more. Dr. Karl Peters, foremost of colonizers, is revealed by his own and other explorers' writings as a man who shot down natives of both sexes in cold blood, fired their huts, and was disgraced by the government following his murder of his servant. Governor Von Puttkamer, of the Kamerun, was put on trial in 1909 on charges that included his winking at gross atrocities by his subordinates; an earlier petition by the Akra chiefs revealed among these atrocities cruel flogging, sexual misconduct that the natives would have punished with death and murder. One German judge in the tropics, Von Ruthberg, became notorious for his "justice" which included his clubbing to death a native servant. Deputy Erzberger stated in 1906 that 5,287 floggings or whippings had been given in German East in one year; and in 1912 Deputy Noske stated the number of floggings in German Southwest two years before as 1,162, and in Kamerun as 1,909. Deputy Boren said that death occasionally resulted, and that

"With all it is the rule that for months, sometimes for years, they find themselves in such a state of nervous tension that if some one comes near them they cower and scream loudly."

Even women were flogged. As for the treatment of German planters of native serfs—for many serfs were in the tropics—it was investigated at the instance of the Reichstag just before the war. The inquiries of Vietor, a Bremen merchant, proved whole communities to be dying off in the Kamerun. Deputy Erzberger declared that the official report showed nearly every page "a piercing, heart-rending cry concerning the treatment by white men of the black plantation worker."

But we must not forget that as regards their

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African record too many nations live in glass houses. It is not to the credit of Europe that a careful neutral observer, like Herbert Adams Gibbons should, in his book of 1916 in "The New Map of Africa," have bracketed Germany with others. Admitting "that there is much to deplore and condemn in "German methods," he added that "there is no more to condemn in German methods than in French and Italian, and not so much as in Belgian." Some may disagree with this. The French have been highly successful in North Africa, though De Brazza concluded his official investigation of the Congo with the remarks that the native sufferings made him wish the French had never entered it. But the general darkness of the African story cannot be disguised.

We all hope that new ideals of humanity, a new respect for the rights of weak peoples, will be one of the war's fruits. We cannot afford to fight for justice, tolerance and democratic idealism in Europe, but not in the great continent hitherto given over largely to grab-bag exploitation. The nations must see to it that Africa is not a field for the shady administrator or adventurer, as the German colonies and Leopold's Congo in part were; and that respect for black life and limb must be as great as for white. What territorial changes in Africa peace will bring we cannot foresee. Whatever they are Africa will be one of the touchstones to test whether the world is actually regenerated.

But a list of European atrocities in Africa should include Portuguese misrule and the 'scrap of paper' attitude towards the natives of all the European Powers:

Virtuous Europe no longer steals Africans from Africa. Her civilization, honesty and humanitarianism have frowned upon that; so now she reverses the order of things and steals Africa from the Africans. Furlong in "The Gateway of the Sahara".

It (the scramble for Africa) was simply a game of they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can! The weakness of the African people was the opportunity for Europe's strength. To say that this native chief or that Negro king ASKED some European monarch to take him under his protection is simply euphemism. After Great Britain realized that Germany had designs upon African territory, it was a case of "off we go and the devil take the hindermost". This is a plain, ingenuous statement made without intending to hurt anybody's feelings, and certainly without thought of flattery—Goodrich's *Africa To-Day*.

When one reads what was going on
 (Continued on page 31)

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THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

"THE BRAT"

By MAUDE FULTON

CAST

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MRS. FORRESTER	MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
ANGELLA	MISS CLEO DESMOND
TIMSON	MR. CHAS. H. MOORE
BISHOP	MR. H. L. PRYOR
McMILLIAN FORRESTER	MR. CLARENCE MUSE
STEVE FORRESTER	MR. ANDREW BISHOP
"THE BRAT"	MISS LILLIAN GILLIAM
MARGOT	MR. ARTHUR T. RAY

NOTE: For this number we have chosen as "the play of the month," the worst constructed play appearing at the Lafayette within a year... It is "the play of the month" simply because of the fine work of the cast which presented it and other reasons given below. This play must not be accepted, however, as criterion of Lafayette productions.—The Editor.

All Harlem turned out during the week December 2 to welcome Cleo Desmond, Andrew Bishop, Charlie Moore and the other players returned to New York after an absence of six months in Chicago. The returned players were given a tremendous ovation throughout the entire week.

The players show vast improvement in acting, and acted with saving effectiveness a play possessed of numerous weak points, flat moments and incongruities.

"The Brat," by Maud Fulton, has little to commend it save the fact that it might have been especially written for and around Lillian Gilliam, so perfectly does the title role fit Miss Gilliam. This, and the superb acting of the entire cast saved the day for Miss Fulton's incongruous concoction.

The plot of "The Brat" is extremely fragile and the construction of the play frivolous to a degree—ignoring all the rules of the game as well as the dictates of ordinary common sense. The characters—even in the case of the title role are loosely drawn and hardly give the impression of flesh and blood characters. Some of them were sheerly murdered by a pen that certainly must have been dipped into a well of gluey, sickening, mushy sentimentality unmingled with the smallest grain of common sense, and guided by a hand apparently ignorant of the A. B. C. of psychology.

It is fortunate for Harlem theatre-goers that the Lafayette Management rarely falls to the level of "The Brat" and usually rises

to the heights of the best. Fortunate too, for both the theatre and the public, that the Lafayette Players have arrived at that degree of perfection that enables them to overcome the difficulties of a poor play and to so effectively and charmingly act their parts as to put it over with success, as in the case of "The Brat."

A CHANGE NEEDED.

A change is due, anyhow, at the Lafayette. For the past few months the public has been fed on comedy dramas and with that type of play the public is satiated. Some of the good old time dramas—of the period when dramatists wrote around an experience or a phase of human life, and had not yet stooped to write around and for a popular actress—should be revived, interspersed with thrilling melodramas of the same period. These two would meet the various tastes of Harlem theatre-goers far better than could any other probable combination of two.

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THE COLONEL'S NARRATIVE

(Continued from Page 5)

the Egg Pone, the Madam brought in hot waffles for each of us. They were almost swimming in butter which she had made with her own hands, and a big plate of beat biscuits. It was really wicked to tantalize us in that way but we were game and fell to and demolished the waffles, but we had to pass up the beat biscuits because we were almost speechless. 'What we had already eaten was packed in so tightly that speech was difficult and almost painful, so we stopped eating and began talking so as to distribute the food we had taken.

Our host fixed (I use the word fixed advisedly) a decoction which he called a **bracer**. I know this is its proper name for I found myself some three or four hours later braced on my bed as close as I could get to it, but feeling considerably relieved, and hungry at the dinner hour. My companions had taken the air to reduce their artificial obesity and were as hungry as I knew I was, when they came in from a long sleigh ride through the bracing air of the town. Well, we had dinner and the dinner like the breakfast left nothing to be desired except more room to put it. I thought I never would get enough of the delightful cherry Roly Poly with brandy sauce but when I got my third helping which was forced upon me by our hostess my fears were dissipated, and when I had despatched it I know I had enough. Dinner over the dishes were cleared away and we all found comfortable easy chairs. Our host fetched a handful of fine cigars, big fat ones, and we lighted up and began to swap yarns. The hired man brought in plenty of fresh logs, and fixed the fire so that we should be quite comfortable. It had begun to snow a-fresh, and grow colder, the wind blew and the old-fashion board shutters began to rattle, a sure sign of a heavy storm. They were finally shut and our session which was to continue until the wee sma'hours, began. We told stories and jokes and talked of old times and old friends for hours, and laughed and cried alternately at some of the jokes and stories. One gay companion told a story about sitting up with a corpse, or supposed corpse, which while

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he was reading a book to drown *ennui*, approached him and asked him what he was doing there! How he had failed to answer and succeeded in breaking out of the house and into the nearest woods in faster time than Dexter ever made. It was a capital story, well told and so inexpressibly humorous that we all roared at its recital. That's a good one George, said our host, but do you fellows believe in spooks?

"Not much," we replied.

"Well", he continued, I do, and I'll tell you the reason. I've seen 'em.

"Wouldn't you'all believe anything you seen with your own eyes?" he asked in an earnest inquiring tone.

Of course we would, go on with your story, we urged.

Each of us took a small mug of Egg Nog, sat back in our chairs and waited for him to begin.

"Well, boys," he said, "you'all have more education than I has, and you may be able to explain the meaning of this different from me, but what I done seen, I done seen, and they ain't nobodyas can change my understandin' of it, 'cause I seen it work out just as I expected it would. Sometimes we ignorant people are permitted to see things that you smart people would not comprehend the meanin' of if you seen 'em", he went on prefacing his story.

There was reason in his argument, thought I. Why do little babies laying on their back, look about them and smile and coo and laugh? What do they see? What are they laughing and smiling at and putting out their chubby little hands trying to catch? Who can say?

(To Be Continued)

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philosophers of the Ionian sect, the Italic School, the Elective School, the Megaric School, the Cyrenaic School and our modern philosophers. While the book possesses a great deal of desirable information Mr. Perry adds nothing to what has already been known, but he very ably clarifies the confused terms and systems of philosophy so that he who seeks truth will have no difficulty in finding it. To summarize: the book is highly interesting and inspiring so far as this particular kind of study by Negroes is concerned.—A. R. J.

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DIGEST OF VIEWS

(Continued from Page 22)

in Morocco fifteen years ago, the pages consecrated by English writers of the present time to German intrigues in Africa are amusing and amazing reading. In their indignation against Germany and in the accusation that Germany has tried to "block the legitimate aspirations of other nations", as one eminent authority puts it, they indict, by the same token, their own policy in more than one part of Africa, as well as the policy of France, now their ally but fifteen years ago their bitter enemy. Herbert Adams Gibbons in "The New Map of Africa".

Portuguese exploitation of native labor in Sao Thome and Principal stands forth, next to the rubber atrocities of Belgium in the Congo, as the darkest page of European colonization in Africa. Herbert Adams Gibbons.

But there can be no doubt that the white men acted exclusively for their own interests, and that when the natives protested against the collection of taxes, the benefit of which was never proved to them, they were treated as rebels, tracked down like wild beast and killed in their own country. Herbert Adams Gibbons.

The Congo State, misnamed "Free" in memory of its promise, accepted by Europe, as to the elevation of the natives and the encouragement of the foreigner, though founded in the name of Almighty God for international purposes, has been and is the home of appalling misgovernment and oppression. Sir Charles W. Dilke.

The predominant characteristic of our educational method—official and unofficial—in Western Africa hitherto may be summed up in one word—denationalization. The result is so notoriously unsatisfactory as to need no specific illustration. E. D. Morel in *Nigeria*.

"The land question in the South African Union is so intricate that it can barely be mentioned; but the intelligent will put it well to the front. A law has been passed making it a criminal offense to sell or transfer land to a native. The purpose is to force the natives on the "location", or native reservations, where

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paganism is rampant, or else to become the serfs of the white man. The African is not to have a home in his own continent! This would appear to be the limit of white meanness and oppression.—Cornelius H. Patten in **The Lure of Africa**.

Can any fair-minded reader of these excerpts, taken from the books of experienced and impartial observers of European rule in Africa, form any other opinion than that uttered by Louis F. Post that "superimposed government may exterminate a people; it can never elevate them"? One of these observers, Cornelius H. Patton, a missionary who has spent very many years of his life in Africa confesses that:-

"Certainly civilization finds itself on the wrong side of the account. It has brought more evil than good to the African. The plain and ugly fact is that in many parts of Africa the natives would be better off, physically and morally, if European enterprise had never come. The best authorities do not differ on this subject."

And Herbert Adams Gibbons tells us that

"In the old days, the natives of Central Africa suffered from occasional slave-raiding parties, which would take a few hundred at a time into captivity. Europeans abolished slave-trading in the name of Christ and humanity but they substituted a slavery far more degrading. Not an occasional few hundred were victims, but all the people all the time were reduced to slavery."

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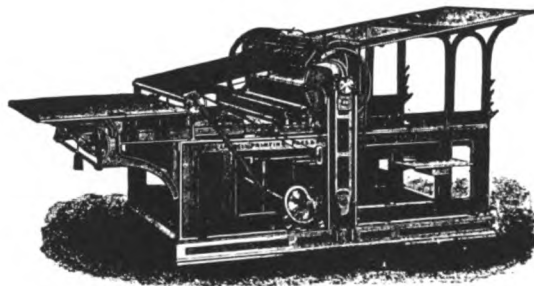


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