



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

The Crisis, Vol. 16, No. 2

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"And he is obliged to wear his armor in public at all times during war, under pain of punishment?"

"Such is the law."

"When, therefore, you beat a captain for obeying the State, teaching him that he is to lead men in battle to defend a country wherein he is despitefully used because he wears the honorable rank conferred upon him by those of authority, do you not, Eudices, to that extent weaken his resolution, destroy his self-respect, take away this much from the power of the State to resist the enemy?"

"I perceive what you would have me say, Socrates; but this man was a Macedonian, a race with so little courage that it were not easy to make of him a poorer soldier than the gods already have."

"Yet have you not seen that to whatever depth a man may fall, either by his own folly or the wrath of the gods, he may fall yet lower until he yield finally to death?"

"Socrates, many times have I seen this."

"Then, Eudices, if you have wilfully, and to satisfy an ancient grudge, removed by ever so little whatever of courage and resolution the Macedonian captain possessed, by that much have you weakened your country's resources; for, bear in mind, those in authority, and whom you as a good citizen obey, have seen fit to choose this barbarian to be a captain in the fight; and it may be supposed that, being a Macedonian, he needs not blows but encouragement rather, that he may offer up his life for his friends rather than waste it for those who spit upon him. Have you not, then, given aid and comfort to the enemy, by your own admissions?"

There entered the car at this point a youth bearing a tray upon which rested oranges, sherbets and divers nuts. Socrates plucked him by the skirt and fell into lively converse with him; whereupon Eudices quietly rose and walked away.

"And what, my graceful youth," quoth Socrates to the lad, lovelier to him than Phryne herself, "was the name of that Macedonian captain who was beaten?"

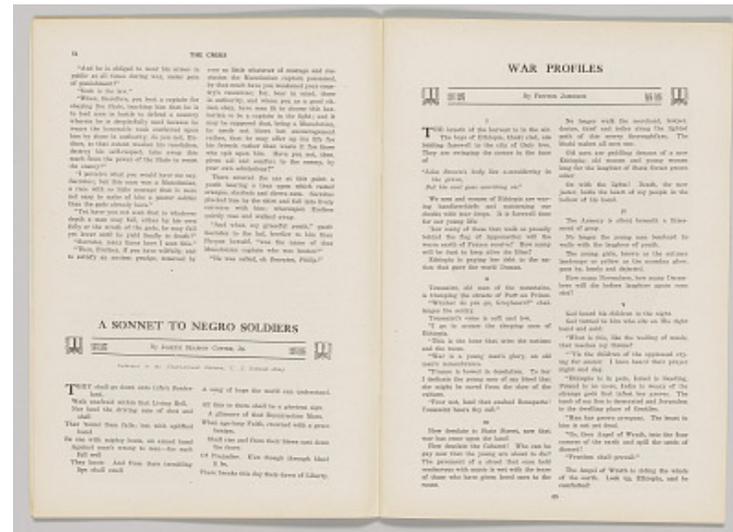
"He was called, oh Socrates, Philip!"

A SONNET TO NEGRO SOLDIERS

By JOSEPH SEAMON COTTER, JR.

Dedicated to the Ninety-Second Division, U.S. National Army

They shall go down unto Life's Borderland,
Walk unafraid within that Living Hell,



Nor heed the driving rain of shot and shell
That 'round them falls; but with uplifted hand
Be one with mighty hosts, an armed band
Against man's wrong to man - for such full well
They know. And from their trembling lips shall swell
A song of hope the world can understand

All this to them shall be a glorious sign,
A glimmer of that Resurrection Morn,
When age-long Faith, crowned with a grace benign,
Shall rise and from their blows cast down the thorn
Of Prejudice. E'en though through blood it be,
There breaks this day their dawn of Liberty.

WAR PROFILES

By FENTON JOHNSON

I. The breath of the harvest is in the air. The boys of Ethiopia, khaki clad,
are bidding farewell to the city of their love. They are swinging the
corner to the tune of

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

We men and women of Ethiopia are waving handkerchiefs and
moistening our cheeks with tear drops. It is farewell time for our young
life:

How many of these that walk so proudly behind the flag of Appomattox
will the warm earth of France receive? How many will be dust to keep
alive the lilies?

Ethiopia is paying her debt to the nation that gave the world Dumas.

II. Toussaint, old man of the mountains, is tramping the streets of Port
au Prince.

"Whither do you go, Graybeard?" challenges the sentry.

Toussaint's voice is soft and low.

"I go to arouse the sleeping men of Ethiopia.

"This is the hour that tries the nations and the races.

"War is a young man's glory, an old man's remembrance.

"France is bowed in desolation. To her I dedicate the young men of my
blood that she might be saved from the claw of the vulture.

"Fear not, land that exalted Bonaparte! Toussaint hears thy call."

III. How desolate is State Street, now that war has come upon the land!

How desolate the Cabaret! Who can be gay now that the young are about to die? The pavement of a street that once held rendezvous with music is wet with the tears of those who have given loved ones to the cause.

No longer walk with the merchant, lawyer, doctor, thief and toiler along the lighted path of this merry thoroughfare. The khaki makes all men one.

Old men are peddling dreams of a new Ethiopia; old women and young women long for the laughter of State Street grown sober.

On with the lights! Death, the new jester, holds the heart of my people in the hollow of his hand.

IV.

The Armory is silent beneath a firmament of gray.

No longer the young men bombard its walls with the laughter of youth.

The young girls, brown as the autumn landscape or yellow as the noonday glow, pass by, lonely and dejected.

How many Novembers, how many Decembers will die before laughter again runs riot?

V.

God heard his children in the night.

God turned to him who sits on His right hand and said:

"What is this, like the wailing of music, that reaches my throne?"

"'Tis the children of the oppressed crying for succor. I have heard their prayer night and day.

"Ethiopia is in pain, Israel is bleeding, Poland is no more, India is weary of the strange gods that infest her groves. The tomb of my Son is desecrated and Jerusalem is the dwelling place of Gentiles.

"Man has grown arrogant. The beast in him is not yet dead.

"Go, thou Angel of Wrath, into the four corners of the earth and spill the seeds of discord!

"Freedom shall prevail."

The Angel of Wrath is riding the winds of the Earth. Look up, Ethiopia,

and be comforted!

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