

THE BALANCER OF THE UNIVERSE
A Drama of the Race Conflict
In Four Acts by B. Harrison Peyton

CHARACTERS
Mauricio Crispin, a dancer from the Argentine, age 25 years.
La Corusca, Senora Crispin, his Argentine mother, age 42.
Agnes, their American guest and dancing pupil, age 22.
Mrs. Vincent Widener, a woman journalist, age 35.

ACT I.
Period: Present. Place: Providencia, a city on the Pacific coast.

SCENE I.
The Heart's Song of Anguish.
Scene—La Corusca's home and dancing school in Providencia; a spacious inner hall. An afternoon in mid-autumn.

Crispin: Senorita Gorland. Yes! Ah, Senor Crispin!
Crispin: Dollars to doughnuts, senorita, I can guess what you're thinking about.

Agnes: I was listening to your mother practicing and the music, senor.

Crispin: Yes, unavoidably. But weren't you saying to yourself: "What an immense racket Don Manuel makes with his tortured piano and La Corusca with her pistoling castanets? It's almost as nerve-rasping as when the senora has a dancing class in practice, and her pupils all in a throng, with riotous shouting and ear-shattering volleys from their castanets, rush into the impetuous, rhythmic movement of a dance. How they stamp their heels and shuffle their feet, raising in stormy thunder little, eddying clouds of dust from the bare, trembling floor! How one must perforce imagine one's self not in an American city, but in that native land of the dance, Spain—in Madrid, or Seville, or Malaga—where its rapturous spell dominates the very atmosphere and love for it is to every child an ancient national inheritance!" Now, Senorita Gorland, weren't you thinking that?

Agnes: Really, senor, I'm not sure I was thinking of it from that viewpoint.

Crispin: Ah, yes, senorita; all the while you were wishing madre and Don Manuel wouldn't grind on your nerves so unmercifully with such a veritable tempest of sound and fury.

Agnes: No, no, senor. There are times when I really enjoy it, and in the few weeks that I've spent here, I've become, I fancy, quite as much accustomed to it as you are.

Crispin: And to think it used to affect you much as I'm affected by Congressman Whiteside's vituperations against that lowly branch of humanity he terms "the despicable Negro." I perceive, however, your nerves have largely recovered from the shock of the panic. Yet I should be better pleased, senorita, if you'd only sing for me.

Agnes: Sing for you, senor? (With a fleeting bit of laughter in self-ridicule.) Oh, gracious! What witchery of song could render my poor, pitiful

voice worthy to be heard?

Crispin: 'Twas but yesterday at dusk I heard you singing in your room, senorita, and with such soul-subduing effect that my breast overflowed with sighs of tenderest emotion. Indeed, I hung upon the mellow, appealing intonations of your voice like one enthralled.

Agnes: Senor, I'd never have dared, had I but once suspected you were listening.

Crispin: My heart's as quick to sympathize as are my ears to listen. If you won't take my word for it, I beg only that you put me to the proof. Senorita, I promise you several extra lessons in la Malaguena, on condition you will sing for me.

Agnes: You offer an irresistible inducement. Senor, I'll sing you just one song. Which shall it be?

Crispin: Senorita, among the melodies I heard you singing, there was one of those irrepressible lays of despairing life and love the sun has known to go complaining up into the southern heavens through all the ages since the advent of Eve. I'm ignorant of its name, but I recall it was pitched in the same minor key as the wild, dismal voice of oppressed Africa I hear from everywhere about me. Merciful heavens! and, senorita, you put so much feeling into it one performance would've thought the racking hand of grief itself had set the chords of your heart to moaning and breaking with all that song's anguish and distress!

Agnes: Ah, me, senor! there comes upon me at times such agonizing fear my little brother will be taken from me to his last sleep! But you probably refer to the song called Ma Mouri?

Crispin: Ma Mouri?
Agnes: Yes. It's an old love song of the Creole slave, senor, in which by a singular habit I often express my griefs.

Crispin: Nevertheless, senorita, you will please sing it to me. But one moment. (He goes to the sliding doors and closes them, so that the sounds from the dancing room are but very faintly heard.) Now, I'm all attention, Senorita Gorland.

Agnes: Well I know young men, I must die—

Yes, crazy, I must die!

Well I know young men, I must die—

Yes, crazy, I must die! Th-h-h!

For the fair Layotte I must crazy die!

Yes, crazy, I must die!

Well I know young men, I must die—

Yes, crazy, I must die!

Well I know, young men, I must crazy die—

I must die-for the fair Layotte!

Crispin: Thanks, senorita. And may I ask how you came by that plaintful tune?

Agnes: Of course I didn't learn it here in Providencia, this far western city by the Pacific; but 'twas taught me by an aged Negro uncle, a servant in my home in Shadow City on the Mississippi. Senor, Ma Mouri often brings to my mind your Spanish song called la Malaguena.

Crispin: I've heard songs with the same savage, wailing soul, senorita, many times during my professional tours in Spain, North Africa, Brazil and Argentina. Anthony Bell used to assure me they were all transported out of the sombre heart of Africa, like the Fandango and many other dances the Spanish claim their own. Certainly la Malaguena's but an echo from Andalusia of a barbarous melody that resounded across the Mediterranean from the swart throats of Egypt—but, senorita, you've agreed to let me give you extra lessons in the dance El Torero y la Malaguena. Aren't you as eager today as always to practice it?

Agnes: To that dance I've dedicated my whole soul, senor, and to slight practice would be to me very much like neglecting a religious duty.

Crispin: Then come with me into the practice room.

Agnes: Yes; but the senora hasn't yet finished rehearsing.

Crispin: Perhaps you'd prefer to wait for the evening class and the country young Senor Bland?

Agnes: Oh, I fear the young Senor Bland is proving more fair-spoken than faithful; the last's the fourth consecutive time he has failed to attend class. Isn't it fitting I should confess myself a maiden sadly forsaken and unremembered? Oh! my, my, my, my! feminine charms are to the masculine heart such fleeting, fading things!

Crispin: But so long as that applies to—only such chaps as Bland, oh! shouldn't I complain, senorita? Ah! just as I hoped; madre's now resting from her exertions! Well, why shan't we ourselves begin practice right here and this moment? Madre! Madre! it's Mauricio!

Corusca: Bien, Mauricio?
Crispin: Isn't el maestro at liberty to give us the music for la Malaguena?

Corusca: Si, por una rueda. If you please, Don Manuel, Mauricio wishes you to play la Malaguena.

Crispin: I've the honor to be your humble partner, senorita.

Agnes: No; in the province of the dance, senor, I can only acknowledge you a master.

(END SCENE I.)

Try 666—A reliable remedy for rheumatism and all disorders. For sale by the People's Drug store.

Mrs. Lizzie Connor, of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., who came to Omaha to bury her sister, has returned.

Events and Persons

Arnold Black returned Sunday after seven months of overseas service with the British army, finding his wife and infant daughter well. Mr. Black is the son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wade.

Dubois Dramatic club in "Under Two Flags" at Boyd's, May 9. 'Nuff sed.—Adv.

Mrs. C. C. Jackson of Des Moines, Ia., is the guest of Mrs. W. M. Jackson, 2613 Burdette street.

Mrs. Mamie Grant and daughters, June and Florence, left Tuesday for Excelsior Springs, Mo., for a four weeks' visit. On their return they will visit relatives at Lawrence and Kansas City, Kan.

The Dubois Dramatic club hasn't appeared for some time, but it will be a sensation—"Under Two Flags."—Adv.

Mrs. A. L. Bowler, who was called to Galesburg, Ill., last week on account of the death of her stepfather, has returned home.

Don't fail to see "Under Two Flags" at Boyd's May 9. It will be a hummer.—Adv.

W. T. Adams has sold his residence at 2118 North Twenty-eighth avenue and bought a strictly modern dwelling at 2517 Blondo street. He removed to his new home March 24.

Miss Malinda Chapman, 1238 South Twelfth street, died Sunday night and was buried Tuesday.

Mrs. Rosie Rose, mother of Mrs. Susie Trent, passed away this week.

The Dubois Dramatic club presents "Under Two Flags" at Boyd's theater, May 9.—Adv.

"THE HOMESTEADER"

In the coming of this super-production, the first play of such proportions to feature an all-star Colored cast, the people of Omaha will be given an opportunity to see the play that has caused considerable of a sensation in Chicago and elsewhere. While it is not generally known, "The Homesteader" was booked to appear at the Brandeis theater here four days, commencing Sunday, March 30. It was only when it was discovered that the same was a Negro production that the management cancelled the same on a percentage basis, demanding a cash rental instead. Based on the romance of Jean Baptiste—the man—and a Negro—and

Agnes Stewart, the woman, who has been raised as a white child, although of Ethiopian extraction, but did not know it, and neither did Baptiste, and therein lies the story. In love with Agnes, off there in the northwest, wherein he alone was black, Baptiste makes a sublime sacrifice, later marries a girl in his own race—wherein enters Erlean, the daughter of a minister, whom Baptiste discovers to be an enemy of his youthful days. N. Justine McCarthy, the girl's father, is of a narrow, deceitful and pompous and vain disposition. The two men appear to be born enemies, and thereupon falls the burden of Erlean's love for her husband and the duty she feels she owes to her father. McCarthy deceives Baptiste, takes his daughter back to Chicago, thinking that in doing so he will frighten Baptiste, and in this way succeed in having that one kow-tow to his narrow disposition. His interference results disastrously, he meets with ill fate at the hands of this self-same daughter, and in the meantime, Agnes, successful in her musical effort, engaged to marry her publisher, a young white man, discovers that he is Colored, and—but why more? See the play. It has met with great favor everywhere it has been shown. It will be at the Diamond theater, Omaha, two days only, commencing Monday, April 21.

MOB VIOLENCE VERSUS JIMCROWISM
(Continued From Page One.)

struction and limitation is to confound, confuse and hinder the wings in their advancement. In so far as a community or nation shuts itself off or is shut off from communication with other communities or nations in so far as its advancement obstructed and impeded. This truth is illustrated in the destinies of the empires of Japan and China. As long as Japan lived within her closed ports and China within her wall their development was marked by no advancement; but when the ports of Japan and the wall of China were opened up to international communication their advancement became marked and rapid. Transportation, travel and interchange of visits is the most beneficial and most to-be-demanded mode of communication between wings of an army, between communities, nations or separated wings of a race. Jimcrowism as it applies to railway transportation is a measure of obstruction and a positive impediment to our racial intercommunication. It limits the progress of advancement of our race

North and South, because the system in effect is prohibitive of travel and visit by many of our race both North and South. It is an undemocratic treatment of a part of our citizenry, which treatment must in consequence amount to a restriction and limitation upon freedom of railway, of interstate and public highway transportation. It is the curtailment of a freedom which by analogy is identical with that curtailment of freedom of the sea against which this nation took up arms to oppose. Will the nation not treat a part of its citizenry at home as it demands to be treated abroad?

Jimcrowism is a moral wrong of surpassing evil ramifications. It amounts to the barred gate and the locked door to a liberty that should be accessible to all alike. It is here contended to be stultifying to our man and womanhood. While it is an offense against the race in general, it is one that is aggravated in proportion to the degree of the advanced and advancing intelligence of the race and the degree of the intelligence of the victims upon whom the system is forced. In the opinion of your writer it is a sinuous, subtle and sinister sub-way of racial degradation. It is an evil that has seemingly tried to "sneak by," but the race has raised the "hue and cry," "It shall not pass!"

At present the only great organized force of great men and women, white and Colored, bent on demolishing jimcrowism is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

If jimcrowism is abolished first, mob violence can last but a short time thereafter, as such an event will make possible a relief for the citizenry from the offense which otherwise shall be long delayed.

Jimcrowism is not only a strike at the heart of the race, but is an actual wounding of the heart, and every day it continues the demoralizing effects accumulate.

May a more intense drive to put it down start at once!

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OSCAR MICHEAUX'S
Mammoth Photo Play

"THE HOMESTEADER"

A Powerful Drama of the Great American Northwest, in 9 Sensational Reels, Featuring

An Entire Negro Cast

NOTE—Held up by the Chicago Board of Censors following the protest of three well known race ministers there, one of whom claimed the play was based largely on his daughter's unhappy marriage to the author, and that he has been featured therein as the arch hypocrite, who caused it. This great play has run twenty days at advanced prices to the Colored people of that city alone since its release and still going at top speed.

Don't Forget the Date---Two Days Only
Monday and Tuesday, April 21 and 22