

ORPHAN BOYS SLAVES ON OKLA- HOMA FARM

Youth Rescued from Slavery, Tells of Conditions on Blackwell Farm.

WICHITA, Kan., April 21.—Seven orphan boys, from 13 to 17 years old, former wards of the juvenile authorities at Louisville, Ky., are said to be held in virtual slavery on a farm near Blackwell, Okla., according to a story told by Henry Varble, 18, from Owensboro, Ky., to M. W. Woods, secretary of the Wichita Social League. Last week Mr. Woods was asked by authorities in Owensboro, the boy's home, to get the boy at a farm a few miles from Blackwell.

According to information received by Mr. Woods, Henry was sent to the farm by juvenile officers about four weeks ago. The boy's parents are said to be unable to support him.

According to his story, seven other boys, four negro and three white, worked as he did. The others are all orphans.

All of the work on the 450-acre farm is done by these boys, according to Henry. The strictest rules are imposed upon them, he says. They are not allowed to sit down during the day. As soon as they are through eating the boys must leave the house. Work of some kind is provided for every waking hour, he declared.

Henry said that in the three weeks he was there he never saw his bed-room. It was dark when he left in the morning and when he returned at night. The slightest infraction of the rules was an excuse for "cussing the boys" and kicking them, according to the youth.

AUTOCRACY IN BRITISH WEST INDIES

The last available statistics obtained here referring to the "Gem of the Antilles," accuse a population of 848,000 blacks against 17,000 whites. And when we consider the fact that in Jamaica, although the Negroes are in overwhelming majority, yet they do not have a large share in the management of their home affairs.

What Jamaica needs presently is the introduction and establishment of new industries, the importation of new capital, and over all, a home rule government that would be democratic, popular, elective, representative and alternative. All Jamaicans, all British subjects, of 21 years of age being able to read and write, physically and mentally capable, having an honest means of livelihood, should take the right of suffrage, should take a direct vote and vote in the land of their birth.

What applies to Jamaica is also applicable to the other B. W. I., where the darker element is in majority and where they do not live, only exist.

We again repeat that it is needless for British subjects to "fool" any longer with that trash literature called the Bible; it is needless for them to kneel and pray to God and to the Caucasian for a change in their economic, political or social life; it is no time to beg, but it is time to take, to seize, to grasp. The chain will come. We have been too long in bondage, we have been too long under any other treatment but oppression, ostracism and scorn. We are no longer babies, we are men; we should no longer be serfs, objects or subjects, but free, intelligent and progressive citizens. We should acknowledge no more kings, queens, emperors or presidents unless they be of our own manufacture. We cannot walk and feel and parlay any more; now is the time to be in action.

As every sensible individual knows, the Negro has been robbed of Australia, of Africa, of the West Indies, etc.

We wish that the new Negro the world-wide ever should be all means in his power right for the establishment and realization of the following eight points: and unless these eight points are presented, all other efforts are vain and useless:

Full citizenship for all males; universal free suffrage for all citizens over 21 years of age; economic, political and racial equality; absolute sovereignty of the people; administration of all citizens to control all public employments, offices or commissions; "dependent" only in their citizens' representation in Congress; equitable distribution of tax; institution of jury service.

BY GUYTON MAILLARD, Havana, Cuba, April 14.

NICARAGUA RETIRES FROM WORLD LEAGUE

Managua, Nicaragua, April 21.—Nicaragua has given up its membership in the League of Nations. The step being taken by the cabinet attending to the duties of a government that organization. It is understood that the government was withdrawing its name.

WEDNESDAY

News from the Negro and other items.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE FLAG. WHILE APRIL BREEZES BLOW.

FLAG.
Come out from behind the flag
And show us you're for the free.
We know by the way you treat
The captive from over the sea.

Come out from behind the flag.
Don't cover your face with a star.
We don't care for your color.
We want to know who you are.

Come out from behind the flag.
Don't conceal your hands with a fold.
Let us see if you hold a torch
Or hide ill-gotten gold.

Come out from behind the flag.
There's not any use to hide.
The breeze will blow and we'll see
Where there in spite of pride.

Come out from behind the flag.
If you hate men that are black.
Don't cover wrath with the Stripes
In order to hide your lack.

Come out from behind the flag.
If your suitcase is full of lies,
Travel on, secrets will out,
For black men are getting wise.

Come out from behind the flag.
And show by the way you walk
If it's freedom or personal ease
You're for, we're tired of talk.

Come out from behind the flag.
Garvey is waiting for you.
He's black, and if you're not right
You certainly will be blue.

Come out from behind the flag.
Freemen, ere liberty's dead
Nor screen your eyes from the state
For flames are easily spread.

Come out from behind the flag.
Preachers, teachers and all,
If against freedom give glory to
Or its emblem is certain to fall.
—ETHEL DREW DUNLAP.
March 28, 1921.

U. N. I. A.

O, son of Africa, arise!
With light and beaming in thine eyes.
With muscular and outstretched hand
Go forth and take thy Fatherland.

If Saxons pale can vaunt their pride
And wait it o'er the ocean's tide,
Why shall the men of color black
That self same courage ever lack?

Caucasians bold possess thy land,
And hold thee in enslaved command.
Why dost thou not those shackles
break,
And from them thy possessions take?

The fairest land beneath the sun,
Where limpid streams forever run,
Whose ivory and mineral wealth
Prompt the Caucasian's crafty stealth.

Her seas are filled with rarest pearl,
Her waterfalls their torrents hurl
Upon the lowlands far below—
All this the proud Caucasians know.

O, son of Africa, arise!
Thou hast the light within thine eyes.
Thou hast the strength within thine
hand,
Go forth and take thy Fatherland.
—EDWARD E. WALL.
1721 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A TRIBUTE TO AFRICA.

Beyond the sea, there is a land,
Given to us, the sons of Ham.
Pillaged by nations from east and west:
That native land, we once possessed.

I'll tell you, sir, it must be redeemed.
Let's take that land across the sea.
There is no better plan than Garvey
dreamed.
Let man be man, and men be free.

Years ago our fathers left thee,
Left thy shores against their will.
But soon again we hope to greet thee,
Native land, we love thee still.

Our fathers sleep beneath the sod,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
We who are standing in their stead,
Bring greetings back to thee.

We are coming! We are coming!
And our hearts are stout and brave.
We have ships that plough the ocean;
We don't fear the wind nor wave.

When we reach that native land,
That land beyond the sea,
The "Hoy" tribe through which we've
passed
Will be our history.
—REV. E. M. CHAPMAN.

ASPIRATION.

For ages past our hopes have slum-
bered,
Slumbered through the darkest
night!

But God has given us a Garvey,
Who brings to us the freedom fight.
"He cannot succeed!" "He cannot
succeed!"

"Was heard from the lips of men,
He failed in Jamaica, but came to
America
And hunched his project again,
mountains of obstacles had to be
scaled;

"Heroes were all in his way;
Unhatched oceans surrounded them
all.
And gave us the W. N. I. A.

"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"
"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"

"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"
"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"

"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"
"Four million things!" "Four million
things!"

A Song for Arber Day.

Come, let us plant a tree today.
Forsake your book, forsake your play,
Bring out the spade and his away.
While April breezes blow,
Your life is young and it should be
As full of vigor as this tree,
As fair, as upright and as free,
While April breezes blow.

Come, let us plant a tree to stand
Both fair and useful in the land,
Supremely tall and nobly grand,
A strong and trusty oak,
Dig deep and let the long roots hold
A firm embrace within the mold,
And may your life in truth unfold
A strong and trusty oak.

Come, let us plant a supple ash,
A tree to bend when others crash,
And stand when vivid lightnings flash
And clouds pour down the rain,
So, while we plant we learn to bend
And hold our ground though storms
descend
Throughout our life, and lightnings
rend
And clouds pour down the rain.

Bring out the spade and his away,
And let us plant a tree today,
While skies are bright and hearts are
gay
And April breezes blow,
In other days 'neath April skies
Around this tree may joyful cries
And happy children's songs arise,
While April breezes blow.

"It is said that lightning never
strikes an ash tree.
The writer of these beautiful verses
is a man of color residing at Chester-
town, Ind. He is a jeweler and watch-
maker and his name is David Thomas
Williamson. He has written quite con-
siderable poetry, but very little of it
has been published. One of his best ef-
forts is called "Harper's Ferry." An-
other, "Out in the Cold." They all
show merit of a high order of excel-
lence, and all are signs of promise as
to the future of the Negro as a poet.—
J. E. B.

IN MEMORY OF LUCIAN B. WATKINS.

He is not dead, he only sleeps;
He's resting, dry those eyes;
May this sweet thought to him who
weeps
Bring smiles in place of sighs,
He could not rest while in this sphere—
To rest was not his earthly right—
And oft, while other mortals slept,
He builded poems in the night.

We shall miss his message,
We worldly mortals here,
But know that he from time to time
Will send kind thoughts to cheer.
Some other earnest man of parts,
Struggling in the muse's hold,
Wind find words falling from his pen
And marvel at their spirit bold.

He is not dead, but gone before—
We'll join him after while;
His spirit flits from star to star—
'E'en as we mourn he stops to smile,
A glorious pathway he treads today,
Free a soul, pain cannot defile;
He is not dead, he crossed the bar,
And will greet us after while.
—H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN

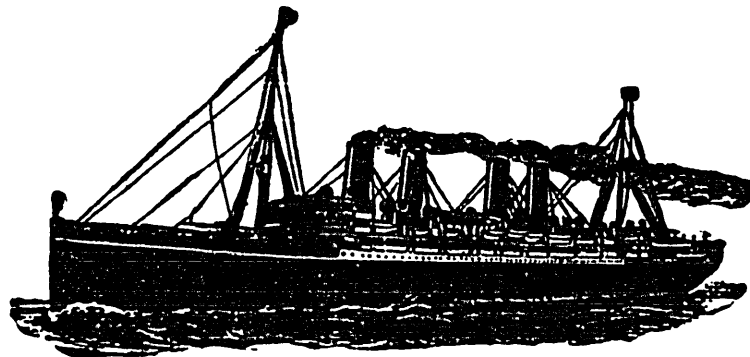
"A VISION OF THE DAY."

By E. BERT CLARKE.
It was a mighty gathering in the night,
And bayonets gleamed in the blood-red
moon's pale light,
And stern, dark men stood brooding
o'er the past
While trumpets blared a loud and fear-
ful blast.
A whisper ran along that grim array
While brave men thought of those they
held most dear—
A whisper grim, determined, but di-
vine
No, not the mutterings bred by drunk-
ard's wine,
And while the black-starred banner
o'er them soared—
A noble banner, noblest panoply of
war—
That whisper ran: it spoke of wrongs
long due—
Wrong to be righted 'fore the next
day's sun
Should plunge his blood-red chariot
o'er the hills.
The morning broke a cloudy, sunless
morning,
In which the spawns forget its usual
spawning;
Ethiopia's voice in prayer to heaven
ascending,
While noble warriors at the knees are
bending.
They rise, the trumpet sounds, three
cheers are given
By them, methinks the clouds of
heaven are riven.
Charge! cries the leader's voice,
Charge for your country's free!
Charge for your women's homes!
Charge for your wronged sire!
What is that in the noble wind like
clouds of dark brown wine?
Why is it when it strikes their line
they sicken, faint and die?
"Bullai Gwail!" O greatest hope, the
scourge of all the land,
They break, they fly, they leave their
best pile upon pile of dead—
Ethiopia's chains are broken and the
tyrant's day has fled.

And while the Niger bends its course,
While noble children play
And housewives hum sweet Africa's
tunes, that while the bounds are
lasting,
The ministers play with South and
of our hosts victorious,
On noble Africa's stricken fields and a
thousand deeds as glorious.

TOBACCO

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR SHARES IN THE BLACK STAR LINE? IF NOT, WHY NOT?



Do you realize that this is the only Negro Corporation owning, controlling and operating steamships in the whole world?

THE BLACK STAR LINE, Inc.

Is capitalized at \$10,000,000 under the Laws of the State of Delaware and is backed in its operations by the full strength of its organization with millions of Negro men and women in all parts of the world.

TWO MILLION SHARES OF COMMON STOCK NOW ON SALE

At par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each at the office of the Corporation.



We are making special efforts to add ships of large tonnage to the ships now owned and controlled by this concern. Will you do your part in assisting this, the greatest effort ever made to have the race rise to a position in the maritime world that will challenge the admiration and command the attention of the world.

You owe it to yourself and to posterity to lay this economic foundation.

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL IT
SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

"THE BLACK STAR LINE, Inc."
56 West 135th Street, New York City

Date

Gentlemen:
I hereby subscribe for shares of stock at \$5.00 per share and forward here-
with as full payment \$..... on same.

Name
Street
City
State