

# POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

Let the Black Man Cross the Sea.  
O Columbia! Can you hear them?  
Ethiopia's calling thee,  
Asking Liberty to free them  
And to let them cross the sea.

O Columbia! They've been martyrs  
To the lynch law! Pray refrain  
From detaining them from leaving—  
If you lack power to restrain.

O Columbia! For thy glory  
Lenses the persecutor's hand,  
And the stripes will bear the story  
Into every clime and land.

O Columbia! Lincoln's spirit's  
Calling—and it speaks through me—  
God is witness that you bear it—  
Let the black man cross the sea!

O Columbia! Will you free it,  
Ethiopia's outstretched hand?  
It is reaching out for justice—  
Pointing to its fatherland.

O Columbia! Hear my message!  
Kindred ties call them afar  
If you would add to your prestige,  
Let them go—and add a star.

O Columbia! They've been loyal—  
Fought the foe across the sea.  
Queen of Peace, wouldst thou be royal,  
Let their race forever free.

O Columbia! Future ages  
Will look up to thee for light—  
Poets sing of thee, and sages,  
If you treat the black man right.  
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,  
3333 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## REFLECTIONS OF A SLAVE.

They say my race has been set free,  
That slavery days are gone,  
And that where civilized man leads  
I too may follow on.

Alas! will the hand that bound my eyes  
Help me to reach the goal  
Of freedom? Or will my bark wreck  
On some unforeseen shoal?

And is it true that freedom rules  
Where riot haunts the land,  
And that the race which has enslaved  
Will lead a helping hand?

I gaze upon the spires and domes  
White men's hands have reared—  
And though my birthright was cast  
My heart is sad and seared.

The hand that built the edifice  
That seems to brush the sky,  
His is the torch and fused the bomb  
Which black men ventured nigh.

Where churches thrive and where the  
Cross  
In emblematic have spilled  
The blood of unfeeling slaves  
Until my veins are chilled.

And as I look with reverence  
On that of which they boast  
For back of every vaulted good  
There lurks an evil ghost.

O liberty, how many crimes  
Committed in thy name!  
And how the slave, that may not speak,  
Has borne the brunt and blame!

Ancestral Pride,  
Sometimes in deep reflection,  
I muse as in a dream,  
And recollections of the past  
Wiped memory like a stream.

The blood of nobles gone before  
Finds access to my heart,  
And once more, of my native land,  
My soul becomes a part.

It seems to pass where Solomon  
Slept, wisely in the past,  
And I receive his blessings  
As chains held my kin fast.

My soul translates into that land  
Of beauty and of change  
Where my stars ruled white royal blood  
Made black men's veins run warm.

I stand where Egypt's ruins tell  
The story of my race  
That once they shipped like mor-  
tals—  
When darkness took its place.

And when realities greet me,  
And come to bring me back,  
I think that my ancestors  
Were royal and were black.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,  
3333 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
March 24, 1921.

(To be continued.)

Carved by cruel, graceless hands?  
I feel the accusing silence as  
Outlined, there it stands.

On that day we all shall see it,  
And the shadow which it throws  
Will be spreading toward the East  
As time draws to a close:  
And what joy will be in Heaven,  
Where no ill will is e'er shown,  
On that happiest, holiest morning,  
When earth's greatest shall be known.

The earth will quake and rumble,  
And smoke shall fill the air;  
All the world will wake and tremble,  
Tho' the righteous shall not fear:  
They'll stir and look about them  
With the sleep-mist in their eyes,  
To find their black brother, risen,  
Far beyond the glowing skies.

H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN,  
87 Cleveland Ave.,  
Hartford, Conn.

## GET OFF AND GET A TRANSFER.

How many years have we been going  
wrong: it's too bad  
We've come so far to just find out  
we're on the wrong road;  
Get off and get a transfer.

No matter how light or dark you be:  
If you are a descendant of Africa,  
You're on the wrong car, that's all,  
my friend;  
Get off and get a transfer.

I've been suspicious all along, but no  
one seemed to know,  
Whether this road was right or wrong.  
I told you long ago;  
But this car is not going right, that's  
all;  
Get off and get a transfer.

What shall we do, where shall we go,  
how long have we to roam,  
Before some one will come along, to  
guide us safely home?  
Your train will be waiting at the next  
station, its just around the curve,  
The only thing I ask of you is, just to  
keep your nerve.

We'll get our transfer here and take  
the Black Star Line  
And get off at Port Africa, that port  
is yours and mine.

The Black Star Line is a Corporation  
of ten million, and this is incom-  
plete,  
Until ten million Negroes join the  
Black Star Fleet.

You've worn your knees through to the  
bone,  
You see the wires are crossed, the vi-  
brating is all extinct, my friend  
Your Prayers have been lost.  
There's been no guides or signboards  
up to show  
You just what track; wrong, has of-  
times looked as white  
As driven snow, and right has looked  
awful black.

Stop preaching, praying and crying,  
about conditions of today;  
Three hundred years since you've been  
right  
You're going the wrong way.

Marcus Garvey was inspired to come,  
and with you confer,  
And tell you the Black Star Line will  
take you home.  
Get off and get a transfer.  
Lemo Jerome Thompson,  
79 Hallett Street,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

O Praise the King of Glory,  
Hail to the brightness of Honorable  
Marcus Garvey Glory  
Lift up the ensign, the banner unfold,  
Tell of her story in song and glory;  
Till all the world shall her light be-  
hold.

Chorus:—  
Praise Marcus Garvey, O praise the  
King of Glory;  
Fling to the breezes your Savior and  
Lion  
Shout and sing and tell the wondrous  
story—  
The Marcus Garvey Movement will  
last eternally.

Hail to her ships, her captains and sea-  
men!  
Mark how her leaders and laymen  
agree,  
Captains and teachers, laymen and  
leaders,  
Are now rejoicing round the goal.

Go on, Honorable Marcus Garvey, live,  
live forever!

Upward and onward your watchword  
shall be.  
Blessed Savior, show him thy favor!  
Keep our beloved Marcus Garvey  
eternally.

REV. THOS. H. FORD,  
Hambrook, Mich.

Knocking the Garvey Movement,  
Boys, you may say whatever you like,  
but I know that—  
It's no use to knock this movement.  
What's the use to kick? I say.  
It is just for your improvement—  
Then fall in line with the U. N. I. A.

Are you one of those that are sleeping,  
While the whole world is awake?  
Are you still like babes a-creeching?  
Oh, for heaven's sake awake!

Africa is you is calling.  
She's been calling loud and long.  
Get in line with us who are going—  
We're four hundred million strong!

Cease to fight the white man's battle.  
You to him a tool have been.  
When you hear the cannon's rattle,  
Rally round the red, black and green!

Marcus Garvey is the leader  
Of this noble race of ours.  
He is not a coward, either—  
He's a man that knows no fears.

Yes, we're coming, Mr. White Man.  
You had better take your flight.  
Coming to redeem our own land,  
Fighting just for our right!

Give the new Negro his portion,  
And he'll never bother you.  
Give him his, on land and ocean.  
For he'll have it anyhow.

ELIAS M. NORMAN,  
3714 Warren St., Philadelphia.

## HERNDON MAKES \$10,000 GIFT TO NEGRO NURSERY.

Atlanta, Ga.—The purchase and  
equipment of a \$10,000 house to be used  
as a day nursery and kindergarten for  
Negro children by Alonso Herndon, an  
Atlanta Negro, has brought his career  
to public attention. Herndon was born  
a slave and through hard work and  
strict economy has made himself one  
of the richest members of his race in  
the entire South.

Recently Herndon brought to fru-  
ition his plan of years to assist Negro  
children whose parents have to go out  
and work for a living, leaving their  
children without proper attention. The  
place Herndon provided in the center  
of an Atlanta Negro district recently  
was dedicated as the Herndon Com-  
munity Center.

Active in Church.  
Besides being active in the affairs of  
the First Congregational Church of  
Atlanta (institutional) he has given  
big sums to the Y. M. C. A. and Atlanta  
university. His income for this year  
was more than \$3,000 and his property  
holdings are rated at more than \$500,-  
000.

Herndon operates a barber shop on  
one of Atlanta's most fashionable  
streets. He has visited the most promi-  
nent cities of America and several of  
Europe to get advanced ideas of mod-  
ern shop services with everything neces-  
sary for a particular public. His big-  
gest barber shop is worth \$30,000. He  
has two others, worth \$15,000 each.

Born in Slavery.  
Herndon was born a slave in 1858 in  
Walton county, Georgia, being seven  
years old when emancipation was pro-  
claimed. Hired out to a Methodist  
preacher after having been set free, he  
worked for his room and meals when 14  
years of age.

The first money he made was by  
burning pine tar and selling it for  
grease. He next learned to make bas-  
kets for cotton pickers. Later he hired  
back to his former master and cared  
for him a long time when he was sick.  
In spare time he gathered black wal-  
nuts and held them over until winter,  
when he sold them at 10 cents a hun-  
dred.

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## WHITE WOMAN WITH NATIVE SERVANT REACHES SECRET PLACES OF DESERT

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the first white  
woman to reach the secret places of  
the Sahara desert, with her native ser-  
vant. In frequent danger of death  
from spies and often without food and  
water, she journeyed slowly over 500  
miles of trackless sand, seeing more  
of that hidden region than any pre-  
vious explorer. Even while her car-  
avan was being collected at Jedabia,  
a plan to rob and murder her was dis-  
covered.—(Sunday Pictorial Review.)

## TOBACCO

or SALT BANI Cured by  
Harmless Remedy. Guar-  
anteed. Sent on trial. If it cures, costs you  
nothing. If it fails, costs nothing. SUPREMA  
COMPANY 6 S Baltimore, Md.

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Use as equal for dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp. Feeds and nourishes the roots,  
causing a natural growth of soft, glossy hair. Will grow most lustrous and stubborn hair  
World's Wonderful Hair Grower... 50c  
World's Wonderful Tetter Salve... 50c  
World's Wonderful Goggles  
Shampoo Lather... 50c  
World's Wonderful Goggles  
Pressing Oil... 35c  
World's Wonderful Temple Grower,  
35c

AND OTHER TOILET PREPARATIONS—POWDER, COLD CREAM, PERFUMES, Etc.  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL HAIR GROWER... 50c  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL TETTER SALVE... 50c  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL GOGGLES  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL SHAMPOO LATHER... 50c  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL PRESSING OIL... 35c  
WORLD'S WONDERFUL TEMPLE GROWER... 35c

WORLD'S WONDERFUL MFG. CO.  
STATION J, BOX 15, NEW YORK CITY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

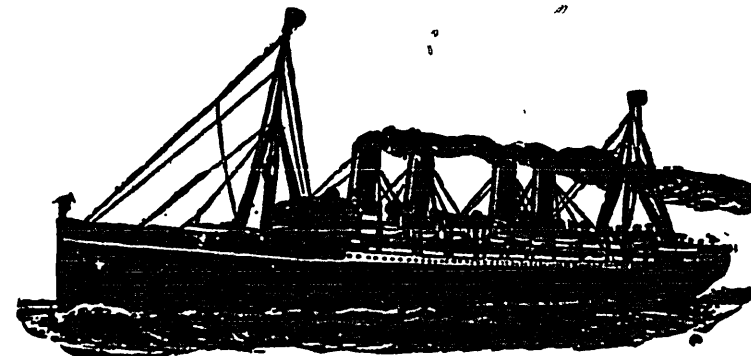
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Gentlemen: I hereby subscribe for \_\_\_\_\_ shares of stock at \$5.00 per share and forward here- with as full payment \$ \_\_\_\_\_ on same.

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