To the progress of the chas

om a men like other men.

The ecientist cannot say That there's any difference

I am-also made of clay.

My fault is my skin only

And if they can get all they need I fast will follow their own creed

Or stand out in the cold lonely.

# POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

#### THE TULSA RACE RIOT

O Tulsal while my pen wrote on And famey rode through Paradise From out thy smeldring, crumbling

Rose Exypt's cons' and daughters

strong have smote the weak again and thou must bear the curse of

Astillery is hushed and still, And satisted the red tongue That Moloch-like consumed the child

That has been burned and lynched and hung. The festering boll of hate has hurst

Seneath the flag that flaunts the star

Where black war heroes thought to rest

The free tore wives from their fund And pieroed the war-scarred, faithful

east! Afric sons, that saved the white Fall thick as had in Tulsa's night.

Beneath the New World's chining stars

While fitfully the captive slept, Like Lilliputians bound their slave Down on the weaker race they swept Black heroes that gried, "On, Barlin," Were hushed to never speak again

faithful sons, that tilled the soil, Were taken like wild beasts of prey. Their children stared, with eyes wide.

At homes turned all to ashes gray. Like hunted deer they sought retreat, And burning coals burnt bare, black

And out of Tulsa's human tomb. I see the ghost of Egypt rise. Atha binda a message to a dove And heavenward it swiftly files.

O Aryans, hear! The bolt will fall. For God has answered Ephraim's call'

O Trisa, thou canni not escape-

God above will search thee out-His eyes will flame, and thou shalt

Yea, though to hell thou shoulds: Thy crime shall find thee in the end

TO PRESIDENT HARDING O noble chieftain of the free! Protect the outruged slave Throw water on the stake and torch Save peons from the wave!

Search out the Nero kings of ease That fiddle while the flame Of sin consumes a helpless race And brings Columbia shame

That Lincoln be not born in vain. Lead on to freedom's goal! HW struck the shackles from the sla And thou must free his soul!

I saw thy spirit rise-A second Lincoin—and all hushed Were captives groans and sighs.

I wow thee stand by Tulsa's ruins And grasp that noble hand, While o'er thee streamed the golden Of freedom in this land.

And Egypt's sons and daughters passe In glad procession by, And on thy brow they placed a crow That cannot fade or die.

Oh, by the God that never fails. Stretch out thine arm to save!

And heaven to its breast shall fold Thee as thou dost the slave! Oh, though the gloom be dense and

dark-In freedom's blackest night. Re-light Old Glory's fading stars Till captives see their light.

And Egypt's sons and daughters' cries Shall shake the land and sea even shower its choicest gifts In plenty over thee! ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN

6 world, thou art a mystery to me, And I to thee! I gaze into thine

No genial light shines there to warm my soul, And test on thee are all my soulful

I gave to thee my very best, and all-. Meals high, weve from the loom of .thought:

mistions that were stirred by those at tenderty the hands of pity -wrought.

L'spurmed the prize of popularity. me high where envy's eyes migh

Not listened to thy faunting voice that enid: Ne bard but must have gold, how

I will not gook for national regute: His for her line in the contraged the first to my bosom took the outraged found not trample captives and enjoy which they died to bein

E-never robbed Old Glory's stars of

gitque, -Mar called down on my countrymen But stretched mine arms out to the

To save the Anglo-Senon race from

the emblem Bec Stars and Stripes that waved Steel incorned:

When anguished Tulsa's greens to the sky,

I only pointed to the brave and free The threat ning crater that sends forth hate's spark Till black and white alike must and fice.

Cold world. I will not sell my high For prizes or for Aryans' gleaming

But I will follow where the cantivo leads. And wrap him in love's warm an ample fold.

Oh, let me so, however cold the cliu Where'er they drive the wandering captive child; hanishment is better than the For

Of those who have outraged, spoiled

will not worship at the shrine of six Where flames consume the unoffend

ing slave. vo, never will I do obeisance there. While I partake of life our Makes

fea, though they pluck the stars from out the sky,

And weave them in an emblem o'er its shrinecountrymen. I will not worship My there

Where captives perish and a race must · ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

WOULD REPLY TO LEGNARD BRATHWAITE:

fancy now thy soul translate From out the Yellow River's vale lo Tulsa's smold'ring, crumbling ruins Where Egypt's sons and daughter

And scarcely shall sin's lava cease That buried a modern Pompell, Until some new disaster breaks. we must burry an our way.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

DESTINY TO THE END.

We follow God's holy word at first: 'As the echo of the nations burst It sounds like music in latitude; The cry we strictly do intrude oftener yet. Destiny so crude.

Our destiny we control heavenly. Our aim in them merit evenly: 'Never to be conquered by enemy: in the war of unity of so many. One Goll, One Aim, One Destiny,

Take heed of the special details. Doing the good thing always first last: The good humor to deliver in details.

Always to remind of future, presen On your journey of distinction.

Make it true and pertain in destina

Oh how we think and juriscide, Oh how we reflect on things destinize:

We calculate too often for one What is our aim, honored by God? Run the ruins afar from your path; Be it always in the aftermath.

This we never will leave anrest, A clear and settled conscience will

reign: To-grasp all opportunities is best." Break, break, the path for freeing

ot melancholy in your aggent, God speed our destiny to the end. -Gladstone M. A. Plummer. 758 S. Hicks street, Philadelphia, P June 8, 1921.

#### CONVERSION.

If you would give your love to me. Life's radiant sun in brightness free Would change my midnight into day, And I in solace sweet would be If you would give your love to me.

If you would give your love to ma But visions great and bright would

And slimpess of the Golden Gata. would not dread the rearing sea. If you'd but give your leve to me.

if you would give your love to me. Twould steal my soul to wondron

And pebbles from the wave-swe In slivery hue I'd garnish bright. oh, what a sacred joy 'twould be.
If you'd but give your love to me.

If you would give your leve to me And bathe my langer in your tear, should not care a heaven to see, For heaven's love is yours so dear, Earth would a vale of grandour be

If you would give your love to me. If you would give your love to me A life of trust I would repay; No sacrifice how great could be Would I despise or spurn away. The birds of peace would filt to me.

If you'd but deign my love to be.

If you would give your leve to me. Thoughts fresh and ripe my best

would bear, And I would knot beside your lin That your sweet muramrings I might My applit would some and life would be

A spring of weal and grace to me.

and life a song of praise would be If you would give your leve to ma. —Charise H. D. Este. U. N. L. A. Literary Club, Montree

My Dylan Sleton

The blue sky is very slear. And the moon is red like fire. The night winds waft about my head And the aeroniane mounts higher.

My thoughts wander homeward: I am homesick and alone; hear my dying sister's voice And my mother's plaintive tone

see the friends standing around My sister's little cot. see tears in their mournful even

Oh God! It is nainful To hear her groans and cries. cannot hear it-it haunt: me-My poetic heart dies.

She groans and groans wildly, And then there is a calm: A light bursts in her little eyes Like a refreshing balm.

"Lord remember me!" she weeps silence follows-I touch her hand-It is cold. She sleeps' She sleeps! CHARLES H. D ESTE

Ode to Africa.

Dove of wondrous grace, loved diadem divinet Shrine of tropical splender, perfect i

thy beauty. giory shall rise and ship

behold, thy fettered sons have broken their bounds. in God, we fly to

Mother Soil Marcus Garvey God's the clarion sounds!

thy dust. thou art our sole por birthright. And He enthroned clerhead with

everlasting might upholds us. enized theel

ignorant of thy virtue, we thought steeped in vice, Till the Red, Black and Green bade us rise and reach thee!

Under this banner thither we fly thee in heat. That we might shed upon thy beloved tears-

Tears of pardon, tears of joy,

thy dust grow sweet! Speed, on most wonderous day of al ages When o'er thy children shall be

they write thy giorious rise history's pages. shall be adorned with joy com-

thy peaceful morning glow

Yea, great joy, Mother, to match thy magnificenc Who then, O radiant Queen, venture to thee a threat?

niete

Though hard be the strife, ne'er shall we cease nor make delay— Led by him endowed by God, ransom is secure though the demand be pricele

blood, ready are we to pay. The incense of our prayers shall To Jehovah-He will lend us aid

wing our weary feet-thou, Africa, in thy God-mad splendor, shall be our prize. EACHARIAH BARNES. Ancon P. O., C. Z.

And why I am here at all. And why my being causes such alarm Enough to make the beavens tall. There are other men who pass fine. I wonder! I am wondering still If colors were made by God, Why, then, it's thought I can only fill The place of ploughing the sod. There are others who get all they vant While I go naked, starving gaunt.

Am I a man? The Caudasian de To all whose skins are black That earth was made for the fair. And this they are out to make a fa There are others who all things dom-

But I am left to a bitter fate.

Ani I a mant I struculo, you To see if I can duly gain Just a little room on carth to rest From my oppressory cruel reign. There are other men who say then My superiors much by far.

Am I a man? 15tre are ress I have always been so far behind, And ever, with a grissman sigh, Go graning in the dark to find way that other m All they need, without working in value



### Your Fountain Pen

Is what we are interested in if it's not in good condition. Allow us to repair it for you. We specialise in this per-licular line. Others have saved the soot of a few year. Why not you, fail or being your filet. Pas. to us and one will apply the remetts.

If other men challenge the world, n, and I remaire so far To do all that other men do carve a place where there's no be

I am a man. The music's note To me near door found our do intend to have my vote If other men can pase fine. It's no improvement to remain blind. On the Lamen things I meet. I other men can have their say, L too, will find the reyal way

> And mean to play my game. And I vow there cannot be loss For I am already upon the seroi

of fame. If other men have fought and won. also want my place in the sun. FRED BANFIELD, Porto Velho, Rio Maderia

# BRUCE GRIT'S COLUMN

"The judgments of the Lord are gregate in larger numbers sure, and righteous altogether and make more noise on that day than Pueblo, Col., follows Tulsa, Okla., with on any other. There are some vandals terrible list of casualties. When- in these groups, and they seem to take ever white men in this country engage deught in disfiguring with chalk of in a saturnalia of trimes against a selpiess people with as characterized fronts of houses occupied their conditat toward the blacks of people. I recently sew a fine cale Tules, there insually follows bloodshed, from door of a house in 188th street fires, railroad wrecks or some other decorated with chalk, the number of arrible calamity at sea in which the the house being written in sev loss of life and property is greater than that sustained by the victims of lives here." heir ignorant hatred. Pueblo is described by one recently from there as nell on earth, and a white man s con-

nvented it and knows what it is like. do what these white street scamps I have noted for years that when- are permitted to do in Negro sections. ever any particularly horrible crimes have been committed against Negroes being prearranged by older heads. by white mobs, that white men and this sending of young white romen pay the senalty in some form into Negro sections to play ball and equalty as horrible as the crime com mitted. It may be a week, a month tents of garbage cans, and to otheror a year after, but something surely wise make themselves disagreeable pappens to white folk to remind them The neighborhood clubs should take that the law of compensation is stil this matter in hand and make regrewatch the result of the next lynching ords. to have the practice stopped. or roasting of some Negro. "The judge Let these white street urchins play ments of the Lord are sure and on their own streets. Black people

Dr. Harley Shapley of Harvard Colege, an astronomer of some note, has put the Einstein theory of the relativity of space in the shade by announcing that he has made discoveries that reveal the universe to be a thoutimes greater than scientists have conceived it. By so doing, he has relegated the earth to a place.out thousand times less important than it has heretofore occupied. He now estimates it to be something like 360,000,000,000,000,000 miles from the enter of the universe. What a shock this must be to his collaborators who know everything, and know actually nothing about the world in which we live, move and have our being. Science is indeed still in its swaddling clothes if Dr. Shapley's guess is approximately near the truth. I think the prophet Job had an appreciable idea of immensity of space, and the greatness, and a partner have opened a Chinese of the greatest scientist the worlds about us ever knew, when he put the question . "Canst thou by searching out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven: What canst thou do? Deeper than hel! What canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the sarth, and broader than the sea." And Job also showed that he had a vein of humor in his system when he said: "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall diwith you." Modern-day scientists have contributed a good deal of testul information to the sum of human knowledge, but like ordinary mortals in the hill, in the light of Dr Shanlevie

most recent guess as to the infinitesimal size of the earth and the place it We are, all of us, more atoms, and we "know not anything" of the great universe wherein we strut and stick out our chests (some of us), as though we are the connecting link between the Great Architect, who created worlds and fixed their places in space; and the worms of the dust with whom we condescend to mingle socially.

But will he? Some of unfare actually growing round-shouldered because we know so much that isn't so. Now if our planet, as Dr. Shapley opines, is really \$50,000,000,000,000,000 miles from the this country is the woman voter. Hithcenter of the universe, how far is man from the knowledge that God only can know, and what is our present knowledge worth, and how much of it have we got to unlearn?

I have noticed that several of the side streets in Harlem, tiles 124th, 127th notifically. His giery, like frinked and 133th street, are selected by white departed. The cards have been sta youths of varying agus and sizes as against him and the day of his political their playgrounds, and that they come dissolution is gradually drawing to a

various colors the stoops, sides and

I don't believe colored street probinwould be permitted either by the police or white residents on any street in ception of hell is usually correct. He Har.em, or elsewhere in this city, to It has very much the appearance of CTADE, LESCH OVER And scatter if you doubt it, sentations to the proper authorities in like quiet as well as white pe

> The West Side Pharmacy is a cost little drug store recently open the corner of Seventh avenue and 131st drugs, toilet articles, etc., etc., which invites the patronage of our people and the public generally. The service is first class, the prices are right and race, in association with Dr. Wolkin. both being graduates from the best colleges of pharmacy. Dr. Barrette, s fainty litt's person, was for a long time with Holly, the druggist at Lenox proxided over the prescription departand encourage one of our own.

> has imported China to Harlem. He restaurant on Seventh avenue opposite fitted up in Oriental style and where all the delicacies familiar to the ent cures of the Flowery Kingdom will be compounded by a competent Chinese in its most aggrevating and tantalising form can be heard while guests are enjoying the delightful creations of his expert culinary artists. A World advertisement will bring these new enterprises business they will value and appreciate

'way back and sit down. Sit down Henry!"-Postmaster General Hays to Henry Lincoln Johnson at a meeting of National Rejublican Committee at Washington on or about

The Lily Whites are looming as the Saviors of the South.

Their trump cards they have played with skill. Using their heads and not their mouths, They have relegated "Sambo" to the

But will be?

The new factor to be reckoned with in political campaigns of the future in the balance of power.

In future can In future campaigns the white wom-an voter, ably directed and assisted by the white finals voter, will constitute the balance of power politically, and the Merre will have to "root hop or die

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THE UNIVERSAL NEGRO RITUAL AND CATECHES

Special States for the Universit States Sitted eds Sector 16 State Continue

olies. Alle is a white han's country. If you doubt it wait for the next strip. gle moves on the c's botto thicker their water, and an ro all chii run or the same tillie.

The Hills Warn Baltery, Cast which conducts a habitry and disingcales, pies, etc., is spening a le shop for the sale of its profile Negro Hr-tem at 1840 street. councholders and Negroes generally to remember that the Hill-Ware Company does not a -- modate hungry Negrot in the 125th str at and Lam. . Ave eting she id be sufficient to impress the Hill-Ware Company that we

take notice and that we do not have to buy the output of its bakery. George Selwyn once Sectared in a company that a 'ady could not write a letter without adding a posteript. A lady present replied: "The next letter that you receive from me, Mr. Selwyn. will prove that you are wreng. As-cordingly he received one from her tha ext day in which, after her eignature, ras the following:

P 8.-Who is right now-

of her years was-When Hempe is spun, England's done, burgh, and the turbans; the Whereby it was generally conceived headgear were in families. that after the sovereigns had reigned hundreds of years age.

and the district of the second Agger Ma and Course deal (1985) and a second hate shall be me longer the w

Dante, in his "Induces," capte his pitting language in the mouth of Ulbida. The broad Atlantic first my find in pre

I naw the staking bestfers of the West And beltly then addressed my best while yet your blook is warm, gallent train, Explore with me the perfect the si

And find now worth un tal view. There to nothing now under the line of the line what I

wee talking About. Levitation was per Euclid, the Africa of the stereoscope, and it was d ecy which I heard when I was a child described by Gelen affices, kindly and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower years ago. The short shirts weakler a aring, says Shepard of Hi

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The Francisco and the