

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

THE DISTANT LONG AGO
By GREENLEAF B. JOHNSON

In the treasure house of memory hangs
A picture ever bright,
One that fills the heart with longing,
Like a tender, sweet refrain,
Singing 'cross the years that's faded,
Like a voice out of the night
Dimly calling us to wander back
Again.

To the happy home of childhood,
To the friends of other days,
Just to see once more the faces that
Time's great events have
And to mingle in their homely scenes
Just as they used to be,
Once more the prayers and chidings
Beneath the old roof tree,
Resting in its quiet shadows when the
Western sun was low,
Return again, in fancy, to the distant
Long ago.

When the old farm bell was ringing,
And the regal gates of morn
Swung open wide and welcomed
Waiting labor to begin,
When the bee sung in the clover and
The crew cawed in the corn,
While the reaper's bearded sheaves
Were garnered in,
When the sun, in all his splendor, took
His flight across the sky,
And with brown bare feet I followed
Through the waving fields of rye,
Where the happy brook ran singing,
To its music I kept tread,
Just as happy as the brook was, and
The birds that sang o'er head,
And when driving up the cattle, while
The bell swung to and fro,
When the harvest days were ending,
In the distant long ago.

And when autumn, sear, yet golden,
Like a royal guest, came 'round,
Clad in matchless splendor that no
Artist can impart;
When the fruits of field and labor
Yielded abundance from the
ground,
Every day thanksgiving burst from
the heart;
For it was a time for gladness, when
The crops were in the bin,
And the sparkling autumn dews
Were just flowing from the gin,
When the husking-bee was ended, and
The evening meal was o'er,
In the evening, round the hearthside,
In those happy days of yore,
Where plain, honest folk once gathered
In the back log's ruddy
glow,

Wove the silver links of friendship, in
the distant long ago.

When the robin had flown southward,
And the wind rose in the vale,
And the snow spread out its mantle,
Crystal flakes as white as fleece,
Then "King Christian," with his rain-
coats, came a-riding on the gale,
Brought to earth a message of
"Good Will and Peace."

Times have changed the tide of events,
And things ne'er will seem the same
As in halcyon days back yonder, 'fore
the time for parting came;
To put by our rustic fancies, and
to grasp the pulse of life,
And keep the beakening to its drum-
beat, in the battle-din and strife,
Carried in its mighty current, with its
 ceaseless ebb and flow,
Oft we yearn again for childhood and
the distant long ago.

GREENLEAF B. JOHNSON.

ACCLAMATION

An Acrostic on Lady Henrietta Vinton Davis

Hush! have you not heard her charm-
ing voice,
Resounding, rich, so pure and choice;
Never before, since, to a mortal's ears,
Realities free from doubt? Ah! well,
I must with pleasure loudly declare;
Else someone, somewhere, may fall to
hear.

There are millions now who join the cry,
The echo of which has reached the sky;
And millions more are getting in line,
Valled in the light of the cause sublime.
Increasing, day by day, we are told,
Numbers in the Universal Fold;
Telling the story the Voice has begun,
Onward! onward! till the goal is won,
Nothing doubting, nothing to dismay,
Dauntless the millions stride day by
day;

Advanced! advanced! their voices pro-
claim,
Viewing with reverence her famous
name;
International Organizer,
She—the Lady, the Irish Bellona,
R. J. WHITE,
Barranquilla, Colombia, S. A.

WHATEVER MY FATE SHALL BE

Whatever my fate shall be,
I know, though change my destiny,
And when I cross the distant sea,
I know, O God, that thou art near.

A PRAYER FOR ETHIOPIA

O Lord,
Lo, wouldst Thou wilt to death all
sinful deeds,
We, then, would live by faith, with
beats that's clean.
O Lamb of God who shed Thy Holy
Blood,
To save us from perdition's swift
pen,
Rebuke the raging waters where the
dead
Of evil rise, that we may now re-
pent.
O, hear my supplication, Lord, I pray!
And hear and Ethiopia's moans and
cries!
Behold her baneful state I plead today,
Consider my petition ere she dies.
Eternal God, to whom all things belong,
Omnipotent Creator strong to save,
Thee in Thy Sanctuary Lord, how long!
How long must this estate be done
and done?
Thou who didst make us in Thy image,
Lord,
And decked us with the color of Thy
choise,
Thou who wouldst have all things in
sweet order,
Hark now, I cry! Hark, Lord! Thy
servant's voice!
Thou art the God of Ethiopia still,
Yet thou she walks within the bonds
of sin.
Her sons and daughters, Lord, shall
do Thy will,
They knock: O Saviour, listen! Let
them in!
How long, O Lord, must we, Thy peo-
ple cry?
When shall the last be first and first
be last?
O hear me, gentle Jesus, lest we die,
Forgive us all our sins done in the
past.
Then bless this nation, Lord, with
vision clear;
That by commercial wisdom we may
rise,
But let us not forget Thy power to
fear,
Though we should scale fame's
heights up to the skies,
Lord give us diplomats to fight our
cause;
And give us leaders skilled to make
a state!
And grant us strength to keep within
thy laws;
Teach us to love and not to spurn
and hate.
Thus may we scale the heights of great
success,
Then ride with laurels to the victor's
car;
If only Thou wilt give us peace and
bless,
Our deeds; for we are not a race of
war.
When we by faith shall live and trust
in Thee,
And by Thy Spirit shall have reached
the crest,
To that Celestial City may we flee,
Then from our labors there serenely
rest.
Amen!

JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON,
Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, Sep-
tember 3, 1921.TO THE ETHIOPIAN SONS AND
DAUGHTERS OF CHICAGO

O Windy City, fare-thee-well!
I've left the Black Belt's zone;
I stole away—you will not care—
You never heard my moan
That poverty and Ephraim's woes
Heaped on the heart of me;
But God looked down and, merciful,
My suffering heart set free.
O never shall my soul forget
The weeping, outcast slaves,
Mine eyes shall watch with him 'till
dawn
Suffices land and wave,
And I shall haunt the Black Belt's zone
With memory for guide,
And when the winds of winter blow,
I'll walk by Ephraim's side;
I'll feel the stinging winds that chill
His ill-clad, shivering frame;
I'll fast to feel his suffering
That's caused by hunger's pain,
While I am in the land of sun,
The happy, Golden West,
How can I joy while misery
Clasps captives to her breast?
But hark ye slaves! the frowning sky
That Michigan's shores wear
In winter time, and poverty,
Will make you do and dare!
"The wind that chills and hand that
binds
Which roasts sleeping slaves
To drastic measures that will build
An Empire of the waves;
Ah! those who walk in paths of ease
Will never free their race!
It is the outcast slave that seeks
A better, fairer place.
"O, Empire that's
Across the briny sea
Shall enslave from hardy hands
That struggled to be free.
Hamlet's zone and daughters all,
Of Windy City fame,
Who turn your eyes to Africa
Where you might win a name,
Oppression's corpse is growing cold,
And soon its ghastly stare
Shall loose Goliath's evil hold
Because you chose to dare.
I left you where I humbly dwell
With your beloved race,
That in the future I might serve
You with a better grace.
When Michigan bends up a sigh
From out that giant lake,
Remember how I walked with you
All for the captive's sake.
How I endured the stinging cold
That I might closer be
To suffering slaves whose dreams have
died.

Ad, Empire of the waves,
And I'll bear your troubles
While from the Black Belt I
When you shall in some purple robe
Dear be the price alone,
RICHARD THOMAS DUNLAP

O. EPHRAIM RETURN AGAIN

Over the sea, over the sea,
Voyage from Africa's shore;
Voyage to me, voyager to me,
My stars have sought their day.

Over the sea, over the sea,
While that flow into the West
Murmur to me, murmurs to me,
"Captives, return and be blest."

Over the sea, over the sea,
Nature sighs back a refrain;
Closer to me, closer to me,
O Ephraim return again.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Easier than ocean's mist—
Tender to me, tender to me—
Lips press mine fancy have kissed.

Over the sea, over the sea,
The sunlight streams over the wave—
Look, I can see, look, I can see,
The home of the free and the brave!

Over the sea, over the sea,
The spray by the African shore,
Falls light on me, lightly on me,
Where I would hide evermore.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Africa lies like a shell—
Fair as can be, fair as can be,
Murmuring that all is well.

Over the sea, over the sea,
If soul and body might part,
Captives set free, captives set free,
Would dwell in the land of their
heart.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

THE LESSON

By M. ELIZABETH DOWDEN

I have learned a bitter lesson,
Yet sweet it seems to me,
That joy is of deep sorrow born,
And smiles of misery;
That clouds but hide the sunshine—
We know 'tis always there,
Though we sometimes doubt, and
say so,
When trials are hard to bear.

I've learned to know the sun's warmth,
And love the smallest ray;
For, if I trust, the sunshine
Will brighten darkest days—
And tears, like sudden showers,
Predict a rainbow night;
So I shed them and dry them,
Then smile up at the sky.

Tomorrow's storm may dampen,
But I shall not complain,
For soon will come the sunshine
To dry me off again—
Today may be your dark day,
But the clouds will surely break,
And if you're buoyant hearted,
You'll find they're not opaque.

There's always the silver lining
Brightly gleaming through,
And if you look in earnest
'Twill sparkle and gleam for you.
Forget yourself for a moment,
And look on another's woes;
Most likely he has real sorrow—
You're he imagined—who knows?

Just smile, though your heart be
aching;
You'll find your cares will fade,
Learn to find strength in troubles,
And sin will be dismayed.
The longer you nurse disappointment,
The longer 'twill keep you sad,
And as soon as you look at life rightly,
You'll find there's good in all bad.

Life is full of pitfalls,
We cannot pass them by;
We'll find them sooner or later,
No matter which path we try.
Each one has a separate journey,
Though the end must be the same,
Nor can anyone travel for us
Or take our joys or shame.

No matter how joyous and carefree
The path you choose may be,
Remember your share of sorrow
Is near, though you cannot see.
We might as well start out smiling,
And determined to win the prize,
It's bliss unalloyed and pleasure
At the end for him who tries.

ORGANIZES NEGRO
GRAND OPERA COMPANY

(By the Associated Negro Press.)
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Sept. 17.—
H. Lawrence Freeman, one of
the greatest of the musical composers with
which our race abounds, has concluded
a 20-year self-imposed task of writing
a series of grand opera. Further, he
has taken the necessary steps to have
them presented to the music-loving
public.

The Negro Grand Opera Company
has been incorporated with H. Law-
rence Freeman as president, Carlotta
Freeman as vice-president and Valde
L. Freeman as treasurer and general
manager. Capital has been invested
specially designed and the costumes
arranged for.

The first of the series, "The Martyr,"
has been cast and rehearsals are under-
way. The plot is in two acts with
scenes laid in Egypt. There are nine
principal parts. The following is the
cast selected: Shira, Mme. Carlotta
Freeman; Meritum, Mlle. Marion
Anderson; Pharaoh, Mr. Richard Ste-
llo; the Martyr, Mr. Valde L. Freeman;
the Watchman, Mr. Henry Freeman;
the Crier, Mr. Lloyd, Mrs. Marie
Woodby; waiter, Louie McDowell;
Louis Brown, Epitha; Siler, and An-
nette Kelly.

In addition, there are guards attend-
ants, slaves, and a ballet. Following
close upon the opening of "The Martyr,"
the "Prophecy," a concert opera,
will be presented. (MR.) Freeman's
other works, each of which, will be
produced in the near future, are:
"Vagabond," "The Slave," "The
Negro," "The Martyr," "The Martyr,"
and "The Martyr."

OPPORTUNITY,
JUDGE GARY
AND LABOR

(By the Associated Negro Press.)
"Opportunity" is a fascinating term
in America. The use of it at once
attracts attention. All of us like to be
told of the secret mysteries of the power
and possibilities. So when a master-
mind like Judge Albert E. Gary, who
separates scientific business methods
and is himself an outstanding example
of the full meaning of the word, when
such a person speaks the words "Opportunity,"
added significance is given to the ex-
pression when, in the midst of what is
said for us in American everyday life,
the speaker throws in a multitude of
vital opinions on the subject of labor,
as which he is an unquestioned au-
thority, equal to that of the subject of
Capital.

The recent address of Judge Gary at
Sydney University is an unquestioned
classic under the general subject of
"Opportunity." I am sure that many
of you saw excerpts of it in the public
print. I wish that every American
might read every line of it. In fact, for
the beauty of its easy and simple lan-
guage it might well be used in the lit-
erary course of the schools and col-
leges, along with Irving, Emerson and
Holmes, to say nothing of the fine in-
formative and inspirational thoughts.

It is manifestly impossible to quote
at length in an article of this kind, but
I must give two or three quotations.
Listen to this:

"There is an expression too frequent-
ly used, that the world owes each in-
dividual a living, and occasionally it is
foolishly sought to support the claim
by citing the acknowledged principle
that all men are created free and equal.
But every fundamental law or rule of
conduct relating to this subject means
no more and no less than the right of
equal protection and opportunity.
Every person who constantly recog-
nizes this fact and acts accordingly is
of service or benefit to himself
or herself and all others; and every
one who disputes and disregards it an-
tagonizes and attacks the general com-
munity, including himself or herself,
and is an obstruction to civilized pro-
gress."

Another is this:
"The door of opportunity for legiti-
mate advancement is opened to both
capital and labor. Both should be grate-
ful for the privilege. Neither should
be permitted to abuse it."

And this final quotation:
"Equality of opportunity is the key-
note to national and individual success
and contentment. This idea, I be-
lieve is the avowed doctrine of our
present administration, from the Presi-
dent throughout the whole govern-
mental structure and will be intelli-
gently and faithfully applied. There-
fore we have reason to look forward
with confidence, expecting increasing
prosperity in all directions as the
months pass by."

All of the address is replete with such
fine optimistic statements and advice.
To us as a group in the great Ameri-
can nation this address is fraught with
significance. Much of our future des-
tiny is largely wrapped up in the labor
world, in the interests represented by
Judge Gary. The attitude of mind of
the head of a great organization like
the United States Steel Corporation is
of great importance to us. Is this talk
of opportunity merely lip service? I
can faithfully attest that it is not. I

THE U. N. I. A.
AS VIEWED BY AN
ANGLO-SAXON

Hon. Marcus Garvey,
Managing Editor The Negro World,
88 West 125th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Garvey—Dear Sir: Your
position just now is one of the noblest
I know of, and that is to help enlighten
the poor colored race of the world.
The true living God may be slow, as
we mortals may think, but the Great
Architect of the Universe moves in a
mysterious way His wisdom to per-
form, and His way is Supreme and al-
ways right, no matter what we may
think.

I am not a colored man, but I am no
better than one. One God, one Cre-
ator. A Chinaman, an Indian, an Afri-
can or Eskimo are all my brothers and
sisters. My religion is brotherly love.
I only wish I were in a position to agi-
tate the poor colored race of the world,
for no man or woman can deny that
their poor brothers have more than
their share of hardships to bear in this
world. By this I mean the colored
races of the world are discriminated
against too much and life for them is
very disagreeable and hard. Why, even
the educated colored element of the
darker races are discriminated against,
and I for one wish I had one-thous-
andth part of the education I have
seen among my colored brothers and
sisters. God help them to bear their
lot and in good time change things for
the better. This is a mighty nice world
to live in, but the sanctimonious hypo-
crites calling themselves Christians are
not Christians at all, for if they were
they would not discriminate. One God,
one Great Architect, He made all races.

My previous article, published in
your valuable paper of July 3, 1921,
on page 4, column 4, entitled "Engli-
shmen and the Darker Races," has done
much good. I have received ten letters
thanking me. Five of these from my
poor colored brothers in the British
West Indies.

I am mailing you another article to
be published, enclosed this enough to
mail me three or four copies of The
Negro World of July 3, 1921. I cannot
buy any more in Boston.

Respectfully yours,
FREDERICK J. VERHAEGEN,
19 Milford Street, Boston, Mass.

THE SISTER AND NEICE OF RT.
HON. J. B. YEATWOOD-PASS
AWAY

BARBADOS, Oct. 1.—Mrs. Inez
Clarke and her daughter, the sister and
niece of the Rt. Hon. J. B. Yeatwood-
Pass, assistant secretary general of the
U. N. I. A., died in Barbados on Sep-
tember 23 and 25, respectively. They
were ill in the City Hospital of Barbados
for some time. They leave a host of friends
to mourn their loss.

NOTICE

Reduction in Price of U. N. I. A. Records

Hear Marcus Garvey and the U. N. I. A. Anthem at Home
FOR AGENTS PURCHASING ONE DOZEN AND OVER:
Agents in the U. S. A., \$3.00 per dozen, plus express charges.
Agents abroad, \$10.00 per dozen, plus postage.
Records mailed to any part of the world, \$1.00 each postpaid.
Retail price in New York office, 50 cents each.

U. N. I. A. REPOSITORY

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS BY COLORED ARTISTS
203-A—"Universal Ethiopian Anthem" A. J. Ford, Sung by E. W. Bradley with Black Star Line Band accompaniment.
203-B—"Chine on Eternal Light" (Vocal). Sacred quartet by A. J. Ford, Sung by Madame Frazier Robinson, Miss Marjorie Johnson, Mr. E. W. Bradley and Mr. E. T. Hall.
204-A—"Universal Ethiopian Anthem" (Instrumental); By A. J. Ford—Black Star Line Band.
204-B—"Hostrasser's March" (Instrumental). By Black Star Line Band—E. W. Chambers.
205-A—"The Negro Anthem" (Instrumental) by E. W. Chambers.
205-B—"Speech by Hon. Marcus Garvey, explanation of the object of the Universal Negro Improvement Association."
Every Negro with a Phonograph should have these six numbers for
our colored artists.

RED, BLACK AND GREEN

The colors of the U. N. I. A. in flag of
Cotton 8 x 12, at 25c each Cotton 12 x 16, at 25c each
Red, Black and Green Banners
Black Green Banners
Optional Photo in Gold Frame
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125 West 125th Street
NEW YORK CITY

UNIVERSAL NEGRO
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION
BORROWING
\$2,000,000To Start Building a Nation for the Negro
Peoples of the World

READ ABOUT IT AND HELP WITH A LOAN

Factories, Mills, Educational Institutions,
Churches, Theatres, Railroads, Docks and
Farms have to be built in Liberia to help that
great Negro country

BY THE

Universal Negro Improvement Association



ALL NEGROES ARE RELATED BY BLOOD

All the Negroes in America, Canada, the West Indies, South and Central America, are descendants of the native Africans who were robbed from Africa three hundred years ago. All of us were taken into this Western World to work as slaves. Out of this contact we have developed a civilization that has become internationally known. The present generation of Negroes is far removed from the slaves of the transatlantic trade. The Negro race is a civilization that is understandable and is able to cope with the world as it is today.

Today the world is undergoing a change. The political boundaries of humanity are being redefined and in this redefining process the Negro race is being recognized as a distinct and independent people. The Negro race is a civilization that is understandable and is able to cope with the world as it is today.

CIVILIZED NEGROES MUST FORM A GOVERNMENT

With the civilization of the Western World we must have a Government of our own in Africa and build up a new civilization by which we can have a share in the leadership in the great struggle of the world.

STRONG COMMERCIAL PLANS IN LIBERIA

The Universal Negro Improvement Association has laid its plans for the reconstruction of Liberia by building up a strong commercial and industrial base. The plan is to build up a strong commercial and industrial base in Liberia by building up a strong commercial and industrial base.

It is now the duty of the Negro race to build up a strong commercial and industrial base in Liberia by building up a strong commercial and industrial base. The plan is to build up a strong commercial and industrial base in Liberia by building up a strong commercial and industrial base.

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