

THE NEW NEGRO

Genuine Negro Melodrama Successfully Produced at the Academy of Music, June 23, in the Interest of the Philadelphia Division of U. N. I. A.

By R. S. SIMMONS

Several years ago Harriet Beecher Stowe gave to us the true Slavonic life of dark life and the grubbage of ageantry. Today, fifty-odd years later, the shackles of bondage have been broken...

RT. HON. FRED A. TOOTE, A. B., SPEAKER OF INTERNATIONAL NEGRO CONVENTION, CAPTIVATES NORFOLK WITH HIS ELOQUENCE

Norfolk, Va., July 6.—Last Sunday ended a series of meetings in this city conducted under the auspices of the Norfolk Division of the Universal Negro Improvement Association...

These meetings, which were staged at several of the local churches, were quite a success and hundreds of members were added to the colors of the red, black and green.

The speaker, who, to the minds of every hearer, is next to the Rt. Hon. Marcus Garvey, the founder of the organization, has won the people of Norfolk for the Universal Negro Improvement Association...

He said that this movement is contending for the same things that George Washington contended for—taxation without representation, and that the Negro need not look to any nation or people to work out his destiny...

WM. BRIDGES POINTS OUT ERROR IN HIS CASE

The facts: When on June 15, 1920, Dr. A. L. Campbell and I, acting for the National Negro Realty & Holding Co., Inc., of which I am president, closed title to the twenty-four-family apartment house at 25-37 West 129th street...

On Thursday, July 7, DuBois summoned me to the 15th District Court (I do not know Officer McGinty) before Magistrate Silberman, one of the fairest magistrates in New York...

The only questions to be settled in this case are these: Did DuBois invest with my company \$100 upon the promise of getting an apartment? He did. Was he given the apartment? He was given the apartment...

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

O, EPHRAIM, TELL THE STORY

He fears you will copy the grown man's debt Of black man's wrongs in this land termed as free.

O, yes, I've read the story, And heard it at church, too; But it sounds ne'er so splendid, As when it's told by you.

Tell me how Gihon's river, Emcompassed our fair land; How Egypt's sons and daughters Strayed by its golden strand.

Tell me how Gihon quivered, With care that Adam plied; When he had all dominion, And Eve was happy bride.

And how our sire near Eden, Looked over at its shore— Behold the star of morning, Rise o'er its peerless door.

It seems so grand and wondrous— I love to hear it told; How our forefathers flourished, So near to God of old.

Why do I love to hear you? Because you're of the line; That used to dwell near Eden, When it was all divine.

So whisper me the story, While twilight shadows steal; Around me like your gentle arms I cannot see but feel.

The Evening Star is rising, Like it lit paradise; And penetrating gloaming, Like it sought Adam's eyes.

Banished is the white man's land— To Paradise we go; When you tell Eden's story, And evening lights are low.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP, 3223 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DULL ARYAN EYES

'Tis not the color of thy skin conceals, O, Africa son, the beauty of thy soul, The spirit throws a veil, o'er vision's eyes— She sees in part—is blinded to the whole.

Thy color hints of tropics, God's outdoor, Of prehistoric fame that should inspire, 'Tis envy's smouldering ember, not thy shrine That lacks the glowing flame of beauty's fire.

Yet, Africa son, consider well the source— The ideals of a ragged, time-worn past, Until the boat of partial standards wrecks, Thou couldst not safely rear thy better mast.

When it goes down and waters have grown calm, Thy ship may sail with stationalness the seas; Thy sail shall freedom's unstained emblem be, And liberty thy ocean's gentle breeze.

May Aryans dullness teach this truth to thee, That color is a subterfuge for fools, Who think that God is on a trip abroad, And that the Master, not the servant rules.

Boast not thy color when thy race ascends— Leave that for poets of inspired idealia, That lend to outward stuff the loveliness That inner worth and quality reveals.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP, 3223 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LINES TO PROF. WM. H. FERRIS

O tireless worker for your race— An orator who charms, You are the rainbow poet's friend Who seeks thy kindly arms.

If poets speak their praise of you, And praiseful words were flowers, There would be fragrance in your path And o'er your fairy bowers.

For Ethiopia seeks balm In tender thoughts and true, The captive courts the muse and seeks To break her bonds through you.

O let me humbly twine a bud In wreath our poets bring, So you may feel my gratitude That Egypt's bards may sing.

And when my lyre at last has ceased May their harmonic throng, Whom you have welcomed chant your praise

In an undying song, ETHEL TREW DUNLAP, 3223 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE WHITE WEAKLING

He says that you may drink of freedom's draught; Yet, are your lips have hardly touched the cup, He finds some reason to withdraw the draught

And fold the vessel that contains it up. He fears that you will be revived and race, The race and gain some worthy service prize, Grease inclination, makes his soul a poet

On which his sign is read by church and law, For, white weakling, for his sake, he

BLACK BARDS

Poets who are seeking for a wreath, If your ancestors are of dark descent, Consider, ere you dip your pen in ink Or to the muse your earnest ear is lent, The obstacle that you will meet ahead,

The entrance that will be closed to you; The exile that will furnish no agree Where progress points the bard to must go through, Consider criticism's searching eye That turns the X-ray on the trembling soul;

Consider all the stately ships that pass The frail bark bound for success's goal, And worse the violence which thou must endure, Until hope droops her weary, lagging wing, And faded thoughts all hollow-eyes surround

Thy soul aspiring that had hoped to sing, And then, da!-fer! If thou canst patient be— If it will not be to thy soul distress, While others wear the laurels, to confine

Thine appetite to flavor the success— Dip pen in ink and lose the precious thought That shall go forth to set a nation free— Burn evil's rubbish piles with virtue's torch—

And thou indeed a noble bard shall be! ETHEL TREW DUNLAP, 3223 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FAILURE

Alas! alas! the ground hath won my hopes; And I no more will ever rise again, I've fallen thro' the strong and binding ropes Of sorrow, shame, regret and bitter pain

And there a poor unfortunate will rest With aching heart and agitated breast. CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

ONE GOD, ONE AIM, ONE DESTINY

Ten thousand times ten thousand, And more, the sons of light That marvel at creation And the wonders of the night: Of many tongues and nations, They tread the paths of earth,

Of high and lowly stations, Noble and humble birth, God made them and placed them in climates he chose for them; He gave them laws and warnings, He gave them dark and day, He sent the sunlit mornings

And hours for work and play, But far from His teachings Have sons of mortals strayed, Until the Heavens tremble And angels are dismayed, Brotherly love is mystery, And hate holds powerful sway; Men would mock at history, And turn from Wisdom's way, They have erased deep graven boundaries,

And stolen human kind; Have persecuted innocents And forged harsh chains to bind; Chains of sin and depravity, Of stealth and lust and slavery, Of scorn, false pride and heresy, Of vanities and jealousy, The Spirit of mobs stalks around And dwells 'midst beast, self-styled men;

The taste for blood and fear abound, And lowly crimes beyond our ken, Break out in waves o'er all the world, While Satan marks his own, Men praying for peace, laughed to scorn, We'll build vessels to go over there.

Others grow fearful of your power, And children cry out to be born, With wings of steel, and hearts of gold.

With silver tongues and golden hands, With courage to fight and strength to win, And the Father of the Universe Sends signs for men to read, while sin Of crimes, ribald, and wicked, Clouds the air and hides the sun

Of promise from eyes of righteousness, But many new things are begun, O, ye wayward sons of Adam!... Throw off that stilted, discommodating, Trample it underfoot; anathema No longer to white and might, right Must conquer; linger not nor walk Upon vain promises, but fight— Fight with Truth and o'erpowering love.

Love of thine own, real love of race And unity, Whatever betide, agree All also, keep God in your hearts; fight The issue, as men, for virtue and Fidelity, and country, and about it From the housetops, from strand to strand, The message of salvation, 'tis "One God, One Aim, One Destiny."

SUNSHINE AND THE SUMMER

Welcome, thou blessed sunshine, welcome! My life hath need of thee, Long, long, have I been watching, longing, Just for thy rays to see.

Welcome! For life seems dull without thee, My very nerves were chilled, Nothing but thou, O blessed sunshine, Can rid me of this ill.

Stay here! Why shouldst thou wain in winter, Or whether dost thou go? Wax bold! Why shouldst thou lose thy power When there is plenty of know?

Good gods now are the winter breezes With all its biting cold, Walk in, thou summer breeze, Thou art as good as gold.

Where, where was nature's beauty hiding, Which thou hast shown complete? Live long this year to give us sunshine, But don't distress thy heat.

Welcome, thou blessed summer, welcome! There's plenty of room for thee, My soul waxes bold, my heart's rejoicing, Because I am now with thee, FRANK O. M. SKINNER, 670 Lenox Ave., New York City.

FATHER McGUIRE

Dedicated to His Grace the Chaplain General, Bishop Guis Alon McGuire, by Mrs. Anna E. Shields, Cambridge, Mass. Division.

Dear father, how shall I address you, As a son you are higher and higher? Royalty has her robes thrown around you,

Yet to me you are Father McGuire, Archbishop, and pride of Bartholomew, A physician of body and soul, A father of the poor and the needy, Leading in love to us, fold

In the missionary field you have labored, A field of vast riches and graft— You cried as you stood in the temple, "Oh, sift ye your wheat from the chaff!" For the day of His reckoning is nigh the, Pray give what thou hast to the poor."

But they hardened their hearts, nor feared they Till desolation and death reached their door. Then as a father you wept with the fallen, Comforted souls that were sad, In the midst, hark! a loud voice is calling— Nations are warring illy mad; Africa, the land of the noble, A land of rich God's cultured fields; Of diamonds and pearls and corals, Coal, fruit and oils copious yield;

Fair Africa, land of our ancestors, Is in peril! Like vultures men come, In the name of our saviors they bite— Leave her horror-stricken and dumb, But a breeze wafted over the water, Their souls' silent moans and their prayer; Marcus Garvey said, "We will stop this slaughter; We'll build vessels to go over there."

MORE TRUTH TO THE

Call God from the depths of your heart, No part can reach you but His love.

And when the veil has been removed, Unearthed the heart's hidden thoughts, Our voices in praise will be lifted, Thinking God the Father Almighty, I think God— your God— is within, That the holiest you have ever known, quired, But to me, as yet you were you were always, My kind pastor, "Father McGuire."

GOD'S LOYALTY

"What is it that is so beautiful, Oh, the good things we do enjoy, 'Tis God's Loyalty we do obey, 'Let us love, honor, and be faithful, Rich and poor the emblems of joy, And dwell wherever God's Loyalty stay."

Listen! I hear the song birds sing: "While angels echo voices to our King, It touches in the depth of man's soul, It breathes the hope of love and redemption, Singing praise to our heavenly King, Oh, 'tis God's Loyalty we do obey."

Ring the praises of earth, and tell What God's Loyalty imply? A good many men so sublime, Will always restrain to remind, The lightness and goodness— "True gifts of faith, hope and charity."

It's a lesson we learn and keep, Let our attractions be not intended, Rendering our hearts across the ocean; The land we love, there's no parting, For here the creature do create, Great heaven's "God's Loyalty."

By GRADSTONE W. A. FLEMING, 118 S. Ellice Street, Philadelphia, Pa. July 4, 1921.

BOOSTING

If you see some fellow trying To make some project go, You can boost it up a little, That you're sure to let him know That you're not going to knock it, Just because it's not your own, But you going to boost a little!

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