

Dawn of Tomorrow

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1924.

Editorial

THE CRUCIFIXION IN MISSOURI.

And behold there was a young man whose skin was dark brown and in whose eyes and on whose countenance burned the light of many centuries. And the mob came and accused him and they laid hands on him and led him away unto the judgment hall. And they accused him of the unpardonable offence of offending one of the children of the big white fathers. And then the mob gathered together again and discussed among themselves what they should do with him. They decided that in view of the enormity of his offence (he had touched the hands of one of the children of one of the great white fathers) he must be crucified. And they straightway went again unto the judgement hall and they laid hands on him and they led him away to be crucified. And they bound his hands and feet and they placed a rope around his neck. And when they had proceeded a short distance from the city they hanged him to a tree. And as he looked down upon the mob he was heard to say: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." And then the mob became the more angry and they fired bullets into his body. And lo and behold there appeared unto them a vision whose face shone with a light which was brighter than the brightness of the sun, and they heard a voice say: "Inasmuch as ye have done this unto the least of my little ones ye have also done it unto me." And then the anger of the mob turned to fury and they cut him down and tied his lifeless body behind their chariot and they drove with much fury around about the city and before the door of his people. "Such audacity," they cried. "Inasmuch as much as ye have done in unto my little ones." "Does he claim damn niggers?" and then their great fury drove them insane and they took him and tied him to a post and they piled great stacks of wood around his body and they set fire to the wood, and amidst the stench and the crackling of his burning flesh they yelled and sang and danced and pulled their hair and they cried out "Behold! one of my little ones." And amidst the flames which leaped high even unto the heavens there appeared another vision. The head of the dark brown boy of twenty years rested serenely upon the

THE LYNCHING

His spirit in smoke ascended to high heaven;
His father, by the cruelest way of pain,
Had bidden him to His bosom once again;
The awful sin remains still unfor-
given.

All night a bright and solitary star
(Perchance the one that ever guided him,
Yet gave him up at last to fate's wild whim),
Hung pitifully o'er the swinging char.

Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowd came to view
The ghastly body swinging in the sun:
The women thronged to look but never a one
Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue.

And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.
By the Negro poet Claud McKay

TID-BITS

(By The Associated Negro Press)

It is known that the temperature within the earth increases at a fairly regular rate as the interior is penetrated. At the depth of a mile it is too hot for man to work in most regions, and in some places the temperature at a much smaller depth increases to a heat unbearable to human beings. Added to the increasing heat is the increasing pressure that the overlying rocks create. It is believed, therefore, that no amount of boring skill will enable man to visit the earth's interior.

Honey combs are now fumigated to protect them from bugs and worms in the winter.

An eternal light, which is to be kept illuminated, day and night, in memory of men of New York who died during the war while in the national service has been placed on top of a flagstaff. The light is in the form of a golden star and is to be continually illuminated by electricity.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec.—(By The Associated Negro Press)—After a trial marked by the most revolting testimony ever heard in a Rhea county court, a jury found Sanford Dunning, white, guilty of rape on the person of Miss Ibbey McWilliams and sentenced him to 30 years in the penitentiary.

Williamsport, Pa., December—(By The Associated Negro Press)—The story of a hunter who returned home without any game to find that his wife and three children had disappeared in the company of another man came to the attention of the police tonight. The husband is William Reed, of Hills Grove, Sullivan County.

bosom of Him whose face shone with the great light and they heard a voice saying: "Fear not him who can kill the body but fear him who can kill both body and soul. This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

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