POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

AFRICA! AFRICA! MY OWN BELOVED LAND

(Written for John Ottomwell Gorden by John Milton South pressher, per and philosopher of Montare, Calif.) Africa: Africa: my own beloved land Mere's now my heart and here to my

stand.

Africa Africa Grand among men and grand

Sacred your winds and your sun and

facred your women, your children and men,

Racred your soil whose winds we From all other flags which not broth

erly be. your flag which now is us furled.

ered it must be throughout all the world: not a heart's here but that's

willing to die That over us always our eacred fine

Africa! I love your paims: I love your storms and I love you I love your mountains and rivers and

I love your flag and will keep it from

I love your oceans with their tropic embrace. But better than all I love your Black

Its eyes are alight with the granden of man. Majestic love's righteousness rules in

each plan For building a nation, the grander

Which Freedom, all holy, has loved and caresqued; With the glory of God that face is

And the glory of man its abining Its black grace of God will hallow the

Wherever its flag of the free is un

Africa ' Africa' you have been wronged The greedy of all lands your space have thronged.

They've stolen your treasures brutalized might They've cruelly murdered all justice and right.

They we tortured your children, your women outraged. dered and caged

piled up a treasure which a just God will blight blast in His wrath when triumph

His right. His trumpet is sounding and Europe

The sting of His lash, the ache of it Already His call's in the heart of his blacks

He's placing Love's burden upon their strong backs To built a love nation in their nativ

land His heart through the ages wisdomed and plan'd.

Africa! God's is the call! Into the line- of His forward march

of your treasures, but give of That Africa's torn heart be healed and

Healed by your hearts' outpoured wine

Here there is sacrifice, here there is Blood sweat and thorns and the cross on the hill:

But the after-death glory the whole world will fill. For Africa, Africa is God's chosen one

To help build the new earth and light the new sun; earth.

The muscles may moan, but the heart will have mirth

by the sky Where our Africa's flag forever will fly

Africa' Africa' we live but for you! You will only live, to that life we gre

not death. Breathing life and good will with each loving breath.

Where love is the law of the land and the right Shall be tested and proven in Love' gentle light;

There a child will be holy, a And man unto

There we're leaving no room for envy For in love we are building in Love's

great state: When such nation is builded, the great

task well done. The news through the earth will shine with the sun:

O, Africa! Africa! then you will be The honored of nations in a world of

LINES TO 16-YEAR-OLD BEN-EVA WILLIAMS

We cannot print your letter, dear-The paper lacks the space; But Marcus Garvey's working hard To free your outraged race.

Geneva, millions wait, like you, For God to set them free.
So cheer up, little Georgia Reso.
And drop a line to ma.

OPPORTUNITY

By William Helmes They do me wrong who say I com When once I call and fall to find

every day I stand outside and win.

Geep not for precious chances passes Weep not for golden ages

Each night I burn the records of day thou behold thy earnings.

Dost reel from righteous retribu tion's blow? Then turn from blotted archives And find the future's pages white

aghast;

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy apell! Art thou a sinner? Sine may be forgiven.

Each morning gives thee wings to flee Each night a star to guide thy fee

Laugh like a boy at splenders tha have sped; To vanished joys be blind and deaf

My judgments soal the dead past with But never bind a moment yet to

Though deep in mire, wring not you hand and weep.

I lend my arm to all who say "I can." shamefaced outcast ever sank so

But yet might rise and be again a man. If sleeping, wake' It is the hour of

deep

Come with us now and join our happy band. Be sure you come before it be too late And let us march into our mothe land.

REFLECTIONS OF MY AFRIC'S HOME

By JEREMIAH MONTAGUE. Central Boston Banes Division, Cubi

When shall mine eyes that beautifu land behold? So green in verdure, rich with wealth untold.

pon her bosom I would rest content Than here in foreign lands my life to

A night of long three hundred years i And still no place is found to pitch my

A star of hope is risen in the East That points us to the land of joy

Our aged heads are bowed with grie and pain.

Our lives we gave in battle but in vain, For freedom's right we surely must contend, Tis holy writ God is the black man's friend.

Ere lay my head upon the lap of Earth I hope to know that land of highest Where freedom's banner waved in

times of old. And glittering sunbeams shone o'er sands of gold The star that led the Magi

Bavior fair In human form to Negrous doth appear. With beams of light to guide our weary WAYS

In these fair confines of descending Until they believe it's so: days.

Where is the promise were shall Enjoying sunshine of unending peace As its swelling dome lifts to be kissed If this my portion let me lay my head In grief forever in my narrow bed.

LET ME HOPE IN THEE

Lord, the day is past, Night is overcast. Ease has come at last. Let me hope in Thee. Bless the friends I love. May Thy peaceful dove

Flutter from above Let me hope in Thee. Give me strength to pray, Light to glean my way, Courage for the fray. Let me hope in Thee.

Steel my mind to heaven, Thoughts of wisdom leaven And with purpose riven Let me hope in Thee. Break the bond of sin, May I strive to win. Blies to Thee akin.

Let me hope in Thee. Whisper to my heart, Break the enemy's dart;

Let me hope in Thee. Hints to guide and teach Throw within my reach. Cool my scorohing beach, Let me hope in Thee Warm my young desire With Thy sacred fire: Secrets bleet transpire, Let me hope in Thes.

Let me hope in Thee.
While I rest my head,
May Thy grace o'erspread
Brooding o'er my head;
Let me hope in Thee.
And when days are done
May Thy sceptre won
Be my radiant sun.
Let the hope in Thee,
Le

Who fought in all the ware she avdid win, And remains patriotic though

lypchee his kin. Who meekly takes a kick or cuff, And never fails to believe a bluff;

en can the Republican parts come in power. It promises him a square deal every

"WHAT AMERICANS WANT"

The Negroes of the good dog kind, Adult in years, but child in mind,

Who hurries to the white man's call Abides in him and tells him all, He believes that the Black men ne'er

can rule That God made them for the white man's tool. The kind that has distasts for school Just glad to live and be a fool.

This is what America likes For she fears the Negro in his might The Negro with no choice or taste, Who lives and dies a "human waste," That follows in the Klu Klux track And America will they not be driver

Who shrinks and cringes like a cur. Quick with his "Yes, mam's" and "Yes

This makes safe the jimcrow car: America knows what the reasons are Negro professors in Negro schools Teach Black boys to be fools. That all is great the white man's do And black is only to be shunned. For there is no honor to be won, For blecks have nothing ever done. He says, "Be contented with the

Put God last, and the white man first A MESSAGE FROM THE

BLACK BELT Ephraim, I'm lonely And I am sore oppressed; If you would drop a line to me I would be cheered and biest I know that you're in bondage,

And so, alas, am I. The foe grows stronger every day
Till I could wish to die. But never let us yield our cause Though Mississippi's flood

Should turn to red where Aryan's spill Black unoffending blood! And let this be the epitaph That's written o'er my grave They starved her body and her soul

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

2222 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill. TO GOVERNOR DORSEY

Stand up, O noble Governor Stand up for liberty! The tide of '- a may aween the North But we've a home for thee. O better banishment and loss

Of the leviathan that cats A race and grins at laws. wolves are lurking in thy trail And howling in thy ears; There's Aryan gold and Tulsa's groans

And God above who hears. A nation's eyes are fixed on thee! Stand up, thou noble son, And show Columbia gold and east Cannot buy every one! ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

\$288 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill. THE BLACK BRUTE

wonder where the Black Brute ishaven't seer him yet: But White Pouter are as thick as fit When days are damp and wet. Who was the Black Brute in New York Who saved from flery death His Anglo-Saxon brother, At risk of his own breath? They say the Black Brute must be

downed-So they buy kerosene And pour it over everything For Anglo-Saxons have told lies All for the devil's sake; Buf this lie told about Black Brutes Must surely take the cake. went to church not long ago A trembling Black Brute How Springfield had him in the oil. The lad was young and bold, And tears of sorrow stained his cheel As he called on his God To liberate his outraged race Burned on a freeman's sod.

White men have told the Black Brut For I have looked into the trut peak as one who knows But if I have to take my chance Between the Black and White, Give me the Black Belt for my sone

However dark the night. ETHEL TREW DUNLAP 2222 Wentworth Ave.

"AFRICA LAMENTING HER CHILDREN'S GRIEF AS THEY NARRATE TO HER." By SAMUEL TELFER

Three hundred years ago today Your children knew my care; Into my golden sand they play.
While mine shed bitter tears. Oh! send them back again to me, With broken heart I hear them plead In grief beyond compare. Three hundred years your greed I box

'Neath Africa's sunny skies:

My generation, this makes four, Since you on them rely. Go, search from North, South, East Where white men true are found; They scorn the children of my breast

And theirs are on my ground, which mother true could bear to see Her children left to die. Or thrown into the angry sea Among the sharks to lie? Be this my last and solemn vow. And pray now do begons, I will no longer this all To see them yet forlorn. Four hundred millions now and more Escaping midst alarm, To hall once more my sunny shore

And shelter there from harm.
Their love K know is just as warm,
On that I will rail,
To intered grandhilter's harm. Walls average of the second A CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY O

TO MISS ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

Star of the first magnitude, Luminously bright: Thou hast driven solitude From the Negro's night.

Old age has lost its sadness Darkness fled away: Touth is bedseked with sindness Life is as fair May.

In the firmament of fame Queenly thou shalt shine: Morning star—then evening star. And that star divine.

May He. Who gave thee wisdom Give also the right To shine, in His Own Kingdom, Always-ever bright.

C. MICHAEL PERCY. Guantanamo City, Cuba,

I'M WHITE BY COLOR ONLY I'm White by color only

June 24, 1921.

if color means that I Take part with those who lynch and And pass the Black man by

Oh. I would die to save our Flas: want to see it wave Beneath a sky where child nor man

How can I sing at Freedom's The anthems of the free, When flesh consumes, when Tuiss

Send back their cries to me

There's patriot and patriot-They sailed across the wave To lift the yoke of bondage, But passed the suffering slave

A patriot is glorified

If he sails o'er the sea; But none doth honor if he acts To help set Ephraim free.

Your hearts have grown so cold

That Liberty will not receive Back Ephraim to her fold! For Shepherd Freedom counts he

lambs. Yet will not go to seek The one that's crippled and long lost That daily grows more weak.

Faine Freedom cannot long survive! An ignominious end Awaits the so-called natriot Who is not Ephraim's friend

For God has beard his humble cry-He's answered his low call. Oh, Aryans, trust not in thy might, Or pride may have a fall' ETHEL TREW DUNLAP. June 18, 1921.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS

How dashingly in sun and light the frigate makes her way, Her wings spreading full and bright The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind may come, Fit car to bear the ocean god upon his

icans will have their part in the negocrystal home She cleaves the tide with might pride

All shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon their lips, and cry. Oh Africa, who shall match thy sailors and thy ships?"

forms, strong arms and daunt less spirits dwell upon the deck True to their cause in calm or storm in battle or in wreck No foe will meet a coward hand, fain

heart or quailing eye, They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or die. The flag that carries 'round the world a Negro victor's name

strike in craven shame. et triumph scan her blazing page, n record shall eclipse The glory of Africa's cross, her

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings of despair, Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and bear.

and her ships.

The bullets hiss, the broadside pours 'mid blood and smoke, And prove an African crew and craft alike are hearts of oak. Oh! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers, the peaceful, safe, and free

Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea. "God and our right'" These are the words e'er first on our lips, But next shall be Africa's flag, our sailors and our ships.
LUCILLE WINIFRED MARSDEN.

186 West 1884 St., N. Y. C.

WEAK WOMEN ATTENTION!

If you suffer with FEMALE TROUBLES, such as Ovarian Pains, Pains in the lower part of your Stomach, Bearing-down Pains, Meadache, Backache, Whites, Painful or Irregular Periods, if you have that tired/worn-out, Nervous and run-down feeling so common to women. If you have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors, and even though you had been told that an operation was necessary TOU MAY BE MADE WELL AND STRONG AGAIN. Write for FREE booklet of information and advice today,

i advice today, THE PELVO MEDIDINE CO. Dept. N.F. YE SONS OF HAM

Cry out, and shout, ye "Sons of Ham." List to the turmoil o'er the land! "Black Watch" has re turned!

Doubt ye each Negro's soul doth burn! Right to the "Fore" at Columbia's

Trained did you say? No! Not all Boldiers they were, but green and raw, Into the flery beds of war.

There they were placed on a foreign Putting their trust in the grace dine.

God "Fighters of hell," the French How they have suffered, how they If so you may turn your oar around. have bled.

Back to their homes these Negros Bringing the laurels they have WOL

But laurels, these can go amiss If still there lurks that prejudice. Lift up your heads, be proud,

brave; Though black the same red blood flows through your veins As through your paler brothers Be men! Not cowards, and deman your rights:

Your toil increased the nation's gold And when death challenged ye were bold. Be men! Not cowards, and demand

your rights. LUCILLE WINIFRED MARSDEN. 136 West 1384 St., N Y

RACE CONSCIOUSNESS

RACE CONSCIOUSNESS

If ye know what it is
Ye do not see it.
Or know ye where it is
Ye do not reach it.
Call upon Heaven for it,
Does Heaven send it?
Beek out the race's wit,
They cannot give it.
Be humble and plead for it,
'Tis grudged ye every bit;
Or bravely demand it,
Ye must disown it.
Like a faroff beacon lit,
With storm shricking round it,
it flickers in the vast pit
Of black night that volls it.
Still have ye faith in it,
And that faith be fit;
Ye need not in fear to sit
For yet will God send it.
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN.
Hartford, Conn.

ASSURE DOMINICANS OF U. S. GOOD FAITH

Natives to Take Part in Coming Negotiations

WASHINGTON, June 80 .- Reassurances of the intention of the United States to deal honorably with the people of the Dominican Republic were contained in an official statement issued by the American legation at Santo State Department.

The legation was instructed to issue the statement because of "the ovident misunderstanding" in the republic regarding the provisions of the proposed convention of evacuation as outlined in the proclamation of the military governor on June 14.

tiations and that their representatives will be named by the Dominican Con-Ratification of the acts of military overnment provided for in the procianation was explained as a measure to insure primarily re-ognition by newly constituted government of the

validity of the finaticial obligation; inurred by the military government. It was pointed out that this stipmeaning that the United States insists upon the approval by the Dominican government of every executive order

ssued by the military government. Extension of the powers of the generni receiver of customs to the collection of internal revenues in case the executive revenues are insufficient to meet the public debt, it was udded, was merely "a further guarantes for the proper security of the final loan of



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THAN POETRY

DU BOIS AT OKMULGER, OKLA Dr. Duffole went to Okunulate town. In the interest of the M. A. A. C. P. His friends knew he was coming.

But to their surprise, when he arrive And was taken to the place for him to

He said, "Is this the place you have

He turned up his nose and frowned. As if the air was poison for miles

around: He styled himself better than Christ. Who died to save the world from sin.

The house was common but modern in construction, And the proprietor, the public school principal.

Had gone to saveral dollars' expense To make things nice for the gentleman.

But the way the gentleman acted. Where he goes angels dare to tread;

Now in case he ever return mulges,
itis Otimulges triends may, six he d
Dr. Dubols truly in made passed.
All one and all truly end, about
Because he missed the Ut 15, it de,
Which he thought his surely had.

The stone out out of the middle He who falls thereon in brest piéces: Whatever the stone falls upon, It grinds into powder.

I feel that our mette ever shell be, "One God, one sim and snewdesting LABRURA WE CAN HAVER be handy Half slave and half free as Dr. D

J. BANTER LOGAN. MADAM H. M. BERNARD

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WARNING TO THE NECRO PUBLIC OF AMERICA

A man claiming to be PRINCE MADARIKAN DENIX.

alleged to be a native prince of Lagot Nigers. Was Anix
is travelling through the United States lecturing to contravelling through the United State terming to people and asking for friendla halp. This may be compared to the people and asking for friendla halp. This may be compared to the problem of the problem of the problem of the problem of the people and the people of the pe

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