

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

SONS OF AFRICA

Sons of Africa, wake, this morning,
Quiet your slumber, night is past.
Look! The sun on earth is dawning,
And the hours are gliding fast.

Wake up, oh, ye sons of Africa!
Africa's blossoms kiss the breeze;
Join the ranks and face the danger,
" Sons of thunder," sweep the seas!

TO ETHIOPIA

Land of the pilgrim and the gods retreat,
Regions of bounty, gold-crowned beauty's seat,
Clime of romance and priceless mineral store,
Thy foes have stripped thee, and demerched with gore.

Even freedom's heart recoils to bear thy fate—
So ignominious and subordinate;
The heavens revolt, the mountain peaks bend low,
Earth hears thy sob, and all thy sorrows know.

APPRECIATION

I love the modest aspect of your mind,
The traces of intelligence I have seen;
The harmony of beauty, love and creed,
Where meekness meets life's warm and ample need.

I love the quality of your company,
Platonic in its fuller dignity,
I love the fervor of your sympathy,
Love of ambition and integrity.

I love to sit beside you (tis a treat),
And taste your fruits of influence so sweet;
I love the elevation of your mind,
And disposition noble, strong and kind.

ETHIOPIA'S CALL

Ethiopia awake from thy slumber,
God's calling to thee to arise;
And shine in thy former splendor,
The land thy God doth prize.

Look up! thy children will drive
The aliens from thy land,
Their greed and avarice to deprive,
And their companies disband.

Ethiopia awake and hasten
To victory, for thou shalt see,
Jehovah, leading thy long, lost children
From captivity to liberty.

IN MY SOUL

A bright star rises in my soul at times,
That ends my gloom with morning's golden hair;
And birds within my soul sing glory-songs,
Twist earth and sky—twist flight of rapture there.

Let tomorrow bring forth what it may,
Of joy or sorrow or ill;
'Twill never thwart or cloud the way
Of those who trust God still.

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AFRICA'S RISING SUN

Slowly Africa's sun is rising,
O'er her hillslope far away;
Filling all her land with beauty
For a bright and prosperous day.

As the radiant sun is shining
So are the scattered children rising,
For their future lies before them
On the golden, happy plains.

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BLESSINGS

How art thou blessed? By sun and moon and stars,
By lovely things, too dear for idle words;
By aspirations, beating me afar
To realms of dream, where chant love's magic birds.

How art thou blessed? By glamour on the sea,
When speeding ships, with fleet wings unfurled,
Seem voyaging toward Eternity,
Beyond the bounds of this entrancing world.

DAWN OF FLAME

O Dawn of Flame, at Eastern portals burning,
I wish sometimes your wealth belonged to me;
Your joys are many till the dawn's returning,
O rose-red ruby in a sapphire seal.

Yet, Dawn of Flame, my treasures are eternal;
One snow-white rose that blooms for me apart;
One gem serene, whose rays of light
Humine every chamber of my heart.

But when I speak the love I felt
For weary, wandering slave,
I did not think how oft that I
Would long for restful grave.

Good-by white race! You gave me naught
But agony and tears
And promises chimerical
Through many weary years.

And when I clasped hands with the slave
You sneered and looked aghast;
Because my lips spoke love and truth
Tonight am I outcast.

So let me wander in the cell,
My heart is warm with love,
I do not nurse the snake of hate;
But sympathy's white dove.

And O I wander in a realm
Of fancy's rarest bliss,
Where dusky hands stamp fingers white,
And slave and captor kiss.

My lips are riding high the main,
I would not turn me back,
I must gain yonder verdant shore
Where no voice whispers "black."

It is the voice of God that cries:
"O wanderer press on,"
The wing of darkness shadows me—
" My rest " is but " a stone."

But nearer O, my God to thee—
The presence I can feel
While in the shadow with the slave,
Toward thy realm I steal.

Oh, "Vocua, love" of my soul!
Take me into thy rest,
As I have loved the slave and clasped
His to my trembling breast.

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Take me into thy rest,
As I have loved the slave and clasped
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ROSE OF GREY

Like a rose in the shadow,
Like a rose in the shadow,
Like a rose in the shadow,
Like a rose in the shadow.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

Hours are fleeting, dreamy,
Thoughts keep all in vain,
As I wander weak and weary,
Listening to the rain.

As I bleed, these things,
Listening for another fall;
I heard a pit, gentle tapping,
'Twas the rain against the wall.

Then came the voice—louder,
Calling, calling, as before;
Methinks it was the voice of mother,
Calling as of yore.

"Child," she said, "thou art weary;
Here I bring thee hours of joy;
Just another day to be weary;
Joys and pleasure shall be thine."

MINNETT LAMONT,
Rosendo Collazo No 10,
Quemasos de Marianao,
Havana, Cuba.

LINES TO J. HUNTER

Africa son, you thrill my spirit
With your words of praise and cheer;
And thy harp by Nile stream hidden
Sends your strains triumphant here.

Let me stand with you where Egypt
Saw her star of fame expire,
And sing with you of her rising,
While you emit her magic lyre.

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THE NEGRO

Who casts a slur on Negro worth,
Who stains on Negro fame—
Who dreads to own his Negro blood or
Wear his Negro name—

The Negro fame! To stain a scoundrel
Within its glow of light,
Whisper sword or tongue or pen has
Fashioned deeds of night.

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MOORS GAIN AS SPANISH THRONE TOTTERS

Capture of Melilla May Be Key to Downfall; Revolt Movement Gains

PARIS, Sept. 16.—Moors have entered the suburbs of Melilla. After four days of continuous fighting Spanish troops have been thrown back and suffered severe defeats at several points on the battle front.

The Spanish crown forces are said to have lost 1,000 in dead and wounded. The number of Moorish casualties are unknown, the dispatch states.

Spain's troops are reported in open revolt in camps and at embarkation points against ever being sent to Melilla, to fight the Moors. The Republicans are said to be actively engaged in fomenting anti-monarchical feeling among the troops.

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To Start Building a Nation for the Negro Peoples of the World
READ ABOUT IT AND HELP WITH A LOAN
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LOOK! READ!! THINK!!!
We want 500 cash subscribers at once for a rare and valuable book soon to be published, entitled: "A BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE DR. EDWARD WILLIAMS HILDEN, L. D. D. Diplomat, Author, Scholar and Linguist, by F. W. Hoole, Sierra Leone, W. A., to which will be appended a writing from the pen of Dr. Hylan, entitled:—

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No Negro student or scholar can afford to be without this book. Agents wanted in Africa, the West Indies, Central and South America, and U. S. A. Liberal commissions to the right sort. Get your subscriptions in within the next thirty days. Subscription \$1.50. Send \$1.00, and when book is published and delivered you receive balance. Other rare books by Negro authors and pamphlets will follow.

LOUISIANA MOB BURNS NEGROES' HALL; 1 DEAD
NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 6.—Armed with shotguns and rifles more than fifty white citizens of Gretna, a suburb, tonight marched on a Negro indignation meeting called to protest against the beating of several Negroes.

KIDNEY TROUBLES
are dangerous. Many people suffer from Bright's Disease, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, etc., who might have been well and strong if they had used Dr. Fowler's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.

HEAR MARGUS GARVEY IN HIS TWO FAMOUS SPEECHES
"The Aims and Objects of the Universal Negro Improvement Association," and his reply to his enemies on the Phonograph Record. AGENTS WANTED. Apply 56 West 135th Street U. N. I. A. REPOSITORY

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR HAIR!
The growing hair is the life of the scalp. It is the only hair that grows. It is the only hair that is not shed. It is the only hair that is not dead. It is the only hair that is not falling out. It is the only hair that is not thinning. It is the only hair that is not greying. It is the only hair that is not becoming bald.