

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

IN RESPECT TO
HON. MARCUS GARVEY

By ETHEL THREW DUNLAP

He is drawing back the curtain
That has veiled three hundred years
He is bidding those who languish
To take heart and dry their tears.

He is talking to those groping
In the dark and see the light
While his race is hopelessly drifting
He can see a star that's bright.

While white men are quibbling over
Everything that's big to strive,
His heart's ambition strengthens
From his heart springs wells of life.

Wells of life which slaves may tarry
Think of liberty's cool draught,
And press on toward the freedom
Born of his courageous thought.

He is leading Egypt's daughter
From the cabin that defiled
Back to where her royal kinsmen
Wait for their abducted child.

And his eyes are open and searching;
They behold the only path
Where he may escape the tyrants
Who are filled with hate and wrath.

He is bidding forth a message;
Which its echoes shall arise
They will shake the ocean islands
And disturb the stars in skies.

Free with him, O dark-browed maiden,
Egypt's daughter—grasp his hand!
He will bear thee safely over
And restore thee to thy land.

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Out of the master of slavery
His soul was born like the spark
That flashes from the volcano
And lights up the ominous dark.

Out of the clutch of the tyrant
His Christ from the tomb
And speaks as he calls unto Mary
To lead his race out of the gloom.

Out of the mob that is maddened,
Out of the state's vivid flame,
Like the ghost of justice haunting,
He points the stern finger of shame.

Out of the state of freedom
Where Africa takes liberty's place
He plans to have his people
Sacrificed by an oppressive race.

Out of the night's winter shadows
Shining in the new day
He stands on the threshold of
Freedom.

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IT SEEMS TO ME

By M. ELIZABETH DOWDEN

Out of the vastness something calls,
And I think that I hear
A voice, a sign, a note that falls
Warm on my listening ear.
Beyond the sunlight a shadow away
And holds pleading hands to me—
I'm longing to know what it says,
And what its desires may be.

I long to learn; may it be soon,
For something hangs my way—
Something near me, by night or noon,
Is calling me to obey.
Out of the vastness something calls,
And I feel a tremor pass
Over and again rises and falls,
That note, full of hope and fear.

Sometimes a word comes to me,
A fleeting breath it seems;
"Message"—"Time"—"Work for Thee."
And a ray of light gleams—
Just now I heard, beyond the walls,
That cry, clear—it seems to me,
Out of the vastness something calls,
"Go set my people free!"
227 West 124th St., New York City

THE RECONCILIATION

By ANNA E. OMIELLO

Cambridge Division, Mass.

Over a chasm of whitened hopes
Bleached on the sunken strand,
Bearing such a weary load,
They viewed each other's hand.

The white man bore a load of guilt
Blood stained his hands and his soul,
Recalled in horror as memory shed
Har rays on crimes untold.

Of innocent men burned at the stake,
Hot iron applied to the flesh,
Men men dismembered till the earth
Would shake.

Of the mother suspended with child
Unborn,
Head down she was tied to a tree
From nature's bosom her offspring torn
In the flash light of liberty!

He shrank in terror, his burden great,
Schooled to bear him in pain to the earth,
No love for his brother, in his heart no
faith,
He cursed even the day of his birth.

And the black man's burden, with a
plea of despair
He cried, Father, thy will be done—
The heat of the forest, the birds of the
air
All things that breathe under the sun.

Have freedom and justice, are accorded
the signs
To toll and seek for their bread;
Ethiopia is denied, is deprived of this
might
"Would be better, dear God, were
she dead."

Then the Father, of each, both the
black and the white,
Said, I made you of one family, tree
To be equal as brothers, now come to
the light,
and bring this oppressor with thee.

Nay, Father, his hands are dyed with
our blood,
They would stain, I dare not attempt
Spoke the Savior, thy virtue will
cleanse even his crimes
See in each cloth his garments are
rent!

He is thy brother and love him you
must,
He awaits you, remorse on his brow;
I have humbled his spirit, he kneels in
the dust
Tarry not but succeed with him now.

Then the glorified man cast his burden
aside,
Erect and proud did he stand;
Crying, Lord I forgive for my Savior
path died
And remembering, the brothers
shook hands.

And they shook out all malice, prej-
udice, hate,
They shook out contempt and dis-
gust,
And while they were shaking, oh, joy
to relate,
A third hand clasped theirs from the
"air."

Oh come then my brother, come let us
shake hands,
With a God given token of peace,
Health, wealth, and prosperity all over
the land.

Will begin and it never will cease.

Will begin and it never will cease.

Will begin and it never will cease.

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When Daniel had translated it,
He knew it meant his fall,
I believe the blessed master
Turned the water into wine,
Pure, sweet, and good,
As grapes upon the vine.
The scripture do contend,
I believe in the Garvey movement,
From the beginning to the end.

The white man, he is saying,
Just let the Negro sleep,
And please don't wake him up,
Nor let him even peep.
We will steal away their rights,
Till our heights we have ascended,
For we know that Garvey's movement
Will carry them to the end.

But thank God for His judgment,
And the love He has for us all,
The white man may be scheming,
And is planning our downfall,
Our God will ever help us,
And mercy to us send,
And Garvey's movement will aid us
And guide us to the end.

SISTER LAURA L. CAUSEY,
Norfolk Division No. 20.

AUGUST BELLS

August bells are gaily ringing
Over there across the sea,
Tidings glad their strains are bringing,
Glorious news to you and me.

Louder still, and now yet clearer,
Sounding over hills and dells,
Onward, ever onward, nearer,
Float the strains of August bells.

August bells, what are they saying?
Oh, what force they strike the air!
Said the nations at the bearing
Of the notes the bells declare.

This is what the bells are saying:
"Negro, Freedom is complete."
See those happy Negroes laying
Trophies at their leader's feet!

August bells are bells of "Freedom"—
"Freedom"—not conditional,
Not a part, but complete "Freedom"—
"Freedom"—"unconditional!"

Great Jehovah, God of Nations,
Whom Thy home above the skies
Hear the Negroes' supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Though they've grieved Thee by trans-
gression
And have scorned Thee to Thy face,
Save, oh, save them from oppression!
By Thy mercy and Thy grace.

Then ring ye bells, the August bells,
O'er this terrestrial orb,
Till "Peace" like mighty ocean swells
In triumph e'er absorb.

C. MICHAEL PERCY,
Calle Beneficencia No. 2, Guantanamo,
Cuba.

A DEDICATION

May this little poem ever live,
May it strength to faint hearts ever
give,
May its truth unfold through doubts
and fears,
May its echo ring far down the years.

Return, O Ethiopia, Back to the Old
Land Mark
Ye sons of Ham, no longer sleep, let
me
And view the dawn of freedom in
the skies.

Too long you've slumbered—now
awake! awake!
Look up and see sweet freedom's
morning break.

Too long you've wandered blindly on,
yes, groping in the dark.
Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

Your past has been deep agony, de-
spair;
Your only hope was faith in God and
prayer.

Your future, let it not be as your past;
Trust still in God, but be ye men at
last.

O Ethiopia, arise, arise as one—and,
hark,
Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

The race with patience you have tried
to run,
Denied, oppressed on every hand—
Ham's son.

In chains of slavery, night and day
you've wrought;
Through blood and tears your upward
way you've fought.

Though wolves of hatred and of scorn
around you howl and bark,
Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

Displaced, rejected, yet you've dared to
hope;
Your hands are bound, around your
neck the rope.

Your eyes are dim, your heart with
sorrow moans,
And only God to hear your cries, your
groans.

If still within your bosom there re-
mains a manly spark,
Then, Ethiopia, return, back to the
old land mark!

Freed sons of Ham, you claim that you
are free,
And still to your oppressors bow the
knee.

For others you have fought and bled
and died,
And yet your manhood claims you are
free.

Wish the whole slave of Ham, who
built the grand old ark,
Could speak to you, he'd say, "I have
come back to the old land mark!"

Ye sons of Ham, no longer sleep, arise
and view the dawn of freedom in the
skies.

Too long you've slumbered—now
awake! awake!

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

WHY BOOKS?

Because no movement for emancipa-
tion of any kind can even hope to suc-
ceed in our time unless it is based
upon knowledge and competent think-
ing. It is rather unfortunate that the
people who stand most in need of
these things should be the ones least
aware of it. But that makes it all the
more necessary that those among us
who have some knowledge should di-
rect the people of our race to the books
—the sources of that knowledge with-
out which no competent thinking can
be done. For the people who despise
knowledge and information will al-

LEAD ON, ETHIOPIA'S SON

Lead on, Ethiopia's son,
Lead on to victory,
Supported by Africa's sons,
We'll soon have liberty.

Liberty we'll soon proclaim
On Africa's sunny shore,
Liberty is our great aim,
Slavery we'll know no more.

Africa's redemption, another aim,
We'll press onward to our goal
Till we reach that vast domain
And get some of Africa's gold.

Africa sons, we are coming
To redeem our motherland,
Methinks I see us hoisting
A new standard o'er Africa's land.

ARCHIE CARTER,
107 W. 148th St., New York City.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

Call to Arms
Sons and daughters of Ethiopia,
The bugle calls attention,
Would you resist your leader call
Your name would not be mention

Remember mark of honor place
On heroes of old nation,
Would you not help redeem your race,
It is the only salvation.

So let us bow in prayer
For our leader so dear
Supreme ruler of the universe
We reverently employ.

The time is near at hand
To redeem that promise land,
Arise, O God, and help
Ethiopia, Ethiopia on her way

My last remarks is given,
Be steadfast, brave and true,
Survive or perish let it stand
To defend the right of our Fatherland.

SYDNE MAYNARD,
Remedios, Cuba.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

If you think you're beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you
can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow-will.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think big to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself be-
fore

You can ever win a prize,
I think the U. N. I. A. and the Black
Star Line
Have made a terrific start;

And I think it will be a success
If every Negro does his part.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.

J. G. MILLER,
Odessa, Florida.

YO FATHERLAND

The Only African "Mammy" Song
Written
Respectfully Dedicated to the U.N.I.A.
Words and Music by Hattie Edwards
McVey

I.
When the steamer "Phyllis Wheatley"
Made her first great African run,
It landed a Southern mammy
With her little dark brown skin son.

With eyes uplifted to Heaven—she
Thanked God for what Garvey had
done;
Then to her little son these words did
say:

Chorus:
Dis is yo Fatherland—Dis is yo Father-
land.
You can go any place dat yo wants
to go.

Be anything dat yo wants to be,
Dis is yo Fatherland—so fertile, rich
and grand.

Don't mind wad de white chile used
to do!
Wid dat segregated country honey,
yo is thrall!

Climb up and be president—it's up
to you—
Dis is yo FA-THER-LAND.

II.
When the years rolled by this black
boy,
In the race for life had begun,
He became a mayor and constable
And president—all in one.

As he sat up in his mansion
He thought what mammy had done;
Down in his heart were the words
she used to say:

Chorus:
Dis is yo Fatherland—Dis is yo Father-
land.

Dis is yo Fatherland—Dis is yo Father-
land.

Dis is yo Fatherland—Dis is yo Father-
land.

ways be despised. Therefore, as our
poetic friend "Tass" puts it:

Read, Read, Read!
Make this your family creed,
Or else, though you have eyes to see
You will be blind indeed.

Here in Harlem there is a great op-
portunity for our people in the read-
ing line. The One Hundred and Thirty-
fifth street branch of the New York
Public Library has "stocked up" dur-
ing the last three or four months with
about 100 books on the Negro and
Africa. All the books which I have
reviewed in the Negro World will be
found in this branch. Besides which
there are striking, outstanding books,
such as that remarkable book by W.
Hannibal Thomas, "The American
Negro," in which a Negro writer puts
his race under the microscope and
takes a cool "close-up" of its foibles
and failings. Hate it, if you will, but
you cannot deny that it is a great—
and awful—book. The works of Book-
er Washington, Dr. Du Bois and other
Negro writers on American affairs can
be found here. Parenthetically, my
two books, "When Africa Awakes"
and "The Negro and the Nation" will
be found here. Poetry, fiction, history,
travel, sociology are all fairly repre-
sented in this section.

Then there are the books about
Africa. They include geographies,
travels, descriptions, compilations,
missionary and scientific studies and
treatises. Here you will find the three
big volumes of Barth and the two of
Schweinfurth on "The Heart of
Africa"; Major Dubois (not Dr. Du
Bois), "Timbuctoo the Mysterious,"
Maspero's "Art in Egypt"—a book of
over 300 pages, full of photographs of
the art products of Ancient Egypt,
wherein you can look and decide for
yourself whether the ancient Egyptians
were Negroes or not. Livingstone's
"Travels and Researches," as well as
Mungo Park's "Travels" are here to-
gether with modern studies by Mrs.
Mary Kingsley, John H. Harris and
George W. Ellis.

All this wealth of information can
be had by any of us in Harlem with-
out the spending of a single cent; and
there is no excuse for any Negro who
can read to be ignorant of the past
history of his race in Africa or of the
actual fact of their present existence.

Anyone can secure a card of mem-
bership by applying in person at the desk.
Perhaps I should also say that the
writer of this column teaches a free
class in Negro history every Monday
night at 149 West One Hundred and
Thirty-sixth street, under the aus-
pices and at the expense of the Liberty
League. That means that it costs you
nothing to get knowledge, and if you
go back to God as ignorant as when
you came the blame will be yours, and
neither ours nor God's.

The morning and afternoon sessions
yesterday of the convention, being the
third week of its sitting, was devoted
to constructive and corrective legisla-
tion, as will the greater part of the
week be consumed. Much interest was
manifested as resolutions and meas-
ures were read and presented bearing
on the future administrative policy of
the organization.

The evening session was given over
to the visiting deputies and delegates
for five or ten minute addresses by
Mr. Garvey, who presided; and the visit
audience showed their approval and
appreciation as appeals were made by
them for support of the Black Star
Line. Among those who spoke were
Mrs. T. C. Glasko, Key West, Fla.;
Mrs. Mary A. Johnson, executive sec-
retary of the women's art exhibit at the
convention; Attorney P. Clyde Ran-
dall, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. Dr. Edgar
C. West, Columbia, Ohio, and Rev. Dr.
Barber, returned missionary from
Abyssinia, and Mrs. C. Hall, just re-
turned from the Gold Coast, West
Africa. The American Leader, Dr. J.
W. H. Eason closed the meeting with
a stirring address.

The musical program was great. A
solo, sung by Mrs. F. B. Cochran, of
Cleveland, Ohio, elicited much ap-
plause, she being the author of the
piece sung by her. As usual Professor
Isles, with his famous Black Star Line
Band furnished music which thrilled
the assemblage.

Sunday's Proceedings
The afternoon session Sunday was
presided over by Miss Henrietta Vin-
cent Davis, International Organizer,
and the meeting was considered by all
who attended in spite of the threaten-
ing clouds which hovered over New
York and the rain shower which fol-
lowed, to be most instructive, enter-
taining and productive of much good.

After a very entertaining and well
rendered musical program responded to
the call. Hon. Adrien Johnson, a
member of the field corps and out re-
cently returned from an extensive tour
to the Southland, his operations and
activities being principally in the
States of Louisiana, Alabama, Missis-
sippi and Texas. Mr. Johnson's address
was always appreciated by Liberty Hall
and well received.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Bennett, of Chicago,
thrilled his hearers with phrases of
wisdom, quotations and similes from
Holy Writ which left no doubt what-
ever in the minds of all who heard him.

Of all the available instruments of
control in the hands of our white over-
lords the lie is the most effective for
subverting the spirit of the subject
races and classes. And in the case
of the English-speaking Negroes it has
been used with deadly effect. In the
case of the Negroes it is obvious that
the people classed as Negroes have
increased and are increasing far beyond
the comfortable expectations of the
whites. In Dr. Dow's review on the
basis of the census of 1910, it had been
prophesied that the Negro in America
would have died out by 1913. Here
as in so much American "science," the
wish was father to the thought. Now,
as a matter of fact, it had not been
for the great tide of white immigration
into America from 1880 to 1911, this
country would now have had a popula-
tion largely Negro. It is said that
the breeding powers of the Negro are
so great that he can double his own
population in half the time required by
the whites. Therefore the whites who
are in authority are worried at this
power of expansion, especially in the
face of the shrinkage in the birth rate
of the American whites.

Knocking race riots, degradation and
slums having failed to do the work
desired, white physicians have had
to do things which have left Negro
people in a state of mind which is
unfavorable to the cause of the
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