

Dawn of Tomorrow

Published weekly in the interests of, and for the advancement of the colored people of Canada.

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Editorial

MRS. ALLEN'S LETTER

We took the liberty to print Mrs. S. E. G. Allen's letter. We were anxious for our readers to see it, and to know of the genuine interest she has in our paper. It might be well that we here state that Mrs. Allen is white; that she has contributed some of the most beautiful and touching poems which have appeared in our paper; that she has sent us six dollars within the past six months to cover her one year's subscription. In answer to her first question: "Can you not get some more subscribers? Do you not know some one you can get among your own people who would for a small subscription go out and solicit?" I can say that Mr. Edwards and I carried on an intensive campaign for ten weeks, seeking to get more subscribers but our efforts availed us little. We have been successful in securing a few agents who work enthusiastically and who are a great help to us as well as an inspiration but the great mass of our people, so far, are callous to our cause. To her question: "Do you not know some rich man in London whom you could interest enough to have him put up some money to help over?" I might answer that there are numbered among our subscribers some of London's most wealthy citizens. We have received letters of congratulations from some of Canada's foremost citizens. We also carry advertisements for a few of the biggest firms in the city, but up to the present we have refrained from anything that savors of appealing for charity, lest we should be misunderstood. "Do your own people support the paper as they should?" Yes and no. A few there are who are using every possible means to make the paper a success. There are agents who not only refuse to take the small commission we offer them, but who send remittance for every paper which we send them, even though they do not sell them. There are ministers who boost the paper from the pulpit. There are grey haired mothers and fathers who write and tell us that they never close their eyes without making supplications in our behalf. There are young men and young women whose letters to us are prayers for us and a benediction, but there are not enough such enthusiasts. The masses of our people are still indifferent.

They do not stop to consider that we are giving much of our time as well as much of our meager income

in order to keep alive a thing we know to be of vital importance to the race.

Our object for publishing this letter (we sincerely hope Mrs. Allen will forgive us) is to show our own people what genuine interest other people are taking in us. I might here state that last Sunday morning one of the professors of the University of Western Ontario, in addressing the largest brotherhood of this city, made an appeal to the brotherhoods of London to support The Dawn of Tomorrow, stating that it was a clean and an interesting journal, representing a worthy cause. What are WE going to do about it?

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

I am enclosing two dollars to pay for my subscription. I sincerely hope and pray that you may not have to give up the paper. Perhaps this small amount may help out. I also enclose some verses you may sometime find room for. Can you not get some more subscribers? Do you not know some one you can get among your own people who would, for a small commission go out and solicit? Do your own people support the paper as they should? It is a nice paper and it would be a pity for it to fail. I am sorry the weather is so cold and the walking so bad or I would try to get some myself. It would be a great shame to let that paper fail. Don't you know some rich man in London whom you could interest enough to put up some money to help over. Did you get any new subscribers this winter? Try for some more advertisers. You must do something. You must not let that paper go down. Write me how you get on.

Yours sincerely,

S. E. G. ALLEN

FRANKLIN—THE RACE

(By R. P. Edwards)

Prejudice is on trial, and 'twill soon be decided if Canada is the Proud Lady of the Snows, or the mere tail of the American kite; and it strikes us that British Justice and Canadian square-dealing are going to hang Old Prej as high as Haman.

At lunch hour on a certain day of last July, a calm, unassuming colored man entered a certain restaurant in London, he was informed by the waitress that she could not serve him; he then asked to be shown the proprietor or who soon appeared and corroborated the waitress, saying in reply to the question "Why don't you serve colored people?" by an abrupt "Because we don't."

We know nothing of the proprietor of this exceptionally reserved cafe, neither do we know where he learned his Canadian, or acquired his various degrees of politeness as, for instance, how to address a white-haired man, or red-haired man, or white skinned man, pink skinned man, or brown skinned man, etc; but we do know W. V. Franklin, as do many of our readers who have never heard of Alfred Evans, proprietor of "The Cave" (we didn't name it).

W. V. Franklin is a watchmaker and diamond specialist, doing business in the city of Kitchener, he is a taxpayer, law-abiding; and the father of six children born under the Union Jack, for which their ancestry died in order that justice might not per-

ish from the face of the earth. Mr. Franklin is also a Christian gentleman, and because of his honesty and integrity is well thought of and respected by hosts of men and women of all colors and creeds throughout Ontario.

Mr. Franklin has instituted proceedings in the courts of London, Ont. against the proprietor of "The Cave", and is asking unstated damages, a fact which indicates that he has begun a battle not only for the rights of those of his color, but for the maintenance of those principles for which Canada has stood since the days when the United Empire Loyalists blazed the trail of liberty on the American Continent, and declared by example and precept that all men are created equal; and later upon that rock founded the Confederation of Provinces, which black men and women of this country, as loyal Canadians solemnly declare, that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against.

"Dedicated to those who prayed for it," would be a sham, and "Maintained by their posterity, would be a mockery if The Dawn of Tomorrow did not declare in the name of the colored-boys from Canada, who threw the torch to us, then laid down their lives on Flanders' fields, for a sleep that will be undisturbed only as long as we hold high the torch; that PREJUDICE is in the land, and unless we, as a people, endorse the stand Mr. Franklin has taken, and give financial aid in crushing out this devilish monster; it will thrive in Canada, and our names will be a stench in the nostrils of our children, yet unborn, because we failed in our duty.

SHALL W. V. FRANKLIN BEAR THE BURDENS OF HIS RACE, OR WILL HE BE ASSURED OF RACE CO-OPERATION?

LINCOLN THE FAILURE

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel small to become discouraged, just because you are having a hard time in life?

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he was engaged. Then she died.

Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the U.S. land office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the U.S. Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for vice-presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of his country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

He—Are you fond of indoor sports?
She—Yes, if they know when to go home.

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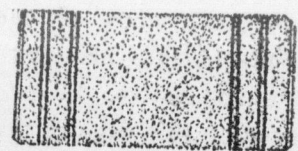
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