

up to the people of the South to study the ways and means of getting to the Negro the reasons why we are their best friends, and proving this thing to them.

In the face of this, George Creel of Washington is sending out stuff like this as "public information;" which the New York *Independent* feels constrained to print:

They have thousands of propagandists among the Negroes, exciting them with stories of impossible atrocities committed against the colored people in the South. They are equally busy with attempts to incite the whites to Negro lynchings, even while they are assuring the Negro that under the Kaiser the colored race will have social equality with the whites.

"IMPOSSIBLE ATROCITIES."

RECENT atrocities in the South are, we regret to say, "impossible" only to Mr. Creel's imagination.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee, a Southern white man who has not been accused of pro-Germanism, writes in the *Nashville Banner*:

I realize that it is futile to attempt by any written word to stem the tide of what seems to be the popular will; but a man can, at least, declare his abhorrence of such atrocities.

This kind of lynching seems to be becoming epidemic in our state. About two years ago a Negro from Fayette County was lynched most barbarously near Memphis, and parts of his body, according to the newspapers, carried away as souvenirs. Many citizens of Memphis protested, but they were ignored. Last winter a Negro man near Memphis was burned at the stake, gasoline was poured over his body, and his head was cut off and taken through the city streets as a trophy. Last fall a Negro was burned to death in Dyersburg, and thousands of white people stood by and gloated over his agonies. And now, at Estill Springs, we have another burning, where the white men in charge first tortured the miserable creature with a red-hot iron, "to break his will," while the victim, already shot nearly to death, with one eye hanging out, screamed for mercy, and a thousand white men, with hundreds of women and children, looked on and were not ashamed.

G. C. Brewer, an "Evangelist" of Winchester, Tenn., writes in the same paper:

I cannot overcome the feeling that our preachments against these things after they happen is more or less of a camouflage; a sort of defense against the criticisms of other states. Why don't we stop these outrages? Will there be any genuine effort made to apprehend and punish the members of the Estill Springs mob? We know there will not be any such effort. There never is. Was there any effort made to prevent mob

violence in this case? Let us consider the facts:

The Negro committed the crime Friday afternoon. He was not taken by officers till Tuesday forenoon. We all knew a mob was hunting him and that he would be lynched when taken. County officers were heard to say Friday night that he would be lynched. Newspaper reporters from Nashville came out to report the burning and followed the officers and dogs all night. Yet nobody came from Nashville or from anywhere else to prevent mob violence.

The Negro was found in Warren County Monday, and men from Estill Springs had ample time to go to the scene. Tuesday morning newspapers carried the report that he was found and held at bay. He was captured, after having been wounded about 11 o'clock Tuesday, and the report reached Nashville in time to be published in the noon edition of *The Banner*. I was in Nashville and read the report while at luncheon. The Negro was taken to McMinnville and released by the officers of the law and committed to the men from Estill Springs, who I am told, were not officers. These men with their prisoner waited for a train at McMinnville and then came on to Tullahoma where they again waited for a train which leaves Nashville at 3:30 p. m. The train came, but did not bring anybody with authority to prevent mob violence. The men with the prisoner boarded the train for Estill Springs. The county jail is at Winchester where he should have been incarcerated and where his trial should have been held and that train came on to Winchester. Nobody in Winchester, however, was expecting the Negro brought there. The crowd had gathered at Estill Springs, for everybody knew what was to take place. On the streets of Winchester Evangelist Culpepper made a speech and begged people not to go to Estill Springs to witness the horrible sight. According to schedule the captors of the Negro got off the train with him at Estill Springs and there he was tortured and burned alive.

Now, in view of all these facts, and I think they can be verified, it seems useless, nay, it seems weak and spineless if not hypocritical for us to send up a lugubrious wail about a certain class of ignorant and misguided people bringing a stain on our state and our South. We are guilty of criminal negligence, if not of acquiescence in the brutal deed, and we would as well confess it with bowed heads and take what the Northern papers give us. I doubt if they will give us more than we deserve. Yet let it be understood that I am a Southerner, a native of Tennessee, and my people on both sides were Confederate soldiers.

I'll tell you there is no use in disguising facts. We all know that the common people of our state understand that nothing will be done when they lynch a "Nigger." In fact, there is a sentiment among them—

I am one of them; I was reared among them and I have had opportunity to see five lynchings in my life—that a community that would permit a "Nigger" to commit a brutal crime and escape lynching would be untrue to our traditions, devoid of chivalry and lacking in real manhood. No doubt of it. Of course, they always expect a few "high brows" and "sissies" to whine when they see the blood or hear the frying flesh, but the real men, the real sons of the South, the descendants of the Ku Klux are not going to let a "Nigger" get by with such crimes.

Perhaps the most illuminating document born of this whole horrible affair is a letter published in the *Nashville Banner*. It is without signature, but was mailed from the southeastern part of the state. The editor says:

While the letter displays ignorance, provincialism and prejudice, it does not come from the wholly illiterate class. The penmanship is good and it gives generally indication of rudimentary education. The writer evidently reads a daily newspaper.

This is the letter *verbatim*:

Dear Sir: I read your article in *Chatanooga Times* in regard to the negro lynching at Estill Springs. And I want to say in reply that am very thankful that Estill Springs has got the nerve to hold up for her rights.

What right has a negro to just walk up and shoot our white men and women and run over them in the most cruel manner, after the white man went to Africa and sent him to America and gave him all the Learning he has today?

He was no more than an ape when he came from Africa.

You went on far enough to put our Holy Bible down with such a low down thing as a negro lynching.

Now if you want to use the bible in this matter why Not take it to a Bible standpoint?

You said the negro was made in Gods own image, and the most prominent men of the day (Evangelists) claim that the white man is made in Gods own Image. Now the only way you can get any history as to the negro being any human, is that Cain when he killed his Bro. (Abel) he was sent to the Land of Knod, and there was a mark placed upon him so all Nations would know him, and he (the negro) is the only Black man we have, and it is surely the mark that was put on Cain.

But now lets go a little further on. Was there any women in the Land of Knod? How could he have any wife when there wasn't any women there? He surely had to get him an Ape for a wife didn't he?

Did you ever see the Skeleton of a negro and the Skeleton of an ape place together? I have, and you cant tell one from the

other if you did not know. The Bones of each is red and the Negro has no bone in his nose at all. Ive got one in mine and Surely if the Negro is an Image of God the white man is not, for surely he hasnt got two Images. So Thanks to Estill Springs for taking interest enough in their own Race to go and get the Negro.

Let the conscience of America remember that it is this kind of person to whom the bishops of the church, the leaders of society and the editors of *The Outlook* have committed the settlement of the Negro problem!

As the *New York Nation* says:

Had any such item as this come out of Belgium or Armenia, we should know what to think of the unspeakable Germans and Turks responsible. A wave of horror would sweep over the country and there would be an extra rush to the enlistment offices. But when Americans thus debase themselves, nobody volunteers to end the evil, nobody speaks about it—at least, nobody who is white—and we complacently turn to the congenial task of setting up democracy in Germany. "The application of red-hot irons" is now a regular feature of these tortures—this is the second of the kind within a couple of weeks. In the other case, the man's eyeballs were slowly burned out—without even an apology to the Sioux. There is a Canadian soldier going around the country deeply stirring our rural communities with the tale of the crucifixion of three Canadians by German fiends. What reception would one of our black soldiers get if he were to lecture on the fiendishness of burnings in the South?

NEGRO ART.

EXTRAORDINARY note is being taken today of the artistic side of Negro life, particularly in music and dancing. Karleton Hackett says in the *Chicago Evening Post*:

The only distinctive thing in our music, which is the spontaneous product of our soil and without trace of European influence, is this curious syncopated rhythm known as ragtime—and how the elect do rage about it still as a noxious weed in their carefully tended garden of art! Yet being a plant indigenous to the soil, and consequently of hardy growth, it thrives despite them, and to my way of thinking will plague them more and more as time goes on, until, mayhap, it will come to be recognized as no weed but of worth as an out-flowering from our land.

If high-sounding words could have killed, it long since would have withered, but it waxes daily and is forcing its way into our symphony halls. If only some of our painstakingly imitative art had the vigor of this condemned outlaw!