

"FIGHT ON"—YOU NEGRO SOLDIERS

(Mary M. T. Thompson)

To arms you Negro soldiers,
Fight for your country's gain,
Shoulder your musket and knapsack,
And march to the battle plain.
You must fight to save your country,
'Tis a duty you owe by birth,
Your kindred before you battled
To save the Union's worth.
Fight on you valiant soldiers,
Tho' the cause you fight to win,
May not be to your advantage,
Your nation or your kin;
You have fought in many battles,
You have answered your countrys' call,
Not for yourself or your people
But, that others might not fall.
'Tis said that you show great courage,
And will fight till you die or fall,
'Tis said you have never hindered
Or shirked from duty's call.
Fight on you Negro soldiers,
To your captain's anxious call,
Fight on till your conscience tells you,
That the fighting should be for all.
You are ready at a moment's calling,
When your country needs your aid,
You muster to the front like ferrets,
With a courage that's not afraid.
You must fight against foreign nations,
Though to you they have done no wrong,
Those who have often wondered
At your country's sin and wrong.
They know in your own dear country,
Your people are lynched and burned,
And never a hand is lifted,
Where so many lives are spurned.
They know there is no protection
For your people when ere they err,
In your beautiful home, the Southland,
Where lynching is a terrible blur.
Your country calls you to battle,
It causes you to maim and slay,
While thousands of your own dear people
Art tortured from day to day.
No wonder your foreign brothers
Marvel at your courage bold,
In fighting for your dear old country,
Where innocent blood lies cold.
Fight on you Negro soldiers,
Fight on till the dawning day,
Fight on till the Power above you,
Will avenge for sin's dark way.
Fight on for your dear old country,
And help her in time to win,
A law to protect your people,
Thus, wiping away her sin.
Stand firm tho' her sins be scarlet,
And have flown like a swollen spring,
Racing as tho' in madness
On a downward, downward wing.
Stand firm till the veil is lifted,
Till the mist is all rolled away,
Stand firm till she sees the great monster,
Which is leading her nation astray.
Keep courage you Negro soldiers,
Her subjects are not all blind,
Your cause long ago was expounded
By a few who had God in mind.
Fight on to the end, valiant soldiers,
E'en tho' your hearts be in pain,
Fight on till that mightiest of Powers,
Will force her some day to explain.
You must fight on in faith dear soldiers,
For the time is near at hand,
When God will fight a battle,
That none can understand.
Put all your trust in Jesus,
Like you, He suffered too,
But God will lead an army
That will help your people through.
His army will face the conflict,
They will fight with their wicked foes,
And win in a bloodless battle,
Without any loss of souls.
For His army will bring to reason,
The minds of the ones that's gone,
To an appalling depth of darkness,
Through the curse of satans wrong.
Then fighting will be over, dear soldiers,
From lynching your people be safe,
For God will have won the victory
Of love for the whole human race.

WATCH AS WELL AS PRAY

(By Ida Wells Barnett)

Rhode Island has just had a silent protest by parade, in Providence, on October 14. The race should be very glad to know that 2,000 people made protest against the awful race riot of East St. Louis. These silent parades of Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and the women's prayer meeting of Washington, D. C., together with the meetings of protest in other parts of the country are a very fine start for beginning an effort to do something to put a stop to these outrages. But the danger lies in stopping there, in thinking that they have done all they could when they have marched and prayed and passed resolutions. I would not, for a moment, minimize these effects of such a splendid beginning, but I do want the Race to realize that we must put a stop to these beginnings. It is almost the same as if our soldier boys had contented themselves with enlisting to fight for their country and feeling that they had done their duty in defending their country when they had taken part in a great parade, with flags flying and bands playing. But we all know that unless these parades are followed up by hard work in the trenches, all the firing of guns by every conceivable active physical movement possible, the war will not be won.

By our parades, and protests, and prayers, the Negro has succeeded in securing the Congressional Investigation of those outrages, but not a dollar has been raised with which to keep someone on guard to take note of the doings of this Investigation Committee. Every one knows that even in the case of an individual on trial his friends must give him their moral support and that he must employ a counsel to see that his interests are looked after. Nothing of this kind has yet been done. The 10,000,000 of Negroes in the United States have not raised a dollar to have somebody on guard at the Congressional Investigation, neither have we had anybody present at the trials of the fifteen Negroes who have been sentenced. The papers of the country informed us last week that Dr. Bundy has been extradited from Ohio into Illinois and that he has been placed on trial. We also note that the authorities there have been very anxious to get a crack at Bundy as the alleged leader of the body of armed colored men who shot two police officers who afterward died. As a Race matter in the three months we have had to get ready for it; we should have engaged the finest criminal lawyer to be had and had on the ground to protect the Race's interests. Dr. Bundy has written here for help and from no source is it forthcoming. Please make it clear to our people that the situation now needs dollars; that the first step of our effort, prayers, protests and passing resolutions has passed, and that we are now entering upon the second stage when dollars will win the battle. I am leaving today for Belleville, Illinois, as a representative of the National Equal Rights League as well as the Negro Fellowship League. If I could only get some money to take with me from these members of the Race who are protesting against this treatment, in order that I might fight this case of Dr. Dundy's. Fifty cents apiece from each protestor would furnish sufficient with which to fight,—as it is I am going empty handed. Can the Broad Ax get me some money with which to labor to defend the Race's interests in this trial? If so, let me hear from the country at my home address.

Special Kentucky Course

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o'fare?" "Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—" "That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with trigonometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."—People's Home Journal.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Prudent

He—"I would give lots to make you happy."

She—"Vacant or improved?"—Baltimore American.

A Misfit

"I must say this khaki camping skirt is a loose fit."

"You're in wrong, auntie. That is the boy's tent you have on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Touching Compliment

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted girl!"

"I do sir! And I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Passing Show.

High Thinking

It is unfortunate that all grocers are not so candid as the market-man in Hays who advertises "Food for Thought." That's about all the customer gets for a dollar in any grocery this year.—Kansas City Star.

The Greater Need

Western railroads are putting Bibles in their smoking-cars. Obviously it would be more conducive to Christianity if they would spend that money on car-windows that won't stick. We dare say the Recording Angel gets more business from that source than almost any other.—Buffalo Evening News.

Men Should Skip This

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Going Into Half-Mourning

Miss Annette Benton, on returning from a visit, brought a gift to each of her mother's colored servants. It was the "day out" for Lily, the housemaid, so Annette distributed her gifts, reserving for Lily a scarlet-silk blouse.

"That won't do," said Mrs. Benton. "Lily's in mourning."

"Mourning?"
"Yes, for her husband; he died in jail, and Lily's wearing a long crape veil."

When Lily returned, her young mistress expressed regret. "I'll give the blouse to Lizzie," she said, "and get you something else."

Lily looked at the blouse, then she swallowed. "Don't you give that blouse to no Lizzie, Miss Annette, co's nex' mont' I'se gwine outa mournin' from the waist up."—Harper's Magazine.

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