

FIENDS INCARNATE!



The Kansas City Sun



VOLUME IX. NUMBER 45.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1917.

PRICE, 5c.

Cowardly Police and Militia Search Negroes' Homes, Disarm Them, and Then Turn Them Over to the Blood-thirsty Demons Clamoring For Their Lives. Without Arms or Protection 38 are Killed, More than 200 Wounded and 325 Negro Homes are Burned and Looted.

Negroes Refuse to Leave but Intend to Stay in East St. Louis and Die if Necessary for Their Homes and Rights as American Citizens; to do an Honest Day's Work for an Honest Day's Pay.

Is God Dead? No! No! No!

THE SHAME OF ILLINOIS Brutality Unparalleled in the East St. Louis, Illinois, Riots --Militia a Joke.

The most horrible, blood curdling and wanton massacre of unarmed and defenseless Negroes ever recorded in this country (Land of the Free and Home of the Brave) occurred last Monday at East St. Louis, Ill., where 38 Negro men, women and children, two of whom were less than three years of age, were foully murdered, more than 325 homes belonging to or occupied by them being burned and a reign of terror instituted. Be it said to their credit and altho unarmed the police and militia having visited their homes during the day and confiscated all available weapons of defense they succeeded, according to a reliable report brought us by a railroad porter who witnessed the difficulty in killing 21 of the mob in addition to the four who had been killed earlier in the day. That such a thing could happen in the face of Illinois that gave to the world a Lincoln, a Logan, and a Sumner was beyond belief and regardless of the various causes it remains undenied that the police and militia acted in a most cowardly and criminal manner. The Sun is unable to present any more accurate or truthful account than the following article taken from the columns of a St. Louis daily paper which it presents in all its dreadfulness and horror to its thousands of readers:

SLAIN AS THEY BEGGED MERCY.

Murderous East St. Louis Mobs Enjoyed the Butchery.

St. Louis, July 3.—For an hour and a half last evening I saw the massacre of helpless Negroes at Broadway and Fourth street, in downtown East St. Louis, where a black skin was a death warrant.

I have read of St. Bartholomew's night. I have heard stories of the latter day crimes of the Turks in Armenia and I have learned to loathe the

German army for its barbarity in Belgium. But I do not believe that Moslem fanaticism or Prussian frightfulness could perpetrate murders of more deliberate brutality than those which I saw committed in daylight by citizens of the state of Abraham Lincoln.

I saw man after man, with hands raised, pleading for his life, surrounded by groups of men—men who had never seen him before and knew nothing about him except that he was black—and saw them administer the historic sentence of intolerance, death by stoning. I saw one of these men, almost dead from a savage shower of stones, hanged with a clothesline, and when it broke, hanged with a rope which held. Within a few paces of the pole from which he was suspended four other Negroes lay dead or dying, another having been revolved, dead, a short time before. I saw the pockets of two of these Negroes searched, without the finding of any weapon.

I saw one of these men, covered with blood and half conscious, raise himself on his elbow and look feebly about, when a young man, standing directly behind him, lifted a stone in both hands and hurled it upon his neck. This young man was much better dressed than most of the others. He walked away unmolested.

I saw Negro women, begging for mercy and pleading that they had harmed no one, set upon by white women of the baser sort, who laughed and answered the coarse sallies of men as they beat the Negro women's faces and breasts with fists, stones and sticks. I saw one of these furies fling herself at a militiaman, who was trying to protect a Negro woman, and wrestle with him for his bayoneted gun, while other women attacked the refuge.

What I saw in ninety minutes, between 6:30 o'clock and the lurid coming of darkness, was but one local scene of the drama of death which continued for hours. I am satisfied that in spirit and method it typified the whole.

The East St. Louis men took no chances, except the chance from stray bullets.



DR. HOWARD M. SMITH.

Superintendent of the Jackson County Home for Aged and infirm Negroes, the acknowledged leader of Negro Democracy in Jackson County and the State, whose skillful and efficient efforts backed up by the leading Negroes of the State did much to secure for President Allen re-election as President of Lincoln Institute. Dr. Smith is quiet, highly cultured and unassuming, but is a power among those Democrats who control the political affairs of Jackson County and the State.

For to give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety is to deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY

The present drift of Negroes from the Southern to the Northern states, in response to the acute demand for labor, is raising political, social and economic questions that lay bare the tie that binds them to their more fortunate brethren. The Cincinnati Post describes conditions in that city that can be duplicated in most of the large Northern cities. Negro immigrants are crowding tenements from cellar to garret. In one ward 1,793 between the ages of 21 and 31 registered, exceeding the number in the next most thickly populated ward by more than 600. These men, the Post goes on to say, will be voted en bloc, and so determine the city's mayor, its judges and other officers. The social problem is still worse. Overcrowding produces a death rate of 675 from tuberculosis.

LISTEN, MEN!
One big Pole last night said he had lost his job in an aluminum factory, his wife and two daughters had lost their places and his son had been shot by a Negro.
"I killed seventeen last night," he said, grinning as he shifted an ax he was carrying from one hand to the other. "And I am going to get a few more if I get a chance."

The Sun believes and fervently prays that God will damn every male Negro in East St. Louis yet living if that Pole is not sought out and brought to justice.

DEMAND PUNISHMENT OF MOB
SOCIALIST LEADER WIRES PRESIDENT WILSON ABOUT "EAST ST. LOUIS SAVAGES."
New York, July 3.—"Swift and severe punishment" for the mobs which wiped out the Negro section of East St. Louis and burned their property



CAPT. LEON H. JORDAN.

who is taking treatment and a much-needed rest in the State Sanitarium. Capt. Jordan was a Lieutenant in the 7th Immunes in the Spanish-American War, saw service with the 49th Volunteer Infantry in the Philippines, where he was brevetted Captain for gallant service and would have entered the Training Camp for Colored Officers this year had his health permitted. The Sun hopes for his speedy recovery.

Justice, equal and exact, to all men, of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political.—Thomas Jefferson.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST MILITIA MEMBERS IN EAST ST. LOUIS

Monday morning of this week three prominent Colored men of East St. Louis came to Springfield as a committee to lay before Adjutant General Dickerson, charges against three members of the militia on duty in that city. The committee consisted of Mrs. F. W. Wallace, editor of The Star of Zion and a member of the board of supervisors of St. Clair; S. R. Wheat, a prominent real estate and automobile agent, and Thomas Green, deputy clerk of the East St. Louis election commissioners. After an hour's conference with friends and local Colored men at the Legion office, the committee proceeded to the state house where they were cordially received by Adjutant General Dickerson and laid before him the following complaint and charge:

IN EAST ST. LOUIS.
Tell me, is this Belgium? What means these wild alarms, This looting, and this terror, this sudden clash of arms? Is this the Land of Freedom, whose foes we train to fight? What means these groans of anguish, this screaming in the night?
Stop, Blackman, and tell me, why do you stand at bay? We came in peace to labor, but 'tis said we shall not stay. We call this Our Country, we have pledged it loyalty; We are testing out the honor of the great "Democracy!"
In the South we labored, yet we never got ahead, And of mobs, and kangaroo courts, we were constantly afraid. Then the war came, and for labor did the North send out a call. And so we came to answer, on the journey staking all. We had heard that where Ol' Glory waves aloft, there men are free, 'Tis the cry of those who carry it to battle cross the sea. So we followed it as Israel did of old the cloud of fire, Dreaming how its promise would our children's hearts inspire.
But we were met by hoodlums, Po' White scullions of the South, And their pass-word, "lynch the nigger," sped along from mouth to mouth. And when we saw them gathering, with the old time murder cry, We did each of us determine, like brave men, to fight and die.
Oh, but it was awful, to behold our women beat By the vile marauders like wild beasts upon the street; And one of us lay wounded in a culbert almost dead, When along there came two roughnecks, and they shot him in the head.
We stood our ground right nobly, we fought and many fell, And not all "Blacks" in spite of what the daily papers tell— Though we had known oppression, yet we dreamed of Liberty, And such a dream brings courage, and courage sets men free."
'Tis thus our home-war rages, while great rumb'lings from afar, Tell of the mighty struggle, where the Nations are at war. But the "Blacks" of East St. Louis, and the Belgians 'cross the sea, Play the star parts in this drama of the "World Democracy."
—Rosecoe C. Jamison.

PITILESS MURDERERS
What sort of a governor has Illinois, and what sort of officers did he have on duty in St. Louis to permit the outrages there? How long for hours? We read of soldiers going over the heads of the Negroes, torturing the heads of the Negroes, committing the atrocities of the Missouri Mob. The world, and a single determined officer in charge of the troops could have stopped them in ten minutes.—Thursday's Star.
Mr. Smith Henderson of St. Louis, Mo., a former Kansas City boy, is visiting his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Henderson, 1410 Mersinger avenue, this week and renewing acquaintances among old friends.