

## THE BROAD AX

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Will promulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but Catholics, Protestants, Episcopalians, Single Taxers, Republicans, or anyone else can have their say, as long as their language is proper and responsibility is fixed.

The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platform is broad enough for all, ever claiming the editorial right to speak its own mind.

Local communications will receive attention. Write only on one side of the paper.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

One Year.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....\$1.00

Advertising rates made known on application.

Address all communications to

## THE BROAD AX

507 FEDERAL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PHONE DREXEL 4590.

JULIUS F. TAYLOR, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-Class Matter Aug. 19, 1907, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

### AN APPEAL BY A DESERVING YOUNG COLORED WOMAN OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

"For as oft as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

I present herewith a copy of a letter given me a few days ago by a kind-hearted lady, who, in a modest way, is doing all she can to comfort, cheer and assist unfortunate humanity. I am sure, that nothing I may say, will give additional force to the pathetic appeal the following letter contains:

Los Angeles, Calif.,  
2810 Old Temple Road.  
July 22, 1914.

My Dear Friend:

Miss Marion Harland has just given me your address so I write I have neuralgia now and my head is dizzy. I was two years old when I began taking paralysis in my feet, legs, arms and hands. They are ossified and haven't grown any flesh since I was a very little girl but my body grew very large my feet is drawn upside down, my toes are stiff, my fingers drawn double in the knuckle joints. When I write I hold my pen in my little fist and with difficulty shove it along, this is my hand writing. I am a poor colored girl, my mother died last October. Now I am alone all day and I miss her sadly. I can't use my hands to sew or comb my hair, and when I am not reading or writing, time hangs heavy on my hands. I have written a booklet called "Golden Moments." I sell it for 35 cents, my only means of helping myself.

Won't you buy one copy? Please write often to

Lonely,  
Willie Jane Sheppard,  
2810 Old Temple Road,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

It is sincerely hoped that every one who reads this letter will send a word of good-cheer to this unfortunate girl as well as purchase one or more copies of her booklet. Nature, it seems, has loaded some with its insults, it is for the rest of humanity to offer apology by way of kind words and generous deeds.

Walter M. Farmer,  
184 West Washington,  
July 24, 1914. Chicago, Ill.

### HYDE PARK NEWS.

By L. W. Washington

Mrs. Mattie Huston of Kansas City, Mo., the sister of Mr. Robert Caval of 5226 Lake Park Ave., who is spending her vacation in Chicago visiting her friends and relatives, was the guest at luncheon Sunday at Mrs. M. Martin of 5462 Kenwood Ave.

The Hyde Park A. M. E. Sunday school gave a picnic outing at Lincoln Park the 24th Inst., and the children and parents are much elated over the trip and beautiful scenery they observed.

Mrs. Corine Collins, the sister of Mr. John Webb, is visiting the city; she is stopping at the home of her brother, 5535 Kimbark Ave.

The Hyde Park Women's Charity Club met at the residence of Mrs. Bessie Perkins, 5330 Kenwood Ave. It was entertained by Miss Gertrude Townsend. A good many members were present. The Club is doing a grand work for the suffering and the poor. Mrs. Eva Raymoore is its beloved president and Mrs. Bessie Perkins, secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodward of 5485 Woodlawn Ave., leaves the city August the 3rd to visit their home in Philadelphia, Pa., to be gone two weeks.

A very fine bazaar was given by the St. Paul Baptist church on the 27th and the 28th. Mr. L. N. Jones, attorney, was the principal speaker, and Miss Ruth Boyd officiated at the piano.



MISS BETTIOLA FORTSON

The new Afro-American poetess of the middle west who will represent The Broad Ax at the meeting of the National Association of Women's Clubs at Wilberforce, Ohio, August 3, 4, 5, 6.

Bettiola Heloise Fortson was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., Christian County, December 29, 1890. She is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Fortson, well known citizens of that city. Her early training took place in the Public school of Hopkinsville, where her teachers found her exceptional ability of retaining both poetry and prose writings of great length. At the age of twelve she was brought to Chicago, Ill., to live with her aunt, Mme. Toreada Mallory, who was a favorite Soprano throughout Illinois, and who immediately placed her niece in the Keith school. But learning that the Douglas school was of a higher standard the following year moved in that district. It was here, while in the eighth grade, she was appointed poet laureate of her class; this honor being given her for an excellent essay entitled "Our Teacher."

In May, 1905, she professed a hope in Christ at a revival held in the Bethel Sunday School. Owing to her aunt's going abroad she was sent to her mother the Christmas of 1905, who was residing in Evansville, Ind. In Feb., 1906, she entered the Clark High School of that city. In April of the same year she joined Liberty Baptist Church and became a member of the choir and was ever giving programs for the benefit of that institution.

The first year in high school she composed a poem upon the surroundings of the school and named it "The Walls of C. H. S." During the years she spent in high school her marks were ever of a credible showing but always leading in history and literature between the average of ninety and ninety-eight. In June, 1910, she graduated, completing a four year latin course. It was Aug. of the same year when she came back to Chicago and learned the Feather trade from Mme. Lambert. Afterwards went into Millinery business of her own. At the same time she was constantly before the public as a dramatic reader and won favor from the Chicago critics while taking a leading role in the much talked of drama "Tallaboo." She has given recitals in and out of the city for most every denomination but it was not until Oct. 28, 1913, did she present to the public a recital of all original numbers which won for her recognition in the poetical field.

She is an ardent suffragette and club worker, having served as president of the University Society of Chicago for the past year and a half; second vice-president of the Alpha Suffrage Club, and city organizer of the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs.

Miss Fortson has over a hundred of original poems and is still compiling with the hope of publishing them at an early date.

Miss Ada Franklin made her bow to the social set of Hyde Park. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Franklin, gave her a reception of much interest. The young people had a very pleasant time. Miss Franklin lives at 5336 Kenwood Ave.

Mrs. Stella Davidson of 5137 Lake Park Ave., has returned from her trip to Cairo, Ill., her old home, which was a business as well as a pleasure trip.

Miss Carrie Hunter is still very sick in the county hospital. It would please her very much and help her to see the smiling faces of her young friends—girls and boys, a few flowers with their sweet fragrances wouldn't hurt; let your remembrance be pleasing to her now, in the hour of her illness. She will not forget you while life lasts, no, never.

Mr. Howard Parris and Mr. Nelson Pickett left the city with the Eighth Illinois Regiment for the encampment.

Miss Pauline Dabney Owens, a school teacher at Mounds, Illinois, Grand Worthy Counsellor of the Knights of Pythias of Illinois and President of the Endowment Board, spent the last two weeks in visiting with her sister in this city, Mrs. Mecheman, 3414 Calumet avenue. She will leave for her home Monday morning.

## Poems and Sonnets--By Miss Bettiola Fortson the New Afro-American Poetess of the Middle West

POEMS OF  
BETTIOLA HELOISE FORTSON  
BROTHERS

This poem is dedicated to the Jones brothers of Mississippi who lost their lives defending the Negro Women's Virtue in that State, Oct., 1913. It has attracted much attention among many Northerners who advised the writer to publish the same.

In the State of Mississippi  
Where the cotton blossoms bloom;  
Gives a story of a mulatto  
Who would soon become a groom.

For the Colored girl he had courted  
Had said "I'll be your bride;"  
But the master man of White  
Took her to his poisonous side.

And threatened if she even looked  
Upon men of her own race;  
He wanted her for his own use,  
Thus marked her pretty face.

Weeks passed and the serpent  
Stuck his fangs deeper in his prey;  
And boasted of his Colored maid  
Whom he had took his way.

When Fred Jones heard of this,  
His blood boiled high with rage;  
He asked his God to lend a hand  
To bring her from that awful cage.

To hear the name of one he loved  
Harrassed, was too big a cup to drink;  
So secretly with his brother planned  
To meet this monster upon the brink.

They vowed that they would rather die  
Than see virtue crushed to dust;  
So they gathered all their weapons  
And started out to gain the lust.

But as they drew upon the scene  
The two lay side by side,  
In deep slumber, they were dreaming  
Fancies of this world wide.

The sight made Jones grow furious  
Half blind he fired and struck the bed,  
And 'ere the smoke had cleared away  
He saw both lying dead.

His brother caught him by the hand  
And said, "you know the cost  
We pay here for such a sight;  
Come make haste before we are lost."

They waited for their doom  
In yonder cotton mill;  
While footsteps were approaching  
Behind the door each stood still.

The sheriff who led the mob  
Was distinctly heard to say:  
"There's where the 'Niggers' are  
They've got the price to pay."

But ere he had spoken  
He reeled half bent, then fell;  
While from the knothole came smoke,  
Which rained down shot and shell.

Hours passed and every bullet  
Penned a paleface to the ground;  
And when the bodies were all counted  
Sixty-five stone dead were found.

At last their ammunition gave out,  
Calmly they waited for the test;  
With locked arms they stood together  
To be killed just like the rest.

The thirsty villains set on fire  
The mill that they were in;  
The cotton burned until morning,  
O, God! What an awful sin.

Next day, down in Mississippi,  
Where the cotton blossoms bloom,  
Were found the ashes of the martyrs,  
The brother and the groom.

If you search the deeds of record  
Two names I'm sure you will trace;  
Who died to protect the virtue  
For the women of their race.

### IN OLD KENTUCKY.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. William Evans of Hopkinsville, Ky., whom the authoress lived with for several years.

Take me back to old Kentucky  
Where the tall blue grass grows;  
In the state that's full of riches,  
And where everybody knows  
How to treat you with respect,  
How to make the liquor red,  
How to sell the fastest horses  
That ever stood beneath a shed.

Take me back to old Kentucky  
Where I spent my childhood days;  
Playing ring a round my rosie  
While the boys stood all amazed;

Each awaiting for his chance  
To be pulled within the ring,  
And be chosen as the best  
While the others loud would sing.

I would like to see Bill Evans,  
Who kept his hacks up town;  
And who had so many apples  
That it made the neighbors frown.  
For he owned the prettiest orchard  
There was in old Sharp's field;  
That's why they all were jealous  
And at night the fruit would steal.

I can see old Pigeon creek  
Where it flows through Hopkinsville;  
And the spot the lovers would seek  
Near the bend at Wood's mill;  
I can see the old iron bridge  
Where they planned their wedding day,  
As the moon crept o'er the ridge  
Of green hill tops far away.

Take me back to old Kentucky  
Near the hills of "Walnut Grove,"  
Where we had our Sunday picnics  
And where Eddie and I would rove:  
Looking for some new adventure  
As we stood on the Indian mound;  
Face to face with life's old story  
While we gazed upon the ground.

I would like to have a drink  
Once more from Hoosier's spring,  
Where the water flowed so cool,  
And where robin hood would sing.  
How I used to stand and dip  
From that hole deep in the ground:  
How my head would touch the moss  
Every time I would stoop down.

Take me back to old Kentucky  
Once more to see the spot  
Where my mother and my father  
Told tales they've both forgot:  
Sitting by the old fire place  
While the logs were burning bright;  
Until the town clock struck off ten  
Which meant time to say good night.

Take me back to old Kentucky  
To the place I love so well:  
Where Aunt Agnes taught me manners  
And made my dresses up so well;  
And where all good things to eat  
Were placed before my eyes:  
Chicken, doughnuts and sweet potatoe pie  
That's the place I idolize.

### QUO JURE? (By What Right?)

You boast of your superiority  
And By What Right?  
God made man of dust  
And placed him here to teach  
Every human being to trust  
Or the Heavenly goal they cannot reach.

You class me as being inferior  
And By What Right?  
We breathe the self-same air,  
We have a given sense of smell,  
We, too, have some ways unfair,  
And here we all must dwell.

You spurn and abuse my race  
And By What Right?  
Don't you suppose the Lord made  
My brains to think as well as thine?  
Don't you suppose in me He laid  
The best foundation He could find?

You place upon me a curse  
And By What Right?  
My blood is just as red  
As that which flows through your veins,  
And for this country has been shed,  
And caused many aching brains.

You insult His mighty cause  
And By What Right?  
You, who are a Christian nation,  
Who go to church from day to day,  
Work for nothing but sensation  
Which leads you on the downward way.

You place me upon the exterior  
And By What Right?  
Yes, and drag men to degradation  
And place the bar of prejudice in their  
face.

Have you forgotten creation  
And how you came to be a race?

You laugh because I am black  
And By What Right?  
I am here as God's own choice;  
He made the color of my skin,  
He gave me this my voice,  
And to you made me akin.

You usurp His authority  
And By What Right?  
You surely have forgot  
That He died for us all,  
Yes, even the worst lot,  
And claims each alike with His call.

### DUNBAR.

Look! at the height where Dunbar stood  
Upon yonder mountain side;  
And see the small, the great and good  
Deeds, rise as the flowing tide.  
Watch how he tottered up the hill  
Dragging the cares of his race:  
And note! he never stood still  
But plunged on to a higher place.

Hear him call his fellowmen,  
Come, although the way be marred,  
We cannot help but win,  
For God has never barred  
His children from a treasure  
That they could build upon;  
For to Him it is a pleasure  
To see the work go on.

At last, His call is all in vain  
You gave him not your aid;  
And he knew not your aim,  
So from God he was paid.  
He heard his Master's voice  
And answered to His will,  
And took for his own choice  
A home behind the hill.

He sleeps and yet he is not dead,  
His works go on and on  
From generation to generation ever will  
be read,  
And to this race belong.  
Although his life was short  
His name is wrapped in fame,  
And needs no man's support  
But covers all the blame.

### SONNET

This sonnet is one of the authoress' favorite poems. She has been quoted saying, "I believe I could write a book upon the character of Dr. Washington but after all the fourteen lines which I have composed would be my one thought."

Born in the depths of slavery's night,  
For the uplift of humanity's cause;  
Yet spared by providence to win the fight  
Which makes other men stand and  
pause;  
When they see the great educator of  
our race  
High up on the weak ladder of fame,  
Working hard to establish a place  
To give the men of his race a name.  
For this Booker Washington, shine on  
as a star,  
And prove to these men equality  
For time stands not so very far;  
When justice shall weight morality  
And tell all the world to stop  
And read with pride your name at the  
top.

### STREET PARADE AND INDOOR CARNIVAL BY THE COLORED BUSINESS MEN.

The Chicago Colored Business Men's Association will hold a parade and indoor carnival on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, August 10th, 11th and 12th, at Lincoln Gardens, 29th St., near Wabash Ave. The parade will form at 7:30 P. M. Monday evening, August 10th, at 36th Place and Wabash Avenue, near Binga's Bank. Great preparation is being made with King Rex and the Carnival Queen. All the leading business men are united and will participate in this parade. Display demonstrating the unparalleled material progress of the Negroes in Chicago, at the Gardens. Admission will be free to all.

Chicago Colored Business Men's Association, a chartered organization. The object of this association: 1. To maintain Co-operative service in business. 2. To perpetuate Industrial and commercial life. 3. To promote and defend high civil and moral standard.

Officers and Council Committee: Jesse Binga, president; Robert L. Hall, vice-president; Dr. C. D. Bell, financial secretary; M. T. Bailey, general secretary; Major John R. Lynch, Dr. M. R. Bibb, Rev. J. T. Jenifer, Messrs. W. W. Wallace, R. D. Mason, W. H. Riley, W. B. Wilson, Miles M. Webb, Vance Anderson, J. H. Anderson, E. Baldwin and H. B. Craddock, as well as others.

See next week's issue for complete programme.

### PROMOTIONS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.

That the Negro is getting something more substantial than the "hole in the doughnut" in the government service is shown by three very gratifying promotions of Colored men in the Department of Commerce, under Secretary Redfield of New York. Dr. Arthur S. Gray of Kansas, for twenty years in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, rising by dint of his own efforts to the editorial staff in this import branch, a master of English and a close student of international markets, was promoted to the \$1,600 grade, an increase of \$200 per annum. Attorney Thomas M. Dent of Georgia went from \$1,000 to \$1,200, and J. E. Henry of Mississippi, from \$720 to \$900. If the pessimists contend that these "plums" are small, let it not be overlooked that it is the aggregation of small things that make big things. Each of the advances was made strictly upon merit.

—Richard W. Thompson, in the Freeman, Indianapolis, Ind., July 25, 1914.

Miss Edyth Milant of Detroit, Mich., is in the city visiting with her friend, Mrs. Ed Mead, 6351 Eberhart avenue.

### ALPHA SUFFRAGE CLUB.

The regular business meeting of the Alpha Suffrage Club will be held this coming Wednesday evening, August 26th, at 3005 State St., 8 o'clock. The club is preparing to send delegates to the State Federation, Miss Bettiola Fortson and Mrs. Hattie Osborne, the president, Mrs. Ida Wells-Barnett, being yet undecided whether it will be convenient for her to go. This club has very interesting meetings and invites visitors to be present at any time and as election time draws near, meetings are more interesting than ever.

### THE NEGRO FELLOWSHIP LEAGUE

On Sunday, August 2nd, the League will be addressed by Mr. William D. Neighbors, on "The Negro as a Business Man." Mr. Neighbors is one of the most enterprising business men in the city and is well able to handle this subject. This address will not only be full of interest, but will also be a great inspiration to those who hear it. The public is cordially invited. Race matters taken up every Sunday. Meetings are held, 3005 State St., promptly at 4:00 P. M.

## CHIPS

Joseph H. Hudlun who has had charge of the Board of Trade Building for many years, spent Sunday and Monday at his farm, near Algon, Mich.

Major W. A. Plummer, of the first battalion, second regiment of the Knights of Pythias of Illinois who resides in Cairo, Ill., spent the past ten days in Chicago.

Mrs. Harry Stanton Brown, 3242 Calumet avenue, returned home Wednesday from a pleasure trip to St. Paul, Minn. While absent her sisters, Miss Hazel Thompson, Mrs. Florence Woodward and Mrs. Dan M. Jackson, kept house for her.

Col. Archibald N. Fields states that "At the time that Dr. Hall was elected president of the Negro Business League of this city, that he broke with his friend, Rev. Dr. A. J. Carey, and supported Sandy W. Trice for president."

Mrs. Chas. W. Bell of Cincinnati, O., is in the city as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Oliver W. Hatfield, 4122 St. Lawrence avenue. For some years Mrs. Bell was a teacher in the old Gaines School in that city.

George R. Garner, Jr., is still on a successful concert or singing tour through the west and last week he sent us two beautiful souvenirs of a large red apple and a big baked potato from that section of the country.

State Senator Samuel A. Ettelson, who is a candidate for re-election from the Third Senatorial district and who is a member of the big law firm of Schuyler, Ettelson and Winfield, New York Life Building, left last evening for a three weeks pleasure trip through the east.

Mr. Jesse Binga has been confined to his home, 3334 Vernon avenue, for almost two weeks with illness. But to the great delight of his good wife, Mrs. Binga, and his army of friends, he is regaining his health again and will be able to be at his place of business at 36th Place and State street, the first of the coming week.

According to the scientists, brain work is more exhausting than physical labor. Perhaps this explains why some men never seem tired.

In connection with Miss Pankhurst's proposed "no vote, no rent" crusade it will be recalled that open air sleeping is said to be very healthful.

In a commercial column of a New York paper it is said that coffee is weaker. According to the boarding house standard that is a lie.

What has become of the old time statistician who used to figure out how far the wheat crop would reach into space if the grains were laid end to end?

If, as an educator declares, the study of algebra causes girls to lose their souls, it is horrible to contemplate what must be the effect of calculus upon them.

A Russian prince, Alexandrovitch Abachidze, has been arrested in a Paris bomb plot. Why should he use a bomb? Why not hurt his name at somebody and let it explode?

The board of inquiry into the Express of Ireland disaster established a new precedent in its report. The name for the negligence which caused the loss of 1,032 lives was not laid on a dead man.

A camera which permits photographs to be autographed on the film at the moment the picture is taken has been sold for \$300,000. Most of us would like to see a photograph of our signature worth the price of the patent.