

THE WACO HORROR.

An Account of the Burning of a Human Being by the Christian Populace at Waco, Texas, United States of America, as Reported by a Special Agent of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Fifty thousand copies of the story of "The Waco Horror" have just been distributed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People through its official organ, the Crisis, and as a result a campaign for an antilynching fund of \$10,000 has been launched. Immediately upon hearing the details of this American atrocity, which for barbarity surpasses anything charged against the Germans in Belgium, Judge Moorfield Storey, National President of the Association, and formerly President of the American Bar Association, and Mr. Philip G. Peabody, both of Boston, each offered to contribute \$1,000 toward such a fund on condition that the remaining \$8,000 be raised by August 1.

The N. A. A. C. P. sent a special investigator from National headquarters at 70 Fifth avenue, New York, who commenced gathering evidence in Waco, Texas, where the burning occurred, within forty-eight hours after the lynching. Inasmuch as fifteen thousand people had sanctioned the affair by their presence and dozens of pictures were taken, there was no difficulty in ascertaining the names and addresses of the ring leaders and the failure of both the judge and sheriff to make the slightest effort to protect their prisoner. The Association is bending every effort to secure a distinguished Texas lawyer with courage enough to bring the case against these murderers into court.

Politics, the investigator found, was at the bottom of the affair. Sam Fleming, the sheriff, is up for reelection at the Democratic primary in July. His opponent, Buchanan, though illiterate, has "three dead niggers to his credit," and is therefore very popular. Unless he is to go back to selling bugles and cultivators for the

own wrist rather than take chances that the boy should die too soon. Many had come a long way to attend this party and they didn't want it to end in a minute. Everybody was happy, they shouted and sang like a bunch of fans at a ball game, according to a Waco paper.

When the boy's clothes had been cut up and distributed as souvenirs there were not enough pieces to go around, so somebody cut off an ear for his keepsake. The Waco Times Herald, published the same afternoon, said: "On the way to the scene of the burning, people on every side took a hand in showing their feelings in the matter by striking the Negro with anything obtainable. Some struck him with shovels, bricks, clubs, and others stabbed him and cut him until when he was strung up his body was a solid color of red, the blood of the many wounds inflicted covered him from head to foot."

They took Washington to a tree on the City Hall lawn just outside the window of His Honor, the Mayor, which he generously shared with Mr. Gildersleeve, the photographer to whom we are indebted for our cuts. A chain was thrown over the limb of this tree, and while the fire was being lit, this bloody thing was hoisted into the air where everyone would have a full view. A manicurist who works for Goldstein & Mingle, whose windows look out on the square, told the investigator she saw them unsex the lad. As the chain tightened around his neck this half dead creature reached up convulsively to grab it, so they cut his fingers off.

The Waco Times Herald makes no bones of it. "Fingers, ears, pieces of clothing, toes and other parts of the Negro's body were cut off by members of the mob that had crowded to the

boys set it up on one of the doorsteps and extracted the loose teeth, which are reported to have brought as high as five dollars apiece from those who could afford such rare and permanent souvenirs. The few fragments which held together till night, the undertaker was able to chuck into a very small ash can.

Waco is a center of American culture in Texas, a great Southern college town. It is a Christian city of 40,000 population, boasting thirty nine white and twenty four colored churches. Yet no responsible voice was raised in protest that bloody Monday, and only one has been since.

Those who believe that a cry to Heaven should be raised against this and every lynching, by legal prosecution, by publicity, by co-operation with the best white element of the South, by political agitation, are urged to assist the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to raise this \$10,000 antilynching fund before August 1. Contributions should be sent to Oswald Garrison Villard, Treasurer, at the national headquarters of the organization, 70 Fifth avenue, New York.

ROY NASH, Secretary.



THE TORTURE (Note the "Frenzied" Mob).

hardware store. Sam needed a lynching to increase his popularity. The murder of Mrs. Fryer on Monday, May 8, came just at the right time.

Jesse Washington, a colored boy of seventeen, confessed to both murder and rape. His trial was set for Monday, May 15. The crowd began gathering from the surrounding country on Sunday. When court opened, 1,500 crowded into the room, inside the rail, about the judge's desk and jury box, and 2,000 more waited in the courtyard.

The District Judge of the Criminal Court, R. I. Munroe, elbowed his way to his desk, and the boy was brought from his chambers, where he had been sequestered since the sheriff brought him from Dallas in the middle of the night. As the jurors were called, the crowd yelled, "We don't need any jury!" but the trial was allowed to be hurried through. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder and assessed his punishment at death. The accused his punishment at death. The defendant had waived his legal rights, and would have been hanged that same afternoon. There was a pause of a full minute. The court stenographer slipped out with his records. Sheriff Fleming sneaked out, too.

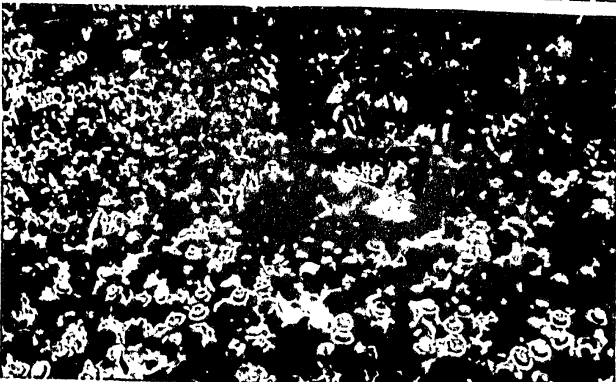
Then a big fellow in the back of the court room yelled, "Get the nigger!" They took him before the court had pronounced judgment, without the judge lifting a finger in protest. Down the back stairs they rushed him to the crowd waiting outside. They put the chain in his mouth so that he wouldn't choke too soon, and when those tugging at it broke it, the driver of the Anheuser brewery truck, who led the rabble, wound it around his

scene as if by magic when the word that the Negro had been taken in charge by the mob was heralded over the city. As the smoke rose to the heavens, the mass of people, numbering in the neighborhood of 10,000, crowding the City Hall lawn and overflowing the square, hanging from the windows of buildings, viewing the scene from the tops of buildings and trees, set up a shout that was heard blocks away. Onlookers were hanging from the windows of the City Hall and every other building that commanded a sight of the burning, and as the Negro's body commenced to burn, shouts of delight went up from the thousands of throats, and apparently everybody demonstrated in some way their satisfaction.

The body of young Washington was burned to a crisp and was left for some time smouldering in the remains of the fire. Women and children who desired to view the scene were allowed to do so, the crowds parting to let them look on," says the newspaper account. One father, when questioned about the propriety of holding his little son on his shoulder where he could get a good view, is reported as saying:

"My son son can't learn too young the proper way to treat a nigger."

At 12 o'clock the crowd adjourned for lunch, as usual; but by a quarter past one some of the boys were back to continue the fun. A cowboy who had ridden in off the range created a diversion by lassooing the corpse and riding all over town with the remains dangling at the end of his lariat. When the head bounced off as he galloped through the "reservation" the ghetto where the Negroes and prostitutes are segregated, some little



MOB OF CHRISTIANS BURNING HUMAN BEING IN U. S. A.

Turkish, Bulgarian, Albania, Cossack, Fiji Islands, Moro (Head Hunters), Thug (Indian Stranglers) and German (in Belgium) Papers Please Copy.