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The Play that Is Stirring the Nation

The Clansman

BY

THOMAS DIXON, Jr.



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Contents:

1. Portrait and Sketch of Author
2. Twenty-three Great Scenes from the Play
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4. Mr. Dixon's Famous Articles on
The Future of the Negro
The Story of the Ku Klux Klan and
What Our Nation owes to the Klan

NEW YORK
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PRICE 50 CENTS

The Clansman

AN AMERICAN DRAMA *By*
THOMAS DIXON, Jr.

From his two famous Novels
"The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman"



ACT I.

THE FALL OF THE MASTER

SCENE: In front of the Cameron House, Piedmont, S. C.,
Election Day, November 20, 1867.

ACT II.

THE SLAVE IN THE MASTER'S HALL

SCENE: The Parlor of the Cameron House, one year later.

ACT III.

IN THE CLAWS OF THE BEAST

PART 1. *The Beat of a Sparrow's Wing.*

SCENE: Same as Act I. A week has elapsed.

PART 2. *The Hunt for the Animal*

SCENE: The Cave Den of the Klan three hours later.

ACT IV.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

SCENE: The Library of Silas Lynch, the Negro Lieutenant
Governor of South Carolina, the next afternoon.

P R E S E N T E D B Y

The Southern Amusement Co.

GEORGE H. BRENNAN, *Manager*

Knickerbocker Theatre Building
Number 1402 Broadway, New York



THE AUTHOR RETOUCHING THE DIALOGUE DURING REHEARSALS.

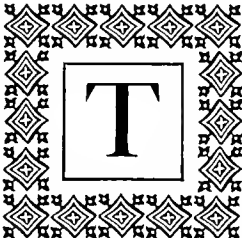


The Production of the Play



A Sequel to Uncle Tom's Cabin



HE CLANSMAN'' which is in an important sense a sequel to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced at The Academy of Music, Norfolk, Virginia, September 22, 1905, to one of the largest audiences which ever assembled in a theatre in the city. It was received with remarkable enthusiasm and was played through the South to crowds which have broken the records of every house in which it has been presented.

The sensation it has created in the Southern towns and cities has no parallel. The press has devoted columns of editorials to the discussion of the play. While many of them have taken the ground that such a drama should not be given in the South, where the race problem is acute, they have all agreed that the North should see the picture it presents. The historical accuracy of this picture is absolutely unassailable. Mr. Dixon's answer to his Southern critics is simple and to the point: "The truth is its own vindication, North, South, East and West. If my play is true, the young South should know it, the young North should know it. If it is false, it should be suppressed. If it is good for one section, it is good for all. I seek national unity through knowledge of the truth."



The Leading Characters of the Play

ARRANGED IN THE ORDER WHICH
THEY FIRST APPEAR

ALECK, - - - - - *The Sheriff of Ulster*
 NELSE, - - - - - *An Old Fashioned Negro*
 CARPETBAGGER, - - *Peddler and Auctioneer*
 GUS, - - - - - *Of the Black Guard*
 DICK, - - - - - *A Gemman of Color*
 EVE, - - - - - *Nelse's Wife*
 AUSTIN STONEMAN, - - *Radical Leader*
 Dr. RICHARD CAMERON, - *A Conservative*
 FLORA, - - - - - *His Little Daughter*
 NELLIE GRAHAM, - *Ben's First Sweetheart*
 KATE LAURENS, }
 ALICE WORTH, } - - - - - *Nellie's Friends*
 ELSIE STONEMAN, - } *The Radical Leader's*
 } *Daughter*
 BEN CAMERON, - - - - - *The Clansman*
 SILAS LYNCH, - *Lieut.-Gov. of South Carolina*
 NEGRO CORPORAL, *Of the Governor's Guard*
 WILLIAM PITT SHRIMP, - } *Gov. of South*
 } *Carolina*
 GEN. N. B. FORREST, *Grand Wizard of the Klan*

SOLDIERS, BLACK LEAGUERS, CITIZENS,
CLANSMEN, ETC.

Fac-simile reproductions of two columns from first page Norfolk paper =

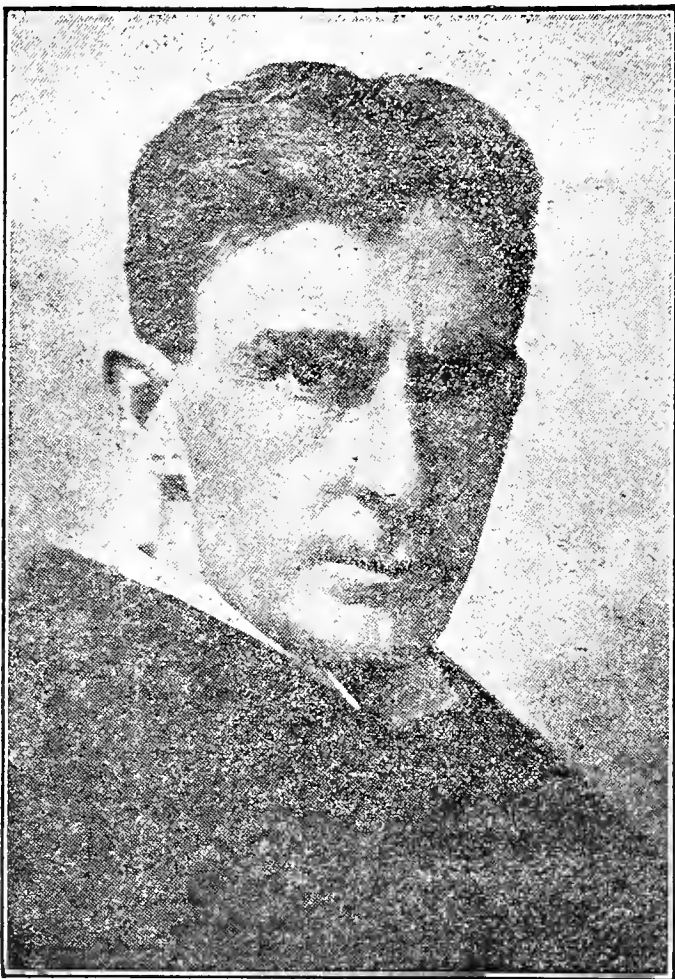
Pilot

The Norfolk
Virginian-Pilot
after the
opening
Sept 1917

5. TWELVE PAGES.

THREE CENT

THOMAS DIXON, JR.



'THE GLANSMAN' SCORED SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

Thomas Dixon's Play Swept Big Audience Off Its Feet And
Stirred Whites And Blacks To Intense Feeling.

In a cheap theatre once the writer saw a blood and thunder melodrama sweep an audience off its feet in a wild frenzy of enthusiasm. Men cheered and stamped their feet and clapped their hands in approval of the hero and hissed the villain with an earnestness that depleted the wrath he had stirred up within their hearts. But that audience was on a par with the theatre it filled. Culture and the gift of education were minus quantities. Its nature was appealed to in a direct manner by a play which dealt with the baser passions of life in a wide-open way.

Last night two thousand people accorded a reception not one whit less enthusiastic to another play. These people were for the greater part the most refined and polished of this section of Virginia. They arose en masse and put the seal of their approbation upon a play that was being presented for the first time on any stage. The sound of hands being clapped was drowned sometimes by the volume of cheers that echoed through the Academy of Music, and again the big auditorium fairly seethed with sibilant hisses. The applause was for the play itself, for the man who wrote it and for the people who depicted the heroic parts. And the hisses were the sincerest applause that could be given those actors who portrayed the villainous and unpopular characters.

The play was "The Clansman," its author, Thomas Dixon Jr.

Play Stirs Race Sentiment.

As a dramatic success the presentation was remarkable. The story is absorbing in its interest and the plot is one in which the sequence of events leads to a logical denouement after climaxes of intense strength. There were none of the usual "first night" hitches nor of the expected stumbling in the lines. The cast had the book letter perfect, the business as smooth and as finished as though the production had been running for weeks and the stage force were at their work as though they had been "setting" the play for many days. This is fully demonstrated by the fact that the four acts and five scenes were produced in three hours.

The play itself, outside of the acting, the setting and the business, but just in its naked lines, is unique. Here in Norfolk, of course sentiment is southern, strongly southern, and this, no doubt, had something to do with the enthusiasm. Further south the southern sentiment is stronger.

On a tour through the south "The Clansman" will be like a runaway car loaded with dynamite.

Mr. Dixon declares he has no desire to stir up race or sectional feeling. But the words he puts into the mouths of some of the negro characters, the situations of most intense race differences, the death of a fair young child at the hands of a black brute, and the horrible insult offered a white woman by a negro when he told her he was a millionaire and asked her heart and hand, can not be played on any southern stage before southern white people without rekindling in their veins the smouldering fire which was first ignited during the dark and bloody days of the Reconstruction period.

And while these things aroused the white people in last night's audience, there were incidents that reflected the thoughts and sentiments which existed high up in the gallery where hundreds of negro men and women were packed and jammed. Their hisses were just as cutting as those of the whites, but they were directed at the white characters, and their applause was never so loud as when the negro, Lynch ordered the Abolitionist Stoneman from the former's house and presence. This, after Stoneman, who had preached equality and brotherhood and intermarriage, had seen the light when Lynch wanted to marry his daughter.

Then it was that the chickens of the North came home to roost.

Lesson in White Supremacy.

The lesson of "The Clansman" stands out in plain, bold type all through the play. There is no "problem" attached to the piece. It is nothing if not definite in its assertiveness that the white race must dominate the black and that no people are better able to preach this doctrine than those of the South who have waded through blood in their struggle to throw off the yoke that was placed upon their shoulders when a scratch of a pen threw over the land they owned a horde of incapable black-skinned people clothed with equal rights. The yoke has been thrown off, but it is still nearby and Mr. Dixon says he wants to demonstrate, by pages from the past, why it must never be borne by white people again.

"The Clansman" only reiterates to southern people what they already know. But in the process of doing so, its author has created a play strong, virile, replete with sentiment, sparkling comedy and thrilling climaxes of remarkable power.

With one or two slight alterations the play could be improved. The tracing of the somewhat curtailed ancestry of a young negro is not exactly palatable to a refined audience.

The Cast Well Selected.

The cast has been excellently selected in the main. Georgia Welles as Elsie Stoneman instantly won her auditors by her unaffected methods and displayed great power in the strong emotional scenes. Franklin Ritchie was a close favorite as Ben Cameron, the young chief of the Ku Klux Klan. One of the strongest roles of the play was that of Silas Lynch, the negro lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, as played by Austin Webb. The character is an absolutely new one to the stage. John B. Cooke was equally successful in portraying the role of Austin Stoneman, a character closely moulded after Thaddeus Stevens, the leader of the radical republicans in congress during the Reconstruction period. Theodore Kehrwald as Nelse, Maude Durand as Eve, and John B. Hymer as Aleck, brought out effectively the rich comedy of the southern darkey characters that they portrayed. Other hits were made by little Violet Mersereau, Charles Mallet and Charles Avery.

Mr. Dixon's Speech.

At the end of the third act the calls for the author-playwright were long and pronounced and finally Mr. Dixon appeared before the curtain. Then pandemonium broke loose. Cheers rent the air, handkerchiefs were waved and the American method of applause, hand clapping, seemed tame. The man for whom the ovation was intended stood bowing and smiling and apparently calm in what was remarked by many to be the most glorious moment of his life. At last things became quiet enough for him to make himself heard. He said in part:

"I want you all to know how much I appreciate the wonderful reception you have given my play tonight. I want to thank you for the players, the management and for myself. For fifty-two years Uncle Tom's Cabin has maligned the south and I can only hope that 'The Clansman' may last that long and accomplish as much for the other side of the great question.

"My object is to teach the north, the young north, what it has never known—the awful suffering of the white man during the dreadful reconstruction period. I believe that Almighty God anointed the white men of the south by their suffering during that time immediately after the Civil war to dem-

(Continued on Page 2)

THOMAS DIXON, Jr.

BY

E. F. HARKINS

From his volume "*Among Men Who Have Written Famous Books*" by permission of L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

“THE LEOPARD’S SPOTS,” by Thomas Dixon, Jr., which Doubleday, Page & Co. published in March, 1902, is by all odds the most remarkable of the many recent successful first novels. Until lately a successful first novel was a rarity; now it is almost a commonplace. “The Leopard’s Spots,” though not so popular as some, is the most remarkable of all. Max Nordau says that it has deliberately undone the work of Harriet Beecher Stowe. At least, it may fairly be regarded as the South’s long-deferred answer to “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” In the twelvemonth following its publication one hundred thousand copies were sold.

Strictly speaking, “The Leopard’s Spots” is not so much an answer as a sequel to “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” By portraying its abuses, Mrs. Stowe dealt slavery a blow from which it never recovered. That slavery cloaked fearful abuses no Southerner—not even Mr. Dixon himself—denies, or could honestly deny. But “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” did not look forward to the consequences of the emancipation of the negro; and that these consequences are troublesome, and often fearful, no Northerner—not even one of Garrison’s sons—could honestly deny. The relation between “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and “The Leopard’s Spots,” therefore, is simply local. Mrs. Stowe was not responsible for the scalawags who took possession of the South after the war; nor was Mr. Dixon responsible for the abuses inflicted upon helpless and innocent negroes, both male and female, before the war.

But, after all has been said, the negro problem still remains; and this is the problem which the Virginia novelist begs his readers to consider. “Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?” Can the thoughtful white man ever admit the negro to full social and political equality? Possibly some Northerners would vote for a negro of Dr. Booker T. Washington’s stamp for President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt has had Doctor Washington at dinner in the White House. But would the most sympathetic Northern negromaniac, a refined, aristocratic white man, encourage and permit a negro to marry into his family?

The substance of Mr. Dixon’s argument, which repudiates the idea that absolute equality between Caucasian and Ethiopian exist in the United States, lies in the chapter entitled “Equality with a Reservation.”

That scene presents the negro problem stripped of all its shams and subterfuges. It is a violent picture. The effect might have been produced more quietly and more truthfully.

Naturally “The Leopard’s Spots” aroused much hostile criticism, based on the allegation that it appealed to prejudice and that it raked up dead issues. The author replied in a letter from which we quote these few paragraphs:

“I have not sought to arouse race hatred or prejudice. For the negro I have the friendliest feelings and the profoundest

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

pity. What I have attempted to show is that this nation is now beginning to face an apparently insoluble problem.

"I claim the book is an authentic human document, and I know it is the most important moral deed of my life. There is not a bitter or malignant sentence in it. It may shock the prejudices of those who have idealized or worshipped the negro as canonized in 'Uncle Tom.' Is it not time they heard the whole truth? They have learned only one side for forty years. . . .

"The only question for a critic to determine when discussing my moral right to publish such a book is this: Is the record of life given important and authentic? If eighteen millions of Southern people, who at present rule, believe what my book expresses, is it not well to know it? I assert that they do believe it, and the number of Southern white people to-day who disagree with 'The Leopard's Spots' could all be housed on a half-acre lot. I challenge any man to deny this. If it is true, is it not of tremendous importance that the whole nation shall know it?"

Comparatively speaking, the author of "The Leopard's Spots" is still a young man. He was born in Cleveland county, North Carolina, January 11, 1864. His father was a well-known Baptist minister. At the age of nineteen Thomas was graduated from Wake Forest College, of his native State, and, by the way, the *alma mater* of the hero of the novel. Then Mr. Dixon entered Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, as a special student in history and politics. This advantage was gained by means of a scholarship. The following year, 1884, he took up the study of law at the Greensboro (North Carolina) Law School, from which he was graduated in 1886. That same year he was admitted to the bar of all the courts in the State, including the United States district courts, and also to the bar of the United States Supreme Court at Washington. However, with characteristic restlessness, he resigned these privileges, in October, 1886, to enter the ministry. Seven months before he had been married to Miss Harriett Bussey, of Montgomery, Alabama.

It would be a rather difficult task to note in an orderly fashion all the steps that Mr. Dixon took from his graduation at Wake Forest College to his entrance into the ministry. For one thing, he was a member of the North Carolina Legislature from 1884 to 1886; but other pursuits seem to have lessened legislative attractions for him. At the same time, in 1884, he must have been a curious, if not a powerful, legislator, for he was then only twenty years old, and consequently not a voter. A young man to have been affected by the buzzing of the political bee!

In 1887, after his ordination, he was elected pastor of a Baptist church in Raleigh, North Carolina. During the following year he occupied a Baptist pulpit in Boston, and the next year he accepted a call to New York. There his restlessness waned, for there he remained until 1899. Before the close of his ministry he enjoyed the reputation of attracting larger congregations than any other Protestant preacher in the country. At any rate, his ministrations were remarkably popular; and when he pleased he could preach a highly sensational sermon. Many of his pulpit utterances are to be found in the books which he compiled prior to his leaving New York—"Living Problems in Religion and Social Science" (1891), "What Is

Religion?" (1902), "Sermons on Ingersoll" (1894), and the "Failure of Protestantism in New York" (1897). The last book may be said to have foretold his departure from the ministry. As pastor of the People's Church he rose to more than local prominence by reason of his freedom and originality of thought, his vigor of expression, and his independence of action. He proved on many occasions that he was not a man to be fettered by traditions or by customs; but, at the same time, he stood afar from radicalism. His faith was as strong at the end of his ministry as at the start, and his independence concerned the lesser restraints. He did not hesitate, for instance, to go hunting with a gun—which is not exactly a clerical occupation.

It was as a preacher, by the way, that Mr. Dixon first became identified with fiction. Camden, the heroic preacher who figures in one of Lillian Bell's stories, was drawn from the same man who afterward drew the heroic figure of Charles Gaston in "The Leopard's Spots."

Nearly every educated imaginative boy at some time feels disposed to write books. Our North Carolina boy was no exception to this rule; and though law, and afterward religion, drew him away from literature, he has returned to it as to a first love. After leaving the People's Temple he spent much of his time lecturing; and, indeed, he is one of the most popular lecturers in America. But he kept literature in mind, and simply awaited his theme—his opportunity.

"The Leopard's Spots" simmered in his mind for more than a year. Almost every day something went into the mental pot—some idea, some fact found in an obscure quarter, some new answer to an old argument. The actual writing of the novel occupied about sixty days. Part of the writing was done in a deserted cabin on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, across from "Elmington," the author's estate; and part was done in the spare hours of a lecture tour.

This tour was full of distraction. There is a story which tells how a peremptory dinner call at a hotel brought him moodily down-stairs. As he was entering the dining-room, a black hall-boy pulled his sleeve and said, "Scuse me, suh; but I reck'n you's forgot sump'n." "Have I?" said Mr. Dixon, puzzled. "What is it?" "You's sutunly forgot all 'bout dat collah an' necktie." Sure enough, in his excitement he had overlooked his neckwear, and he returned to his room thankful that his omission was not worse. He does not mind telling a story on himself.

"Elmington Manor," the author's new home in Divondale, Virginia, is a truly magnificent estate. The five hundred acres comprise all the attractions of the country and the seashore. Quail, woodcock, and wild turkey abound; there are twenty-five acres of oyster beds; there is a beach a mile and a half long; there are three hundred large shade trees on the lawn; the white house, with its imposing portico, contains thirty-five rooms, and the drive from the porch to the front gate is two miles long. The log cabin in which the author works was planned by him and built by negroes under his supervision. Across the creek from "Elmington" and the five hundred acres roundabout were once among the possessions of the Indian princess, Pocahontas.



NELSE: "NOW DES LISTEN DAT CHILE"—ACT I.

Mr. Dixon's Famous Articles

ON

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO
THE STORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN and
WHAT OUR NATION OWES TO THE KLAN

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO

and Booker T. Washington's Work

Containing Some Sentences Omitted in *The Saturday Evening Post* Article.

FOR Mr. Booker T. Washington as a man and leader of his race I have always had the warmest admiration. His life is a romance which appeals to the heart of universal humanity. The story of a little ragged, barefooted piccaninny who lifted his eyes from a cabin in the hills of Virginia, saw a vision and followed it, until at last he presides over the richest and most powerful institution of learning in the South, and sits down with crowned heads and Presidents, has no parallel even in the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

The spirit of the man, too, has always impressed me with its breadth, generosity and wisdom. The aim of his work is noble and inspiring. As I understand it from his own words, it is "to make Negroes producers, lovers of labor, honest, independent, good." His plan for doing this is to lead the Negro to the goal through the development of solid character, intelligent industry and material acquisition.

Only a fool or a knave can find fault with such an ideal. It rests squarely on the eternal verities. And yet it will not solve the Negro problem nor bring us within sight of its solution. Upon the other hand, it will only intensify that problem's dangerous features, complicate and make more difficult its ultimate settlement.

It is this tragic fact to which I am trying to call the attention of the nation.

I have for the Negro race only pity and sympathy, though every large convention of Negroes since the appearance of my first historical novel on the race problem have gone out of their way to denounce me personally and declare my books caricatures and libels on their people. Their mistake is a natural one. My books are hard reading for a Negro, and yet the Negroes, in denouncing them, are unwittingly denouncing one of their best friends.

I have been intimately associated with Negroes since the morning of my birth during the Civil War. My household servants are all Negroes. I took them to Boston with me, moved them to New York, and they now have entire charge of my Virginia home. The first row I ever had on the Negro problem was when I moved to Boston from the South to



BEN: "TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME!"—ACT I

take charge of a fashionable church at the Hub. I attempted to import my baby's Negro nurse into a Boston hotel. The proprietor informed me that no "coon" could occupy a room in his house in any capacity, either as guest or servant. I gave him a piece of my mind and left within an hour.

As a friend of the Negro race I claim that he should have the opportunity for the highest, noblest and freest development of his full, rounded manhood. He has never had this opportunity in America, either North or South, and he never can have it. The forces against him are overwhelming.

My books and play are simply merciless records of conditions as they exist, conditions that can have but one ending if they are not honestly and fearlessly faced. The Civil War abolished chattel slavery. It did not settle the Negro problem. It settled the Union question and created the Negro problem. Frederick Harrison, the English philosopher, during his visit to America two years ago, declared that the one great shadow which clouds the future of the American Republic is the approaching tragedy of the irreconcilable conflict between the Negro and White Man in the development of our society. Mr. James Bryce recently made a similar statement.

Sixty Million Negroes

If allowed to remain here, the Negro race in the United States will number 60,000,000 at the end of this century by their present rate of increase. Think of what this means for a moment and you face the gravest problem which ever puzzled the brain of statesman or philosopher. No such problem ever before confronted the white man in his recorded history. It cannot be whistled down by opportunists, politicians, weak-minded optimists or female men. It must be squarely met and fought to a finish.

Several classes of people at present obstruct any serious consideration of this question—the pot-house politician, the ostrich man, the pooh-pooh man, and the benevolent old maid. The politician is still busy over the black man's vote in doubtful States. The pooh-pooh man needs no definition—he was born a fool. The benevolent old maid contributes every time the hat is passed and is pretty sure to do as much harm as good in the long run to any cause. The ostrich man is the funniest of all this group of obstructionists, for he is a man of brains and capacity.

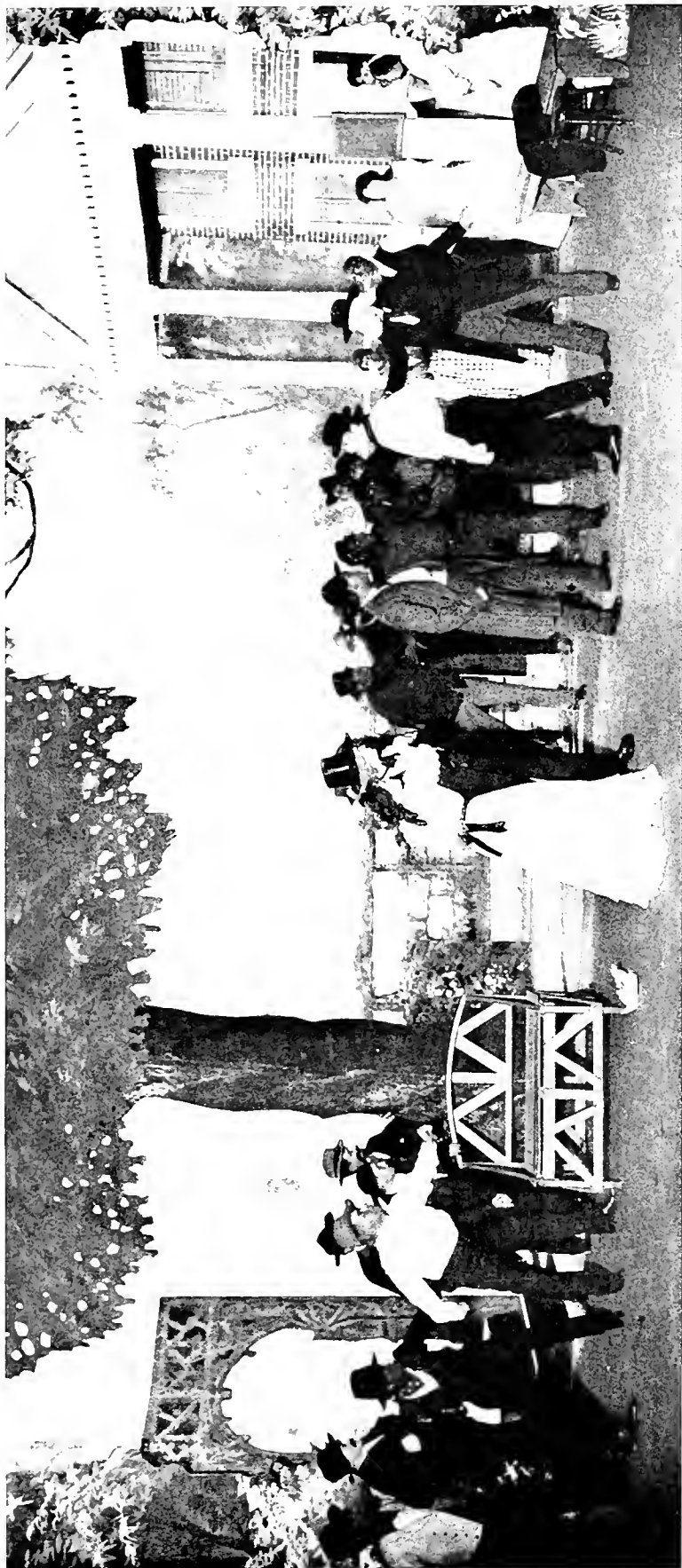
I have a friend of this kind in New York. He got after me the other day somewhat in this fashion:

"What do you want to keep agitating this infernal question for? There's no danger in it unless you stir it. Let it alone. Hush it up and it will take care of itself. I grant you that the Negro race is a poor, worthless parasite, whose criminal and animal instincts threaten society. But the Negro is here to stay. We must train him. It is the only thing we can do. So what's the use to waste your breath?"

"But what about the future when you have educated the Negro?" I asked timidly.

"Let the future take care of itself!" the ostrich man snorted. "We live in the present. What's the use to worry about Hell? If I can scramble through this world successfully I'll take my chance with the hell problem!"

My friend forgets that this was precisely the line of argument of our fathers over the question of Negro slavery. When



BEN-HUR. "I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL, FIRST!"—ACT I.

the constructive statemen of Virginia (called pessimists and infidels in their day) foresaw the coming baptism of fire and blood ('61 to '65) over the Negro slave, they attempted to destroy the slave trade and abolish slavery. My friend can find his very words in the answers of their opponents. "Let the future take care of itself! The slaves are here and here to stay. Greater evils await their freedom. We need their labor. Let the question alone. There is no danger in it unless you stir it."

The truth which is gradually forcing itself upon thoughtful students of our national life is that no scheme of education or religion can solve the race problem, and that Mr. Booker T. Washington's plan, however high and noble, can only intensify its difficulties.

This conviction is based on a few big fundamental facts, which no pooh-poohing, ostrich-dodging, weak-minded philanthropy or political rant can obscure.

The first one is that no amount of education of any kind, industrial, classical or religious, can make a Negro a white man or bridge the chasm of the centuries which separate him from the white man in the evolution of human civilization.

Expressed even in the most brutal terms of Anglo-Saxon superiority there is here an irreducible fact. It is possibly true, as the Negro, Professor Kelly Miller, claims, that the Anglo-Saxon is "the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and intolerant race in history." Even so, what answer can be given to his cold-blooded proposition: "Can you change the color of the Negro's skin, the kink of his hair, the bulge of his lip or the beat of his heart with a spelling-book or a machine?"

Lincoln's Opinion

No man has expressed this idea more clearly than Abraham Lincoln when he said:

"There is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will forever forbid them living together on terms of social and political equality."

Whence this physical difference? Its secret lies in the gulf of thousands of years of inherited progress which separates the child of the Aryan from the child of the African.

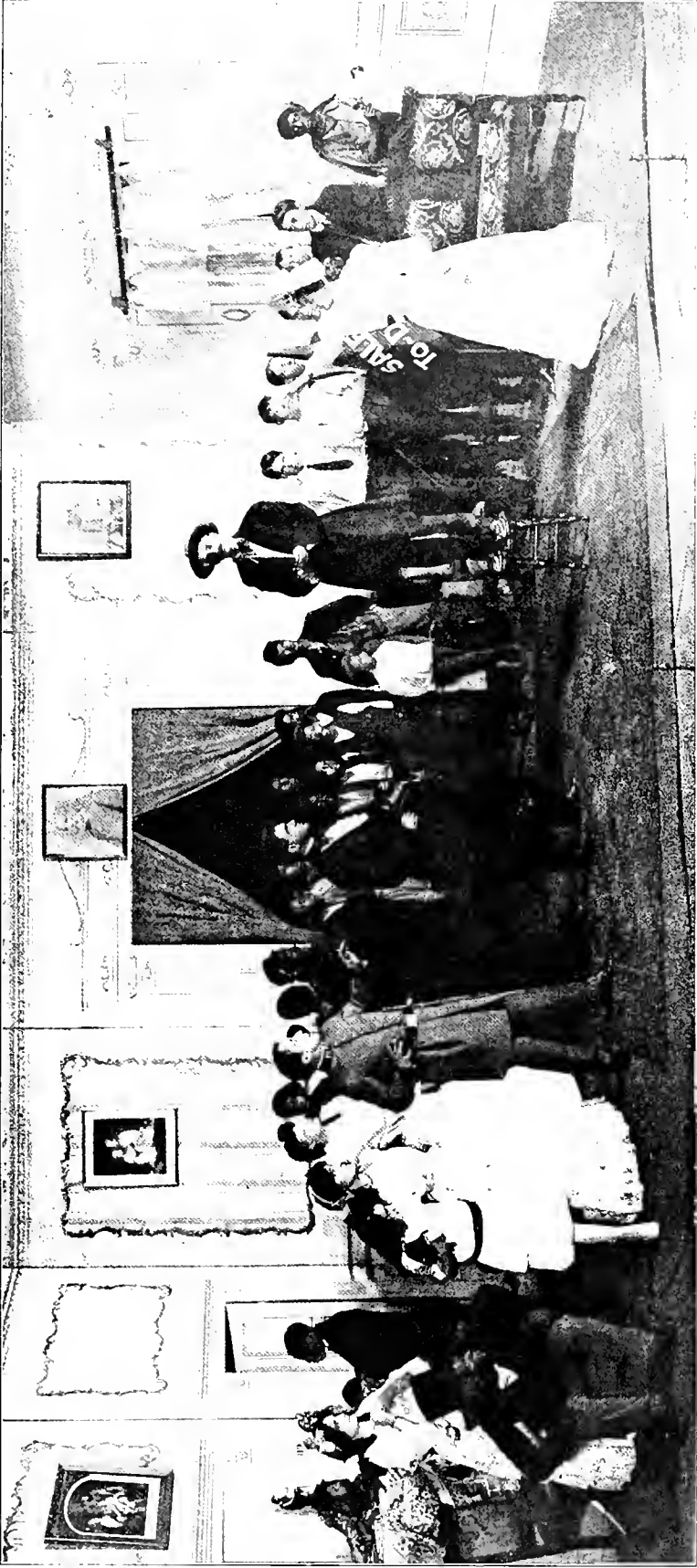
Buckle in his *History of Civilization* says: "The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good. The discoveries of genius alone remain: it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and for all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own lives; they are essentially cumulative."

Judged by this supreme test, what contribution to human progress have the millions of Africans who inhabit this planet made during the past four thousand years? Absolutely nothing. And yet, Mr. Booker T. Washington in a recent burst of eloquence over his educational work boldly declares:

"The Negro race has developed more rapidly in the thirty years of its freedom than the Latin race has in one thousand years of freedom."

Think for a moment of the pitiful puerility of this statement falling from the lips of the greatest and wisest leader the Negro race has yet produced!

Italy is the mother of genius, the inspiration of the ages, the



ELSIE: "ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!"—ACT II.

creator of architecture, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, law, science, philosophy, finance, church organization, sculpture, music, painting and literature, and yet the American Negro in thirty years has outstripped her thousands of years of priceless achievement!

Education is the development of that which *is*. The Negro has held the Continent of Africa since the dawn of history, crunching acres of diamonds beneath his feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a white man showed to him its light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never built a harness, cart or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an ax, spear or arrowhead worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. In a land of stone and timber, he never carved a block, sawed a foot of lumber or built a house save of broken sticks and mud, and for four thousand years he gazed upon the sea yet never dreamed a sail.

Who is the greatest Negro that ever lived according to Mr. Booker T. Washington? Through all his books he speaks this man's name with bated breath and uncovered head—"Frederick Douglass of sainted memory!" And what did Saint Frederick do? Spent a life in bombastic vituperation of the men whose genius created the American Republic, wore himself out finally drawing his salary as a Federal office-holder, and at last achieved the climax of sainthood by marrying a white woman!

What Education Cannot Do

Says the author of Napoleon, Honorable Thomas E. Watson: "Education is a good thing, but it never did and never will alter the essential character of any man or race of men."

I repeat, education is the development of that which *is*. Behold the man whom the rags of slavery once concealed—nine millions strong! This creature, with a racial record of four thousand years of incapacity, half-child, half-animal, the sport of impulse, whim and conceit, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose native tongue has framed no word of love, whose passions once aroused are as the tiger's—equality is the law of our life!—when he is educated and ceases to fill his useful sphere as servant and peasant, what are you going to do with him?

The second big fact which confronts the thoughtful patriotic American is that the greatest calamity which could possibly befall this Republic would be the corruption of our national character by the assimilation of the Negro race. I have never seen a white man of any brains who disputes this fact. I have never seen a Negro of any capacity who did not deny it.

A distinguished Negro college professor recently expressed himself as to the future American in one of our great periodicals as follows:

"All race prejudice will be eradicated. Physically, the new race will be much the stronger. It will be endowed with a higher intelligence and clearer conception of God than the whites of the West have ever had. It will be much less material than the American white of to-day. It will be especially concerned with the things of the mind, and moral excellence will become the dominant factor in the life of the new nation. The new race is to gain more from the Black element than from the White."



BEING OPEN TO MINDLESS STONEMAN, AS IN THAT MANNER AT THE PERIL OF YOUR LIFE! A.D.D.

We have here an accurate statement of the passionate faith of ninety-nine Negroes out of every hundred. Professor Du Bois, author of "The Souls of Black Folk," undoubtedly believes this. His book is a remarkable contribution to the literature of our race problem. In it for the first time we see the naked soul of a Negro beating itself to death against the bars in which Aryan society has caged him! No white man with a soul can read this book without a tear. Mr. Charles W. Chesnut, the Negro novelist, believes in amalgamation, for he told me so. Professor Kelly Miller, the distinguished Negro teacher of Washington, believes it. In a recent article he declares:

"It is, of course, impossible to conceive of two races occupying the same area, speaking the same language, worshipping according to the same ritual, and endowed with the same political and civil privileges without ultimately fusing. Social equality is not an individual matter, as many contend, but is rigorously under the control of public sentiment."

I commend the solid logic of these sentences from a thoughtful Negro to the illustrious Society of Pooch-Poochs.

Where Booker Washington Is Silent

What is the attitude of Booker T. Washington on this vital issue? You will search his books and listen to his lectures in vain for any direct answer. Why? Because, if he dared to say what he really in his soul of souls believes, it would end his great career, both North and South. In no other way has he shown his talent as an organizer and leader of his people with such consummate skill as in the dexterity with which he has for twenty years dodged this issue, holding steadily the good-will of the Southern white man and the Northern philanthropist. Beyond all doubt he is the greatest diplomat his race has ever produced.

Yet he who reads between the lines of his written and spoken words will find the same purpose and the same faith in that which his more blunt and fearless brethren have honestly and boldly proclaimed. He shows this in his worship of Frederick Douglass. In his book, "The Future of the American Negro," we find this careful sentence:

"To state in detail just what place the black man will occupy in the South as a citizen when he has developed in the direction named is beyond the wisdom of any one."

Yet on page 69 he says:

"The surest way for the Negro to reach the highest positions is to prepare himself to fill well at the present the basic occupations"—independent industries, of course—for, mark you, "*Tuskegee Institute is not a servant-training school!*"

Again, on pages 83 and 85 we are told: "There is an unmistakable influence that comes over a white man when he sees a black man living in a two-story brick house that has been paid for. I need not stop to explain. Just in so far as we can place rich Negroes in the South who can loan money to white men, this race question will disappear."

Why?

The conclusion is obvious: The Negro who holds a mortgage on a white man's house will ultimately demand and receive social recognition from him.

Although Mr. Washington's public speech is careful on this dangerous issue of social equality, the force of his example



ELSIE: "I DO LOVE YOU!"—Act II.

is unmistakable. The pathetic eagerness with which he accepts invitations from the white man leaves nothing to the imagination as to his real faith and desires. Moreover, he persists in sending his daughters to school with white girls in the North, notwithstanding their presence is a source of annoyance to the faculty, pupils and patrons of the institution. The Negroes have as fine schools for girls in the South as are to be found in America. If Mr. Booker T. Washington does not believe in social equality and does not teach it, why butt into these white schools with his children? Actions speak louder than words.

The simple truth is he does believe in social equality for the races, desires it, *and the purpose of his great work is to ultimately make it inevitable.*

On page 66 of his "Future of the American Negro," he says: "The Jew, who was once in about the same position as the Negro is to-day, has now recognition because he has entwined himself about America in a business and industrial way."

Again, his conclusion is obvious. The absurdity of the comparison, however, is the important point in this sentence, not only for the pathetic ignorance of history it displays but for the revelation of the writer's secret hopes and dreams.

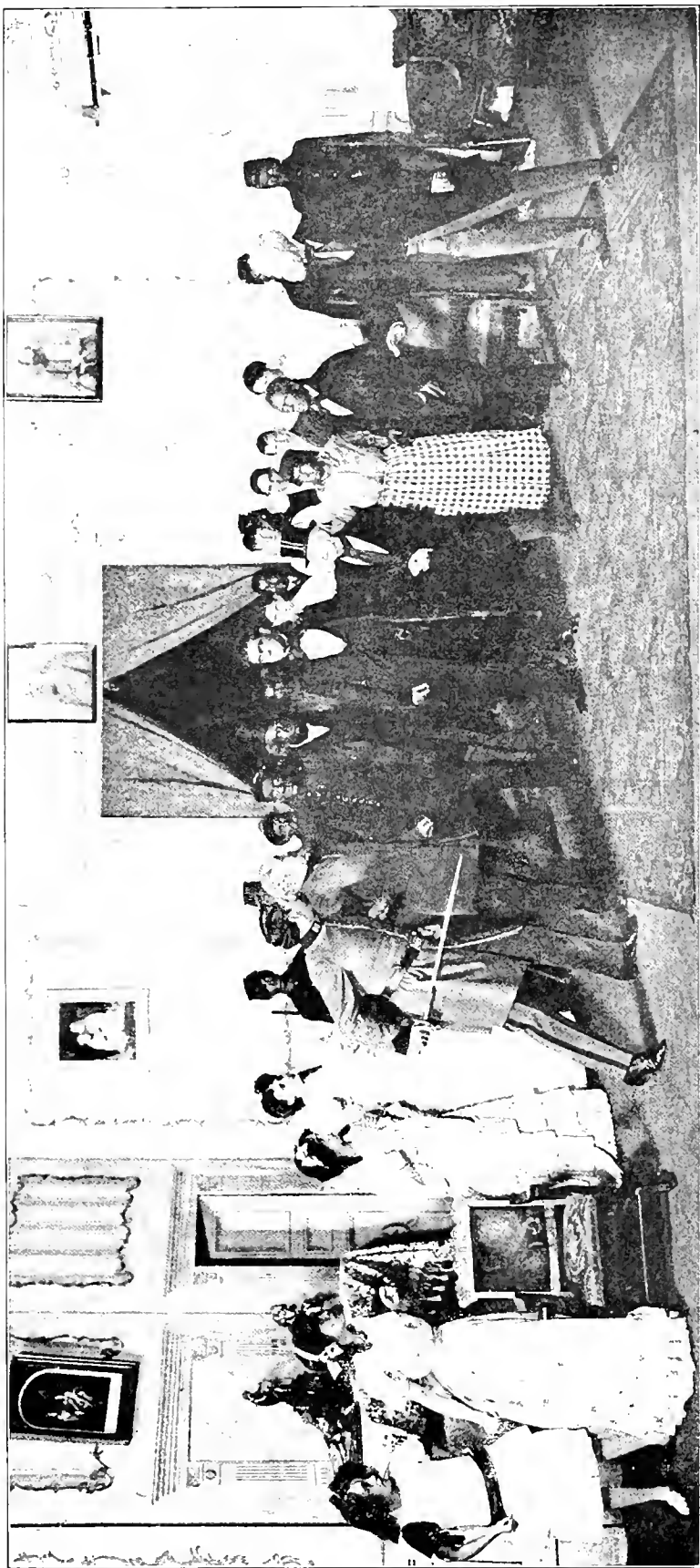
The Jew In American Life

The Jew has not been assimilated into our civil and social life because of his money—but for a very different reason. The Jew belongs to our race, the same great division of humanity. The Semitic group of the white race is, all in all, the greatest evolved in history. Their children have ever led the vanguard of human progress and achievements. A great historian and philosopher once said: "Show me a man of transcendent genius at any period of the world's history and I'll show you a man with Hebrew blood in his veins." Our prejudice against the Jew is not because of his inferiority, but because of his genius. We are afraid of him, we Gentiles who meet him in the arena of life, get licked and then make faces at him. The truth is the Jew had achieved a noble civilization—had his poets, prophets, priests and kings—when our Germanic ancestors were still in the woods cracking coconuts and hickory-nuts with monkeys. We have assimilated the Jew because his daughter is beautiful and his son strong in mind and body!

Can we by any stretch of the imagination conceive of the assimilation thus of our nine millions of Negroes without the extinction of national character? We are told in reply that Alexander Dumas was a mulatto! Exactly. And had France been populated with enough men of the Dumas breed she would have long since disappeared from the earth as an independent nation. Dumas possessed enormous talent as a scribbler of romance, but as a man and a citizen the story of his life is a stench in the nostrils of civilization!

The trouble with Mr. Booker T. Washington's work is that he is silently preparing us for the future heaven of Amalgamation—or *he is doing something equally as dangerous*, namely, he is attempting to build a nation inside a nation of two hostile races. In this event he is storing dynamite beneath the pathway of our children—the end at last can only be in bloodshed.

Mr. Washington is not training Negroes to take their place in any industrial system of the South in which the white man can direct or control him. He is not training his students to



HENRY MAY RUN THROUGH YOU FIRST! - ACT II

be servants and come at the beck and call of any man. He is training them *all* to be masters of men, to be independent, to own and operate their own industries, plant their own fields, buy and sell their own goods, and in every shape and form destroy the last vestige of dependence on the white man for anything.

I do not say this is not laudable—I do not say that it is not noble. I only ask what will be its end for the Negro when the work is perfect? Every pupil who passes through Mr. Washington's hands ceases forever to work under a white man. Not only so, but he goes forth trained as an evangelist to preach the doctrine of separation and independence.

The Negro remains on this Continent for one reason only. The Southern white man has needed his labor, and, therefore, has fought every suggestion of his removal. But when he refuses longer to work for the white man, then what?

Mr. Booker T. Washington says on page 65 of his book: "The Negro must live for all time beside the Southern white man."

On what sort of terms are they to live together? As banker and borrower? Hardly, if the Negro is the banker. Even now, with the white man still hugging the hoary delusion that he can't get along without the Negro, he is being forced to look to the Old World for labor. The idea that a white man cannot work in the fields of the South is exploded. Only one-third of the cotton crop is to-day raised by the Negro. Even now the relations of the races, with the Negro an integral part of the white man's industrial scheme, become more and more difficult.

A Gulf That Grows Wider

Professor Kelly Miller says: "It is a matter of common observation that the races are growing further and further apart."

Mr. Washington says on this point: "For the sake of the Negro and the Southern white man there are many things in the relations of the two races that must soon be changed" (page 65). The point I raise is that education necessarily drives the races further and further apart, and Mr. Washington's brand of education makes the gulf between them if anything a little deeper. If there is one thing a Southern white man cannot endure it is an educated Negro. What's to be the end of it if the two races are to live forever side by side in the South?

Mr. Washington says: "Give the black man so much skill and brains that he can cut oats like the white man—then he can compete with him."

And then the real tragedy will begin. Does any sane man believe that when the Negro ceases to work under the direction of the Southern white man, this "arrogant," "rapacious" and intolerant race will allow the Negro to master his industrial system, take the bread from his mouth, crowd him to the wall and place a mortgage on his house? Competition is war—the most fierce and brutal of all its forms. Could fatuity reach a sublimer height than the idea that the white man will stand idly by and see this performance? What will he do when put to the test? He will do exactly what his white neighbor in the North does when the Negro threatens his bread—kill him!

Whenever a white man, North, South, East or West, tells



FORREST: "MY GOD, MAN, WILL YOU SUBMIT TO IT?"—ACT II

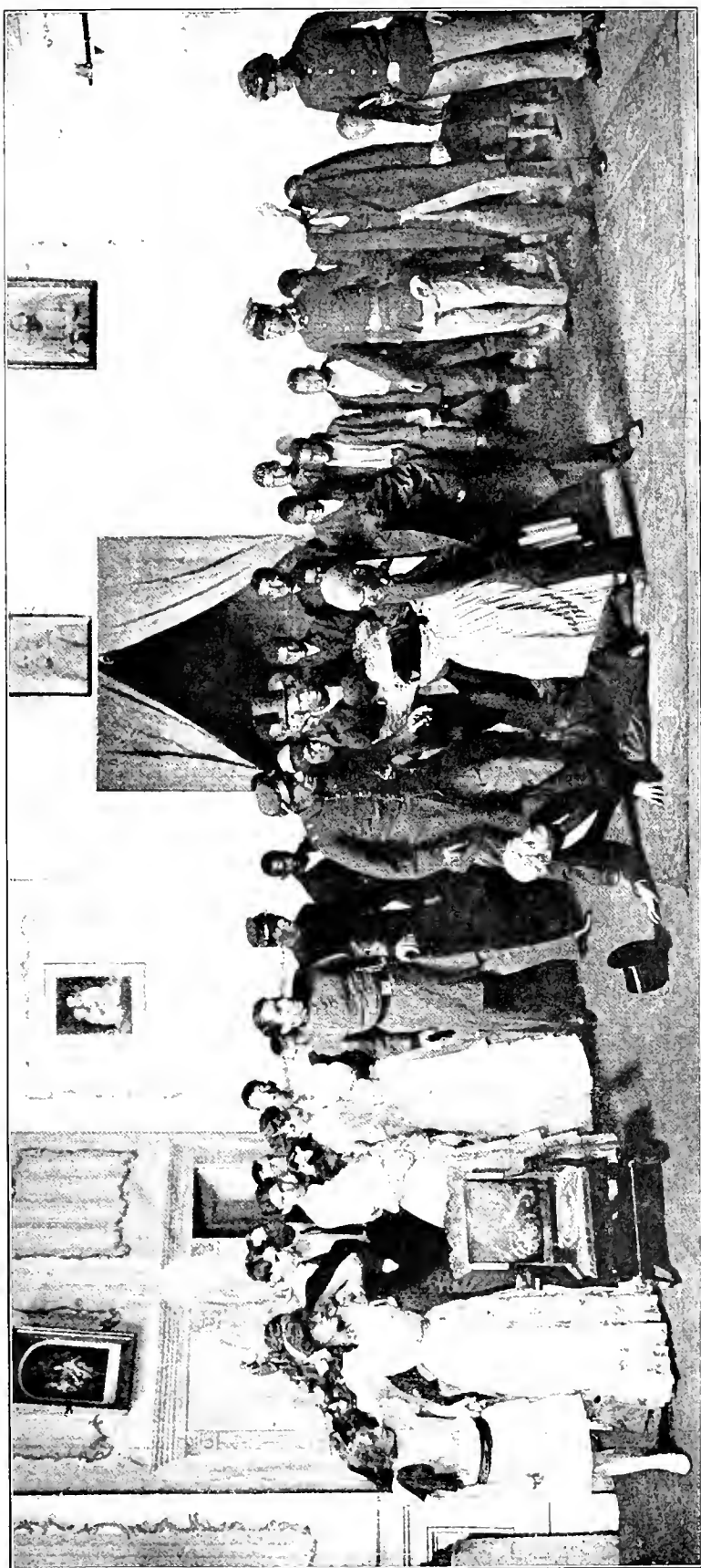
a Negro that he will give him equality, industrial, political or social, he is a liar and the truth is not in him.

Abraham Lincoln foresaw this tragedy when he wrote his Emancipation Proclamation, and he asked Congress for an appropriation of a billion dollars to colonize the whole Negro race. He never believed it possible to assimilate the Negro into our national life. This nation will yet come back to Lincoln's plan, still so eloquently advocated by the Negro Bishop, Henry M. Turner.

It is curious how the baldheaded assertion of a lie can be repeated and repeated until millions of sane people will accept the bare assertion as an established fact. At the close of the War, Mr. Lincoln, brooding over the insoluble problem of the Negro's future which his proclamation had created, asked General Benjamin F. Butler to devise and report to him immediately a plan to colonize the Negroes. General Butler, naturally hostile to the idea, made at once his famous, false and facetious report, "that ships could not be found to carry the Negro babies to Africa as fast as they are born!" The President was assassinated a few days later. This lie is now forty odd years old, and Mr. Booker T. Washington actually repeats it as a verbal inspiration, though entirely unconscious of its historic origin.

We have spent about \$800,000,000 on Negro education since the War. One-half of this sum would have been sufficient to have made Liberia a rich and powerful Negro state. Liberia is capable of supporting every Negro in America. Why not face this question squarely? We are temporizing and playing with it. All our educational schemes are compromises and temporary makeshifts. Mr. Booker T. Washington's work is one of noble aims. A branch of it should be immediately established in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. A gift of ten millions would do this, and establish a colony of half a million Negroes within two years. They could lay the foundations of a free black republic, which, within twenty-five years, would solve our race problem on the only rational basis within human power—friendly colonization.

We owe this to the Negro. At present we are deceiving him and allowing him to deceive himself. He hopes and dreams of amalgamation, forgetting that self-preservation is the first law of Nature. Our present attitude of hypocrisy is inhuman and brutal toward a weaker race, brought to our shores by the sins of our fathers. We owe him a square deal, and we will never give it to him on this Continent—we cannot give it to him unless we are willing to surrender our birthright and sacrifice the purity of the Anglo-Saxon race.



NELSE: "TAKE DAT FUM YO' EQUAL?"-ACT II

THE STORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.

I CANNOT understand the pig-headed persistence with which the South continues blindly to vote against her own interests!" said an intelligent young Northerner to me just after the last Presidential election.

"It does look funny," I replied, "for otherwise the thing seems to have been unanimous. But did you ever study the period of Reconstruction?"

"I don't know what the word means," he answered with a laugh.

No man can understand current politics or the conditions of the Race Problem unless he knows the history of the awful years of 1865 to 1870. Nor can he understand this period until he has mastered the story of the rise, growth, degeneracy, and death of two secret political societies, one of the North called "The Union League of America," the other of the South, known officially by its members as "The Invisible Empire," and, popularly, as the "Ku Klux Klan."

The bitterness of the Civil War has passed from the hearts of men, but the legacy of the Black Plague which scourged the South during the period of Reconstruction remains to-day a brooding nightmare for the Southerner, threatening with sinister prophecies the future of the Nation.

The Northern conception of the Ku Klux Klan is voiced in a recent criticism of my last novel by an ancient Boston newspaper thus:

"He reaches the acme of his sectional passions when he exalts the Ku Klux Klan into an association of Southern patriots, when he must know, or else be strangely ignorant of American history, that its members were as arrant ruffians, desperadoes and scoundrels as ever went unchanged."

If this be true, moral miracles have been wrought by ruffians, desperadoes and scoundrels which require study. The like of it has never been recorded in the history of the race, and if such things were done by scoundrels the basis of ethics must be rebuilt by our philosophers.

The question is not merely an historical one, it is woven with the most vital and hopeless problem of American life. Disinterested foreign critics declare with one accord that the Negro problem of America is the one apparently insoluble riddle which shadows our future. Its roots strike deep into our history, spread wide into our everyday life, and grip with power of fate the souls of generations unborn. If any man think this an academic question of the past which must be determined by experts in dates and documents, let him ask the police of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis into whose crowded streets and tenements the Black Man is pushing his way.

The Ku Klux Klan was a great Law and Order League of mounted night cavalymen called into action by the intolerable conditions of a reign of terror under Negro rule in the South. It was the answer to their foes of an indomitable race of men, conquered, betrayed, disarmed and driven to desperation. It was the old answer of organized manhood to organized crime masquerading under the forms of government.

Its rise was due to the mind of no leader. It was an accident. It was a case of spontaneous combustion.

A group of boys at Pulaski, Tennessee, organized it first as a local fraternity. They found a name in the Greek work "Kuklos," a band, or circle, and to this they added Clan, and



NEISE "HAR A FEW PRESIDENTS, MAM?" ACT III

then split the germ word into two weird monosyllables, spelling the Clan with a K, to heighten the appeal to the superstitious, and lo, the awe-inspiring "Ku Klux Klan!"

The terror of these silent ghosts, riding in the night, reduced the Negro race to an immediate and profound peace. The idea spread to an adjoining county and rapidly over the state of Tennessee which was the first to pass beneath the yoke of Negro supremacy.

In 1867 a secret convention of peace-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing, patriotic Southerners met in Nashville and organized this society into "The Invisible Empire," adopted a ritual, and adjourned. They met in the ruins of an old homestead within the picket lines of 35,000 troops sent there to enforce the rule of the black slave over his former master.

As the young German patriots of 1812 organized their struggle for liberty under the noses of the garrisons of Napoleon, so these daring men, girt by bayonets, disensed and adopted under the cover of darkness the ritual of "The Invisible Empire."

Within a few months this Empire had overspread a territory larger than modern Europe and brought order out of chaos. The triumph which they achieved was one of incredible grandeur. They snatched power out of defeat and death, and tore the fruits of victory from twenty million conquerors. Such achievements have never been wrought by ruffians, scoundrels and desperadoes. The moral grandeur of such a deed gives the lie to the assertion.

The truth of history is, that, as originally organized and led, the Ku Klux Klan was the guardian of civilization in the South from 1867 to 1870 and its members were the salt of the earth.

Every hope of relief for the South had been crushed. The assassination of Lincoln had so crazed the masses of the North that the Radical wing of the party in power could propose no outrage too monstrous for the consideration of Congress. Even a bill to tear from the starving Southern people the remnant of their property left by the war and give it to the negroes and camp followers of the army was introduced in the House of Representatives by Thaddeus Stevens, the responsible leader of the Government, and boldly championed by this great man with the audacity of genius and the faith of a fanatic.

The Negro had been made the ruler of his former master who was disfranchised and disarmed. The hand of the thief and ruffian clutched at every man's throat. The Negro controlled the state, county, city and town governments. Their insolence grew apace. Their women were taught to insult their old mistresses and mock their poverty as they passed in their faded dresses. A black driver in a town near mine, struck a white child of six with a whip, and when the mother protested she was arrested by a negro policeman and fined ten dollars by a negro magistrate for insulting a freedman!

Thieves looted the treasury of every state and county, and taxes mounted until as many as 2,000 homesteads of white men, many of whom could not vote, were sold for taxes in a single county.

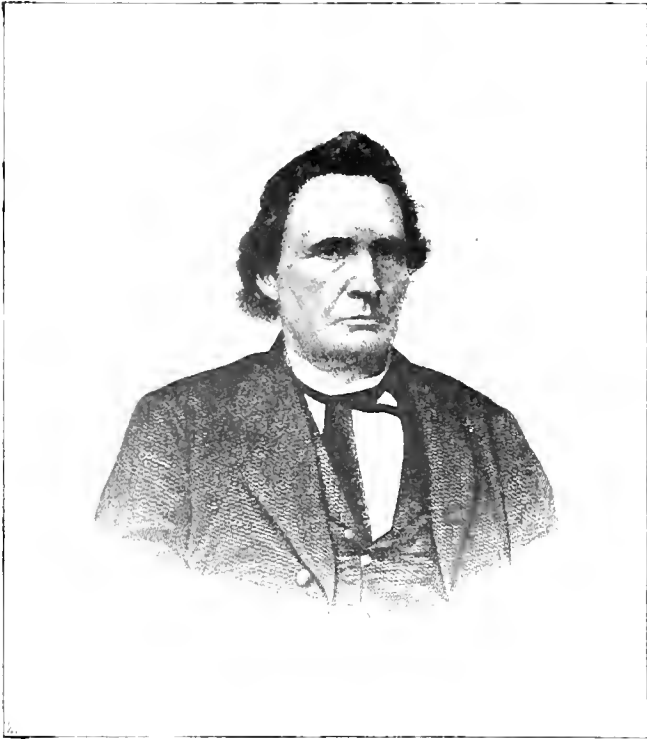
The Negro and his ally, the carpet-bag adventurer, had attained undisputed control of society through the secret oath-bound order known as "The Union League."

The white people of the South at first scouted the idea that



EVE: "I SEE HIM COMIN' TO YOU SWIF!"—Act III.

the negroes, who had been faithful through the war, could now be used as their deadliest foes in the new order of society. But for the signs, grip, passwords, and mysterious blue flaming altar of "The Union League," the whites could have held the friendship of their former slaves. As a rule the ties which bound them were based on real affection. But the League did its work well. By promises to the slaves of forty acres of the land of their former masters linked with the wildest theories of equality and dominion over those who once ruled them, by drill in arms and the backing of trained



Thaddeus Stevens—"But for Mr. Stevens there never would have been a Union League, and but for the Union League there never would have been a Ku Klux Klan."

garrisons, a gulf between the white man of the South and the Negro was dug which time can never bridge. Its passions have become part of the very heart beat of both races.

The Union League of America was organized in Cleveland, Ohio, during the war by the friends of Thaddeus Stevens, the Radical leader of Congress. Its prime object was the confiscation of the property of the South. The chief obstacle to this program was Abraham Lincoln. Hence the first work of the League was to form a conspiracy to destroy Lincoln and prevent his renomination for a second term.

They accordingly nominated John C. Fremont for President before the convention met in Baltimore to name Lincoln's successor, and boldly proclaimed war to the knife against the President. They figured on Fremont's prestige as the first formidable candidate of their party, his record as a pathfinder and his grievances against the Administration, but they forgot that he was born in South Carolina. Fremont himself gave the League a mortal blow in its first political program by boldly repudiating their platform of vengeance and confiscation. They then turned on their own candidate, cursed him as a fool, and helped nominate and elect Lincoln as the lesser of two evils.



ELSIE: "GOODBYE, MY LOVE!"—ACT III

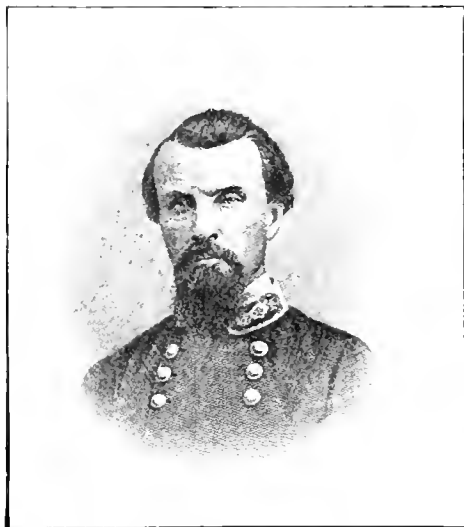
Upon the assassination of the President, Thaddeus Stevens suddenly became the practical dictator of the nation, and the Union League grew rapidly into a resistless political power. Within two years almost every negro in the South had been admitted to membership, drilled in its anarchistic program and in the manual of arms.

When the time was ripe, Mr. Stevens, in 1867, destroyed the state governments in the South which had been established by President Johnson, permitting the former slave to vote to enfranchise himself and disfranchise his master at the same election. He divided the territory from the James

to the Rio Grande into five military satrapies and sent the armies back into the South to enforce compliance with Negro rule. In short, he placed a ballot in the hands of every negro and a bayonet at the breast of every white man.

The South felt that no people had ever been so basely betrayed or so wantonly humiliated.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," which is the carpet-bagger's story of the Klan, pays a tribute in this book to the organizers of the "Invisible Empire," which is very remarkable, when we remember that

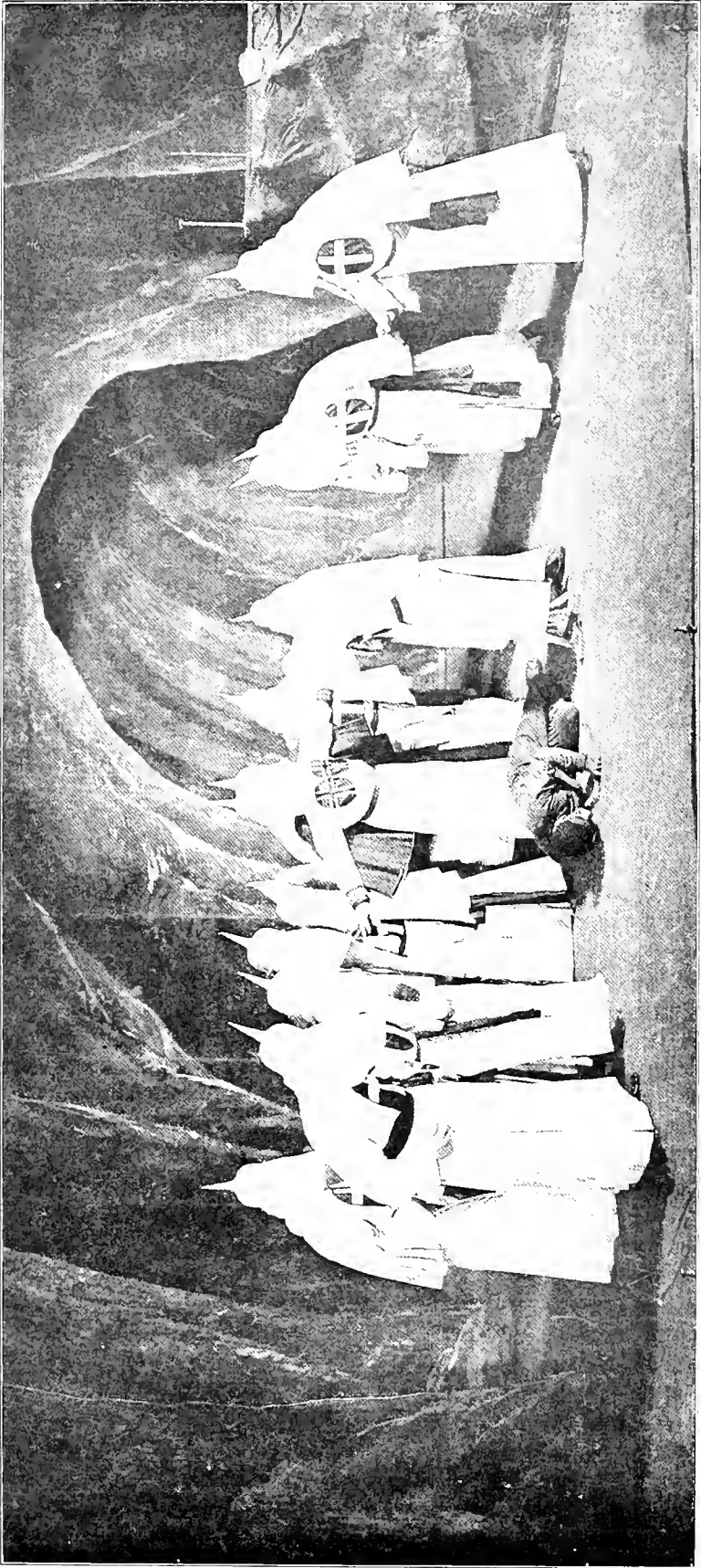


General Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Tennessee,
Chief of the Ku Klux Klan

he was writing of enemies who had on more than one occasion sought his life.

He says: "Such, however, was the indomitable spirit of the Southern people that they scorned to yield to what they deemed oppression, protesting with indignation, denouncing with rage and fiercely submitting almost with tears. No conquered foe ever passed under the yoke, which they conceived to mean servitude and infamy, with more unwilling step or more deeply muttered curses. The Ku Klux Order was a daring conception for a conquered people. Only a race of warlike instincts and regal pride could have conceived or executed it. Men, women and children must have, and be worthy of, implicit mutual trust. They must be trusted with the secrets of life and death without reserve and without fear. It was a magnificent conception and in a sense deserved success. It differed from all other attempts at revolution in the caution and skill with which it required to be conducted. It was a movement made in the face of the enemy, and an enemy of overwhelming strength. Should it succeed it would be the most brilliant revolution ever accomplished. Should it fail—well, those who engaged in it felt that they had nothing more to lose."

Judge Tourgee was in my opinion the most brilliant carpet-bagger who found fame and fortune in the ruined South. In many ways he was a remarkable man. His death was decreed by the Ku Klux Klan for the part he took in persuading Governor Holden to suspend the writ of *Habeas Corpus* in North Carolina. The writ had never been suspended for a



THE CLANSMAN: "STAND BACK, MEN! WE MUST SEE THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL!" Vol. III

moment during the entire history of the Commonwealth, not even during the four years of war when the conscript acts were enforced. A hundred picked men were commissioned to execute Tourgee and the Governor for this usurpation of power and throw their bodies into the Capital Square at Raleigh. They failed only because of a warning received in time. And yet this big-brained, self-poised Yankee sat down afterwards and wrote the tribute to his foes I quote. We Southerners are much too intense in our feelings to do such things.

It never occurred to Judge Tourgee at the time he wrote this book that the members of this Klan were merely a set of scoundrels and desperadoes.

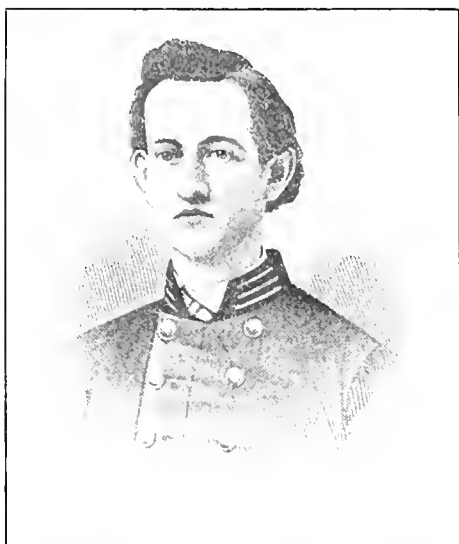
Nothing perhaps better illustrates the chaotic conditions of the times than the manner in which Judge Tourgee obtained his title. He applied to the Supreme Court of North Carolina for license to practice law and fell through on the examination. He cursed the ancient and honorable Court, composed of men of great ability, as an aggregation of solemn asses, ran for the Legislature on the Negro ticket and was elected. He passed a bill through the Black Parliament to deprive the Supreme Court of the right to examine candidates for the bar and placed the privilege in the hands of the common justices of the peace, many of whom were negroes who could not read or write. He went before a magistrate, paid his fee of twenty dollars, got his license to practice law without examination, ran for judge and took his seat on the bench.

I do not record this fact in any disrespect to the memory of Judge Tourgee. He was a man the people of North Carolina would have been delighted to know under nobler conditions. He was one of the few men in our state government at the time who had any brains or conscience at all. He was a prince among the "judges" who sat with him in those trying days. We would have thanked God for the privilege of trading a half-dozen sealaways of the native breed for one such Yankee of ability.

When the reign of terror which followed Negro rule reached its climax as many as nine burning barns were seen at one time from the Court House Square of the town of Dallas in Gaston County, North Carolina.

Taxpayer conventions met and appealed to Washington in vain. The Administration answered by sending more rifles to arm the Negro militia.

The laws forbidding the intermarriage of races were repealed by military proclamation and the commanding General of North Carolina took a negro woman with him over the state in a special car and made speeches from the platform, declaring that she was his wife, that a new era had dawned



An early portrait of Hon. John W. Morton, present Secretary of State, of Tennessee, who was General Forrest's Chief of Artillery



THE CONFESSION OF ST. VICTOR

in the history of the world, and that he was there to enforce its spirit with the bayonet if need be.

The lowest type of negro, maddened by these wild doctrines, began to grip the throat of the white girl with his black claws. The bestial-looking creature whose portrait accompanies this article is a photograph of this type from life. It appeared in the first edition of my novel, "The Leopard's Spots," but the publishers were compelled to cut it out of all subsequent editions because Northern readers could not endure to look upon the face of such a thing even in a picture. Yet the people of the South must face this living beast day and night.

In this the darkest hour of the life of the South, and the lowest in public morals ever known in the nation, the Invisible Empire suddenly rose from the field of death and challenged the visible combat.

Within a few months after the appearance of the white brotherhood, the disorders of anarchy were succeeded by a strange peace, positively weird in its completeness, according to the acknowledgment of Judge Tourgee. In the first campaign they overturned the Negro governments of six Southern states, and the others, one by one, were redeemed under the inspiration of this success.

In North Carolina, my uncle, Colonel Leroy McAfee, was elected to the Legislature from Cleveland County, and, as the representative of the Klan on the Judiciary Committee, impeached Governor Holden, removed him from office and deprived him of his citizenship.

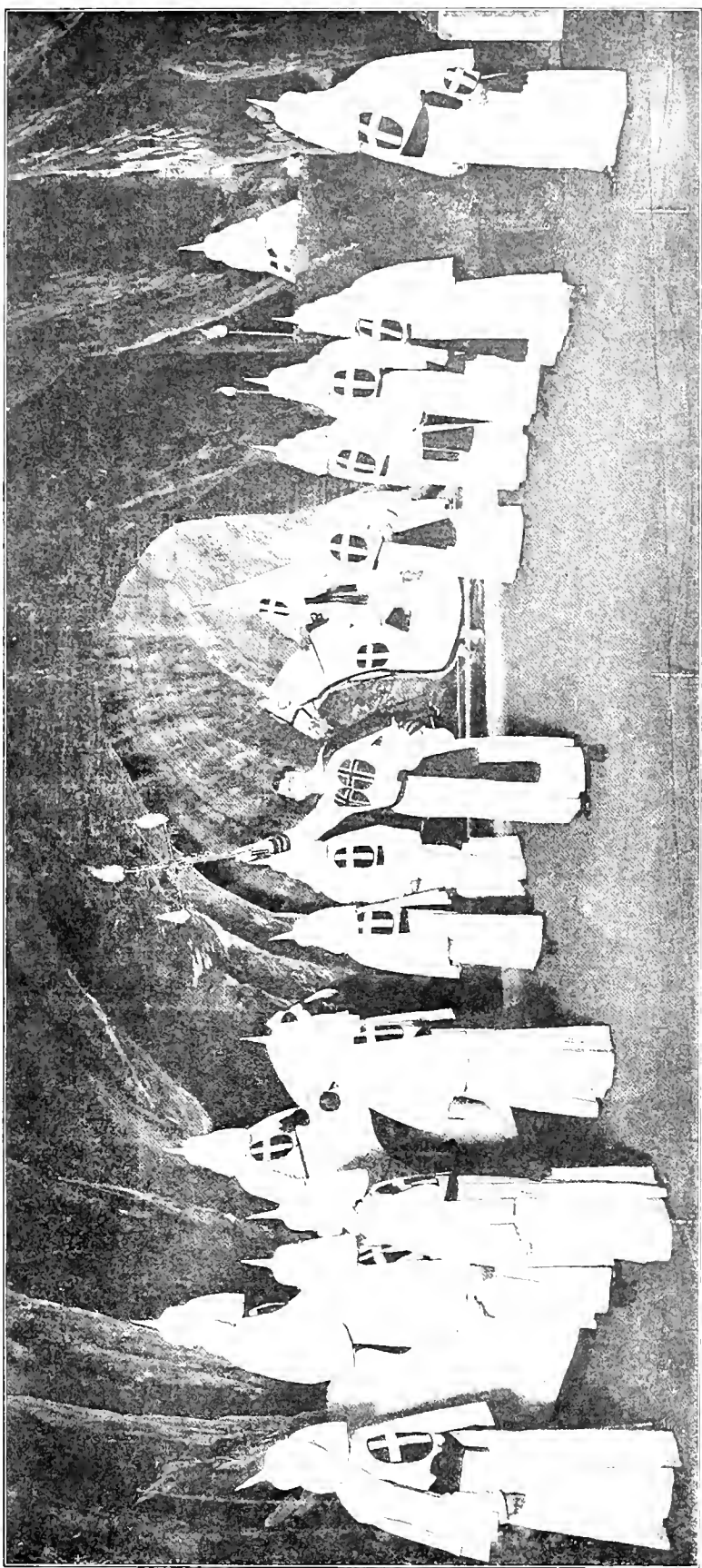
Colonel McAfee was in many respects a typical leader of the Klan. He was in the official language of the Invisible Empire a Grand Titan—that is to say, the Commander of a Congressional District. The chief was General Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Tennessee, the daring and brilliant cavalry commander of the Confederate forces of the Southwest. His title was Grand Wizard of the Empire. The Grand Dragon commanded the state, the Giant a county, the Cyclops a Township Den.

A glance at the portrait of Colonel McAfee will convince even a Boston Abolitionist that he could hardly be called a ruffian, scoundrel or desperado. He was a man of gentle manners, courteous, kindly, brave and considerate, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, and a veteran of the Confederate Army who led a company of volunteers to the front the first day of the war, and surrendered a shattered brigade with Lee at Appomattox.

His people in the old world, of the clans of McAlpin and Ferguson, were of the best blood of Scotland. They came to America from Down and Antrim in the north of Ireland with the great martyr migrations which peopled America with 300,000 Scotch Covenanters.

The Ku Klux Klan was commanded and led to its triumph by these sturdy clansmen of Scottish ancestry: Generals Forrest, and George Gordon of Tennessee and John B. Gordon of Georgia were all of Scotch blood, and the hill counties of the South were the scenes of their struggles and their victories, in the duel for supremacy between the "Union League," girdled with bayonets, and the "Invisible Empire"

No adequate history of America will be written until full credit be given the people of Covenanter blood for the part



BEN: "I RAISE THE SYMBOL OF AN UNCONQUERED RACE OF MEN." ACT III

they played in creating the nation and developing its life. Here Judge Tourgee should have found the secret of that magnificent audacity which so captivated his imagination. The Covenanters of the South, had he dreamed of Negro dominion as the result of surrender, would have chosen to continue the Civil War, and could have kept an army of half a million men busy for forty years. His race had defied the crown of Great Britain a hundred years from the caves and wilds of Scotland and Ireland, taught the English people how to slay a king and build a commonwealth, and, driven into exile in America, led our Revolution, peopled the hills of the South, and conquered the West.

When Colonel McAfee returned from the Legislature after the overthrow of the Reconstruction government, he disbanded the Ku Klux Klan in his district in accordance with General Forrest's orders. Younger and more desperate men reorganized it as a local fraternity to their own sorrow and the disgrace of some sections of our mountain region. Its degeneracy into fierce neighborhood feuds and its perversion by the lawless swiftly followed until it became necessary for the organizers of the original Klan to aid in the suppression of its spurious successors.



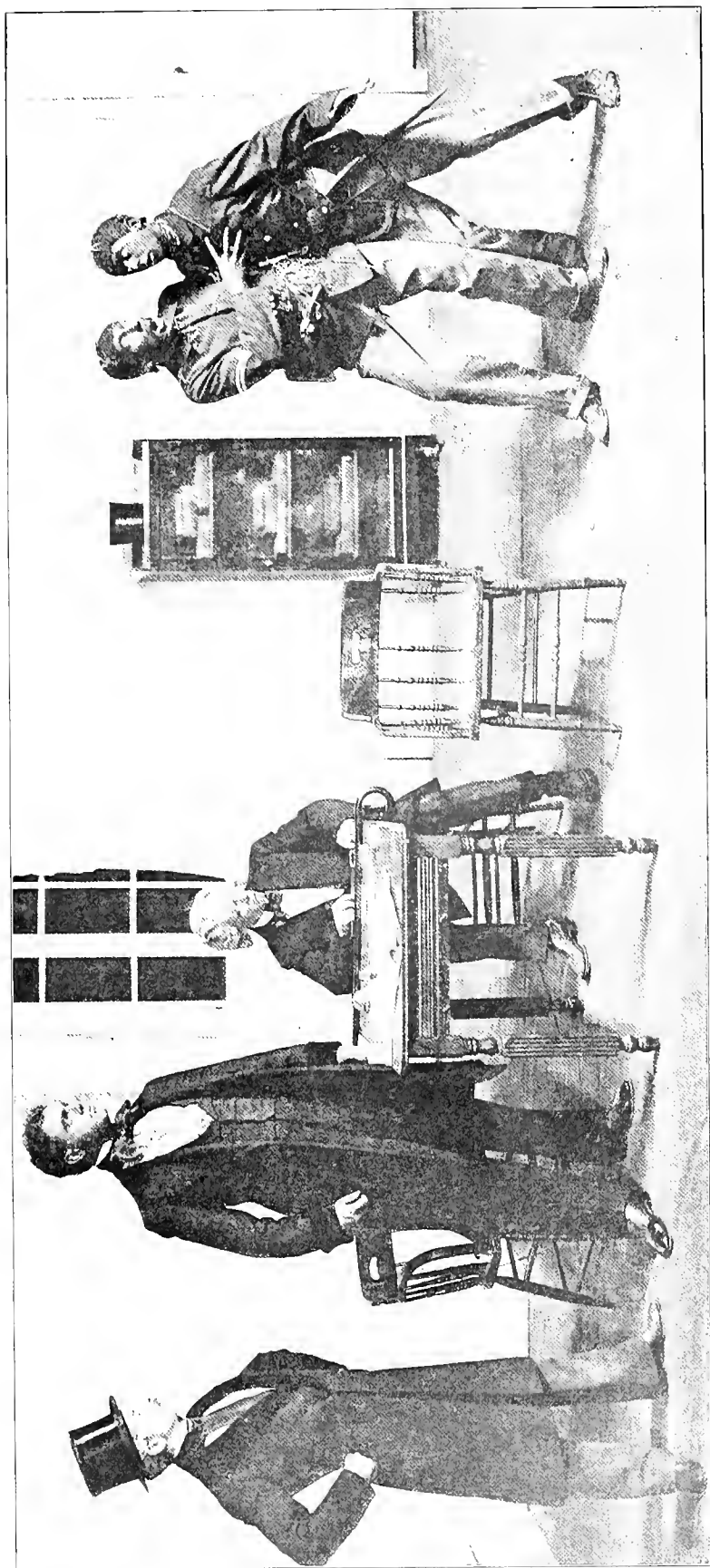
Colonel Leroy McAfee, a typical leader of the Ku Klux Klan.

A study of the portrait of Thaddeus Stevens, the man who created the Union League and sent it on its mission of revenge and confiscation, one sees the grim soul of a cynic and misanthrope, audacity in every line of his magnificent head, and merciless cruelty in his terrible mouth.

But for Mr. Stevens there never would have been a Union League, and but for the Union League there never would have been a Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Laps D. McCord, of Tennessee, is another man whose portrait scarcely bears out the description of a "desperado." Clansman McCord was the printer in the office of the *Pulaski Citizen*, who set the type, printed and stitched the complete edition of the ritual of the order. He never knew until years after the author of the manuscript, or from whose hands he received it. He got one day an anonymous letter telling him to remove the middle brick in the space beneath a certain window in his printing office. He did so and found that the brick in the center of the wall had been taken out and in its place lay a roll of manuscript containing the ritual of the "Invisible Empire." No name appeared in the title. It was merely marked with three stars. He was instructed to print and bind in the night and on a certain date between the hours of one and two a.m. to place the bundle of complete copies outside the door. He did as ordered and unseen hands bore them away in the darkness.

The only two copies of this ritual which I know to exist



CORPORAL. "DEY WUZ GHOSTS!"—A C T IV.

are to be found in the library of Columbia College and the archives of the State of Tennessee. Its author is General George W. Gordon, of Memphis.

One of the most interesting figures in the inner history of the Klan is that of Hon. John W. Morton, the present Secretary of State of Tennessee, who was General Forrest's chief of artillery. Pale and boyish in appearance, he was in fact but a boy, yet he won the utmost confidence of the General, who relied on him as Stuart did on Pelham, and Lee on Jackson. Forrest called him the "little bit of a kid with a great big backbone."

When the rumors of the Ku Klux Klan first spread over Tennessee, Forrest was quick to see its possibilities. He went immediately to Nashville to find his young chief of artillery.

"Morton," he said, "I hear this Klan is organized in Nashville, and I know you're in it. I want to join."

The youngster f e n c e d, smiled and gave vague answers.

The General swore a little and said: "Shut up, you can't fool me. If this thing's in Nashville, you're in it, and I'm going to get in if I kick the door down. Its appeal to the terror of the Negro and its profound secrecy, if linked with wise leadership and merciless daring at the proper moment, will save the South!"

The young man avoided the issue and took his old commander for a ride. Forrest persisted in his questions about the Klan, and the youth kept smiling and changing the subject. On reaching a dense woods in a secluded valley outside the city, Morton suddenly turned on his former leader, and said:

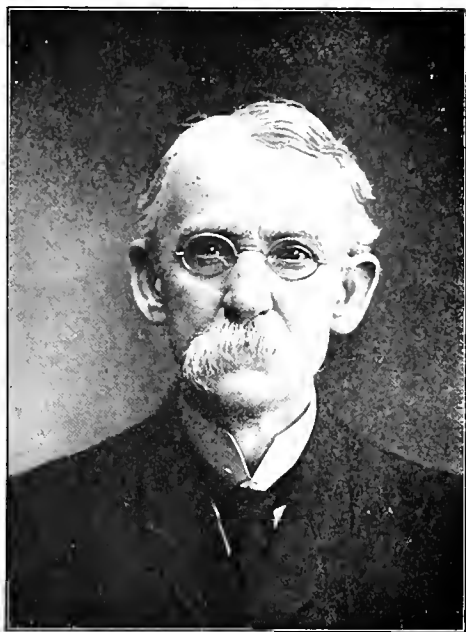
"General, hold up your right hand!"

Forrest did as he was ordered, and the youth, trembling with excitement and his eyes misty with tears, solemnly administered the preliminary oath of the order.

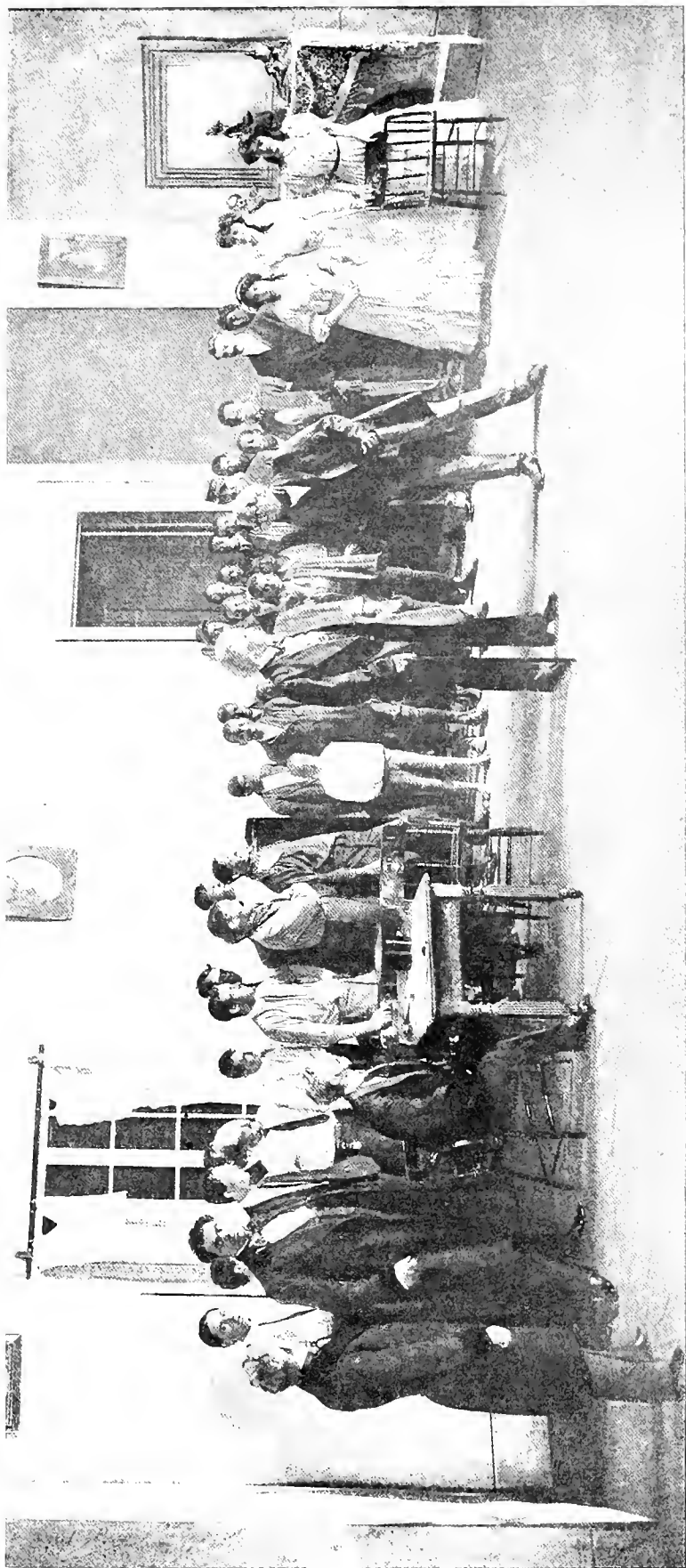
That night the general was made a full-fledged clansman and was soon elected Grand Wizard of the Empire.

Forrest was so elated over the success of his mission, he remained over a day to help young Morton with his girl who was hesitating over the eventful issue of life. She fairly worshipped the daring General, and when he declared to her that Morton was the man of all men for her, she gave her consent. A beautiful wedded life of twenty-seven years followed. Three sons and one daughter blessed their union and all three of these boys leaped forward to defend the flag the morning McKinley called for volunteers in 1898.

The order of dissolution of the Klan as issued by General Forrest was in every way characteristic of the man. When the white race had redeemed six Southern States from Negro



Laps D. McCord, the printer who secretly set up the type and put to press the ritual of the Ku Klux Klan



ALECK: "DE KLU KLUNES PASS MY HOUSE LAS' NIGHT, SAH"

rule in 1870, the Grand Wizard knew that his mission was accomplished and issued at once his order to disband. The execution of this command by young Morton, the Cyclops of the Nashville Den, also of the staff of the Grand Wizard, is typical of what occurred throughout the South.

Thirty-five picked men, mounted, armed and in full Ku Klux regalia for both horses and men, were selected for the ceremony, and ordered to boldly parade through the streets of Nashville. The Capitol was still in charge of 3,000 Reconstruction Militia and 200 metropolitan police who had sworn to take every Ku Klux Klan Klansman dead or alive who dared to show himself abroad.

On the night appointed, the squadron of thirty-five white and scarlet horsemen moved out of the woods and bore down upon the city. The streets were soon crowded with people watching the strange procession of ghost-like figures. On the principal streets the police blew their whistles and darted here and there in great excitement, but made no move to stop the dare-devil paraders. On they rode up the hill and passed the Capitol building, round which the campfires of a thousand soldiers burned brightly, and not a hand was lifted against them.

They turned south into High Street and ladies began to wave their handkerchiefs from windows and men to shout and cheer from the sidewalks. The seawag police received these shouts with suppressed oaths. At last they began to summon citizens to aid in the arrest of the clansmen. The citizens laughed at them.

On reaching Broad Street, young Morton, who rode at the head of the squadron, observed a line of police drawn across the street with the evident intention of attempting to stop or arrest the riders. Turning to Mart N. Brown, a gallant clansman who rode by his side, Morton said:

"What shall we do, Mart?"

"Turn into Vine Street," he quickly answered, "pass around them."

"No—ride straight through them without a change of gait!" was Morton's order.

And they did. The astonished police, dumbfounded at the insolence of the raiders, opened their lines and the horsemen rode slowly through without a word.

They passed a large frame building used as a carpet-bag militia armory. It was full of negroes. Morton halted his line of white figures, drew them up at dress parade, rode up to the door and knocked. The negroes rushed to the doors and windows, and when they saw in the bright moonlight the grim figures, they forgot the police and the 3,000 soldiers

CHARACTER AND OBJECTS OF THE ORDER.

THIS is an institution of Chivalry, Humanity, Mercy, and Patriotism; embodying in its genius and its principles all that is chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood, and patriotic in purpose; its peculiar objects being

First: To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenceless, from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and the brutal; to relieve the injured and oppressed; to succor the suffering and unfortunate, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

Second: To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the States and the people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever.

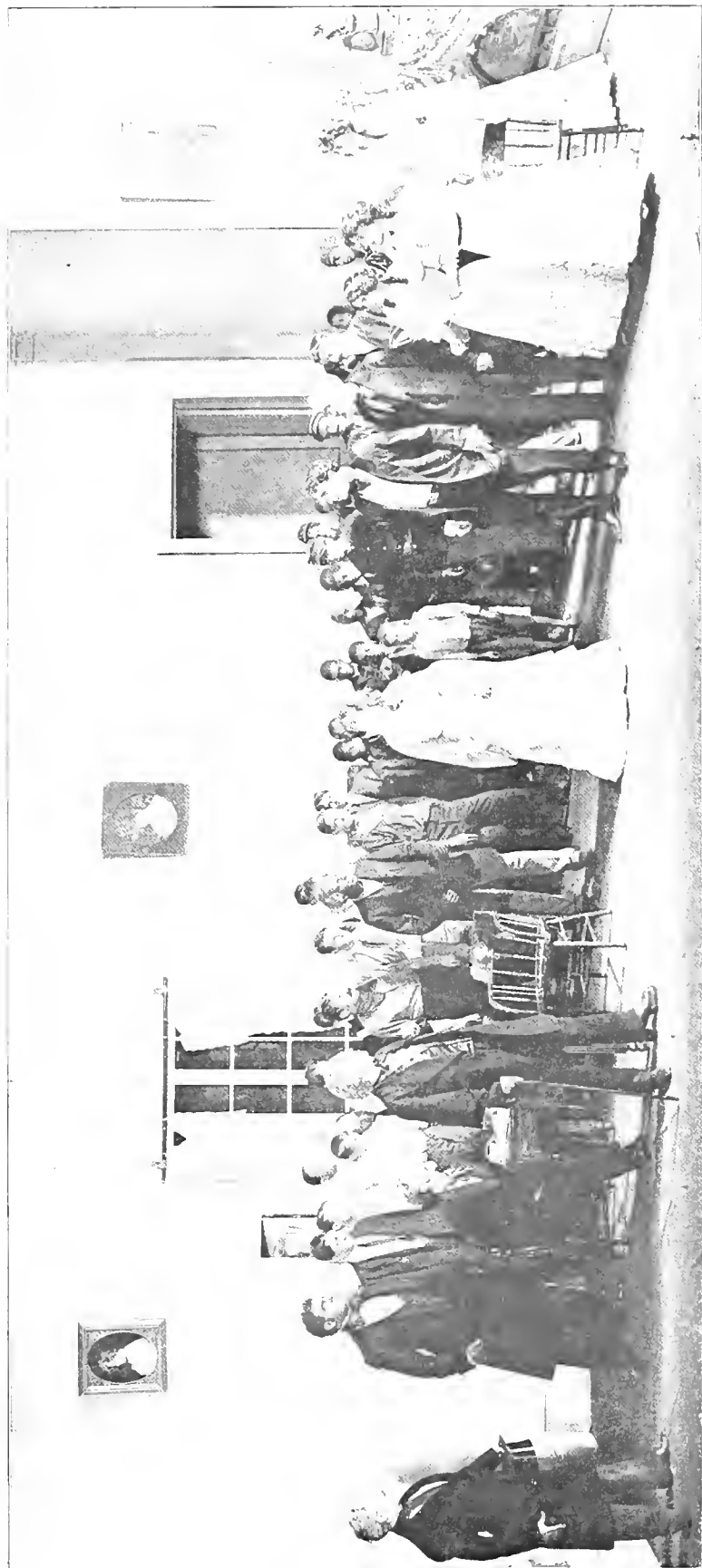
Third: To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land.

ARTICLE I.

TITLES.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Order shall consist of a Grand Wizard of the Empire, and his ten Genii; a Grand Dragon of the Realm,

Fac-simile of the first page of the ritual of the Ku Klux Klan.



ELSIE: "I REFUSE TO ANSWER!"—ACT IV

THE STORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

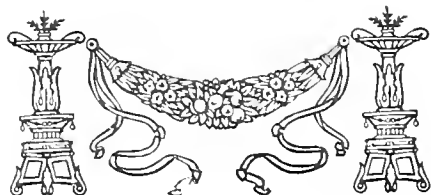
guarding Nashville. They made a unanimous break for the rear, and went out through every opening without knowledge of any obstruction. Many of them wore window sash home for collars.

The clansmen silently wheeled again into double column, and rode toward their old rendezvous. They had overthrown the carpet-bag Negro regime and restored civilization. Their last act was a warning. A handful of their men boldly slapped the face of the hostile authorities, before the new administration entered upon its work, and dared them lift a hand again.



"The lowest type of Negro, maddened by these wild doctrines, began to grip the throat of the white girl with his Black Claws."

Outside the city they entered the shadows of a forest. Down its dim aisles, lit by threads of moonbeams, the horsemen slowly wound their way to their appointed place. For the last time the Chaplain led in prayer, the men disrobed, drew from each horse his white mantle, opened a grave and solemnly buried their regalia, sprinkling the folds with the ashes of the copy of their burned ritual. In this weird ceremony thus ended the most remarkable revolution of history.





ELSIE: "FATHER, YOU CAN NOT LEAVE ME!"—ACT IV

WHAT OUR NATION OWES TO THE KLAN.

IT is a curious paradox of history that the law sometimes owes more to those who have defied it than to its appointed guardians.

Doubt is the first step to a larger faith.

Denial is the beginning of larger affirmation, and the traitor of to-day becomes the hero and lawgiver of to-morrow.

Many of the men to whom we owe the progress of the world were executed as criminals by the official guardians of society.

When the published formulas of law have been outgrown by the race, or its forms for any reason have been perverted so that they no longer are the expression of the organized virtue of a people, it becomes necessary to break the law in order to keep it.

The inventor of the telescope was punished as a common malefactor.

George Washington was a traitor to George III.

It is often necessary for those to whom law and order are dearest to join the ranks of the lawless that in the death of laws, the law may live.

Some years ago, the chief of the fire department of Chicago, dressed in citizen's clothes, was attending the funeral of a friend. The clergyman was praying beside the open grave, with every head bared and reverently bowed. The fire chief suddenly received the impression of danger as from some mysterious call of the soul. In obedience to a resistless impulse, he raised his head and looked toward the city, to find the sky line lurid with smoke and flame. From the locality of the fire, its headway and the direction of the wind, his trained eye saw it meant a second baptism of ashes and death for the gray city of the West. In violation of every form of decency, he sprang through the crowd of mourning friends like a madman, and ran to the long line of carriages. At their head stood a pair of magnificent horses attached to a landau. A driver in livery sat on the box.

The chief rushed up to this driver, exclaiming:

"My man, I'm the chief of the fire department. I must reach that fire quickly. The city is threatened with ruin. You have a fine pair of horses—kill them if necessary, but get me there in fifteen minutes."

"This is a private carriage," was the sneering answer.

"I didn't ask you whose carriage it was," thundered the chief. "I said to take me to that fire in fifteen minutes—won't you do it?"

"I will not," snapped the driver.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the chief sprang on the seat, his big fist suddenly shot from his shoulder, the driver dropped wriggling on the grass and in a moment a magnificent pair of horses, lashed into fury, were dashing through the streets of Chicago. Mistaking him for a madman policemen tried in vain to stop the carriage. Within fifteen minutes he reached the scene and gave the orders which saved the city.

The act was a violation of law. And yet for doing it Chicago has built a monument to this man.

When our fathers got excited about the tax on tea they did unlawful things. They boarded other people's ships, grabbed



LYNCH: "YOU HAVE IMPERILED YOUR HONOR AND MY LIFE!"—ACT IV.

tea that did not belong to them and dumped it into the sea. When they finished the job they climbed upon the shore, rolled up their sleeves and said:

"If anybody on this side of the ocean or the other side, don't like the way we handle tea, let them come on."

This was a violation of law. It was a high-handed outrage. When Benjamin Franklin, our European diplomat, heard of it he gravely informed the court that it was a lie, that no such thing ever happened in Boston harbor, that he knew the people of Boston, that no such crime could have been committed by them. He soothed the indignation of the court with the assurance that the next ship would bring the news of the affair on which they might rely.

A ship did bring news.

It was from Bunker Hill.

Our fathers broke the law and wrote a better one. They were prophets not parrots, men not martinetts. They did not talk about their ancestors. They were ancestors.

I have been accused of celebrating in *The Clansman* the glory of a group of daring and successful lawbreakers. I plead guilty to the soft impeachment.

The Ku Klux Klan was a gigantic conspiracy of lawless night raiders who saved the civilization of the South, and bequeathed it as a priceless heritage to the nation.

The conditions which made this paradox possible have no parallel in the records of our race.

The bloodiest war in history had just closed. The conquered South lay helpless with the flower of her manhood buried in nameless graves.

Four million negroes had been suddenly freed and the economic world torn from the foundations of centuries. Five billion dollars' worth of property had been destroyed, every bank had been closed, every dollar of money had become worthless paper and the country had been plundered by victorious armies.

With the sympathetic aid even of their foes, the task of reorganizing their wrecked society and controlling these millions of ignorant and superstitious negroes was one to appall the stoutest hearts.

Instead of the coöperation of a generous conqueror the South as she staggered to her feet received full in the face a blow so terrible, so cruel, and so pitiless, that it surpasses belief.

Such a blow on a disarmed and helpless foe could have been struck but for the tragedy of Lincoln's assassination and the frenzy of insane passion which for the moment blinded the North.

Upon the assassination of the President the greatest and meanest man who ever dominated our national life became the master of the Republic.

This man, Thaddeus Stevens, was beyond any doubt the most powerful parliamentary leader in all our history. A fanatic, a misanthrope embittered by physical deformity, a born revolutionist endowed with matchless audacity, he became in a moment the bold and unscrupulous ruler of a crazed nation.

Twenty-eight years before this crisis he had become infatuated with a mulatto woman of extraordinary animal beauty whom he had separated from her husband. This yellow vampire had fattened on him during his public career, amassed a fortune in real estate in Washington, wrecked his great am-



LYNCH "ABSOLUTE EQUALITY!—WITHOUT ONE LYING SUBTERFUGE—BY GOD, I DEMAND IT!"—ACT IV

bitions, and made of him a social pariah. This giant among men, whose young soul had learned the pathway of the stars, his cheeks now whitening with the frosts of death, was slowly sinking with this woman into the night of negroid animalism.

The crack of a derringer in the box at Ford's Theater, and the hand of a madman suddenly snatched him from the grave and lifted him into the seat of empire with his negro wench by his side!

Mr. Stevens determined to blot the old South from the map, confiscate the property of its citizens, give it to the negroes, deprive the whites of the ballot, send their leaders into beggared exile, enfranchise the negro and make him the master of every state from the James to the Rio Grande.

If this statement seems an exaggeration, let my reader turn to the *Congressional Globe* for 1867, page 203, and read Mr. Stevens' Confiscation Act, House Bill No. 29, and his speech in its defence—a speech which will forever light with the glare of immortal infamy his character and career.

He succeeded in enfranchising the negroes, and disfranchising enough whites to give them a majority.

A reign of terror immediately followed.

The men who represented Aryan civilization had to take their choice between rebellion or annihilation.

During this period in South Carolina 80,000 armed negro troops, answerable to no authority save the savage instincts of their officers, terrorized the state and not a single white man was allowed to bear arms. Hordes of former slaves, with the intelligence of children and the instincts of savages, armed with modern rifles, paraded daily before their former masters. The children of the breed of Burns and Shakespeare, Drake and Raleigh had been made subject to the spawn of an African jungle. When Goth and Vandal overran Rome and blew out the light of civilization they never dreamed the infamy of raising a black slave to rule over his white master and lay his claws upon his daughter.

Could modern flesh and blood endure it?

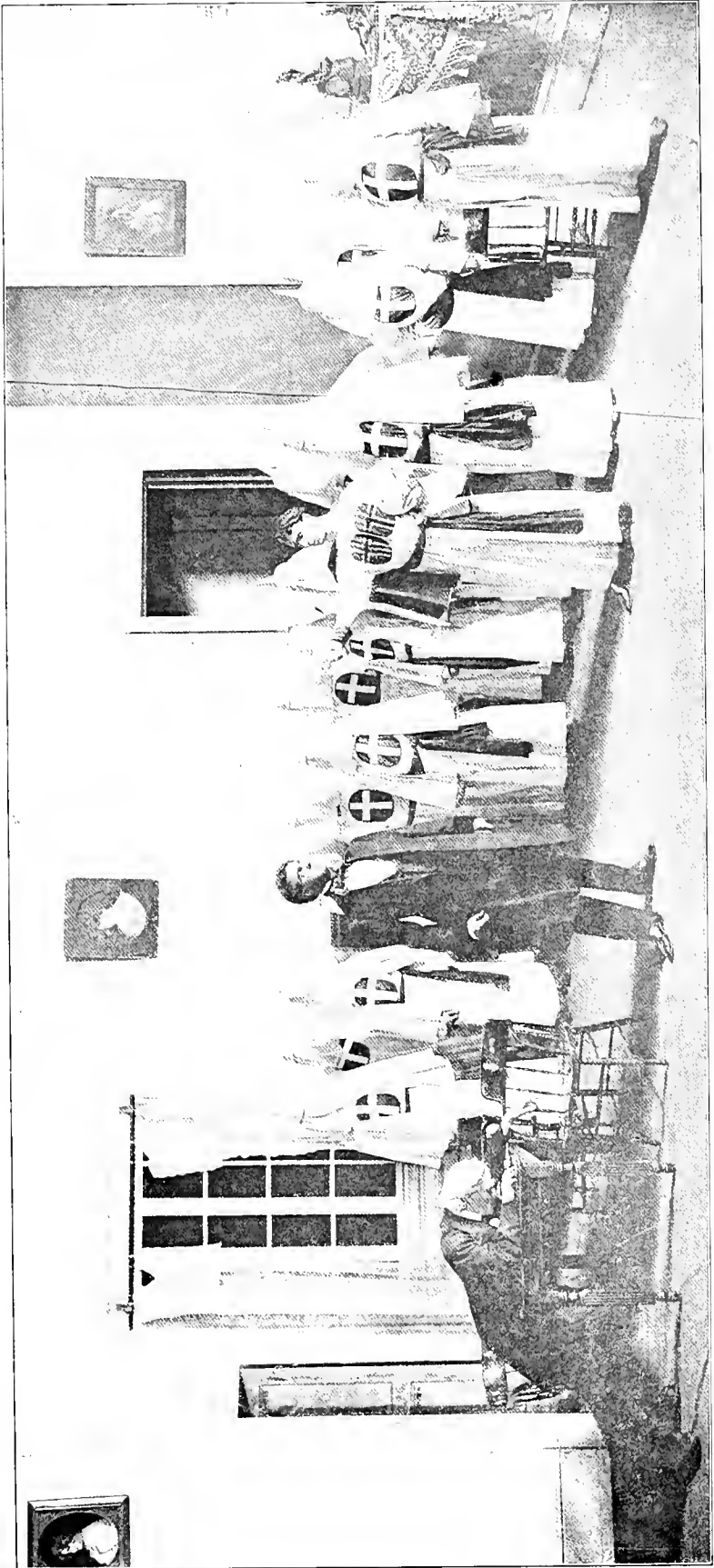
No. The spirit of the South suddenly leaped forth, "half startled at herself, her feet upon the ashes and the rags," her hands tight-gripped upon the throat of tyrant, thief and beast.

The Ku Klux Klan, a secret oath-bound brotherhood, rose, disarmed every negro and restored Aryan civilization. The secret weapon with which they struck was the only one at their command, and it was the most efficient in the history of revolutions. The movements of these white and scarlet horsemen were like clockwork. They struck shrouded in a mantle of darkness and terror, and they struck to kill. Discovery or retaliation was impossible. Their edicts were executed as by destiny without a word, save the whistle of their Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver, and the hoof-beat of swift horses, moving like figures in a dream, and vanishing in mists and shadows.

The Southern people in their despair had developed the courage of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the deathless faith of religious enthusiasts.

With magnificent audacity, infinite patience, and remorseless zeal, a conquered people turned his own weapon against their conqueror, and beat his brains out with the bludgeon he had placed in the hands of their former slaves.

And so a lawless band of night raiders became the guardians

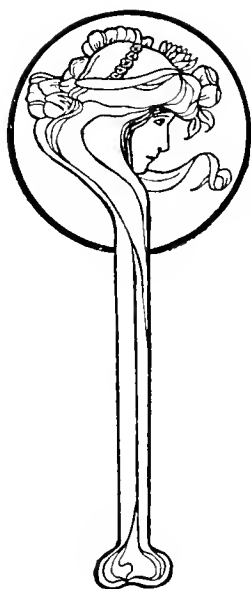


STONEMAN: "THE KLANT! GLORY TO GOD! THE KLANT"—ACT IV

WHAT OUR NATION OWES TO THE KLAN

of society, brought order out of chaos, law out of lawlessness and preserved the Aryan race in America from the corruption of negroid mongrelism. Had the South in that crisis become mulatto, the nation would inevitably have sunk to its level.

The future of this nation depends on the strength and purity of our white racial stock; for this Republic is great, not by reason of the amount of dirt we hold or the size of our census roll. We have become great for one reason only: because of the genius of the race of pioneer white freemen who settled this continent dared the might of kings and made a wilderness the home of freedom.



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