

THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Omaha and vicinity, with the desire to contribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community.
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PROHIBITION NOT TEMPERANCE

Intemperance in drink is one of the great evils of our time. Not the only evil or the chief evil, as many well-meaning and zealous people would have us believe. But it is admittedly one of the great evils demanding eradication. And yet we venture the assertion that there is less drunkenness in the United States today than there was two or three generations ago.

Bibulous social customs which were tolerated a few generations ago are looked upon with decided disfavor today. There has been a steady advance towards personal moderation and practical abstinence in the past few years which has undoubtedly lessened drunkenness. This is no doubt largely due to a wise educational process which has resulted in a keener appreciation of the evils and dangers physical, spiritual, moral, mental and economic of alcoholism. We believe that all who view this subject dispassionately will be compelled to admit that this country has made measurable progress towards temperance and sobriety.

Now, we believe that this progress is due to the slow, sane, patient, persistent propaganda for temperance which has been prosecuted by sincere and unselfish men and women who have laid stress not upon the outlawing of the drink-seller and the drink-manufacturer, but upon the appeal to the individual for personal abstinence. A very different thing and a very different method from that employed and advocated by prohibitionists.

Compulsory prohibition trains its batteries upon the brewer, the distiller and the saloon-keeper and seems to entirely overlook the fact that the fire should be directed toward the consumer in an effort to gain his surrender to personal abstinence. If men can be won to personal abstinence then the demand for the breweries and distillers' business will correspondingly decrease. "Where there is no fuel, fire soon burns itself out."

Prohibition relies upon law to effect a moral change in the individual and here is just where it fundamentally fails, and makes against temperance rather than for it; and this is one of the reasons why we are opposed to prohibition.

And here it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that between the years 1850 and 1890 no less than seventeen states declared for prohibition. Of the seventeen only three, Maine, Kansas and North Dakota, remain firm. The other fourteen, after trying it for terms of years varying from twenty years downward, gave it up. Why? Is it not fair to assume either "that the majorities behind the law were more or less of a fictitious character, or that the benefits promised did not materialize?" Would these fourteen states have gone back to license and regulation if prohibition had proven effective in suppressing the liquor traffic? This is a fair question.

Intemperance in drink is a great evil. How shall it be eradicated? Certain maintain by enacting prohibitory laws. They point with pride to the increasing area of "dry" territory in which the sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages is forbidden by law and vainly dream that so-called "dry territory" spells temperance. And yet in "dry territory" the consumption of liquor, as statistics prove, is not decreased. We do not believe that prohibition is the remedy. We do not believe that Nebraska "dry" will be morally as good as Nebraska "wet," because there will be an increase of evasion, hypocrisy and deceit, with no lessening of the evils of drink. We believe the better way is an earnest and sincere campaign to win the individual to personal abstinence.

Prohibition, in our judgment, is fundamentally wrong as a corrective of the drink-evil because it relies upon law to effect the change in an individual that can only be wrought by an appeal to conscience and the moral sense. Moral suasion is mightier than mere brute force in accomplishing permanent reform in any man. Temperance, yes! Prohibition, no! For prohibition is not temperance.

THE NEW EXODUS

Much food for thought will be found in the article from last week's issue of The Literary Digest which we reprint on our first page. It is a resume in the Digest's inimitable style of representative current press opinion on the new exodus northward of large numbers of our race from the Southland, a movement which is not only startlingly significant as a protest against race proscription and injustice which has long marred that fair section of our good land, but also in the tremendous and far-reaching social, political and economic changes it foretells.

The Negro is not migratory in his habits. He is warm hearted, affectionate and home loving. The blood of the tropics is in his veins. Naturally, then, he loves the sunny South. Ordinarily he has no desire to leave it. The older folk will probably remain where the magnolias perfume the air and the mocking bird lilt to her mate. But not so the younger generation. There has arisen "a generation that knew not Joseph." This generation chafes under conditions which are manifestly unjust. They are animated with the same spirit which is manifesting itself throughout the world of dissatisfaction with social and economic injustice which appears in different forms in different sections. And so, though loving the South, the land of their birth, their ear is attent to catch the call of larger opportunities. And the call is sounding in their ears. Were conditions more favorable in the South we do not believe that any inducement could be given to call the race away.

This new exodus has come because a new generation is ready for it. And the exodus will have a tremendous

influence on political, social and economic conditions throughout the country. The Negro will find a worthy place in this new evolution of a higher democracy which must surely come.

WOODY, THE WONDERFUL WIZARD

Once upon a time there was a wonderful wizard named Woody, who had the science of political trickery worked down to a frazzle and a fare-you-well. By a direful fluke he was elected to the presidency of a great country and calling his court, which in his country was called Congress, together he advised them after this fashion.

"It has been a long time, my gallant lads, since we democrats have been on the inside looking out instead of the outside looking in, and it might be a long time before we get the chance again. Therefore it behooves us to get busy and take time by the topknot. Now, I shall be lord high instigator extraordinary and hell raiser plenipotentiary of this national circus. I shall keep the eyes of the "dear peepul" riveted upon me and my timely stunts and whenever one line of dope gives out I'll manufacture another brand just as good. I'll razzle dazzle the press so that even the republican editor will scratch off a column of praiseful noise and then kick himself the next day for being such a chump. I'll wreck the G. O. P. platform and steal the planks until there will be only four stumps in the ground. I'll create more scares than you can find in a Nick Carter library gem and smother them so deftly that the "dear peepul" will shout with wonder. I mean to stunt such a spectacular administration that the "Perils of Pauline" will look as interesting as a telephone directory."

"And you, my gallant lads, just gather all the vans and auto trucks and back them up against the national treasury building and get busy."

And you think the democratic administration didn't do it?

A PROHIBITION STORY

A few years ago some residents of Red Wing, Minn., received a circular letter from a certain firm of distillers in Kentucky stating that they would ship their goods to customers in plain packages. A blank form was included for a list of names of people who might be interested in any of their line of goods, with the statement that if any sales were made as a result of the names sent in the sender of the names would receive a commission.

A well-known wag of the town, out of sheer mischief, sent the names of fifteen or twenty of Red Wing's most enthusiastic and rabid prohibitionists.

The incident had passed out of his mind when a few weeks thereafter he received a letter from the distillers thanking him for the list of names he had sent in and inclosing a check for \$19.30 for his commission on the sales.

This is an absolutely true story.

SONGS OF SOLOMON

Affinities

1. Harken to my voice, O ye married man, and give much heed to the limpid meter of my song.

2. Thou hast heard of the word "affinity" and I warn thee that it is the synonym for dynamite.

3. If thou glimmest a silk stocking with shapely contents or an eye that would tease thee with the flirt flirt, hie thee to an optical shop and buy thyself smoked glasses.

4. It is better that thou shouldst

spend two bits than wreck thy exchequer beyond reckoning.

5. An affinity costeth more than a regiment of chug wagons, yet that is but the title page of what cometh after.

6. Thou experienceth the sweets of Elysium until thy real mate halteth a heliogram and then thy dreams of Hades cometh multiplied seventy times seven.

7. It doeth thee no good to try to explain, for thou art caught with the goods. Thy name is Dennis.

8. The dynamic duets are frilled with tobasco, tears and terrible things of which I wot not.

9. If thou lookest not up the time table to Reno, thy home life is nix and the kibosh is on thy happiness forever.

10. Therefore, heed thou my caru-soing so that thy feet may paddle in the ways of peace.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Last week Kilpatrick, Brandeis, Burgess-Nash, Thompson and Belden and the World-Herald made requests by phone that the Colored band play "Walkin' the Dog," when they passed their places of business. They did, and if every man, woman, boy, girl, and street hound doesn't know "Walkin' the Dog" forwards, backwards and in the middle, it isn't the fault of our band boys.

Lots of Colored men say Dan Butler is not our friend. We have known Dan for a good many years and have always thought him "on the square," and if the fight he put up for the Colored firemen doesn't justify our opinion of him, we don't know what will.

Read our advertisements. It's dollars to deughnuts that our advertisers are selling the very thing you want.

J. Silas Harris, a nationally known Colored orator, is here for some fast campaign work. We have met the gentleman and we think he has all his twin-six cylinders oiled for action.

During the next thirty days there will be enough eloquence around Omaha to stir the soul of a Bismarck herring. The dictionary, grammar and rhetoric may get through it alive, but we don't think they will ever look the same.

When did you say you last took home a box of candy for mother, wife, sister or sweetheart? Take her O'Brien's, because that is what she wants.

Did you like The Monitor last week? We will try to keep it up.

The Crisis says that the Negro should have a lily black republican party of his own, or something like that, but it fails to mention some substantial planks. Ten million Negroes can't afford to climb on a platform that will fall and make them break their necks.

As a work of art a newspaper is either a mcnument or a tombstone. We don't want to be a tombstone, so visit our advertisers.

We hear that there are a few Colored men going around telling people that they are not going to vote for Will N. Johnson. Of course, every man's vote is his own, but we wish they would ask themselves this question: "Can I afford to lose this opportunity of helping my race to a victory worth while?"