

# THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Nebraska and the West, with the desire to contribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community and of the race.

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## THE RACE PRESS

The Monitor is proud of the race press. We receive exchanges from all over the country. Some of them—not many, however—are poorly printed; but even these show a well intentioned desire to do something and to contribute as much as they may to the uplift of the race.

The majority of our publications are well printed and well edited and ought to be better supported than they are, because they are a most important factor in our racial evolution and development. As a distinct social group we must have such publications. The albino press deals with the larger group, necessarily, and has no special interest in our distinctive social group. The race press, therefore, meets an imperative need and is gradually becoming to be recognized as a most influential agency.

As evidence of this only a short time ago in discussing the Southern migration the State Journal of Columbia, S. C., one of the most influential albino newspapers of the South, called attention to the fact that "several Negro newspapers and magazines" are in circulation in South Carolina and are making their influence felt among the race in that state. This, as one must readily see, is unlooked-for recognition of the influence of race journals. It is not an uncommon thing to see the editorial opinions of several of our leading race journals quoted by such publications as the Literary Digest and the New York Independent.

We have been particularly pleased with the editorial utterances of the race journals in the present crisis. From California to Massachusetts and from Minnesota to Florida they have voiced a striking unanimity of sentiment. In manly and frank outspokenness they have all expressed dissatisfaction with the treatment we receive in this enlightened republic. There has been no fawning sycophancy or attempt to curry favor by feigning satisfaction with existing conditions. They have made it known in no uncertain terms that we are opposed to race proscription and injustices which belie the very fundamental principles of a republic. And yet they have been far-sighted enough to distinguish between the misinterpretation and non-application, or imperfect application, of these principles by the American people as a whole and the principles themselves. For this reason they have been unanimous in advocating loyalty to our flag and loyalty to our government. No discordant or disloyal note has been struck by the press which voices the sentiment and influences the thoughts of Colored Americans.

We are proud of the race press of this country and esteem it a privilege and an honor to have a recognized place in this ever-widening field of usefulness.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MONITOR.

## SOME SANE ADVICE

There can be no question as to the loyalty of our people. At the same time we know the disposition of some of our people to say things which they think will make them look smart. We know the disposition of some to say things they do not really mean. We therefore deem it wise to advise our people to be careful about expressing themselves in any manner about the American flag or the President that might get them into trouble. Whether we like it or not, we are now at war. Intemperate speech at any time is out of place, but in time of war intemperate speech against the flag or the United States authorities becomes treasonable.

Our race has never yet produced an anarchist or traitor, and God grant it never may. We have a record to defend, but no treason to explain or atone. Therefore guard your thoughts and speech as well as your deeds.

Be careful as to what you say. This is sane advice, which it will pay all well to follow.

## THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY

About a month ago President Wilson wrote a letter to Prof. R. R. Moton, of Tuskegee, asking him if the American Negro would remain loyal to the country in the coming crisis. Prof. Moton, moved by a spirit of diplomacy as well as by a spirit of patriotism, replied with a letter pledging the loyalty of the Colored American and at the same time calling the President's attention to the numerous wrongs suffered by our people in the south and asking for some word of promise of reform. The following was the President's reply:

White House, Washington, D. C.  
March 16th, 1917.

My dear Principal Moton:

Accept my warm thanks for your kind letter of the fifteenth of March and allow me to tell you how deeply I appreciate your generous assurances.

(Signed) Woodrow Wilson.

And then the white American wonders why it is that the Colored American isn't yelling himself hoarse for the President and abusing Germany from the housetops.

## THROWS A MONKEY WRENCH IN THE WORKS

In the Omaha Daily News of last Sunday the editor makes a spread eagle editorial over the fact that Judah Wulfson, student of the Omaha University, answered Ivan Narodny, the famous Russian in this country who wants to organize a Russian-American regiment. Quoth Judah, "America is the great melting pot of the world. When we come here we become Americans. I am willing to fight for Uncle Sam, if necessary, but I would rather fight in the ranks with other Americans. Let us all be Americans and fight together."

"Hot stuff," scribbles the editor. "Fine old American dope and good enough for me. Hurrah!"

"Yes," concludes The Monitor, "the American spirit is big enough to take in every nationality but when someone says 'Negro,' it comes to a dead stop. It hurls a monkey wrench in the machinery.

## CLEAN UP

Saturday is Clean Up Day,  
And Parks will haul your trash away  
On a great big city auto dray.  
So get ready for the fray;  
Line up all in fine array  
And make an elegant display  
Of old tin cans and ashes gray  
(The last he will not haul away  
On the city's auto dray).  
And yet to avoid dismay  
This our noble Mayor doth say:  
"No trash on our streets may stay,  
Or rubbish on our streets may lay—  
(North Twenty-first alone excepted,  
Where rights of rubbish are respected)—  
After Saturday, Clean Up Day."  
Get broom and rake and fountain  
spray,  
And clean and wash the dirt away,  
And make Omaha the place to stay  
For all who love to work and play.  
Get busy, then, for Clean Up Day!

## SKITS OF SOLOMON

### City Gardens.

A city garden is a spot two by four cultivated in the spring with imagination and a few seeds and harvested in the fall with regrets and a small sized lard bucket. When a farmer plants his garden he estimates that his rows of beans will buy a pair of overalls, his plot of lettuce a pair of gloves, and his area of radishes a new Bulgarian necktie. But when a city man or woman begins planting the spot 2x4, he or she sends for a catalogue and begins looking over the new models in \$7,000 autos and \$25,000 bungalows in the orange groves west of the Sierras. The farmer usually realizes his ambition while the city chap realizes that he has done a million dollars' worth of work for a dime. The first thing he did was to catch cold digging; secondly, spend several dollars of good coin of the realm for seeds that wouldn't grow; thirdly, break his spine in two juggling with the rake and hoe; fourthly, developing eye strain from hunting for sprouts;

fifthly, burning up his skin fighting bugs, chickens and dogs in the hot summer sun; sixthly, losing a whole day's pay in order to harvest his crops; seventhly, starving himself to death by trying to make his year's crop feed him and his for one meal. Lastly, he develops sore throat from swearing that he'll never plant another seed the longest day he lives.

But he doesn't mean it. Next year he will do the same thing all over again. He will have the same hopes and the same disappointments. That's life.

## Obvious Observations

Under the defense of the realm act President Wilson has the power to name the maximum prices of food-stuffs. We know the President is a very busy man but we wish he would stop long enough to hand an upper-cut to the food speculators.

Let's see. We've planted some beans, peas, lettuce, turnips, onions, and potatoes. If they all grow we'll be on speaking terms with J. P. and John D. about Thanksgiving.

If the British keep up their drive there won't be much left for American troops to do but flirt with the French girls and tell them they mustn't have anything to do with the black soldiers from Algiers.

We have started to pack away our winter overcoat seven times and each time we get a mess of cold feet. We have now decided to let it hang on the peg in the closet for at least two months longer.

The press reports that Allied Cabinet Members are coming across the pond to talk over the feeding of the Allies. That's very nice and we approve, but we are willing to get a megaphone and start hollering, "Feed America First."

"At least two more years of war," said Mr. Gerard, recent ambassador to Germany. "Whew! Germany sure must be some tough chicken."

If anyone ever tells you that a corpse can't come to life, repeat to them the story of Old John Barley-corn who died last November and is now alive and kicking up Cain at the Nebraska legislature.

Thanking you for your undivided lethargy, we will now pay a visit to the weather man and ask him if he has heard anything about the coming of spring.

# Save Scrap Paper

## for St. Philip's Church

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John Albert Williams, Vicar.