

Growing,
Thank You!

THE MONITOR

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans

THE REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor

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Lighting;
Too!

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Visits Des Moines Training Camp

"Bob" Robinson Writes Interesting Letter For Monitor Readers on Recent Trip.

MEETS MANY FORMER OMAHANS

Men Are Contented; Studying and Working Hard to Win Commissions. Are Making Good.

Rev. John Albert Williams, Editor The Monitor:

I am writing to inform you that Messrs. Broomfield, Bird and I have just returned from the provisional training camp at Fort Des Moines, Ia., where we motored last Friday. The object of our trip was to see the boys there in training.

We arrived at the fort about 10 o'clock Saturday and were informed that the boys were at the target range, some four miles away. We went to the range and found them busy getting it in order for practice. A more jolly and good-natured bunch of men it would be difficult to select. The boys as a whole seemed to be well contented and striving hard for one goal—a commission in the United States army. You can find men at Des Moines who can measure arms with the best and most learned men of every known profession. The enlisted men and candidates from civil life all have one aim.

Visitors to Des Moines will find the men busy from morning till night studying and drilling.

The citizens of Des Moines, both white and colored, speak of the boys in training in the highest terms.

Saturday we had dinner at the range and ate supper with Company No. 5. The boys are getting wholesome food. The dinner menu consisted of cabbage and weinies, bread, jam and coffee. Supper: Calves liver, brown gravy, rice, French peas, prunes, bread, coffee and tea, hot or iced.

After dinner we visited the army and navy branch of the Y. M. C. A. and listened to members of Companies 3 and 4 in recitations and monologues. A paper by one of the candidates was full of wit. Prizes were awarded the successful competitors in the Fourth of July games by Messrs. W. H. J. Beckett, physical director of Howard university, and Mr. DeFranz, former secretary of the Patee Y. M. C. A. branch, Kansas City, Mo. Dr. G. W. Cabaniss of Washington, D. C., who is known as "the father of the camp," is connected with the Y. M. C. A. work and is deeply interested in the men and their work.

The men wear the regulation uniform—tan shoes, company hat, with red, white and blue cord; canvas or leather puttees, and when downtown they wear their swaggers (short cane), which is becoming quite popular with the ladies in the capital city.

The boys are being given a hard course of study to determine their fitness to command men. They speak in the highest terms of Colonel Ballou, senior instructor in command, and those under him.

The "non-coms" and privates selected from the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth infantry and the Tenth cavalry are men chosen by their company commanders, and are well versed in military tactics and capable of demanding the respect of men. For some reason the Ninth cavalry detachment is late in arriving.

The Nebraska boys seem to be making good. So many of the men at the camp have lived in Omaha that one would think that we have a larger representation than five. The men were complaining of their arms being sore from their vaccination with typhus serum. Some of the boys have been dismissed on account of being too light—physically, of course—or heavy, or for poor eyesight; but so far none has been dismissed for any breach of discipline.

We again went to the fort Sunday afternoon, in time for retreat, and, after saying "Hello" and "Goodbye" to many of the boys, we left the camp for the city at 8 p. m., where we spent the night. Leaving Des Moines at 10 o'clock Monday morning we arrived in Omaha at 4 p. m. We came over the White Pole route and found it a real speedway.

I hope that I may be able to visit the fort again before the boys will have finished their three months' course of training and gone to some cantonment camp.

Visitors are cordially received. The cadets are interested in meeting visi-

tors and will give you any information you may seek. Ladies are seen on the company streets and in the Y. M. C. A. tent. The boys are always anxious to see friends from home.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. ROBINSON,
Late Corporal Co. L, 25th Infantry,
U. S. A.

BROOMFIELD BUBBLES WITH ENTHUSIASM

J. H. Broomfield, who has just returned from a visit to the officers' reserve training camp at Fort Des Moines, is bubbling over with enthusiasm and race pride as a result of his visit.

Mr. Broomfield said to The Monitor:

"That camp is the greatest thing that could happen for our people. It made me feel proud of our race. Just think of it, over 1,200 men, the very pick and flower of Negro manhood—every man a gentleman and a scholar! You couldn't find a finer looking body of men anywhere. And, say, you never saw men work so hard in all your born days. Every man seems animated with the firm determination to win and deserve a commission.

"I heard quite a number of downtown white business men express themselves as looking upon the men in that camp as the very cream of the manhood of the colored race. They paid them all kinds of compliments, and they deserve it, for they are gentlemen of the highest type.

"Colonel Ballou, who commands the camp is a fine officer and the men just love him to death.

"Every one of the Omaha boys is doing fine. I had a good laugh at 'little' Dr. Peebles. That wiry little chap is working himself to death, but says he never felt better in his life. And that is true of the other four Omaha men. They were digging trenches. Just imagine that Omaha bunch digging trenches!

"I told Ed Turner to see that every man in camp read The Monitor. I'm going to take another trip over there and I'd like you to go along, for it will be an inspiration to you.

"No one should feel sore because those boys don't write their friends. They don't have time. They are busy from 5 a. m. until 9:45 p. m., when the lights go out."

BURGESS-NASH CO. EMPLOY COLORED ELEVATOR MEN

The Burgess-Nash company have given employment to four young colored men as elevator conductors. They are: Charles C. Dudley, who is in charge; Cecil Riggs, Clarence Gordon and Ted Owens. They are all fine, gentlemanly young fellows and fully capable of giving good satisfaction. If given only half a chance we are confident they will make good. We are glad to know that enterprising firm has opened this industrial opportunity.

YOUNG MAN GETS GOOD POSITION IN CUBA

Washington, D. C.—Harold, son of Daniel Murray, of this city, who graduated from the engineering course, Sibley College, Cornell University, in June, 1916, and with his bride, located in Havana, Cuba, has entered the service of the Havana Marine Company at \$175 per month. Armed with a certificate of qualifications from the dean of Sibley, Murray left for Cuba Oct. 31, 1916, and began work on arrival in the service of furnishing gas and electricity to Havana.

ELKS TO MEET IN CLEVELAND

Cleveland, O.—The Grand Lodge, Improved, Benevolent, Protective Order of Elks of the World, and the Grand Temple, Daughter Elks, will hold their eighteenth annual convention here August 26 to 30. Great preparations are being made by the local lodges.

RED CROSS TAGGERS AT NEW ROCHELLE

New Rochelle, N. Y.—M. Pattillo Harper was chaperon for six colored girls she called out Saturday, Red Cross "Tag Day." This is the first time in the history of the city that colored girls were invited to sell tags and it was done through the efforts of Mrs. Harper, who is a member of the American Red Cross Society. The girls made an excellent showing and their costumes and manners were highly complimented by the leading ladies. They made good, reporting \$20.07.

Eyewitness Tells of Fiendish Deeds of East St. Louis Massacre

White Savages Exult in Crimes of Cruelty, Brutality and Bloodshed Which Put to Shame the Armenian Atrocities.

By Carlos F. Hurd.

For an hour and a half I saw the massacre of helpless Negroes at Broadway and Fourth street, in downtown East St. Louis where a black skin was a death warrant.

I have read of St. Bartholomew's night. I have heard stories of the latter-day crimes of the Turks in Armenia, and I have learned to loathe the German army for its barbarity in Belgium. But I do not believe that Moslem fanaticism or Prussian frightfulness could perpetrate murders of more deliberate brutality than those which I saw committed, in daylight by citizens of the State of Abraham Lincoln.

I saw man after man, with hands raised, pleading for his life, surrounded by groups of men—men who had never seen him before and knew nothing about him except that he was black—and saw them administer the historic sentence of intolerance, death by stoning.

I saw one of these men, almost dead from a savage shower of stones, hanged with a clothesline, and when it broke, hanged with a rope which held. Within a few paces of the pole from which he was suspended, four other Negroes lay dead or dying, another having been removed, dead, a short time before.

I saw the pockets of two of these Negroes searched, without the finding of any weapon.

I saw one of these men, covered with blood and half conscious, raise himself on his elbow and look feebly about, when a young man, standing directly behind him, lifted a flat stone in both hands and hurled it upon his neck. The young man was much better dressed than most of the others. He walked away unmolested.

I saw Negro women, begging for mercy and pleading that they had harmed no one, set upon by white women and answered the coarse sallies of men as they beat the Negroes' faces and breasts with fists, stones and sticks. I saw one of these furies fling herself at a militiaman who was trying to protect a Negro, and wrestle with him for his bayoneted gun, while other women attacked the refugee.

Conducted on Sporting Basis.

What I saw, in the ninety minutes between 6:30 p. m. and the lurid coming of darkness, was but one local scene of the drama of death. I am satisfied that in spirit and method, it typified the whole. And I cannot somehow speak of what I saw as mob violence. It was not my idea of a mob.

A mob is passionate, a mob follows one man or a few men blindly; a mob sometimes takes chances. The East St. Louis affair, as I saw it, was a man hunt, conducted on a sporting basis, though with anything but the fair play which is the principle of sport. The East St. Louis men took no chances, except the chance from stray shots, which every spectator of their acts took. They went in small groups, there was little leadership, and there was a horribly cool deliberateness and a spirit of fun about it.

I cannot allow even the doubtful excuse of drink. No man whom I saw showed the effect of liquor.

It was no crowd of hot-headed youths. Young men were in the greater number, but they were the middle-aged, no less active in the task of destroying the life of every discoverable black man.

Shirt Sleeve Gathering.

It was a shirt-sleeve gathering, and the men were mostly workmen, except for some who had the aspect of mere loafers. I have mentioned the peculiarly brutal crime committed by the only man there who had the appearance of being a business or professional man of any standing.

I would be more pessimistic about my fellow-Americans than I am today, if I could not say that there were other workmen who protested against the senseless slaughter. I would be ashamed of myself if I could not say that I forgot my place as a professional observer and joined in such protests. But I do not think any verbal objection had the slightest ef-

fect. Only a volley of lead would have stopped those murderers.

"Get a nigger!" was the slogan, and it was varied by the recurrent cry, "Get another!" It was like nothing so much as the holiday crowd, with thumbs turned down, in the Roman Coliseum, except that here the shouters were their own gladiators and their own wild beasts.

Slayers Waiting for Them.

When I got off a State street car on Broadway at 6:30, a fire apparatus was on its way to the blaze in the rear of Fourth street, south from Broadway. A moment's survey showed why this fire had been set, and what it was meant to accomplish.

The sheds in the rear of Negroes' houses, which were themselves in the rear of the main buildings on Fourth street, had been ignited to drive out the Negro occupants of the houses. And the slayers were waiting for them to come out.

It was stay in and be roasted or come out and be slaughtered. A moment before I arrived one Negro had taken the desperate chance of coming out, and the rattle of revolver shots, which I heard as I approached the corner, was followed by the cry, "They've got him!"

And they had. He lay on the pavement, a bullet wound in his head and his skull bare in two places. At every movement of pain which showed that life remained there came a terrific kick in the jaw or the nose, or a crashing stone from some of the men who stood over him.

At the corner, a few steps away, were a sergeant and several guardsmen. The sergeant approached the ring of men around the prostrate Negro.

'Done for,' Says Policeman.

"This man is done for," he said. "You'd better get him away from here." No one made a move to lift the blood-covered form, and the sergeant walked away, remarking, when I questioned him about an ambulance, that the ambulances had quit coming. However, an undertaker's ambulance did come fifteen minutes later, and took away the lifeless Negro, who had in the meantime been further kicked and stoned.

By that time the fire in the rear of the Negro houses had grown hotter, and men were standing in all the narrow spaces through which the Negroes might come to the street. There was talk of a Negro in one of the houses who had a Winchester and the opinion was expressed that he had no ammunition left, but no one went too near, and the fire was depended on to drive him out. The firemen were at work on Broadway, some distance east, but the flames immediately in the rear of the Negro houses burned without hindrance.

Struck Blow on Jaw.

A half block to the south, there was a hue and cry at a railroad crossing, and a fusillade of shots was heard. More militiamen than I had seen elsewhere, up to that time, were standing on a platform and near a string of freight cars, and trying to keep back men who had started to pursue Negroes along the tracks.

As I turned back toward Broadway, there was a shout at the alley, and a Negro ran out, apparently hoping to find protection. He paid no attention to missiles thrown from behind, none of which had hurt him much, but he was stopped in the middle of the street by a smashing blow to the jaw, struck by a man he had not seen.

"Don't do that," he appealed. "I haven't hurt nobody." The answer was a blow from one side, a piece of curbstone from the other side, and a push which sent him on the brick pavement. He did not rise again, and the battering and kicking of his skull continued until he lay still, his blood flowing half way across the street.

Bullets Saved for Long Range.

Before he had been booted to the opposite curb, another Negro appeared, and the same deeds were repeated. I did not see any revolver shots fired at these men. Bullets and ammunition were saved for use at long range. It was the last Negro I have men-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADUATES

Philadelphia, Pa.—At the one hundred and sixty-first commencement of the University of Pennsylvania held on Tuesday, June 12, there were sixteen race graduates in Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Dental Surgery, Master of Arts Veterinary Surgeon.

SUFFRAGE LEAGUE MEETS

Boston, Mass.—The New England Suffrage League re-elected Editor Monroe Trotter, president. There were two executive sessions with 100 delegates present. Delegates will attend the Liberty meeting at Washington, D. C., this fall.

MORSE WINS AGAIN

New York, June 29.—Roy Morse won the 100-yard special race at the monthly club games of the Alpha Physical club Sunday at Macomb's Dam park. The former national champion won by a yard in 10 and 1-5 seconds. The 880-yard special race went to Walter Prowe of the Alphas, with S. Cummings of the same club third. A white lad ran second. Peter White finished second to Morse and Andy Pennon third.

WINS BRONZE MEDAL IN SHORT HAND CONTEST

Newark, N. J.—Joshua Smith a graduate of the Plainfield High School, was awarded a bronze medal in the annual New Jersey State short-hand contest, held here June 9. He was the only representative of the race present.

BELOVED GRADUATE AT RADCLIFF

Among the graduates of Radcliff College, in Cambridge, was Miss Frances Grant, a young colored girl, a communicant of the Church of the Advent, Boston. She received her A. B. magna cum laude, the Phi Beta Kappa key, and last season was awarded the largest money scholarship of the college.—The Living Church.

BANK BUYS BRICK BUILDING

Washington, D. C.—The Industrial Savings Bank has purchased a two-story brick building at the northwest corner of Eleventh and U streets. Ground and building, when completed, will represent an outlay of \$30,000.

CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION FOR POLICE OFFICER

Philadelphia, Pa.—Alonzo Myers, a policeman of the Moyamensing avenue and Dickinson street station, has been notified by the War Department that he has been commissioned a captain for the Negro officers' training camp at Des Moines, Ia. Myers has a fine record for bravery both in the Army and police force. He served in Cuba during the Spanish-American war and also in the Philippines during the insurrection. Congress awarded him a McKinley medal for bravery.

GET VERDICT AGAINST THEATRE

Miss Dorothy Hampton and Miss Katherine Mars of Brooklyn, recovered settlements last week in the trial of their cases brought against Keeney's Theatre, Brooklyn, through their attorney, Robert P. Lattimore, of 26 Cortlandt street, because the management refused to allow them to occupy orchestra seats after tickets had been purchased. The cases came up before Justice Strahl in the 6th District Municipal Court, Brooklyn.—New York Age.

COLORED GIRLS IN GLASS FACTORY

Colored girls have supplanted white boys in the glass works in Springs City, Pa., receiving as high as \$2 a day.

HANDED PASSPORTS

Amsterdam, Holland, June 29.—The Haitian charge d'affaires at Berlin has been handed his passports, according to a dispatch from Berlin. The Haitian diplomat had previously handed to Foreign Secretary Zimmermann a note protesting against unrestricted submarine warfare and demanding compensation for losses to Haitian commerce and taking of Haitian lives.

Aftermath of the East St. Louis Riot

George Wells Parker, of Monitor Staff Tells What He saw and Heard at Scene of Carnage.

INTERVIEWED EYE WITNESSES

Victims of Violence Stunned and Bewildered. Kind-Hearted People Seek to Make Atonement.

I read of the terrible East St. Louis riot Tuesday morning and Wednesday I took the first train for St. Louis. When I reached there I engaged a room at the Newport Hotel, made a hasty toilet and repaired to the Municipal Lodging House where the refugees were pouring in. Never before did I see such a scene and may I never again. There were men and women and children there by the thousands and every ten minutes the St. Louis patrols rolled up crowded with more. The whole thing was most pathetic. From the faces of those thousands the happy smile so characteristic of our race was gone. Instead was a grim sad look, betokening trouble, sorrow and distraction. Men were hunting for their wives, wives for their husbands, parents for their children, and most touching of all little children peering into the faces of everyone that they might recognize father or mother. It was hell brought to earth, hell brought to a country that has plunged into war with the slogan of liberty upon its lips. The hospitals were filled with the seriously wounded, but those less seriously hurt were wandering about distraught, their heads and arms and limbs bandaged and stained with blood.

I heard a hundred versions about how the trouble started, but there was a unanimous agreement that more than a hundred colored were killed and almost half as many whites. I heard stories of how children were shot and thrown back into the flames; how women were killed as they tried to run from their flaming homes; how unarmed men were shot or hit on the head and their brains scattered about the streets. I heard, too, that the mob was made up of foreigners and that the business whites of the town pleaded with the police and militia to stop the bloodshed and were laughed at for their trouble. I talked with men who peered through their windows and saw men lynched as the guardians of the law stood by. One white woman told me a colored man was shot at her door step and when she called a doctor, the latter replied, "Let the nigger die." The M. and O. trains stopped every few feet to take on distracted women with babies in their arms, going where they did not know. I talked with one old lady who told me that she and her husband started back to help their children out of the flames and she finally got to St. Louis—alone. It was hell. They were never given a chance. The police knew that the mob was timed to start and the preliminary was for them to unarm the colored before the savages were turned loose upon them. The cur who is mayor, knew all and even now declares that he will not guarantee protection if the colored return. But they won't return. The mill and factory bosses are all in St. Louis begging the men to return, but the men only look at them blankly and turn away. Some few have gone south, but the majority are so dazed that they don't know what to do. Some are waiting for their wages, some to know if their relatives are living some wondering if their homes are completely burned, and some just waiting because their energy is gone and their brains a blank.

St. Louis is doing a wonderful work. The city has been opened to all the refugees and the white and black are toiling side by side in rendering aid and comfort. The St. Louis Bar Association has taken the names of all who have suffered loss and will recover for the unfortunate free of charge. The Red Cross is housing and feeding them and bringing them all across the river. The street cars refuse to let them pay fares to ride. These breaths of charity are the only things to make one feel that he is not in a demon land.

This is no place for comment. It is impossible to comprehend the meaning of it all. Even those of the south, used as they are to injustice, are appalled at what they have read and cannot believe it to be true. Neither can the rest of us. It takes time to realize that it was all really so.

The Monitor is growing. Help us grow.