

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.

Published Every Saturday.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter July 2, 1915, at the Post Office at Omaha, Neb., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.50 PER YEAR
Advertising Rates, 50 cents an inch per issue.
Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.
Telephone Webster 424.



AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE

WE give in this issue what many may consider disproportionate space to comments on the recent exhibition of savagery in Tennessee. From the wealth of material sent us by friends in that section of the country, which shows an aroused and awakening conscience to the evil of mob violence too long tolerated against Colored Americans and growing in intensity and barbarity yearly, we have found it difficult to make a selection. We finally chose those which are here given. They are representative of the sentiments that are being publicly expressed by press, pulpit, forum, bar and university in Tennessee. We believe that they are indicative of an awakening conscience that must result in a united and determined action that will make such fiendish deeds practically impossible anywhere in this country.

The conscience of this country, and especially of the South, needs awakening. It has been allowed to slumber too long. Indeed, evidence has not been wanting to lead one to the conclusion that the South has no conscience and no moral sense when it comes to dealing with the black man. It has regarded him as "only a nigger," which means, according to the white South's mental concept, that he is a little lower than a dog; for despite the South's protestation of affection for the black man, the lightness with which his life is regarded in that section and the impunity with which it may be taken by the "superior" race—God save the mark!—plainly proves that he is accounted less than a dog. Only from such a viewpoint can one explain the attitude of normally humane people, such as are supposed to inhabit the Southland, towards him. This mental viewpoint explains why the frequent outbursts of savagery against him, by which the whites have periodically deemed it necessary to demonstrate their superiority, have aroused no qualms of conscience among the kindly-disposed and Christian people of the South which compelled them to cry out against these fiendish atrocities.

It is, therefore, a most encouraging sign of an awakening conscience to have religious leaders like Bishop Gailor, who looms large in the influence which he wields; educators like Prof. Mims of Vanderbilt university, and newspapers like the Nashville Banner, raising their voices in protest against the savagery which is making Tennessee a stench in the nostrils of the nation.

When the conscience, not only of the South, but this entire nation, is aroused against the iniquity of mob-murder, mob-murder will cease. To accomplish this it is only necessary for the religious and educational leaders of this country, who have been guilty of moral cowardice in remaining silent as to these wrongs, to speak out in no uncertain tones. Then, too, the South and large sections of the North, which has been inoculated with the same virus, must change its viewpoint concerning the black man. They must regard him and treat him not as something less than a dog, but as a human being, made in the image of God and destined to grow into His likeness.

SACRIFICE

As the gold and grey days roll on we are coming to realize more and more that this great world war means SACRIFICE. Apparently not much sacrifice for the rich and powerful. Oh, no! No matter how the game goes, they are the winners. As many use their wealth it would seem that they have welcomed war, as they angle for huge contracts that would strike dumb a Midas. It is the poor who must sacrifice. It is the poor who must make lean their tables, not only because their government commands, but because inflated prices demand. It is the poor who must take from their meager pittance a portion and pay as taxes to carry on world murder.

And what are the poor to reap? God grant that it may be peace, a peace that shall go down the sunlit

years and bless them. A peace that shall beckon birth with a smile and welcome death with a sigh. A peace that young mothers may rear their boy babies and be sure that they are not born to die by guns, bombs and poisoned gas. A peace that poor men may cherish and know that their hopes for manhood success may not be blasted by a call to war—a call which they must answer, whether or no. Only for the dream of such a peace can the poor sacrifice and sacrifice with a smile. If the dream be false, they should rise in their might and sweep from the earth all spawn of militarism, whether the spawn be Teuton or Ally. The world is old and surely the time should come when the poor should make no sacrifice save in the perpetuation of peace.

INFERIOR IN VICE, SUPERIOR IN VIRTUE

It is most gratifying to be able to say, with some degree of pride, that the Negro race in America not only has not yet produced an anarchist or traitor, but despite the handicap of ignorance has never been guilty of such savagery as that of torturing human beings and burning them at the stake. Warm-hearted and affectionate as a people, we shrink from even torturing a dumb brute.

May God preserve these kindly traits of character among us as a people, and may we by our good deeds help raise America to a higher standard of life. Let us strive to be inferior in vice, superior in virtue.

Obvious Observations

President Wilson has held up the sentence against the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth until he examines the evidence of the court-martial. We imagine that if he had had the chance to examine the first one, there would have been a different story.

They are still scrapping and throwing verbal bombs at each other in the United States senate.

If winter doesn't let up pretty soon we will have to alter the calendar and give it a six months' job.

It isn't much use telling us to have meatless days. Most of our days are meatless, anyway.

The password on the western front is, "Let 'em come!"

It takes 10,000 shots to bring down an aeroplane and after it gets down the junk man offers two bits a pound for what's left. War sure is a costly invention.

Reports say that Mr. Garfield's heatless days saved 3,456,000 tons of coal and lost over \$1,000,000,000. Who got the poker chips?

Have you started studying the seed catalogue yet? When coming down to it always remember that it has Anurias beaten six ways from Sunday.

Keep on the heavy underwear, Dumas, or else Mr. Pneumonia will get acquainted with your breath tanks.

Are the indictments against Johnny, Billy and Tommy all camouflage?

Thanking you for your august attention, we will now begin nursing our toothache.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Rumor

A rumor is report that starts out navigating among the public, the percentage of which is always beyond finding out. Rumors nowadays are as thick as coffee grounds coming through a leaky strainer. One day we get a mess of cold feet after hearing that this time next year we will be living on sawdust and shoe leather, but the next day we learn that we have so much eats on hand that we can feed the earth and all the rest of the planets in our system. At noon we hear that the Russians are kicking up so much heel dust that the Germans are choking to death and at 4 o'clock the situation has changed and the Russians are really scrapping. In the morning Mr. Garfield, national coal man, says you better invest in black diamonds this spring for next winter, and in the evening the papers say that next win-

ter everything in the coal line will be all hunkadory. At breakfast you read that peace is shaking Kaiser Bill by the neck and telling him to get busy, and at dinner you scan that Bill says he wouldn't know peace if she danced the tango on his chest. One minute you learn that 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are rotting in the cribs and the next minute your eyes are greeted with the news that the national food sleuths can't find the wheat to save their lives. Yesterday the eat dictators told you to stop eating meat because it isn't good for your liver or for the country, and tomorrow they tell you to clean up on the mutton and chicken so as to keep friend farmer from going broke. The young fellows between 21 and 31 hear so many rumors about being called that nearly all are getting St. Vitus dance. The only way to keep from developing nervous prostration is to plug your ears and put on blinders so that rumors have no effect.

COMMENDATION FOR MR. BRAITHWAITE

"Literary tasters are coming to be public functionaries we can hardly do without. For those who have not the time to search the periodical press for the best poetry and fiction, like Mr. Braithwaite and Mr. O'Brien, who pick out 'the best' of the year's verse and short stories, and ought to have our applause for their self-imposed task."
—Literary Digest.

Mr. Braithwaite is one of the race.

Smoke John Ruskin 5c Cigar. Biggest and Best.—Adv.

Our Women and Children

Conducted by
Lucille Skaggs Edwards

HE GOES BY, SINGING

He goes by, singing through the storm,
An early worker on his way;
(I'm lying, her secure and warm,
'Tis scarcely yet the break of day.)

He goes by, singing in the rain;
(An open window brings the tune)
For all the joy in his refrain,
It might be radiant morn of June!

He goes by singing, cold and wet;
Can nothing daunt his spirit, then?
No hopeless thought, no vain regret,
No envy of his fellow men?

Thanks, unknown singer, for the song;
My heartfelt thanks for that brave lay

Which blotted out the pain and wrong,
And ushered in the working day!
—Anon.

Fried mush and syrup made from the juices of preserves make a mighty fine breakfast. Hominy is good also served with prunes. The taste will be satisfactory and there will be little need of the doctor.

It is said that the unpolished rice is better for the health than the polished rice.

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Charles H. Warden, Proprietor.

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The Monitor Advertisers Deserve Your Patronage

What Prominent Citizens Say of The Alamo Barber Shop

Before Killingsworth & Price took possession at 2416 North Twenty-fourth street, we advertised through the columns of The Monitor that "we are going to run a clean-cut business, such as has never before been given."
Having run approximately nine months, this is what prominent men have to say:

The people of the North End are, indeed, proud of the Alamo Barber Shop, conducted by Killingsworth & Price. The shop is sanitary and up-to-date in every detail; the service is excellent; the morale of the place is far above the average combination pool hall where gangs of uncouth fellows congregate.
A. G. EDWARDS, M. D.

I have had my barber work done at the Alamo Barber Shop ever since it opened. I find it to be up-to-date and sanitary in every respect. Never saw a better bunch of well behaved men than you see there. You wouldn't know the pool tables were there if you didn't hear the clatter of the balls.
SERGEANT ISAAC BAILEY.

If any one should have told me that a barber shop could be run in a pool hall as the Alamo has, I would not have believed it. I see the reason. There is no betting allowed on the pool games, therefore no fights. The fence makes the shop a different department altogether. Mr. Price is a wonderful man.
JAMES C. DONLEY.

The Alamo Barber Shop feels grateful to the men who have expressed themselves for publication concerning things they have seen for themselves.

The management assures all that we will continue in the future as we have in the past. It is the aim of the management to give to the public the best shop, best workmen, best regulated and best managed, not only in this town, but in any other town.

There will be additional improvements in the near future. Some that are unknown to the Colored barber shops in this section of the country. It will not be long before everything that is required to make a barber shop first-class in every respect can be had at the Alamo. The management is not holding back for anything. Our hearts are in the business and we are forcing our way to the front. We have nothing to regret at our investment. We feel thankful to the people who have patronized us and welcomed us. The mere saying that a barber shop cannot be run first-class connected with a pool hall is quibbling. The wives who accompany their husbands to our place, the ladies who get their faces massaged, mothers who bring their dear ones and make themselves at home, speak in loud tones in our behalf.

The shop is already known from Coast to Coast, through the fame of the proprietors and The Monitor.

Will say for Mr. Killingsworth, he is one of the best barbers and business men I ever met. He answered the call of his country without even a word of protest. If this country was scoured from the rugged coast of Maine to the Golden Gates of California, even into the everglades of Florida, his superior could not be found. Let us hope that Mr. Killingsworth will soon return; that he and his partner once more may join hands in the business which they have founded.

R. C. PRICE