

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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AN OPEN LETTER OF THANKS TO PRESIDENT WILSON

MR. PRESIDENT: Please accept the grateful thanks of the thousands of Colored Americans of Nebraska for whom The Monitor has authority, primarily, to speak, and of its readers elsewhere throughout the country whose gratitude we take the liberty of voicing, for your long-awaited, eagerly desired, trumpet-voiced call to our fair land, America, to exorcise the evil spirit of mobocracy by which she has been so long possessed.

How anxious, sir, we have been for you to speak! How your silence and apparent indifference to the horrible, indescribable and almost unbelievable atrocities of which we, a loyal and law-abiding people have been so largely and almost exclusively, the victim, has perplexed, pained and grieved us! Our amazement at your silence has been indeed great, but greater than our amazement has been our dismay at the growing, undisguised and dangerous discontent among our people, as lawless acts with increasing fiendishness and frequency against us multiplied and you, our rarely gifted president, who with vehement righteous indignation anathematized barbaric ruthlessness across the seas, concerning these remained so strangely mute. Seemed we impatient for some word of protest from you, sir? If so, it was because we knew the hearts and sentiments of our people. We knew the heavy burden placed upon you and we wanted a united and contented people to help you bear that burden. This it was impossible to do while they construed your silence—even though wrongfully—as condonation if not approval of the ills they keenly suffered. It was not to embarrass you that we importuned you to speak, nor from any sentiment of disloyalty, as you yourself must know full well, but because we wanted to knit the hearts of our people to you as the ruler of our nation in these times of peril and anxiety.

You have spoken the words which we desire, and by that utterance have lifted a burden from our hearts and we sincerely thank you, and reaffirm our allegiance to you, our President, to our Country and to our Flag.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON LYNCHING

WE are not ashamed to confess that we have shed grateful tears of joy over President Wilson's most impressive message appealing for the suppression of the lynching mania which has made our beloved country a stench in the nostrils of the nations of the world.

For nearly thirty years we have longed and hoped and prayed for some chief executive of the nation to speak in courageous denunciation of this malignant evil. Always loathing it and marvelling at the moral cowardice or most lamentable indifference which seemed to seal the lips of broad-minded, merciful, kind-hearted, justice-loving, Christian white men, with a few notable exceptions, we were filled with dismay and solicitude, after our entry into the war at the mounting tide of lynchings, upwards of 300, including the East St. Louis horror, which by their frequency and indescribable brutality, threatened to alienate the affection and loyalty of our people to this land of our nativity. We knew, both as pastor and editor, the effect these atrocities were having upon our people. There was a growing bitterness, not merely because of these brutalities which it was generally believed were carried on by the baser element of the several communities, but because of the acquiescent silence of those in authority from the president down, which seemed to condone, if not approve. The people believed and rightly so, that if our great president would only declare his disapprobation of these barbarities at home as vigorously as he denounced ruthless deeds abroad, this rising tide of lawlessness would be stemmed at home. He remained silent. The lawless element of the land seemed to interpret his silence as approval of their deeds; as their multiplication testified. Our own group from whom the victims were so largely drawn reasoned, too, SILENCE GIVES CONSENT, and bitterness and resentment were at work. We deplored this growing bitterness, and implored the president to make it clear that he did not approve these deeds of blood, that he was not indifferent to our sufferings. This is what the united press of our people, our leaders and white friends besought the president to do. And at last, thank God, the president has spoken the needed word. And what a magnificent message it is. It leaves nothing to be said. It is a clarion call to the people of these United States to show ourselves to be a humane, justice loving, law-abiding people. It is an appeal that will be heeded. Coming from a man of southern birth, breeding and sympathy, it means infinitely more than if such a message came from a man imbued with northern traditions. It

will have a tremendous influence in suppressing that evil, which has been a blow at the heart of ordered law and humane justice, and imperils the very life and perpetuity of the republic. It will have an imponderable effect in enheartening our race in this country and steeling the arms of our soldiers who fare forth to fight for democracy since they will feel that their loved ones will be reasonably safe at home.

We hail this message with joy, first because it is the message so long and sadly needed; and secondly because it places our president right where he as the leader in a great moral cause belongs as the outspoken champion of justice, righteousness and law throughout the world.

NO TIME FOR OVERCONFIDENCE

We have never for a single moment doubted the outcome of this war. We are going to win. That is certain. We are inclined to believe that the Berlin-ward drive of our gallant troops on the western front is really the beginning of the major offensive which will ultimately result in unfurling the standards of the allies above the imperial palace of Berlin. At the same time we must realize that no overconfidence in the prowess of our armies should make us insensible to the gigantic task which still lies before us. There must be no slacking in war preparations or in the loyal backing up and support of our troops. The nation's every demand upon us must be willingly, gladly and cheerfully met. Temporary reverses and heavy losses must still be ours before vic-

The Children of the Sun

By George Wells Parker

We have been a long way together, you and I. We started out on our travels with ten thousand years ago, and have come down to the age when the old world closed and the new began. Our quest has been for one thing, the vindication of our blood and I believe that it has been vindicated. I believe now that we look back upon the long range of centuries gone by and watch them glow against the horizon of time, our hearts will beat a little faster and a little warmer when they recollect that the past, the whole great past, belongs to us, The Children of the Sun.

They were our people who stood upon the threshold of time and looked first upon the stretch on eternity. They were our people who first learned the mysteries of agriculture, the wonders of the crafts and the blessings of society. They were our people who wondered at the enigmas of being, traced stories among the stars, sang hymns to the sun and

talked about God. They were our people who first builded beautiful cities, cut statues from stones, spanned rivers, harnessed floods, planted gardens, reared palaces, dedicated temples and tried to make earth the retrospect of paradise. They were our people who first conceived the ideas of the moral code, wrote laws, established seats of justice, and punished wrong. They were our people who first wrote books and music and carved pictures. They were our people who first discovered what civilization was and passed it on to men and nations struggling in the dark. Ancient history is our history, ancient glory is our glory, ancient honor is our honor. Let us then begin to write for ourselves a new name, a name that shall make men pause and wonder and think!

A few years ago a great scholar wrote an article for the New York Sun, the gem of journals. In this article he maintained that no mixed

race ever became a great race and that all great races were pure races. I asked permission of the editor to answer and the permission was granted. I opposed him diametrically and claimed that every great race was a mixed race and that no pure race ever did become or ever can become a great race. I shook the facts from history as one shakes coal in a bag. I left no stone unturned; no race unforgotten. I treated every race known to ancient history and races that belonged to ancient history, but are unknown save to the scholar and scientist. I built an argument that was to stay, and when I closed I invited my opponent to answer. That was two years ago and he has never answered yet. He never will now, because death has claimed him. But I mention this to prove to you how easy it is for prejudiced men to build theories and try to have men inhabit them when there is no one to knock their tenements to ruins. In our rambles down the halls of time I have given you a few facts with which you may claim the majesty of our blood, the greatness of our race, the potentialities of our people. Use them, study them and make them a part of your daily thought. "As a man thinketh, so he is," and our race is the only race that can think of itself in centuries and centuries of greatness, of thought and of accomplishment. This boon may have been granted to the white races, but upon the fields of Europe they are wrecking their chances forever.

AGITATION AND AGITATION

Agitation for the mere sake of agitation is always out of place and never more so than in times like these. But needed agitation for the correction of grave wrongs and for the enthronement of justice is always right and timely.

In this category belongs all of the just demands the race press and religious and other leaders and numerous friends among the white race have been making for the fullest participation of our people as American citizens, in all lines of activity, and for the practice of genuine democracy here.

THE DAWN!

As more and more the thoughtful race man or woman ponders upon the stealthy movement of events, the more and more is he or she mindful of a deep change that is permeating the whole of this nation. It is a something strange, a something which we have never known before; the gradual march of justice. Shall we call it the awakening conscience of the American people or shall we call it the impress of real democracy being forced upon us under the administration of democrats whose sense of responsibility to the nation is something more than the regulation of dollars and the dealings of patronage?

For twenty years under the republican regime our race has begged and plead and prayer for some voice of authority to declare our wrongs in the south unjust. For twenty years the republicans filled us with empty promises and whenever a case came before the supreme court, it sank into oblivion upon some technicality.

Six years ago the democrats swept into power and we trembled—and waited. We searched the pages of congress for the awful bills we thought about to be passed against us, and miracle of miracles to such bills came forth. Somehow the tongues of the old southern firebrands who used to march back and forth through the north under the old republican regime, were stilled. In time the question of disfranchisement came up before the supreme court again and this time a democratic supreme court. We felt we already knew what it would say and we were thunderstruck when the chief justice read the opinion and said: "Disfranchisement is unconstitutional!"

A few weeks ago some Colored soldiers raped a white girl near Des Moines and were hanged. They should have been hanged, and none of us felt any remorse. But when the press told us that a white soldier in Texas raped a Colored girl and that one morning the rising sun saw him hanging by the neck by court martial order, we gasped! For once in the history of America we are beginning to realize that there is not a law for the white and a law for the black, but law for Americans.

And so I say that we are beginning to see a light above the mist. We hardly comprehend it in the swiftly moving events, but we are becoming more and more aware that it is there and that it is something that we have never known before. Fear is giving way to content and content must eventually give way to enthusiasm. It is becoming plainer and plainer every day that the Colored man's duty is the American's duty and that the American's duty is to stand by the administration to the last.



too glad to have been the one to bring them home to all so that the truth may not remain hidden longer. Our race is a great race and it numbers more souls than all other races thrown into one. Upon us the orb of day has shone and left its mark and it is a mark of pride and glory and greatness. Ours is a great fraternity. The Children of the Sun and no greater challenge have we to give the world than that of the Moor, when he said: Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun, To whom I am a neighbor and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine."

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Draftees

Well, they've done it. Unk Sam has taken out his roster and looking down the list has said: "Colored boys, come on!" and the Colored boys have answered: "Coming, Unk! For two months we've been practicing the right step, left step, goose step and lock step and we're ready to eat up a regiment of boches now." Not a

one fell down. The circus grounds look as dusty as the parade grounds at Camp Funston. Every evening for the last steen days the boys have been practicing every stunt from hiking over the French mountains to learning how to capture a nest of German machine gunners with their teeth. So effective has been their training that everybody in the neighborhood wakes up in the middle of the night yelling "Left Face! "Oblique, March!" "Squad Halt!" One husband remarks that his wife hauled off one night last week and hit him so hard in the neck that it was three hours before he could find his voice and ask her what she hit him with. Her reply was that she didn't remember hitting him, but that if she did she must have been practicing military science with the boys.

And when they get ready to march away there won't be any slouches. They will walk down the street like men who have seen service. That's the way the Colored boys in this draft are putting things across. They are going to fight. They may not whip the whole German army, but it is corsets to catfish there's going to be a piece of the German army that will scatter around for souvenirs. And boys, send a souvenir back. We don't care what you send. A helmet or gun or skull or pair of ribs or leg or arm will do, just so its a souvenir.

God speed you, boys, on your way to Berlin, via Camp Funston and Camp Dodge. Your city and your country stand solidly behind you.

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Reasons Why the Alamo Barber Shop Is the Leading Shop of the City



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First, we are giving the people what they want. Second, the management has used discretion in getting the best barbers obtainable. The Alamo barber shop hasn't waited to see what others could do, but has stepped in the lead and given to the public things unheard of in Colored shops in this city.

The Alamo barber shop was the first to hail the public attention to a reading and rest room. The shower bath, which no shop is complete without, would never have been given to the Colored population had it not been for the Alamo barber shop. To avoid confusion over who may happen to be next we use the number system. No matter how high or low everyone is dealt with justly when their turn comes. A system adopted by the Alamo barber shop. Experience has taught the management that a fatigued barber is not the best barber; to keep the barbers fresh and in good trim at all times the shop is provided with stools so arranged to the height of the barber, it is convenient to rest at will while at work. Never before known in the history of the city. We lead, others follow. We advertise and don't knock.

We will be glad to have the most fastidious give the place a thorough inspection and see if this is true. The Alamo barber shop has done more to further the barber business and bring to the people their very needs, than all the shops put together have ever done.

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