

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 REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.
Lucille Skaggs Edwards and William Garnett Haynes, Associate Editors.
George Wells Parker, Contributing Editor. Bert Patrick, Business Manager.
Fred C. Williams, Traveling Representative

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QUESTIONS WHICH OBTUDE

WHAT mystic wand has been wielded over our great race leaders and stilled their once fearless voices? What subtle alchemy has transformed their dauntless spirit into apparent submission? What secret force has quieted their efforts and made them forget their pleas for racial justice? Has the jingling of the guinea helped the hurt that honor feels? Has the race been sold as though it were so many slaves and so much chattel?

Two hundred thousand Colored soldiers are over seas and another hundred thousand rolling up, and where are the Colored commissioned men who were to lead them? The comparative handful of officers graduated from the training schools are not enough for ten thousand, let alone for three hundred thousand. Was the training school a "sop" to delude the race into believing that Colored soldiers were to have Colored officers?

Colonel Young still rests upon the shelf. Is there no man or band of men to force the issue so that honesty may be proven or duplicity exposed?

Why haven't our Colored nurses been called in numbers so that we might know that the brown skin girl with the cross of red is more than a myth? Why are so many departments of the government closed to our efficient young women and so many branches of the army closed to our young men?

Why are the ship yards demanding union cards of Colored men when the managers know that the demand shuts out nearly all northern Colored workmen?

These are but a few of the questions that obtude and cause us to wonder if our leaders are asleep on their arms.

If ever there was a time to fight for our rights, it is now. If liberty and democracy are issues, then they who spill their blood are entitled to lift their claim. It is, therefore, to be deplored that many to whom the race has pinned its faith have evidently compromised and now, with soft and soothing words, would palliate injustice and bid us wait. Where wrong exists, there can be no waiting. The fight is an eternal fight and bayonets must be ever fixed. Is there no one to sound the tocsin and carry upward the plea of twelve millions of dusky hearts? Why need one hundred speakers cover this land to arouse the patriotism of the race, when even handed justice would rouse these listening millions into a seething cauldron of enthusiasm? What can these hundred speakers tell their people where every wire wings some message of discrimination or wrong practiced upon a faithful dependable people, which despite their best efforts tend to nullify their words?

Does Washington think that the American Colored man is ready to let one hundred men create the thought and feeling of twelve millions? Guess again.

Put Colonel Young back in the ranks; let us ear that thousands of capable Colored men are being made into commissioned officers; let the press tell us that thousands of Colored Red Cross nurses have embarked for sunny France to press the brows of our boys in khaki; give our women a chance when they prove up; let ability and character be the measure of race men in war work! Let the government see to these things and do these things and the heart beats of twelve million of Colored Americans will teach the ninety millions of white Americans what patriotism means.

LET US CHOOSE A DAY

LAST week the Jews all over the world gathered together to celebrate the Jewish New Year, a day beloved and honored by every descendant of old Israel. So most every other nation and people have some one day out of the calendar of three hundred and sixty-five, when it lays aside the realities of the present and calls back the sweet departed memories of the past. Our race has none. Some have tried to make Emancipation day a racial holiday, but against it are two reasons. First, it is localized to American Colored people only, and, secondly, it brings back the memories of sadness instead of triumph, memories that bring us up even to this hour and make us feel

that the crimes and insults of slavery are not yet things of the past.

Why not choose some day that may eventually become a glad some anniversary to Hamitic people throughout the world? Is there not in all the long range of the glorious African history some event, some date, some memory, that may be celebrated gladly and bring back to our spirit some of the puissance that signalized our blood in the ages gone by? We are a great people, one of the greatest that ever lived upon the face of the earth, and we have the right to instill into our children a new spirit that shall carry them on beyond the dead level of today. Think upon it and let The Monitor hear from you.

AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS

The Crusader magazine, a new race publication that has set its sails to plow the journalistic seas, carries an article under the caption, "Africa for Africans." It is a fine article and symbolizes a new spirit that has begun to animate our race. With that spirit we heartily agree and commend and trust that it will carry a message to the heart of every race member.

"Africa for the Africans," however, must for the present be only an illusion. Would that it were not so, but stern fact makes it so. In all the length and breadth of that mighty continent there is not one black empire sufficiently strong to demand of the nations that Africa be left for the Africans.

Japan has said, "Asia for the Asiatics!" and behind that phrase is a well trained army of nearly three millions of men, a ready and willing China and an India of millions of restless people. Besides there is wealth untold and a seat at the council tables to make the empires of the world hearken and obey. For Africa there is no voice. Her people are divided into a multitude of tribes, each warring upon the other. Her wealth is in the hands of European profiteers and she has no means to enforce her demands against the armed world, even though she might care to do so. It is to be hoped that someday a homogeneous polity may be founded in the black continent and that in time it may become a factor in the world and a member of the world's powers. Until such a time there can be no clarion note sounding, "Africa for the Africans!" into the ears of the world.

THE VIGIL ON THE NORTH SEA

THE really great factor in this war and one that is very infrequently mentioned is the command of the sea. Aside from that, Germany had everything in her favor when she started out to conquer the world. If she had had command of the sea, England and France would long ago have been in a state of starvation and in all probability their armies destroyed, for no reinforcements in food, men or munitions could have reached them.

It was England's command of the sea that has saved the world from militarism until the other nations could rally and send their forces to the fighting line. For four years the English sailors have braved the storms and cold of the North sea, keeping such an unremitting watch of the wide expanses of ocean that no German fleet dare venture out of land-locked harbors defended by the heaviest guns and the most scientifically constructed fortifications. And today that English fleet keeps watch for all the liberty-loving nations of the world, lately joined now by the American fleet, which endures the hardships, where there is no reporter to tell of the faithful manner in which that duty is performed. The little submarine chasers and the few armed ships which accompany the convoys have something to relieve the tedium of their service. Not so those battleships which guard the North sea. There for four years they have been and scarcely a word has been heard from them, but they have been one of the greatest factors in the war.—The World-Herald.

The Midvale Steel Works, Philadelphia, Pa., employs fifty-six Colored women in their ammunition works. Colored men are working day and night, making from \$48 to \$50 per week, including overtime.—The Crisis.

WATCH FOR "THE MENACE" in Next Week's Paper!

THE NEGRO AND GERMAN PROPAGANDA

(Continued From Page One.)

Here he was more successful, as the riots in St. Louis proved. But they drew the attention of thoughtful people and it was asked, "Why, if the Negro were at fault, were there more Colored men killed than white?" If, as propagandists were shouting, the Colored people were a "problem" and a "menace to civilization," how came it that the troubles were invariably started by white men attacking blacks? The German propagandists discovered to their dismay that their tactics were having the effect of drawing general attention to the wrongs of the Negro and arousing interest and sympathy for him on all sides. The mute protest of the Colored women and children, all in black, marching down Fifth avenue, New York, with no bands, no orators, no disturbances—simply carrying banners appealing for protection and justice—created a deep and lasting impression.

Finally, in a sort of desperation, the Germans spread the lies far and wide that Negro soldiers were being sacrificed at the front; they were put in the most dangerous places, and when wounded were left to suffer and die unattended on the battlefield. Here again the boomerang turned and hit the conspirators. If they hadn't started the treacherous propaganda the American public would not have heard General Pershing's opinion of the Colored troops. After denying the truth of "the stories, probably invented by German agents," he adds, "I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the Colored combat troops, who exhibit fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for the most dangerous work."

The head of the Red Cross came forward to testify that the same care and attention was given by the society to the Colored men as to the white.

Returning travelers and soldiers add a few details. They say the Negro troops are tremendously popular in all the French villages where they are billeted; that their smart appearance—every puttee polished, every button shining—their unflinching good humor, their glorious bands and mellow singing voices, and above all, the high spirits and eagerness for the fight that they are bringing to war-weary France, arouse enthusiasm wherever they go.

"Complaining that they are given dangerous jobs?" The officers commanding Colored troops report that the only complaints their men make are against being held back. They beg for the first line; they glory in the danger.

The German propagandist has helped the people all over this country—east and west, north and south—to realize that our Negro troops are men to be proud of; loyal Americans, every one of them!

Obvious Observations

A press dispatch stated recently that General Foch had either Indian blood in him or Negro, it wasn't sure which. Come across, brother, come across. The Monitor explained about General Foch's Hamitic strain a few days after he was made commander in chief of the allied forces.

In Seattle there is only one ship yard where Colored men can work, yet Seattle cries for thousands of men.

The Literary Digest prints the hero Johnson's own story of the famous scrap and puts into Johnson's mouth a jumble of language that is anything but English. Johnson is a New Yorker born and never could have learned English that way, but it is the white man's weakness to believe that his Colored brother never could learn his language.

A Colored man was sentenced to three years in the pen because he enlisted as a white man. Be careful, brothers and sisters, whose pigments are missing. Be proud to be yourself.

We thank the President for saving the lives of ten of the Colored soldiers who were in the Houston riot. We know what they were up against.

General Pershing has his all-American army about ready to step now and it is going to be a dark day for Fritz, believe me, Mable.

Where did you say that Hindenburg line used to was, teacher?

Reports from the little Alp country say the kaiser is white haired from worry. When us folks and friends get through with him he won't have any hair at all.

The dose which the I. W. W.'s got in Chi ought to convince any hardheaded scout that Unk Sam isn't playing a game like London Bridge is Falling Down.

Thanking you kindly for your earnest attention, we will now look in the mail box for our classification card.

PICKANIN' CHILE

For The Monitor
Little black jewel,
Daughter of night,
Dark-eyed laughter,
Dusk-hued sprite!
Hair of song-makers,
Dialect bard,
Banjo-child poet,
Smiling so hard;
Pickanin' chile!

Cottonfield fairy,
Wooly-haired gnome,
Sweet singing blackbird,
African poem!
Sun-footed dancer,
Strewer of mirth,
Coal-glossy mocker,
Baby of earth;
Pickanin' chile!

—M. Eugene Konecky.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Letters

LETTER writing is a fine art for which the majority of folks have as much use as a monkey has for red pepper or an elephant for a chew of old climax tobacco. The old ink pot and pen and per have no siren call to busy men and women, or for lazy ones either, but nowadays one should hit old antipathy on the bean and spread a few scrawls and send them to the boys in France. It doesn't make any difference what boy, just so it is one of the boys. When one is several thousands of miles from Fourteenth and Dodge its like a shaft of sunshine through the old dugout door to get a letter from somebody back beyond the pond. Most folks say they don't know what to write, but write anything. Tell 'em about the picture you saw at the movies; about the good looking browns who are wishing they'd hurry up and can the kaiser and come home; about the way the allies are walloping the Dutchmen around Belgium way. Tell 'em that that cat's got kittens and you only wish they could have seen the best dog fight pulled off in the neighborhood for many moons. Tell 'em that spring chicken comes high and that you are living on pork and beans. Tell 'em you're proud of them and that no soldier on earth looks any better than a brown in khaki. Send 'em an aster or a chrysanthemum out of your own garden, or out of somebody else's garden. You might even blow a few pennies for a package of Camels or Turks and tell 'em to have a smoke on you. There's so much a person can do to make the boys happy and then not be doing anything much. So get busy. If you don't know anyone to write to, just post it to "One of the Colored Boys Over There," and the chap who never expected a letter will be the one who gets it. Get over your grouch now and get into the sun beam business. It only costs a few pennies, but it's worth a million bones. Get the writing habit.

JOHN W. LONG



Who succeeds Scruggs as Inspector of Weights and Measures.

"DOUGHNUTS FOR DOUGH BOYS"

is the Slogan for This Week.

Nothing too Good for Our Boys in Khaki.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN COMES NEXT.

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.

CHARLOTTE DRUMGOOL DIES AT THE AGE OF 104 YEARS

Charlotte Drumgool, Colored, died at the home of her grandson, Johnson Gerner, 5023 1-2 South Twenty-sixth street, at the remarkable age of 104 years.

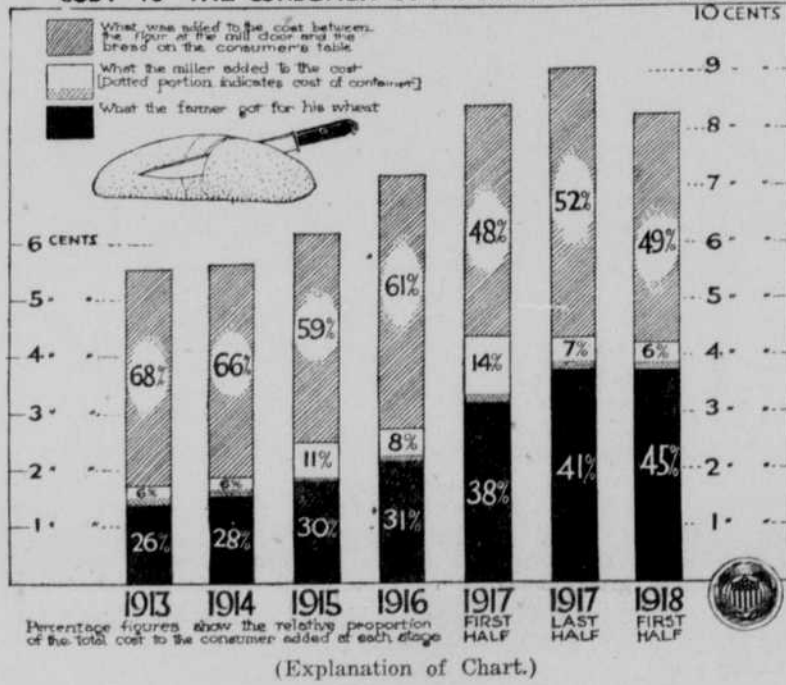
Mrs. Drumgool was born a slave at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was granted her freedom by the civil war. Up to the time of her death she retained her faculties to a remarkable degree. She leaves her grandson and one great-grandson. Her funeral was held Monday afternoon from Bethel Baptist church.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness during our sad bereavement in the loss of our husband and son. Diamond Square Temple, Lenora Burton Royalhouse past and present princesses, Emilie Leral Tab, No. 19, Princess Osell Chapter No. 59, Stewards' Board A. M. E. church, Evening Star Temple No. 4, Palestine Guards, Taborian Band, and friends for beautiful floral offerings.

MRS. C. H. HUSTON,
MRS. JACKSON,
MR. AND MRS. HUSTON,
DELA HUSTON.

COST TO THE CONSUMER OF A POUND LOAF OF BREAD



Since 1913 farmers have been receiving for their wheat a gradually increasing proportion of the price paid by the consumer for bread. The amount received by the wheat grower for his contribution to the average pound has increased from less than 11-2 cents per loaf in 1913 to more than 31-2 cents early this year. The proportion to the whole price is shown by the relative length of the black columns of the chart.

The middle portion of each column shows what the miller received for his milling costs and profit. This has been a somewhat variable factor, but is now at the minimum (6 per cent). In

this 6 per cent, however, is included the cost of the containers (bags, sacks, etc.), shown as dotted area, which has increased very nearly in proportion to the price of bread itself. Bags now cost about 50 per cent more than in 1913 and 1914.

The shaded portion of the column represents the expense of distributing the flour, making it into bread and getting the loaf to the consumer.

The chart shows that the farmer is now receiving a much larger share of the final price for his product than in the past, and that a considerable amount of "spread" has been taken out of other expenses.

TELEGRAM TO PRESIDENT

At the Enthusiastic Meeting of the Boston Branch of the National Equal Rights League Thursday Night on Sending Delegates to Chicago the Following Telegram Was Sent to President Wilson—Text of Telegram to President.

"To the President, Woodrow Wilson, White House, Washington, D. C. "National Equal Rights League appreciates your commutation of sentences of majority having death sentences for Houston riot and your reason as recognition of splendid loyalty of their race and inspiration to continued service to country and its liberties at every front of battle.

"In same recognition and for same inspiration League asks discontinuance of offensive, undemocratic branding in segregation detachable corner of army registration card for new draft."

A committee of arrangement was formed to arrange the Liberty Meetings to send delegates to the Annual Meeting in Chicago, September 17. Mr. Edwin Still, chairman, and four dollar donations were received.

CHICAGO READY FOR COLORED WORLD DEMOCRACY CONVENTION

Sessions to Be Held in Olivet Baptist Church—Mrs. W. B. W. Barnett Heads Large Committee of Welcome.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 12.—Extensive preparations, evidencing a lively and earnest interest on the part of mem-

bers of the Colored race in this city are being made here to welcome delegates to the national race convention to be opened on Tuesday of next week. The meetings will last three days, September 17 to 19, inclusive, and constitute the 11th Annual Meeting of the National Equal Rights League, the organization which protested the Brownsville soldier discharge and the segregation of Colored clerks at Washington.

The official call of the convention invites the Colored citizens of the nation to a national conference on plans to include the cause of justice for the race in the final settlement of the world war. The sessions will be held in the Olivet Baptist Church, 27th and Dearborn streets, with a public meeting each night. Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett, president of the Negro Fellowship League, is chairman of a large local committee of welcome. Rev. Byron Gunner of Hillburn, N. Y., is president. Delegates are expected from many states.

COMFORT COMMITTEE AIDS SOLDIER'S WIFE

Washington, Sept. 12.—On receiving advice from Charles W. Turner, representative of the National Colored Soldiers' Comfort committee at Anderson, Ind., that the wife of a Colored soldier there was ill and in need, the committee promptly sent its check for a sum to take care of her immediate wants. It is this prompt responding to calls for aid that is winning confidence for this organization,