

# 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 CONFLICT OF REASON AND SENTIMENT

LIFE is an eternal conflict between reason and sentiment. In this hour of world war, when our country is doing all possible to preserve civilization and make the earth a decent home, reason dictates that our race has no other part to play than that of patriotic loyalty and unvarying devotion. This is the only country we know and the Stars and Stripes is the only flag for which we have ever felt a passion. We are Americans all, and it is up to everyone of us to do an American's part.

Yet it cannot be denied that sentiment plays its part. The heart has a language and sometimes it screams aloud and almost drowns the voice of reason. As a persecuted people we have, perhaps, more delicacy of soul than other peoples, and the slightest injustice never passes unnoticed. It is as though a music maker tunes his harp to sweetest harmony and suddenly a hidden hand strikes and brings forth discord. Our supposed leaders say that we must forget our wrongs, but CAN WE? Can we view with voiceless tongue and unwavering eye the subtle workings of prejudice as they are rife today? If our beloved country is big enough to be great, is it not also big enough to be generous? Our nation has put fear into the hearts of all who would dare assail our purpose and our aims; can it not put fear into the hearts of those who try to make it a crime to be black? Whatever may be done or said, now is the time for the executive department of our government to strike at the hydra headed demon of prejudice and keep it silent during the war. Then after the war it might revive, but revive with such a weakness and frailty that men might help one another to try and forget it. We wonder if such a thing may not be possible?

## THE METROPOLITAN ON THE NEGRO

THE October number of the Metropolitan Magazine contains a very inclusive article on the Negro and the war, by Harrison Rhodes. We say inclusive, because the author has included almost every phase of war activity as it touches the race in America. It is a sympathetic and deeply appreciative article and has none of that course vulgarism that typified the "Mobilizing Rastus" that appeared in Collier's sometime ago. Particularly interesting is the manner in which the author takes up the matter of the Red Cross. He says that this national society has usually prided itself upon assuming a certain social and aristocratic tinge and when it was first suggested that Colored women be made Red Cross workers, there was a considerable fight on hand. The organization even went to the length of turning down the work of Colored chapters by the wholesale and that thousands of knitted goods were thrown out for the reason that the Red Cross wanted nothing from Colored women. The author also states that the Colored soldier has shown himself a veteran under shell fire, the one point where many said he would fall down. The article is a good one and well worth reading.

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Save Now  
for the  
**4<sup>th</sup> Liberty Loan**  
Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> to Oct. 21<sup>st</sup>  
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## GETTING IN THE GAME

The World-Herald reprints a selection called "Us Angry Saxom's," from the Atlantic Monthly and it is about the cheapest attempt at Negro dialect we have ever read. It purports to be a dialogue indulged in by members of the Eighth Illinois and is certainly a monument to the white man's ignorance. We did not expect such a thing from the Atlantic Monthly, but when it stoops to such ignorant jargon and attempts to saddle it upon such a regiment as the Eighth, we beg to be excused. Of course the "Us Angry Saxom's," was copied from one of Charles W. Chestnut's books and used by some white pen acrobat who is making an attempt to be funny. But there isn't any humor in it. When you want real Negro humor, you must first of all learn how he talks. No Negro in the world ever talked like those written up in the Atlantic Monthly. If this New England magazine wants to deal in southern dialect, it had better put a Colored man or woman on the staff and have them censor such stuff as "Us Angry Saxoms." Get in the game right.

## THE ETERNAL AFRICAN

When the war came at last the Negro race rose to the occasion with really touching simplicity. No observer could fail to see that the Negroes thrilled deeply to the thought that the American flag was their flag and that it was not only their duty, but their privilege to defend it. Whatever we may feel them, the Colored people feel themselves not African but American. Have they not indeed drunk of our wells and eaten of our bread for three centuries? The German propagandists told them the flag was not theirs. But it is the only flag they have ever had, and under it, in spite of adverse conditions, they have attained to a degree of civilization and prosperity and happiness which their fellows have reached under no other. We must remember too that American citizenship, of which some of its white possessors think lightly enough, is for the Negro still a great, almost romantic privilege, and that all his hopes for the future as summed up in complete attainment of it and full enjoyment of all its rights and advantages. The race is emotional and the days are propitious for an emotional patriotism.—Harrison Rhodes in the Metropolitan.

## PROCESSION OF THE SLAIN

If we sat day and night and saw the ghostly procession of those slain in the war file by in ranks of four, minute by minute, ten years would pass and still the tale of the world's sacrifice of its youth and strength and hope would not have been told. And if behind the dead, there filed the host of the maimed, the halt, the blind, the dumb, the paralyzed, fifty years would hardly exhaust the dreadful spectacle. The material costs we do not yet realize. We are burning down the house of Bobo and it makes a fine blaze—plenty of work, plenty of money, plenty of profits. We shall have to wait till the fire is out and we survey the map of ashes before we appreciate the meaning of these thousands of millions of debt which Bonar Law announces to a house that used to be seized with visions of national bankruptcy if any one asked for one million dollars to build schools or house the poor, or heal the sick.—The London Daily News.

## QUESTIONS BY THE WAY

When will Colonel Young be recalled to active service?  
When is the first contingent of Colored Red Cross nurses to be called?  
Are we getting our full quota of commissioned officers for our Colored soldiers?  
When will the Jim Crow law be abolished on government-controlled railroads?  
When will lynching cease to be a southern pastime?  
When will the ninety-second division get to Berlin?

The nineteenth Colored soldier was hung this week to expiate the Houston crime. Georgia this week has lynched her nineteenth Negro victim in nine months. Not a single Georgia Hun has been molested for his crime.

Buy a Liberty bond and make the world safe for democracy.

## Obvious Observations

Some pen scribbling bother said in the paper last week that while dollars are cheap, you'd better get a collection. Dear brother, you said a mouthful.

We never saw so many cullud folks buying Metropolitan Magazines since we have been sons of Ham. What was cooking?

Colonel Hayward sure bets all his poker chips on those shady boys of his, eh?

Two more jumps, then Metz, then PLUNK!

Press dispatches say that Bulgaria has accumulated a mess of cold dogs. Well, one thing is certain: the allies aren't going to give her a chance to warm them unless they get hot feet via the rear speedway.

Ye editor hath gone down to glim the great consecration. Well, let him slip off this one time, because its the first event of its kind in the old U. S. A. But we hope he won't get the idea that The Monitor can get along without him.

It is rumored that Unk Sam is soon to add the packing plants to his collection of industries. Please hurry, Unk, because this six bit bacon has about disturbed our serenity.

General Foch is sure the worrying-est man we ever heard of.

Fine weather, brother; but don't think this is April instead of October.

Business is good, thank you! Even over there.

Whoa! Suspender button slipped. Will continue in our next.

## SKITS OF SOLOMON

### Himself

Mr. Solomon has been with you several days by the old calendar on the wall. Week by week he has been wheezing out desecrated English for your edification and hasn't tried to borrow a dime or a drink. But now old Sol has about bankrupted his exchequer bringing out a nifty booklet known as The Children of the Sun. In the whole regiments of type he hasn't said a word about himself, but what he said about you is a caution. Legend has it that old man Darwin claimed you descended from a simian called monkey, but Sol has hit Darwy such a blow that his progeny for one hundred years will have a headache. Old Sol has gone through the dark and devious ways of history and yanked loose more ancestral timber than Noah had on his whole blooming Ark. Of course folks don't say much when a cullud student sticks around the dark continent for family traditions, but when he sticks Greece in his watch pocket, Rome in his inside coat pocket and then collects the rest of the big show and hangs it on his hip, there is bound to be a holler. But that is just what Solomon has done. He has been long on the foolish stuff, but brothers and sisters, he hasn't let the heavy bass slip by. For twenty years he has been nosing around dusty tombs and library corners where he had no business, and now he is going to give you an earful of his awful accumulations; not awful on you, but awful on the guy who has been telling you for several moons that you were nothing but the wart behind the neck of history. Sol shows you where you're the face, the symmetrical arms, the big chest, the dainty wrist, the shapely legs, and the number eleven feet. In fact, old Sol has crowded everybody off the lines but you, and it is up to you to manifest appreciation. Grab onto the book while its hot and then put in some spare time accumulating its salt and pepper.

## TO A ROSEBUD

Dear little rose, I hold thee in my hand—  
A cast-away, a spurned and lifeless thing;  
A few days since, I saw thee wet with dew,  
A bud of promise, to thy parent cling.  
Now thou art dead, yet fragrant as before,  
The adverse winds but waft thy fragrance more!

How frail art thou! I tread thee under foot,  
And leave thee helpless on the reeking ground;  
Perchance someone, in pity for thy state,  
Doth pick thee up in reverence profound.  
Lo! thou art rich, in sweetness more intense,  
Thy perfume grows from earthly detriments.

Why do we grieve? Let each affliction bare,  
A nobler beauty neath the surface sod;  
Our thoughts like incense from the urn,  
Which wafted up, enshrouds the throne of God.  
Envoy of hope, this message I disclose:  
"Be ever sweet"—O, humble, fragrant rose.  
EVA ALBERTA JESSIA.

## Letters from Our Readers

### ABOUT THE OLD FOLKS HOME?

Some time ago one of the ladies connected with the Old Folks' Home (for Colored people), came to our manager, Mr. William Lewis, to engage the First Regimental band U. R. of K. P., to play for an entertainment to be given at the home commencing September 9.

Mr. Lewis informed the lady that her cause was too sacred to have to pay for the services of the band, and therefore he would furnish the said band free.

On the opening night thirty members of the band met and played for two hours in the yard of the home. I regret to say that a band that drew at least ten thousand citizens on the courthouse lawn on September 12 only drew fifteen persons at the entertainment given for the best movement now being conducted for our people in this city. I am not going to assume that you don't care, because I believe you would care if you only knew the facts, or if you would stop and think what this home might mean to you or yours. Now keep in mind the fact that what I write here is only food for thought. For example, there is one inmate there that has lived in this city for possibly fifty years or more. As I understand her husband was a man of affairs in the old days, but through some misfortune reverses came and he died and left his widow in the hands of kind friends. She has lived on and on until the friends are dead, gone or reduced to circumstances that made it impossible for them to continue to look after her. So now she is spending her last days in a home created by her people and needless to say that she is happy. Now the point is this. The committee is in need of funds very badly. They were compelled to let the matron go, they are behind with all bills that are essential to the maintenance of the place.

Are we going to sit by and see this splendid institution die for the want of bare necessities? I don't want to think so.

My friends, you that are reading this, may outlive all of your relatives and friends, then where will you turn for comfort?  
Don't you think it will be wise to invest a little time and money to perpetuate something that will be waiting for you should you need it?  
Now you ask what can I do?  
Well it will cost you twenty cents to become a member and ten cents per month dues.

Not very much, even if the cost of living is high. In America we think only of dollars, we never think of ten cents as being very much, but if one thousand of the present population will donate ten cents per month that will support the home very nicely. Let's all rally to the home and keep her going on safe waters.

Now if you want to join this organization just get in touch with the following ladies: Meadames Martha Smith, 1920 North 34th street; A. L. Bowler, 2709 North 28th avenue; Kate Wilson, 521 North 32d street.

Oh, yes, you should join; you're not compelled to attend meetings, only send your dues. Respectfully,  
DAN DESDUNES.

## THE COLORED PRESS

The Negro newspaper is beginning to wield great power. It required the great white race centuries to reach a place of merit which we have reached in less than half a century. One hundred years ago there was not a newspaper in America as well printed as the Broad Ax, nor better edited, and perhaps not as extensively read. Education of the masses has been the slogan upon which it has predicated its potency.

Progress has risen out of oblivion to shine forever against the old order which Abraham Lincoln annihilated with his immortal pen.

The Negro press is becoming forcible and mighty, and has built itself upon the foundation of truth and honor, defying envy and all supping time.

Today it stands entrenched by every noble qualification. Capable and praiseworthy, in fact, it has become a determining factor of our steady development and progress, besides being a monitor, a guide, and defender of our race escutcheon, points the way like a sentinel on a watch tower or guiding like a lighthouse pointing the shoals and quicksands.—The Chicago Broad Ax.

## G. W. HOLMES

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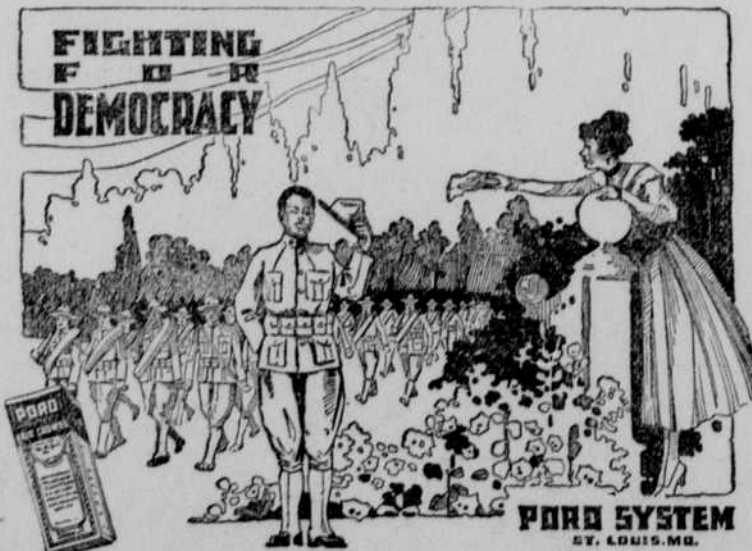
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