

# THE MONITOR

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans.  
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## WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE RACE?

WHAT do you think about your race? Are you proud to be a Negro—proud to wear the "livery of the burnished sun"? Are you trying to get away from your race, get away from its characteristics of color and hair and features, which were once considered the most beautiful in the world? Do you feel "proud" when a white man or woman says you might pass "for a foreigners," or do you resent it and make them understand that you want to be nothing but what you are? Do you ever pass on the inspiring words you have read about our boys over there—pass it on to your own and to those who probably have never heard of it? Do you ever stop a moment to tell some boy or girl of the glorious inheritance of our blood, or do you know anything about it? The Irish are proud to be Irish; the Jew is proud to be a Jew; the Japanese is proud to be a Japanese; are you proud to be a Negro?

If not, get proud and get proud quickly. A proud race is ever a great race. Alien education has kept from us much of the truth that creates pride, but today there are race men throughout the land who have dug and discovered the truth and are trying to tell it so that all the world may hear. Catch up the cry and carry it in your heart and mind and upon your lips. Let it be your theme morning, noon and night, and speak it into the ears of men until they grow tired and grant its truth. That is no less your mission than another's if you are a Negro and if you are proud of your race.

## THE RACE AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

IT is more than gratifying to learn from the press dispatches that the darker races are strongly represented at the peace conference and significant to learn that they are lined up with the United States in pressing the claims of democracy. It is no longer a question whether or not mention will be made of the rights of the American Negro to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness.

Deputy Diagne is reported to have the ear of Premier Clemenceau, the Tiger of France and the Chairman of the Conference, and has already taken up with him the matter of the treatment of the Negro soldier in France by the American army. Then, too, there are delegates there from Brazil, Cuba, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Portugal and Panama. We are sure that the American Negro will not be forgotten.

## SOLDIER EMPLOYMENT

ONE of the greatest problems before the country today is the re-employment of soldiers and their merger again into civil life. From one end of the country to another newspapers are publishing more or less acid editorials respecting the failure of former employers to take back those who answered the call to war. There are two sides to the question and when, between an economic phase and a sentimental phase, the question is brought up to the employer, he is apt to consider the economic side.

Fortunately for us the question is not a critical one. Trade and industry have denied to our boys the opportunities it has offered to white boys, and in this very denial lies our present salvation. Our boys are not afraid to work with their hands and it seems that manual labor is never hard to find. It is to be hoped that the future will open up better and more agreeable avenues for them, but at the present time they may be considered more fortunate than the hundreds of white soldiers who are walking the streets hungry and jobless.

## A COMMENDABLE PICTURE

In the issue of Life for January 23 is a picture of a Colored soldier that should bring forth much comment from the race. Seldom are our boys shown in pictures and often when shown are made to appear more or less in an uncomplimentary light. In this picture is shown a Colored soldier passing along a French road and beside him a little old bent peasant woman. She had been carrying a

bundle of faggots, but the soldier has taken them from her and is carrying them upon his own broad shoulder. Under the picture is the large legend: A Colored Gentleman, and beneath this, "Dat's too heavy for you, Missus."

The magazine only costs a dime, but it will be worth a hundred times that a few years from now. Buy it.

## THE EVILS OF GRAFT

IT is to be regretted that one of our local young men has been implicated in a most unpleasant scandal connected with the police department. It was only a few months ago that he secured the position which, all things considered, was a very fair berth for one of our aspiring young men. That he has abused the confidence placed in him is a serious thing for his race and that he has been accused of accepting money and aiding and abetting the escape of persons confined by law, is a serious thing for himself.

We hope that the charges will be proved groundless, but whether groundless or not, the stain is there and it will have its effect upon the race. Our young men in accepting political positions should always remember that they have a two-fold duty; a duty to themselves and a duty to their race and of the two, their duty to their race should come first. It is the race whom they represent.

## THE FEBRUARY CRUSADEER

THERE has just come to our office the February number of The Crusader Magazine. It is a gem. It lives up to its name and from the first page to the last it proves the spirit behind its name and is carrying forth the new spirit in battling for the race. There are four poems of much merit and a prose poem, The Call, which carries a beautiful sentiment. "With the Buffaloes in France," by Lieut. McKaine, is a dandy war contribution and there is much that is inspiring in Noble Thoughts and an article on Success. The continued stories of The Colonel's Narrative, by Bruce Grit, and Punta, Revolutionist, by Romeo L. Dougherty, carry on their interest, the former coming to an end with a most delightful finale. The editorials are short and forceful and furnish much food for thought. The entire number is excellent.

We congratulate the editorial staff on the sort of magazine they are publishing and predict a great future as soon as the race awakens to its value and unending interest.

## ARTHUR L. WILLIAMS, BISHOP AND FRIEND

THE sudden and unexpected death of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Llewellyn Williams, Bishop of Nebraska, in the early morning of Wednesday, has removed from the earthly sphere of his consecrated labors one of the sweetest, warmest-hearted, truest Christian gentlemen who ever trod the earth. His death will be mourned by thousands, both in and out of his communion, who knew him and to know him was to love him. None will more sincerely mourn him than our own people who found in him a loyal and devoted friend. He was a man absolutely void of blighting racial prejudice and looked upon all men as children of our Heavenly Father. Devoting himself unsparingly to the duties of his diocese, he was not conspicuously or spectacularly in the public eye, but the work which he has so quietly and faithfully done will endure. In the Nearer Presence of Him Whom he loved and served we may well believe that he will still intercede for those who tarry behind for awhile.

Bishop and friend, farewell! Humanity is richer and better because of thy life. May light perpetual shine upon thee!

## MAY HIS TRIBE INCREASE

A LOCAL pastor in sending in his church notices inclosed a \$1 bill with this memorandum: "When you see this, say nothing. No paper like the one you are putting out to the public can exist without money. Just let me know when my subscription is due. Your editorials are always up to the mark." The Monitor appreciates this consideration. While we have never

made any charge for church news and notices, except in the case of advertisements, which some try to run in on us as news, linotype composition, paper, ink and press work do mount up into money. We are glad that this fact is occasionally recognized. This local pastor has one of the smaller congregations of the city and is always boosting for The Monitor. We thank him and hope his tribe will increase.

## Obvious Observations

Oh! for a glimpse of the beautiful sun and a hint from the weather that's cold. We know this isn't economical, but it's poetic.

We are sorry that the ax swung so hard on the subscription list, but it just had to be did, Mable.

Old Europe has got everything she wants—but peace.

After next month—watch Congress. Spend a dime and get a Crusader. It's worth a dollar, but it doesn't cost that much.

General Pershing bought 10,000 Spanish mules just before the war ended and now he is wondering what to do with them. They are so small that they haven't a chance with the Missouri mule if brought here.

We haven't said anything about old H. C. L. lately, and it is because we don't think it is of any use.

Labor is getting so het up over things that it looks like somebody will have to brush back its fur.

How much is ice going to be next July? Sh!

Now the sure enough soldier boys are coming home and they say they sure are glad.

What Colonel Young said about The Monitor last week has added four inches to our bust development. Who's next?

How many shares of Monitor stock have you planned to take? Get in on the ground floor, because things are going to hum real directly and soonly soon.

Thank you for your dull and dank disinterest, we will now bunny hug down to the beanyery and see how much provender a dime will develop.

## SKITS OF SOLOMON

### The Hog.

THERE are two kinds of hogs in this world, the porcine specimen that fattens on most anything it can find and eventually finds itself decorating the table in the form of pic-tails, roast pork and pork chops, and the human species that tries to bull their own business and everybody else's business. Omaha has a few of the latter variety and it is getting onto the nerves of the folks hereabouts. Business is business, as Thales said to Socrates, when the latter tried to push him off a soap box, but there isn't anything right in a business that tries to squelch the other fellow and bankrupt his exchequer. Out in the north-erly end of Omaha a preachah has gone into the eat business, the gentle art of filling up a hungry guy's stomach for so much per. There are other men out that way in the same line of stomach filling, and they are running eat emporiums as they should be run and paying their way with the exception of folks allowing them a little profit. But friend preachah wants to bull that market and he has established an eatery in the place which was supposed to be built for worship. He has no rent to pay, thanks to his generous flock, and little help to pay, thanks to his hustling brothers and sisters, and thusly he ducks the overhead cost and tries to give a little more ham and cabbage for a little less coin than the guy who is bucking old H. C. L. and rent and help. Maybe brothah preachah thinks he is a wang on engine-ootty, but old Sol thinks that he is a human hog and should confine himself to soul saving and not money-grabbing. This is a little out of line for Sol, but there are some things once in a while that sort of heats up his collar and he needs to cool off.

## THE N. A. A. C. P. HOLD ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

The N. A. A. C. P. forum held an interesting session Sunday afternoon which took the form of a Roosevelt memorial meeting. A recitation, music and speeches made up an interesting program. Dr. P. W. Sawyer spoke on "Roosevelt, the Friend the Negro." Among the other speakers were Sergeant Bailey, S. L. Bush, Amos L. Scruggs, F. J. Smith, Mr. Shackelford and Mrs. Chas. McClure.

The forum will meet next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the usual place, St. John's A. M. E. church, 24th and Grant streets.

## GIVE JOBS AT MISSOURI LEGISLATURE

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 25.—Prof. R. L. Logan, Prof. J. Silas Harris and Hon. C. W. Stokes, prominent Missouri Negroes, were elected to important positions in the Fiftieth General Assembly.

## The Kiddies' Korner

MADRE PENN

### The Story of the Fisherman

(In Two Parts.)

#### PART I.

Sire, there was once upon a time a fisherman so old and so poor that he could scarcely manage to support his wife and three children. He went every day to fish very early and each day he made a rule not to throw his nets more than four times. He started out one morning by moonlight and came to the seashore. He undressed and threw his nets, and as he was drawing them towards the bank he felt a great weight. He thought he had caught a large fish, and he felt very much pleased. But a moment afterwards, seeing that instead of a fish he only had in his nets the carcass of an ass, he was much disappointed.

Vexed with having such a bad haul, when he had mended his nets, which the carcass of the ass had broken in several places, he threw them a second time. In drawing them in, he again felt a great weight, so that he thought they were full of fish. But he only found a large basket full of rubbish. He was much annoyed.

"O Fortune," he cried, "do not trifle thus with me, a poor fisherman, who can hardly support his family!"

So saying, he threw away the rubbish, and after having washed his nets clean of the dirt, he threw them for the third time. But he only drew in stones, shells and mud. He was almost in despair.

Then he threw his nets for the fourth time. When he thought he had a fish he drew them in with a great deal of trouble. There was no fish, however, but he found a yellow pot, which by its weight seemed full of something, and he noticed that it was fastened and sealed with lead, with the impression of a seal. He was delighted, "I will sell it to the founder," he said; "with the money I shall get for it I shall buy a measure of wheat."

He examined the pot on all sides; he shook it to see if it would rattle. But he heard nothing. Judging from the impression of the seal and the lid, he thought there must be something precious inside. To find out, he took his knife, and with a little trouble he opened it. He turned it upside down, but nothing came out, which surprised him very much. He set it in front of him, and whilst he was looking at it attentively, such a thick smoke came out that he had to step back a pace or two. This smoke rose up to the clouds, and stretching over the sea and the shore, formed a thick mist, which caused the fisherman much astonishment. When all the smoke was out of the jar it gathered itself together and became a thick mass in which appeared a genius twice as large as the largest giant. When he saw such a terrible-looking monster, the fisherman would like to have run away, but he trembled so with fright that he could not move a step.

"Great King of the geni," cried the monster, "I will never disobey you again!"

At these words the fisherman took courage.

"What is this you are saying, great genius? Tell me your history and how you came to be shut up in that vase?"

At this the genius looked at the fisherman haughtily. "Speak to me more civilly," he said, "before I kill you."

"Alas! why should you kill me?" cried the fisherman. "I have just freed you; have you already forgotten that?"

"No," answered the genius, "but that will not prevent me from killing you; and I am only going to grant

you one favor, and that is to choose the manner of your death."

"But what have I done to you?" asked the fisherman.

"But I cannot treat you in any other way," said the genius, "and if you would know why, listen to my story." (To Be Continued in Next Issue.)

## COLORED SERVANTS WITH PRESIDENT WILSON

Washington, D. C., Jan. 30.—Lieut. Col. Arthur Brooks, custodian of property at the White House, and Miss Susie Booth, maid to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, are in France with the presidential party.

Smoke John Ruskin cigar.



**\$100.00**  
for the Right Guess!

What is the meaning of this beautiful insignia and why has it been adopted by the Hamitic League of the World?

June 1, 1919, we will pay \$100.00 to man, woman or child, who sends in the correct story. You will find a hint in the League's GREAT WORK:

## The Children of the Sun ....

The book that is waking up America and establishing the Negro as the greatest race of all human history. Send 25 cents (no stamps) for a copy of this wonderful study in historical research and become a member of the greatest educational organization ever founded for the uplift of the African races throughout the world. Then study the insignia and send in your story.

THE HAMITIC LEAGUE OF THE WORLD  
933 North 27th Street. Omaha, Neb.

# The Monitor Office

304 Crouse Block  
Sixteenth Street

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

We have moved our office Down Town  
Right Into Heart of Business District