

THE MONITOR

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O'CONNELLS NEEDED

ON another page of The Monitor our readers will find an article "Daniel O'Connell and Slavery," reprinted from Truth, a Roman Catholic Journal of America. In this article we are acquainted with the fact that "a West Indian interest pledged twenty-seven votes in parliament" on every Irish question if he, O'Connell, would oppose Negro emancipation. O'Connell replied: "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest nation the sun ever sees, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to serve Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the Negro one single hour."

Glorious words indeed and only the kind of words that can fall from a man who loves his people and his principles and would sell neither for all the riches of the Indies or the panoplies of power. How many Negro leaders in America have we who can stand beside such a man as O'Connell? Don't answer, for the answer will only crush and discourage. What we need are black O'Connells who know nothing but their race glorified and whose hands shriveled forever from any stain of dishonor. Aye, give us men like O'Connell!

REPUBLICANS WANT SOUTH

THE republican party is going to try and break the solid south. William Hays' speech at Greensboro, N. C., is considered the opening gun in the campaign that is going to wrest the political power from the democrats. What does it mean and upon what grounds will the republican party make terms of compromise? Is the Negro to be made the sacrifice? To one who knows the south and its traditions, it is patent that the Negro and the Negro alone is the only basis upon which a compromise can be effected.

The student of political history will recall the reception given the Negro delegates by William Hays, the chairman of the national republican committee. He received them insultingly and threw their memorial in the waste basket. This incident has passed and we have almost forgotten it, but the speech of Hays before the republicans of North Carolina recalls it to our mind. It is plain to see the way the political wind is blowing. Hays has said that "the republican party needs the south," and we say that if the republican party needs the south, then the republican party does not need the Negro.

There is no gainsaying the issue as it is presented to the race by this speech in North Carolina. Racial issues are to be the pawns on the chessboard of national politics and these pawns are to be given up in order that the rest shall be made secure. What the Negro can do is today the deepest problem of racial politics.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

THERE came to The Monitor office last week a volume which we choose to describe as a wonderful book. It is the work of Freeman Henry Morris Murray of Washington, D. C., and is entitled "Emancipation and the Freed in American Sculpture" and is the first of a series of brochures, "Black Folk in Art." It is a study of interpretation and a most delightful and pleasing interpretation it is. We have always known that here and there are beautiful statues relating to our race, but never did we dream that we should behold within the covers of one book the handsome photographic reprints of forty-eight! And, too, we have learned that from where the wild Atlantic spends its fury upon our eastern coast to where the peaceful Pacific caresses the golden sands of California, our race is pictured in immortal stone.

We thank the genius of the man who made this book possible and urge every man and woman of the race to buy it and treasure it as priceless. Every picture speaks a language of faith and hope and sweetness and hints that no race so remembered by the chisel of sculptors can be unworthy.

The book is published by the author, whose address is 1733 Seventh street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and the price is \$1.75. Send for it by all means.

THE ASSOCIATED NEGRO PRESS

THE Monitor is more than pleased to welcome the founding of the Associated Negro Press of Chicago. It is a thing that Negro newspapers have long needed and from the style and class of news the Association is sending out, there is every reason to believe that the race press throughout the country is ready and willing to do everything possible to make it a great success. The Monitor has been the recipient of many releases and highly appreciates the service rendered. The news is brief, clean and authentic; three things which appeal highly to editors whose constant desire is to supply their readers with the latest and best race news possible of attainment.

SOLDIERS TO HAVE NEW TRIAL

WORD comes from the Associated Press dispatches that the Negro soldiers court martialled at Camp Grant for the alleged mistreatment of a woman have been granted a retrial. This order from the war department comes fast upon the recent attack upon the methods of court martial initiated by Senator Norris, and perhaps we have cause to believe that our senator is indirectly responsible for this retrial. The case of the Negro soldiers of Camp Grant was mentioned along with other abuses of the army courts martial and republished in the Congressional Record from the Washington Post. It was Senator Norris who introduced the article to the senate and secured its publication in the Record and thus brought about the fight that has resulted in a general review of all men condemned and sentenced by army courts since the war began.

GIVE US CREDIT, BROTHER

IN looking over our exchanges the other day we notice that an editor in Urbana, Illinois, has borrowed one of our editorials and a part of one of "Bruce Grit's" articles, but said brother doesn't even mention where he found them.

Now listen, brother of the press and knight of the inky pen! If there is one thing upon which The Monitor tries to be real hefty-like, it is on the editorial page. We try to write editorials that make our readers think and again we write some to afford our readers real information. They are for our readers and for the race, and we hope both like them. But one thing that makes us a little red under the collar is to have some other paper borrow a whole chunk of our editorial cake and forget to say that it comes from The Monitor bakery. We claim that if our cake is good enough to eat and pass on, it is good enough to bear our label. We "ain't" ashamed of anything we put out. So hereafter and forever, brothers of the societies mentions, borrow all you want to and whenever you want to, but when you borrow, just tell your readers whose cake it is.

Obvious Observations

HAYS will trade the race for the southern vote is the latest news of the political world. What are we going to do about it?

Congress gave the president a fit on the last day of the 65th congress and we don't blame him for making a bee-line for Europe.

Let's have a little warm weather now; what do you say?

We venture the guess that after the nations get through with the League of Nations proposal it may still be living, but it will never look the same.

We don't know when the new congress will be convened, but when it does there will sure be some fireworks that will make Paine's Last Days of Pompeii look like a huge mistake.

Nearly all our Colored officers are back and we only pause to say that they are lucky and we are glad to see them. We would rather have them here than under the poppy strewn fields of France.

Did you see the California boys on their way west the other night? What a healthy looking bunch they were.

It looks as though Argonne forest and the trenches agreed with Lt. Reed, doesn't it?

Watch Chicago and her Negroes!

One thing, The Monitor is on the map and if everybody will pay up all they owe, it will stay there and get bigger territory.

Thanking you for your kind attention, we will now fill the old corn cob and contemplate on the buying capacity of a blue head and three reds.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

The Passing of the Sixty-Fifth FRIEND WOODY, the hefty American political dictator, left his luggage in a Paris hotel and hurried across the briny to help congress grind out its bills calling for billions of dollars, but congress balked. It wanted an extra session and Woody put both his number tens down that there wasn't going to be no extra session. What was the consequence of the administrative exigency, or whatever that means? Well, congress set about to cut off the pocket change of the government. They began filibustering. What is a filibuster? Well, it is talking against time. One senator spouts a four-hour anathema and as soon as he sits down, another senator starts another four-hour oratorical eruption, then another and another until the clock struck twelve and the stuff is off. That's the way they did it. And believe me, Mable, they did it up brown and with all the gravy and the decorations. Woody begged, but there was nothing doing. He showed up stubborn and congress wanted to show him that when it came down to twenty-four carat stubbornness, it was the peacheerino of the pack. We don't blame Woody, because he knows that when the republic congress gets a swing at the governmental machinery, it is apt to catch his coat tails in the cogs and make him holler. Neither congress nor the folks scattered from the wild Atlantic to the peaceful Pacific are quite satisfied with Woody's wisdom and general dope, and hence congress deemed it about time to head him off. And it sure did some heading. Woody didn't call the extra session, but he did hurry back to Paris and his luggage so as to get a breath of air that wasn't so all-fired hot as the atmosphere of Wash, of the D. C.

CENSORSHIP AND WHAT IT MEANS

The leopard does not change his spots, neither does the Pharisee shed his hypocrisy. He is the same today as he was two thousand years ago. He still strains at gnats and swallows camels. He still covers his inside rot with an outside whitewash.

The particular gnats that he is straining at right now are such things as the censorship of motion picture films and Sunday amusements in general. The camels he swallows are big enough to choke a nation. For instance, the torturing and lynching of Negroes and other torturings and lynchings.

Says a recent editorial in the Liberator: "Two hundred and twenty-two Negroes have been lynched or murdered by mobs in the United States in the past year. That is an average of more than one every two days. Only eleven of these have been murdered for alleged rape; five for alleged murder." This leaves two hundred and six that have been hounded to death by mobs for minor offenses.

Of one of these lynchings—and all are much alike—the report of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people is given. The lynching took place at Dyersburg, Tenn., in the presence of the citizens of that alleged civilized community. The report of the public exhibition, which was hugely enjoyed, is herewith described:

"The Negro was seated on the ground and a buggy axle driven into the ground between his legs. His feet were chained together with logging chains, and he was tired with wire. A fire was built. Pokers and flat-irons were procured and heated in the fire. It was thirty minutes before they were red hot.

"Reports of the torturing, which have been generally accepted and have not been contradicted, are that the Negro's clothes and skin were ripped from his body simultaneously with a knife. His self-appointed executors burned his eyeballs with red-hot irons. When he opened his mouth to cry for mercy a red-hot poker was rammed down his gullet. In the same way he was robbed of his sexual organs. Red-hot irons were placed on his feet, back and body, until a hideous stench of burning human flesh filled the Sabbath air of Dyersburg.

"Thousands of people witnessed this scene. They had to be pushed back from the stake to which the Negro was chained. Rooftops, second-story windows and porches were filled with spectators. Children were lifted to shoulders, that they might behold the agony of the victim.

"A little distance away in the public square, the best citizens of the country supported the burning and torturing with their presence.

"Public opinion in Dyersburg and

Dyer county seems to be divided into two groups. One group considers that the Negro got what he deserved. The other group feels that he should have had a 'decent lynching.'

Worse than savages? That doesn't tell it. Savages couldn't do it. It's the work of jackals. And the community is a "Christian" one. And a bone-dry one. And a holy-Sabbath observing one. The censorship of motion picture films and the closing of all places of amusements is enforced with an iron hand.

Citizens of the state of Nebraska think of Dyersburg, a town in which the laws of the dark ages are still in force, think of the horrible crimes committed under such hypocritical uncivilized laws and are you willing to put our beloved state of Nebraska on the same plane as Dyersburg, Tenn? The passing of House Roll Bill No. 355 means the elimination of your liberties and the final undermining of your constitutional guarantee to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." Will your voice be heard? Or will you sit quiescent and allow your inalienable rights to be legislated away?—Jewish Bulletin.

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Dr. DuBois says in the March Crisis:

"Mine eyes have seen" and they were filled with tears. The mighty audience filled the Trocadero, and in the center of the stage stood a black man, lithe, tall and straight; on his breast were orders and he wore the uniform of an officer of the French army. A general of France stepped toward him, touched him on either shoulder with his naked sword and kissed him on both cheeks and said: "In the name of the president of the republic, I nominate you, Bakhane Diop, chevalier of the Legion of Honor." The great audience arose, roared and cried again when the crimson badge of the Legion was pinned on the Arab who stood to the Negro's left and the Annamite who stood on his right, while round about were black French officers and rand on rang of decorated troops.

It was France—almighty and never-dying France leading the world again. The day was given to honor the black men and yellow men who gave their lives for a country they are proud to call theirs and which is equally proud to claim them. Seven black deputies represent black Frenchmen in the French parliament. Deputy Diagne, of Senegal, was the first man introduced today by the minister of colonies and he sat in the place of honor in the president's box.

The exploits of the black and yellow troops were acclaimed by actors from the Theater Francaise, singers from the opera and orators from the government with play and music, cheers and the great strains of the Marseillaise. France "le jour de glorie est arrive," and the honor is yours. Men of Africa! How fine a thing to be a black Frenchman in 1919—imagine such a celebration in America!

RECEIVES LETTER FROM PRESIDENT OF HOWARD

George Wells Parker, contributing editor of The Monitor, wrote a letter of appreciation to President J. Sanley Durkee of Howard university, on the address delivered at the recent Howard conference. A letter from the president in response to the same follows:

HOWARD UNIVERSITY
 Washington, D. C., March 4, 1919.
 Mr. George Wells Parker,
 The Monitor, Omaha, Neb.

My Dear Mr. Parker:
 I have yours of February 27th with enclosure. I thank you for the fine words you say regarding the address given before the conference here. I thank you also for the brochure, "The Children of the Sun." I have glanced at it for just a moment, but will, I assure you, read it with a great deal of pleasure.

I am in the work with you all to do everything in my power to advance the highest culture of the race and open every door, politically, morally, spiritually, intellectually, that the race may advance to its highest possible attainments, and have the same frank, free field as do all other races or peoples here in America.

I should be glad of a copy of your paper that I may know something of the movement of the race from your part of the country.

With kind personal regards, I remain, most sincerely yours,
 J. STANLEY DURKEE,
 President.

HUMOR AMONG THE NEGRO SOLDIERS

One, Explaining Courage, Said He Didn't Want to Go to Heaven Hungry.

Captain Winlock W. Miller of St. Louis, an officer of the 317th Supply Train, a Negro regiment, who recently returned from service in France, tells in the Post Dispatch of St. Louis, the following story:

"There was one occasion in France when five hundred Negro troops were standing in a mess line when a boche bombing plane flew overhead, opening down a stream of shrapnel. Of them 499 ducked at once for bomb proofs, leaving one lone private in the line."

Questioned afterwards as to his signal bravery, he answered:
 "Brother, its a long, long way to heaven, and I don't want to go there on an empty stomach."

Secretary Walter M. Harte of the Y. M. C. A., who spent much of his time in France ministering to Negro troops, told the following:

"Over there the French girls call the real black southern Negro 'beaucoup de chocolate' and the lighter

mulattoes 'cafe au lait.' And then, too, there's the story of a lonesome buddy who told his captain he wished the war would end so he could get back home and see his 'O. D. gal' once more. You know O. D. is the army slang for olive drab.

"There was one Negro who was a rather trying patient in an English hospital.

"I don't know why it is," said the exasperated nurse, "but you black men cause us more trouble than all the rest of the soldiers put together."

"A broad grin illuminated the ward. "Yes, marm—yes, marm—dat's true," said the Negro, "and dat's what dem Germans said, too."—Kansas City Star.

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