

THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of the Eight Thousand Colored People in Omaha and Vicinity, and to the Good of the Community

The Rev. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor

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American Soldiers Fight For Mexicans

Men Who Were Formerly in Service of United States, Commissioned Officers in Mexico.

COLOR NO BAR TO PROMOTION

Colored Americans Now Residents of Southern Republic Prominent in Army.

Mexico City, Mexico, April 14.—The American race man is not unwelcomed in Mexico. During the revolution they have been found fighting on both sides. Most of them have been discharged soldiers of the American army who have come into Mexico and have been reaping such rewards as their ability warranted. They will be found on the general staff, as line officers, commanders of machine gun platoons, captains of artillerymen, scouts, chauffeurs and privates in the ranks. The most successful of these men has been Harry Beaver, who is lieutenant colonel on the staff of General Calles (pronounced Kais), the military governor of the state of Sonora, and the strongest supporter of the present Carranza government. Lieutenant Colonel Beaver served two years with General Villa, transferring his allegiance to Carranza. He earned rapid promotions for bravery under fire.

Victims of American Prejudice.

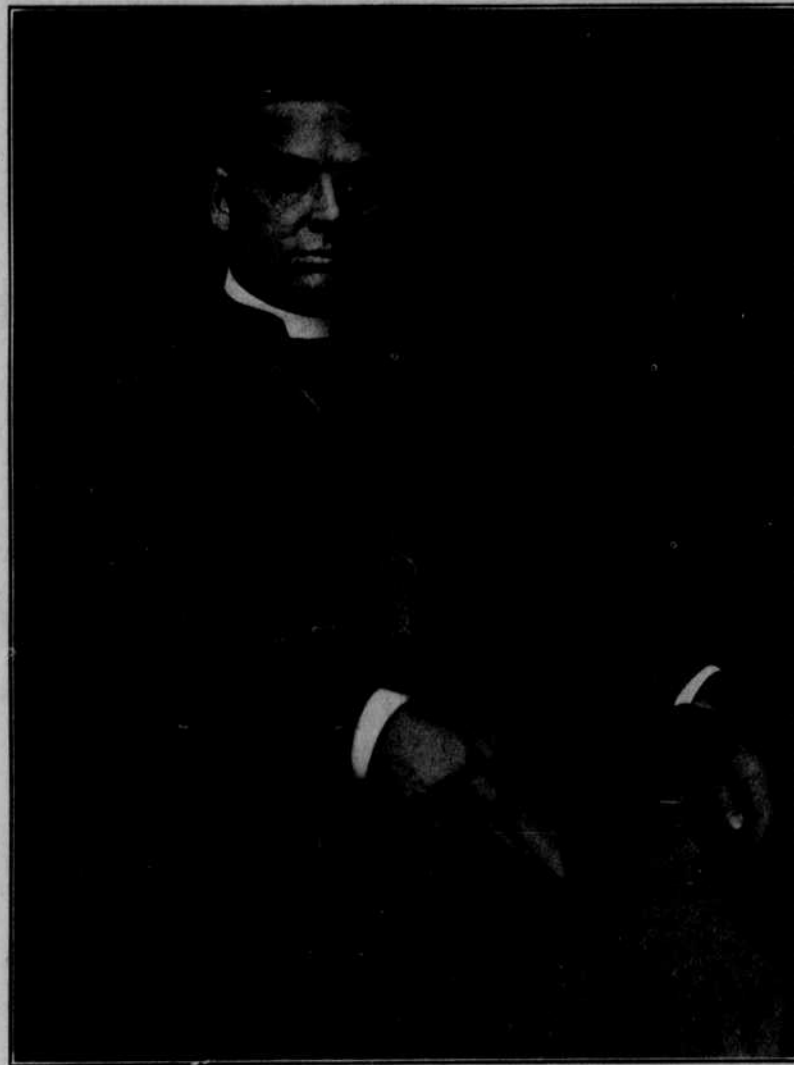
While in a semi-official capacity during the A. B. C. convention in Washington, D. C., U. S. A., the capital of the American republic, he was somewhat of a figure, but fell a victim to the American prejudice, a growing institution in that country, which will some day cause its downfall. Colonel Beaver is garrison inspector for the state of Sonora. He is a native Texan, but, finding his race was so hampered and given no chance in his home state or any other part of the country, he decided to cast his chances with fate and go across the border, where he has met with abundant success, and has never been turned down on account of his color. His uniform and his rank are looked upon as a source of admiration.

Former Ninth Cavalryman.

Major Fleming, formerly a member of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry, has for some time been in command of the artillery forces of the Carranza army. He recently resigned his commission and married into a well-to-do Mexican family and is now living at Guaymas. No mention was made by the people as to his color or creed. He is simply a Mexican citizen. Bud Johnson, electrical engineer, is in charge of electrical equipment of Carranza, operating on the border. Charles Donnelly, another former member of the Ninth Cavalry, entered the Villa army early in the stages of the revolution as a private

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Use the Monitor to Reach the Colored People of Nebraska.



THE RT. REV. ARTHUR L. WILLIAMS, S. T. D.
Bishop of Nebraska, Who Will Administer Confirmation at the Church of St. Philip the Deacon Sunday Afternoon.

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS

(From Indianapolis Ledger.)

The editorials in any newspaper are the direct opinion of the paper in which they appear. There are various kinds of editors represented among the Negro journalists of today. Some, there are, who are always on the job, fearlessly attacking the wrong and upholding the right. There are others who nestle snugly on the fence, cringingly non-committal, who keep the readers of their papers eternally guessing, after reading their long, tiresome, wordy harrangues, as to what it was all about and what they are really trying to say. These are the "artful dodgers" in the game, whose quibbling tactics, in handling issues vitally affecting the future of the race, are largely responsible for the Negro's lethargic indifference and failure to act at times when action and oneness of purpose would have meant everything. This class of editorial writers may be depended upon to drag their readers through a veritable maze of flexible phraseology—double meaning sentences and the like—for the purpose of befogging, and not to instruct, or take a positive and unequivocal stand on a subject. This is "gittin' by." They say nothing, therefore they will not be called upon to deny anything.

This class of Negro journalists is really the most dangerous of all. Even more so than the character represented in our cartoon of this issue. The pork barrel "hedger" soon finds the Primrose path he has chosen for himself turned into a lane of thorns. Those from whom he accepts his mite have no confidence in him, and those he betrays soon "get on to him"; he is, ultimately, a joke from both ends of the string.

The Negro newspapers succeeding, in a material way, are the ones which stand pat and call a spade a spade—the ones who refuse to employ "respectful" words in commenting on, or demanding a retraction of a DISRESPECTFUL situation. Nothing may be obtained by raving, it is true, but much may be acquired by a fearless and manly assertion of facts. Plain English, without the frills, should not be criticised but commended by all really sincere Negro editors.

From Fair Nebraska to Sunny Tennessee

Incidents of the Trip and Impressions Received by Editor on First Visit to the Southland.

SEES A UNIQUE RESTAURANT

From the Sign it Bears One Would Draw the Conclusion that it Was an Enterprising Colored Establishment.

Suppose you were standing on a rather prominent business corner of a southern city waiting for a street car—although the car has nothing particularly or important to do with this story—and keenly alert to observe all you could, what would you think if you saw on the opposite corner, a modest but not uninviting two-story brick building—we are pretty sure it was brick, although we may be mistaken as to that—bearing this sign "The Booker T. Washington Cafe." What conclusion would you draw? This, would you not?

A Reasonable Conclusion.

"Some wide-awake enterprising Colored man is running a restaurant over there for his race. That certainly must be a "Colored cafe," adopting, as we probably would, the popular usus loquendi, by which we are wont to differentiate that which appertains especially or exclusively, to the two respective races the chief difference of which seems to be color.

The Use of Adjectives.

You know how we use these adjectives. We say "white shop" and "Colored shop;" "white church" and "Colored church." And, by the way, that reminds us we are frequently asked by people of both races, who pass by the rectory in which we reside, hard by the pretty little church, in which it has been our privilege to serve for nearly a quarter of a century, and we are by no means a back number yet, "Is that a Colored church?" Our reply generally is: "Why, can't you see, it's a white stone church." Honest, in saying this we are not trying to be witty; we couldn't be that if we tried. Knowing our limitations we respect them. We are not trying to be witty; but to have a little fun. We love fun. It helps keep one young. And we get out of our reply.

Our inquirer invariably looks a little confused and comes back with something like this:

"Er-er-er-ah! I don't mean that. Er, you know what I mean."

"Yes, of course, I do, we reply. "Yes, it's the church of a Colored congregation, but all people and all classes are welcome within its doors; and its priest is ready at all times to minister to all who may need and are willing to accept his ministrations."

The Booker T. Washington Cafe.

But to return to "The Booker T. Washington Cafe" which we saw in

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