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# THE MONITOR

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Lift, Too!

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans

THE REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor

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## McNutt Writes On Colored Soldiers

Collier's Special Correspondent Tells of the Changing Sentiment Being Brought to Pass by the Sable Samies in Southern Training Camps.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is publishing some mighty interesting war articles from the pen of that well known and delightful writer, William Slavens McNutt. Collier's has sent McNutt overseas and we can hardly wait for the rich things he has in store for Collier readers.

In the issue of April 27 McNutt writes under the caption, "Making Soldiers in Dixie." Here's what he says about the colored soldiers in training at Camp Lee:

"I'm Done Talking Against Niggers" In writing of the national army of the South, I must not omit the Negro soldiers.

There was one unit at Camp Lee composed of 1,600 colored soldiers, selected from West Virginia. Ten days after they arrived in camp with the first quota last fall, the call came for them to go immediately to France for special service. The call was sudden and unexpected. General Cronkite knew that the men had not expected to leave this country for several months. He thought that perhaps some of the 1,600 might have good reasons for not wanting to leave at once, so he called for volunteers from the 5,000 other colored troops who were in camp to fill up whatever vacancies there might be in the overseas unit. Every one of the 5,000 volunteered for immediate overseas service. Then the unit was marched to a hall. The general said that there were volunteers to take the place of any who wished to remain behind. Only 20 per cent of the 1,600 availed themselves of the opportunity to stay at home. When the general came from the stage on his way out those newly drafted colored men, facing active service in the war zone within less than two weeks after having broken their civilian ties, started to sing "America." As the general went down the aisle the singing grew to a harmonious roar of affirmation. The thing was absolutely spontaneous. They had not been coached. It was a spontaneous expression of sentiment in the face of danger.

Will you say that they had no full realization of the danger to be faced? Then come with me to Camp Jackson. I heard there a battalion of Negro soldiers singing under the leadership of David Griffin, the division singing instructor. They were drawn up in formation before a barrack, singing with that abandon and joy that only the Negro can attain. It seemed, indeed, that the thought of the war must be very light on their minds. Come with me to an officers' mess hall the next day. There is a shout outside, "Hey! Look what's coming!" We step outside. Down the road, thump-thump, thump-thump, comes that same battalion of Negro soldiers in full marching order. These soldiers from the mills and cotton fields are on their way to France. The whole camp knows it; the whole camp is grave, quiet. Thump-thump, thump-thump! There is no sound in all that great cantonment save the beat of marching feet and the creaking of packs. The black men know they are on their way abroad. They are a solemn-looking lot. A minister steps out to the edge of the embankment overlooking the road down which the troops are marching, and calls out shakily: "Goodbye, boys. God bless you! God take care of you, boys!"

There is an uprolling of eyes and a shaky chorus of voices in answer: "Thanky, suh. Thanky kindly. Thanky parson. Thanky, suh!"

A big Mississippian, standing near, swore growlingly under his breath, gulped, and cried. "I'm done talking against niggers," he declared huskily. "Those boys have been damn fine soldiers here, an' if they ever get back from France I'm big enough to lick any man who don't give 'em a square deal."

"They've certainly been good soldiers," a South Carolinian standing by agreed. "I never thought to salute a nigger, but I've been glad to return salutes to those boys. If they die in France they're going to be just as dead as any of the rest of us. I been changing my mind awful fast in the last two months."

Silence but for the shuffle and thump of booted feet on the roadway. The rollicking, syncopated songs of yesterday were forgotten. A soft, crawling, quavery voice from some-

where in the marching ranks began the hymn, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" Others took it up, and to the words and music of the old church song those black boys tramped their solemn way out of camp to put their bodies to the chance of war on a foreign soil.

They may not have known much about the history of the German nation. Czars and kaisers may not have been any more real to their minds than ghosts and goblins. It is probable that the majority of them knew very little of the intricacies of Balkan politics. But, believe me, they knew that they were going to a dangerous place. They were not leaving with any idea of enjoying a pleasure picnic. They knew! I know very little of the rights and wrongs of what is spoken of as the Negro problem of the South; I believe that, whatever the rights and wrongs of it may be, it will prove much easier of adjustment after this war is over.

On a nipping clear evening, in company with a Southern friend, I was leafing through the camp in a car. The blare of a band—a harsh rider on the back of that soft southern wind—startled us. We stopped. On an open plain nearby a battalion was going through the ceremony of retreat. We watched the companies and the band go through the evolutions. At last one company advanced bearing aloft the colors.

The flag was a brilliant patch of color against the dark of the pine woods background. My Southern friend swore a little prayer.

"Say! A live American he-man who couldn't get in under that flag and go some place that ought to be gone to, he ain't alive in the first place, he ain't a 'he' in the second place, he ain't an American in the third place, and in the fourth place he just naturally ain't!"

The soldiers came to attention in battalion front, and the martial notes of the national air rode proudly abroad on the rising night wind. My friend and I uncovered and sat in silence until the echo of the last note had died away. My friend blew his nose hard and winked his eyes clear of a mist that had gathered in them.

"Now, I reckon some folks, they'd go an' call this just plain emotionalism," he said, as he started the car. "But it ain't. No, sir! It's just realization of the fact that I've got a mighty fine country to love, an' that I'm man enough to love it from the upstanding patch of hair on my head that won't listen to no brush, clean on down just as far as I go! That's what it is! That band was saying to me: 'Frank, you got a wonderful country. It belongs to you an' you belong to it.' An' I say to myself: 'By golly, you're right. I'd most forgot it!' An' when I come to think of it, I'm real proud an' awful humble at one an' the same time; an' because, for a little time, I understand how things really are, I get a little blurred in the eye. I tell you, we people down here in the South have had our eyes blurred up considerable in the last few months. We've got an awful lot to remind us how things really are. Everywhere you go, all over the South, there's soldiers coming to camp or going home on leave, an' every one of them fellows in uniform is a message that says the same thing that band back there was saying to me. We people down here ain't often forgetting these days that we got a country to be proud of; an' Mr. Man, I'm making a bet an' a prayer that when these Southern fellows get over there, they are going to act up in such a way that their country'll have a chance to be proud of them."

I can echo my friend's prayer and congratulate him on his bet. The knowledge that the Southern soldier must acquire is a knowledge of technique. The South needs no training in courage. The South needs no bolstering of the will to conquer and endure. The South has traveled a hard road without fainting, and endured without complaint. The grandsons of the gallant men who fought under the stars and bars are standing retreat under the Stars and Stripes; the will of the men of yesterday, who backed a lost cause of the ultimate of human endurance, steels the man of today for the coming combat; the spirit of the men who fought with Lee is alive in the breasts of the men who will fight with Pershing.

**BATTALION TAKES \$10,000 INSURANCE** Camp Grant, Ill.—An entire battalion made up of colored recruits from the Carolinas, has a perfect insurance record. Each man in this unit has taken a \$10,000 war policy.

## Memories of Mother

INASMUCH as Sunday is to be observed as "Mothers' Day," the following suggestive editorial from the Philadelphia Tribune finds appropriate place here. Read it, men and boys, and realize that you will always honor mother's memory, if she be dead, and bring joy and gladness to her loving heart, if she be living, by honoring, respecting and protecting the sex to which she belongs. The boy or man who wrongs a girl or woman wrongs not only himself, but the mother who gave him birth. Remember this as you wear your carnation, red or white, on Mothers' Day.

NESTLING beneath the rock-ribbed hills, clothed in nature's verdant garb beside the gleaming sun-kissed limp stream, is a quiet country village.

Here we saw the first gleam of the fateful dawn that brought us into being. Here a loving mother clasped us in her arms and sheltered us from every harm.

Here she guided our tottering footsteps and sang to us the sweet little lullaby that cheered our baby hearts and lulled the drooping eyelids to calm and sweet repose.

Here as the years crept by she toiled and sang and prayed for the child that God had given, and, though the way was often strewn with thorns and death would fain have plucked us from her breast, she stood as a towering angel in the way and held old death at bay.

She gave of the best she had, aye, gave her all for the child she bore and fain would have given life itself to save her precious jewel.

So time passed on with his unceasing march and changed the babe to youth, and the loving mother looked with eyes agleam upon the budding man or woman, her hope of future years. When we stood upon the stage and received a diploma, bound with a ribbon of blue, the proudest heart within the throng was that of her who clasped your hand and kissed your cheek and gave you cheer and hope.

It was she who when the lure of wealth out in the world beyond the green clad hills beckoned with alluring hand of promise, bade you with tear-dimmed eyes and surging heart to go and dare and do.

It was she who waded the sad farwell as the last bend in the road left behind the sweetest and the best in life, the unspotted way of peace and love.

It was she who when the cares and worries of the struggle grew too heavy to carry bade you come back to the home where the fire on the altar of love was ne'er dimmed by the lapse of years or perhaps when sin and sorrow made a wreck in the city far away, it was she who hastened to the rescue and in the sin-wrecked man or

woman saw only her child and pillowed on her aged breast the beloved one as in the by-gone days. The mother's love can ne'er be dimmed by the curse of drink or shame, for from the heights of purity and trust she reaches down to the depths of hell itself and plucks from the putrid stream the one she bore and clasps him to her breast and fain would die to save him from the curse of misspent days.

The hand of time may sprinkle the head with silver gleam, may seam the face with lines of care, may bow the form with weight of years, may palsie the hand or dim the eye, but the mother's love will never die. The child lives on in her great heart, though oft beneath the sod, and even when her race is run she carries a prayer for him to God. Somewhere on the hillside of a quiet abode of the dead many mothers are sleeping even as they pillowed your heads.

Do they live in your hearts as sweet memories of the past, or have the trials and struggles, disappointments and cares caused you to forget the mother of the sweet departed years? Go back to the innocence of childhood, pluck flowers from the garden of love and transplant them in the garden of memory sacred to her who looks from above.

If thy mother is living, thank God for the precious gift, for he who forgets his mother will ne'er be true to child or wife, and in the struggle for honor will forever be adrift.

Living or dead, she bids you still look up and though your career has many blots her hope is still in you.

She bids you go back to the sweet hours of childhood and youth and borrow their hope and trust, and as the dawn of another year sweeps o'er the hills of time she calls for better effort, for a cleaner, a nobler life, devoted to the principles of friendship, honesty and truth. God gave to the world the great gift of a mother and divided His love with her and ordained that not even the fullness of time nor the immeasurable space of eternity should dim the luster of her sweet love or crush her hope and trust.—Philadelphia Tribune.

## The Children of the Sun

By George Wells Parker

"YOU Grecians are but children!" said an Egyptian priest to Herodotus when the great historian inquired something of the wisdom of the land beside the Nile. And true it was that the Grecians were but children. Egypt is so very old that few scientists have ventured to guess her age. Far, far back into the most remote antiquity her thread of glory runs and the beginning none will ever discover. When we have gone beyond authentic records we plunge into a mist of legend and fable, things we might pass by were it not for the fact that peculiar discoveries and circumstances persuade that those legends and fables are shadows of realities that once existed. Yet even behind this reign of myth Egypt's story goes on and on toward the morning of creation. Beneath her sands we have discovered a host of caves and bones and implements that belonged to pre-historic man, races that lived, labored and loved, beside the sacred river long before the Egypt we know had being. That is why no one knows how old Egypt is and why her unnumbered thousands of years has made her the mother of nations, the keeper of wisdom and the land of mystery.

We find scarcely anything authentic about Egypt until about 5000 B. C., and even then we are only guessing. We know that there were two kingdoms existing, one from the Nile valley to the delta known as "The South" and the delta known as "The North." In the tombs of Abydos were found lists of the rulers of the two kingdoms, but nothing is known of them. About 4800 B. C. a great king named Menes makes one kingdom of the North and South and becomes known as the First Lord of all Egypt. It used to be that Menes was regarded

as a myth, but discoveries made in the last score of years prove that Menes really existed, and this is the Menes referred to when Dr. Virchow said: "If Menes really existed, then they were in his times Negroes, since quite old mural paintings show Negroes with all their peculiarities."

It is not my purpose to write at length upon the long line of dynasties which begin with Menes and stretch down the ages. They are too many and because so little is known of them the record is little more than a compilation of names, and hard names at that. One thing, however, that is worthy of note is that nearly every king was something more than a mere ruler. We find among them rulers who were great statesmen, architects and builders, physicians, writers, engineers, scholars and scientists. They seem to have been always loved by their people and held in high esteem. Among the greatest we might remember: Menes, founder of the first dynasty and great legendary hero; Athotthis, builder of Memphis and famous physician; Seneferu, builder of temples and pyramids; Khufu, builder of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh; Amenemhat, renowned administrator; the three Usertesens, builders and engineers; Thothmes and the Rameses, great conquerors; Necho and his son Psametik, unifiers of later Egypt and powerful kings. These few are, perhaps, the greatest, and there are many more who have a passing claim upon the right of having lived gloriously and contributed something to the happiness of human life and to the inheritance of posterity.

Another striking thing about Egypt is that she appeared to be almost a hermit nation until the XVIII dynasty. Many times before she had made ex-

ursions into Ethiopia in revenge for Ethiopia's attacks upon her; but Ethiopia was in Africa and just to the south of Egypt, and it was more like a neighborhood row than real conquest. It was during the XIV dynasty that the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, invaded and conquered Egypt and ruled for about 400 years. This rule, however unfortunate it may have been for Egypt, opened the eyes of the Egyptians to the existence of great nations beyond the Red sea, and after the Hyksos were driven out they became inoculated with the virus of conquest. Then arises the era of the mighty conquerors who carried their armies into Asia and taught the world to respect and fear the people of the Nile.

This is the era that should have some special interest for us in combating the falsehoods of historians who try to claim that the Egyptians were other than a black race. Most historians have based their assertions upon theories afforded them by students of language. These linguists have tried to make Egypt Aryan because they discover words in the Egyptian language which they claim are Aryan or Semetic. Later on I shall endeavor to explain to you the absolute worthlessness of language as a test of race, but at the present time I shall explain how senseless the claim based upon any words found in Egypt after this period. Previous to this era of conquest the Egyptian language was intact and showed no foreign influence, but after it we discover that such influences crept in. Why? Let us see. The Egyptians fought and conquered Palestine, Syria, Phoenicia, the land of the Hittites, and other countries in farther Asia. To it, something strange, then, that after conquering those countries that the conquerors should bring home with them some relics of the conquered? Is it any wonder that many new words from other languages crept into the speech of the Egyptian? We have German, Spanish, Italian and French

(Continued on sixth page.)

## Episcopal Church Mobilizing Forces

Great Missionary Campaign to Be Launched in Omaha the Last Week in May to Bring Into Active Service All Members of the Episcopal Church in This City; Foremost Business Men on Central Committee; J. T. Yates, General Chairman.

MORRIS HEADS ST. PHILIP'S

Proving an Energetic Leader in Organizing Congregation For Its Part in Campaign; Has Appointed Captains and Is Pushing Work.

WHAT it is believed will be the biggest work ever undertaken by the Episcopal church in this city is the missionary campaign which is to be waged during the last week in May. It is part of the nation-wide plan to mobilize the whole force of the Episcopal church throughout the country in aggressive missionary and social work and service.

In Omaha, as elsewhere, the foremost business men have accepted service on the central committee and are putting their brain and energy and enthusiasm into the movement. The general chairman of the Omaha central committee is Mr. John T. Yates. Among other prominent and influential business men on this committee are: Fred H. Davis, Charles G. Trimble, C. C. George, Albert D. Klein and Charles L. Hopper. Every congregation in the city is represented on the central committee by either a clergyman or layman.

Over every parish a chairman has been appointed whose duty it is to organize his parish for its part in the campaign and to get out the full membership to attend the meetings during the week of the intensive campaign, May 26 to June 2. The object of the campaign is to increase interest in those high things for which the church stands and to increase offerings for the same. Mobilization of the full force of the Episcopal church in every community for active and aggressive service expresses exactly what the campaign undertakes to accomplish.

Dr. Craig Morris is the parish chairman for St. Philip's church and he is proving the right man in the right place. He has taken hold with intelligence, energy and enthusiasm, and has appointed his captains and group leaders. The hearty co-operation of all Episcopalians is urged in this missionary campaign.

## Braithwaite Gets Spingarn Medal

Distinguished Poet and Literary Critic Whose Work Has Given Him an International Reputation, Awarded Prize; Presented by Governor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The fourth Spingarn medal award was made Friday evening, May 3, at the First Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., to William Stanley Braithwaite of Cambridge, Mass., the distinguished poet and literary critic, whose work as literary critic to the Boston Evening Transcript and contributor of critical essays to the Forum, the Century, Scribner's, the Atlantic Monthly and other leading magazines has made his name well known to the literary public.

The Spingarn medal has been donated annually since 1915 by Major Joel E. Spingarn of New York, chairman of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and is given each year to the man or woman of African descent and of American citizenship who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceding year in any field of elevated or honorable endeavor.

This medal has been awarded in previous years to E. E. Just for researches in biology; to Colonel Charles Young, U. S. A. (retired), for services in organizing the constabulary of Liberia, and to Harry T. Burleigh for excellence in the field of creative music.

The presentation of the medal was made by Governor Livingston Beckman of Rhode Island in the presence of a distinguished audience. Mr. Braithwaite is a poet as well as critic. In 1904 he published "Lyrics of Life and Love," a small volume of poems, and in 1908, "The House of Falling Leaves." Since 1913 he has edited "The Anthology of Magazine Verse," published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. In 1916 Mr. Braithwaite became editor of the Poetry Review of Cambridge. He has also edited "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," "The Book of Georgian Verse" and "The Book of Restoration Verse," and is the general editor of "The Contemporary American Poets Series," which is shortly to be issued in twelve volumes.

Mr. Braithwaite's most recent publication is a volume entitled, "The Poetic Year," in which are gathered together a series of articles which were contributed by him to the Boston Transcript during the years 1916 and 1917. It is needless to remark that Mr. Braithwaite's reputation extends beyond that of a "Negro" critic. His achievements have placed him in the forefront of America's literary critics irrespective of race.

GERMANY WANTS LIBERIA

Annexation is Among the Peace Terms Berlin May Impose on United States.

Amsterdam, Holland.—I understand that one of the terms which German extremists say they must impose on America at the conclusion of the war is the annexation to Germany of Liberia.

The matter was broached in a secret memorandum presented by a number of colonial experts, including Dr. Alfred Zimmermann, former foreign secretary; Carl Peters and others to Dr. Solf, the colonial secretary. Dr. Solf replied sympathetically but pointed out the great difficulties in the way of such an enterprise.

The sending of a submarine to Liberia recently was in connection with this pan-German wish.—Chicago Daily News.

COLORED PEOPLE INDIGNANT

Baltimore, Md.—Much indignation was manifested here when several hundred colored people were refused admission to the Garden theater recently, when a rally to boost the sale of war savings stamps was held. The band of the 368th Regiment and its imitator drum major, Sergeant Landers, were the star attractions. The band is composed of colored draftees, but only whites were admitted.

LARGE PURCHASER OF LIBERTY BONDS

Macon, Ga.—Mr. C. H. Douglass, sole owner of the Douglass theater, cafe, poolroom, hotel and barber shop, and prominent in all enterprises, has purchased all told \$12,000 of Liberty bonds.