

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.
Published Every Saturday.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter July 3, 1915, at the Post Office at Omaha, Neb., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.00 PER YEAR
Advertising Rates, 50 cents an inch per issue.
Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.
Telephone Webster 4244.

LET THE PRESIDENT SPEAK

MAJOR-GEN. BALLOU, commanding the Ninety-second Division, has at the request of Emmett J. Scott, special assistant to the secretary of war, written him a letter explaining the issuing of Bulletin 35, which provoked such a tremendous wave of protest from all sections of the country. The letter is published elsewhere in this issue. It recites the fact, published in The Monitor several weeks ago, that General Ballou had instituted legal proceedings against the offending theater manager before he had issued Bulletin 35, intended only as salutary advice to the men of his command.

We pointed out at that time that there were certain expressions in the order that were unwise, unfortunate and indefensible. While we did not indulge in the strongly denunciatory language of some of our more radical contemporaries our position as to the duty of insisting upon our legal rights was unmistakable.

In his letter to Mr. Scott General Ballou implies that pro-German influences are actively at work in this country striving to aggravate the grievances of the Colored Americans on the one hand and inflame white Americans on the other. It is implied that these sinister influences were at work at East St. Louis and Houston. We doubt this very much. Southern prejudice against the Colored American has been intense and bitter for years, and increasingly so as he has advanced in intelligence, material prosperity and self-respect. It has manifested itself on every hand by indefensible and most reprehensible acts of injustice, which have been enacted into laws. This hatred for the black race has required no fanning into flame by German propagandists. It is a peculiarly simon-pure American product of which the United States will be most heartily ashamed some day, when she shall have grown out of her narrow and crude provincialism. Let us not lay our sins of race prejudice on the Germans. They have enough to answer for, God knows, and so has America.

This, however, may doubtless be true that German propagandists are now trying to spread sedition among Colored Americans, and very naturally believe that the injustices permitted to be practised upon us should make us easy victims of their wiles. It would, of course, be to their advantage to turn us from our loyalty. They have not succeeded yet and WILL NOT SUCCEED—

IF—
Our president will only speak out as the representative of our nation, which we love and for which we are willing to die, and make it plain that he as the chief executive does disapprove of the lawlessness, lynchings and discriminations of which, unhappily, we are chiefly the victims. The persistent silence of our president will do more to alienate the Colored American than any machinations of the Hun. The Hun may be as subtle as the serpent, but if the president will only speak out he can draw the serpent's fangs. Let the president speak.

THE RED CROSS

FROM out of the darkness came light and out of the worst oft comes the best. War is merciless, yet out of war springs the sweetest benediction of mercy. It was once a proverb that while man fought, woman remained beside the hearth and wept. But that was in the olden days when wars were fought for glory and not for liberty. Today as men fight women fight with them. But women's weapons are not cannon, machine guns and submarines. Her weapons are gentle hands to soothe and heal; subtle drugs that knit the flesh and hang sweet dreams in the chambers of the mind that lately knew but visions of horror.

The sword of Mars flashes across the world as a silver wind of winter sweeps across a lonely waste, but in its wake glows the warm light of the Red Cross, the symbol of love amidst the storm of hate. To the wounded man on the field or in the trenches the sight of that little red cross is like the sunshine after rain, laughter after tears, the rainbow after the deluge. It knows no race or creed or color. The hurt cruel German comes within its radiant glow as well as the hurt friend. Its errand is mercy and its MARKING is the kind of mercy that means MANKIND.

Once more the Red Cross appeals for funds to carry on its work. How many more times it will come to plead with you we do not know. Let us hope not many more, not because of the paltry dollars it seeks, but because we wish the war to end with the triumph of liberty over autocracy. Yet no matter how many times may come the plea, let us heed and give all that we can and more. Give until it hurts.

GEORGIA TIES LOUISIANA

ONE can well imagine what glee fills the breast of the kaiser as he reads of America's blood-red record of Negro lynchings. Four more Colored Americans, three men and one woman, accused of the murder of a white farmer, were murdered by a Georgia mob this week. Georgia now ties Louisiana in this gruesome Southern sport, both states scoring eleven victims within the past fourteen months. This makes a total of fifty lynchings within the confines of the United States since America's entrance into the war "to make the world safe for democracy." What an appalling record!

In the name of all that is high and holy, when are the people of the United States going to put an end to these atrocities? Whenever the government of the United States really wants to put an end to these barbarities which are making us a byword and a hissing in the mouths of our enemies it can do it. The government can control railroads, food, coal and what it will in times of peace and in times of war. Why is it that mobocrats who murder black men and women and children are alone beyond the reach of government control?

BREAKING WORLD'S RECORDS

A NOTABLE record has just been established by ship riveters at Sparrows Point. The achievement of these men shows what Colored workmen can do when they are given a chance. While white workmen have been inclined to see how little they could do, under union regulations, Colored workmen have been anxious to speed up to the limit of their power. When it comes to skill, brawn and endurance the Colored American needs to take a back seat for no one. We opine that such demonstrations of skill as Knight and his colleagues have shown will open the eyes of Americans to the real worth of the Colored artisan and mechanic.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Bravery

BRavery is the nifty art of stunting that lifts one into the hero class. There are as many kinds of bravery as there are kinds of automobile tires, and that is going some. Some call a man who is about to be married a brave man, but he isn't half as brave as the man who stays married. Just now the world war is making heroes by the dozen, and they are real, sure-enough heroes. General Pershing sent in the names of two jigg heroes the other day. They were real heroes. They were standing sentry duty when a party of boches planned a raid on the Yankee line. Before they got to the line they mixed with the two Sams. One of the two had a gun that worked and the other had a gun that had decided not to work. Quarters were so close that the bayonet was about as useful as cayenne pepper in hades. All that this particular Sam had was a knife. Where he got it nobody knows, but a cullud man nearly always has a knife or razor for close work. The knife got into action and so did the Dutchmen. The knife won and the raid was postponed. The report reported that several boches were seriously injured, as if it could have been otherwise.

This bit of bravery also recalls another bravery stunt put across by a Sam some time ago. This Sam carried a razor in spite of the advice not to do so. He also got into close quarters and threw away his gun. Out came the razor. A German started at him. Sam hurled the razor with true Hamitic aim. "Never touched me!" shouted the German. "Den you try to shake yo' haid!" shouted Sam. The boche did and left his head on the ground for a souvenir.

This all goes to prove that a cullud soldier feels safer with a member of the knife family than with a member of the gun family. He is always brave, but give him something to carve his initials with and he'll have the whole German army looking like a gory alphabet.

The Children of the Sun

By George Wells Parker

A GREAT architect named Ferguson once wrote a book upon the history of his art and in it occurred this surprising statement: "No Semite and no Aryan ever built a tomb that could last a century or was worthy to remain so long." A rather strong indictment of the ability of yellow and white races in the building line, don't you think? And yet when one studies the subject of ancient monuments he or she becomes convinced that what Ferguson said was the truth. Among the ancients there were seven works of man that were regarded as truly wonderful and which were called the Seven Wonders of the World. They were, indeed, wonders and would be wonders today or at any future time, and every one of them was built by people who were either African or of African descent.

Egypt had the first wonder of the world and it was the Pyramid of Khufu, built somewhere about 3,000 B. C. I can give you no better idea of what a really wonderful thing it is than to join together some statements concerning it gleaned from "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World," written by Edgar J. Banks of the University of Chicago:

"The pyramid covered thirteen acres of ground and was a perfect square, originally measuring 756 feet on each side; it is a walk of more than half a mile about its base, and so accurate were the measurements that modern engineers with modern instruments can detect an error of but a small fraction of an inch. . . . It has been estimated that even with modern machinery a thousand men would be required to labor for a hundred years if they would duplicate the pyramid. . . . The granite, which was used only for the lining of the walls of the inner chambers, was brought down the Nile from Syene in Upper Egypt, seven hundred miles away. . . . The mortar used in cementing them was scarcely thicker than a piece of paper, for the joints were fitted together so perfectly that it is impossible to thrust the thinnest knife blade into them. . . . At the base once more, you look upward; now, better than before, you realize that towering like a mountain above you is the largest, the loftiest, the most enduring, one of the oldest tombs of man, and then you really understand why the ancients called the old, old tomb the first of the Seven Wonders of the World."

I can add nothing to these words. I only want you to read them over and over again and let their significance sink into your mind. Then remember that those who reared that mighty pyramid belonged to your race and blood. It is a pride that no race or blood upon the earth can claim excepting those who are of the Children of the Sun.

The Pyramid of Khufu was the greatest of Egypt's pyramids, but not the only one. There were eight others and Gizeh, and many more scattered throughout the land. And besides the pyramids there were other wonders that excited the admiration of antiquity as well as the respect of modern times. You have all heard of the Sphinx. I told you the myth of the Sphinx some time ago and today I will describe it. It stands at Gizeh in the neighborhood of the Great Pyramid. It is partly cut from the solid rock and partly constructed of masonry, with a shrine built at its base. It is 172½ feet long and 66 feet high. It represents a wingless lion with the face of a man, and the face represents Horus, the early hero of Egypt. This face is African in outline and was originally colored brown, though few traces of the coloring now remain. No man or woman visits Egypt without

gazing upon the Sphinx, and the tribute paid by Mark Twain to that wonder embraces all the emotions one feels when standing before that monument which has become synonymous with the mystery that hangs over the land of the Nile.

You have heard of tempies, haven't you? Perhaps you have visited a temple or two in your day, but unless you have seen the ruins of Egyptian tempies you have no idea what a great temple is really like. Around Karnac and Luxor in Egypt there were many temples and the greatest of them was the temple of Ammon, founded during the twelfth dynasty. It stood in an inclosure about 1,500 feet square and an avenue of ram-headed sphinxes led from the river to the main gateway—a colossal pylon 370 feet in breadth by 142 feet in height. Within the great court and in a line with the gateway were twelve enormous columns, six on either side; six of these are well preserved. A second pylon gate leads into a magnificent hypostyle hall, 171 feet long by 338 feet broad, its roof supported by 134 columns in 16 rows. This hall is one of the finest works of Egyptian architecture. At the upper end of the great hall is another pylon gate, now in ruins, leading to an open court, in the center of which is an obelisk 76 feet high. Beyond this again is another court in which stands the tallest obelisk in existence. There are a succession of smaller courts, corridors, pylon gates and halls. All these were part of the temple of Ammon at Karnac, and when you read of great temples compare them with this one and note for yourself how they sink into insignificance beside this one erected by black hands something like 5,000 years ago.

I might go on for hours and tell you about the many other architectural wonders of Egypt, her many statues and colossi, her palaces and obelisks. But time and space do not permit. What I hoped to do, and that which I trust I have done, is to give you some idea of the vastness of the monuments which Egypt has left as an inheritance to the world. Other nations have contributed one or two monuments, but Egypt has contributed many. She has been called the land of magnificent monuments, and she is this, indeed. What other nations have contributed are for the most part lost, but in Egypt the dry winds and sands have preserved them against the ravages of time. The greatest damage to Egypt's monuments has been caused by man and not by the elements.

Before closing this article I would mention that only a few years ago the temple of Osiris was discovered. The world war has prevented the complete excavation of this mighty monument, but it bids fair to become another wonderful temple. Osiris had been called a myth and the writers of antiquity who gazed upon his temple have been called victims of imagination, but the temple has now really been discovered. We shall learn more of it after awhile.

And this ends the article upon Egypt's monuments. I would that you read it more than once and try to understand just what it all means to Egypt, to the world and to you. Count each wonder and place it to the credit of your blood and then you will appreciate what it should mean to be kin to the race that has earned such glory. Other races are satisfied to exult over creations less great than these. When Bishop Newman declared that the ancestral glory of the African race eclipsed that of any other race known to history he uttered more than a mere platitude. He voiced truth and it is the truth that must eventually make us altogether free.

"IN ILLINOIS AND ELSEWHERE"

THE Houston Post, recognized as the mouthpiece of the democratic party in Texas and one of the ablest and most influential dailies of the South, in its issue of May 11 contained the following timely and outspoken editorial, which will meet the approval of all right-minded Americans. It is perfectly astounding how indifferent public officials and the press of this country has been to the atrocities against Negroes:

The attorney general, Hon. T. W. Gregory, in an address to the American Bar association, discusses lynch law in an illuminating manner.

The lynching of the German, Robert Praeger, in Illinois, prompts his observations.

He urges lawyers everywhere to stand out firmly against lynch law by volunteering their services as prosecuting attorneys, where needed.

He points out the danger of reprisals by Germany if German citizens are subjected to abuse at the hands of mobs.

And then he says: "Lynch law is the most cowardly of crimes. Invariably the victim is unarmed, while the men who lynch are armed and large in

inals, there is nothing of that character when Negro criminals are involved.

The attorney general might remember another thing. There is absolutely no question about the loyalty of the Negroes. They are responding in the full measure of the government's demand upon them, despite the fact that they are by no means full beneficiaries of the guarantees of the bill of rights and the constitutions under which they live.

And the Post would rivet the attention of the attorney general upon the fact that the mobbing of 100 German spies would not give the lie to the Declaration of Independence, the constitution, the bill of rights, the laws of the land and our democratic ideals in the measure that one lynching of a black citizen does.

The massacre of enemy spies in time of war might, indeed, be at least partially condoned upon the ground

that they are enemies for whom the ordinary constitutional guarantees are not intended, whereas in the case of the Negro citizen there stands the solemn pledge of our laws and our civilization, the violation of which dishonors every ideal for which our armies, composed in no inconsiderable degree of our black fellow citizens, are fighting.

The Post addresses these remarks to the attorney general, because the lynching of Robert Praeger in Illinois involved no infraction of federal law. It violated the statutes of Illinois and the guilty murderers if apprehended are amenable only to Illinois law.

The attorney general was in fact lecturing the North for the lynching of a white enemy alien suspected of being a spy. In the section wherein the attorney general was born and reared are cases for his consideration so brutal and murderous that they cry out to heaven.—Houston Post.

"Over the Top" once more must be the record of our city and state for our boys who are offering their lives for us.

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