THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Nebraska and the Nation, 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 2, 1915, at the Postoffice at Omaha, Neb., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.
Lucille Skaggs Edwards and William Garnett Haynes, Associate Editors. George Wells Parker, Contributing Editor. Bert Patrick, Business Manager. Fred C. Williams, Traveling Representative.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, $2.00 A YEAR; $1.00 6 MONTHS; 60c 3 MONTHS
Advertising Rates, 60 cents an inch per issue.
Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Neb.
Telephone Webster 4243.

"UNITY!"

BETWEEN nations and provinces and tribes of Africa one word is passing with a new note—a note that is being heard all over the world. That word is Unity! It is no new word for us, rather it is an old, old word that we have heard a thousand times and a thousand times passed unheeded. And strange, too, we all know that real unity is the one word that means salvation for the race here and everywhere, yet discord is ever the order of our going. What is the real cause of this negligence? Is it that every man wants to be the leader? Is it because every man wants unity only for his own selfish ends? Is it because every man thinks his own brand of unity the only specific and that if it is not adopted by all the race is doomed? Or is it some inborn trait ingrained by teaching and circumstance for the purpose of keeping us forever apart and weak and helpless?

Unity is the word and it is the word for every man and woman of the black race, whether here or in the uttermost regions of the earth. Today it is our mother, Africa, that is calling to her children, even across the space of the world; and across the space of the world he who knows should be ready to answer, obedient to her summons. For us those memories of our ancestral home have faded away, faded away because of the sweep of century waves, of dimming distances and pale forgetfulness. But blood should always remember. One touch and centuries melt, distance withers and forgetfulness remembers. We are all African again, and across the land and seas we catch the sound of a voice we once knew and loved in some long, dim past, and we rise on our tip-toes to answer back across the space of the world: "We will heed your cry, mother! Unity!

TAKE A TUMBLE

IN another column of The Monitor our readers will find an article relative to the change of the name of a popular "Blues," put out by a well known eastern firm. One of the most significant phases of the kindly letter is that in which the writer makes the statement that the word "nigger" is used more frequently among the Colored people themselves than among the whites. The point is well taken and one which every man and woman and child of the race should consider. Let a white person use the term "nigger" in the presence of a Negro and the latter swells up like a toy balloon and dons his fighting spirit instanto; yet this same Negro will walk but a short distance and use the term a dozen times among a crowd of his own people and never think of it in anyway, unless as a humorous and felicitous touch to his conversation. Nor is he always particular to use it only among his own. There are Negroes who use the term "nigger" and "darky" anywhere and at anytime and before anybody. It should be stopped and the more quickly it is stopped, the better it will be.

We are glad that the publishing firm was broad minded enough to sense the unintended insult and change the title of the composition, and we thank them for bringing to the attention of the Negro a fault which is rather widespread and which should be remedied.

A NEWSPAPER FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IN that world-famous book, Ben Hur, there is a chapter containing a very touching and a very thoughtful theme. The little Roman boy, Marcus Messala, is telling the little Jewish boy, Ben Hur, about the glory of Rome and the Romans and asks him if he can say anything for the Jews. Ben Hur is nonplussed, but he goes to his mother and kneels beside her and asks if his people have ever done anything great in the world. The mother then unfolds the story of Israel and, after a most beautiful narration, she concludes by saying that Rome only surpasses Israel in deeds of blood.

Suppose your child should come tonight and tell you that he has been taunted about his race, can you unfold the story of the black man and paint in vivid word pictures the glory that belongs to him? Can you go back to the misty morning of history and call from the past, living, breathing, sentient things that shall make your child proud that he or she bears the "shadow'd livery of the burnished sun?"

Let us hope that you are, but if you are not, Mr. Anselmo R. Jackson of 54 West 140th street, New York, has begun the publication of a newspaper for our boys and girls. It is a paper that shall give our children a new viewpoint and overcome the depressing effects of the American system of education. It is eminently something worth while and we hope that every Monitor reader who has a child will at once subscribe for this paper and bring into that child's life a new horizon of beauty, hope and ideals. The Price is only $1.00 per year and worth a thousand times more than its costs. Suscribe!

GROWTH OF PUBLIC OPINION

(Editorial from Gold Coast Leader, Cape Coast, Sept. 7-14, 1918.)

THROUGHOUT West Africa will be observed by the careful student of affairs a steady growth of public opinion, healthy, enlightened and fearless, which augurs well for the future of Imperial British West Africa. The criticism in most cases is constructive and aims directly at correcting abuses and the redressing of wrongs. Such criticism is not confined to the acts of government, for public persons, bodies and institutions are unspared and come in duly for comment where such comment is called for and deserved. It is certainly a mark of progress. It is an advance upon the patriarchal times when the full grown man would crouch behind the stool of the paterfamilias and never venture an opinion on affairs, however well informed he might be. It does not mean that respect for the aged and for experience is dying out. It only means that no matter by whom, or from what source, an opinion is expressed, it is being more and more felt that it is the right of developed intelligence to examine and scrutinize that which is presented and honestly aid fairly to point out the flaws in the argument. And leadership is on its trial. The time is past, it would seem, when any posing as such may expect to have their quack preparations swallowed down wholesale by a believing crowd without let or question. Premises are being ruthlessly examined to arrive at a judgment whether the conclusions propounded are justified. All this is to the good. Herein is hope for the future of Imperial West Africa.

It is quite possible that this ferment of opinion, this upward rise in popular sentiment, may lead to divisions, conflicts and searching of hearts. But whenever and however these may happen, there should be no cause for dismay, for they are the marks of an upward tendency. The leaders themselves, if of the right sort, must thank God that at last there has arisen among the people this hunger, this seeking for truth, and prepare themselves in truth to fight the battles of truth. Henceforth in the history of mankind that and only that will count. All shams are doomed; all hypocrisy, all subterfuges and everything and anything that worketh and maketh a lie must perish as mist before the noon-day sun. All this may be prophetic, but certainly not a dream. For we live in strenuous days, and the judgments of the Higher Powers are swift and sure. Therefore must all be circumspect—both the server and the served in the service of man.

The growth in influence and power of such papers as the Nigerian Times, the Lagos Standard, the Lagos Weekly Record, the Sierra Leone Weekly News and the recently established Gold Coast Independent is also to the good. West African journalists work under peculiarly difficult circumstances. They have nurtured a delicate plant to a growth that is nearing maturity in much anxiety and anguish of soul. They have had to train themselves to a due sense of proportion consonant with a due sense of responsibility and duty in an environment in which their constituents and themselves have no real or effective politiral voice. They have eked out a precarious existence, not knowing what evil a day may bring forth. They have run risks; they have encountered storms; they have mastered defeat. And today they stand as the only effective protection to their people in the ventilation of grievances and the redress of wrongs. That this growth has taken a comparatively short time to mature is another evidence of racial capacity and the intellectual virility of West Africans.

We have thus by successive stages arrived at a period in our national existence that we must think less of persons, factions and cliques than we do of causes, national aims and the uplift of the people. At this time of our national career he who thinks of his own personal advancement, his petty ambition, in approaching public questions cannot be a safe guide, and must sooner or later find himself overwhelmed by a wave of popular anger and distrust. A great statesman has said that it is possible to fool the whole or some of the people for some time, but that it is not possible to fool ALL the people the WHOLE time. That is very true; and God help such when the populace come to realize that the whole time they were being gulled. It comes with rising intelligence. The day may be afar off. But that it will come sooner or later is sure and certain. And herein lies the public safety.

On the whole the future of West Africa is full of promise. Her educated sons have proved that in the hour of national need they will be ready. It is the common conflagration that usually brings all hands together and forms an indissoluble link for the time being. No matter if it spends its force when the task is done. The allies have come together to defend a great, a common cause. The least intelligent must perceive that apart from the common cause there may be divergent interests. Does that circumstance make the present combination less the most stupendous in history? Ofcourse not. Similarly must there be a West African alliance to serve common West African needs. The future is big with promise, as we have said; but whether it develops into a full grown being, or results in a stillborn, will depend upon the quality and the patriotism with which prominent West Africans approach the public questions of the day.

"OUR FATHER!"

WE ran across the following beautiful poem some time ago, which we published in The Monitor. A request has been made for the republication, which it gives us pleasure to grant. Its teaching is plain and voices a truth to which we believe men everywhere will readily subscribe. We believe that could men everywhere realize the true meaning and comprehensiveness of the words "Our Father," which frequently rest upon their lips, there would be no room for racial or inter-racial strife and discord.

"Vater Unser and "Notre Pere" are the German and French forms respectively of "Our Father.' The meaning of the closing lines of the poem is:

"For truly," said Jean, "I cannot see
how men can longer go to war,
When each understands that Vater
Unser is the same as Notre
Pere."

But here is the poem. Read it:

THE LORD'S PRAYER

I.

They were ordinary soldiers, just common Jean and Hans,
One from the valley of the Rhine and
one from fair Provence.
They were simple hearted fellows—
every night each said his
prayer:
The one prayed Vater Unser and the
other Notre Pere.

II.

Then they met beyond the trenches
and they ran each other
through—
Just the ordinary kind of work the
soldier has to do.
As they lay there close together on
the still October air
Hans was gasping "Vater Unser" and
Jean whispered "Notre Pere."

III.

So they went to find the Father. He
will understand, thought Hans,
For he knows and loves the Rhineland.
But Jean thought of fair Provence.
And St. Michael came to meet them,
and he smiled to see them stare
When he told them Vater Unser was
the same as Notre Pere.

IV.

So they went together and stood before the throne,
And prayed to Go to make good speed
and send St. Michael down.
"Mais oui," said Jean, "je crois qu'on
n'aura plus de cette guerre
Quand on saure que Vater Unser set
le meme que Notre Pere."

—Charles Alexander Richmond, in The Outlook.

AN AFRICAN ACROSTIC

The following acrostic was chosen from an African journal which has come to our office. It is very good:

Think
Honestly
Independently
Nobly
Kindly.

Subscribe for The Monitor.

Obvious Observations

OBVIOUS OBSERATIONS

THERE wasn't a thing slow about Santa Claus around the region of this shack. Hope you say the same thing when we pass by.

If the newspapers don't get this "League of Nations" dope out of the columns soon, we'll be up before the sanity board letting them tap our craniums with a mallet in order to locate the soft spots.

This week begins The Monitor drag net for a bumper subscription list. Everybody jump in and help pump up the tires.

The magneto bears such a regulation to the carburetor that we have all decided to shoot The Monitor off the press Wednesdays so that all our southern friends can sit around Saturday and read all about what the earth is doing on the job. Isn't that lovely of us?

"How long will peace last?" Shut up, brother; don't start any argufying around here. We are pacifists now, but we are scared to say so until its healthy.

Have you read this month's Crusader? Wow! Brother Briggs speaks right out in church and has all the members rubber-necking.

From the Colored papers it looks as though there are going to be so many Cullud delegates hanging around the doors of the Peace Conference, that French folks will think its a piece of Darkest Africa.

One thing is a cinch! We were able to walk in a straight line all day long Christmas without wobbling. Were you?

One of The Monitor staff slipped on the ice the other day and came down to the office and told us about a whole lot of stars that the astronomers have never discovered.

Thanking you kindly for your rapt attention, we will now sit down and read over our list of resolutions and see how many we have smashed.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Winter

THREE weeks ago old Sol sent out a search warrant for an old guy named Winter; with a more or less profuse description of what he looked like. We have found him, or rather he has found us. He landed recently with both feet plump on the ground and brought the mercury in the thermometer down with him. Now we wish we hadn't sent out the search warrant. The rapid bust development of our coal bill and the Sherlockian faculties of the north wind, have given us a different point of optical perspective. Today we are wishing for a balmy breath from the Florida orange groves or a sight of the palms around southern California. As Old Ptah Hotep, the Egyptian soap box gas bag, said some 5,000 years ago, "We human hunks of liver never were satisfied with nothing no-time." Old Hotep would be surprised if his mummy case smashed open and he should wake up and find that we haven't changed a bit since his day. But that's us, all over. We are always whooping and hollering about the Millenium, but we aren't doing a drat blessed thing to set the date for its arrival. We're just a big chunk of collected animated cheese headed for everywhere and nowhere expecting to get there on the heydey schedule. And yet, again, as Emerson said, when he finished a whole mince pie just before climbing into the hay, "If we did things anyways different, we wouldn't be human." That sums the whole thing up lovely and our ready acceptance of both points of view shows that we don't believe in sticking up a quarantine sign over any man's opinions (Ladies, too. Excuse us for overlooking the feminine population.)

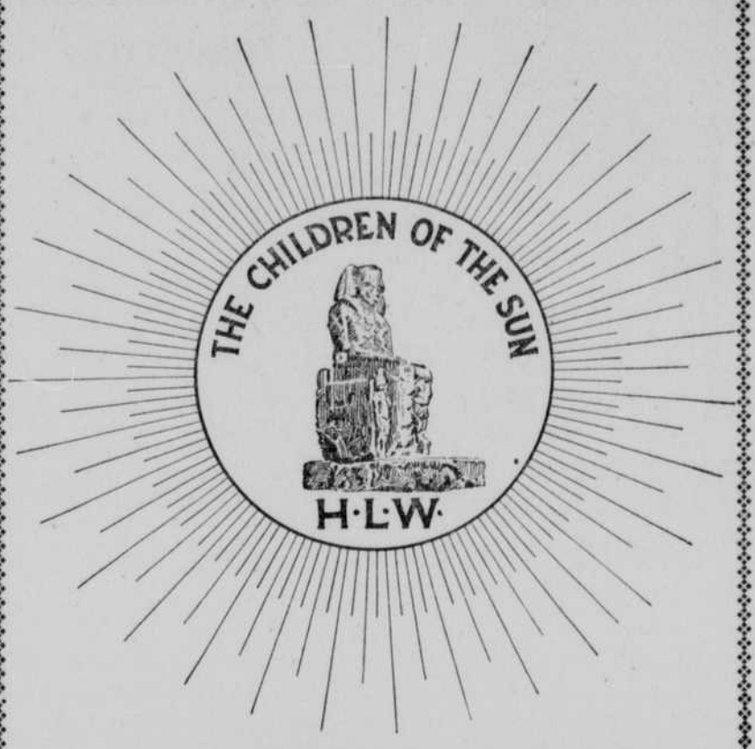
We started out to talk about winter and forgot our subject. We will say something more about it next year.

SOLDIERS MAY RECALL LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

Washington, Jan. 1.—Discharged soldiers, who do not wish to continue payment on Liberty bond subscriptions made through the army organization will have pyaments already made returned and the subscription will be cancelled. Army officers said today that although this arrangement had been made they did not expect any great number of subscriptions to be nullified in this way.

VERIFY GERMAN PROPAGANDA

Washington, Jan. 1.—Describing unsuccessful efforts of German propagandists among American Negroes to the senate investigating committee today, Captain Lester, of the army, intelligence service said word was passed among Negro recruits to the army that if Germany won and occupied the United States a portion of the country would be turned over to them exclusively.



$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.

Brandeis Stores

JANUARY

White Goods Sales

Commence

Thursday, January 2nd

Watch Daily Papers

Annual

January Sale

of Furniture, Rugs and Draperies is on

ATTEND EARLY

Orchard & Wilhelm

THE CRUSADER

The Greater Negro Magazine.
Winning a welcome everywhere. You must have it.
A Monthly. One Dollar a Year.
THE CRUSADER
2299 Seventh Avenue, - - - - New York City