

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.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the stormy petrel of politics, is dead. It comes as a distinct shock to the American people, because, although death is as natural as life, we had somehow learned to feel that Roosevelt's ruggedness, strenuousness and vitality, would ward off death for many years. That he was a sick man, all knew, because the Teddy of the last few years did not exhibit the healthy, fighting, forceful Teddy of other years. But death has claimed him and the Americans bow with sorrow over his memory.

We are not prepared to give a final estimate of Theodore Roosevelt, undoubtedly one of the greatest Americans who has ever lived. He was a man of strong opinions and decisive action and, like all such men, he made strong friends and strong enemies. But even his enemies respected him, while his friends loved him.

Perhaps the republicans have never forgiven him for splitting the party, nor the Bull Moose for having deserted them after they were willing to follow him unto death. In these two famous political moves, Roosevelt, who had become almost a god, was found to have feet of clay. There are still those who claim he acted for self and those who claim he acted for the good of the American people, but time alone must discover the real motives before judgment is finally passed.

As to the race, Roosevelt has been acknowledged as a great friend and benefactor. His trenchant statements regarding the race problem made the Negroes of America adore him, yet it remains true that Roosevelt, during his seven years as president, never brought any real legislation to help the black man in the south. His entertaining Booker Washington electrified the country and the Negro; his wholesale discharge of members of the famous Twenty-fifth brought questionings and discouragement. His verbal acknowledgement of the salvation of his Rough Riders at San Juan through the bravery of Negro soldiers, received widespread commendation; his written words that he and his men forced the Negro soldiers up San Juan hill at the points of six-shooters, was condemned as a gross injustice by those who knew the truth. And so throughout his public life, Roosevelt has been a man of strange dictions and contradictions, and his memory must be left to posterity for final judgment.

And now he is dead. With a hundred millions of Americans we mourn his death. We are willing to forget his faults, whatever they might have been, and glory in the fact that they did not dwarf his soul. He was a scholar and a statesman, and he was the apostle of the strenuous life, a live, red-blooded creed that remade America. He will not be soon forgotten. He has made contributions to literature and science that will remain a part of America's treasures as long as there is an America. He has filled a great place in the national life and is deserving of a great niche in the hall of fame. May he rest in peace.

POLITICAL SOWING AND REAPING

NOW that the new governor has been installed and nearly all state appointments made, there are a number of disgruntled Negro politicians who are venting their verbal wrath upon political victors, who seem to have forgotten them. That no Negro has been appointed to a creditable state office is not surprising, nor is it anything new. The Monitor could have forecasted just such a result two months ago, but The Monitor is not ready to lay all the blame upon the republican victors. The blame belongs somewhere else and that is with the Negro voters themselves.

Locally, our Negro politicians never become active until about two months before election and on the day following election they enter a peculiar state of hibernation from which they do not rouse until two months before the next election. That is, they remain dormant unless there happens to be individual cases of activity, wherein some small job seems to be particularly desirable. This is the customary condition of politics among our people in this state and even when they awaken, there awakes with

them a dozen or more different little cliques and clans which spend the greater portion of their energy fighting one another. This is the story of all local efforts and if the Negro voters think they are hoodwinking the party leaders, they have another guess coming.

The party leaders are wise to our racial weaknesses in this regard. They know very well that the vast majority of our people will continue to vote the republican ticket, no matter how much side-stepping and passing the buck these party leaders may do, when it comes to giving our people merited recognition with any kind of respectable or remunerative positions. But someday we will get our eyes open and so will they. Douglas county, for example, which has the largest population in the state and is therefore one of the pivotal points, could not have been and would not have been carried for the republican party had it not been for the practically solid Negro vote which was cast as usual for the party nominees. The republican leaders know this, but evidently they are not much concerned. They think they have a mortgage on the Negro vote, or at least can control it, by pre-election pap, or because of our racial unorganization or disorganization. This will not always be so. Someday, and that day is nearer than some think, we will recognize the wisdom of sane, sensible and effective organization. Then our power politically, commercially and industrially, will be recognized and respected.

Until there is co-operation among Negro voters and an eager desire to serve their race rather than their own selfish and petty interests, things will continue the same and we shall ever find ourselves out in the cold when the rewards are given out.

LOST MEMORIES

OUR eminent orator, Roscoe Conkling Simmons, has a pet phrase which he often utters and one which might be better left unuttered. When speaking of members of the race returning to Africa, he says, "We have lost nothing in Africa save memory." True, perhaps; but what a great thing have we all lost when we lose the memory of that mother country which nurtured our ancestors and gave them a name and a home?

For the black race throughout the world to become an organized and potent force, the primary necessity is a common racial ideal, a common purpose and a common cause. Can we in our upward struggle toward the light forget our millions of brethren in Africa and in the far corners of the earth? Have they nothing to teach us; nothing to lend us; nothing to encourage us? If the Negro in America believes that the fate of Africa is not wrapped up in his own destiny, he needs a new orientation. There is some honor to be an African and there is some pride to have flow in one's veins the blood of that continent that mothered the world and taught it civilization. We need not expect to return to Africa in order to love it. For the scattered millions of our race throughout the world there is only one place where we may rightly look to and call home and that is Africa.

If we have lost our memories of Africa, let us recall them again and treasure them. Let us love her for what she has done, for what she is doing and for what she will yet do in the endless future. If all the world should turn against us and drive us out, it is Africa that would throw out her arms and say: "Come home, my children!"

ORGANIZED AGITATION

NO one has ever attempted to deny the worth of intelligent agitation. Progress itself is marked by intelligent agitation and had it not been for intelligent agitation, we would still be around the mentality of mollusks. But the fault with racial agitation in America is that it is chaotic, unorganized and without a central objective. There are more than one hundred different organizations in these United States, pretending to fight for the rights of the race, and each one is fighting the other and putting itself forward as the only mouthpiece of the race. It is poor business. It accomplishes nothing worth while. In fact, it only assists in keeping us from realizing

the very things for which we are fighting.

Why cannot the many different associations, leagues and societies, get together and map out a plan for organized effort? In that manner there might be something to hope for and something really accomplished. Each might still retain its own individuality, for there is room for all; but in union and sincere united effort there would be a breaking away from the multitude of petty selfish interests that cling to each and therein makes them ineffectual. We agree that each one has the concern of the race really at heart and that each one hopes to accomplish something worth while in mitigating the wrongs we suffer, but their number only spells weakness. Why not forget self and work for unity all along the line? The united voice of twelve millions of people means something, even in this great big world of ours.

A COMMENDABLE AND VALUABLE WORK

THERE has just come to The Monitor office, through the courtesy of Mr. Robert A. Pelham, a copy of the volume, Negro Population in the United States, 1790-1915. It is the most comprehensive statistical report ever published upon the subject and is particularly interesting to know that three well known race men, Robert A. Pelham, Charles E. Hall and William Jennifer, directed the large force of Negro clerks who tabulated the statistics which go to make up the large and exhaustive volume. These gentlemen are to be congratulated upon what has been accomplished. The report covers the growth and geographic distribution, migratory displacement and segregation, physical characteristics, vital statistics, economic statistics and general tables.

It is also worthy of note that the word, "Negro" is capitalized throughout and the achievement of this end is personally due to Hon. John E. Bruce "Bruce Grit" of New York, the well known Negro journalist and one of the founders of the Hamitic League of the World.

The Monitor is glad indeed to have been so fortunate as to secure a copy of this valuable compilation and thanks the government, Dr. John Cummings, Dr. Joseph Hill and the above named gentlemen of the race, whose labors have brought forth such a valuable work.

Obvious Observations

THE observatory glasses are all frosted this morning and the machinery all frized up.

About two years ago Germany was giving Poland a hot time and now Poland is returning the heat with compound interest. As Methusalem said, when examining the egg he had in cold storage for 900 years, "Any egg is likely to turn in the course of a few years."

President Wilson says the tracks are all greased for permanent peace, a league of nations and the freedom of the seas; but why in the deuce are Lloyd George and Mr. Clemenceau always rolling boulders onto the ties?

The new governor has stepped in and filled up the state house with friends and relatives, but Sam stands on the outside looking in—as usual.

What did you ask? "Who is going to be the next nominee for president on the republican ticket?" Aw, ask us something easy.

The returning soldiers are finally waking up to the fact that when a feminine grabs hold of something, she doesn't mean to let go. That is why they call her "the eternal feminine."

If a hypnotist could teach the people how to mesmerize the coal man, he'd have a land office business over night.

Who ever discovered blizzards, anyway?

From the daily newspaper history of bootleggers we have come to believe that the only dry state on earth is located somewhere in the Sahara desert.

Thanking you for the harmonious chorus of snores, we will now lie cellarwards and mutter a benediction over the coal pile.

SKITS OF SOLOMON Thermometers

A THERMOMETER is a long tall skinny piece of glass tubing that is suffering with elephantiasis on the lower end. The purpose of the thermometer is to indicate the degrees of temperature and it is generally on the job strictly during the months of July and January. In July it tries to see just how far it can climb up without spilling itself over the top and losing its personality and in January it tries to see just how far down it can go and retain its respectability. Last summer it went into partnership with the sun and kept us sweating, fanning and cussing; a few days ago it changed partners and started waltzing with the north wind and has got us running, blowing and clapping. It's

too cold to cuss. But the temperament of a thermometer has always been known to have mercurial tendencies. It is flighty. It never has learned to stick around one objective and learn what permanency means. It seems that the interior substance of a thermometer delights to run up and down the tube and observe the different ways in which we human automations answer its traveling proclivities. Two weeks ago we were thinking of putting on B. V. D.'s and straw hats; now we are praying for some hawk-eyed genius to invent a system of insulation by which electrical heat can be distributed from the surface of the big and little toes to the mountainous projections of our ears. But that's the thermometer for you. It is never satisfied and eternally studying up some method to keep us humans knowing that it is on the job. It may think that it is acting smart, but by and by we will all get even. We'll be dead and won't give three whoops whether the thermometer stays on the job or not.

AFRICA WATCHING AMERICA

The following editorial notes, clipped from the Gold Coast Letter of October 26, will let our readers know that the Africans are not asleep as to what is going on in America. They are wide awake and America cannot do better than live up to the high estimation in which it is held:

Our brethren over in America are not asleep. They are in dead earnest, and mean to secure their rights amid the present many-sided world activities. And, what is more, they are going about it in a practical matter of fact business way, which is most inspiring. Having, notwithstanding initial difficulties, succeeded in getting black men into the army and ensured their being officered by their own trained men and sent in company with American white troops to the western front, they naturally and quite properly turned their attention to their many disabilities in the home of democracy. And the way they proceeded about it was simple, yet singular. We shall tell of this in the course of these notes.

But, for the moment, let us briefly recount the difficulties in merely offering service. It is known that when the United States entered the war and cast her fortunes whole-heartedly with the allies, the four black regiments of the regular American army were the first to be filled, and Colored volunteers were being refused all over the country for the simple reason that the government had not place for them. And for a time it seemed as if the authorities in Washington would succeed in shutting the black men out of the war and from active military service except as a laborer or menial. Even then the black man was prepared to serve. He was ready to stoop and conquer. No provision at first appears to have been made for the training of Colored officers, or even for Colored drafted men. Still our brethren over there were patient, ever ready to do their best. But they pressed forward their claim to serve, and today there in the American army seven hundred Colored officers, all men of education, intelligence and character and

at least a hundred thousand men of all ranks.

As still illustrating the difficulties our race in America has to put up with, it is reported in one of their leading newspapers that a Colored lieutenant, a graduate of Yale university and of the Sheffield Scientific school, had been detailed from Camp Upton to the aviation school at Fort Sill in Oklahoma. He was provided by government with transport including accommodation on a Pullman car, Now mark the sequel. After he had crossed the Oklahoma border, he was told to get out of the Pullman car and go into the "car for niggers." In vain he protested that he was an army officer traveling under military

orders. He was told he would have to get out or be arrested for violating the laws of the state of Oklahoma under the "Stars and Stripes." He, of course, refused to move. Result: he was at the next station taken off the train and put in gaol; then fined five dollars and costs. The railroads are said at present to be under government control, yet nothing was done in this case. We cite this story to show the actual conditions under which the black man is still striving to do his best in the preservation of civilization and to "make the world safe for democracy."

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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?

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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.

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OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

We have moved our office Down Town
Right Into Heart of Business District