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Those Race Riots

There is something more serious back of the race riots that have disgraced the cities of Washington and Chicago than is implied in the vague phrase "bad blood." What seems to be taking place is a reaction on the part of the blacks in the populous centers, against the mob law established in the south. During the past few years, and particularly since the outbreak of the war, various Colored organizations have sprung up, having for their object the more forcible assertion of the rights of the Negro in the United States and aimed in particular against the lawlessness in the south directed against these people.

The Negro, in other words, is being taught to "fight back," and the consciousness of his equality has been enormously accentuated since the draft demonstrated to the lowest intelligence of his race that he was at least good enough to fight for his country, even if its laws afforded him scant protection. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes were drafted from the south, many went to France and ample tribute to their fighting ability has been expressed by those high in authority. They have been sent against the Mexicans and have given a good account of themselves, yet in the same page with the story of their military deeds will be found the account of the lynching of a 72-year-old Negro in Georgia, who used a gun effectively in defending himself against a mob that "suspected" him of a crime.

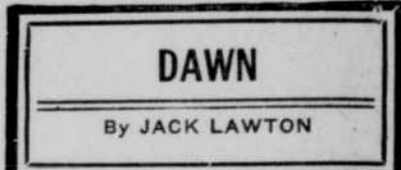
Like breeds like. The Negro has been hounded and chased and clubbed into submission in the south. The average southerner with a self-complacent air usually tells the northern man to "keep his hands off," that he knows how to settle the Negro question, and that the black man must be "taught his place." Teaching him his place usually means to deprive him of his constitutional rights as a citizen in the south, also as southern statesmen elaborately explain, necessary to secure "white supremacy."

But in the past few years there has been growing up in the south and elsewhere a class of Negro agitators, who have plenty of fuel at hand to start a first-class conflagration, and some of the bitter fruits are these race riots. The Negro has been taught that he has no political rights in the south. He is informed that all this is for his own good, so if one of his race is lynched or mobs of rowdies storm jails and take out suspects and burn them, just for the sport of the thing, he is practically without redress. Southern governors have on scores of occasions frankly stated that they dare not interfere with these lynchings.

The eventual and natural reaction against this state of affairs is taking place. The Negro is coming back from France, and army life and discipline, and the lessons gained in that wider horizon are bearing their fruit. If gangs of hoodlums undertake to "clean up Blacktown," why Blacktown doesn't take to the cellars and the tall timber. It fights. The Negro apparently is getting tired of being kicked and cuffed around. A generation of southern methods for the settlement of the Negro question may have worked beautifully insofar as depriving him of his vote is concerned, and "teaching him his place," but when the war came and it was found that the black man's place apparently was in the front rank to be a target for German bullets just the same as his white brother, there was developed a new spirit that unfortunately has been exploited by agitators while the statesmanship of the south complacently looked on.

There has recently been an epidemic of lynchings in the south and if the people have closed their ears to the ominous mutterings of rebellion against this state of affairs, and given no heed to the letters of protest pouring into the press of the country from returned Negro soldiers then they must be wilfully deaf. Negro doctors, Negro radicals, Negro agitators are busy in the large cities in the black belts preaching the doctrine of retaliation and the results are obvious. It makes little difference what particular spark started the trouble. There seems to be plenty of natural antipathy between the races in the congested areas, in any event, and there appears to be a general idea afloat that there need be no appeal to the law in the case of black criminals. They are supposed to be dealt with by the first mob that can be formed. That is how the trouble apparently started in Washington. Improvised mobs undertook to run down Negro suspects, and the invasion of the Negro district followed. The mob instead of driving the scared blacks to cover, found itself confronted by an equally formidable gathering and a week's carnival of anarchy followed. These events are the flower and fruit of southern policies in dealing with the Negro question.—The Herald-Democrat, Leadville, Colo.

For Monitor office call Doug. 3224.



By JACK LAWTON
(Copyright, 1919. Western Newspaper Union)
Jerome Barris in the hour of his great success was but a disillusioned, disappointed man. Still young, and having won the golden key to favor, he drew back wearily before those doors it might open.

During his years of struggle and need none of these friends, who now so eagerly strove to share his triumph, had made an effort to stretch forth a helping hand. Even the girl whom he had so deeply loved and who had professed to return his love had grown weary waiting and had heartlessly jilted him for an acknowledged man of the business world.

Now that the dream of Jerome Barris was realized he smiled cynically at this same woman's proffered notes of reconciliation—his former love had become a widow, but her charm for him had vanished before her insincerity, and all this superficial adulation now wearied him. He longed to get away from it, to get back to a certain spot which had often been his refuge.

To Barris this small place, with the sea stretching out before, was home, his one sure haven.

It was here that his great picture was born—the picture which had won for him fame and fortune. Years ago, when his heart was sore with its disappointment, he had gone, after reading the announcement of the one girl's marriage, to the seclusion of this little house, there to shut out from curious eyes his deep hurt. And when at sundown he sat upon the tiny porch a boat had come drifting down a golden beam toward him. And in the boat sat a very young girl. Unbound, her golden hair rippled over her shoulders, and her upraised face was glorified in the light.

Barris called his great picture "Maidenhood."

Impulsively he had called her as she drifted by, and had run down to draw her boat in to the shore. The girl, who was perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, acceded readily to his request that she pose thus again for a picture.

"I'll make the arrangement with your people," Barris suggested.
"I have no people," the girl told him, and as she went on with the strange story of her own life he knew what had brought the shadow to her young eyes. She had been washed to the shore in a boat tossed upon a stormy sea before she was old enough to remember anything about it. A man and woman found drowned later were thought to have been her parents, but she had never known. A fisherman finding the child carried her to his wife who had befriended her, until as the girl grew and the wife became an invalid the charge was transferred.

They called her "Dawn," the girl told him blushing, because it had been at dawn that the fisherman found her.
And as days passed and Dawn came to pose for the artist he learned more and more of the hard incongruity of a young life which longed for great things and must be satisfied with common duties. Dawn's heart was full of music and her mind yearned for knowledge.

When upon his return later from the city Barris learned from his old housekeeper that Dawn's invalid charge had died he sent at once for the girl and bade her make her home in his house on the shore, arranging passage for her to and from a school in the adjoining village and finding her a music teacher there. Then in the absorbing occupation of his city studio the artist forgot about the little girl, who never ceased to think of him with reverent adoration.

Barris, long absent from the house by the sea, sought it out again after one of his trips abroad and learned from the old housekeeper that his protegee had secured a position as teacher in a near-by village and left word that he would hear from her later.

The artist smiled and frowned. "She should have allowed me to complete her education," he said. Then his pensive eyes fell upon the inviting furnishings of his beloved old room.

"You keep the place up well," he commended his housekeeper.
"That's Dawn," the woman replied; "she comes out here and sees that things is all new an' convenient. We must keep it home—for him," she says."

After that came to the artist regularly small checks in the name of the village bank, with notes in a girlish hand.

"Of course I can never repay what you have done for me," wrote Dawn, "this is just to assure myself that I would if I could."
And at length, wearied by labor and surfeited with flattering attentions, came to Barris a longing wish for the restful house by the shore. And when he reached it at sundown, sailing again across the golden water toward him, came the girl who had made his great picture. Standing on the sands at her side he told her so.

"You speak of repaying your debt to me," said Barris. "My dear girl! do you realize that it is I who am indebted to you?—for my success, for the very comfort of home, for a belief in truth and goodness which had almost forsaken me? Why, you have given to me every good gift—save happiness."

"And I wish I might give you that," said Dawn.

"I hope—I believe—that you will," Barris answered softly, and they looked into each other's eyes.

Pardon Recalls Famous Crime.

A famous crime is recalled by the granting of a decree of pardon to a large number of convicts in Italy. Among those thus pardoned are Doctor Naldi and Tullio Murri, who were sentenced in connection with the murder of Count Bonmartini, Murri's brother-in-law. Count Bonmartini, a Bologna spendthrift, who frequently quarreled with his wife, was found in his flat with his throat cut, in August, 1902. The trial, lasting six months, of the countess and four accomplices in the murder, in 1905, aroused enormous interest throughout Italy. All the prisoners were confined in a steel cage in front of the judge's tribunal. Tullio Murri, the countess' brother, declared that he remonstrated with the count for ill-treating his wife, and killed him in a quarrel that followed. He was sentenced to 30 years' solitary confinement. Doctor Naldi, a friend of Murri's, received the same sentence. He declared that his part in the crime was to cut the corpse in pieces, but that this was not done owing to the date arranged for the murder being altered. The countess, who was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, was released in 1909.

England to Honor Pilgrims.

Behind the efforts of those who are seeking to link Great Britain and America in a lasting union of friendship two historic episodes stand out in bold relief.

It is almost precisely 300 years since the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Plymouth in the Mayflower to make, on an undeveloped continent, a brave experiment of self government. The actual tercentenary falls next year, and already preparations are in progress to celebrate the occasion in this country in a fitting manner.

By way of contrast to that great adventure one thinks of that other pilgrimage last year, when 2,000,000 heroic soldiers left their homes in America to speed across the Atlantic to the rescue of the old country. They came actuated by that love of liberty which had been handed down to them from the ancient Pilgrims, and with their British brothers they testified on the battle field to the essential unity of the Anglo-Saxon stock. It is now for Great Britain and America to determine that the friendship which their gallant soldiers cemented with their blood shall be a permanent inspiration in their international relations.—London Daily Telegraph.

Beavers Copy Teepees of Indians.

In the pond were a number of beaver houses which looked like small Indian teepees, writes Samuel Seville, Jr., in Boys' Life. Most of them were built in water several feet deep and were from three to four feet above the surface and about five feet in diameter. One, however, was a huge one, built in deep water, and fully twice as large as any other. It was made mostly of peeled cottonwood poles and stood on a firm foundation of mud and sticks built up from the bottom. The poles leaned together from the top and had been woven in and out with thick brush and plastered with mud and turf until the walls were three feet thick.

RACE BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

Our Boys and Girls.
A weekly newspaper for our youth, \$1.00 per year; 50c for 6 months. 54 West 140th St., New York City.
The Negro in American History
By Prof. John W. Cromwell, \$1.40 and worth more. 1439 Swann St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
The Negro Soldier
By John E. Bruce "Grit". The glorious record of America's black heroes, 25 cents (no stamps.) 2709 Madison Ave., New York City.
The Crusader Magazine
The Greatest Negro Magazine of America. \$1.00 per year and cheap at that. 2299 Seventh Ave., New York City.
A monthly Review of Africa and the Orient, \$1.50 per year. Monitor office or 158 Fleet street, London, E. C. 4, England.

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