

THE MONITOR

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans.

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ARTICLE XIV. CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Citizenship Rights Not to Be Abridged.

1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.



THANK YOU SINCERELY

WE have received many expressions of pleasure that The Monitor is to be continued, despite bankruptcy proceedings. We have received assurances from many that they are willing to do anything within their power to have the publication live and carry on its good work. In several cases these expressions of good will have taken tangible shape in the form of prompt remittances of money due. For all this we are exceedingly grateful. May we point out how our friends can substantially assist us in this crisis? Well, in the first place, PLEASE PAY YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION, if you have not already done so. This will be a tremendous help. Then, in the second place, HELP US TO SECURE ENLARGED ADVERTISING PATRONAGE BY REQUESTING THE MERCHANTS WITH WHOM YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY TO ADVERTISE IN THE MONITOR. This is exceedingly important. And in the third place, GET YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS to subscribe for THE MONITOR at the SPECIAL RATE OF ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, which we are giving for a limited time to secure new subscribers. We want to put The Monitor in the home of EVERY COLORED PERSON in Nebraska, and in as many homes of our white friends as possible. You can help us do this. May we count on you to do it?

AN APPRECIATED DEFENDER

WE have always held that the majority of white Americans believe in justice and fair play even for the Negro. We have, however, been so largely the victims of misrepresentation that the dominant group do not know us at our best. They think they do, but they are woefully mistaken. We are judged, very largely, paradoxical though it may be, by our worst type, rather than by our best. Since this is true the burden is laid upon those who have had special advantages and represent the best type to do all in their power to improve the character and condition of those of our race who are such a heavy liability upon the self-respecting. Our white friends who really know the best side of our life are, as a rule, quite timid in coming to our defense when unjust attacks are made against us. However, now and then, some one

has the courage to speak out in our behalf. Thank God, the number of those brave souls is growing. As an example of this we quote with pleasure a letter which was recently published in "America," an influential Roman Catholic weekly, by a Jesuit priest, the Rev. John J. Albert of Baltimore, in reply to a communication sent to the same publication by a woman who made a wholesale attack on Negro morality. Father Albert says in part:

"As a priest who has labored amongst the colored people for the past fifteen years I cannot agree with the drastic tone of her letter. Many people even of the South have a composite picture of the colored man or woman which is considerably out of date. An observer walking up Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore, between Biddle and Mosher streets, may notice loitering about a surfeit of Negro riffraff, and be tempted to say: 'Behold the Negro! How abominably ugly!' Let the same observer attend the commencement exercises of the Baltimore colored high school, or let us say, a basketball game between Howard and Lincoln Universities in Washington, and he will be astonished at the splendid appearance of the audience.

"We may say the same of morals. Why should the servant class be held up as models of Negro morality? C. H. G. speaks of a colored mother and her daughter. What kind of morality in any race can be expected without real home life? What kind of a home is that which a mother must leave in order to be a cog in the wheel of another home? If we are 'superior' let us be fair. Here is a motherless home, situated perhaps in an alley. Maybe, in order to accumulate the rent, lodgers are accepted. There are no hallways in many of these narrow houses. Where is that privacy so necessary for the protection of morals? If they move into a better neighborhood sometimes the 'superior' writes throw unkind bricks and smash windows, as they recently did in Baltimore; or perhaps the houses are bombed, as has been the custom in Chicago. The 'holier-than-thou' white people keep them and their children far away from decent pieces of amusement, and also see to it that they do not get too near to that air of purity which seems to surround our Lord's hidden Presence in the sanctuary. Then the more 'enlightened'

race speaks of them as 'horribly immoral', and claims: 'God Himself has put His own mark upon them.' I have a higher opinion of the good God than that; and I thank Him for that good fortune of having met many thousands of noble colored men and women throughout this country, more especially in the cities of Baltimore and Washington, and in the more Catholic atmosphere of the Gulf coast, as well as in Louisiana and Southern Texas, where there has always been a more serious effort at real home-making.

"Finally to say: 'The immense majority of colored children are born out of wedlock' is to say what is 'horribly untrue. With no intentional asperity, but with love towards all of God's children, I have merely given here the answer called for.'

We appreciate defenders of this kind, and are grateful for their increasing number.

"WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU?"

This is a question which has been frequently asked us within the past ten days. We have already answered this elsewhere. It may be well to repeat it briefly in this way:

1. PAY YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION IF IT IS DUE.
2. HELP US TO SECURE INCREASED ADVERTISING BY ASKING YOUR MERCHANT TO ADVERTISE IN THE MONITOR AND BY THROWING YOUR PATRONAGE TO THOSE WHO DO.
3. GET AT LEAST ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS OR NEIGHBORS WHO IS NOT NOW A SUBSCRIBER TO SUBSCRIBE AT THE SPECIAL RATE FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS OF ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

OUR CHOICE

THE MONITOR'S choice for governor of Nebraska is Adam McMullen of Beatrice. We want our readers to become familiar with the name.

WANTED

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SATURDAY—
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SUNDAY—
EUGENE O'BRIEN
in "The Open Door"
HOOT GIBSON
in a Western Feature
Also Comedy

WEDNESDAY AND
THURSDAY—
JACKIE COOGAN
in "My Boy"

THE FRANKLIN THEATRE

24th and Franklin St.

FRIDAY—
NEAL HART
in "Night of Western Lands"
Comedy, "Mum's the Word"

SATURDAY—
Wm. FAIRBANKS
in "Hell's Border"
Also Comedy, "A Week Off"

SUNDAY—
MARY PICKFORD
in "Pollyanna"
Also Larry Senon Comedy
and Western Feature

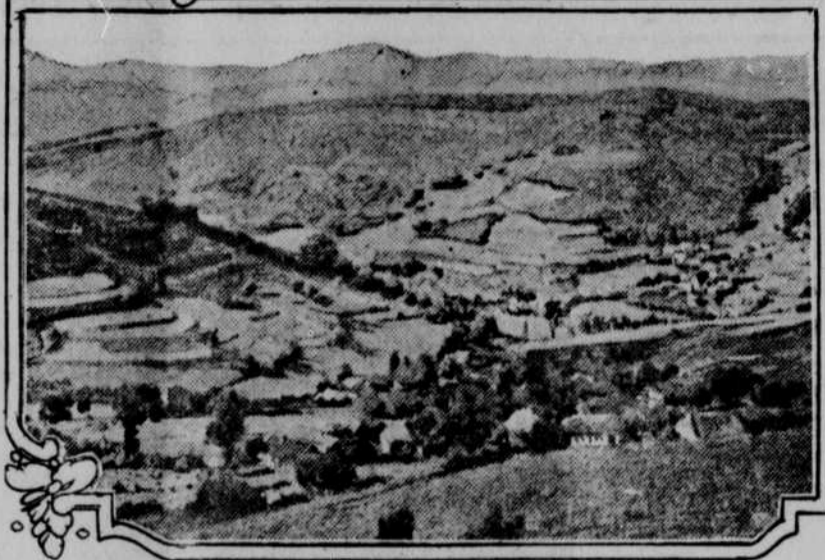
MONDAY—
WILL ROGERS
in "Honest Habit"
Also Comedy, "Counter Chat"

TUESDAY—
RUTH ROLAND
in "White Eagle," No. 10
Also Feature and Comedy

WEDNESDAY—
TEXAS GUNMAN
in a five reel Western drama,
"I Am the Woman"
Also Comedy

THURSDAY—
STANLEY IN AFRICA
No. 10
Also Feature and
Snub Pollard Comedy

Liechtenstein, Tiny and Contented



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Farm Lands of Liechtenstein.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

It is a contented people indeed, who, when their monarch would abdicate and make them free, insist that he still remain their ruler. Such an attempted abdication and the refusal to accept it occurred recently in Liechtenstein, one of Europe's tiniest independent states.

Liechtenstein is tucked away in the eastern Alps south of Lake Constance along the upper Rhine, where that stream runs in a deep valley between Switzerland and Austria. Before the World war, Austria was something more than a neighbor. The little domain had a customs and postal agreement with the larger state and in a very limited sense therefore functioned as a part of it. But it had its own hereditary ruler, Prince Johan II, its own little duly elected parliament of 15 members, and its own high courts and lesser governmental machinery.

There was another tie with Austria, though in a way it was only accidental. Prince Johan owned extensive estates in Austria and by virtue of their ownership sat in the Austrian upper house. But Johan also owned large estates in Germany. In fact the aggregate acreage of his estates in various countries amounted to fifty times the area of land of which he was monarch with its 42 square miles, its greatest length of 15 miles and its greatest width of 6.

Cynics or even mere economists may find in Johan's extensive land holdings a reason for his high place in the affections of his people. Without seriously feeling the drain on his large income he has virtually "run" Liechtenstein from his private purse so that only the most nominal taxation is known in the little land.

Three-quarters of a century ago the inhabitants petitioned for an entertainment fund and the prince granted a subsidy, perhaps with a smile. It was used thereafter to decorate and illuminate Vaduz, the Paris of Liechtenstein, when he visited there.

Overlooked by Bismarck. In the Austro-Prussian war back in the eighteen-sixties Liechtenstein cast her lot with her ally, Austria. Her entire population bravely said good-bye to her soldier boys, and the entire standing army of four score men marched off to battle. But they arrived after the war was over.

When it came to making peace terms Bismarck nodded, for once, and little Liechtenstein was completely forgotten. It was just as well, or she might not have retained her freedom. But, apparently, she is determined not to be ignored again.

Her army marched home again, stacked their muskets and hung their fencer helmets, the bugler's trumpet and the captain's sword in the ancient castle of Vaduz, where they remain today. The citizenry informed the prince they wanted no more of war. He abolished military service, and since then "disarmament" has been complete in Liechtenstein, though, technically, the country has been at war with Prussia since 1866.

Not only are there virtually no taxes in Liechtenstein, but the country has no public debt. A small levy is made for keeping up the dikes lest the Rhine overflows her fields in springtime. Customs and the ready generosity of her monarch keep her treasury filled.

This quaint, but electric-lighted nation, with its roadside shrines and modern typewriters, is somewhat smaller than the District of Columbia. It is elongated, as if by pressure of its neighbor nations, Austria and Switzerland, suggesting Mark Twain's complaint about another land where, he said, "people had to sleep with their knees pulled up because they couldn't stretch out without a passport."

Travelers Pass It By. Two fiefs of the Roman empire, Schellenberg and Vaduz, make up the latter day Liechtenstein. Both came into possession of the Liechtenstein family while their previous overlords were financially embarrassed. Many travelers passed through the little state, within a sight of the Vaduz castle mounted on its white cliff pedestal, for the route to Davos lies that way. But hardly any of the travelers stopped. When Robert Shackleton visited there not many

years ago he was welcomed as the first American to set foot in the country.

Yet Liechtenstein, small as it is, is larger than the oft visited Monaco or the much written about Marino. Its peasants are simple, sturdy, shrewd folk, intensely proud of their "bright stone of the Alps." There are 800 schools, even to kindergartens, and the abundant water power makes electricity available to the humblest residents of Vaduz or the smallest towns.

Cattle raising and agriculture are two industries. The stalwart men are not to be misled by the fact that nearly all of them wear earrings, a custom which probably found its way up from Italy.

The people of Liechtenstein speak German, but it is a German bereft of much of its harshness and containing many romance words. Only a very few of the ten thousand inhabitants are more than moderately well-to-do. There are scarcely any servants. Most of the members of parliament saw their own wood and do their own "chores." Hardly ever is an indigent person seen, and crime is reduced to a minimum.

Farms in the Rhine Valley.

Most of the villages of Liechtenstein, well built and scrupulously clean, are to be found in the Rhine valley. On the valley floor are farms and gardens and meadows, while up the hillsides extend vineyards and orchards and pasture lands. Farther back rise the Liechtenstein Alps from whose slopes and peaks one may survey nearly the whole of the little principality and look far off into Switzerland to the west.

In the matter of governmental machinery, little Liechtenstein is completely fitted out with a nearly up-to-the-minute model. Of the fifteen members of parliament the prince names three and the remainder are elected. In the election every man over twenty-four years of age votes and proportional representation is practiced. A governor sits as the prince's representative and about him is grouped his little cabinet whose members bear such high sounding names as secretary of state, chancellor of the exchequer, chief justice, state engineer, and—eminently fitting in mountainous Liechtenstein—director of forests. And as a last word in modern government, their council chamber is fitted up with a long-distance telephone so that their monarch can sit in Vienna, or Munich, or Berlin, or Paris, and still have a princely finger in the political pie.

Have Odd King Somewhere.

Some queer citizens of London have been brought to light by a London periodical. After living for 60 years in one room in Upper Berkeley street, Edward Mott has had to move out. He had never been in a train, tram or motor vehicle. But there is another man even stranger. He has spent the last seven years in bed in a hotel. He rises to have a wash now and then. Nobody knows who he is. He pays his bills regularly, and takes his food in his room. And there is not a thing wrong with him. There is another recluse who lives at the Savoy. He does not stay in bed, but he has not left his room for two years, and spends his time reading and painting. No one knows why. And over in Brixton there is a house in which an old man lives whom the neighbors have never seen. He orders his food by telephone and even the postman must leave his letters on the step.

Venerable Scottish Relic.

The sculptured relic known as the Hilton Cadboll stone has been placed in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities. About a thousand years old, the stone's sculpture is a remarkable testimony to the artistic taste and craftsmanship of the early natives of Scotland. The stone stood for many years near the ruins of a chapel close to the village of Hilton of Cadboll, on the north side of the Moray firth; and it was more recently removed to Invergordon castle. One of the reasons for the proprietor of Invergordon placing it in the care of the authorities was the fact that the sculpture was weathering rapidly in its exposed position.



Jackie Coogan in "MY BOY"

This is Jackie Coogan in "My Boy" who needs no introduction. Jackie will be featured at the New Diamond Wednesday and Thursday of next week. Everybody knows about this famous super-production, but see it on the screen at the Diamond next week. If you have ever seen it, you'll certainly come to see it again. If you've never seen it, if you do then you'll never forget it. The Diamond Theatre, Lake Street, below Twenty-fourth.

Announcement

Dr. S. B. Northcross wishes to announce that his residence telephone has been changed to Webster 3222. His North Side office is located at 1516 North 24th St., over the Co-Operative Store. Telephone Webster 6194.

He desires to further announce that he will retain his South Side office also, 2731-3 Q Street. For information call Market 2151.



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