

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.

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Give Us a Colored Commander for Colored Troops

PRESIDENT WILSON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY, TWELVE MILLION COLORED AMERICANS RESPECTFULLY PETITION YOU, SIR, TO GIVE OUR RACE A GENERAL IN THE PERSON OF CHARLES YOUNG, DAVIS, GREEN OR ANY OTHER COMPETENT MAN NOW SERVING IN THE ARMY, AND TO GIVE HIM COMMAND OF COLORED TROOPS; AND WE PLEDGE YOU OUR HONOR THAT OUR COUNTRY WILL THRILL WITH PRIDE AT THE VALOR OF THE TROOPS UNDER HIS COMMAND.

GIVE US A COLORED COMMANDER FOR COLORED TROOPS. OUR LOYALTY AND SERVICE MERIT THIS RECOGNITION.

HARD WORK CONFRONTS OFFICERS AND MEN

The eyes of the world are upon the Colored officers who have recently won their commissions. They have hard work before them in the task of drilling hundreds of thousands of raw recruits. That every man will try to do his full duty we have not the slightest doubt. That they will have co-operation of the enlisted men, who are animated with race pride and realize how much is expected of them and their officers, is confidently believed.

We believe the Negro private, proud to be officered by the men of his race, will do his full part to reflect credit upon himself and upon the officers of his command.

The Baltimore Afro-American states the case quite clearly in the following editorial which we quote in full:

"With 160 captains and nearly 500 first and second lieutenants now in the regular army after the training at Fort Des Moines, the folks at home can expect that Uncle Sam has some majors' and colonels' commissions up his sleeve for the officers that make good. If the war lasts long enough some of these men are going to 'make' brigadier general. The job is not an easy one though. Graduates of the white training camps already at work in the cantonments have been failing in large numbers. They have been falling down in their daily reports of the men and equipment committed to their charge. They have found, too, that an army officer is more than a good drill master—that an officer to succeed has got to be a combination hotel manager, school teacher and physician. If he fails in any one of these he is written up in the Army and Navy Journal as resigned.

"Our men, who have spent an extra month at Fort Des Moines are much better prepared than other reserve officers, and in addition are in a position to profit by other's mistakes.

"One well-to-do cub officer who expected that his occupation at the cantonment would give him plenty of time for social duties, found out that after he had filled out one entire day on his reports and drills and inspections that he had very little energy left to socialize.

"The cantonment work is going to be as stiff as the work at the training camp. Training raw recruits and developing non-commissioned officers is going to tax new officers. Beside this, the new battle formations of the French and British armies must be learned and practiced by both officers and men. The presence of the old officers from the regular army in the cantonments will aid materially in steadying and encouraging the newly commissioned.

"Meanwhile all the encouragement and good wishes of the home folks will be behind the men to make good in the cantonments as they made good in the camp."

MOSAIC TEMPLARS' LIBERTY SUBSCRIPTION

When five leaders of the Negro race in Arkansas stepped forward on the stage of the Palace theater and, through Scipio A. Jones, handed to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo a check for \$50,000 as the Liberty loan subscription of the Mosaic Templars of America, whose headquarters are in Little Rock, they took part in an incident that will attract attention over all the United States. No only did they make a \$50,000 subscription, but they told Secretary McAdoo "if you need \$100,000 more you will get it."

In addition to showing the patriotism of the Mosaic Templars this subscription testifies to the financial strength of that order, which was organized in Little Rock and is a monument to the late John E. Bush.—The Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock.

THINGS THAT WERE, AND MEN ALSO!

By Fred C. Williams.

Once upon a time some one sang a song, the title of which was, "The Days That Are Gone Will Never Come Again."

How true that is. A visit by me to Lawrence, Kan., brought the memory of that song back to me in such a vivid, realistic manner that I find myself writing this story.

In a little cottage on Ohio street in the small yet busy college town of Lawrence, Kan., lives a little woman in whose home at one time were received some of the most prominent people in the United States. Then was when she lived in a great, big mansion and entertained all the time. Things have changed. She is in the little cottage I just spoke of, going about her housework each day with a cheerful smile, a kind word and a clean and goodly thought—that thought is that some day she may meet the one whom she has now lost and who made the glories of the past possible.

This little woman is the mother of the one-time famous minstrel, George Walker, partner of the world-renowned team of Williams and Walker, who died at Islip, Long Island, in a private sanitarium, after a lingering illness covering a period of two years. The interim from the breakdown, which occurred one night after a hard performance, until six months previous to his death, was spent at the home of his boyhood with his mother.

She never complained, and her friends say that she never has, of the change in conditions that have occurred since his death. Georgie, as she calls him, provided her with every luxury during the days of his success on the stage. Mismanagement of his affairs and lack of knowledge of business on her part lost her that splendid home, and when she opened the door in answer to my knock, her hands were dripping and wet with soapsuds. As I made myself known, presented my card, she dried her hands upon her apron, gave me a hearty handshake of welcome and invited me into the kitchen, where she was working. I accepted and spent two of the most pleasant hours of my life talking with this little woman of the glories of the past, of the boyhood days of her only son, of his trials, his struggles and his successes which had carried him away from her and the reverses which brought him back to her; yet never a word of complaint. And this little woman, who has entertained most of the race celebrities of the stage in the days of her boy's triumph, is now seldom, if ever, visited by any but her town's people. Such is fame.

COMMERCIAL CLUB BANQUET FOR COLORED CONSCRIPTS

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 28, 1917.

Editor The Monitor: I think that the reception tendered to the Colored selects of Douglas county by the Commercial Club on last Friday night, October 26, will cause a marked improvement in the relations between the races.

I have been informed that the Colored men fully realized their position as guests of honor, by showing in every way a beautiful sense of appreciation of the unusual courtesies extended to them. Now, what does that occasion mean? It means the full recognition of the military prowess of the Colored soldiers of the past and of their love for the flag. It means for the soldiers of this day a recognition of their aptitude, and an unlimited trust in their loyalty.

In fine let us hope that the members of the Colored race will per-

ceive in the event which took place at the Commercial Club a definite predisposition on the part of the ruling classes to be just and considerate wherever true merit is clearly manifested.

Now what is to be done to prove merit worthy and win the prize of consideration? I cannot do better than borrow what I esteem an appropriate suggestion from an address delivered recently in New Orleans by one of the highest and most beloved dignitaries of the Holy Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

This eminent prelate is one to whom the Colored people are indebted for much of their religious and political blessings, and whose opinions and advice therefore should be received with confidence and respect. This great and good friend said in substance that he had observed three distinctive features in the character of the Negro: Gratitude, as he greatly appreciated the little that was done for his benefit, and was ever faithful to his benefactors. Religion, as he had absolute faith, believing that the hypocrite has no inheritance in heaven. Obedience, as he is obedient to the laws, thus being an easy person to rule and hence a desirable citizen.

Now, can we cultivate these characteristics? If we can, it is safe to predict that our deeds will be the triumph of our lives, and when the shadows fall we shall have nothing to fear, either from time or eternity.

I endorse and approve all that you have said and written on the subject of that occasion.

Yours very truly,
R. L. DESDUNES.

Obvious Observations

Isn't there a law in Omaha against toting a gun? So many men are being killed lately that it might be a good thing for the police to watch the hip pockets of our local Colored gentry.

Everybody poked fun at the Russians because they double-quickened towards Petrograd, but where the Russians have it on the Italians is that they didn't try to break the world's record for sprinting.

If you want to treat your sweetheart real nice, present her with a pound of sugar instead of a pound of chocolates, and she'll kiss you twice—especially if she is your wife.

Mrs. Slaker of up-country suggests that men give up cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, near beer, and loud neckties. That's a bet if the women will give up bon bons, gum, face powder and soda water.

How would you like to be the food dictator? Just about as well as being the ice man in the winter time.

One thing about this chilly weather it knows how to stick around and make itself at home.

We thought General Wood was fooling when he said the war would last ten years, until we read that Germany was taking anything around Italy she wanted. We guess the general knows what he is talking about.

Thanking you for your courteous attention, we will now pass the pretty little basket for the missionary fund.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

The Food Dictators.

A few moons ago when the daily press slogged the glad news that Unk Samuel would knock the day-lights out of food speculators and help the common people out on the grocery bill, the old U. S. sighed a sigh of relief and settled down to take things a bit less wearisome. But they are still sighing. Somehow the inner workings of the dictatorship seem out of whack. Prices kept the habit of climbing up instead of climbing down. And last week we got it under the belt on sugar. If you walk into the corner store and ask for two bits' worth of sweetening, the grocer looks at you sort of pitiful and says he dasset. In and around New York if you ask for a blue head's worth, the merchant side steps to the door and whispers to the lamp post police that an insane man or woman is on the inside. We all thought sugar was a necessity until a few days ago. Now we have to sip the Mocha demi tasse style; side step the cake and dream of those happy days of yore when cream browned pies stared you in the phiz. If you want oatmeal, take it plain. Pudding is a memory. It maybe that Unk Sam is trying out his citizens, but when he chose sugar for a tryout he chose a choice that catches the dear public in a vital spot. If they had chopped the supply of meat, we'd try to stand it, but to knock the props from under the dessert—golly! Java has millions of tons of sugar waiting to walk off, but the only place for it to walk is into the sea. U. S. can't spare the gang-planks. It will be some time before Cuba can slip us her crop. Maybe we can stand it; maybe we've got to stand it, but, wow! Isn't it a crippler. Timmie? Who knows but at some near day we will kneel before the sat-selling man and cry, "My kingdom for a spoon of the sweet stuff."

Our Women and Children

Conducted by
Lucille Skaggs Edwards

YOUR LETTERS TO THE BOYS

Sure, you're going to write to the boys. Your letters will be needed. Your heart goes out to them more than you thought it would. Miss them—how you miss them and will long for them again and again, but don't write and tell them so. Don't write a word about a vacant chair, how you dream of them or how much they are missed. They know all of this, so don't ask them to share your griefs.

Think of all the cheerful, hopeful things you can and write of them. Tell them how proud you are of them, how glad you are to be able to give so brave a boy to aid in so glorious a cause. Along with wholesome and interesting things, tell them of all the frivolous happenings at home. Write as a cheerful comrade writes to another. Wear on your heart and mind the badge of courage. Cheer them with your own hope and faith in Him, Who cares for all who trust Him. Ask them through all to look to Him Who keeps us

"In the hollow of His hand, in the hollow of His hand, I have naught to fear on ocean or on land;

For wherever I may roam,
He will guide me safely home,
And He keeps me in the hollow of His hand."

—L. S. E.

HOW TO BUY FOOD

The bureau of home economics of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has issued a bulletin entitled Food for the Family, which contains clear and comprehensive suggestions regarding the best and most economical diets for growing children. According to the bulletin, the following general principles should govern the outlay of the family food budget: 1. Spend from one-fourth to one-third of your food money for bread, cereals, macaroni and rice. 2. Buy at least from a third to a half a quart of milk a day for each member of the family. 3. Spend as much for vegetables and fruit together as you do for milk. If you use half a quart of milk for each member of the family, that may not always be possible, but spend at least as much for vegetables and fruit as a third of a quart of milk a day costs. 4. Spend no more for meat and eggs than for vegetables and fruit. The quantity of meat and eggs can be decreased with less harm than the quantity of any of the other foods mentioned. The amount spent for meat may decrease as the amount for milk increases.

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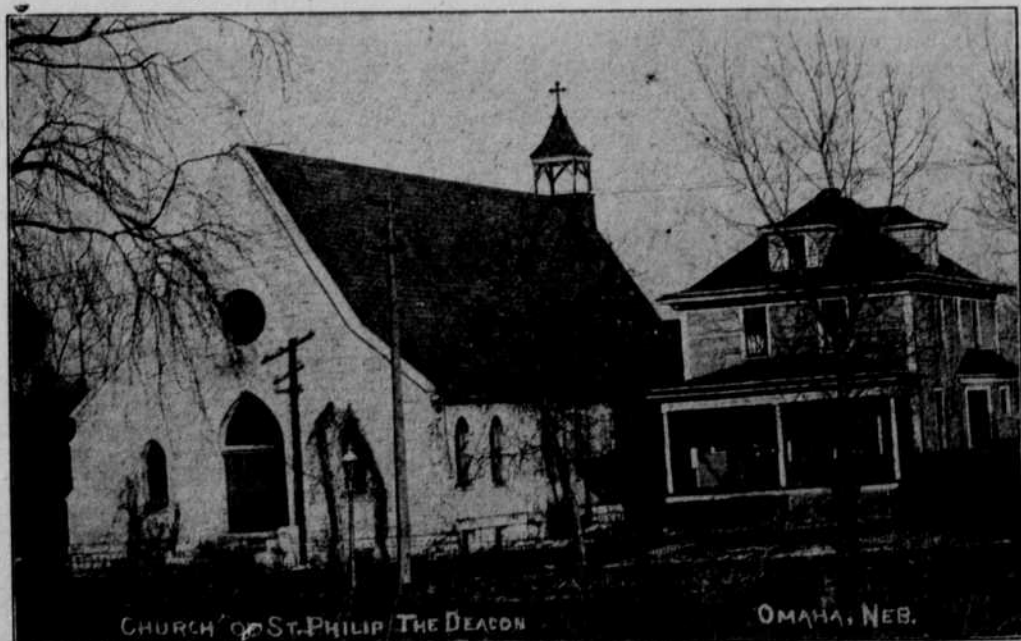
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If You Are Not a Member of the Church, You Ought to Be. Come to the Services Anyway and Get Acquainted.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion, 7:30 a. m.
Church School (Sunday School) 10 a. m.
Holy Communion and Sermon, 11 a. m.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8 p. m.

Please accept this as a personal invitation to attend services. All seats are free. Everybody is welcome. It's your Heavenly Father's House—Come.

JNO. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Pastor.