

# 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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## THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

THIS phrase was used by an eminent scientist to express a truth which he had discovered in pursuing a certain line of study in his chosen field. He had noticed that in the struggle for existence the weaker types in plant and animal life always succumbed to the stronger and ultimately perished. The stronger survived. And the stronger was always that which could adapt itself to its environments that is to say to the conditions by which it was surrounded. If it were strong enough to meet those conditions it survived; if not it perished, and so he enunciated this truth, which has become current in the scientific world as the expression of a well-known law or principle universally applicable.

We suggest that you observe how this principle runs throughout all. It has an important bearing upon our time and people. The fit survive; the unfit perish. The fit physically, the fit intellectually, the fit morally, the fit spiritually survive.

New conditions confront us as a people; are we husbanding and developing all our resources, adapting ourselves to our environment, if you please, so that we may survive.

Lay to heart this truth: "The survival of the fittest," and do all that lies within you to be fit to survive.

## POLITICS

On next Tuesday the citizens of the United States will go to the polls to exercise their right to express, by their ballots, their preference for the men who shall handle the governmental affairs of the states and nation. It is a solemn duty and one that should be thought of seriously and long. For whom must I vote? Is this the best man? Is he sincere or is he a mere politician? Is he a friend of the people or an instrument of the interests? Is he an enemy of mine and my country?

Particularly hard is it for the Colored citizen to decide, but remember this: If any man is an enemy to your race, he is also an enemy to your country. That is the essence of democracy in its broadest meaning. In New York state the Colored people are swinging into line for three Colored candidates on the socialist ticket, one for congress and two for the state assembly. We hope these candidates win, for if the socialist party is broad enough to nominate our men for offices along with men of the other race, we are broad enough to defend their party, even though we may not be in harmony with everyone of its principles. Between the democratic and republican parties there is little to choose. The one does not want us and the other has betrayed us and there are few intelligent Negroes who would care to beat the air in defense of either. But inasmuch as we have here no party that has taken up our fight along with its own, we can only advise that our voters vote as they think best. If you don't know, inquire; but never cast a vote for a man who has at any time or in an season proven that he has not wished us well in our struggle towards the realization of all the rights which belong to us and which have been denied us.

## THE DIFFERENCE

Courtesy is a little thing and a thing of which we, as a people are sometimes careless. Recently George Wells Parker, contributing editor of The Monitor, sent a large number of complimentary copies of The Children of the Sun, to various race men and journals, as well as to various well known white journals. In checking up the acknowledgements, it is found that everyone of the forty-two white journals wrote letters of thanks and only two, The Detroit Leader and The Crusader, of race journals sent let-

ters of acceptance. What was the reason for the lack of courtesy on the part of the rest?

Too busy, perhaps, but are there any race men more busy than Theodore Roosevelt, to whom a copy was sent and who took the time to answer with a most pleasant letter of acceptance over his own signature? More busy than Senator Norris of Nebraska, who wrote a long letter of thanks and who took the time to call the attention of Senator Vardaman of Mississippi to the book? More busy than the editor of The Liberator, who wrote at length concerning the work and expressed deep pleasure in receiving a copy that so thoroughly sets at naught the attitude of the American white man toward the Negro? More busy than the forty odd other white editors and men who, even though the book struck a deadly blow at their preconceived ideas, yet had the polite courtesy to answer that the book had been received and expressed thanks for its reception?

We, as a people, have lots to learn yet and one of the first things is courtesy to each other.

## POLITICS ADJOURNED?

NOT MUCH!

We have heard it loudly proclaimed from the seat of government that politics are adjourned for the period of the war. Would that this were so. It would have been so and could have been so if those in power could have been broad enough to have ignored party lines and called to the service of the government as cabinet officers the brainiest men in the nation irrespective of party. We are not sure that even a republican administration would have been broad enough for that; certainly the democratic administration was not. It has of course addressed itself to the task of winning the war, no one can deny that, but not with an eye single to that paramount issue. Side by side with this there has undoubtedly been the building up of a great political machine to keep the lemoeratic party in power. A blind man can easily see this. President Wilson's intrusion into and dictation in the political affairs of several states, no matter how beneficial or detrimental to certain interests and influences that intrusion may have been, shows that when President Wilson declared that politics had adjourned for the period of the war he was speaking purely in a Pickwickian sense.

## FOR JUSTICE WITHIN

In a recent address at Washington Bishop Charles Gore of Oxford, England, said:

"It is necessary that we crush Germany, but it is also necessary that the allies convince the workers that they are fighting not only for the overthrow of their foes from without but are as well fighting for liberty and justice to all classes, creeds and colors within. If with the overthrow of Germany this is not accomplished the war will only have been partially won. This is the thought I am trying to get into the minds of all the people with whom I come in contact.

"We must have it thoroughly understood that militarism is but a necessity of the moment and in no sense a permanent institution. Democracy under a military system is an impossibility."

## "POR LO" KNEW

The following story was going the rounds of the paragraphs last summer. In view of President Wilson's recent appeal to elect none but democrats to congress, because "politics is adjourned for the period of the war!" is quite apropos. Here is the story:

"An Indian out in South Dakota had offered himself for enlistment in the army. The recruiting officer

thought to 'spoo' him a bit. 'Do you know what the war is about?' he asked of the Indian. 'Sure, we know,' was the reply. 'Yes, but do you understand what we're fighting for, John?' 'Sure, me know—make whole dam' world safe for democratic party.'

## CLAUDIE'S PLANKS

Claudie C. Nethaway, who bears an unsavory suspicion since the death of his wife some months back, has entered the political lists by petition and is running for sheriff. His three and only planks are as follows:

"An anti-nigger lover and a Pro-German hater."

"Will have a white man running court house elevator."

"Will spend \$2,000 out of my wages in next three years for Negro exclusion from Florence."

Some planks, what? Go to it, Claudie. The citizens of Douglas county had enough of you some time ago and would be afraid to have you anywhere's around. You're dangerous little piece of cheese and limburger at that.

## SOUNDS NO UNCERTAIN NOTE

Those who will read the declaration of principles enunciated by Geo. Frazier Miller, socialist candidate for congress from New York, will be impressed with the fact that he knows where he stands and for what he stands. He sounds no uncertain note. The Monitor hopes for his election and wishes him well deserved success.

## THE CRUSADER

Three months ago a new magazine made its appearance upon the uncertain seas of journalism. It was nothing extraordinarily pretentious; simply a neat and attractive looking journal that was a credit to the staff editing it. In our office we have the three numbers and as we glance over them, we are struck with a new note that has been all but neglected by the other of our race journals. It assumes, and that rightly, that our race is weakened by the teachings of "Alien Education;" that the white man finds it to his purpose to keep the Negro ever in the belief that he is an inferior being and that he can never hope beyond "his place" in this scheme of worldly things. The Crusader recognizes that the Negro has a place, but it is not the place which the white male has tried to make for him. It recognizes that he has a big place in the world to fill, a place worthy of the heritage which is his from ages gone by. Africa for the Africans, is its cry and it supplies the proof to claim for Africa a place among the polities of the world.

We congratulate the editor, Mr. Cyril V. Briggs and staff, upon the fine little journal, and wish for it and them a continued prosperity and enlarged family of readers. It is a worthy venture and eventually the American Negro will awaken to the fact this is the best magazine for him—the kind of work that will stimulate him to wider usefulness and greater pride in himself and in his race. Success to The Crusader.

## SKITS OF SOLOMON

### Hugging the Earth

Now there's one great big idea that the world war has given us to hang onto our watch chains as a charm and our ear rings as a pendant. Always

hug the earth. Never get the Kaiser Bill attitude toward this planetary footstool and imagine that you've got the scissors hold on the infinite and that everyone else is a frivolous fraction of the genus homo. It doesn't work well on general principles. Humanity doesn't mind being jabbed in the ribs once in a while, providing you mean to call its attention to the gentle paths of rectitude, but when you set a beacon in your belfry and think you're the light of the world and all else is darkness and utter desolation, its dollars to doughnut holes someone is going to make you run out of acetylene gas. When you start that kind of stuff you may as well place your order with the undertaker because your noise has the sound of a benediction. Hug the earth. You are nothing but dust anyway and there is no use trying to mix dust and ozone to the discomfort of other people. Stay down with us so that we won't have to get a crimp in our mastoid muscles from rubbering up into the air to find you.

Hug the earth, because the mazuma and three squares are only possible down there. Only angels live on air and none of us human ciphers are built on angelic specifications. Hug the earth and get what's coming to you. Only an aviator has any chance with the blue sky and fleecy clouds, and sometimes he hasn't much. Hug the earth.

## Obvious Observations

The Literary Digest of last week has the picture of the Colpred Georgian who has given eleven sons to the army and has three more to go. If that isn't doing his bit, please tell us what it is?

Pershing is quoted as saying: "Boys, its hell, heaven or home by Christmas!" and the way his Yanks are going it looks like home.

Even the Germans are beginning to hand Foch some flowers on the way he has trimmed them after they thought he couldn't be trimmed.

The Germans say they want peace, but they haven't stopped their dirty work. It might also be noted that the allies haven't stopped handing the Germans hell, either.

Have you ever read the new Colored magazine called The Crusader? It is a warm little member of the magazine family, believe me, Mabul.

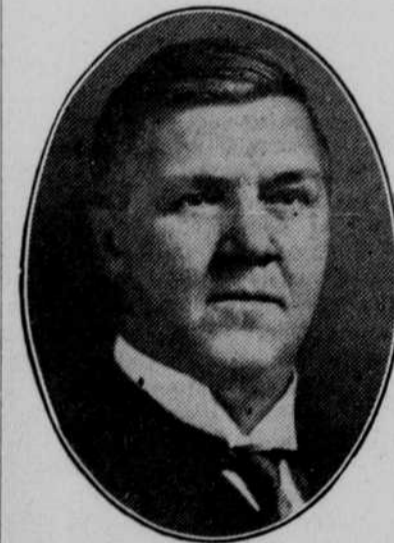
When it comes right down to the real thing, we believe that we could wiggle through with a little less rain.

Now is the time that our coal bins begin to make a noise like money. Each shovel full means about two bits.

It is sure a relief to know that the "flu" has decided to fiew the coop.

The bets are placed for everything from three months to three years on the end of the war. We lay our bets on less than three months.

Thanking you kindly for your most earnest and undivided attention, we will now flop down the cellar and try to coax the furnace.



ALBERT W. JEFFERIS, Republican Candidate for Congress.



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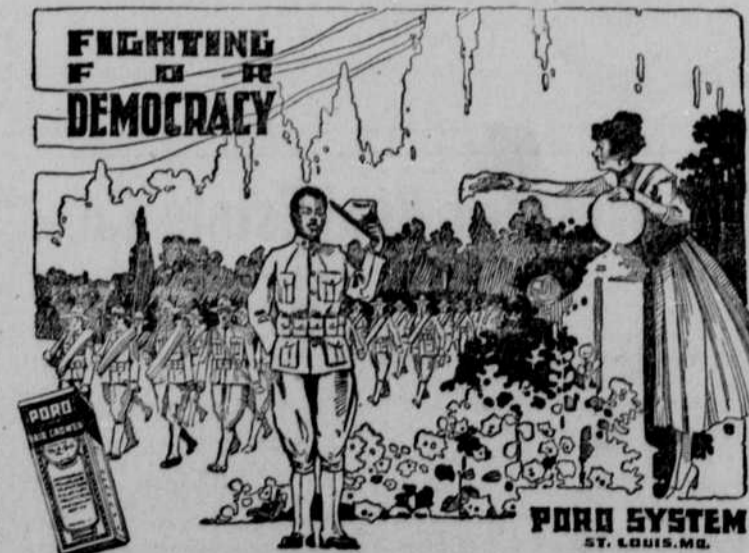
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## FITZGERALD

Candidate for

## Police Magistrate