

NORTH SIDE BOOSTERS



**Six
Chairs**



E. W. Killingsworth

R. C. Price

The Alamo Barber Shop and Pocket Billiard Parlor

The best equipped shop in the state. Leading shop of the city. Baths, plain and shower. Cultured barbers.

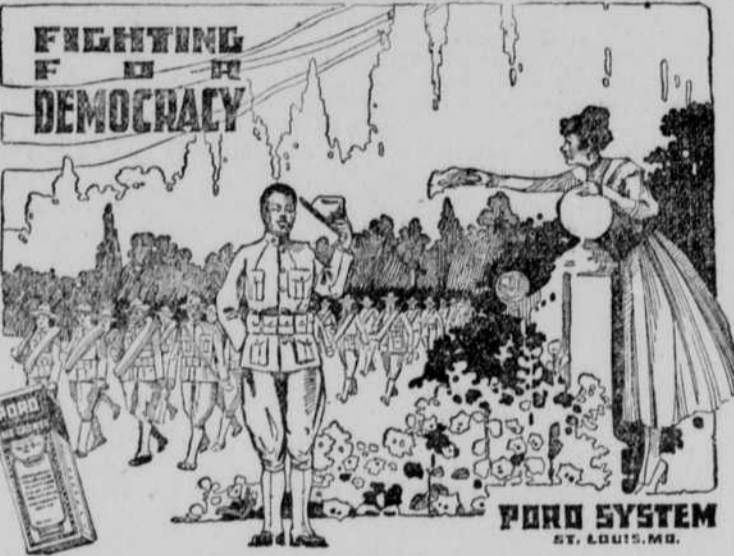
KILLINGSWORTH & PRICE, Props.

Phone Webster 5784.

2416 North 24th Street.

**UNCLE SAM NEEDS OUR MEN. LET THE
PORO SYSTEM**

TAKE CARE OF YOU



PORO SYSTEM COMPANY

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Dept. U

**Protect Your-
self, Your
Home and
Your Family**



You Need a Dependable Sick and Accident Insurance.

The Best Feature of Our Policy Is That It Is Absolutely **DEPENDABLE**

GEORGE WELLS PARKER

933 North 27th St. 304 Crouse Block. Phone Harney 5737.

**GOOD GROCERIES ALWAYS
C. P. WESIN GROCERY CO.**

2006 Cuming St. Telephone Douglas 1095

**BUY BOOKS BY RACE
AUTHORS**

Within the past ten years YOUR race has made greater strides toward literary achievement than in the CENTURIES that went before. Become familiar with the work of RACE AUTHORS.

The Boy You Love
The boy you love in the training camp will make a better soldier and a better man if he knows the ring lines of "Fifty Years" and the haunting pathos of "Black and Unknown Words." You will find these in James Weldon Johnson's "Fifty Years and Other Poems," a book the critics of the world have called the greatest poetical achievement of the Colored Race. Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University has written a remarkably fine introduction.

From the Fields of Alabama
A boy came fresh from the fields of Alabama to work his way through a session of the summer school at Harvard. A few roughly scrawled poems caught the eye of his professor. The result was a book of these verses. Today the author is in France, a corporal in a Machine Gun Company. Meanwhile the great literary newspapers of the east are saying that Waverly Turner Carmichael gives promise of rivaling Dunbar. What do you know of this soldier author or his book, "From the Heart of a Folk?"

In Spite of Bitter Handicaps
In Louisville, Kentucky, a colored man, an educator and a poet, rose to a position where the best men of the community were proud to call him their friend. Now his son, scarcely more than a boy, overcoming the bitter handicap of falling health, has published his first book, and again the critics on the great metropolitan newspapers have acclaimed Joseph S. Cotter's "The Band of Gideon," not only a book worthy of the best literary traditions of the day but also a

further proof of the rapid literary progress of his race.

You Have Seen With Your Own Eyes
You have seen with your own eyes the struggle of the Negro for education. You know the vital human side. That is why you will appreciate and want to read "Twenty-Five Years in the Black Belt," by William J. Edwards, the able founder and present head of Snow Hill Normal and Industrial Institute. Professor Paul J. Hanus of Harvard University has written the introduction.

Tender Haunting Lyrics
Isn't there some one you'd like to send a book provided you could find just the right book that would be a message as well as a book. Georgia Douglas Johnson has written just such a book of tender, haunting lyrics in "The Heart of a Woman." Why not make at least one girl happy by sending her a copy?

Do You Love Trees?
Do you love trees and the great out of doors? Maude Cuney Har, daughter of the late Norris Wright Cuney, has collected the finest things written or said about trees in a beautiful gift book. William Stanley Braithwaite has written the introduction.

Another Race Bard
Many a scrap book contains treasured clippings of the poems of Charles Bertram Johnson as they occasionally appeared in the newspapers of the day. Now in "Songs of My People," a new book just from the press, the best of Mr. Johnson's poetry is brought together in permanent form and will give pleasure to the hundreds of admirers of his work.

There are other books, of course, and good books. It is impossible to mention all, and these are representative of the best. They are beautifully bound and are as far above the ordinary book in book making as they are in literary value.

That it may be easy for you to secure them we will take orders for them at the publisher's lowest NET prices, which are:

Fifty Years and Other Poems, \$1.25. From the Heart of a Folk, \$1.00. The Message of the Trees, \$2.00. The Heart of a Woman, \$1.25. Twenty-five Years in the Black Belt, \$1.50. The Band of Gideon, \$1.00. Songs of My People, \$1.00.

Where the book is sent to a soldier or a sailor in a training camp there will be no charge for mailing. Otherwise, enclose ten cents for postage with every order to be sent by mail.

**DO YOUR BIT!!!—GIVE A BOOK TODAY!!!!
SEND ORDERS TO THE MONITOR.**

One Way of Making Him Safe



LINCOLN NEWS

Miss Viola Lyons entertained at her home Monday evening. The forepart of the evening was spent in games and music, while the later part was spent in making candy and popping corn. The invited guests were Miss Ruth Collins, Mr. Ben Brown, Miss Bernice Lyons, Mr. Laurence Ashford, Mr. James Walker and Miss Gertrude Brown.

Mr. Rasburn Curtis and Mrs. Emma Peniston were united in marriage Christmas even at 8:30 at the A. M. E. church before a large number of guests by Rev. J. S. Payne. The bride and groom were attended by Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Burckhardt. Immediately following the ceremony the bride and groom and the guests retired to the home of Mrs. Lela Flippin where a reception was tendered them. Many beautiful and yet useful gifts were received. The happy couple departed for Sioux City, Iowa, Thursday afternoon, where they expect to reside until spring.

Mrs. Sarah Walker has as guest the past week her brother, Roy White, of Richfield, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Burckhardt of 1236 Washington, entertained twelve guests at a sumptuous seven-course dinner Christmas day in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford of Omaha. A very delightful evening was enjoyed by all present.

The fourth annual banquet given by the members of Lebanon lodge No. 126, A. F. & A. M., at Masonic hall, 145 South 11th December 27 was a marked success. The attendance was large and the decorations beautiful. The reception room was ablaze with flowers of niftiest handiwork, while the banquet room itself was of picturesque beauty. At the head of the table, above the heads of the guests was a golden eagle, about which were draped the folds of old glory.

After the arrival of the guests, a snapshot was taken of all present, which was followed by the banquet proper. Splendid music was furnished by Brader's orchestra. The program which was rendered very effectively by those taking part was as follows:

- Invocation.....Rev. I. B. Smith
- Introduction of Toastmaster.....Bro. Geo. B. Evans
- "Relation of the Masonic Fraternity to the Eastern Star" Mrs. Gertrude Haynes, W. M., Amaranth Chapter No. 54.
- Address—"Life in Cantonment".....Bro. Clyde Malone
- "Our Heritage".....Mrs. Elizabeth Woods
- G. S. M. of the H. of J. Kansas as Jurisdiction.
- Reading.....Mrs. Jennie Edwards
- Responsive Remarks by.....T. T. McWilliams, W. M.

Mrs. R. E. Ford and the Misses Viola and Genevieve Botts have returned home from their short visit in Highland and White Cloud, Kas., where they were visiting relatives and friends. Also Mr. Eugene Brown of Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Freda Cooley and her guest, Mrs. Deshaeres returned to St. Joe, Mo., Saturday evening after spending Xmas at her home.

Alma, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Williams, underwent an operation last week for the removal of adenoids. It is reported, however, that she is doing nicely.

Mrs. Monroe Williams has as guest her mother, Mrs. May, of Cheyenne, Wyo., who expects to spend several weeks with her.

The Optimistic Set was forced to postpone its entertainment on Xmas night, on account of the flu epidemic, but they hope to give it in the near future.

A celebration of the 300th anniversary of the Negro's arrival to America will be held at the A. M. E. church New Year's evening.

NEGRO HEROES

(From the New York Evening Globe.)

Returning on the Celtic yesterday were five battle-scarred members of Colonel Hayward's famous Negro Regiment, by all accounts second to none in achievement in the great business of rounding up the Hun. The lady of the Bartholdi statue with her torch held gloriously aloft had benignantly gazed upon them. The dusky heroes must have done a little thing as they returned the gaze.

They were glad they were back, as their shining faces attested. With all her faults they still love America. They hope on that sun of the day of justice and equality will yet rise. Souls of black folk—what they feel may be left to psychologists to analyze. But it may be surmised that something akin to bitterness at least temporarily finds lodgment. The world is being made a safe place for democracy. The president is abroad on the great enterprise of securing equality for all. Yet in the homeland he thinks it no shame to come in close affiliation with elements whose chief political prepossession is that democracy shall cease functioning when it approaches the cabin of the man of color. Not that the president is specially inconsistent or specially to blame. Our racial elements, those complaining most loudly against injustice, are as cold as marble to wrong done to 10,000,000 Americans.

Marshal Haig, in his talk at Cologne, counselled the British correspondents to do what they could to prevent an undue swelling of British heads. The advice is also good for us. When we feel ourselves being puffed up by thought of our national virtues, let us think of the Negro and be humble. It is by no means certain that those who have worn the country's uniform and borne their full part in protecting civilization will gain the primary boon of being judged according to their merits as men rather than as members of a race against which there is discrimination more gross than that endured by any of the underdogs of Europe. In one respect our high professions are a sham.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. A. Thomas of 2312 North 27th street, entertained a party of friends to watch party New Year's eve in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey King of Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Gathering Place



HER SACRIFICE

By PEARL B. MEYER.

Mabel carefully placed the dishes in the big, bright dishpan. Is further introduction necessary? Surely the discerning will understand that Mabel was mistress of the house, not maid.

Her gaze wandered often from her task to the view framed by the long window John had put in above the sink for this very purpose. And the view—the garden—kitchen garden, of course, but so attractively arranged in neat plots and so gayly bordered by nodding flowers that the eye could not help but reap joy and gratification with every casual glance—the low hedge and the fruitful, John-tilled fields beyond.

In Mabel's opinion, the whole view was there for only one purpose—to form a fitting background for the broad-shouldered figure of John. Shirt-sleeved, with arms comfortably crossed and supporting his favorite briar in one hand, he leaned against the granite gatepost and thought things out.

As if she could read through that thick mop of hair into his head, she knew his thoughts. She also knew they had been the same for weeks.

She watched him gravely, her hands hanging idly in the cooling water. He could never solve his problem alone.

Mabel wiped her hands deliberately, still gazing fixedly from the window. She felt that the moment for her to act had come. Leaving the dishes unwashed in the pan, she sped through the door, down the path and halted, panting at John's side.

She felt his gaze resting on her; but she could not lift her eyes. Staring hard at the pipe in his hand, she sought vainly for speech. The tumultuous thoughts that had flooded her mind so recently had ebbed as completely as if they had never been. At length:

"John, your pipe's gone out again." "Bless me," ejaculated John, in an amused tone. "Is that what you ran all the way from the house to tell me?"

Angry with herself that she should be so cowardly, torn by emotions she could not express, Mabel hid a tear-wet face against her husband's sun-burnt arm.

"Out with it, girlie," he said encouragingly.

Mabel raised her head and smiled into his eyes. Then she plunged into the very heart of her subject.

"You can enlist, John." Her husband's face expressed mingled emotions. He slowly shook his head.

"You know as well as I do that my duty is here on the farm since I can find no one to take over the management. I can't leave and allow my crops to waste in the fields. What is the use of rebalancing these arguments? I've gone over them a thousand times every day."

"I have a secret," commenced Mabel abruptly. "Last year when I visited Della, we both took the summer course in farming. Naturally, John—her eyes twinkled—"I don't know quite as much as you; but I have been all ears and eyes ever since I returned. Haven't you noticed how many questions I've asked?"

John did not reply. He stood looking over her head far off toward the eastern horizon.

Mabel felt a catch in her throat, but went bravely on.

"I know all about farm accounting, and testing seed and—and—everything," she concluded comprehensively. "Really, John, dear, I studied awfully hard, and I've been at it ever since. I shall never again want to leave the farm to live in a city. Why, I learn time I turn round outdoors now I learn something new. I think if farmers' wives would all hire women to do their housework, and only had to think of meals to eat them, they could be so contented, and would feel so professional and grow so healthy working with their husbands out in God's fresh air. I have grown to love outdoors in such a wonderful seeing way that sometimes I can't stand the thought of a roof over my head."

As she talked, John's hands were tenderly smoothing her soft hair back from her eager, flushed face.

"Little wife, little wife," he whispered.

"John, dear, I honestly feel convinced that, with what advice our good neighbors would give me if I needed it, and what I can always receive from the university for the asking, I could manage. And with the whole department of agriculture fairly dancing up and down with eagerness to answer all my questions—how could I fail? I never dreamed how many friends the farmer has until I began to study and to poke through your files of compiled information." She looked anxiously into his face. "You believe me?" "Mabel—yes," he ejaculated. "But, dear, it isn't easy—even for a man." She slipped her arms around his neck.

"Women are doing a thousand things today that are not easy—even for men. Shall I do less for others? There is nothing to keep you. You can go—John." His name had never seemed sweeter from her lips than at this moment.

He drew her closer to him, her dark head against his heart. For a long time they gazed deeply into each other's eyes; then, their faces turned toward the western sky where the last color-echo of the sunset glorified the clouds.

"Yes," he said softly. "I will go." (Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



THE CAPITOL SHOE REPAIRING

We do the Best Repairing at Reasonable Prices. All Work Guaranteed. I. BROOK, Prop. Phone Web. 4592. 1408 N. 24th St.

W. T. SHACKELFORD COAL COMPANY

Our Motto: "Service First" Webster 202 13th and Grace

DR. J. W. SCOTT

CHIROPODIST Corns Removed Without Pain Phone H. 4255, 1202 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.

PORO HAIR CULTURE

We treat the scalp and grow the hair. Manicuring and massage. **HATTIE B. HILL, Proprietor** 2320 North 26th St. Phone Webster 3390.

Start Saving Now

One Dollar will open an account in the Savings Department of the **United States Nat'l Bank** 16th and Farnam Streets

We Have a Complete Line of FLOWER, GRASS AND GARDEN Seeds

Bulbs, Hardy Perennials, Poultry Supplies Fresh cut flowers always on hand **Stewart's Seed Store** 119 N. 16th St. Opp. Post Office Phone Douglas 977

F. WILBERG BAKERY

Across from Alhambra Theatre The Best is None Too Good for Our Customers. Telephone Webster 673

C. H. MARQUARDT CASH MARKET

Retail Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Oysters, etc. 2003 Cuming St. Doug. 3834 Home Rendered Lard. We Smoke and Cure our own Hams and Bacon.

J. A. Edholm E. W. Sherman

Standard Laundry

24th, Near Lake Street Phone Webster 130

The Hamilton

SOFT DRINK PARLOR Cor. 24th and Hamilton HOT LUNCHES Get Acquainted With Joe



The Silas Johnson Western Funeral Home

Webster 248 2518 Lake St. The Place for Quality and Service Licensed Embalmer in Attendance Lady Attendant if Desired. Music Furnished Free.