THE MONITOR





******************************* "Try this man on the 'phone, for his full name, will you?" The young woman took the receiver and informed the man at the other end of the line that the business firm of - & Co. requested his full name, She explained that the information was necessary, as the firm would soon publish a list of beneficiaries, etc. - B-----; get it?" "A-"Please spell the middle name." "B-"Thanks; please give me the date of your birth. A ghost of a satirical laugh emanated from the receiver. "Why, I'll have to look it up, madam. It's on the spoon given by a fond aunt, and I've misplaced them both. Sorry. Goodby." Rapidly turning the pages of "Who's Who in America," she found "D-A- B.; b. M-; author of "The Web of Gold." Annoyances encompassed Dthat day. The office boy went to a game. His stenographer went home early, ill. The ice man forgot to fill the ice box. So the author of the best seller closed his office early and sought diversion at a cafe. Some days later he decided to revisit M----. It was five years since his last visit to the rambling old house embowered in trees. It was under new management, and an impulse seized D---- to assume the name of -. His name was quite Adam B. Lfresh in the minds of novel readers, so, as he had gone there to recuperate, he felt quite justified in practicing the small deception. The village was so far inland that the chances of detection were slight. He abandoned himself the next week to outdoor life, fishing, tramping through woods filled with pines where he laid himself on the fragrant earth

"WEB OF GOLD"

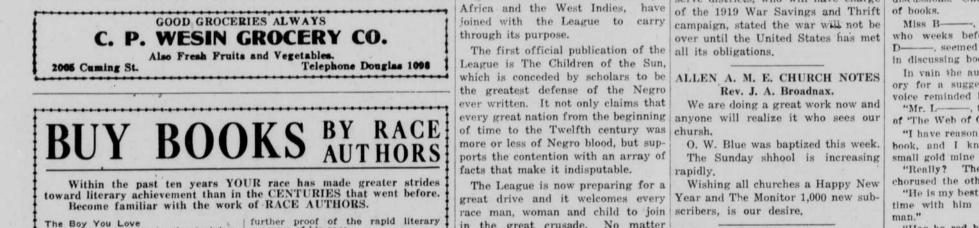
By IDA W. GOULD.

and dreamed of plots and heroines for his next good seller. At table he met an elderly lady, engaged to chaperon a group of young ladies. She had come in advance to arrange for their stay. On the day of their expected arrival Mr. A. B. - purposely absented himself, tramping six miles to a nearby mountain, where, at the only house, he ate gladly the food offered him.' Pushing on to the mountain's top, he found himself in the direct path of a terrible

storm. He resumed the déscent, slipping and stumbling. By the time he had covered the six miles to the village he was aware that it was long past mid-- saw to his dismay that day, La group of girls blocked his entrance at the front porch. Before he could decide whether to march boldly past them, a vfbrant voice called: round the back way, man; the landlord will give you something to eat." He knew he must look bedraggled, but he did not like to think he resembled the genus tramp. He heard their laughter as he hurried to the side door and escaped up the back stairs.

The elderly chaperon was on hand Secretary Glass at a conference to introduce him. After several days' association the little party dropped the movement many of the foremost publicists from the twelve federal re- easily into the habit of after-dinner Negro scholars of America, Europe, serve districts, who will have charge discussions. One evening the talk was





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 ringing lines of "Fifty Years" and the haunt-ing pathos of "Black and Unknown Bards." 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 re-markably fine introduction. Eroom the Fields of Alabama

markably 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 sumer school at Har-vard. A few roughly scrawled poems caught the eye of his professor. The result was a book of these verses. To-day the author is in France, a cor-poral in a Machine Gun Company. Meanwhile the great literary newspa-pers of the east are saying that Wav-erly 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 Soite of Bitter Handicaps

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 bit-ter handicap of failing 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 lit-erary traditions of the day but also a

further proof of the rapid literary progress of his race.

progress of his race. You Have Seen With Your Own Eyes You have seen with your own eyes the struggle of the Negro for educa-tion. 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. Ed-wards, the able founder and present head of Snow Hill Normal and In-dustrial Institute. Professor Paul J. Hanus of Harvard University has written the introduction.

written the introduction. Tender Haunting Lyrics Ian'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 send-ing her a copy? Do You Love Trees?

Do You Love Trees?

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

has written the introduction. Another Race Bard Many a scrap book contains treas-ured 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 admirrers 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 beauti-fully 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.

in the great crusade. No matter whether one is learned or unlearned, rich or poor, known or unknown, the League wants him or her as a member and his or her help to bring back Editor of The Monitor, to the race that pride which was once its glory and greatness. Love Dear Sir: of race is the only qualification for membership.

The League is absolutely democrat- closed find \$2.00 for year's subscripic and has no officers-only founders. tion and please send paper at once.

The home office is 933 North 27th Yours truly for the paper, street, Omaha, Nebraska; eastern of-E. T. KERN.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Watonga, Okla., Jan. 9, 1919. Omaha, Neb.

A friend of mine, Mr. Dixon, showed me your paper and I liked it. En-



Miss B-----, the same young lady who weeks before had interrogated in discussing books.

In vain the author racked his memory for a suggestion as to why her voice reminded him of another voice. "Mr. L____, tell us what you think of "The Web of Gold.""

"I have reason to think highly of the book, and I know it has proved a small gold mine to the writer." "Really? Then you know him?"

chorused the others.

"He is my best friend. I spend more time with him than with any other

"Has he red hair and does he wear red ties?"

"No; nor rings on his toes," said "Because I asked him (for the in-D-

surance people) to tell us when he was born. He evaded me with the silliest answer. 'I'm on a spoon,' said he, 'but

I can't find it just now.'" "I think he affects oddity," said the elderly lady. "Drop 'The Web of Gold' and come in for a game of

bridge, everybody." Our author returned from a tramp one afternoon and discovered Miss - alone, reading "The Web of B-Gold."

"The same book, Miss B--? You must discover, a fresh charm. May 1 ask what it is?"

"This is one. Shall I read it?"

"Please."

"A truly lovely sentiment," said the girl, coloring under the man's steady gaze. "But I'll wager the author nev er fell in love with a pink-and-white beauty."

"Contrariwise, he has," replied D----- "But he has never felt sure until now that he might tell her so.' "You mean-" stammered Miss B-----, dropping the book and half rising.

"That you are the girl I love, and I am the man (without red hair) who wrote that book."

A little later, as they strolled in to join the others, D----- said: "Letitia. I'm going to make a search for that spoon ; and as for the book. It has 'brought me you, a treasure greater than the net profits of 'The Web of Gold.' "

(Copyright, 1918, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)