sorrow,

brain.

dote,

ous stuff

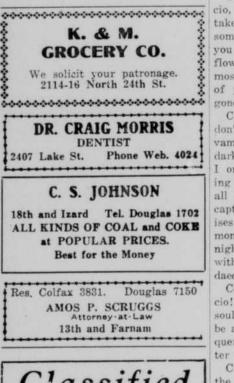
Your heart-broken,

connection with the letter, what other

than ever!

Father.





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CHARACTERS

Argentine, age 25 years. La Corusca, Senora Crispin, his Ar- Crispin!

gentine mother, age 42.

dancing pupil, age 22. Mrs. Vincent Widener, a woman to pass, I pray you-

journalist, age 35. Period: Present. Place: Provi- endeavor to bear up bravely. dencia, a city on the Pacific coast.

(Continued from Last Week.)

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

"The Strength of the Eternal Laws."

you like a vampire and drained the flow of spirits down to the bottom- us wretched humans. gone with blue devils of despondency! where she can have for a while the Crispin: But, madre, Senorita ulation in the south that go steadily don't know whether you'd call her a grief? vampire or some delusive spirit of darkness and the earthly air! Madre! I only know 'twas as though, bearing the guise of an angel, possessing

all the ravishments of a siren, she captivated me with enchanting promises of milk and honey love, and the moment I trusted myself to her mercy, night flailed the breath out of me with enfolding pinions, and left me daed and broken by the blows!

cio! Mauricio! you speak so like a Anthony was killed, I too-Corusca: Heaven save us! Maurisoul in deliving? Oh! surely it can't be against Senorita Agnes, muchacho querido, you utter such words of bit-may L never draw breath again! ter anguish!

Crispin: Senorita Agnes? Madre, the senorita's gone to her room. Corusca: I've a telegram for her; that's what Andrew wanted me for. Crispin: I suppose from-from her father?

Corusca: Yes; it's so dreadful to Mauricio, if not against Senorita any way? Agnes, against whom were you de-

claring so wild a grievance?

plain of fortune, Mauricio? Crispin: You know, madre, she hasn't been dealing overkindly with (Reading the telegram aloud): me of late. I've been thinking of Miss Agnes Gorland, Shadow City, the panic and poor An-

thony.

nocent and leave the guilty?

Property for sale. Telephone Web- tice are infinite, but we've only a Corusca: "Plucked from the mem- Crispin: She told me only this eve-

your own dear child? Oh, Mauricio! Mauricio Crispin, a dancer from the to live-to live-with-! Which weighs upon the heart ?" Agnes: Gracious heavens! Senora

you, and if our worst fears have come you know what, Agnes. Well, chum good of opposing a man in love?

Corusca: Just as though she be I'll "pluck from the memory the mother-in-law. stricken stoneblind! Look, Mauricio! rooted sorrow! raze out the written Crispin: Madre, her little brother, troubles of the brain!" and follow our Godfrey died this morning, fancying Baby Sunbeam into eternity! I'll do

he saw her and me dancing la Malag- it Agnes! do it as sure as I am uena! Go, madre, speak to her! Corusca: Querida nina, oh! but I

Corusca: Valgame Dios! Mauri- know what a severe blow this is to Corusca: Terry Whiteside, Mauricio, muchacho mio, really one would you! My heart bleeds in sympathy icio! Congressman Whiteside-that take you to be the victim of a loath- with yours, but, my sore-smitten in- letter! some melancholy that had fallen upon nocent, we'll remember the angel of Crispin: Yes, madre; Whiteside lence are strong factors in communcommiseration's ever watching over wrote it, but now he-

you poor, poor storm-bowed heart! he has killed himself! I'll tell you of my two friends who Corusca: Killed himself! daughter; the other a girl of tender morse! they bore their grief! And when our no, Mauricio, surely not so soon?

Crispin: "Plucked from the mem-

may I never draw breath again! (END SCENE III.)

SCENE IV.

Crispin: Ah, madre! Did she and-and-

one stunned just now, and has shed name. Fortune I was complaining, madre, so utterly powerless before the stroke Agnes has grossly deceived us, Maur- race as the last.-Washington Post. Corusca: And why do you com- of death! Does the telegram say any- icio, she, the daughter of that abominthing about the funeral, Mauricio? able devil incarnate, has wormed her

Providencia, Cal.

who she was, Mauricio? Your Father.

Corusca: How long have you known

you really don't wish her to leave?

Pluck from the memory the rooted completely she's bewitched you! Crispin: Only a moment ago, Raze out the written troubles of the madre, you admitted you've come to feel that she's very much the same to And with some sweet, oblivious anti- you as a daughter. Now, madre, I do love her, boundlessly; and some day Cleanse the foul bosom of that peril- she-ere very long-simply shall become my wife. She has admitted this evening that she loves me in return. Corusca: But, Mauricio, no! Only Ch! Agnes, daughter! as I write, Corusca: Oh, senorita, I've been ! have before me the revolver I used consider! She, the blood, the daugh- 2314 N. 2t7h St. Agnes, their American guest and awaiting you. Here's a telegram for to carry with me nearly always for- ter of-! Oh, heavens! what's the

> Crispin: Just think, she'll then be dear, just let our little Godfrey be Agnes: Thank you, senora. I'll taken from us, and I promise you, a Senora Crispin, like you; and, with a shot from that very revolver, madre, you'll really be at least her

(END SCENE IV.) (To be Continued.)

TAFT SAYS NEGRO MIGRATION TO NORTH PROVES EFFECTIVE DEFENSE AGAINST INJUSTICE

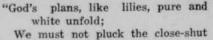
(Continued From Page One.)

ity action.

But, deplorable as lynching is, it A weekly newspaper for our youth, Corusca: And the Sen-Senorita Crispin: Try to comfort her, madre, Agnes, she's his daughter. O Virgin should not blind us to the improve- \$1.00 per year; 50c for 6 months. 54 most dregs of despair! In the name of youth and jocundity, I say, be-Crispin: Madre! Ah, madre! I quiet and seclusion which becomes her Agnes has told me he, Terry White- on, and that each 10 years' statistics By Prof. John W. Cromwell, \$1.40 and side recently went insane; moreover, demonstrate. The migration to the worth more. 1439 Swann St., N. W., Corusca: Yes, come with me, O it's almost certain that by this time north and the general horror aroused over lynchings, expressed in the last anti-lynching conventions, by northeach lost a dearly beloved relative Crispin: Yes; committed his last erners and southerners alike, are likein the great panic. One's a young murder, simple suicide, blown out his last ly to affect public opinion in the ious record of America's black heroes, mother who was bereaved of a young own brains in an insane frenzy of re- south on this subject and make a slow change for the better. It may be Ave., New York City. years whose elder brother, the idol Corusca: Sowed death and has conceded that recurring instances are of her worship, was brought to her reaped its harvest? O justice, you not very encouraging. The north is The Greatest Negro Magazine of mangled and coffined. Oh! with what are the governing pivot, the poiser, not without blemish in this regard America. \$1.00 per year and cheap wonderful fortitude and faith in God are the governing pivot, the poiser, and needs a stimulus to greater re- at that. 2299 Seventh Ave., New spect for law and orderly procedure York City. Crispin: Taking the telegram in than it now has. Migration Proves Defense.

tion! Ah! madre, madre! but I know their holdings, the graduates of their you must pity the senorita now more vocational schools and the improvement of the Negro country communi-Corusca: Pity her? Of course, ties, steadily increase. A probable pity her; but, Mauricio, she-that girl dearth of labor in the north and the has obtained admission here as our increasing economic value of the guest and pupil under a false name- Negroes to the south will stimulate migration as a defense against in-Agnes is part of her real name, and The developments of the next quarter Corusca: No, Mauricio; she's like Gorland was her mother's maiden of a century through these automatic and unpromoted agencies are likely to Crispin: 'Twas rather of Dame scarcely a single tear. Oh! we feel Corusca: Nevertheless, Senorita show as great progress for the Negro

Dr. J. L. Green, mechano-therapist, sympathies, actually so endeared her- Progressive Tailor Shop, treats chronself to me that-I must concede it- ic diseases without drugs. The only I've quite begun to regard her as be- Colored mechano-therapist in the city. ing very nearly my own daughter! Consultation free. Office phone Web-Corusca: What! are you still Dear Agnes: Our Godfrey passed Oh! saints of heaven protect us! And ster 3694; residence phone, Webster



leaves apart, Time will reveal the inner heart of

gold." NIMROD JOHNSON, The Workingman's Friend, Real Estate and Notary Public.

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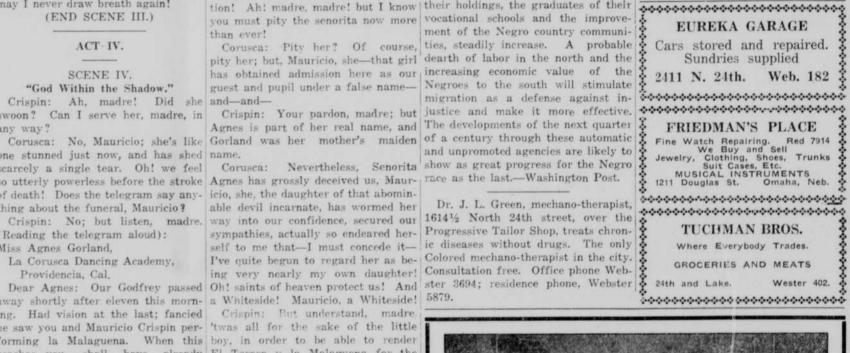
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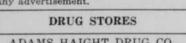
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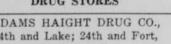
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MAGAZINES

2414 North 24th St. vou mustn't!

19th st. Web. 2177. Mrs. T. L. Haw- Providence to its ends are so devious, forming la Malaguena. When this boy, in order to be able to render

er exercised of heaven, Mauricio; the be kind to you. Goodby, goodby! Most High Master's wisdom and jus-

ACT IV.

"God Within the Shadow."

think what may be its import. But, swoon? Can I serve her, madre, in Crispin: Your pardon, madre; but justice and make it more effective.

La Corusca Dancing Academy,

brooding over that? Hijo querido, away shortly after eleven this morn- a Whiteside! Mauricio, a Whiteside! 5879. ing. Had vision at the last; fancied Crispin: But understand, madre. Crispin: Ah! madre, the ways of he saw you and Mauricio Crispin per- 'twas all for the sake of the little so hard, so incaluculable! Why does reaches you, shall have already E! Torero v la Malaguena for the death so often despoil us of the in- plucked from memory rooted sorrow, crippled child, that she came here to Remember promise made in letter. learn the dance and to procure a part-Corusca: Death's a righteous pow- Don't worry chum. Mrs. Widener will ner from an ong our pupils.

ster 1352.

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nortal understanding of them.

Not to the swift nor to the strong The battles of the right belong; The armor of the captive's prayers, ing blow! And nature proffers to his cause Phone Red 4122 The strength of her eternal laws.

> And herd with common brutes, his speak, Mauricio; that was when she dered in his grave? kind,

Strives evermore at fearful odds late.

· (END SCENE II.)

ACT. IV.

SCENE III. Poor Dear Little Godfrey.

querido, there's truly a retributive to hear this? iustice; but it's the Lord's own, and vrongs we suffer.

killed? Why should Whiteside have her grief.

panic?

Whiteside's place, would you prefer letter.

the peaceful ministry of death, or to My Beloved Daughter:

live to suffer the terrors of remorse, There has occurred a change for as 'twere, with your eyes ever turned the worse. I fear the doctors have inward on the condemning blackness begun to despair of saving our Baby of your own soul? With the accusa- Sunbeam for us. Agnes dear, you tion of stupendous murder contin- must come home to him without furuously resounding in the beat of your ther delay, by the earliest fast train. guilty heart? Mauricio, to live in the "Twill be very likely simply a race torment of fancying that God alone with that swift-winged angel that knows how many fellow-mortals are carries us mortals beyond this life. pointing the finger of reprobation at Come Agnes, come!

you, marking you the infamous Ne- What was it that drove me to have gro-hater who made them motherless, a fling at that Nigger, Bell, that eveor fatherless, or brought untimely ning? Yet the Nigger struck medeath upon a sister or brother, a son Agnes, me! That cursed Niggeror a daughter, a husband or a wife? you saw him strike me, Agnes! And And more terrible than all, to live now God Almighty! there are lines with your every footstep seeming to from Shakespeare for ever blazing creak out at you wherever you go, and thundering in my wretched head! that 'twas your bloody hand which all "Canst thou not minister to a mind but crushed out the innocent life of deceased,

What per- ning, but not until I'd driven her to it. ory the rooted sorrow!" Crispin: Yes, madre; but I re- fectly grand resolution! It isn't like- Corusca: Mauricio, isn't it fortunmember once reading a poem of which ly the poor dear could arrive home in ate that she's to leave here so shortly? time for the funeral; yet it's so good Crispin: No, madre; that's what she may remain a while longer, at pains me! Whiteside and her dear least until she has partly recovered little brother are now gone; assuredly, For he who strikes for freedom wears her strength. It's such an overwhelm- I shan't let her go away forever. Corusca: What, muchacho querido

Crispin: Madre, did she prefer to mio! the senorita's a Whiteside, yet be left alone?

Corusca: She threw herself pros- Can it be you've no thought of our While he whose arm essays to bind, trate on the couch; only once did she Anthony, foully murdered and slan-

begged me to come and tell you that Crispin: For my sake, buena madre, pinned on the inside of your cloak if not for hers, won't you continue there's a letter for you, and 'twill ex- to be as kind, tender, consoling to her And dares that dread recoil which plain what poor dear little Godfrey's as you've ever been?

death has meant to her father. Ah! Corusca: Oh, I've for sometime Or soon, their right shall vindicate! it's the one she received this afternoon suspected you love her, Mauricio! How

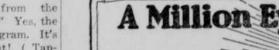
from Senor Gorland! She wishes you to read it.

Crispin: "Will pluck from the memory the rooted sorrow!" Yes, the letter mentioned in the telegram. It's pre-precisely as I thought! (Tap-Corusca: Of course, Mauricio ping letter): But, madre, you wish

Corusca: Mauricio, I somehow He makes time itself avenger of the think Senorita Agnes intended I should, and used it as a pretext to

Crispin: But why was Anthony keep me from longer obtruding on

escaped-at the avenging hour-of Crispin: At any rate, you must inevitably come to know everything Corusca: Mauricio, were you in sooner or later. I'll read you the



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