

THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Omaha and vicinity, with the desire to contribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community.
Published Every Saturday.

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Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.
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THOSE DEM. CAM- PAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

Friend, have you contributed your mite to the democratic campaign fund? If not, come through, brother, come through. They need it. Of course, we don't just understand why they need it, but we take their word for it. For four years they have been fattening at the public trough. Their gross appropriations make G. O. P. appropriations look like pernicious anemia. Their pork barrel constructions make the Pyramids of Gizeh resemble headstones in a graveyard; and administration kin has been provided for all the way from wives, sons and daughters to third cousins of the great uncles on the paternal side. It seems that through four years of such glorious hustling the democrats should have enough loose change to take all the European loans, but it appears that they haven't. It must have been salted. Anyway the same old gag is going to be put over on the dear public. "Please help us. The crool corporations won't give us a dime and we're still broke."

We would like to express our real opinions of this smooth game, but we are inclined to be charitable goops. They really need it. After next March it will be a mighty long day before a harvest comes again and they might as well glean the field. They even say pennies are welcome. So come across, brother. Get your name on the front page. It will help feed many a poor democrat winter after next.

A BABY IN THE HOUSE

You married women with a home, have you a baby in the house? If not, get one, even though you have to adopt one. Trouble never weighs heavily where a baby lives and baby dimples will catch and glorify all the tears of grief. You may have the love of a husband, family and friends, but the depths of your heart will never be touched until you know the love of a baby. No weird musician ever hung notes upon a staff that chord sweeter than a baby's rippling laugh; no burst of sunshine after storm ever scattered so many clouds as the magic of a baby's smile. Get a baby! And then that youth of yours which seems slipping away will reach back to childhood's garden of dreams, whose beauty and sweetness will enchant away the runes of creeping age and fill your years with mystic essence of joy.

God wrought the world, God wrought the seas,

He wrought the lands and all the rest;

But when He wrought the baby form
He knew He wrought his best.

It is reported that a Colored man was sent to jail for sixty days because he was working to elect a democratic police judge. If they jail newspapers, The Monitor will expect arrest soon.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ASK YOURSELF

The democrats promised to lower the high cost of living. Have they done it?

President Wilson declared he wanted only one term. Was he honest?

The democrats promised economy and have almost wrecked the treasury. Are they to be trusted?

Wilson ignored the advice of the ambassador to Mexico and brought ruin to that country and great trouble to us. Is he to be pitied?

Wilson has proven a child in diplomacy; is there any chance for him to prove a genius when European peace brings it's mighty questions for solution?

Labor frightened the President into wage legislation; may not others frighten him into something worse? The people asked for reasonable preparedness and Wilson switched from pacifism to a militarism that mocks Germany. Will you stand for it?

The democrats promised prosperity. Where is it?

Are the democrats statesmen, or are they merely politicians, grafters and victims of nepotism?

Are the army, navy and river and harbor bills, good legislation, or are they gigantic steals?

Wilson has made the United States the laughing stock of the world. Isn't world respect worth while?

Wilson's peace has cost this country more lives than the war with Spain. Shall it continue?

Never since Wilson has been president has the country felt secure. Is it not time to put another captain at the helm; one whom time has tried, whom experience has made wise, whose hand is steady, and whose brain is clear?

GET BUSY.

R. Horton, the Democratic candidate for Public Defender, or some of his friends, has printed hundreds of cards with Will N. Johnson's picture upon them and spread them broadcast over Omaha, so that the voters may know that Will N., whom his friends call Bill, is a Colored man. Thanks, Mr. Horton. We are not ashamed of his handsome face, his winning personality, his mental ability, his success on the gridiron and of his glorious victory in the primaries. In all of which particulars he has you beaten, Mr. Horton. We are going to elect him. Of course, we know the motive behind your action, but we should worry. You have only made us more determined and also made more determined the hosts of white friends who helped put Bill over with such a handsome majority. Bill has made many a goal and is going to make a few more. The grandstand is with him.

An auto stops when the gas gives out. So does a newspaper.

IT'S UP TO YOU

Last week a business man whom we solicited for an ad said to us: "You seem to have great faith in your paper as a business getter. Now, I tell you what I'll do. I haven't much Colored trade, but I will give you an ad and for every Colored person who makes a purchase at my store, I will credit you with ten per cent of the purchase. If The Monitor helps me, I am game enough to help The Monitor in a way worth while."

It would not be fair for us to name his place of business, but we ask our subscribers to note every ad we carry and when they wish anything in that particular line, call in person or phone and mention The Monitor. The above is a bona fide fact and was not given as a bluff. So it is up to you to back us up when we say that Colored people are ready and willing to patronize those who treat them right and give them a square deal.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

The days of cussing are over. Twenty-fourth street is almost paved.

The democrats promised to lower the high cost of living. How much were beans this morning?

Doesn't a man usually buy a box of cigars when a new baby comes?

As Socrates said: One purchase from an advertiser doesn't make him rich, just as one bedbug doesn't make a commercial hotel.

The skating rink has opened. The floor has received several hard bumps, although none were serious enough to call in the doctor.

Whatever else you do, don't forget and leave your money and smile under the pillow of mornings. You will need both all day.

Only remember that you are a man or a woman. Nothing else counts.

Bert Williams has become a real philosopher. We will publish some of his wisdom soon.

Did you see Desdunes boys this week! Whoopee! Wow!! Hurray!!! Some class, Irene, some class!

Grow with growing Omaha.

Don't forget to tie a can to prohibition.

Let every voter know that Bill Johnson is Colored and that we have got to elect him. We know the ladies will help without asking.

Old man Winter is headed in this direction, so be ready to give him a warm reception.

Who said the Ak-Sar-Ben gala days were things of the past?

What will be your costume at the Grand Masque tonight, Geraldine?

Remember your prayers and our advertisers.

The Washington Eagle screamed so loudly about departmental segregation that the State, War and Navy Departments have rescinded all prejudicial rules. Hooray for the Eagle!

NEWS NUGGETS

Bert Williams, America's greatest comedian, is trying his hand on photoplay writing.

Senator Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, has again proven himself a friend of the race by flaying the Carroway anti-enlistment bill on the senate floor recently.

It may be that the Colored men who say they are going to vote for Wilson have brains, but we would have to dissect their craniums before we believe it.

Billy Johnson, of the original Cole and Johnson "Red Moon Company," fell from a bannister of his home, crushing his skull. He died soon after.

The scales indicate that The Monitor is increasing in weight constantly. Thank you.

The Democrats call the Maine vote a "victory." Maybe so, but we know of doctors who call an operation a wonderful success after the operatee rests under a bank of flowery anchors and gates ajar.

"Cities of the second class cannot have separate schools for Negroes," says the Kansas Supreme Court.

Physicians attending Howard P. Drew, the fast Colored runner, declare that his paralysis will leave him crippled for life.

Don't forget our advertisers. If it weren't for them you wouldn't enjoy The Monitor so much.

Garretson, the great labor leader who forced through the eight hour law, said in a recent interview, "The law will help many of our Colored brothers of the South who never had a chance." The law may be unconstitutional, but it has proven that some hearts beat warm for brotherhood.

Frisco says she wants more Colored waiters. Good, but, by the way, it is such a long way from Omaha's little State Street.

"Thank you for advertising in The Monitor." Say that to your dealer, for it means much.

Business is increasing, thank you.

Have you noticed our Amusement Column? Brighten life by going to the movies.

Many more ads in the classified column. Is your neighborhood ad there?

The business of 10,000 Colored people means a great deal. Give it to those who appreciate it enough to advertise for it.

OUR CONTRIBUTION

ACKNOWLEDGED

Roy Nash, Secretary,
70 Fifth Ave., New York.
September 27, 1916.

Rev. John Albert Williams, 1119 No.
21st Street, Omaha, Neb.

My Dear Mr. Williams:

In the absence of Mr. Nash I am acknowledging receipt of your check for thirteen dollars as a contribution to the anti-lynching fund, secured through the columns of The Monitor. All of those whose names you sent have received receipts. In behalf of the Board of Directors allow me to thank you for your effort in our behalf. We have already passed the \$10,000 mark.

Very truly yours,
R. G. Randolph, Stenographer.