

# 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.  
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## CHRISTMAS AND ITS MEANING

The world today keeps Christmas-tide and happy should the season be. And happiness there is. And yes, there is sorrow and pain and suffering, too; but even these are modified by the spirit and atmosphere of Christmas. While all feel the spell which softens and humanizes humanity, is there not grave danger of our forgetting whence comes this gracious influence, the magic power of this welcome season?

Let us then, for the present become theologians. This is a big word, isn't it? Yes, much bigger than any of us can fully understand and yet so small and simple that we can in a real sense grasp enough of its meaning to help us. And all who think, as think we must, of God and the world and man, and their necessary relations, are theologians. Theologians are thinkers about God and man, and the relations that exist between God and mankind; and in this sense, we are all theologians. Not profound, learned or scientific theologians—because it requires special talents and diligent study to become such—but theologians, nevertheless.

Christmas forces us to be theologians. It makes us think of God and of His love for the world; and the manifestation of that love for the world in a language that all mankind can understand and which appeals to the human heart and that is in the language of "The Word Made Flesh," a tiny, helpless, infant life, The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

And this fact, the wondrous Fact of the Incarnation, is God's answer to the world which through the ages all along had felt its need of and longed to know a God who knows and understands and Who could enter into human life. The mystery of the Incarnation and of the Holy Nativity, of which Christmas is the standing memorial and witness, is God's answer to humanity's longing. It means the entrance of a new power into human life enabling it to rise to undreamed moral and spiritual heights.

Since man could not reach up to God, therefore God came down to man to lift him up unto Himself.

Christmas is therefore first and foremost a religious festival. Let us observe it as such. It witnesses to the fact of God bending low to be near to man, that man might be exalted in his nature and in his deeds to be near to God.

This is the meaning of God's great Gift to the world, under whose magic power the world must grow softer and nobler and sweeter every Christmas-tide.

"We hear the Christmas angels,  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord, Emmanuel."

## CHIEF SAM'S EXPEDITION

On the front page of this issue is the story of the return of the Liberia, the vessel in which the followers of

Chief Sam embarked three years ago to find domicile and perhaps found an empire in the land of our forefathers, Africa.

The unsuccessful issue of the expedition has its pathetic side. The avidity with which members of our race throughout the Southland embraced what appeared to them a golden opportunity to escape from galling conditions in the United States and establish a home amid more congenial surroundings is singularly suggestive of the disquietude which disturbs thousands of our race.

Grant that Chief Sam's followers were ignorant, that does not do away with the significant fact that they were discontented and sought to better their condition. Grant, too, if you please, that Chief Sam was a religious fanatic, and that his well-meant plan was poorly laid and ill-digested, the fact remains that his expedition was only possible because it satisfied a similar desire to those which have led to the planting of colonies throughout the world since history began.

Students of history know that other expeditions which seemed just as impracticable, foolish and unsuccessful as this, have blazed the way for advancing civilization. Profiting by the mistakes of their predecessors, other bold and adventurous spirits have ventured forth and become empire builders.

Who dare say that Chief Sam's expedition may not have a most important bearing in the future colonization of Africa.

That which appears as failure is not always failure.

## GREETINGS

"Toyland, Joyland,  
Little girl and boyland,  
Once you have crossed o'er the borders  
You never return again."

This was the chorus of a marvelously sweet song sung in the beautiful play of Toyland, which traveled this country some years ago. It was the kind of a song that hurt. It twisted its tender yearnings into the hidden corners of memory, worming out old faded hopes and stirring the ashes of smouldering loves. It tugged at the tendrils of the heart and brought a feeling akin to pain. It was a beautiful song, Oh, so beautiful—but it wasn't true. We can return again and again, for the borders that mark the boundaries are but imaginative mists.

Today, Christmas Day, we ford the river of Time and sweep over the hills of Youth, and with dancing eyes behold once more sweet Toyland, the lovely home of childhood's happy days. It hasn't changed a bit. The little toy engine rushes headlong, scattering the tiny tin soldiers and wrecking the Noah's Ark, as it did in the days of yore. The bright faced doll looks at you with the same glad surprise and the little red range still hints at feasts that shame the dreams

of Lucullus. The Christmas tree stands dazzling in the corner and childish laughter rings louder and sweeter than the Yuletide bells across the glistening snow. The years melt away and we are all children again,

Human flesh may age, but the mind can remain eternally young. And so our Christmas wish for all our readers is that the magic of this happy season may sweep all worry from the brain, distill new sweetness in the heart and wreath a lingering smile upon the face. You may have crossed the borders, but you can return again. Above the portals of lustrous pearl Love has painted the single word, PERPETUAL.

## ADVERTISING FOR NEGRO TRADE

The current number of The Layman Printer contains an article, "Reaching the Colored Man's Purse," by Albion L. Holsey. In this article Mr. Holsey discusses the importance of advertising in Negro newspapers in order to reach colored trade. He speaks especially to large white manufacturing concerns. He quotes the following from the "Woman's World Department in the Atlanta Constitution:

"The Negro woman cook is one of the South's best assets. What is the South doing to conserve her talents and to perpetuate her?"

"The French chef, the German baker, and the skillful Jap have had their chance in the southern home, but it is the meal prepared by the Negro woman cook which piques the appetite, tempts the taste and brings from the world's epicure the statement: 'This is the best I ever tasted.'"

He then points out what a splendid opportunity is offered the manufacturers of food products, washing machines, and powders, laundry soaps and kitchen devices to introduce their products in the South and widen their sales by reaching the colored cook directly through the Negro newspapers.

Mr. Holsey's article contains valuable suggestions not only for manufacturers of products that seek the kitchen, but for those that fill all the other wants of life.—The New York Age.

Apropos of the above we beg leave to note that The Monitor in September published an editorial on "The Value of Colored Advertising," which has been widely quoted by our exchanges, some giving us credit and others overlooking this courtesy demanded by good newspaper ethics, in which it was shown what a rich field colored patronage offers. The way to reach this trade is by advertising in our distinctive newspapers.

We are pleased to see that this fact is being prominently brought before advertisers. The wide awake advertisers will be quick to take advantage of this rich field.

Advertisers in Colored newspapers get results. It is not a charitable, but a well paying business proposition for enterprising merchants to advertise in Colored newspapers.

## FOR A GREATER OMAHA

A little better than a month ago the West decide the election of the president. The great pivotal states whose early returns apparently gave Hughes the election, became a secondary consideration when the great West was heard from. Power may not yet have switched from East to West, but the latter has proved up and will become a competing factor in national politics.

Less than a month ago China applied for a loan of 50,000,000 dollars. She went first to Wall Street, but while the matter was being considered, the bankers of Chicago accepted her loan without asking any part of the country to help. Of course that sum is not a very large one for a city like Chicago, but it proves that the Windy City is a new competitor in the world of finance.

These two facts are mentioned to bring to your attention the fact that the West is winning her spurs and is looming big. An English author said recently that in twenty years Wall Street would be a little counting house in a little village. Perhaps New York will never drop to such a status, but it is certain that the West will eventually surpass her. Omaha will profit by this advancement and grow, for there is nothing that can stop her. Let us grow with her and claim a share of her material as well as her aesthetic victories.

## SONG OF SOLOMON

### The Voice of Peace.

1. Hearken, O my Son, to the note of peace that Der Kaiser bloweth from his bass bassoon.

2. He hath walloped the Allies to the black and blue and now slippeth them a plateful of peace for a Merry Christmas. He playeth Sandy Claus for a horde of empty hoisery.

3. At first the Allies bellowed, "Nevair!" but now they tap their craniums and would think it over.

4. Much did Albion promise them if they would draw the rusty blade and swipe Der Faderland across the bean, but Der Faderland was not swiped.

5. Instead Der Faderland hath taken their mazuma, their cities, their furniture, and even themselves. Many millions are now hoeing potatoes in der eardgartens of Germany.

6. Every little burg kingdom that jumped into the Allies band wagon hath been messed up and chased out of house and home. In the palaces where the king held solemn court the German soldiers now dance the rowdy wriggle with the village girls.

7. Therefore, O my Son, it behooveth the Allies to listen to the dulcet note of the cocoo bird, lest when it cocooeth again their ears will be stopped with the dust to dust.

8. They must now listen to what Der Faderland will put in their socks and not what Albion promised them when she got though knocking the daylight out of Der Kaiser.

9. It hath been a hard fight, O my Son, but the bully of the sea must lap the hand of the nation in the sun.

10. The moral of this tale, O my Son, is that thou must not try to run the world unless the world desireth thee to run it. Thou mayest have a competitor.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"Who goes there?" the sentry challenged.

"Lord Roberts," answered the tipsy recruit.

Again the sentry put the question and received a like answer, whereupon he knocked the offender down. When the latter came to, the sergeant was bending over him. "See here!" said the sergeant, "why didn't you answer right when the sentry challenged you?"

"Holy St. Patrick!" replied the recruit; "if he'd do that to Lord Roberts, what would he do to plain Mike Flanagan?"—Boston Transcript.