

THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Nebraska and the West, with the desire to contribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community and of the race.

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THE LOOMING CLOUD

We believe we are safe in saying that our race regards with mingled emotions the break with Germany and the probabilities that may arise. At heart we are a loyal and patriotic people and our country has always found us ready and willing to serve her in all crises and will today. We cannot help feeling, however, that we are the people who do not count. For several years there has been all manner of talk about preparedness, but it meant nothing for us. Only recently a Texas congressman exploded a bomb at the naval hearing when he suggested that Colored men be accepted in the navy, a bomb that sent Josephus to his hole in a hurry. The same reception awaited the race when it was proposed that the Colored regiments in the regular army be increased. Even the pseudo-military camps at Plattsburg, N. Y., which received volunteers from all over the United States, balked the moment a black face presented itself.

Yes, it seems that we have always been the people who do not count. But let the United States be plunged into war, which we hope may never happen, as always the Colored volunteers will be among the first to respond. We will prove loyal, never fear, because somehow we cannot prove otherwise. Someday a reckoning must come, for reckonings always come, and disloyalty will never be a stain across the escutcheon of the African race.

BUSINESS ETHICS

In every profession and business pursuit there is an unwritten code of honor known as ethics. It is a code that presupposes that every person who elects to follow any trade or profession will deal justly towards his patrons and towards his fellow competitors. We have regretted to learn that some of our business men have not been as careful to observe the business gentility as is to be expected of honorable men. Competition, it is true, is the life of trade, but it means competition by gentlemen, clean, honest and above board. Omaha is a growing city and there is work for all of us to do. Let us not forget the ethics of our respective professions. For those who do forget there is a penalty. Success may seem to come for a while, but it is success that is builded upon the sand. The only man who can really succeed is he who deals fairly with his public and fairly with those who tread the winepress with him.

COMRADES IN ARMS

"Comrades in Arms" is the title of an illustration just released by the International News Company. It pictures a pretty French girl and a black soldier together carrying boxes of ammunition. Over the picture occurs

the following words, "These 'two soldiers of France,' one a woman munition worker, the other a French Senegalese private, are carrying boxes of ammunition from the machines to the point of transportation to the army base." Both are smiling and the smile upon the face of the girl appears to be contented and happy. No doubt thousands of prejudiced Americans will get all "het up" over the "attempt to encourage social equality."

Obvious Observations

When the German submarine note reached the United States the other day stocks and food stuffs tumbled like Humpty Dumpty. Wish three or four such notes would come this way so as to knock the daylights out of H. C. L.

It is said that Germany counted on a war with this country when she determined upon her naval course. It is probable that our entering the war would be more of a help than a hindrance. We couldn't lend so much assistance to the allies.

We venture to remark that the over zealous sheriff who has to pay \$45,000 bucks for hurting an innocent Colored man, will sure watch his step hereafter.

We suspected something crooked in the way Uncle Sam went after little Haiti and now we find we were right. Did you buy any stock in the company that advertises itself as controlling everything in Haiti worth two bits?

What has become of Mexico? We searched the paper with a microscope last week and couldn't find a word about it.

The Rockefeller Foundation has delivered a clean knock-out to the study of the classics. Well, we guess it is up to the persons of African descent to pass them along as they have always done.

Thanking you for your kind attention, we will now shut the door and blow out the gas.

SONG OF SOLOMON

Doctors.

1. Open thine ears, O my son, whilst I tap to thee a tra-la-la on my trusty tambourine.

2. I sing to thee of doctors, the purveyors of pills, sweet medicines and health.

3. They are a good bunch, O my son, but the public often handeth them the hot and heavy.

4. If thou grabest off a chunk of pneumonia, thou art due to be tucked up in the white blankets five weeks, but if the medicine man getteth thee not up and out in five days thou sayest he is punk and a quack.

5. If perchance thou gettest a grip on the grippe and herr doctor doth not chase it away pronto with a dose of dope, thou ringeth up another M. D. and handeth the first the hammer.

6. Of course, O my son, I know that betimes the doc doth tell thee thou hast appendicitis when thou hast but belly ache; heart trouble because thou eatest rarebit at twelve bells; and rheumatism when thou art tired out; but doc doeth his best.

7. Disease doth not always haul around a brass band and banners telling its name.

8. It is a secret demon that huggeth the dark and devious ways and liketh not to come out in the open.

9. Just give old doc a chance and by and by he will locate the pathy even as Sherlock locateth the pussy-foot.

10. Yes, give old doc a chance, O my son, and forget not to slip him a bean or two so that he mayest keep out his shingle.

EVOLUTION PROVING IMMORTALITY

The above is the title of a new edition of a book written by John O. Yeiser, a well known local attorney, and a copy of the same has been presented to The Monitor for review.

The question of immortality is one that has been paramount with man ever since he has learned to reason. That there is some other sort of existence beyond the portals of the shrouding grave is the hope, if not entirely the belief, of every rational creature. Thousands of men have written to sustain this hope and thousands more will write in the future. Mr. Yeiser has called evolution to his aid and with deft treatment of the

facts of this branch of scientific study, he has built stone upon stone for a foundation for belief. The book is eminently worth buying and reading many times over. It abounds in beautiful thoughts and consoling phrases. We choose the following as one especially beautiful.

"In the same manner that food is necessary for the stimulation of the cell development of the body, so is the accumulation of mental nutrition contained in truth, and knowledge, and good deeds, necessary to cultivate a greater life, or soul. The things we think—the thoughts we receive and throw off or remember and forget—are to the soul what food is to the body. They carry, as a conveyance, a soul element, which, when retained becomes a part of the soul life-part of man's mental nature and character. . . . It is certain one cannot carry into the great beyond any part of his vast wealth accumulations, but there is a marvelous hope and a grand possibility that the accumulated knowledge of good things, or everlasting principles, in harmony with that which lives, may be taken as a part of the intellect, because it must become a part of the enduring soul."

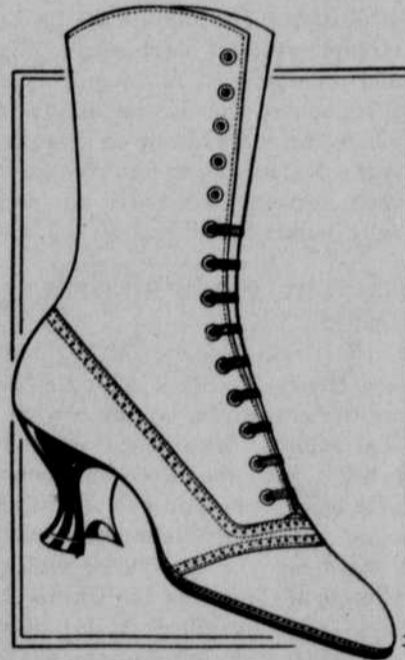
The work is published by the National Magazine Association, Bee Building, Omaha, and sells for \$1.50.

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