

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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BOOKS AND BEAUX

They don't go well together. The student who is anxious to make a good record in school must apply himself to his books.

We have observed a good many youth of both sexes in our time whose fond parents have made sacrifices to give them an opportunity to get an education. These pupils would make commendable progress in their studies particularly through the lower or grammar grades, and would enter High school with fair prospects of making a good record. But here there has soon come a failure in this study or that. Why? What is the reason for it? Beaux.

Girls and boys of high school age become beau-struck. It seems to affect the girls most. Perhaps it is because they are more sentimental than the boys. Be that as it may, neither boys nor girls can do good school work when they try to mix books and beaux. This is a combination that does not work successfully.

So boys and girls, do not try the impossible. Stick to your books during school days which will pass all too soon. Make full use of the advantages your parents are giving you to get an education to prepare you for careers of usefulness. Remember that in the great majority of cases they are making great sacrifices for you. Is it too much to ask that you take advantage of your opportunities and do your level best during school days? Beau days are all right, too; but let those days come after school days. Books first, then beaux. Books and beaux somehow don't go well together. Do they? This is written for our boys and girls who are ambitious to make the most of their educational opportunities. Think about it. Which is it to be: Books first, then beaux? Or beaux first and then exit books. Books or beaux. It can't be both.

SHERIFF CLARK MAKES APPOINTMENT.

We are glad to note that Sheriff Clark has at last fulfilled his promise to appoint a Colored man to a position among his corps of employees. Sergeant Bailey has been appointed as elevator conductor. We had hoped that it would have been an appointment to a deputyship, as this is none too good for our people; but we are advised that Sergeant Bailey did not want a deputyship, but preferred something else. We are glad that at least one position has been conceded to us by Sheriff Clark. Sergeant Bailey will make good wherever he may be appointed to serve.

We wonder when Robert Smith, clerk of the District Court, and Harry Pearce, register of deeds, will follow Sheriff Clark's example? We are entitled to representatives in both of these offices. Mr. Pearce has been promising to fill the vacancy made in his office since the resignation of Mr.

Guy Singleton several months ago. If he keeps up his present record of promising, he will be able to qualify as an expert promiser.

Come across Mr. Pearce, come across.

Robert Smith, so smooth and smiling, when do you intend to follow Clark's example?

CIVILIZATION.

Last week in the city of New York thousands of men and women and children stormed the Waldorf Astoria hotel crying, "Give Us Bread! Give Us Bread!"

Last week the Nation's Congress began preparations to adjourn after voting millions of dollars of the public money to projects both foolish and useless.

Last week the wolves of Wall street boasted of the thousands and millions they had earned cornering foodstuffs.

Last week shiploads of supplies left our shores for Europe to feed armies of men who fight each other and know not for what they fight.

Last week our magazines were filled with ads asking American people to contribute to help the hungry in lands where food is cheaper than here.

Last week the docks of the East were over loaded with food to be shipped out of this country.

Last week a great trust promised to behave and cut the cost if the government left it alone.

Last week in the city of New York thousands of men and women and children stormed the Waldorf Astoria hotel crying, "Give Us Bread! Give Us Bread!"

And this is civilization!

A REQUEST TO SUBSCRIBERS

Many have been prompt in renewing their subscriptions. Many others are still in arrears. We are in urgent need of money to meet the cost of publication. We must have \$300 within the next ten days. A much larger sum than this is overdue from delinquent subscribers. Will those who owe see to it that they have their money ready when the collector calls? Or will you not mail the amount due by check or post office money order. If the number on the yellow label bearing your name which appears on your copy of The Monitor agrees with the Whole Number 87, of this issue, or is under that number, say 70, 65, 54, etc., it means that your subscription is due.

We will also appreciate it, if you will try to secure one new subscriber for us. Suppose you try. This will help us double our subscription. The Monitor is growing. Help us grow.

A good many of our young people are getting married these days. A most excellent thing to do, provided that they bear in mind that marriage is for the development of the best that is in man and woman, by mutual sympathy, patience and forbearance and for the begetting and rearing of

families in the fear of God, and for the establishment of homes.

Plant potatoes.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

The killing of a Negro seaman on a British ship by a German submarine was for a few days looked upon as a possible cause of war by the United States upon Germany. Then it turned out that the Negro was not an American but a British subject. But suppose he had been an American citizen. What sort of figure would the United States have presented in going to war over the illegal killing of a citizen whom a mob in many parts of this country could have lynched with impunity?—The Public, New York.

SONG OF SOLOMON—SPRING.

1. Give ear, O my Son, to my solo on spring and hearken to the strains of my high C voice.

2. Old winter is about to have a tin can tied to his post mortem and verily the world is happy

3. For six months we have wrestled with cold, coal, clothes and culinary canto and we are weaker than a convalescent after six weeks of grip.

4. We blame not the long haired rhymster for glorifying spring for we have been wanting to glorify it for some moons past.

5. We long to meet the Indian who said we would have a mild winter, for to scalp him with his own tomahawk should be a fiesta.

6. Betimes, in winters past, we have had a week or two of warm, but the past six months, O my Son, have been winter unalloyed.

7. Now, cometh the season of violets, Easter bonnets, and ice. Verily the latter crop hath been immense, but let us hope that it vaunteth not to one bone per cwt.

8. Let us also hope, O my Son, that a rise in temperature wilt also bring a rise in wages, for a dollar hath little stretching power these days.

9. But back to spring, glorious spring.

10. May she remain a thousand years, O my Son, a thousand years.

Obvious Observations

Villa has disappeared and is on his way to Japan. He told his followers that when he came back he would have plenty of food and coin to clean out Carranza and, incidentally, Uncle Sam also.

Congress is ready to adjourn and what has it done about the H. C. L.? Nothing. And in New York thousands are rioting for bread. What will happen between now and next December?

We have captured the first spring fever germ and chained him to the desk in The Monitor office. No chance of his getting loose and holding us back from trying to gather in all the subscriptions.

Ten minutes after the grand jury ended, Omaha's lids flew off and poker chips flew out. What is a grand jury for anyway?

The South is getting busy patting the Colored people on the back and telling them they never meant all they have done to them, but IT'S TOO LATE NOW!

Five hundred thousand troops are landed in Greece to start the great spring drive and then we keep hearing papers holler, "Peace is waking up and about to slip the olive branch."

There are thousands of regrets about the big fire and the greatest is that there isn't enough left to cast a shadow of a fire sale.

The paper trust says it will behave and cut down the price of paper. Let us hope they do it soon, because The Monitor has contemplated using gold leaf or rolled platinum in the near future if things keep up this way.

Thanking you for your kind attention we will now try and shave the grocery bill.

THE GET ONE CLUB.

Who will be the first member of The Get One Club? We want our subscribers to "Get One New Subscriber for The Monitor." Who will be the first?

Can You Pick a Flaw?

Our plan of selling you a farm and working it for you and selling it to you on monthly payments coupled with crop payments, is said to be one of the nicest and best propositions ever offered the wage-earner in this county. It gives you a chance to become a land owner and yet to continue in your present employment—we make the land help pay for itself.

No one as yet has been able to pick a flaw with our plan. The longer we are before "The People" the less they will try it, for the dividends we will pay will wipe out any skepticism. Our plan is a plan for "The People." Please call in and get one of our books which explains what we are going to do for you.

The Hungerford Potato Growers Association

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