THE MONITOR.

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 con-tribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community and of the race.

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WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?

Charles J. Francke, manager of our city-owned and operated auditorium was solicited by our business manager for an ad for the New York Symphony Orchestra Concert. Mr. Francke's reply was: "We are doing no advertising in weekly papers."

And yet The Examiner, The Excelsior, The Jewish Bulletin, The Mediator, La Stampa, the Italian weekly, and several other weeklies, which are among The Monitor's valued local exchanges, all carried liberal advertisements for this concert.

Oh, well, we'll be charitable about it and simply remark that very evidently someone has-made a mistake.

ADVERTISING

A firm advertises in a class paper because it wants the trade of that class to which the paper goes. It stands to reason that such firms will welcome this class and do its best to please them. We want our patrons to become patrons of our advertisers and the latter will show their appreciation by supporting the paper which our patrons delight to read. It is a case of patronage and appreciation all the way round. No one loses and every one gains.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Public Opinion.

Whenever a word juggler mounts the rostrum to sputter rhetoric into the waiting ears of a weary audience te starts out by talking about public or inion. There ain't no sich animul. It is called "public opinion," but it inn't. The public never had an opinion of its own since Adam and Eve started housekeeping. Public opinion is private opinon shoved on the public. The public doesn't know an idea from a mess of ham and cabbage. Whenever the interests want to create a corner in dear public stuff they hold a secret plush curtain congress, map out a game of talk and then quietly slip it to the press. Then the newspaper digs out the four foot type and throws a scare into the public that makes its knees beat a terrible tattoo. The next day the gent, nickered the editor, comes out and explains the whyfor of the whereas and public opinion is made. Ere long a mouth machine steps to the platform and soft soaps the gathered dumbesses, telling them what "public opinion" wants. He sits down on the cane bottom and the listeners give him the happy noise. They think they are the public and that the talk-geyser has been placing posies on their swelled-out chests. They shake hands v ith themselves and start talking about public opinion. The interests chuckle and get another hundred-year contract for selling yellow clay to the city. It's a great game, public opinion. Push it along.

Obvious Observations

Lawst week a Southe'n crackuh wrote an ahticle in the Bee about keeping the Cullud man out of the ahmy. We were too busy to ansuh, but had we been so disposed we should have said that no country eveh feahed putting a gun into tha hands of citizens whom they had treated justly. Ouch! Who slung that last brick fust?

The newspapers say that the kaiser is considering abdication. That is a mistake. What the kaiser is doing is figuring where to run when the storm breaks.

The Appeal to Reason is publishing some hot stuff on the governmental ownership of railways. Read it, because you will have to vote on the question bye and bye.

Let's see: where did you put that Panama hat and those B. V. D's?

Omaha is becoming so good that last week a gentleman tipped his hat to a lady and the moral squad arrested him for lifting the lid.

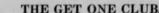
Five men of the Ninth Cavalry sent in subs to The Monitor last week. We are now on the border.

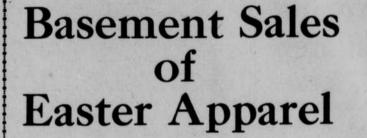
A gentleman of a big corporation asked us last week what the South is going to do if we take away all the Colored people. We replied that we - what became of didn't give a it.

If you want to know whether it is spring or not, walk along Fourteenth street and notice the Colored gentry taking sun baths.

When we hesitated last week whether or not to give friend wife twenty-five beans for a new Easter bonnet, she told us to fork over and thank our lucky stars that we weren't Solomon with 400 bonnets to buy.

Thanking you for your kind at tention, we will now ask the grocer if he will trust us until our subscribers come across with their subscriptions.





Moderate in price but excellent in style and in very wide variety. Buy in the Basement and save.



VIOLINS

DRUMS, DRUMMERS' TRAPS AND SAXOPHONES Violin Outfits \$12.00 and up. Saxophones Manufactured by Frank Holton Co., \$85 and up. Drums \$15 and up. Banjo Mandolin in Fine Keratol Case, \$20.00 Orchestra Bells, \$25 and up Mandolins, \$7 and up Xylophones, \$20 and up Ukuleles, \$6 and up Song Bells, \$65 Ukulele Banjos, \$15 Harmonicas, 10c and up Taro Patch Fiddles, \$20 up Trombones, \$20 and up Guitars, \$12 and up STRINGS AND ALL INSTRUMENT ACCESSORIES Genuine Hawaiian Dolls-Kuu Pe Pe, \$2.50 HOSPE А. CO. 1513-15 Douglas Street ALWAYS



Who will be the next member of The Get One Club? We want our <u>иннинииииииииииииииии</u>иии subscribers to "Get One New Subscriber for The Monitor." Who will be the first?

All news must be in before Wednesday noon, in order to appear the following Saturday.

SMILES

Lawyer-"How large were the hoofs? Were they as large as my feet or my hands?"

Negro witness-"No, sah! They was jus' ordinary sized hoofs, sah!"-Widow.

Small Nebraska farms on easy payments, five acres up. "We farm the farm we sell you." The Hungerford Potato Growers' Assn., 15th and How-ard Sts., Omaha. Douglas 9371.

Smoke John Ruskin Cigar **Biggest and Best 5** Cents