

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 REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.
Luella Skagge Edwards and William Garnett Haynes, Associate Editors.
George Wells Parker, Contributing Editor. Bert Patrick, Business Manager. Fred C. Williams, Traveling Representative

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CONGRESSMEN AGAIN

THE Colored people of Chicago are realizing more fully each year their political strength. Not only so, but they are fast learning the much more difficult lesson of how to use it advantageously. They elect men of their own race to the state legislature, to membership in the city council and to any other position they may desire.

It is reported that an effort is on foot to nominate a Colored man for congress, and with the "I Will!" spirit which animates them they can nominate and elect a congressman.

It is alleged that Edward M. Morris is being groomed to oppose Congressman Madden for the nomination. Congressman Madden has always been such a strong, outspoken friend of the race that in our judgment it would be a pity to displace him at this time. His experience and position in congress makes it possible for him to be of great service, and if Colored Chicagoans set about electing a congressman we would wish that it might be accomplished by the elimination of a man less friendly or less useful than Congressman Madden.

The day is not far distant—it will be within less than ten years—that Colored men will again be members of congress. They will be elected first from the northern states, like Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania, and then from the South. And as Congressman George H. White said in his eloquent and memorable speech when he retired from congress some years ago: "When Colored men again return to congress, as return they will, they will return to stay."

Chicago's suggestion of electing a Colored man to congress from Illinois will some day become an actuality.

THE RED CROSS DRIVE

THE Red Cross is asking for \$100,000,000. Omaha is asked to give \$250,000 towards this sum; and Omaha in this, as in everything else, will go "over the top." This time the drive is not for members, because a large membership was enrolled during the Christmas membership campaign, but for voluntary contributions. Everybody is going to be asked to give something towards this worthy cause. Give your nickels, dimes, quarters and dollars gladly and cheerfully to help the boys—your boys—when sick or wounded or suffering.

Our people made a splendid showing in the Red Cross Christmas membership drive. The general committee has asked Dr. L. E. Britt to act as supervising chairman of our people in the drive May 20-27. The captains who worked so well at Christmas time will have charge of matters now.

Give freely and go "over the top" for the Red Cross.

NEGROES NOW AND AFTER THE WAR

(Editorial from the Omaha Bee.)
PROF. KELLY MILLER, writing in the Southern Workman, discusses the question of the Negro races as affected by the war. Democracy and efficiency are the problems, and the professor expresses some anxiety as to whether his race will advance sufficiently to hold its own in the fierce competition to which economists look as an inevitable outcome of the world's social upheaval. So far as the Negro in America is concerned, he is making good at present. His share in the war has been well upheld, and his position in industry and social life is steadily improving. It is not expected that he will lag in the future, nor lose anything of what he has gained in his half-century of freedom. In Africa, where the Negro problem is simpler than in this country, a new aspect has been given it by the war. The British have more than ever devoted their efforts to the work of organizing the natives for self-government and are bringing them to a degree of democratic efficiency that will answer Prof. Miller's query in the affirmative.

BUTTERFLY DUST

YES, brother and sister, I know that when you shall have read these lines you will murmur, "Butterfly dust," and maybe it is, but even butterfly dust is synthetic and real. Do you live on the window side of life and out of the shadows?

Do you love the sun like a Persian? Does the scent of the rose make you long for gardens and the sound of

sweet music make you dream of peace?

Does the tiny sprout in your lettuce bed make you happy, and does the cheep of the fluffy chick, as it climbs out of the shell, make you wonder?

Does the smile of a baby flood your heart with joy and the ring of childish laughter steal away your years?

Does the warm kiss of your wife bring back the courting days, and are her eyes still pools where tender love lingers?

Does the handclasp of a friend make life's way seem smoother, and does each little success of the day make living sweeter?

Can you still laugh heartily and find pleasure in the happiness of your neighbor?

Is your star still shining away up there, and do you still watch it and reach out for it?

Is the blossom of hope still alive in your bosom, and do you watch over it as you did in the days of youth?

Do you welcome your daily tasks and ask for greater ones to test your strength upon?

Do you utter a prayer of praise for each new sunrise and let each departing day carry away forever your regrets and sorrows?

Do you look upon advancing age with kindly eyes and string each passing year upon a rosary of gold?

These are all little things—oh, such little things! They are only butterfly dust and we are so apt to forget them in the roll of molecules, clouds, stones and suns; but they are the things that count.

Gather the butterfly dust and let the rest go by.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Profiteers

A PROFITEER is an angling graft-er who has jumped into the bank roll baby class on account of the war. Somehow he has nabbed the notion that because Unk Sam wears red and white stripes and some blue, he is nothing more than a concentrated carmine striped candy doll and that it is up to him to get the candy. He toddles up to congress and shows the word geysers wherein he can make aeroplanes, ships, guns, soldier shoes, army clothes and a million other things faster than a toothpick factory can make slivers. Congress bubbles over with joy and after voting more mazuma than ten Croesus's ever knew, sees to it that Mr. Muchdough gets a contract to flim-flam the government. Of course congress doesn't know he is going to flim-flam it. Congress thinks he has more patriotism in his hide than a spud patch has potato bugs. But it only takes a few days and a sleuth investigator to show that Mr. Muchdough is unloading more junk on Unk Sam than has been handled by the Consolidated Junk Dealers for the last fifty years. Then comes an explosion and Mr. Muchdough jumps on to the front page with both big feet flat in a double column. He may be ditched, but he should worry. He got what he wanted while getting was good. He is willing to resign because he has enough dough to wreck the Bank of England. He gathers his bank books into his hind pockets and lets some other mulcting mogul gather his troubles along with several more millions that Unk Sam hands out in the hope that he will get something worth while for his money. There are other profiteers who pass up Unk Sam and lay on the Dear Public. Solomon would write a skit on these, but his supply of asbestos paper is exhausted.

"Where are you going, my pretty, fair maid? Going to the Western Beauty club dance, she said."

LEGAL NOTICE.
ED. F. MOREARTY
Attorney-at-Law.
Bee Building.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT.

To Lena Downs, Non-Resident Defendant:
You are hereby notified that on the 12th day of February, 1918, Edward Downs filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain an absolute decree of divorce from you, on the grounds that you have willfully deserted him, and for more than two years last past. You are further notified that on the 15th day of May, 1918, leave was given the plaintiff by Hon. George A. Day, Judge of the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, to secure service on you by publication.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 24th day of June, 1918.

EDWARD DOWNS.

WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN

Number Three

How War Methods Have Changed Everybody Must Help.

"Hello, Uncle Dan, Jimmie and I have been waiting for you."

"Sorry if I have kept you long," said Uncle Dan. "Your mother has been telling me how bashful I used to be. She said if a girl spoke to me I would blush to my hair roots. Well, I reminded her of the time your father first came to see her and the joke we played on them, so I guess that will hold her for a while."

Continuing, Uncle Dan said: "You want to talk more about the war, do you? Well, war methods have undergone many changes and they are still changing. No two wars are fought alike. In early times, the weapons were stones, clubs, spears, bows and arrows, swords, etc. In this kind of warfare, victory was with the strong right arm. Men of enormous size and strength were the great warriors. The invention of gunpowder, however, has changed all this. It has enabled men to kill one another at a considerable distance, and do it wholesale. The war, as we know it now, is a combination of chemicals, machinery, mathematical calculations and highly trained men. Just think of it! Airplanes, submarines, armored tanks, or caterpillars, poison gases, and curtains of fire are all used for the first time in this war; and they are destructive beyond anything heretofore known."

"The methods followed by the kaiser and his allies are simply devilish. He must answer in history to the killing of thousands of innocent women and children. He has broken every international law and every rule of warfare; he has bombarded hospitals and undefended cities, sunk Red Cross ships on errands of mercy; he has destroyed cathedrals and priceless treasures of art that can never be replaced; he has made slaves of his prisoners; he has tried to get us into war with Japan; his emissaries have blown up our ships, burned our factories and fired our forests. He knows no mercy or honor. The most charitable view to take of this blood-thirsty tyrant is that he is crazy."

"One thing is certain," continued Uncle Dan, with great emphasis, "Our liberty, the safety of our homes and our country, and the security of the world demand the speedy and absolute overthrow of the kaiser and crushing out once and forever the reign of Prussian brutality."

"How about the German people," said Billie.

Uncle Dan replied: "The splendid German people were happy, thrifty, prosperous and contented. They have been tricked into war and made to suffer the tortures of the damned; they have been cruelly and systematically deceived. God grant that the real facts may get to them, and if they do, Lord help the kaiser!"

"Of course the allies will win," said Mrs. Graham.

"Probably so," said Uncle Dan. "But if we are to win, we must go the limit. We must check the awful destruction to shipping by the German submarines, or we may not be able to get food and supplies to our own men and to our allies; we must also put hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of first-class soldiers in the battle line."

"Food is the first consideration," Uncle Dan continued. "No army can hold out against hunger. It has been said that food will win the war, and this is largely true. Hence the importance of the farm in the war plans of our country."

Mrs. Graham interrupted by saying: "In view of the importance of farming, don't you think, Daniel, that the farmers ought to be exempted from war service?"

"No, a thousand times no," said Uncle Dan, striking the table so hard to emphasize his protest that he tipped over a vase of flowers. "We must have no class legislation. The duty to serve is the common duty of all, and no class must be relieved of this obligation. The question of exemption must be a personal one and decided by the facts surrounding each case. In no other way can we have a square deal, and to insure this, it is the duty of congress to pass immediately the Chamberlain bill, or some such measure, which is fair to all classes. It would settle all these questions and do it fairly. Safety now and safety hereafter demands such legislation, and let me suggest that you and your friends get busy with your congressman and senators and urge them to prompt action."

"It is time for us to realize that we are not living in a fool's paradise; that this great country of ours cost oceans of blood and treasure and it is only due to the loyalty, sacrifice and service of our forefathers that we have a country, and it is our highest duty to preserve it unimpaird and pass it on to posterity, no matter what the cost may be. Our citizenship and their ancestors came from all parts of the world to make this country a home and enjoy its blessings and opportunities; hence, in the crisis before us, it is the duty of everyone to stand squarely back of our country and be prepared to defend the flag. Everyone in this crisis is either pro-American or pro-German. Great as the country is, there is not room enough for two flags."

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

OLD SOL isn't kiddin' a bit these days. He's making up for lost time.

"Allies Waiting for New German Offensive," say the headlines. Dog-gone it, Montmorency, why the dickens don't they start an offensive of their own? This thing of always waiting for the other guy to start something isn't bringing down the persimmons.

At the last count there were 44,571 cullud men looking for cuts from the political pie.

A weekly newspaper needs coin the same as an automobile needs gasoline, so come across, brother, and let us hear a chink in the old derby.

Round 1—Borghlum scores a solar plexus blow. Round 2—Borghlum hit amidships and somewhat groggy. Round 3—(Report later.)

Never mind, Sam, watermelon time will soon be with us. It is the only thing Georgia has that we admire.

If the new city commission does all that it promises to do, the millenium won't have anything on us. Let us sit tight and see.

No man ever knows the elasticity of patience until he either gets married or owns an automobile.

If you like The Monitor drop us a card once in a while and say so. Even an editor likes a word of praise sometimes. It is no picnic digging up all this newsy junk for the edification of your think tank.

Thanking you profoundly for your courteous attention, we will now dinner on our cup of milk and two hard biscuits.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST ADVISES STONING RESIDENTS

St. Louis, Mo.—The Rev. T. J. Walsh, priest of St. Ann's Roman Catholic church, at Whittier and Page streets, told his communicants at mass on a recent Sunday morning that the Negroes were "hovering over the white people like airplanes over a battlefield." He advised them to stone the invaders out of the neighborhood, and, coming to the front of the chancel, announced that if there were any Negroes in the audience they should know that they were not welcome—to stay away from his church.

The home of a Colored family, 4233 West Cook street, has been stoned several times in the past few days and considerable damage has been done to windows.

We are all learning the blessedness of giving these days.

Help the Red Cross!

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