

THE MONITOR

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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter July 2, 1915, at the Postoffice at Omaha, Neb., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$2.00 A YEAR; \$1.00 6 MONTHS; 60c 3 MONTHS
Advertising Rates, 60 cents an inch per issue.
Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Neb.
Telephone Webster 4245.

Two Big Questions Remain Unanswered

WHEN IS COLONEL YOUNG TO BE RECALLED?

WHEN ARE COLORED RED CROSS NURSES TO BE CALLED INTO SERVICE?

THESE two important matters have been "on the lap of the gods" since June. One would think that "the gods" are becoming a little tired, if not benumbed by holding such a heavy burden on their lap so long.

MULLEN MEMBER FIGWORT FAMILY

AN obscure individual by the name of Arthur Mullen, who is supposed to have some influence with the democratic party, localwise, statewide, nationwide and otherwise—but just what that influence is is not quite plain, unless it have something to do with the supposed efficacy of the figwort to cure scrofula, and, speaking botanically, mullen is a figwort—got into the newspapers the other day. Queer things happen these days. Therefore, think it not strange that a very common, ordinary weed got into the press, or rather blew into the ink, and the blur it made has been thus interpreted:

"The government made a mistake in giving the vote to Negroes, and I don't want to make another mistake by giving it to women."

What striking originality, what awesome sapience, what matchless modesty, what marvelous altruism, what masterful consciousness of potency and determination to save civilization from the menace of votes for women this epigrammatic pronouncement reveals!

Oh, Mullen, Mullen, Mullen! Thou art the rare plant for which the ages waited! Take thy place, high and exalted, beside the other fast vanishing members of the figwort family, Vardaman, Blease, Hoke Smith, John Sharp Williams and others of like species, which soon can only be found, shrivelled and dry, in some rare herbarium.

Suffrage for women is coming. Suffrage for all American citizens, black as well as white, is coming in every section of this country and throughout the republics of the world.

The one "mistake" that neither intelligent women nor Negroes will make will be to vote for one of thy species.

"Mullen. Noun. A tall, stout, woolly weed of the figwort family."

IT SOUNDS SO QUEER

IN the Critic and Guide, a medical magazine edited by Dr. W. H. Robinson of New York, the editor arises in wrath against the doctors of a certain southern city because they refused to perform an abortion upon a white woman who claimed to be bearing a child, the result of a rape upon her by a Negro man. Now it may be true that we laymen are not initiated into the mystic study of medicine and are not able to judge the lines of right and wrong as is the worthy editor, but we venture the opinion that forcible rape is seldom attended by conception. In fact, an authoritative work upon medicine which we have just consulted, tells us that such a thing is almost an impossibility. Therefore we rather think that the doctor is unwise to bring suspicion upon the white woman of the south, whose modesty and rectitude have been palladiums of South-

ern chivalry for so long a time. It would have been better had the eminent doctor allowed the white woman to have her Colored baby quietly, because the weight of medical opinion suggests that it was not the child of rape. There may be more than one reason why the honorable physicians of that southern city balked at an abortion that only meant to hide something which they bitterly hated.

SYMPATHY

OUR tender sympathy goes out to our friend, William Monroe Trotter, able, fearless and forceful editor of the Boston Guardian, in the great bereavement that has come to him by the death of his cultured wife, Mrs. Trotter, with her rare gifts of mind and heart, was in every sense a worthy helpmeet of her distinguished husband. Her literary ability and business training and acumen enabled her to render valuable assistance upon the splendid publication to which Mr. Trotter has devoted his life and unusual ability. Thoroughly sympathetic with him in his views, aims and ideals, her place cannot be filled. She filled a large and helpful place in the life of the community.

VARDY'S LACK OF LOGIC

THE other day Vardy, of Mississippi, threw a fit in the U. S. senate and showed the gentlemen from various burghs that woman suffrage paved the boulevard for social equality and that social equality meant amalgamation and amalgamation meant ruin to the Anglo-Saxon race. We wish Vardy would go more easy on his logic, because he's trying to make the world believe that he has an immortal cinch on learning and wisdom and we are trying to do all we can to flim flam the world into believing that Vardy is a real duck on gray matter. But when he brings across such junk as the above, we just must take a swat at his think tank. As far as we are able to learn there is only one part of the U. S. A. that practices amalgamation on a large scale and that is Vardy's own section of the country. There are white men all over the South who have white wives and Colored wives and are rearing families with both. If this practice is going to put the kibosh on the Caucasian, why not stop it? Thousands of genteel white women are legitimately married to Colored men and rearing babies for them, but no one ever hears their husbands yelling that such relations are going to wreck the Colored race. Vardy ought to slow up on this kind of booh, because some of these days some free lance is going to get his goat and there won't be anything left of it but a door mat or a pair of good gloves. So ease up on the brimstone stuff, Vardy; ease up. We want to be with you, but if you keep up this kind of publicity, we'll have to prove an alibi.

THE FERMENT

IN the science of chemistry we become acquainted with a strange force known as ferment which, when once started, never stops until some transformation is complete. When the world war started, democracy was scarcely thought of as a factor in the determination of the great issues, yet somehow its ferment started and today it is transforming the world and every phase of human thought. Here in our own country it has taken on new meaning and there is a deeper consciousness of worth than ever before. It may not have been meant for the Negro, but it has caught the Negro in its transformation of values and is making him more strong, more fearless and more determined. The war will bring into birth new nations, new thoughts, new ideas, and it will also bring in a new Negro. We do not know what garments of glory may be woven for our world in the looms of the years to be, but we feel that it will not be without vital compensations for us and for our children. We cannot possibly be left out as a factor in the final equation.

THE WAY OF THE CAUCASIAN

THE more we see of American life, the more we are convinced that it is the determination of some white men to give the Negro as little credit as possible for anything he may do or attempt to do. Recently Collier's Weekly published a pictorial album entitled "Collier's New Photographic History of the World's War." It contains hundreds of pictures of everything from the fighting man to the pictures of battles and of all engines of war from guns to aerial fleets. In the entire book there is but one picture having Negroes in it and that is a picture of a southern camp, depicting two Negroes serving coffee to white soldiers. The legend beneath the picture reads: "Trench life is not so bad as at a cantonment, when good-natured Negroes bring the meals to the men who are digging in. The cantonments in the south have an advantage in the winter." Isn't it rather odd that of all the black troops, Americans as well as French colonials, who have played such an important part on the western front, none were found worthy of a picture in such a work?

PLAGIARISM IN THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE

IN the October number of the Champion, an "historian" writes of Toussaint l'Ouverture under the caption of The History of The African Race. The article is fine, very fine, as we all realize when we read Wendell Phillips' great lecture. What we cannot understand is why this "historian" borrows whole pages from books and leaves the reader under the impression that they are his own. A man can put one over now and then, but brother, don't try to put something over that is memorized by thousands of the race. If you have a brain that is big enough, start out to try and emulate the famous Phillips, but don't rob him of his glory. Of course he is dead and can't strike back, but he may still have some who revere his memory.

SEWING LESSONS

I will teach you how to sew in the shortest time and by methods with which you can do your own or others' sewing in the best possible manner. Call or write for catalogue and full information. Mrs. C. Ridley, 1922 North Twenty-fifth street.—Adv.

FITZGERALD

Candidate for

Police Magistrate



A judge of exemplary character. One who has never drawn the line of distinction between religion or race. He has served the people during the past two years as police magistrate and his conduct has been such that he is justly entitled to a second term. No matter what your politics are, you should vote for JAMES M. FITZGERALD for re-election as police magistrate.

Obvious Observations

Der Kaiser has now learnt dot ve vas de inventors of de shell game, und dot he can't slip der pea over us, vat?

This Spanish flu business is getting on our nerves. We wish it would hurry up and "flu" the coop somewhere else.

Every day is a day for subscribers to pay for their subscriptions, Mabul. We don't mind our city commissioners staging prize fights, but please advertise them and let the citizens into the Council Chamber to get an eye-ful.

Six billions weren't so many after all, were they?

These pincers and bottles and other articles which Friend Foche is putting on the Germans are surely hardware.

The fight isn't over yet, but the end is so close that we can hear the dove of peace flapping her wings.

When it comes to squeezing out of a tight corner, Woody has world diplomacy looking like an orphan too late for a picnic.

We've got quinine plenty, but where's the wherewith that usually accompanies quinine in large doses?

We wonder what Kaiser Bill dreams about at nights?

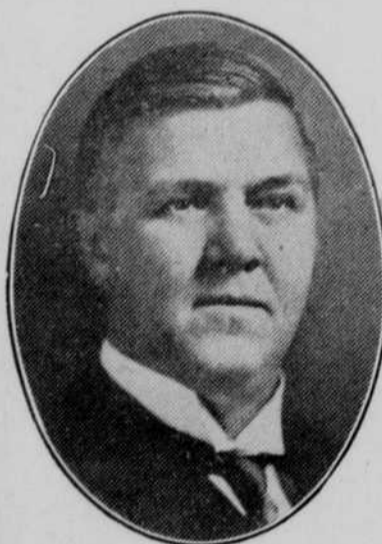
Thanking you kindly for your undivided attention, we will now tuck some rags in the outer windows.

SKITS OF SOLOMON

The Flu

SPANISH FLU is a sudden visitor in the U. S. A. and is creating much havoc with the population. Just how long ago Old Man LaGrippe grew aristocratic and wanted to claim ancestry with the Dons of Spain, we do not know; but one thing is certain, we are after him hot and heavy. We don't mind missing an occasional service at church, at the movies or at the show, but when we have to miss them constantly, it makes us warm under the collar. There is only one fraction of the vast population that feels like handing flu the happy mitt and that is the population frequenting the buildings known as public schools. The rest of the total is sore and determined to finish the flu at any cost.

The death average is climbing too high and the grave diggers are kept too busy. Some folks try to lay it on the Kaiser, but if the Kaiser was that wise he would have cleaned France and England several years ago. The flu has some sort of a bug for an agent and when we get the full name of that bug and his pedigree, woe unto him and his progeny for generations to come. Some physicians claim that red eye is the best preventative against Mr. Flu, but what good does that advice do us who inhabit a dry state and can't borrow a smell without fishing up a century and costs? The difficult thing is we don't know whether flu travels by rail, telephone or wireless, but the one hope we all have is that whatever may be his method of travel, we hope he gets wrecked!



ALBERT W. JEFFERIS, Republican Candidate for Congress.



G. W. HOLMES

TONSORIAL PARLOR

First class Shaving and Hair Cutting.

Try Our Electric Clippers.
1832 North 24th St.

Buy Your Copy of

The Children of the Sun

NOW!

In this book George Wells Parker, author and historian, smashes traditions, overturns historians and proves the

African Race the Greatest Race of History

25 cents per copy

Cash or money order. No stamps

The Hamitic League of the World

933 North 27th Street

Omaha, Nebraska

NORTH SIDE BOOSTERS



Sergt.-Major E. W. Killingsworth
At O. T. Camp Pike, Ark.



R. C. Price
At Home on the Job

The Alamo Barber Shop and Pocket Billiard Parlor

The best equipped shop in the state. Leading shop of the city. Baths, plain and shower. Cultured barbers.

KILLINGSWORTH & PRICE, Props.

R. D. Jackson, Foreman.

Phone Webster 5784.

2416 North 24th Street.

UNCLE SAM NEEDS OUR MEN. LET THE
PORO SYSTEM
TAKE CARE OF YOU



PORO SYSTEM COMPANY

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Dept. U

OSBORNE 2506 NORTH 24TH ST. WEBSTER 1412

- Women's Dark Grey, High Cloth Top Shoes, \$8.00 value, for.....\$5.98
- Boys' Heavy Solid School Shoes, regular \$4.50 value, for.....\$3.50
- Girls' High Top Dark Brown Shoes, regular \$5.50 value, for.....\$3.98
- Men's Dark Brown Shoes, regular \$9.00 value, for.....\$6.75
- Men's Dress Pants, \$3.50 value, for.....\$2.75
- Men's Hosiery, pair.....25c
- Women's Waists, at.....\$1.25
- Boys' Wash Suits, ages 2 to 6, at.....\$1.45
- Men's Arrow Brand Shirts.....\$1.98
- Men's Monarch Shirts.....99c

Millinery, Bungalow Aprons, Children's Dresses, Hosiery, Notions.
25 PER CENT UNDER DOWNTOWN PRICES