

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.

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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 4243.

Important Notice

Owing to the increased cost of publication, a new schedule of prices having gone into effect October 10th, The Monitor is compelled to increase its advertising rates. The new rates became effective November 1st. Our circulation has rapidly increased since our former rates were established and therefore we should have raised our rates correspondingly before this time. There is a great demand for advertising space in our columns and for this, of course, there is a reason. Increased cost of publication compels us, and increased circulation justifies us, in advancing our advertising rates. Remember, please, that the new rates for advertisements went into effect November 1st.

Another important matter: The war industries board has ordered newspapers and magazines to cut off all complimentary copies, etc., to send papers only to bona fide Paid Subscribers, all subscriptions being payable in advance, and to allow no returned unsold copies from newsboys and agents. This means, of course, that if you wish to receive the paper regularly through the mail, which is the wisest and safest way, YOU MUST PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE. It means that agents must pay for whatever number of copies they order.

The Monitor has been quite lenient with delinquent subscribers, believing them and still believing them to be honest and therefore willing to pay their subscriptions. The ruling of the war industries board compels us to secure payment from all subscribers or else stop sending them the paper. We don't want to stop your paper. We don't believe you want us to stop it. We want to continue sending it to you every week and we want you to help us double our subscription list by sending us a new subscriber. Don't compel us to stop your paper. Please send in your subscription promptly by check, draft or post office money order. Subscription price \$2.00 a year.

of all countries, did not want war and they fought against it. Through governmental power they were squelched and though some left the party for the proverbial handful of silver, others remained and did not hesitate to stand by their convictions. Prison has been their reward, but in the light of the European upheavals they will probably not remain long behind grim walls. The prospects are that out of the European chaos shall come a multitude of socialist governments and it is only a matter of time when socialism will dictate the politics of Europe.

America, while decrying and punishing socialists, has appropriated their tenets by the dozens. Food control, industrial control, national regulation of wages, public management of public utilities, regional banks, these and many more are purely socialist. Let us not think that socialism in America is dead. The fire test of war has purged the party of some great names whose faith faltered and whose manhood cringed, but is not dead. After the war it will come to life with added power and greatness and will cause much disquietude to political parties whose sum of religion is the exploitation of the people. At the present moment world socialism seems to be the handwriting upon the wall. Its success or failure lies with the socialists themselves.

AN UNKNOWN GENIUS

He is a wonderful genius, that democrat that printed cards and passed them out in front of church doors, asking the Colored voter to support the democratic ticket because Wilson wrote an article upon lynching. We would like to know something about the size of his brain, the angle of his cephalic index and the contour of his physiognomy. We would like to know his name so that we might write it alongside of Aristotle, Voltaire and Shakespeare. If we could but glimpse him we would have him done in Parisian marble or bronze, so that he might stand in our museum forever, a silent monument to the triumph of human thought and mortal ingenuity. Why should such mentality hide itself under a bushel? Why does he not come forth and let us behold his Jovian brow and intellectual eyes? Are we to go down to our graves bereft of the opportunity of knowing this human quiescence of intelligence, this marvel of wisdom and this epitome of learning? Who is he that fathered this jovial bit of junk?

SKITS OF SOLOMON

Choosing Friend Wife

A good wife is the handiest ornament a man can have around the shack called home, provided when he starts out to look for one he doesn't go too heavy on the ornament part and forget the wife end. A woman can be all ornament, look like the aurora borealis on a charged night and be covered with jewels that make her sound like a South Dakota hail-storm every time she moves, and then fall short as an artistic juggler of pancakes and cod fish balls. Try and get the unexpected drop on Mabul sometime and Sherlock her daily propensities. If you find her reading, "One Thousand and One Ways to Compound a Dish of Hash," beat it to the dispenser of cinch circlelets and ask him to let you oggle his outlay of Kimberleys. Then when you see her again, tell her you've had a nice chat with the bungalow builder and he has agreed to get busy on a five-room nest for five centuries down and so much per. Then she will start telling you, while her head digs into your heart compartment, about the kind of kitchen range she wants and the style of kitchen cabinet. At that psychological moment, haul out the expensive little hunk of pure carbon and ask her which finger to slip it on. You wouldn't be able to guess the right one in nine chances.

But friend male anticipator, if you find her snuggled up in a wilderness of sofa pillows, reading "The Smashed Heart or the Past She Left Behind Her," pussyfoot it out the front door and leave your card in the mail box. The chance is too long and she has as much chance making an A-1 home queen as a prehistoric hipos has of winning the next derby.

CLERKS TO BE APPOINTED

Washington, D. C.—The War Risk Insurance Bureau has sent out a call for 200 Colored clerks without regard to civil service. Young women are preferred and if men apply, must be over draft age.

UNDERTAKER'S SERVICES MUCH IN DEMAND

Pittsburg, Pa.—As a result of the many deaths among the white people in this city from the Spanish influenza, Colored undertakers were called on to assist the local white undertakers in burying the dead.

DON'T FORGET!

In his proclamation announcing the signing of the armistice President Wilson said:
"My Fellow Countrymen: The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist BY EXAMPLE, by sober, friendly counsel, and by neutral aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world."
Fine words, Mr. President. Don't forget US and AFRICA!

Obvious Observations

PEACE AT LAST! Nuff sed.
Said the kaiser to the Clown Prince, "Son, it looks like rain and I dink vee better go, vot?"
Claudie, the limburger candidate crawled out with 249 votes, 248 cast by folks who didn't know who he was. The administration better make hay while the sun shines for the next two years, because it is never again.
When you see The Monitor collector coming, make a noise like counting change.
Say, Bo! friend Roscoe of the Simons hinge is some pumpkin, eh? If he doesn't dodge real fast, the race will lasso him when they get ready to choose a new general.
"The H. C. L. will be with us for several years yet," say the wise guys. Gosh, we never were hurt till then.
Plain Mr. Bill Hohenzollern should draw a blue line under the first phrase of Hosea 8:7. If he had done it before his partnership mitt God would not have gone bankrupt.
Everybody wonders, "When will the boys come home?" We don't know when they will come, but there will be a hot time in the old towns when they hit the gravel.
Buddy, there's no two ways about it. The Monitor is putting Omaha on the map.
Don't think you will wear out your welcome, Roscoe. Our mitt is out any old time and the latch key on the door stays loose.
A friend informed us that he found eleven eggs under his porch and felt richer than the guy who found Golconda. So would we.
Thanking you for your courteous snoozes, we will now toddle down Main street and sing the blues to the rent man.
CHILDREN OF THE SUN A TEXT BOOK
A letter from New York was received last week and informed The Hamitic League of the World that George Wells Parker's book, "The Children of the Sun," had been introduced as a text book into the parochial schools of New York City and that it will be adopted for study by the Sunday schools of that city. Interest is being awakened throughout the country and letters are coming from all parts for information. Steps have already been taken to introduce the work into Africa and other distant parts of the world where Colored populations are large.
A REPUBLICAN DAILY'S ANSWER TO DISFRANCHISEMENT
A correspondent asks if there is no way in which the southern states can be compelled to adopt the universal suffrage, the same as in the north. Not so long as the states have the fundamental right of regulating the ballot. General terms of the federal constitution are ostensibly complied with throughout the south, but peculiar provisions have been adopted to defeat the spirit of the law. In most of the offending states an educational or property qualification is sufficient to withhold the vote from a large proportion of the otherwise legally fitted voters. In various ways the voting privilege is restricted, and none of these is likely to be abandoned unless a more efficient substitute can be provided, so long as the existing oligarchy continues to rule in that section. The change will come when the democratic leaders of the south become ashamed of their present tactics, and not before.
This was clipped from the Omaha Daily Bee. Can you beat it? "When the democratic leaders of the south become ashamed." Gosh! Is that what the republican party thinks about it?

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Omaha, Nebraska

RECALL OF COLONEL YOUNG

A NEWS item from Washington advises that "military necessity" has demanded the calling of Colonel Young to army service and that he has been ordered to report to Camp Grant for active duty.
"Military necessity!" Ahem! It makes one smile and the smile expand into a grin and the grin into a hearty ha, ha! We thought the war was over. If this action had been taken some months ago when the demand for tried and capable officers was represented as being imperative our civilian brain might have been able to understand the "military necessity" which then was urgent; but after the war is over—well, please excuse us, it so appeals to our sense of humor that we have to laugh.

MAYOR SMITH MAKES GOOD SUGGESTION

MAYOR SMITH has suggested that on Thanksgiving Day a great united Thanksgiving service be held in the Auditorium in which all creeds, colors and races shall unite to return thanks for victory. The idea is a good one and should be acted upon. In such a service Jews, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Protestants of all kinds and all classes can take part without any compromise of principle. As all classes and creeds have fought together it does seem most fitting that they should return thanks to the Giver of all victory together.

The fact that in several states Colored men have been elected to the legislature, and in many cases by a largely white constituency, shows that we are making substantial progress in democracy in the United States.

The Teutons complain that the peace terms are drastic. Not nearly drastic enough to repay the evil that they have done in their insatiable lust for world dominion.

We wonder if those St. Louisians who elected Riley to the legislature thought they were voting for an Irishman? Well, pon my soul, Riley, you are doing quite well.

PEACE

The monster guns are silenced and arms are stacked today upon the fields of France. The war weary world that forgot how to laugh is learning the craft again and forgetting the days of sorrow. Into human hearts has stolen a restfulness that is sweeter than the winds that blow o'er Malwa's land of sleep and hands have turned from the work of destruction to the work of construction. The wastes of France and Belgium shall bloom again, and the birds will sing their matins to the morning sun and the home of industry will again become the music of the world. Peace is beautiful, but—

Peace has brought us burdens, burdens that shall bow down the backs of children unto the third and fourth generation. For the sake of peace we pick up our burdens gladly, but why war? It need not have been. In both war and peace it is the people who suffer. The rich have reaped gold and power; the poor have reaped sorrow and oppression. At this moment the world, aren't both war and peace after war ghastly jokes?

We stack our arms, but let us, the people, not sleep upon them. Peace has come because the people of the Central powers wrested the power from the war lords and brought peace. Now let the people of the world wrest the war making power from kings, cabinets and congresses, and there will always be peace. No people ever wanted war and for that reason alone should a declaration of war be the people's right. And until the people take this right the world will go on, warring and bleeding and dying, just for the sake of the interim called peace. Banish war and there will be no need to make peace.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR SOCIALISM

Little did President Wilson dream that when he enunciated the slogan, "To make the world safe for democracy," that to make the world safe for socialism would be what would really come to pass. After the St. Louis convention, the American press declared that socialism was dead. Socialists of America, like the socialists

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