

THE MONITOR

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans.

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OUR GREATEST WEAKNESS

WITHIN a short time there is to be a meeting of the Negro Press Association and at Nashville there will be a gathering together of newspaper men from all over the country. We do not know as yet what the program is to be, but we hope for one thing that the association takes up and discusses the subject of the utter selfishness of the Negro press. It is the one thing most patent to anyone who reads and studies our journalism. There are a few Negro newspapers that will not come in for a scoring under this discussion, but the most of them are so selfish that it is a wonder that they can exist and appeal to the race for support.

If a person pick up the average Negro newspaper, it is a fact that he will never know that another Negro paper exists anywhere in the United States. Whether the editors are afraid to mention other papers for fear that it will add to the other's subscription list and decrease their own, may or may not be the reason, but if it be the reason it is a foolish one. If the Negro newspapers of the country were to co-operate and become mutually helpful to one another, there would come forth financial results that would be surprising and beneficial to every one. Several race men have attempted from time to time to establish a Negro press bureau, but their efforts invariably fail because the average Negro editor doesn't intend to pay one red cent for news. He is satisfied to clip and borrow and appropriate from other papers news that is stale and worn out, and then wonders why it is that people don't want to read his paper.

Let him stop a moment and consider the cause for such effect and when he discovers that it is pure selfishness, let him carry his conclusions to the press conference and get busy.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN HISTORY

THE MONITOR appreciates the courtesy extended it in receiving a copy of Prof. John W. Cromwell's new book, "The Negro in American History." The very first thing that impressed us with it was its appearance. Many race publications have a cheap look and cheaper typographical makeup, but this book is exceptionally pleasing as respects these two factors which go far toward the ultimate success of any literary publication.

Some one has said that history is the biography of great men and undoubtedly the author had this mind when writing this most valuable contribution to race literature. It is largely a biography of great Negroes and intensely interesting from the fact that it offers the most complete biographies written upon them. The scholarly attainments of the author are vividly expressed in the method of treating his subjects, for they are not burdened with useless surplusage and mediocrity. All the facts necessary are there and they are presented in simple and elegant language.

We are pleased to have had the honor of receiving a copy and urge all our readers to secure one as early as possible. It should be in every home, a source of knowledge and pride to every man and woman and an unending source of inspiration and pleasure to every boy and girl.

THE NEW VENTURE IN JOURNALISM

THERE has come to The Monitor office the first copy of the new weekly, "Our Boys and Girls," and it is a most welcome little journal. It is something absolutely new in the field of race effort and should receive the good will and support of every Negro newspaper in the United States. It is clean, uplifting and wholesome reading for our young people and should have a most promising future. We congratulate the editor upon his accomplishment and hope to be of material assistance to him in building up the subscription list of "Our Boys and Girls."

We do not doubt but that a number of race journals will make the public acquainted with the fact that our youth is to have a paper all its own and we hope that the rest may overcome their selfishness long enough to give this paper a word or two of merit which it well deserves.

CHAOS IN EUROPE

THERE is chaos in Europe today and it seems that those of us who dreamed a dream of peace may awaken some beautiful morning to find that the war drums are un-muffled and hell loosened again.

The following bit of news has come across the seas and it is a bit disquieting. "It can be stated that a situation exists in Europe under which the war may break out again at any moment. The allied war council has arrived at a decision which means that the British people have mistaken the appearance of peace for the reality. This decision means that the new British ministry must revise the whole scheme of army demobilization."

Isn't it provoking? But then it is something that the careful students of events have all along suspected. The savagism of the Caucasian has been awakened; his blood lust has been aroused. For years he has satiated this craving upon feeble peoples, but now he is satiating it upon his own. We should worry. If they haven't the brains and forethought to realize the ultimate effect, it is not our duty to supply their ignorance. We believe that the American people will favor the "hands off" policy if bedlam breaks loose again, because there can be no reason why we should wreck ourselves in order to save a country that apparently does not wish to be saved. We have done our part and our security lies in our attending to our own affairs and leaving Europe alone.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

Our soldiers are still fighting up around Archangel and the allies are considering sending more up that way. What is up in that God forsaken land of ice and snow that the allies want, anyway?

The Colored folks of Martinique are kicking because France is thinking of handing them over to the U. S. A. We don't blame them a bit. If they know what we know, they will keep on kicking.

The reason why folks like The Monitor is because it has got a lot of real race news that no other Negro paper gets. How do we do it? Easy, brother; easy.

If your boy or girl getting their own paper, "Our Boys and Girls?" If not, subscribe for it and surprise them.

Ex-King Manuel of Portugal is having a hot time trying to climb into the kingly cushions again, what?

Chief Moshesh of Basutoland has adopted prohibition. That sure will hurt the white traders who get rich peddling rotten red eye. Wish we could shake hands with Moshesh.

Shake loose those two shekels for the paper, friend. The free doing days have gone bye bye.

The Phi Delta girls say that when it comes to advertising The Monitor has surely got 'em. Ditto ladies.

Thanking you kindly for your sincere appreciation of these prose epics, we will now rubber out the window and see if a robin is making that noise.

SKITS OF SOLOMON Advertising

Advertising is the gentle art of harnessing the attention of folks and lassoing an order for something. Some folks think that advertising doesn't pay and these generally measure up to the mummies who decorate the scenery of museums. If you have got something you want to get rid of, you have to make a noise like advertising. Again, advertising is what brings the nifty little paper to your door weekly. If you think that the two bones per annum you lay down for the paper pays for its up keep, you have one more guess coming. Advertising is what keeps the thing going and there is never any advertising unless results show up. That is why every editor is always using the megaphone and telling his readers to patronize his advertisers. If you will oggle The Monitor columns you will find places to buy everything you need from two hours after you're born to a million years after you're dead, and when you come down to real pork and beans philosophy, that's going some. Monitor advertisers don't charge you any more than anyone else and in most cases, they are more reasonable. That is why we want you to toddle around once in a while and look them over

and tell them that The Monitor told you to. It will help you and help your paper. We are sweating when it is 40 below trying to dish up a newsy mental menu for you and the best way for you to show your appreciation of our efforts is to make a noise like satisfaction. Help along the advertiser and the advertiser will help us and we will help you. That's reciprocity and the kind where nobody loses anything anytime.

COMMON DISCOURTESY

COLLECTORS who go among Colored people usually have a full supply of discourtesy on hand which they dispose of among their patrons. Some of them have little or no respect for those with whom they come in contact. They go into Colored homes with their hats on and call the women by their first names, regardless as to who they are.

A case in point is one that occurred about a year ago in Savannah, Ga. A Colored mail carrier's wife complained to her husband that a certain white collector, who worked for a leading furniture house, insisted on coming in their house with his hat on, in spite of her objections to his conduct. When the Colored man saw the collector he told him not to enter his house again in that manner. It happened that a few days afterwards when the Colored man was going home to lunch, he saw this collector enter his house in the same manner with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth. Well, you can guess what happened. The Colored man threw the collector out and gave him a thrashing. He then went to the police court and paid his fine of \$25, and told the judge he was ready to pay it again if this collector repeated his performance.

When the management heard of the trouble, they sent for the Colored man and apologized to him for the conduct of this white collector, reimbursing him for the \$25 fine he had to pay out, and then fired the collector.

Still there are Colored women who permit agents and collectors to walk right in with their hats on, call them "Molly Cottontail," "Sal Scroggins," or any other old name and all they do is grin and stand around like prancing jackasses.—Tampa Bulletin.

NEGRO HEROES OF THE WAR

War has sinister markings of its own, in all sufficiency. There is no room for the color line across its horrid front. Such is the thought that suggests itself afresh, for there have been other events calling to mind the gallantry of our Colored troops, to one who reads the news from Paris, of 124 American Negro soldiers being decorated by French authorities.

"For extraordinary heroism under fire"—that is, as translated, the line of commendation that goes with the medals and war crosses conferred in this highly satisfactory instance. The words sweep aside every consideration other than that of soldiery merit. The man who dares and does, he is the man for all this and all that.

It is a matter of curious interest to note the wide geographical sources of the regiments represented by the boys honored at Paris. These bodies of Colored fighters came from Massachusetts and Ohio in the north, from Washington, D. C., from South Carolina, Maryland and Tennessee. The courage and capacity of Negroes militant from New York have won recognition also on the fields of France.—World.

THE NEGRO TROOPS

Certainly, if Negroes were good enough to serve us in the fighting line, they are good enough to vote with us at the polls. Certainly if their bodies could be made a barrier between the hun and our homes, they should have a guaranteed freedom from the petty inequalities which have hampered them since the end of the civil war in advancing to a higher state of civilization. Certainly they have won exemption from the "Jim Crow cars," from "nigger heaven," and from the crude restrictions of some states upon holding property, and from all those other marks of race prejudice which have scarred the history of their treatment.

There are natural barriers erected between the white and black races—social differences and temperamental divergencies; but in politics, in government, and in ordinary affairs, such artificial division should not be tolerated. The constitution of the United States is against it. We cannot allow American Negroes to fight and die for our country and then deprive them of any of the liberties of our country.—Globe.

NEW BOOK UPHOLDS LYNCHING

New York, Feb. 7.—The Neale Publishing company has just issued a book by Winfield H. Collins, entitled the "Truth About Lynching and the Negro in the South." It is, in effect, an effort to justify lynching and a plea that "the south be made safe for the white race."

The Kiddies' Korner

MADRE PENN

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN PART II

"I rebelled against the king of the Genu. To punish me he shut me up in this vase of copper, and he put on the leaden cover his seal, which is enchantment enough to prevent my coming out. Then he had the vase thrown into the sea. During the first period of my captivity I vowed that if anyone should free me before a hundred years were passed, I would make him rich even after his death. But that century passed, and no one freed me. In the second century I vowed that I would give all the treasure in the world to my deliverer; but he never came.

In the third, I promised to make him a king, to be always near him, and to grant him three wishes a day; but that century passed away as the other two had, and I remained in the same plight. At last I grew angry at being a captive so long, and I vowed that if anyone would release me I would kill him at once, and would only allow him to "choose in what manner he should die. So you see, as you have freed me today, choose in what way you will die.

The fisherman was very unhappy. "What an unlucky man I am to have freed you! I implore you to spare my life."

"I have told you," said the genius, "that it is impossible, choose quickly; you are wasting time."

The fisherman began to devise a plot. "Since I must die," he said, "before I choose the manner of my death, I conjure you on your honor to tell me if you really were in that vase?"

"Yes, I was," answered the genius. "I really cannot believe it," said the fisherman. "That vase could not contain one of your feet even, and how could your whole body go in? I cannot believe it unless I see you do the thing."

Then the genius began to change himself into smoke, which, as before, spread over the sea and the shore, and which, then collecting itself together, began to go back into the vase slowly and evenly till there was nothing left outside. Then a voice came from the vase, which said to the fisherman, "Well, unbelieving fisherman, here I am in the vase; do you believe me now?"

The fisherman instead of answering took the lid of lead and shut it down quickly on the vase.

"Now, O genius," he cried, "ask pardon of me, and choose by what death you will die! But no, it will be better if I throw you back into the sea whence I drew you out, and I will build a house on the shore to warn fishermen who come to cast their nets here, against fishing up such wicked genius as you are, who vows to kill the man who frees you."

At these words the genius did all he could to get out, but he could not because of the enchantment on the lid.—From the Persian.

THE END.

DR. MOTON RETURNS FROM FRANCE

(Special to The Monitor.)

Dr. R. R. Moton landed from France Tuesday on steamer Canada, accompanied by Lester A. Walton and Nathan Hunt. In frequent consultation with Colonel House and other high officials relative to disposition of Germany's African colonies, other matters affecting darker races reported. He has been officially asked to return in connection with peace conference as soon as possible. Compelled to decline invitation to remain at this time on account of Tuskegees farmers' conference January 22 and 23. Military officials and civilians vie with one another in making stay memorable. Never before has American Negro been so signally honored in France. On fifteen hundred mile trip visiting Colored troops traveled in automobile from general headquarters American Expeditionary Forces, usually with military escort. Soldiers told warm welcome awaits them; emphasized importance Colored and white soldiers returning in manly yet modest manner; said friendly relations between races, particularly in south, depends largely on conduct of Colored soldiers. Received letter from Wilson thanking him for wholesome advice given men. Moton went to France at special request of President Wilson and Secretary Baker.

PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA LANDS IN SPAIN ON WAY TO PARIS

Cadiz, Spain.—Daniel P. Howard, president of Liberia, arrived here today on his way to the peace conference. He left immediately for Paris by way of Barcelona.

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Every woman will concede that to be attractive in manner and as beautiful in face as possible, is a duty she owes to her sex, and to beauty, even to old age, is her greatest desire. This is not vanity. It is simply a love for the beautiful.

Every woman knows if she allows her complexion to become sallow and wrinkled, her hair to become lusterless and hard her nails to become long and shapeless, she is placed at a disadvantage beside the woman who is outwardly attractive.

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