

## Classified Advertising

RATES—2 cents a word for single insertions; 1 1/2 cent a word for two or more insertions. No advertisement taken for less than 25 cents. Cash should accompany advertisement.

**WANTED**—A competent operator for hairdressing, facial massage and manicuring; good salary and permanent position; railroad fare refunded after six months' service. Address Mrs. Thompson's Beauty Shop, Laurel Bldg., Muscatine, Iowa.

**DESIRABLE ROOMS FOR RENT**  
Furnished rooms, strictly modern, one block from 24th street car line. Men only. Call Webster 4012. 4t

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First-class modern furnished rooms. Mrs. L. M. Bentley Webster, 1704 North Twenty-sixth street. Phone Webster 4769.

Nicely furnished room in modern home; 2604 Decatur street. Webster 4490.

For Sale—5-room cottage, modern except heat, 1218 South 17th street, \$2,000; \$500 down, balance in payments. Phone Webster 1911.

For Rent—Room for gentleman in private family. Call Web. 3200.

Neatly furnished room for man in strictly modern home. Mrs. Barker, 2706 Parker street. Webster 1250. 4t

Property for sale. Telephone Webster 1352.

**FOR SALE**—A nice home for Colored family; easy terms. Call at 1809 North 24th st.

**FOR SALE**  
3616 Patrick, 7 rooms, all modern, \$3,000; \$500 down, terms  
18th and Paul, 9 rooms, all modern, \$3,000; \$500 cash, terms.  
2913 Grant, 5 rooms, modern, except heat, \$1,800; \$200 down; terms.  
See Reed, Webster 5660.

### LODGE DIRECTORY

Keystone Lodge, No. 4, K. of P., Omaha, Neb. Meetings first and third Thursdays of each month. M. H. Hazzard, C. C.; J. H. Glover, K. of R. and S.

Ask the grocer, merchant, etc., with whom you trade: "Do you advertise in our paper, The Monitor?"

Snow's College of Dressmaking—Fall term will open September 2. Enroll now. Mrs. C. Ridley, 1922 North 25th St.

### DRUG STORES

**ADAMS HAIGHT DRUG CO.**, 24th and Lake; 24th and Fort, Omaha, Neb.

Res. Colfax 3831. Douglas 7150  
**AMOS P. SCRUGGS**  
Attorney-at-Law  
13th and Farnam

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Fine Watch Repairing. Red 7914  
We Buy and Sell  
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Suit Cases, Etc.  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

### WATERS BARNHART PRINTING CO.



## The Mask of Blindness

By GERALD THORNE

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She had never loved Anson Burdett in a true sense, and such a thing as becoming his wife had never entered her thoughts, yet, when misfortune came upon him, there was born in the nature of Leila Raleigh pity, mingled with mistaken duty, that amazed her mother and sisters.

"I shall make any sacrifice necessary as a friend," she told them. "If poor Anson is to go through life helpless, blind, and asks me to share his troubles I will marry him at his bidding."

"Leila, you talk wild!" scolded her sister, Adelaide. "You never really cared for Anson. He has no claim upon you. It is sheer folly."

"But I feel so sorry for him," said Leila. "He certainly paid me more attention than he did to other girls."

"And out of an impulse of sympathy you would tie yourself to a man unable to make even a living? Leila, this is all sentiment," declared her mother.

Nothing more was said at the time, but Mrs. Raleigh knew that Leila was a person who always acted upon her convictions, though neither romantic nor heroic. Intensely loyal to her friends, sympathetic and tender-hearted, Leila had exaggerated her sense of duty towards a man who had never spoken to her one word of love. A strange condition of affairs had come about. There was an athletic club in Rossmore to which nearly every young man in the town belonged. It had been started and mainly supported by Wilton Porter, who had been left quite a fortune. Burdett, too, was a member, and one day, while practicing with the Indian club, Porter lost his grasp on one of them, and it whirled through the air with terrific force. Burdett stood directly in the path of the flying missile. It landed squarely between his eyes, he went down like a shot and the shocked and horrified Porter went through twenty-four hours of crushing anxiety, remaining at the hospital whither Burdett was conveyed until the physician assured him that the patient would live. Porter's heart sank, however, as he was told that it looked as though the nerves of the eyes had been paralyzed and Anson Burdett might be blind for life.

A high caliber, sensitive young man, all the joy of life seemed to have departed for Porter. He gave up all of his time to the care of Burdett.

"Hopelessly blind, perhaps," reported an expert oculist, "although the case is of a variety that has seen some remarkable cures, but through time alone."

In the meantime Porter had become acquainted with Leila Raleigh. From the first he was attracted by her and, although he knew that she and Burdett were friendly, he never suspected that there was any mutual affection between them.

Leila kept secret even from her mother and sisters that, while she was not as yet engaged to Burdett, there was a tacit understanding between them that some day they would marry. She, however, had become disappointed in Burdett. A position had been offered by a manufacturing concern out of sympathy for his affliction, where he could answer calls at a telephone. "I don't have to drudge," he told Leila, audaciously. "Porter has plenty of money and is acting princely about it. He took away my sight—let him pay for it."

One day Burdett called upon Leila and asked her to marry him. He told her that he had an opportunity to secure a pretty little farm in Florida, where they could enjoy life without anxiety. He asked her to think it over and give her answer the next day. That same afternoon Wilbur Porter appeared and laid his heart at her feet. "It is too late," said Leila simply, and after the disappointed suitor had gone away she hurried to her room and wept all the long night, though she scarcely knew why. Burdett called upon her the next morning, irrationally eager and excited.

"We must get married at once, Leila," he said. "See," and he drew a packet of bank bills from his pocket. "There is five thousand dollars, and all ours. I am going to buy the farm at once and—"

"Why where did you get all that money?" inquired Leila.

"From Porter. I went to him last evening and told him what I wanted, and he said he would do anything to make me comfortable and happy with you."

"But you can't do any work on a farm," she said.

"Oh, yes, I can. Leila, I'm going to tell you a secret. I have been able to see for over a month. I just pretended not to since then, to work this scheme on Porter."

She stood facing him, trembling from head to foot. He fairly shivered as she denounced his petty meanness, as she told him that if he did not at once return the money to Porter she would expose him to the world. Then she left him and he, even more despicable than she had dreamed, thinking more of the money than herself, disappeared that same day with his ill-gotten gains.

The truth came out, as it was bound to, and after a while Wilbur Porter renewed his appeal for Leila's love. It had already been his—longer before than he realized.

## Physical Development and Sports

By John (Jack) Tholmer



SPLITTING THE PLATE

By John A. Tholmer

### Enter Babbling Club.

I attended a meeting of the Associated Babbling Club recently and among the topics discussed was one advanced by a member (married) whose better half is (certain) that no other woman has a possible chance of robbing her of the affections of said love-dovie. By the way it may not be amiss to give a short description of the beau. Height five feet, weight about quarter of a ton, face cannot explain, general form, would give the pigs a hard race for first prize. Question before the assembly: Do women love to be petted, caressed and kissed?

While members wrangled on this important subject and nearly all voted aye, your humble servant sat in a corner and thought a lot, but said never a word until asked directly for an opinion, and here is part of the answer: "Gentlemen, I want to be extremely careful of how I attempt to answer this question, because the puzzle is puzzling indeed," and they thought it a queer reply from a married man. Said I if women love as you say to be so cared for, why is it that most sweeties spend more moments of their time worrying about inconsequential things, inconsequential as far as they should be concerned because whether they lose sleep about them or no paper will see that all ends well just the same.

Not done. You argue that women love to be kissed. Mostly the kiddies of the game of life, but after a little while the flame dies out and becomes tiresome. How can I claim that? Simply by studying conditions of old and tracing them to the present time. Do you remember how the fellows of long ago to save themselves the trouble of having to wash their faces permitted the fuz to interfere with everything but the holes in their maps? Well to thin out the yarn, they had more girls gangling around them than a Broadway matinee idol does these days. Why? I don't know, but that's the dope as I got it from the good book. And the girls who laid claims to the swains of antiquity were not so selfish as the girls of nowadays are either. For instance, Rachael owned our old friend Isaac, yet she didn't mind loaning him around a little, just so long as she assured herself he'd return to the tent where she and the children kept house.

Said she to Leah one fine day: "Give me some of your sons man-ecks" (cats) I suppose. Answered Leah: "Sure, if you'll loan me your husband." Agreed.

Oh, boy, if they carried on the same business to this day where would the divorce courts get enough coin to pay the window washer? and how would you like for wifey to loan you to her pal?

No boys, that game was more a game of policy than true love. Of course we are drifting away from our real subject of kisses and caressing. My final answer to the conference is: I've made up my mind that women don't care much for that game because the more fuz a fellow has on his mug, the prettier the woman he seems to be able to corral. I'd advise you, boys, to grow hairs on your faces long enough to hang yourselves and win the daisies. Only do not hurt our friends the barbers who know the art of putting on the fine touches and making you doubly valiant.

And Jacob said to his sons, Simeon and Levi, who had treacherously and cowardly slain Shechem, an honorable man, his father and the innocent Hivites, and ruined their country, because Shechem loved Dinah, Jacob's daughter: "Curs, criminals; you have made me to stink amongst respectable peoples, because of your infamous acts." Do governors of states, agents of law and justice, ministers of congregations, whose members commit most unholy crimes against their fellow beings, who call themselves worshippers of God ever think, think seriously when they read such passages in their books?

If Simeon's and Levi's misdeeds made Jacob feel that he stank among the inhabitants around him, why is it that most of our pious gentry never feel, never smell their own stench? Truly Jacob must have walked with God.

Seems as if wine added to longevity for both Noah and Lot took a sip occasionally and each lived to a ripe old age and retained their youthful vigor, too. We are forced to believe that because the good book says so. However we feel that the vinum was the kind that Bill Bryan advocates with only a little K. O. in it, and not the camouflage stuff with snuff and other junk that develops oodles of cases of bug house material. Get rich quick concerns have certainly ditched lots of folks, even the kaiser. Now the democratic party is in line to be kicked off.

Times were good in Egypt once. If one knew how to salute properly and found grace with a half nude king, it was a cinch he'd stake you to a lot big enough to house a nation and throw in cats and men servants and women servants and cattle etc. Too bad times have changed. Now that we all know the salute stuff wouldn't we have a cinch.

Now that drunkenness is abolished after nearly five thousand years, people begin to dope out as to what will likely be the next victim of the wingless angels. My guess: Kissing your wife. Surely the hopping birds would claim that too much time is wasted in a foolhardy occupation. Why not give that time to listening to them. Aren't they the disciples who were appointed to lead you to heaven?

One thing is certain, if the old sphere keeps getting dull it will become so dead before long that we'll be sleeping and thinking we're awake. You know, one of those sweet dreams you fall into sometimes and don't care if you never wake up.

Play ball—three down. You heard me.

We must deal with pleasure as we do with honey, only touch them with the tip of the finger and not with the whole hand for fear of surfeit.—Venerable Bede.

Get a new Subscriber for The Monitor. It is only \$2.00 a year. It is up to you to help push your own paper. The Monitor must go into every Colored home in Omaha. Help us put it there. Thank you.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; but time is to be obtained without it.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

### WE ARE NOT AGITATORS

—FAR FROM IT

Philippine Commission of Independence Issues Statement.

Our press bulletin has been extensively quoted in connection with an article in the New York Times of August 24, the headlines of which are as follows: "Negroes of World Prey of Agitators—Campaign, Backed by Bolsheviki and I. W. W., is Opened for Self-Determination—Paper Here for Lenin—Says Similar Leader is Needed to Emancipate the Blacks—Other Races Besiege Capital."

We claim no connection whatever with Lenin and the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki and the other gentlemen in the world with their advanced social ideas and ideals. The Philippines, the "pearl of the eastern seas," is a country where, to use Manila's motto, "nothing knocks but opportunity" It is inhabited by a Christian and democratic people practicing the art of self-government under the benign influence of America. Landed property is evenly distributed among the people—and the liberal homestead law gives every hard-working individual a chance to work and own his home and farm. A system of popular education offers every child the only way to leadership—for no caste system exists, and intelligence and honesty are the only tests applied.

The Filipinos have no grievance against America. On the contrary, the recent war has proved their loyalty to her. But loyalty to America and love of independence are not inconsistent. As a matter of fact, it was America's promise to grant independence that ultimately won the heart of the Filipinos. And it has been the increasing knowledge and appreciation of American traditions, and institutions that have served to intensify the Filipino's desire of independence.

It is true that we are keenly watching America's dealing with other small nationalities of the world. And we are often at a loss to understand, in the words of the Journal-Gazette (Fort Wayne, Ind.), of August 26, why "these gentlemen (the senators) have been very determined in their opposition to granting self-determination to the two peoples to whom they have the power to grant it (Porto Rico and the Philippines), and yet "very enthusiastic about the rights of peoples to whom they have no power to grant anything."

But the Philippines case is a domestic American problem, and the Filipinos will not air their plea before any foreign government. America's pledge has been made, and the Philippines need not make common cause with the world's agitators to gain their objective. A nation that went into the war to make the world safe for democracy will not treat the acts of her own congress as a mere "scrap of paper."

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