

**THE YELLOW PERIL  
THREATENS EUROPE**

The Spectre of Mongolians Gaining Ascendancy in European Affairs Gives Grave Concern in Many Quarters Says Special Writer of Chicago Tribune.

**WHITE MAN'S WORLD CRACKING**

Danger Not in Europe, But in Asia Led by a Master Nation Like Japan and Equipped With Modern Resources—Nationalism Stirring the Islam Millions.

(By Thomas Stewart Ryan)  
(Chicago Tribune Foreign News Service—By Special Cable.)

WARSAW, Dec. 31.—If I had not heard it from so many quarters, from so many different kinds of people in eastern Europe, it would not be worth reporting as an influence which may figure in future events in Europe.

"The end of the white man's time is at hand. Now comes the yellow race."

It has long been a theme or editorial writers at home. But in this east it is a whisper throughout the land, like a rustle of prairie grass before the old Mongolian horsemen of Attila, Genghis Khan, and Tamurlane. Along Russia's borders you can scent the nearness of the east. There are the wild costumes, the touch of barbaric splendor, the weird psalms of waste places, the quick passions, the quiet suffering since the beginning of time—and then an echo from regions beyond where dervishes are howling and outlandish rites are performed, and millions bide their time as before the great migrations.

In Bucharest I sat in a cafe chantant. It was exotic enough. Conspicuous were the number of men who dragged sabres across the floor and a Turkish girl in her own Levantine dress. Russian dancers were leaping under the logs.

**Sees Yellow Race Coming.**

"This can't last much longer," remarked a distinguished editor. "It is the mounting fever before the crisis. We are like that prince in Poe's tale who locks himself up in a tower to dance and make merry while death is waiting outside. A little more war, a little more crumbling of moral ties, and the yellow race will have a clear sweep."

Later I sat with a young Roumanian officer in a mud hut, near the brown Dniester. The spot is just at the threshold of the oldest civilization in Europe. The river flows into the sea of the Golden Fleece. Yet there is not a corner of the Yukon more savage, more desolate, than that region of Bessarabia. In the Kherson government, southward down to Odessa, the highroads are lined with human bodies, horribly mutilated, beaten sometimes to pulp. Report your discoveries to the nearest volunteer post and the officer will shrug and remark:

"What would you have? That happens daily."

"The Mongols will come in our day," the young Roumanian said, "just as they always came before when Europe wore herself out. They came when the Roman world broke up, when Charlemagne's empire crumbled. They will come now in this age of war, hunger, oppression, and rotting discipline."

**Thoughtful Pole's Opinion.**

Of all such talks the most thoughtful I heard from a Polish official. With him the peril from Asia is a fixed belief.

"We hear much of Germany trying again, of this nation or that in Europe becoming too strong," he said. "I tell you the danger is not in Europe, but in Asia—Asia led by a master nation, like Japan, and equipped with modern resources. Moreover, there are the 300,000,000 of Islam, already stirred by nationalism in Egypt, India, and Turkey."

"In Europe only Great Britain and France among the great powers, and possibly Italy, are interested in keeping the peace. Germany and Russia are old offenders. Such is the Europe that meets a possible Mongolian inroad in the future. Likely some nation will call the yellow race in. That might well be Germany."

**"White Man's World Cracking."**

"Even now Japanese troops are in Siberia with Kolchak, and there are Chinese in Russia."

"You don't need to believe in direct attack, only indirect at first, such as insurrections in India fomented by Japanese agents. The yellow man sees that the white man's world is cracking. The yellow man is no fool. It is the task of the Anglo-Saxon to meet the danger. You must create in eastern Europe such outposts as will secure the country such alliances as you can trust. Poland, if given the chance, will assume the charge."

I have heard such ideas, more or less, for weeks.

A chance for the kiddies to earn a prize. Read Monitor Mother Goose offer on page six.

**The Bogey Man**

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

When the mothers of Ellington wished to warn or frighten their children who were troublesome or rebellious, they had a "bogey man" directly at hand without appealing to a vague and distant object of juvenile dread.

Just at the outskirts of the town was a spot marshy and broken. It had been at one time a great resort for wild ducks and geese in the season and some ardent hunter had built a shed house fairly habitable. With the growing scarcity of game it had been abandoned until "Old Moon," tramp, cynic, miser, hermit, it was reported, came along, appropriated the ramshackle hut, patched it up and settled down. All kinds of wild stories were current concerning him. He was old, gray whiskered, had glittering, forbidding eyes and never addressed those who met him. Once or twice a week he would visit the local general store, purchase what provisions he required and then again retire to his gnomish retreat.

Robert Blake, his wife and their little four-year-old child lived in a neat but isolated cottage directly at the edge of the swamp. They had bought it cheap on account of its unfavorable situation, but had made a perfect paradise of its garden space. Economical as they were, however, they had not been able to keep up their payments on the property, illness and lack of steady employment cutting down the income of Mr. Blake. At times they dejectedly feared that they would have to give up their little home.

Doris was a bright, lively little sprit and rarely wandered away from home. Upon her youthful mind Old Moon had been impressed in a way that made her serious, but one moonlight evening she came rushing into the house in a fervent frame of excitement.

"Oh, papa! mamma!" she cried breathlessly, "I've talked to him!"

"Who is 'him,' Doris?" questioned her mother.

"Old Moon. Oh, surely he was the man you once pointed out to me! He was coming from the town, his arms full of groceries, and a bundle fell over and I ran out and picked it up and gave it to him. He set his things on the ground and put his hand on my head and said, 'Thank you, my little cherub,' and then gave me this box of candy. He spoke so kindly, and he can't be a bugaboo, to treat a little girl so nice, can he, now?"

Old Moon was no longer quoted to Doris as a bogey man. In fact, she asked questions constantly about his lonely living place and wanted to see him again. One day her father brought home her first pair of rubbers and Doris glistened over an accession she had long coveted.

"I can go out in the wet grass now whenever I want to, can't I, mamma?" she submitted. "Why, I can even walk along the edge of swamp water, picking pretty pebbles and shells. Oh, what dear, cute little rubbers!"

It was just about dusk one afternoon when Doris started from the house. It had been raining and the fact delighted her, for she could find some puddles to wade through. She ventured in the direction of the swamp. Some distant flowers tempted her and she wandered on and on until a haze coming down over the landscape confused her. She began to cry as she found that she had lost both rubbers in the mud.

Then she saw a spark of light in the distance. She hurried toward it, to arrive in front of a wretched hut. Vaguely she fancied that it must be the oft-mooted habitation of Old Moon. She tiptoed to the sill of a window, glanced within a lighted room and, young as she was, what she saw there chilled and thrilled her—Old Moon lying bound hand and foot upon the floor and two men bending over him. One held a hammer menacingly, the other was prodding the helpless captive with a poker.

Doris ran from the spot with a wild cry of fright. It was shrill and echoing. Missing their little one, her father and mother had started to find her.

"Oh, papa! mamma!" gasped Doris wildly as they reached her—"Old Moon in his house and two men are trying to kill him!"

Robert Blake seized a heavy piece of wood and drove in the window sash as he in turn discerned what was going on behind it. The two strangers fled at his appearance. Mr. Blake relieved the old hermit of his bonds.

"They were talking of torturing me with a red-hot poker if I did not disclose the hiding place of my money," he explained. "You have saved it, and me. Ah! is that your child?" as the door opened and little Doris and her mother stood revealed.

It appeared that Old Moon had no inconsiderable treasure hidden in the old shack. The visitation of the burglars had the effect of driving him nearer to his neighbors. His gratitude toward little Doris, who had been the medium of his rescue, led to his building a new and better home next to that of the Blakes. He insisted on helping them out of their money troubles, proving a good friend and neighbor and seeming never to tire of the company of the little child whose adventurous spirit had been the means of transforming "the bogey man" into a happy and rational human being.

**Greasy Luck**

By T. B. ALDERSON

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Captain Joel Holcomb had been gone a year on his last whaling voyage before either his niece, Rhoda, or her lover, Vance Deverill, heard from him. During the twelve months Rhoda had lived with a distant relative and Vance had held a modest clerkship in a shipping office.

The sea had been the roving ground of Vance's father for many a year. He had been the owner of a whaler. When he died about all he left was the good ship Defiance. She was not as good as new by any means, however, and the executors were about to sell the vessel for what she would bring as old junk when Captain Holcomb had come along. It was through this circumstance that young Deverill became acquainted with Rhoda, his niece. Thenceforward she filled all his thoughts and this fact induced Vance to favor the uncle in a plan he had formed.

"Tell you what, lad," Captain Holcomb had said, "the Defiance can be made entirely seaworthy and I have enough laid by to make her so. Here's my proposition: you furnish the ship, I'll refit her, then fifty-fifty on what comes of a venture to the South seas, say around Polynesia. I know the district, it abounds in spouters, and as to ambergris, it's there that precious spoil abounds. One lucky voyage and we're both made men in a money way."

So the battered old Defiance started for the Southern seas and Vance and Rhoda dreamed, and loved, and hoped. Vance had only his limited salary to depend on if they married, so they awaited some word from their venturesome argonaut.

It had come at last—a letter. From what Vance could surmise it had been picked up by a mail steamer from a boat coming off shore from somewhere in the vicinity of the Papuan group of islands. It started out with the words, "I'm about to tell you about our cruise, and I'll start in by saying in an encouraging way we had greasy luck."

"What does that mean?" inquired Rhoda, to whom Vance showed the letter.

"It's a whalers' term and means that they were successful in finding plenty of whales and secured a rich cargo of sperm oil," explained Vance. "For two pages, though, the rest of the letter is undecipherable. It must have been wet through, immersed in sea water somewhere, for the pendings are all blurred and blotted out. Only the last page is clear again. Listen, dear," and he read aloud:

"You must come therefore to Mimosa island, where, as I tell you, I am, and I need your help in getting away. Come alone by yawl from Ampti, and be sure to paint your nose red. As I have explained to you I am a king, but I need a prime minister to help me out of my fix."

"Jargon! 'King,' 'prime minister,' 'red nose!'" quoted Vance. "It sounds like the ravings of a madman."

"Perhaps the blotted out pages explained," suggested Rhoda, and after a lengthy consultation it was decided that Vance must certainly try and find this mysterious and uncharted Mimosa island.

It was not an easy task and it strained his resources to reach the presumed vicinity of the old captain's whereabouts and hire others to assist him to his quest.

Vance was greeted by a half-nude, ferocious appearing crowd, bearing spears, clubs and darts. They were about to attack him when their attention was focused on his carmine-bead nose. He was led to a rude habitation and there, seated on a broad dais, more rubicund than ever, his nasal appendage more than usual aglow, was Captain Holcomb.

It took the latter some time to impart to Vance the story of his adventures. Laden with "greasy spoil" representing a fortune the Defiance had encountered a storm. Then pestilence had swept away the crew. It was just by chance that the sole survivor, the captain, had been able to navigate the dismantled vessel into a cove at an unfrequented part of Mimosa island.

"She's there now," said the captain, "but I have so played on the superstitious fears of my subjects that they believe she is haunted, for when they first discovered me I played some tricks on them with fireworks, a victrola and an electric battery which impressed them that I was a sort of wizard. They made me their king. I told them of the coming of my red-nosed relative and they believe red noses to be a distinctive mark of great dignity and power. They will never let me go willingly and my escape and the conveyance of the Defiance to some friendly port is now to be your task."

Vance received explicit orders from the captain and rowed away that night. At the settlement he engaged a steam launch to proceed back to the island after dark. All due preparations were made for towing the whaler to a safe port the following evening.

And upon that occasion, claiming that he wished to exorcise the haunting spirits the captain was allowed to visit the cove alone. By midnight the old ship was free of the island and two months later the ex-king and Vance were welcomed home by pretty Rhoda, with the proceeds from their greasy luck sufficient to keep them all in comfort for life.

**BANKER BINGA'S HOME  
BOMBED THREE TIMES**

But Binga's Neither Bluffed Nor Bothered—Colored Chicagoans Determined to Enjoy Their Constitutional Rights.

(By The Associated Negro Press.)

Chicago, Jan. 7.—For the third time within six months the property of Jesse Binga, banker and real estate dealer, has been bombed by unknown parties. So critical has become the situation, and so determined are the colored people of Chicago to enjoy their constitutional rights that a new organization, the Chicago Protective Circle, has been inaugurated for the avowed purposes of using every means within the law to put a stop to lawlessness and insidious propaganda. It is made up of the most substantial people of the community, and very heavily financed.

**HAYS HEARS REPUBLICANS  
WILL CARRY TEXAS**

New York, Jan. 7.—Will H. Hays, chairman of the republican national committee, daily receives surprising reports about rosy republican prospects, but none of them are so surprising as the predictions coming from Texas to the effect that the republicans there will carry that state for the republican national ticket next fall.

The democrats of Texas concede nearly complete demoralization in their state organization, with no likelihood of harmonizing the ambitions of the rival leaders until there has been a political cataclysm that will blow the old democratic machine to bits, after which the democrats hope they can get together again with chastened spirits and rebuild their party in the Lone Star state.

**UNIFORM STANDARD AND  
WAGE FOR TEACHERS**

(By The Associated Negro Press.)

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 7.—That there should be a uniform standard of efficiency for white and colored teachers, with a single salary scale; that a commission should be appointed by the governor to consider Negro education in Maryland, and that there should be closer co-operation between the state board of education and colored leaders were some of the suggestions made at a conference between leading colored men and the state board of education. The meeting was held at the Colored Young Men's Christian Association.

**SCORES KILLED IN MEXICO  
BY EARTHQUAKES**

Mexico City, Jan. 7.—Scores of persons have been killed in a violent earthquake which occurred in many parts of Mexico. The center of the disturbance is believed to have been near the volcano of Orizaba.

Incomplete press reports indicate that the state of Vera Cruz suffered more than any other section, although seismic disturbances were felt throughout the entire republic.

**COLORADO ORGANIZES CLUBS TO  
SWELL REPUBLICAN RETURNS**

Denver, Colo., Jan. 7.—With the organization of the Lincoln Republican League of Colorado, with a membership said to number 1,000 Negroes, it develops that similar political clubs have been formed in many states to work for the success of the national republican party in the forthcoming presidential campaign.

Sponsor for the clubs is Robert R. Church, reputed Negro millionaire, of Memphis, Tenn. A convention will be held in Chicago February 11-13. Robert S. Abbott, editor of a Negro weekly at Chicago, is said to be at the head of the Lincoln league in Illinois. It is hinted in local political circles that National Chairman Will Hays has sanctioned the organization.

**WILL SEND HOME BODIES  
OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS**

London, Jan. 7.—Extensive plans for the wholesale removal of the bodies of America's war dead to the United States will be put in operation in England and France this week.

**HOWARD REPRESENTED AT  
TEACHERS' FEDERATION**

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—Dr. Emmett J. Scott and J. D. Logan represented the Howard University Teachers' Union as delegates at the convention of American Federation of Teachers in Chicago last week.

Griffin, Ga., Jan. 7.—A large meeting of Negro farmers from Henry, Pike, Butts and Spalding counties was held under the auspices of the Griffin and Spalding county board of trade for the purpose of raising the Negro farm demonstration agent operation in the counties.

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