

THE MONITOR

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

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APPRECIATION.

We are grateful for the many kind expressions which have come to us concerning our first issue. It is gratifying to know that we have pleased our readers and patrons. We shall strive not only to maintain the high standard we have set, but to improve it. To do this will require not only diligent work upon the part of the staff, but also the hearty co-operation of our subscribers and advertisers. We want all our readers and patrons to feel that The Monitor is "OUR paper." We want them to take a personal pride and interest in it, and to feel perfectly free to make suggestions and criticisms which they believe will be for the betterment of the publication. We may not always see our way clear to act upon every suggestion given, but we shall be nevertheless grateful for them and are sure we will profit by them.

We desire to thank at this time all those who so heartily and cheerfully worked with us in getting out such a creditable edition as our first issue proved to be. To our associate editors, praise and thanks are due for their painstaking work. Our publishers, the Waters-Barnhart Printing Company, placed their knowledge and skill unreservedly at our service. Joseph LaCour, Jr., who is in charge of our advertising and circulating departments, gave most valuable assistance; and although midsummer is a dull advertising season, the merchants received us most kindly and were generous in their patronage as well as in their expressions of good wishes for success. All these agencies contributed to the success of our first issue, which has been so favorably received by our readers and warmly commended by the local press. For the assistance given and the words of commendation spoken, we take this opportunity to express our grateful appreciation.

We publish today a cut of Silas Robbins, the first colored lawyer to be admitted to the bar in Nebraska. Mr. Robbins was born in Winchester, Ind., in 1858. His academic training was received at Union Literary Institute, a school founded by the Quakers, near Spartansburg, Ind. He read law in the office of Canada & Canada, a leading law firm of Winchester. William A. Canada, of that firm, is now United States consul at Vera Cruz. Subsequently Mr. Robbins taught school in Ohio, Kansas, Missouri and Mississippi. While teaching in Missouri he continued his legal studies in the office of Albert Burgess, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and a highly respected colored attorney of St. Louis. In 1884 Mr. Robbins became principal of the school for colored children at Wood-

ville, Miss., where he remained four years. He was admitted to the bar in Woodville in 1888. In 1889 he came to Omaha, where he has since resided. Here he was admitted to practice in the state and federal courts in 1889 and in the supreme court in 1890. Some years ago, in speaking to us of Mr. Robbins, no less a distinguished member of the American Bar Association than the late James M. Woolworth said: "Mr. Robbins is a man for whom I have a high regard. He is a man who knows law."

Despite this fact, Mr. Robbins' practice has never been sufficiently lucrative nor exacting to demand all his time and attention. He has found it necessary, or expedient at least, to augment his income by devoting considerable attention to real estate. Mr. Robbins is a man of a fine mind and high character. Guy, his eldest son, is secretary to the American legation, Monrovia, Liberia.

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins have an attractive home at 2883 Miami street.

The thrifty members of our race are rapidly acquiring homes of their own in this growing city. It is gratifying to point to the many attractive homes in good repair and with well-kept lawns which so many of our people own or are buying. It is the duty of every one who has an interest in the growth and betterment of the city to encourage this spirit, rather than to discourage it by putting barriers in the way. What do you think about it?

The jitneys in other cities are also having troubles of their own, and for their narrowness and littleness they deserve it.

OPINIONS ABOUT THE MONITOR.

An admirable little sheet is The Monitor," the race organ for the colored people of Omaha, edited by the Rev. John Albert Williams, which starts publication today. It will be issued each Saturday.

The associate editors are E. W. Pryor, steward of the Commercial club, who has a department on "Culinary Hints and Recipes;" William G. Haynes, who has a column on "Science Notes," and Mrs. Lucille Skaggs Edwards, who edits the section, "For Our Women and Children."

The first issue shows The Monitor to be a well-gotten-up, live journal. It is to be devoted to the civil, social and religious interests of the colored people with the desire of contributing to the general good of the community. General race news is chronicled. News of the local five colored churches is given. Lodges and fraternities have their notices and individuals have a

section in which to express themselves through letters.—The World-Herald, July 3rd.

The first issue of the Monitor, a news paper edited by the Rev. John Albert Williams and devoted to the interests of the colored people of Omaha, came out yesterday. It is an unusually neatly prepared publication and is filled with excellent reading matter. Mr. Williams is assisted in his work as editor by Lucille Skaggs Edwards, William Garnett Haynes and Ellsworth W. Pryor, each of whom conducts a department in the paper.—The Omaha Sunday Bee, July 5.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

Let us suppose the existence of an island where, fire being extinguished the people had to pass their days in cold and nights in darkness. A benevolent person comes with a torch and offers light to any one who wishes it, enjoining only that those persons so blessed should take their torches into at least two darkened dwellings. It would not be long before all the island would have light, the progression being 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc.

Now this is precisely the position the Christian holds in reference to this darkened world. He is to let his light so shine that others may not only see, but kindle at his flame. He is never to cease his labors until (not merely two but) all around him experience heaven's blessings. And so each one thus blessed would become the center of innumerable rays.

Were such a system carried out, the world would soon have no dark spots, but as it is, there are only a few bright ones. And why so?

There is an evil spirit, whose hatred against God's light is such, that he instigates his followers not merely to extinguish the light of God's truth in themselves, but to do the same to those around them; so that unless these centers of widening evil be resisted, the church shall become like Pergamos or Thyatira, where the stork builds on the ruins of God's house, and the Turkish mosque takes the place of "Christ's holy Temple." We see then around us two principles advancing with arithmetical precision, the one calculated to change earth to Heaven, the other to change earth to Hell.

What then shall we do? Stand by unconcerned? Hide our light under a bushel and so be responsible for the darkness such conduct occasions? Say we have no influence? No; let us be up and doing. The drop of rain will teach us a lesson. The spark of fire will rebuke our lethargy. The grain of wheat will shame us to exertion. Let us, if we would keep the light that now shines on us, remember that the condition of possession is its distribution to others.

God gives us our daily light as we give to those who need our assistance. Says Dr. Arnold: "Two or three decided persons steadily and quietly acting as they think right, will be a leaven to the whole mass, and the bad shall be left in that state, they shall meet hereafter—a minority of unmixed evil."—Church and Home.

HOW TO SAVE.

There is only one safe way to save—and that is to obligate yourself to do so.

If you haven't a wife, get one.

If you haven't a home, get one.

Buy something on a contract which compels you to make regular installments in payment—something tangible, like land which will not run away,

or insurance which, if you should die, can be cashed in by your widow.

Most men cannot save unless they have to—they yield to temptation to spend when they needn't.

The dollar saved should be an invested dollar. A nimble dollar. Not a hoarded dollar. The miser is more contemptible than the spendthrift.

Saving means that when you are old you have something. You do not have to drudge pitifully to keep out of the poorhouse. It means that you can give your children advantages of education and the hope of a career. It means that you and your wife can round out your allotted span of years with your heads in the air, beholden to none.

It means that when you die your trustful wife, the woman who has found in you the shield and shelter against the menaces and chill of the world, will find that her confidence was not misplaced, that you built a shelter—a home which would endure even after death had claimed you.

Your worldly responsibilities do not end with the grave.

How desperate is the heart of the man who awakes in the morning from distressful slumber to the bitter knowledge that there is no food to be had that day for his children!

But how remorseful should be the heart of the man who lays himself down at night with the thought that "if I should die before I wake" there would be no food for wife or children but the bread of charity or the meat of toil!—Woodmen News.

As is generally thought, liquor can be obtained in Maine only and ostensibly as medicine. As a New York man was purchasing a toothbrush in a drug store in that state a big, raw-boned fellow entered with a four-gallon demijohn. He slammed it down on the counter in front of the druggist, and, handing him a bit of paper, said: "Fill her up, Henry; baby's took bad."

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