

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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ELECTION DAY DRAWS NEAR

A few more days and the voters of the nation will file to the ballot box and decide whether a Republican or Democratic administration shall guide our government through the next four years. What are you doing personally to help the grand old party to victory? There will be few Colored voters, if any, who will vote for Wilson, but are you trying to persuade the white worker at your side that Wilson is not the man to lead this nation again? Have you the facts, figures and reasons why Hughes must win? If not, get them at once. You can be supplied with pamphlets at the Republican County Central Committee, in the Saunders-Kennedy building.

Hughes must win so that the United States may be saved, safe and prosperous. Persuade the democrat and the doubter, for that is the duty you owe your race, your party and your country.

A VICTORY FOR CLEAN POLITICS

Monday morning, October 16th, Mr. Ole Jackson was reinstated as foreman in the municipal street cleaning department.

The foregoing sentence is a simple statement, but it means more to the Colored people of Omaha politically than any other single even for the past many years. It is our first signal victory over gang rule, gang domination and gang rottenness.

The Monitor is delighted with the fact that, through its aid and the aid of Mr. Jackson's many friends, the triumph was achieved. The moment the matter came to our attention we suspected that Mr. Jackson had lost his position through no fault of his own. We guessed the reason why. A representative of The Monitor staff called upon Commissioner Parks and asked for particulars. We found him to be a courteous and business-minded gentleman. He gave us briefly the charges and asked if we would not assist him in the investigation of the same. Upon the following Monday morning we handed Mr. Parks our report under seal of a notary, confident that the charges were a frame-up and that the matter was absolutely safe in the hands of the Commissioner.

We wish to thank Commissioner Parks upon behalf of The Monitor's thousands of readers for his fair-mindedness and justice. We will remember him for it. We also thank Mr. Dean Noyes, who helped us with open mind and frank assistance. With such men as these the Colored people of Omaha will feel safe, and when they ask us for our good will, moral support and suffrage, they may have it willingly.

THE THINGS THAT HURT

Last week a Colored woman asked a friend of hers to give her the name of a good doctor. Her friend, thinking of course, that she wished a Colored doctor, made mention of one of

our local physicians. The woman called up and asked the physician to come at once. He explained that he was then about to start to the hospital and would be unable to come for several hours.

"Then what other doctor can I call?" she inquired.

"Anyone of the Colored doctors, madame."

"Colored doctors!" exclaimed the woman. "Why, I'm prejudiced to my color and wouldn't have one."

The doctor hung up the receiver.

During this same week a Colored man called upon a Colored doctor and after being treated for his particular ailment, informed the doctor that his face ached.

"Perhaps you have a bad tooth," suggested the physician. "Let me look into your mouth."

The patient opened his mouth and displayed a great amount of gold crown and bridge work.

"That's fine work," said the doctor. "Did Doctor Blank do that?" he inquired, mentioning a local Colored dentist.

"H—l, no!" exploded the insulted patient. "A white man put that in."

And still another case. A well known Colored drunkard and political grafter went into the Fontenelle Hotel last week and created so much disturbance that he was put out. The manager at once gave orders that all Colored people be refused the main entrance. Later, after he thought it over, he rescinded his order and instructed the footman to use their discretion in allowing such characters to enter the building.

We would like so much to comment upon these three incidents, but asbestos paper isn't furnished for newspapers.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT

Our friend, The Centimeter, charged recently that Commissioner O'Connor was partly responsible for the unauthorized cards of Will N. Johnson. We interviewed Mr. O'Connor and he declares the statement false. He says that some of the cards were handed him, but that he thought they were Johnson's own cards. We trust the Centimeter will retract the charge and apologize to the Commissioner. We can't afford to print such things unless we have positive evidence of guilty intentions.

COLORED POLITICAL CLUBS

Every Colored political meeting held so far has been such a frost that the political barometer is in a complete condition of cloudiness as far as the Colored voter is concerned. The white political candidates may not understand the reason, but the Colored people do. We are as interested in the political issues as much as any American can possibly be, but we have passed the stage when we will pack halls to give candidates the impression that we are sheep following the lead of a bellwether. Men who try to use the Colored vote as a step to

political preferment, local protection or personal gain, do not and cannot command the confidence of Omaha's Colored voters. We are as willing to follow leaders as any people upon earth, but we demand that they be real leaders and not henchmen. They must have character, ability, sincerity and honesty, and their love for the race must be real and true. When Omaha produces such leaders, the race will follow, even unto the end of the world.

THE GREATEST SIN

A spirit once knocked at the portals of heaven and the Guardian Angel came to answer the summons.

"What would you have?" asked the Angel.

"A soul's enjoyment of eternity."

"And what have you done upon earth to merit it?" inquired the Guardian Angel, opening the great book of human deeds.

"I have kept the commandments and walked in the paths of virtue."

"What else?"

"I gained wealth and gave freely to the poor."

"What else?"

"I have been faithful to my church and prayed always."

"What else?"

"I have shunned the wicked and all things common."

"What else?"

"What else? Surely that is enough."

"No!" exclaimed the Guardian Angel, closing the book. "You have been ashamed of your race and of the blood God Almighty poured into your veins. It is the greatest sin of all. We have no place for you here."

THE LOST IDEALS

(From the Detroit Free Press)

He was a man of splendid thoughts and visions clear and true,
He loved his city and his State, he loved his country, too;
With shoulders square and head erect he walked from day to day.
The best in life was what he hoped to find along the way.

Within the circle of his friends he talked of higher things,
The pride of honor and the joy that decent living brings;
The evil in the lives of men for him had little charm,
He taught his children what was good and shielded them from harm.

His views on all a citizen should be were clear and fine,
He loved his country's flag and all the stars that on it shine,
But lost were all his high ideals, to naught did they amount,
For he forgot to register, and his vote doesn't count.

SONGS OF SOLOMON

Prohibition.

1. Beware, O my son, of the phantom called Prohibition, for it is like poison to prosperity and a gas bomb to business.
2. It twisteth figures and facts until they ache with rheumatism and giveth reason paralysis.
3. Where Prohibition lurketh, there also lurketh the reign of things secret and dead.
4. It painteth its victories with hues of heaven, but they who hath it painteth them with other shades.
5. Thou enjoyest now thy personal liberty and a good exchequer, but under Prohibition thou are handicapped and thy long green grows shorter.
6. The beautiful biscuits will not grace thy plate, nor will the light

brown fried pullet decorate thy platter.

7. Many have been they who let the siren song of Prohibition win their vote, but afterward they kicked themselves down Main street crying: "Never again." But it was too late, Selah.

8. So take heed, O my son, while there is yet time and train thy biceps to hand old Prohib. the nifty knock-out.

9. Then will thy sleep be sweet and thy job secure.

10. Then will thy fair city hasten on the road of the hefty shekels and the muny beautiful.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

Now for the fast campaign on "Somme" front. Hurry to the firing line.

Read our editorial this week and think them over. There is some mental food there that needs careful mental masticulation.

Beware of campaign segars. Tell the candidate that you prefer a John Ruskin or a Te Be Ce.

Did you ever hear of a sheet called the Daily News? Mighty good fuel to start the fire with these chilly mornings.

The K. P. band broke another record at Krug Park last week. The B. P. O. E. never had Colored entertainers before, but from now on they say "Forever."

Boost for The Monitor and The Monitor will boost for you. We want it to be everybody's paper.

Put all your loose change on Hughes so that you can buy a chug wagon or an airship next spring.

If anything or anyobdy needs waking up, tell The Monitor and a wake-up will come in due season, or else.

All the candidates we talk with say they and their friends are going through for Will Johnson. Be sure that you and all your friends do the same thing.

When it comes to pluck, determination and will power, the editor of The Centimeter has got a royal flush looking like an orphan too late for a picnic. Keep it up, old man. There's so much for us to do.

If many more such speeches as Hughes' are put over Nebraska, the Democratic training camp will look like an ex-champion's headquarters immediately after his dreamy trip to stardom.

Hunt up our advertisers. They are all in Omaha.

Look for the friends of the race and show your appreciation. They are growing more and more every day.

If you can't learn the joyful tune of boosting for Omaha and your race, then practice the gentle art of keeping your head shut.

Remember, dear reader, that the columns of The Monitor are always open to our readers. If you see anything here that makes you swell up, get the feeling off your chest by handing us the hot and heavy. If we were perfect we would be sitting down on golden curbstones trying to tune up our harps instead of trying to edit a newspaper.