

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.
Published Every Saturday.

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CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN

Did you ever climb one of the big high mountains of our wonderful West? Gee, but wasn't it great sport? You started up the slope with a cheer upon your lips and an exhilaration in your limbs. It seemed as though you could climb it in a few minutes, but as you ascended the trail grew difficult and your breath grew short. You slipped in the gravel, stumbled over the rocks and struggled over the boulders. You reached the half way place and then—you sat down. The summit of that mountain never looked so high before. You waited until your heart stopped throbbing and then you started up again. At last you reached the top and you remember the joy of it yet. You gazed over the marvelous scene and counted the hills that crouched like sleeping giants across the bending skies. You looked down to the starting place and glimpsed the villages scattered like children's toys upon the earth. Virgin winds fanned your cheeks and you filled up your lungs almost to bursting with the sweetest, coolest, purest air they ever knew. A strange feeling welled up within you and you felt as some conqueror may have felt when he stood at the zenith of his power and dreamed that the world was his.

So life is a mountain to be climbed by you and me and all the human race. We grow tired sometimes, perhaps a little discouraged, but the cloud-kissed summit calls to us and we climb and climb. Some day mankind will reach the top, black and white together. All are striving and hoping for the same end, and although sometime the one seemingly tries to hold the other back, it is only a seeming. At the base of human thought and human passion, the same heart throbs, the same hopes are born, the same loves are breathing. When we reach the top we all will understand. Hand in hand we will look down the trail of years and find that our troubles were only gentle goads that helped us reach the top.

THE CENTIMETER.

We regret to learn that The Centimeter has been forced to suspend publication, because of many causes which render its continuance almost impossible. We trust that its suspension may not be permanent, but whether permanent or not, its editor has deserved much credit. Any man who attempts journalism deserves credit, but when one takes into consideration that Mr. Fred Williams does not possess his sight, his attempt proves his nerve, ability and desire to be of real service to his race. His effort was a grand one and should stand as a shining example to men who are better able physically to attempt praiseworthy things. The Monitor only hopes that in the near future it may be fortunate enough to engage the services of Mr. Williams in its own field, because he has proven himself eminently fit.

THE NOVEMBER RIDDLE.

The national campaign is over and everybody is trying to figure out how the whole thing happened. Power switched from east to west, democratic states fell head over heels into republican columns and republican states hurdled into democracy. Governors were elected and displaced irrespective of the national vote and congressmen skipped around like bullets in a wild west story. State tickets came out in patterns that resemble Scotch plaid. Political forecasters and reviewers are buying headache powders to relieve their aching brains. It is all a mystery and we are not going to put across any Sherlock Holmes stunt. All we can say is that the public must know what it wants and that it has thoroughly learned how to muss up slates in order to get it.

THE MATTER OF DISCRIMINATION

Several weeks ago several readers of The Monitor notified us that discrimination was practiced at the Food Show. The matter has been thoroughly investigated and it appears that the firms concerned were in no wise responsible for the unfortunate occurrences. The temporary help employed were the offending parties and we are assured that nothing of the kind will happen again.

The two letters from the firms concerned are as follows:

Olympia, Wn., Oct. 21, 1916.
The Monitor,
1119 No. 21st St.,
Omaha, Neb.
Gentlemen:

Your kind letter of the 14th addressed to our Salem office, duly at hand, and in response would state that we know nothing of the proposition which you mention in your letter, and are surprised to note that there has been any discrimination shown as under no circumstances do we make any. As a matter of fact, here at our plant in Olympia, we have in our employ a colored man and his wife conducting our employe's restaurant.

We assure you that this must have been due to the help that was employed and no doubt you realize some people are very narrow-minded on this subject.

We appreciate your addressing us and assure you that no such occurrence will come about again.

Thanking you, we are,
Yours very truly,
Northwest Fruit Products Co.
By Frederick W. Schmidt,
Sales Manager.

Schuyler, Neb., Nov. 10, 1916.
The Monitor,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs:

Your letter of the 8th, with enclosure, is received, and we note that our former letter was not satisfactory.

Regardless of what either side may have said in the case, we will say to you that any discourtesy or discrim-

ination which our employes may have shown is a matter of regret to us and contrary to our wishes and expectations, and that we shall impress still further upon all employes that courtesy must be shown toward all.

Sincerely,
Wells-Abbott-Nieman Co.,
C. Abbott, President.

LYNCHING A RICH NEGRO.

South Carolina may not have as many lynchings as Georgia, but occasionally she puts on a variety of trimmings when her mob spirit is at work. One thing of interest in the details of the Abbeville affair is that the Negro victim was said to be owner of farm lands worth \$20,000. This is important only because it serves to emphasize the need of eradicating race antipathy. This was perhaps a representative Negro of the better class, else he would not have acquired so much property. He was not a poor, criminal, shiftless no-account, but a man of means. It is not likely that he had any sort of criminal record. The lynching, then, was not the removal of a worthless vagabond whose crimes had been many and great, and because this is true the tragedy reflects very plainly race feeling of a sort that should be subdued.—Charleston Journal.

THE NEW YORK AGE REJOICES PREMATURELY

The New York Age devoted several columns of valuable space in its last week's issue rejoicing over the defeat of Woodrow Wilson. It was believed by our contemporary that because Hughes had carried New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois he was elected. But brother mine, you forgot the omnivorous West. We are sorry Woodrow has won—charitably overlooking of course, the theft of the "Solid South"—but you New Yorkers need to wake up, sit up and take notice that the people of the west vote, too, and do not take their political orders from the effete east. We are sorry The Age, The New York Age, if you please, has to take back what it said last week.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF THE MONITOR

"The Monitor is one of the newest papers I read. Your editorial page is fine in its range, common sense, quiet humor and excellent language."—Judge Leslie.

"I didn't think there was a city in this part of the country that could put out such a dandy paper as The Monitor. I am anxious to become a subscriber."—J. Silas Harris.

"I seldom pay compliments unless they are deserved, and I will pay the compliment to The Monitor that it is one of the greatest Colored weeklies in America."—Nelson Crews, Editor of the Kansas City Sun.

"The Monitor is a gem in the field of weekly journalism. It is really worth while for both Colored people and white."—Dr. L. A. Merriam.

"And I trust that you and I both live to see the day when, with outstretched arms, we may point to the everlasting hills of The Monitor's success, and cry with a voice loud enough to make the whole world hear that The Monitor helped to bring peace on earth and good will to men."—R. H. Johnson, Lincoln, Nebr.

Dan Desdunes' Orchestra, Webster 710, 2516 Burdette St.—Adv.

SONG OF SOLOMON

Society.

1. Beware, my son, of that juggernaut that calleth itself Society, for it is as dangerous as an empty smoke wagon.
2. Its coat of arms is a greenback rampant and its crest an S with two bars.
3. When thou startest in the game thy exchequer looketh as though it needed anti-fat, but ere long it looketh like a portrait on a dollar bottle, called "Before Taking."
4. Society's chief labor is trying to break through the fences higher up and when it reacheth the high rail it maketh the tight rope walker a monkey.
5. In social circles thou must wear a full dress radiator and encase thy throat in a high starched choker, whereas a woman needeth to cover only her ears.
6. Thou must grin and slip the happy mitt to everyone, even though thou wouldst rather be hauling around a gatling gun.
7. After thou gabbest to exhaustion and thy stomach crieth aloud for porterhouse, thou must content thyself with lady fingers and fluff-fluff-fluffy.
8. A little society now and then, O son, is like a morning of mornings, but too much giveth thee gastritis acuticus—or worse.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATION

"There, there, little saloon, don't cry; you'll be a drug store bye and bye." And we venture to add that the statistics of acute stomach disorders will multiply fifty thousand per cent.

The front pages are now cleared and Madame Europe will again toddle into the spotlight.

Christian Science is a mighty fine doctrine, but if it will only convince our bread baskets that our four-bit meal has the same value as our fifteen-cent meal of yesterday, we'll all join church tomorrow.

As Diogenes remarked, while climbing out of his tub Saturday night: "Never jump on a newspaper unless you have a fire extinguisher and a box of soothing salve."

Our blood pressure is decreasing and our pulse rate falling to normal, but the doctor said we must absolutely not worry with politics until the next campaign.

Please drop the one-fifty into the subscription plate, friend. The high cost of living has hit the newspaper just as hard as it hit you.

If some public spirited citizen wishes to have the arson law strictly enforced, we wish he would prefer charges against furnaces and stoves for burning up so much good money.

Thanking you kindly for your undivided attention, we will now proceed to blow out the gas.

"Stop this endless lying!" thundered the justice.

"But, loogy yuh, jedge," chided Brother Bogus, "Yo' knows good and well, suh, dat I cain't affo'd to hire no lawyer to do it for me."

What doth it profit a man to duck four Ford cars only to be knocked down and mugged up by a boy on a bicycle?