

THE MONITOR

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

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PUBLIC DANCES A MENACE TO MORALS

Dancing is a pleasant recreation, and when not indulged in to excess, is a healthful exercise. Our people love to dance. As a race we are more inclined to educate our heels than our heads. Our danger, therefore, lies in carrying what should prove pleasant diversion and wholesome recreation to excess. There is nothing wrong in dancing under proper conditions and circumstances.

While we enjoy seeing people dance, we are old-fashioned enough to believe that many of the modern dances are disgustingly suggestive, anything but graceful and entirely out of place among ladies and gentlemen. As a matter of fact, in much of modern dancing there has been merely a transferring of the abandonment of the house of ill fame to the parlors of those who really want to stand for respectability. But human nature is the same in the parlors of the elect and select, if you please, as in the parlors of those whom we are wont to call the fallen. There are certain dances, lascivious and suggestive, which ought not be tolerated by respectable people. There are plenty of graceful, enjoyable and innocent dances without resorting to those which are of questionable expediency.

Since it is natural for young people to dance, we ought to see to it that opportunity for indulging in this form of recreation is provided for them under proper conditions. The public dance is a menace to morals, for the reason that anyone who has the price of admission can enjoy its privileges, and it is difficult to exclude undesirables. Young men and women who attend such promiscuous public affairs place themselves under the stress of strong temptations, which may result tragically.

Parents should not permit their daughters of tender years or their sons, either, to go unattended by themselves to public dances. Have dancing parties for them at home, attended by their companions and associates, where they can be surrounded by influences that will uplift and not drag down. Promiscuous dances where money-making is the chief consideration are, generally speaking, a menace to morals.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, TOM

We publish elsewhere in this issue a letter from an old Detroit friend, with whom in our early youth we often recited from Shakespeare when our indulgent friends saw in us budding Booths and Barretts. One of the masterpieces, for be it known unto thee that our repertoire was extensive, was the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, he impersonating Brutus and I, Cassius. Nor did we confine ourselves to Shakespeare; we essayed the ambitious interpretation of other literary masterpieces. One of these

was the scene from Longfellow's Hiawatha in which Mondamin and Hiawatha appear; he representing Hiawatha and I, Mondamin. Whenever Mondamin and Hiawatha wrestled, the stolid Hiawatha would whisper, "John, stop pinching me."

Pardon this reminiscence. Tom is a grandpa now, although he is not much our senior, and has a daughter who has won coveted honors in the musical world. He still has the love of doing things to uplift. In his letter he asks what we think of the objects sought by the Detroit Dunbar Lyceum to enlighten and unite the members of our race.

We think the objects good. Isolated and sporadic as such movements seem, they are going on all over the country, and are having a tremendous influence in developing racial self-consciousness, self-respect, cohesiveness and strength.

We are gratified to know also that The Monitor is being found useful in this work of enlightenment and unification.

Thanks, Tom, for your subscription. Thanks, too, friend of our youth, for the good work you are doing along the lines mapped out for us by that rare woman of our race, who inspired so many of her boys and girls, as she called us, before she went within the low, green tent whose curtain never outward swings.

Keep up the good work, Tom.

DOES MONITOR ADVERTISING PAY?

Does Monitor advertising pay? Well, I guess yes. Several weeks ago our business manager blew into the Hungerford Potato Growers' offices and asked them for an ad. They are a fine set of gentlemen, but they didn't just know whether Colored people knew a good thing when they saw it or not. Our manager ladled out the facts and figures and every known kind of statistics to prove that Monitor readers wouldn't let anything go by that looked like a fighting chance. The result was that we landed a nice ad.

A few days ago the business manager again ambled up to the aforementioned potato offices and asked about the past performances and future outlook. He was greeted with the fact that Colored people don't go to sleep on the job nowadays. Several now own potato farms, and the expectant list is long. Among those who have plucked a potato plot are: Alfred Jones and family, who took five, Mrs. Philip Letcher, Mrs. L. Davis, Wm. Johnson, Robt. Wisdom, and the business manager. The business manager is mentioned last, but he got his first, thank you. Rev. Jno. Albert Williams, the editor, expects to invest when subscribers pay up.

So don't think that either The Monitor or The Monitor readers are asleep at the switch. Some things may slip by us, but it's because they use an aeroplane. When it comes that

mother earth can grow a little cash for us out in Box Butte while we are playing whist and lollygagging around town, we're on, brother, we're on. Get wise and grab opportunity by the top-knot.

SONG OF SOLMON.

Feet.

1. Give ear, O my son, whilst I treble to thee a fantasy upon the subject of feet.

2. They are the pedal extremities of the mammal tribes and serve to haul around the figure when it hath not the whereof to ride.

3. There are good feet and bad feet and the latter feet are oftentimes called dogs.

4. Bad dogs are an abomination and cause more anguish to the possessor than the Teuton causeth to the White House.

5. Feet also dance, and once had much trouble learning the list of Terpsichorean skits, but now they trouble not their pedal brains. There is only one dance, the one-step.

6. Feet also wear shoes, O my son, and these are costly as ambergis and sapphires. Once upon a time three beans would dress them up muchly, but now thou must dig for eight or twelve.

7. A delicate odor surroundeth some feet, O my son; odor so delicate that limburger becometh as a garden of flowers.

8. Some feet are also cold, and when a husband or a wife hath cold tootsies, beware lest neither be forced to trot to Reno.

9. Cold feet are also a symbol of fright, the tail-end of a yellow streak,

the badge of fear, and the emblem of cowardice.

10. Feet also, O my son, are—but what's the use? The lino man is tired and wants to smoke a cigaret.

Obvious Observations

Four more years of Wilson! Well, sit tight and don't rock the boat. He can't be as bitter an enemy to the race as he was four years ago, because the south won't let him.

Eggs twenty-five cents per dozen! Pinch us, please, so we may know we are awake.

Maybe you think one paper can't tackle a big job like southern migration, but just watch us. Some things might slip by, of course, but we mean to give a good account of ourselves.

It is almost time for some folks to take their annual spring bath, and they are not all Colored folks either.

We have signed up for a few potato tracts out in Box Butte county, have you?

Our Colored citizens weren't able to buy many automobiles at the show last week, but just wait ten years. Then we will be hesitating whether to get a Pierce-Arrow or White. Of course the wife will have her Baker Electric long before then.

We laid by a five dollar bill so as to have "ham and" on Easter morning, but we have borrowed two and a half of it. We sort of feel that the rest might cover that breakfast.

Thanking you for your kind attention, we will now assist the postman to drag in our bags of southern mail.

Can You Pick a Flaw?

Our plan of selling you a farm and working it for you and selling it to you on monthly payments coupled with crop payments, is said to be one of the nicest and best propositions ever offered the wage-earner in this county. It gives you a chance to become a land owner and yet to continue in your present employment—we make the land help pay for itself.

No one as yet has been able to pick a flaw with our plan. The longer we are before "The People" the less they will try it, for the dividends we will pay will wipe out any skepticism. Our plan is a plan for "The People." Please call in and get one of our books which explains what we are going to do for you.

Limit of tracts to be farmed this year almost reached. Choose yours now.

The Hungerford Potato Growers Association

15th and Howard Sts.

Douglas 9371

WANTED!

COLORED TRACK MEN FOR U. P. R. R.

APPLY TO

Shiple's Labor Agency

305 So. 11th St., Omaha, Neb. 506 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.