

THE MONITOR

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ARTICLE XIV. CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Citizenship Rights Not to be Abridged.

1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

"LOSING HEART"

A splendid type of young American manhood was a caller at the Monitor office last week. He is a successful business man. He is industrious, frugal and saving. He has acquired a bank account. He is happily married to a woman of culture and refinement. He served his country faithfully in the recent world war "for democracy." But in the course of his conversation with us he said, "I'm losing heart. I am becoming disgusted with this country. I dislike to admit it, because I realize that by giving away to the spirit of resentment that it is making me narrow and bitter, but the more I see of the injustice of the American white man towards our people, and it's growing every day, the more convinced I become that the white man of the United States does not intend to give us anything like a square deal. If I felt that I had money enough I'd go to South America at once. There you have a man's chance, and character, not color, counts. You may think me cowardly or foolish, but I despair of our future in America and I'm losing heart."

Several progressive, up-standing young men of this type have expressed similar sentiments. But those who so reason are wrong. It is right here in the United States of America with all its racial prejudice that God intends we shall work out our destiny. And by His help we are going to do it. To win calls for courage, moral and physical courage, determination and patience. We must fight for every right of citizenship. The Monitor hopes and prays that the issue may be won without physical combat. Pray God that it may never come to that; but we must fight with publicity and protest against injustice, with the courts and every lawful agency at our command. And in this fight for a square deal we are not alone. There are thousands of justice-loving white Americans who are with us and will be with us in the fight. There must be no losing heart. What we need is to be true to God, true to our country, true to ourselves, true to the best instincts of humanity and fight uncompromisingly for our full rights of American citizenship. Let us realize that the battle is on in this era of reconstruction and every man and woman must do his and her full duty. We are going to win and hold our rightful place right here in the United States.

"There's scarlet all along the sky,
There is daybreak everywhere."

CONCEDE THE GAME ONLY WHEN SCORE IS IN

Back in our youth we were fond of athletic sports. We are not boasting when we say we were considered a crack player on the base ball nine and also on the football eleven. We would never concede a game won whether the score was for or against us until the last inning was played or the last quarter ended. This is a characteristic which has followed us throughout our life and it is the spirit which we desire to infuse into our people. Play the game fair, and for all it is worth, but never concede that it is won or lost until the last score is in.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

We regret that more of our people did not vote for John T. McDonald. He was by no means the low man among the 65 candidates who filed for commissioner. His vote of something like 1,400 was quite a complimentary vote, but it looks like he did not receive the united vote of our people, whose vote at the primaries, conservative-estimated, must have been somewhere around the 2,000 mark, or about 40 per cent of the total registration. We are glad that Mr. McDonald ran. We hope that in every campaign

we will have a candidate of our own until we get the habit of so voting for our own that we will eventually elect some one. We lost an opportunity of nominating Mr. McDonald, but of giving him a larger vote.

THIRTY DAYS HENCE

From now on until May 3 there will be a battle royal between the rival candidates for city commissioner. Seven out of fourteen are to be elected thirty days hence. Who will be the winners? It depends.

CURRENT COMMENT

Doc Bloom has been laid to rest on the banks of the Omuligee. It may interest you to know that Doc Bloom was the "aged ducker" who shed, for thirty odd years, light, love and life on Mercer university in the classic town of Macon, Georgia. Doc was ninety-four the morning he softly ambled into the splendid presence of his God and Maker. And Mercer university mourned. The tender heart of an old Negro who had loved Mercer with unflinching fidelity for a long number of years had ceased to beat and there was great sorrow on the campus. What a strange creature is life in the Southland.

"Charley" Gilpin merely dropped in and paid his respects at the Drama League's dinner the other night. A mighty sensible man and a good friend and true is Gilpin. I find no little glory in the fact that I determined him a great artist several years since. He was a member of the Pekin Theater stock company. He was early the clearest cut figure in that somewhat remarkable aggregation. He was pronouncedly strong in character parts and often rose to heights of incomparable acting. I came to intimately know of his aspirations. We often talked together of what we believed would finally come to the Negro artist—Broadway and the consequent acceptance of a great metropolitan audience. And here it is with Gilpin in the stellar role.

This brings to my mind that a "Healer and Poet" has honored Lynchburg, Virginia, with a visit. According to the dispatches he writes poetry and incidentally makes the dumb talk, the blind see and the halt to walk. On the side of his healing powers the fact that "None of the dumb he has made to talk, or the blind he has made to see, or the halt he has made to walk have as yet presented themselves in the office of the News."

LINCOLN, NEB.

TROTTER SPEAKS HERE

William Monroe Trotter returned to the city last Wednesday and addressed a large audience at the A. M. E. Church that evening. He spoke on subjects which were familiar to those who read of the instances of segregation at Washington. His remarks received applause. Mr. Trotter was here under the auspices of the local N. A. A. C. P. He cited the good work it is doing over the country by aid of our white friends and urged that we should all support it.

Mr. Trotter advised the people here to organize an Equal Rights League which is controlled only by the race, and there is a possibility of it being done in the future.

Mr. Z. Johnson is sufficiently improved to sit up.—Rev. A. H. McAlis-

LUCKY SALLY

By GENTLEMAN GISHING.

"What! Dottie's gone tonight? She must be here! I'll find her!"

The speaker dropped her chin into her cupped hands and stared across the dimly lighted room with a gaze of almost tragic intensity.

A few blocks away the great open house was once more a silent, darkly covered. In her dressing room the young woman whose "Butterfly" had moved eager hands to every sill, cushion or ornament—on the case might be—was wearily removing her make-up and thinking of the delayed dinner which would be ready in her apartment.

"The bell!" burst the girl in the little cafe. "Oh, do you think it will ever come to me?"

The companion, a thin, dark-eyed girl, set down a cup of violently strong black coffee and gripped her face tensely on the side of the table. "Don't ever give it up. I never will. It's worth any struggle—any sacrifice."

A little old man sat opposite the two girls. He was sipping tea, munching a bean sandwich, and around the side of his newspaper regarded them with kindly quizzical eyes.

"I take it you're music students?" he advanced, cursorily.

For the first time the girls became aware of his presence.

"Yes, we are."

The old man's face grew genial and encouraging. The girls responded: "Oh! you hear Dottie tonight? Won't she surprise?"

"Whom Dottie is a very great artist. I know her. I have known her for a great many years. I have a fancy she would like you to hear her story. You particularly." He indicated the dark-eyed girl who had last spoken.

They bent forward glowing and expectant. Coffee and tea were forgotten.

"She was born in a small town out West. Sally Gertrude her name was. Lucky Sally—that's what they called her. It began when my brother sent her back to study singing. You see my niece and she were chums, almost inseparable, and there was money in our family while the Gertrudes were poor at least two years for that sort of thing."

"Well, they came on here, found a good teacher and settled down to hard work. They were as different as any two girls you ever saw. My niece was a quiet little thing. Took everything pretty sober and thought a long while before she made up her mind."

"At the end of a year they were both getting ahead fine, but my niece had taken up with a beau and she was doing a lot of thinking about more things than music. I never saw him, but I guess he was pretty handsome looking, and he was rich and sort of a swell. Well, about this time someone heard my niece talking her lessons, and he was crazy about her voice. He was looking for a soprano for his church, and he hunted her up and offered her the position."

"I don't know to this day the whole thing, but Dottie's young man had something to do with Sally's getting the church. She did get it, and she took back home with her. Sally's luck, and did anyone ever see anything like it?"

"There's a lot of things you can't see right from a distance. My niece was the lucky one that time, though no one knew it. Her fine beau kinder drifted away from her, and the next thing we know he and Sally sailed for Europe on the same steamer. My niece never talked much about it. She went home and she never came back to study. She kept on with her singing, and we all think in our town that there never was a voice quite so beautiful. She's married now to a tip-top man, and she's got a nice home and three children—splendid youngsters. The boy's named for me."

"Sally never went back home till last spring. She stayed over in Europe most of the time and the newspapers became her heroes. We never heard much any other way. She kept her own counsel. The world knows her as a great singer. She's rich and she's generous to her people and back home they still call her 'Lucky Sally.' The man who led the two girls to the turning point of their lives lives in New York. He's married, too."

"Last spring when Nathan Dottie went home she stayed three days, and most of the time she spent at my niece's playing with the children. She was there when the telegram came with an offer that took her post haste to Paris. My niece laughed when she read it. 'You'll always be Lucky Sally' she said to her."

"Sally turned on her like a tigress, she says. 'Don't let those words ever cross your lips again. Lucky Sally! Oh! the memory of it!' Those were just her words, and for some time she paced back and forth without speaking. Finally she got quiet and bade my niece good-by. At the door she turned and said: 'Crystal, you've got two things I'd give all I have in the world to own.' Then she pointed to the plain ring on my niece's left hand and to the baby in his cradle."

"I guess perhaps that isn't just the kind of store you expected, but maybe some time he'll help you if you're ever at a concert. Good-night."

The old man sipped his coffee and folded his paper, and bowed himself from the cafe.

Convent services were held at St. Zion Baptist Church last Sunday morning, followed by Sunday School. At night Rev. E. W. Betts preached, followed by taking of communion. Attendance was good.—Services at other churches were held as usual. Pastors preached, followed by services of aids.

—Mrs. C. E. Johnson is reported improving nicely.—The Nebraska Negro Baptist Sunday School convention is called to meet in Lincoln May 17.

MORHOUSE DEFEATS HAMPTON, 37 TO 34

(By E. A. Wilson.)

Hampton, Va., March 24.—The Morehouse college basketball team from Atlanta, Ga., defeated the Hampton Institute five by a score of 37-34 in one of the most sensational games of the season.

The visitors played a great game, using a somewhat different style of basketball, namely, the five-men guarding system. Although underestimated by the "Seasideers," the Morehouse playing took the starch out of them. The teamwork was commendable and the shooting was excellent.

Morehouse started the game by getting a long lead in the first few minutes of the game, but at the close of the first half they were only one point ahead of the "Seasideers."

The second half was the blood-and-thunder part of the game. It began slowly and uninterestingly, but Hampton sent in Henderson for Brady and Chamberlin for Long. These boys made the game pick up. Again the Morehouse stride was shortened and the game ended with the victors only three points in the lead.

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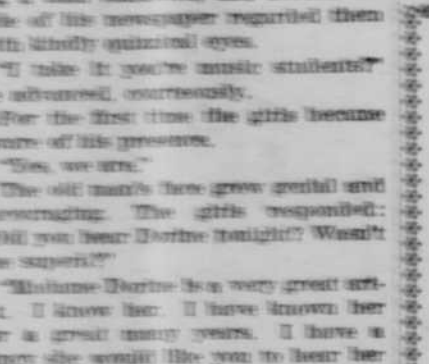
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