

THE MONITOR

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 THE REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor.
 George H. W. Bullock, Business Manager and Associate Editor.
 W. W. MOSELY, Associate Editor, Lincoln, Neb.
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Poet's Ingle Nook

"EVEN UNTO ME"

His clothing was tattered and soiled and torn,
 His attitude wistful, and wholly forlorn,
 And I caught the "break" in his voice as he said:
 "I'm hungry, kind lady—please give me some bread."
 I gave him some food—the best that I had,
 With a cup of hot coffee—I felt truly glad
 That I had it to give. Be he beggar or thief,
 The gain was all mine in thus giving relief
 To one of God's children. In whatever guise
 He sends them, be ready to cheer—sympathize—
 For hath He not said: Unto Me ye have done
 The same that ye have unto this lowly one?"

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

I am standing in the shadow! and the clouds are hanging low—
 I can feel the chill of twilight creeping on:
 Yet when I lift my weary eyes,
 To scan the brooding, grieving skies,
 I know that after darkness comes the dawn.
 I am standing in the shadow! Though life's sun is sinking fast,
 I will not take one backward glance the while.
 With Faith and Hope to guide and strengthen,
 I can watch the shadow lengthen,
 And I'll meet "The great adventure" with a smile.
 —MRS. J. HAMMOND.

GREAT MISFORTUNE

The Cooperative Store, a \$100,000 corporation, owned and operated by the colored people of this city, closed its doors a few months ago, probably never to open them again for business. It is sincerely regretted by us all that this once promising enterprise could not continue. The Monitor shares equally, with all colored Omahans, in the regrets resulting from this failure. It had been our fondest hope that it would live, and we never lost the opportunity either through our columns or by mouth to say a good word on its behalf. Its closing came as a surprise, knowing as we do its wisely conceived plan of organization. Their plan was to distribute their \$100,000 of capital stock among at least 600 families, thereby virtually obligating this number to trade with them by reason of their investment. They calculated that in 600 families there would be about 1800 persons who would have to be supplied in food, clothing, etc., etc., which would amount to, at the most conservative estimate \$1.00 per day. This would total \$1800 per day upon which the company could certainly depend from its own members. This was reasonable and wise. Citizens rallied to it with great enthusiasm and subscribed freely of their money. Despite, however, this enormous support and its splendid articles of incorporation it has completely failed and, this failure will not be felt alone by the smaller number immediately connected with it, but the entire Colored Community of Omaha. It will be a long time before we can hope to regain the position and prestige furnished us by this organization. Now that it has failed, people have inquired how, and why. We are not in position to give all facts as to this, but it is quite apparent that its failure resulted from one or more of three things, namely, dishonesty, mismanagement or lack of cooperation. We are thoroughly convinced, however, that mismanagement as a result of incompetence and inexperience in large business affairs did more than anything else in bringing about this misfortune. Lack of proper and whole-hearted cooperation from within and

without the concern no doubt, contributed its share. The Monitor believes that bad management due to inexperience, and the lack of the proper exercise of prudence on the part of the officials were the biggest contributing factors in the failure. We believe the Board of Directors were honest in selecting from among them, those whom they trusted with the business details of the store, and experienced their own sad disappointment in finding that the best they had were not large enough to fill the position. Much money was wasted in this costly experiment, and it is too late now to recount the mistakes. This project is closed and it is for us to profit by their mistakes in our future ventures. This will have its serious and effective reaction. We must be prepared to meet it with a more united front and wise conduct. We must still keep trying in the commercial field, undismayed by failures, just as white people do. They do not give up because of one or more failures. Neither should we. We have still another big chance right here in Omaha to prove ourselves to be of the right business. We have the Kaffir Chemical Laboratories—, a \$500,000 Drug and Pharmaceutical Corporation, which is striking contrast to the Cooperative Store has stemmed the tide of this financial crisis and is at present able to stand on its feet, still intact. This has been made possible through wise management and conservative spending. They have suffered severely, it is true, from the lack of proper financial support, but have skillfully and wisely avoided committing any great number of indiscretions. With our united support, this could easily become one of the biggest money making concerns in the country. It has assets amounting to nearly \$750,000 on hand, in the form of raw material, manufactured products and equipment including a great plant. It only needs sufficient capital with which to put its goods on the market. We ought to get behind this enterprise and see to it that success can be had by us in the business world. We can demonstrate the fact that all big colored businesses are not doomed to fail. Let's say, "It shall not fail, and it will not fail."

BOOK CHAT

By Mary White Ovington
 (Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People)

"The Upward Path," Compiled by Marion T. Pritchard and Mary White Ovington. Introduction by Robert R. Moton. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York City. Price \$1.35. Postage Eight Cents.

WE ARE beginning to look about and decide what we shall get for the children at Christmas. If they like books I believe there is nothing they will enjoy more than "The Upward Path."

The compilers of this book brought together stories and biographies, bits of travel and short essays, poems and folk lore tales and last of all charming illustrations, all by colored people. Here in this single volume is a record of Negro literary achievement. And while the book is for children, everyone who likes to read will be entertained by it.

"I have received 'The Upward Path,'" a friend said to me the other day, "and have finished the first story over which I confess I cried. This opening piece being Paul Laurence Dunbar's 'Boy and the Bayonet,' is the gem among the short stories, but it has many good seconds. There is a football tale by Walter F. White, entitled, 'Victory,' two school-day stories by Lillian B. Witten, and one of the most charming little fairy tales of today, Angelina Grimke's 'Land of Laughter' from her play 'Rachel.' We all like to read of the brave deeds of other men, and the colored child must feel a peculiar thrill when he or she learns of the great colored soldiers and explorers. As Matthew Henson journeys with Peary to the North Pole, we learn that they took a measurement of distance over which they came. 'With my proven ability in gauging distances, Commander Peary was ready to take the reckoning as I made it and he did not resort to solar observations until we were within a hand's grasp of the Pole.' And what a wonderful thing to have the black man and the white man together at the spot where the American flag was set marking the location of the North Pole!

One of the great African explorers of our time is the Rev. William Henry Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard went to Africa as a missionary from the Presbyterian Church and was instrumental in exposing the Congo atrocities. For this he gained the displeasure of the Belgian government and came near losing his life. His story of his journeys in the Congo was printed by the Presbyterian Missionary Society and might have been lost to the masses of colored readers had it not been for the 'Upward Path' where his wonderful description of the Kingdom of Lukenga is now given prominence. One learns that in this forbidden land of Lukenga, guarded against outside influence, there was a kindly, intelligent government that encouraged handicraft, cleanliness and moral living. Mr. Sheppard's story also of animal life in Africa is in the 'Upward Path' and gives us a good idea of what the traveler may expect who goes into equatorial Africa.

Among the biographies is a sketch of Benjamin Banneker and another of Paul Cuffe; the first admired by President Jefferson, the second a friend of President Madison. "There were giants in those days," and it is good to read of these early day figures in American Negro history. The book abounds in good poetry suitable for recitation at public gatherings. There is a little poem by Cordelia Ray of the Month, which would make a pretty recitation for twelve children, each costumed to represent a month and each reciting a verse.

The book has one delightful bit of farce, "Travels with a Georgia Mule" by James Weldon Johnson, whose serious work in his two great poems, "Fifty Years," and "Black and Unknown Bards," are also in the book. But you must handle "The Upward Path" to appreciate it, and to see the charming illustrations by Laura Wheeler that makes this collection a lovely gift book for any child. Again, do not forget it for Christmas.

ALLEN CHAPEL A. M. E. CHURCH
 5233 South Twentyfifth Street
 O. J. Burkhardt, pastor

You will be made welcome at all our services. Sunday school 9:30 preaching 11 a. m.; Mr. Rayford's class meeting 12:30; Allen League 7 p. m. Sermon on "Dancing" by the pastor at 7:30, who wants all the young and old people in the city who dance to come early so they can get a seat to hear they have a right to dance. Last Sunday was a great day. The Rev. W. S. Metcalfe preached a wonderful sermon for us.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS MEET
 The Ocowasin Camp Fire group, which consists of twenty girls from the high school and university, held a reunion meeting Thursday, December 1, at the home of their guardian, Mrs. L. N. Peoples, at the Maywood Apartments. The girls planned a Christmas party to be given December 21, at Hillcrest, the home of the Misses Ruth and Florence Jones.

Did it Seem That Long?
 Santa Cruz News—"She was sixty nine years of age and she had been married for more than a century."
 Boston Transcript.

Russia's "Wild East"



A Citizen of Siberia.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

A sled drawn over the deep snow by terrified horses, a driver wildly beating them, and a pack of ferocious wolves breaking in pursuit from a dark pine forest—this is a picture that has given many a person a faulty idea of the Siberia of today.

An American woman who had laughed at an Englishman when he complained that during his ten days in New York city he had not seen a single Indian asked upon her arrival in Vladivostok if there was any danger from wolves in the city. As a matter of fact, one may spend a considerable time in Siberia and cover large areas without seeing a wolf, or a pine tree, and what little snow he will see will probably not be more than a few inches deep, though there are sections where it is quite deep. And one may meet thousands of people without seeing either exile or criminal.

One is not likely to be disillusioned about the climate. The American soldier said, "Siberia has two seasons—July and winter." This is nearly true, for there is practically no spring; the foliage does not appear until June, July is as warm as the winter is cold. The brief fall is beautiful indeed, and there is something very thrilling about the intense cold of the winter, when the temperature goes to 60 and 70 degrees below zero in some sections.

Everybody dresses and prepares for the cold, and on the whole it is possible to be more comfortable in the steady winter of Siberia than in the changeable American winter.

Beautiful Wild Flowers.
 Siberia's wild flowers—a feature which does not fit into the picture of a frozen waste—are worthy a volume in themselves. There is a wild rose that blooms hugely on big, sturdy bushes. Then there is the mauve and gold of the "Mary and John," that is loved most by the Siberians. This lovely flower is named after the Virgin Mary and the loved disciple.

Siberia is, above all, an oriental country. Out there the traveler sees every phantasmagoria associated with the East. Oriental sunsets, equal to any and inferior to none, thrill the senses with splendors of color ranging from volcanoes of rubies to the myriad mysteries of the kaleidoscope. Then one sees all the peoples of the Orient—Chinese, Japanese, Tartars, Manchus, Koreans—men and women of every color and condition.

For the most part the Russians have Russianized the country. Even so, one could easily believe the Tower of Babel incident to have occurred in Siberia, for one hears so many languages and sees so many different national customs. Chinese "sammans" and Japanese "dambes" ride the roadstead of Vladivostok along with Russian craft and American motorboats, and on the highways and caravan routes camels and oxen are passed by modern automobiles, mostly of American make.

Native Life Fascinating.
 One gets wonderfully attached to Siberian life. There is something charming and fascinating about it. The natives, in spite of the scourges of typhus and cholera, in spite of the hunger and cold which they have experienced so frequently during the last six years, are devoted to their homeland; yet apparently they are indifferent to the rich opportunities of their country.

Siberia is a land of rich agricultural potentialities, in spite of the shortness of the summer season, and even American tables have been served with Siberian cheese and butter. But the most alluring opportunities of the country are presented in its mineral

wealth—gold and silver and precious stones.

There is so much in Siberia that reminds an American of our "Wild West" of earlier days, whether it be lawlessness, freedom, opportunity, a place to live life over again, great distances, vastness and gloriousness of scenery, or barrenness such as is seen on the Gobi desert, where the camels graze.

And there are many features that may be described in typical American superlatives. Vladivostok has the finest harbor in the world; the railroad connecting Vladivostok with Petrograd is the longest in the world—thus the Siberians rave, and not altogether madly. But they cannot rave about their roads. The Russian word, "dorozh," meaning "road," literally means "bad road," and it would be redundancy to speak of a bad "dorozh." It merely means a place where you may get through.

Cities Handsome but Dirty.

The cities of the Russian "Wild East" are not very populous, but each one boasts of sufficient beautiful churches, government and private edifices to give it a noble aspect. First is Vladivostok, a combination of Gotham and Chicago. At the other end of the country is Omsk, the capital. In between and top and bottom are Tomsk, Ekaterinburg, Cheliabinsk, Chita, Khabarovsk, Irkutsk, Harbin and Nizhny. One of the most objectionable features about these beautiful cities is their filth and the attendant odors.

Tomsk has an unusually beautiful cathedral and a great university that has produced more than one famous name, Metchnikoff, the great bacteriologist, being one of them. Vladivostok, the largest and most interesting city of eastern Siberia, owes much to Russia's loss of Port Arthur, for that misfortune increased the tsar's interest in the more northerly seaport until he had made it worthy of its name, "Ruler of the East." The one disadvantage of Vladivostok is that its harbor is frozen during several months of the year. In spite of this drawback, Vladivostok probably possesses the second finest harbor in the world, and it is claimed that from a military standpoint the city was second only to the Dardanelles.

The city spreads out at the foot of many hills and rises into a beautiful and sudden spectacle as one's steamer makes a turn in the approach from the sea. A cathedral with many golden domes occupies a place of vantage, and everywhere rise huge stone and brick barracks, mostly white, with an occasional pile in red brick for contrast.

All around the city are barracks, barracks everywhere. It is said that there are sufficient barracks in and around Vladivostok to house an army of half a million men. These barracks are substantially built and provide protection against the heat of July as well as the cold of winter.

The outstanding characteristics of the Siberian Russian are his physical strength and stamina and his gentleness of nature. Most people will be surprised at the second part of that statement, on account of what has been published about the Bolshevik cruelties. It is true that the peasant went from the extreme of an absolute monarchy to the most fantastic socialism the world has known. Nevertheless he is gentle and forgiving by nature.

Of course, Siberia did not taste the full bitterness of Red Bolshevism. The extreme elements were present, but they never had full swing. Red Bolshevism in Siberia never was more than "pink," and that pink is becoming paler every day.

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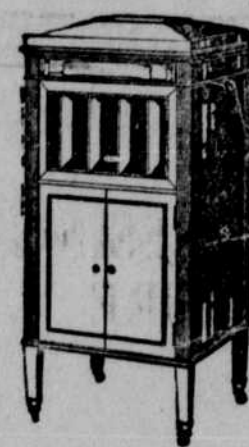
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