

THE MONITOR

A National Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Colored Americans

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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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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.



UNDEFEATED

As our Omaha readers know, and that our out of town readers may know, we deem it wise to state that a petition in bankruptcy has been filed against The Monitor Publishing Company and that therefore The Monitor is in the hands of a receiver. This does not mean, for the present at least, and if our debtors and friends come to our relief, will by no means mean the suspension of this publication. Our total indebtedness, with outstanding notes and interest, is around \$5,000. There is due The Monitor in outstanding accounts a large proportion of this amount; enough at least to satisfy our creditors and enable us to handle the difference of the indebtedness. This heavy indebtedness, not greivous, however, when the circulation and earning capacity of The Monitor is taken into consideration, came about in this way: During the war period, the cost of publication increased over 400%, causing more than 4000 publications to suspend. The Monitor at that time would have had a good reason for suspending publication also. It would probably have been wise to have done so; but we felt that it was a time when our people who depended upon the race press for counsel and guidance needed this help and that it was our bounden duty to hold on and render the race and our country patriotic service. Our publishers during that crisis extended us most generous credit. Had they not done so we would have been compelled to suspend. The high cost of publication and our tenacity in holding on explains how the indebtedness grew. Then in 1920 a partnership of three was formed and matters looked encouraging, but one of the partners proved untrustworthy and misappropriated about \$800 of the company's money. This was almost a death blow, but we did not whine or air our grievance. Our publishers, The Waters-Barnhart Publishing Company, again stood by us, because of their confidence in the Editor whom they had known for years and their belief and hope that The Monitor would eventually be able to pull through. So Mr. Bullock and myself took the bit in our teeth and buckled down determined to do our best to win out. Other adverse conditions and combinations arose to make the task harder and yet we did not give in. For some weeks we have called attention to the fact that we were in urgent need of money. Our subscribers will now see how desperate the situation was which we had hoped they would relieve. The editorial policy will continue unhampered under the receivership. We are not asking for charity. We are simply asking subscribers to pay up; for new people to subscribe, and for those who want to see The Monitor succeed to help us secure enlarged advertising business. We are determined to pull out because our creditors are entitled to payment and because the paper fills an important place. We are not out of the game. Now let everybody who owes us and everybody who appreciates what The Monitor stands for and means to this community, send in their money and before the petition in bankruptcy is heard we will have enough money in hand to pay our creditors. We are not beaten or defeated. We fought hard and survived during the war period. We are going to win out now. Help us.

That's So.
When the busy little bee gets a lead he goes straight home—which is more than any man can do.

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The Snow Madness

By AUTIN FLEET

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A leap, a snarl—Jean Pousset's hands were round Pierre Lot's throat, and Pierre's eyes were bulging as he strove vainly to free himself from the grasp of his unsuspected enemy.

At first Jean throttled him as if his only desire was to kill; but, as Pierre fell insensible upon the bunk, he released him and stood looking at him uncertainly.

It was the climax of the season that they had spent together. Both were trappers, and they had amassed a rich store of furs, including two of the silver fox, which meant comparative affluence for them. But Jean envied Pierre.

He envied him his own share of the furs, and he envied him Marie Batiste, who had unmistakably indicated her preference for Pierre. So they were to be married that spring at Fort Auguste, when Pierre returned.

There should be no returning for Pierre. Jean had resolved to kill his erstwhile friend, and return with a trumped-up story of some kind or other. No one would ever know.

Of late Pierre had seemed to suspect Jean, and he had always slept with his revolver handy. But that morning Jean had outmaneuvered him. Jean watched Pierre uncertainly. It would be an easy thing to shoot him while he was unconscious. But something in him rebelled against this murder of an unconscious man. And, in the end, he secured a length of rope and tied Pierre securely to his bunk.

"Lie there and starve," he sneered. "None will pass this way, and I'll be back next year and set you free."

If Pierre heard, he only groaned in answer. Jean looked at him a little longer, hurled a curse at him, and loaded his pack with all the furs, including Pierre's. Then, with a wave of the hand, he was off and snow-shoehing across this wastes in the direction of Fort Auguste.

At first he stepped lightly enough, but gradually the recollection of his deed began to burn in him. It had been largely spontaneous, though he had had some such idea in mind for weeks as, in the solitude, the memory of Marie Batiste's face grew stronger.

It was Marie, rather than the furs, that drove him on again. But he walked more and more slowly; and at last he stopped.

He stopped under a dwarf willow, where his line of traps began. He could not go on. He was glad that he had not killed Pierre. And he would have returned, only he did not know what to say to Pierre.

But he must return. Something within him would not let him go a step further. It was odd how that invisible something seemed to cling to his legs when he tried to walk. It was as if some one were physically impeding him.

At last, with a groan, he yielded. He would go back to Pierre and set him free, fling him his half of the furs, and take himself away forever.

He turned toward the cabin. He pushed his foot forward. Something under the snow caught the shoe. Snap! He was fast.

At first, just for an instant, he did not know what it was that had pulled him to his knees. Then, with an awful fear, he realized that he was fast in one of his own traps. And he tugged in vain; he could not budge the strong steel implement beneath the frozen snow.

It was a wolverine trap, one of the heaviest made, and designed to hold the captive motionless.

It was impossible to get at it, because he was in such a position that it was difficult even to kneel. The muscles of his back seemed bursting as he vainly endeavored to get himself into a position from which he might pry away the frozen snow and tug at the steel beneath.

And, as he realized his doom, a hoarse cry of despair broke from his lips—another, and another.

The sun rose high. Still Jean fought like a madman, always in vain. And at last he abandoned the struggle and lay face downward in the snow.

The hours went by. The sun was going down. The bitter cold was numbing him. He had no longer any sensation in his leg, and the teeth of the

trap no longer bit, though a little pool of blood had frozen on the snow.

Suddenly Jean perceived a figure coming toward him. Incredulously, he recognized Pierre. It was Pierre himself, at his side, looking down on him. He heard his exclamation. In a few minutes Pierre had dug up the trap and set his enemy free.

Jean struggled to his feet and looked up at Pierre in amazement. "Take all the furs and go," he mumbled.

Pierre clapped him on the shoulder. "Eh, mon ami, it is nothing," he said. "It is the snow-madness that comes to us in the wilderness, not so? I know, for I myself had coveted your furs, and had been tempted. Only," he laughed, "it was fortunate that you forgot I had a knife beside my bunk."

Theater Provides Smoking Room.
New York.—An elaborately-furnished smoking room, exclusively for women, has been opened in a New York theater. The women had formed the habit of smoking in the lobby, so the manager decided to give them a room to enjoy their cigarettes in comfort.

A Poor Eggs Change.

Notice in English Grocery—"Provided you get one bad egg from us we will on your returning it give you two for it."—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT

Ed F. Morearty, Attorney-at-Law
700 Peters Trust Building
To William Smith, Non-Resident Defendant:

You are hereby notified that on the 21st day of November, 1921, your wife filed her petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, to obtain an absolute decree of divorce from you on the grounds of extreme cruelty. You are further notified that on the 7th day of March, 1922, leave was given by Hon. Willis G. Sears, judge of the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, to file service by publication. You are required to answer said petition on or before April 10, 1922.

GEORGIA SMITH.

(4t-3-19-17-24-31, '22.)

VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT SUBSCRIBERS PAY

Good Friends, we took you into our confidence two weeks ago and told you that we had to raise a substantial sum of money by MARCH 10, to pay a long over-due obligation to our printer. We urged Delinquent Subscribers to pay up or, if unable to pay in full to send us something on account. Some subscribers responded, but only a few. We thank all who paid for their prompt response. We did not begin to receive enough to pay this pressing obligation. We, therefore, make another appeal, and hope all who owe us will realize how impossible it will be for us to continue publication unless we are able to pay our bills and we cannot pay our bills unless YOU PAY US. If you can't find the bill we sent you, look at the key number on the pink label on your paper. That tells the date to which you are paid. If the key is, for example "7-1-21", it means that your subscription expired July 1, 1921, and you owe The Monitor \$2.00 in good money. Please Pay.

JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor.

Announcement

Dr. S. B. Northcross wishes to announce that his residence telephone has been changed to Webster 3222. His North Side office is located at 1516 North 24th St., over the Co-Operative Store. Telephone Webster 6194.

He desires to further announce that he will retain his South Side office also, 2731-3 Q Street. For information call Market 2151.

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Also "WINNERS OF THE WEST"

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FRANK MAYO in "TRACKED TO EARTH"

SUNDAY—

ELAINE HAMMERSTINE in "GIRL FROM NOWHERE"

Lary Semon Comedy and a Western Feature

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"THE SHEIK"

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—

"REPUTATION"

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MONDAY—

LON CHENEY in "THE PENALTY"
Also "MUM'S THE WORD"

TUESDAY—

RUTH ROLAND in "WHITE EAGLE"—No. 9
Also Feature and Comedy

WEDNESDAY—

PRISCILLA DEAN in "CONFLICT"

THURSDAY—

GEORGE WALSH in "STANLEY IN AFRICA"—No. 8
Also Feature and Comedy



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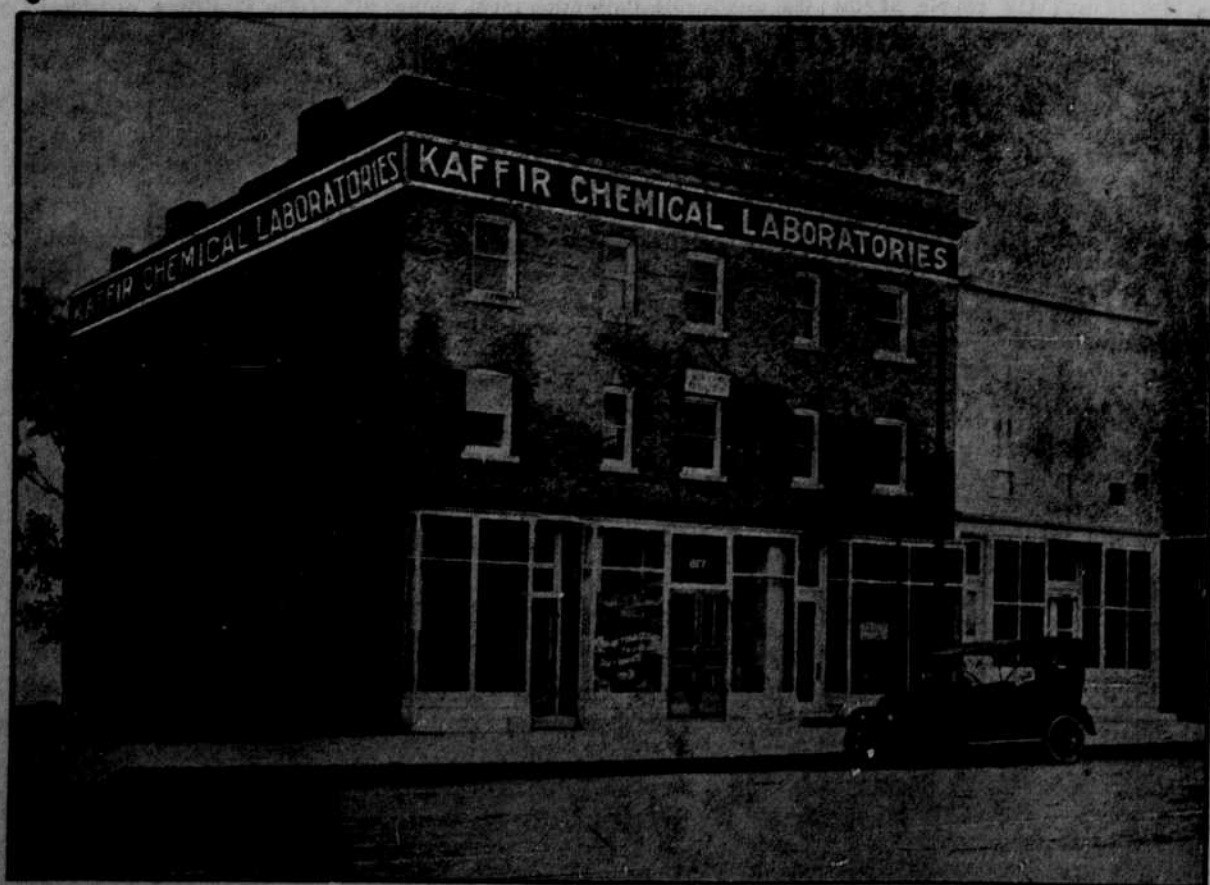
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