

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.

Application made for entry at the Postoffice, Omaha, Neb., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates, 25 cents an inch per issue.

Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.

UNSIGHTLY, IF NOT UNSANITARY

We are interested in making Omaha a beautiful city. Unsightly spots here and there mar the beauty of our city and make a bad impression upon the thousands of strangers whom this year we expect to welcome within our gates. Many of these unsightly spots are being removed and we are confident that our city commissioners are anxious to remove and will take whatever steps may be necessary to remove these eyesores and blemishes, wherever found, if called to their attention. We, therefore, respectfully beg leave to call our commissioners' attention to one of the most unsightly sights in Omaha and pray them to take such action as the case demands.

We invite them to come out and inspect Twenty-first street between Nicholas and Paul, which is being used as a dumping ground for building refuse and rubbish. The array of broken tile, brickbats, rusty corrugated steel, scraps of timber and other refuse which the tall and state-ly weeds, growing with tropical luxuriance, refuse to hide, is a sight to make a slovenly slattern weep. It's hideous. It's disgraceful to allow such a condition of slovenliness to continue. The condition may not be unsanitary, but it is certainly unsightly, and to us the grotesquely hideous is unsanitary.

It is claimed that this refuse is stored or dumped on private property, because the street at this point is only thirty-three feet wide. The plat shows that it is the city's intention to make the street fifty-five feet wide. If, then, this is private property, one of two things should be done: either the city should acquire it, clean up and open the street, or compel the owner or owners of the property to fence in this unsightly rubbish and hide it from the public view.

The city officials owe it to the city which they are anxious to faithfully serve to see to it that this rubbish is removed or fenced in as a protection to the taxpayers, because should there be an accident here the city would unquestionably be liable for heavy damages.

There may be more unsanitary places, but there can be no more unsightly place on an Omaha public thoroughfare than that to which we now publicly, but most respectfully, call our city officials' attention, Twenty-first street between Nicholas and Paul. Clean it up. It's unsightly, if not unsanitary, and dangerous for public vehicles.

LESSONS FROM A LIFE.

Major John Roy Lynch, U. S. A. retired, whose cut appears in this issue, and whose recent letter to the Chicago Tribune will be read with

interest, furnishes an excellent example of a man who has risen from lowly life and adverse circumstances to a career of usefulness. He was born a slave in Concordia Parish, La., Sept. 10, 1847, the son of Patrick and Catherine L. Lynch. His father was an Irishman. His mother was a colored woman. Lincoln's proclamation brought him freedom. Being of an inquiring mind and studious habits, he found a way to acquire an education. His life reads like a romance. He was elected to membership in the Mississippi House of Representatives, 1869-73, being speaker thereof in 1871-73. He was a member of the 43rd, 44th and 47th Congresses from the Sixth Mississippi district; a delegate to several national Republican conventions, and presided as temporary chairman of that honorable body in 1884, a coveted distinction. He served as fourth auditor of the treasury in 1889-93. He was appointed major and paymaster (U. S. V.) July, 1898, and served through the Spanish-American war, after which he was appointed captain and paymaster, U. S. A.; promoted to major September 13, 1906, and retired September 10, 1911. For a number of years he was stationed at Omaha, where he made, as everywhere he has been, scores of friends, who will be pleased to see this good picture of him and to read the accompanying article from his pen. Major Lynch resides in Chicago and is devoting himself to literature. His "Facts of Reconstruction" is an entertaining and instructive volume which is being widely read and should have a place in all our homes. He has about completed his second work, being a fascinating volume of reminiscences, some chapters of which we have had the pleasure of reading in the manuscript.

We hope that Major Lynch may be spared many years to be an inspiration to the younger generation who are too prone to think that it is useless to set their faces toward the heights.

This is the thought that always comes to us as we review the careers of our men and women who have achieved success in any given field of honorable endeavor: **SUCCESS AWAITS THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE.**

"The heights by great men reached and kept,

Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept

Were toiling upward in the night."

Are you willing to pay the price?
Which do you prefer—SLEEPING or TOILING?

In each of our issues we have published a good deal about prejudice-promoting photoplays and jitneys. Our reason for this is not to wait until these photoplays with their objectionable features come to Omaha and then protest against their production, as we certainly will, if they come; but to advise the public of their distastefulness and danger before they come, so that there will be a sentiment against them. Other cities do not want them and Omaha does not want them. So much for the prejudice-inciting photoplays. And as for the jitneys, here as elsewhere there has been a disposition upon their part to draw the color line, contrary to the laws of this state and the ordinances of this city governing common carriers. The time to call attention to such matters is in their incipency, not when they have become entrenched and buttressed with custom.

Our readers all love good music. You have the opportunity of your life to hear it next week at the Auditorium. The Saengerfest. Two thousand trained voices in choruses. Think of it! Better yet, be sure to hear them.

Do your part to make Omaha the best city in the world in which to live and raise your children.

Hot? Yes! But have you begun to plan to lay in your coal for next winter?

Going to patronize our advertisers? Excellent. They deserve it.

Enjoy the parks—when the rain will let you.

Keep down the weeds around your house.

Going to start buying a home? Good.

EX-SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON

The Hon. John M. Thurston has always been counted among the staunchest and truest friends of the colored people. Many, therefore, who are readers of The Monitor will be interested in the following graceful tribute paid him by Edgar Howard in a recent issue of the Columbus Telegram and join sincerely in the wish with which the article so eloquently closes:

"I wish I might have had a stenographer take down the eloquent little talk which ex-United States Senator Thurston made at the 'friendship' meeting between Omaha and Columbus boosters at the Elks' club room last Thursday night. It was a gem of eloquence, a beautiful tribute to the worth of Nebraska pioneers, a glorious testimony to this prairie commonwealth and to the men and women who have carried the banner of Nebraska here at home and beyond the state lines. His comparison between the naturalness of the men of the agricultural West and the artificiality of the men of the dollar-worshipping East would be of value to the people of both localities. His eulogy of the men and women who had large part in transforming the domain of the prairie dog and the Pawnee into the abode of the most literate citizenship under the sun would be worthy a golden page on the records of the Nebraska Historical Society. His plea for acceptance of his belief that not men alone, but also the guiding hand of the God of the Universe has had something to do with making this America of ours a

sweet oasis of peace in the present desert of world-war, would, if that plea could have been reduced to printed words, be a sermon worthy repetition by every priest of every creed. I recall a day when Nebraskans flung their caps in the air in the presence of this great orator. That was when his cup of distinction was overflowing. And now in the day when the once famous man is in the garb of commonality, bereft of the purple of fame, it is still my part to be complimented by opportunity to sit at the feet of brilliance and absorb freely of its effulgence. I am glad that John M. Thurston has returned to spend the remainder of his days under the Nebraska skies, and I shall be hoping that all his pathways may be bordered by the flowers of good remembrance, scattered by the thousands who in the old days were charmed by his eloquence or recipients of his bounty."

PRESS COMMENTS.

Reaping the Harvest.

Echoes from Georgia still carry tidings of dissatisfaction over the commutation by the governor of Leo Frank's sentence to life imprisonment. They believe that the executive should not have interfered with the provisions of the court and believe it so strongly that they have made several attempts to lynch the governor. This lawless mob spirit isn't a new thing at all, it is only breaking out in a new place. A habit once formed is hard to break, it grows and fastens itself deep in till it becomes a very part and parcel of an individual. The white men who lynched and encouraged lynching of members of our race will gather for their posterity, the lynching of white law abiding citizens, by lawless white men, as the fruition of such a policy.

Georgians are simply harvesting the seeds sown by their ancestors and sanctioned by the state in failing to discharge her duty in upholding laws.—The Chicago Defender.

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