

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.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter July 2, 1915, at the Post Office at Omaha, Neb., under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE REV. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.
Lucille Skaggs Edwards and William Garnett Haynes, Associate Editors
George Wells Parker, Contributing Editor and Business Manager
Joseph LaCour, Jr., Lincoln Representative, 821 S St., Lincoln

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.50 PER YEAR
Advertising Rates, 50 cents an inch per issue.
Address, The Monitor, 1119 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.
Telephone Webster 4243.

OPPOSITION TO WILSON

We have been asked why so many intelligent Colored Americans, who four years ago were decidedly friendly toward Woodrow Wilson are now so bitterly opposed to him.

Well, for those who are even remotely acquainted with the growing self-respect of and among our race, this question should not offer any difficulty. It is not because President Wilson has taken away many positions efficiently filled by members of our race, although the injustice of this were cause for resentment; but because there has been apparently a studied and well-defined policy on his part and that of his administration to humiliate us, deprive us of our manhood rights and destroy our self-respect.

No fair-minded man or woman can read the record of restrictive laws, enactments and practices which have been the vogue of the Wilsonian administration—we had almost written **mal-administration**—without admitting the truth of this indictment. We need not here give a list of the segregation acts and practices, the anti-racial measures introduced in Congress and the humiliating demands made upon Colored federal employees if they were to retain even the places to which they had been demoted (no this is not a typographical or orthographical error for **pro**-moted) which have been aimed directly at our self-respect, and which we are fast learning is the most valuable asset that any race or people can possess.

Self-respect needs cultivation and encouragement, not repression. The Wilson policy, wittingly or unwittingly, designedly or undesignedly—but we believe it to be wittingly and designedly—in its application to the Colored American has been aimed at the weakening and extinction of his self-respect. This then is the reason for the race's opposition to Woodrow Wilson. It is vital and deep-seated.

PROGRESS AND HOPE

One cannot visit any of our large cities where our race is to be found in any considerable numbers without being impressed with the evidence of thrift, aggressiveness and progress which he sees on every hand. Of course, there is the other side, too, but in our opinion, to him who will but see the brighter more hopeful side is the more prominent.

Everywhere we find our people becoming home-owners in larger and ever-increasing numbers, entering more generally into various and varied business enterprises, demanding, appreciating and using better educational facilities. All of this indicates progress, genuine progress and offers ground for hope and encouragement in our struggle to rise to the highest plane of the best type of citizenship.

There is no reason at all for our people being discouraged anywhere in this country for we are making progress that must command respect. Progress and hope are valuable assets.

STANDING FOR IDEALS

Someone has said that Americans are idealists. When we note the trend of affairs one is inclined to believe that it were nearer the truth to say that Americans are opportunists. They shape their conduct with a view to the main chance. They are largely governed by what is considered the practical side measured by a financial standard of profit and loss. The question is seldom "Is it right?" But more often "Will it pay?" Meaning by this will it pay in dollars and cents.

Do you believe the day will ever come when both the American church and the American nation will stand uncompromisingly for the highest ideals?

DREAM

Dream, children of the sun-loved race, dream! It is the most real thing in all the wide wide world. Fingers can clutch at cloth and wood and stone and gold, yet somehow they all slip away. But no one can rob you of your dream.

Why dream? Ah! yes, I know what you would ask. Is it worth while? Yes, it is always worth while. Prejudices may tug at the bruised and broken chords of your heart, but there are thousands in the world who understand and will help you heal the wounds. And the mystic power that helps dreamers knows neither race nor creed nor color. It comes out of the blue zone and over the volcanic peaks, fluttering like a little wind among the trees, and reaching down to man, helps to raise him up. To that power barriers are tinsel and hate a mist.

Yes, pick out a dream, a great big dream, and work and wait and hope. And then through every hour of every day and through the slow deep breathing of all the silent nights, that mystic power will smooth a path for your struggling feet and weave a vision for your yearning eyes. Just keep this faith and one day you shall reach the sunlit heights and from life's dissonance strike one clear chord that carries to the ears of God.

A SUBTLE DEMOCRATIC MOVE

Colored voters need not be disturbed over the articles appearing in the World-Herald, signed "A Colored Citizen." It is merely an attempt to publish the fact that Will N. Johnson is Colored, with the hopes of appealing to prejudiced voters. While we would have preferred Johnson to make an open fight and carry his plea direct to all voters, we can say upon authority that the Republican Committee wished to publish Johnson's picture along with their write-up, but Johnson refused. The blame is not with them, if there be any blame.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

The blizzard of last Thursday so knocked us off our pins that we are not quite steady yet. We have invited an epistle to the weather guy

and told him that if he doesn't slip as a twenty-four hour notice next time we're going to mail him a dandy little omb.

The emergency editor of The Monitor had so many bouquets thrown at him last week that he is seriously thinking of stopping newspaper work and opening a cut flower shop.

Most of Omaha's newspapers side step the prohibition issue as if it were a smallpox sign, but The Monitor is out for the wet side hands down and don't care who knows it.

Wake up all that latent energy of yours and boost for Will Johnson. He has got to come through on a long lead.

What did you think of "The Trooper of Company K?" Say, our pride for the Colored race keeps us swelling up so that the last notch in the belts almost reached.

The man who thinks he knows all there is to know about Omaha politics is beginning to think he doesn't know near so much as he knew before he knew anything. Read it over again, now, and get it straight. We want to be understood.

The editor of The Monitor was due back last Thursday night, but didn't hit town until several days later. He is now recuperating.

Tell all your friends to vote for Hughes, because if this Democratic administration keeps up men will be walking around the streets with knives and forks trying to eat each other up. Potatoes are climbing to two bones a bushel.

In our humble opinion, as between Kennedy and Hitchcock, the former has got friend latter fanned to a vapor.

We are certainly planning some real nice things for The Monitor's readers, but politics is keeping our exhaust valves so wide open that we don't have time to even meditate over our plate of beans.

Who said the Colored vote isn't in the game? Batters up!

Everytime we pass Fourteenth and Dodge we begin dreaming of the telegraph pole on the northeast corner of 35th and State. Pshaw, forget it. Railroad tickets cost too much.

You can find everything you need advertised in The Monitor except a tombstone. May you never need one until 2000 A. D.

Send The Monitor to an out of town friend. Uncle Sam will carry it for the measly sum of one cent.

The publicity bureau over the People's Drug Store, has issued a ukase to the effect that when it comes to the science of rapid retreats, Dr. J. H. Hutten has Kuropatkin looking like a lone deuce in a poker deck.

Dr. Leonard Britt has filed suit in the court of general opinion against Henry W. Black and Dr. W. W. Peebles for stealing his oratorical thunder and attempting to emulate him as a political highbinder.

Mr. Thomas Bass, the well-known horseman of Mexico, Mo., was in Omaha on a business trip this week. Mr. Bass is the owner of some of the most famous race horses in the country.

SONGS OF SOLOMON

Opportunity.

1. Heed thee, O my cheeild, the counsels of a father, for today he singeth to thee of Opportunity.

2. It may be true that all things come to him who waits, but remember, O my cheeild, that when they come, thou mayest have parents, or worse.

3. Opportunity weareth no April fool sign, "I AM IT," for if it did every dude and fair fluff would have a chug wagon and a check book.

4. Think not to find Opportunity at the green-covered table, for while it often lingereth there, it lingereth not for thee but for the other fellow.

5. When thou wouldst try a get-rich-quick game, hearken to the tale of the fish who swimmeth happily to the bright hook and is served up a la Creole on Friday.

6. Some say that sooner or later Opportunity knocketh at every door, but put not thy trust in what people saith. Opportunity may lose thy address.

7. So linger not behind thy door listening for the tap tap, but get thee into the highway with a sandbag and lay for Opportunity as it pussyfooteth down the lane.

8. As thou hidest in the shadows remember the policy of watchful waiting, and shouldst Opportunity see thy sandbag before thou swingeth it, let thy limbs remember Marathon and thy feet patter after the fleety stranger.

9. Never argue with either a woman or Opportunity, for if thou dost thy middle name is Boob. Simply get thee a hammerlock hold and dictate thy terms.

10. Take these precepts to heart, O my cheeild, and forget not the sandbag. It will serve thee well.

THE DREAMER

The dreamer dreamed and the busy world

Passed by with a mocking smile,
As it went in search of the world's rewards,
But the dreamer dreamed the while.

He saw the world, as the would should be,

When longer years had run,
And the world but paused in its work to ask:

"Pray, what has the dreamer done?"

Yet ever the dreamer dreamed his dream,

Until, in some wondrous way—
As the water springing in deeps of earth,
Finds passage to upper day.

The dreamer's dream found the man of power—

'Tis strange how men's lives are knit—

Who knew not the dreamer, but took his dream

And transformed the world with it.

The world bows down to the man of power—

And perhaps the dreamer dies—
But the dream he dreamed is the secret force

That has forged men's destinies.
—The Bellman.

Beware of campaign segars. Tell the candidate that you prefer a John Ruskin or a Te Be Ce.

Of the 2,000 students in the Los Angeles High School this year only about 30 are Colored students.