# OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Omaha republicans will not soon forget the double cross put over on them last Tuesday. Maybe the machine thinks they can get away with it, but there will come a reckoning day.

The machine ordered a cut of the whole republican ticket, but the Colored workers howled so loudly that there came a compromise. This compromise affected only Colored workers, the white workers going for the straight democratic ticket. "Way late we get 'em."

We feel so rotten today that even our typewriter has melancholia.

A political friend is a man to whom you can go after election and find him just the same good fellow as he was when he was hustling votes. Those are the kind of men The Monitor has picked.

Watch for The Monitor subscription contest next week. We are laying plans to put across the finest Colored paper ever published this side of the firmament. Watch the expansion of our bust measurements.

The shyster lawyer who lied about the Monitor last Saurday had better hunt cover. We are out for the little game first and he is about the smallest and most offensive of the genus Mephlitis hereabouts.

Ask the wonderful rapid calculator for the drys where those 35 jobs are coming from, boys. It looks as though we'll need about a thousand, but keep hot on his trail and make him produce the promised three dozen.

If the readers of a paper don't patronize the advertisers, the paper has just as much chance of existence as a ham sandwich in front of starving coal shoveler. So get busy, friends, get busy.

By the way, did you start that bank account you were talking about the other day?

# SONG OF SOLOMON

1. Be patient, O my son, be patient, ere old Sol can sing to thy shell pink ears another ditty.

2. The election returns have made him to drop his harp and smash so many strings that sweet music refuseth to come forth.

3. A storm broodeth over the nation and the barometer is cloudier than a silver fizz.

4. Old Nebr. has leaped into the columns of anti-booze and the machine hath double-crossed the G. O. P.

5. Wilson crossed the line and the whole land holdeth its breath and cannot enjoy its pork chops.

6. Hold fast to thy shekels, don't rock the boat, and pray, O my son, pray.

7. The court house is garrisoned with Dems, and only Clark, Dewey and Smith beat the game.

8. Our Colored lad made a brave fight and showed strong, but he was slaughtered in the house of his friends.

9. Be patient until the singer stops rocking on his pins and can hitch new strings upon his lyre.

10. Then, perchance, he can find some chords amidst the chaos to soothe thy aching heart.

Hear Adams' Saxaphone and Singing Orchestra if you want good music. Webster 1528. Holland Harrold.—Adv.

### THE CENTIMETER EDITOR

Written by Andrew T. Reed as the Public's Token to Mr. Fred C. Williams.

Scattering rays of sunshine,
Making the clouds depart,
Sending away the shadows
From some discouraged heart;
This seems to be his purpose,
As, with a song of praise,
He presses ever onward
Thru life's allotted days.

Scattering rays of sunshine,
Laughing when thunders roll,
Shaming the gloom which settles
About some careworn soul;
This seems to be his mission,
As, to the wretch in tears,
He smiles a friendly greeting
And travels down the years.

Scattering rays of sunshine,
Asking of wealth no meed,
Seeking of fame no laurels,
Voicing no narrow cered;
This seems his chief vocation,
Where many mortals plod;
This is his way of serving
And honoring his God.

# THE OPTIMIST.

Who would have the sky any color but blue?

Or the grass any color but green?
Or the flowers that blossom the summer through,

Of other texture or sheen?

How the sunshine gladdens the human heart!

How the sound of falling rain, Will cause the tender tears to start, And free the soul from pain.

O, this old world is a great old place'
And I love each season's change:
The river—the brook of purling
grace—

The valley—the mountain range.

And when I am called to quit this life,
My feet will not spurn the sod:
Though I will leave this world with its
beauties rife,

For a glorious one—with God.

—Mrs. J. Hammond, Omaha, Neb.

Phone your news to The Monitor, Webster 4243.

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