

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.

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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.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT COM- PANY ATTENTION, PLEASE

Gentlemen, in the decision of an important election in which you were vitally interested, your attention is respectfully called to the significant fact that in every precinct, except two, in which the Colored vote is relatively large, the contract carried by good majorities. This shows that the Colored vote was a most important factor in carrying this election. We believe you to be fair-minded enough to admit this.

The Monitor takes credit to itself for having had a large part in determining the result of the election by the publication of articles which educated our readers on the merits of the question to be decided by their votes and by urging voters to go to the polls and vote. We have reason to know that our advice was very generally followed. Colored men in good numbers went to the polls and voted "Yes."

We are gratified with the result, because we believe that for the present at least, the contract entered into between your company and the commissioners, if it be honestly carried out not only in the letter but also in the spirit, is the very best thing our city could do. Urged, therefore, by The Monitor to do so, the Colored voters voted for the contract. We number over 2000 voters, so we desire to call your attention to the fact that THE COLORED VOTERS OF OMAHA STOOD LOYALLY BY THE OMAHA ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY IN THIS ELECTION WHICH VITALLY CONCERNED THE BUSINESS OF YOUR COMPANY.

But may we not also respectfully call your attention to another important fact? It is this: COLORED RESIDENTS OF OMAHA SPEND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY WITH YOUR COMPANY FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

Despite this latter fact, of which you have had knowledge for several years, among your army of employes you have not seen fit to give employment even of the most menial kind to a single member of the Colored race. NOT ONE. Your laboring gangs are composed almost entirely, if not wholly of men of foreign birth, such as Bohemians, Italians and Poles—not that we are speaking, or would speak disparagingly of the foreign-born, for of them have sprung and will spring some of America's greatest men and women. But we do feel strongly that when it comes to matters of employment as much consideration should be given to the home-born black American, whose loyalty and patriotism cannot be called into question, as to the white foreigner who seeks domicile here. This, however, neither you nor the other public service corporations in this city have done. Is this quite fair?

In your offices and mechanical departments there are representatives of all classes of American citizens except our own.

We respectfully ask, if in the light of these facts it would not be the just and fair thing for you to do to give employment to our people in some of your departments?

We have young men and women, who, if given an opportunity to show what they can do would give satisfaction, not merely as janitors, if you please, but also in clerical and other positions.

It may be possible that at some future time the goodwill and votes of our people will be desired by you. Would it not be a great advantage both to yourselves and to us to be able to point to the fact that among your large force of employes our people have competent representatives? We believe that it is only a matter of right, justice and fair play that large employers of labor, like yours and other corporations in this city should not discriminate against us in the matter of employment, as you have done in the past.

Is it to continue?

THE RISE OF THE DARKER RACES

The leading diplomats of the countries now at war are beginning to cast about for some way of ending the war. It is not because either side has been defeated or likely to be soon, but because they are sensing the ultimate passing of the Caucasian as the world's dominant power. A mighty change is gradually coming about and they are unable to prevent it. The powers of Europe have been whirled into a maelstrom and it seems that human will avails nothing. If the war keeps up much longer it can spell nothing but ruin and destruction of Europe. And then what?

Japan has tightened her grip upon China and is teaching the Chinese the refrain of, "Asia for the Asiatics." And the Chinese are learning. Japan has also reached across the seas and made league with South America, a league which threatens the commercial relations of all Europe. The Hindus are organizing and planning the elimination of British rule. Even the Africans are gradually cementing themselves for some future effort to free their land from foreign control. And in the face of all these activities, Europe is helpless. So busy is she will killing her own that she dare not speak a warning word for fear that it will kindle the fires now smoldering. The next generation is filled with portentous things. It appears that the power of the white race is passing and passing rapidly.

But whatever happens, let us hope that if the darker races are to assume control of the world, they will love justice, righteousness and mercy. May they rule with a kinder hand than that which has ruled them and prove that their ideals of human brotherhood are real and true.

CUPID HITS MONITOR OFFICE

Wednesday afternoon the business manager of The Monitor walked the plank and fell into the sea of matrimony with a sudden splash. The bride, Miss Wiletta Davis, is a dainty bit of feminine furniture and has a strong hold upon good looks. She also possesses many admirable qualities, the best among them being her ability to cook, a quality that goes big with the hungry sex. The groom isn't very long on accomplishments, but hopes to pick up a few in the near future.

Congratulations are now in order, but the happy pair would prefer them twenty years from now after they have spent that time in trying to drag the sunbeams into their own lives and the lives of others. They are at home to their friends morning, noon and late evening, night being the only time they want for themselves.

With this brief obituary upon his thirty-four years of single life, the groom will now proceed to wrestle with the coming Colored weekly of America, The Monitor.

MAKE SOME TOT HAPPY

Christmas is the happy season for all, but most for children. To their little minds Santa is still a reality and Christmas morning a joyous expectation. But there are always some who stockings are not filled and whom Santa unintentionally forgets. Suppose each one of our subscribers, who is not blessed with children of his or her own, look about for some little boy or girl whose childish life will be filled to overflowing with a remembrance from the Christmas Saint. It will only mean the expenditure of a few cents, but the happiness that it will bring can not be measured with human mete. Life will be made more beautiful, albeit only for a day, but in that day seeds of love can be sown that may be nourished in some little heart, to blossom and bear fruit in the days to come. So find some little child and keep it still believing that Santa is real and that it is not too poor or to insignificant to be remembered on Christmas eve, when he whirls about the world in his toy laden sleigh.

We would call your attention to a Lincoln item on another page. The Democrats have appointed four Colored men to political office so far and this action deserves special mention in view of the stalwart stand made by Nebraska Colored voters for Hughes. It is a bit of news really worth thinking about.

SONG OF SOLOMON

Diplomacy.

1. Harken, O my son to this ditty of diplomacy, for thou hast much need of it in life.
2. It is the gentle art of getting by and leaving thy comrades to wonder how it happened.
3. Thou must cultivate a smile which maketh a man let loose a ten without a murmur and to make a woman dream that she hath met Sir Lancelot.
4. Thou must train thyself in the magnetism of the happy mitt and teach thy voice all the allegros of a ragtime masterpiece.
5. Learn to know when thou needst to make the rush act and when thou must trifle with the snail step and the go easy game.
6. Study thou human nature as spectacles study a mushroom and classify each specimen in the card indexes of thy cranium, for thou shalt need them often.
7. Never let a human know thy dis-

tant purpose for if thou dost a mule is more gentle than a dove beside the object of thy intentions. Man doth not mind so much being beaten as he mindest your letting him know that you intend to beat him.

8. Then, too, O my son, be expert in the science of shooting the bull. No man liveth who loveth not flattery, but he needeth it in graduated doses like unto doctor dope.

9. When thou findest that the iron is hot, strike quickly, O my son, for it may never get so again for thee.

10. Then beat it.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS

"Say, pop," said a little boy to his father as both stood before a downtown billboard last week, "see that little Colored boy hanging to that limb with a snake in front of him and an alligator underneath. I wonder what is going to happen to him?"

"That's not a Colored boy," said pop. "That's Greece between the Teutons and Allies."

We don't mind men enjoying refreshments at political meetings, but when an eminent Colored statesman loaded down his auto with ham sandwiches and bottled beer the other night at the Alamo, we think we have a big holler coming. All we got was a slice of bread spread over with a faint odor of ham.

If this weather keeps up we will have to put California on the sidelines and let her watch us wear duck suits on Christmas day.

A Pittsburgh philanthropist bought up thousands of turkeys and sold them for a blue a pound. That is the only time we ever wished that Omaha was in Pittsburgh.

Roast turkey, cold turkey, turkey hash, turkey stew, turkey bone bouillon,—pshaw! Don't you think I get tired of turkey?

Buy your Xmas gifts from Monitor advertisers, because they sell anything from a toothpick to a grape fruit farm down in Florida.

Our latest cable reports inform us that the war is still going on across the pond.

Thanking you kindly for your undivided attention, we will now back into the roundhouse and change engines.

"I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG"

From the Chicago Evening Post
There may be virtues in the man
Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan
And seek for further light;
But I like more the chap who sings
A somewhat different song;
Who says when he has messed up
things,

"I'm sorry; I was wrong."
It's hard for any one to say
That failure's due to him—
That he has lost the fight or way
Because his lights burned dim.
It takes a man aside to throw
The vanity that's strong,
Confessing, "'Twas my fault, I know,
I'm sorry; I was wrong."

And so, I figure, those who use
This honest, manly phrase,
Hate it too much their way to lose
On many future days.
They'll keep the path and make the
fight,
Because they do not long
To have to say—when they're not
right—
"I'm sorry; I was wrong."