

THE MONITOR

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the civic, social and religious interests of the Colored People of Nebraska and the West, with the desire to contribute something to the general good and upbuilding of the community and of the race.

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DR. MATTHEW O. RICKETTS

The death of Dr. Matthew O. Ricketts at St. Joseph, Mo., where he has resided for many years, removes a man of decidedly marked ability who a generation ago was undoubtedly Omaha's foremost Colored citizen.

Born in Louisville, Ky., of slave parents in 1858, he came with his parents to Booneville, Mo., in 1866. Here he attended the public school and subsequently entered Lincoln Institute from which he was graduated in 1876. He then taught for two years, and in 1880 came to Omaha, entering the Omaha Medical College, paying his way and supporting himself by acting as janitor of that institution. In March, 1884, he graduated in medicine with the honors of his class, being the first member of his race to graduate in medicine in this state. Although accounted a skillful physician his practice was necessarily limited. Subsequently, he was induced to become interested in politics. In 1892 he was elected to the state legislature, where he made a good record. He was re-elected in 1894, and had the honor of being chosen temporary speaker of the house. He was accounted one of the best speakers and ablest debaters in the house.

His speech nominating the Hon. John M. Thurston for United States Senator, was most eloquent and was ordered spread upon the records. The full text of this speech will be published in a subsequent issue or issues of The Monitor.

Dr. Ricketts was to have been given a government position, but Senator Thurston was unable to place him, because of the opposition of Congressman David Mercer. This was a matter of great disappointment to Dr. Ricketts. Like most men in public life, he had made political enemies. These and other reverses caused him to remove a few years later to St. Joseph, Mo., where he resumed the practice of medicine.

His later years were filled with disappointments and sorrows and this in a large measure accounts for his death at the comparatively early age of sixty years. Like all of us, he had his faults and limitations, but his excellencies exceeded his faults and his removal from Omaha was a distinct loss to the community.

GOOD NEWS FROM PITTSBURG.

From Pittsburg comes most encouraging news. The largest department store in that city has turned its entire delivery service over to Colored men. Employment, varied in character, is thus given to more than 250 men and boys, in a field of opportunity hitherto closed against them.

We hope that those to whom this employment is given will make good. Most of them, doubtless will. It must be expected that some may not measure up fully to the required standard. The experiment should be considered successful if a majority prove effi-

cient. We believe that this will be the case.

Editor Vann of the Pittsburg Courier, one of our best race newspapers, is to be congratulated upon his splendid work in securing this opening for Colored labor and finding and organizing the men for the required positions.

All our people want is the chance to show what they can do in the diversified fields of employment and a few business firms with enough backbone and moral courage to give them an opportunity to show their capability and willingness to work.

We hope that other large business firms in the north and west will follow the example set by Kaufmann of Pittsburg.

MADE OF GOOD STUFF

Have you read the story of Robert Freeman, the legless lad who has become a wireless operator? That lad is made of the right kind of stuff and deserves to succeed.

Deprived by an accident of both legs and brought home from the hospital as a helpless cripple, Robert determined to find something to do by which he might earn a livelihood. He refused to become a dependent. As it usually happens, wherever and whenever one shows a disposition to help himself, a friend was found to help Robert help himself. He made it possible for him to secure a simple wireless apparatus. With this he went to work. He has made commendable progress.

He hopes to secure a position on some sea-going vessel by which he can earn his living. Such a youth as young Freeman will land a job, because he is made of the right kind of stuff.

All of us can learn a lesson in pluck and perseverance from Robert Freeman, the legless, wireless operator, to whom we send this message: "Here's Wishing You Success."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The Colored citizens of Omaha are justly proud of their city and look with pride upon her growth and material advancement of which they are a part and hope to be more a part as the years multiply. Especially do we take pride in the beautiful new First National Bank building just completed. It is a great monument to Omaha as well as a great monument to the Kountze Brothers who organized the bank some sixty years ago. Its development typifies the development of our city of the West, and we are sure that all Omahans rejoice with the originators of the First National that small beginnings have shown such growth. Aside from the material manifestations the First National suggests those intangible human requisites, faith, hope and energy, without which no human institution can become great.

We congratulate the First National

and predict a future rich with greater achievements.

ARCHBISHOP HARTY, OMAHA'S NEW BISHOP

We have had the honor and pleasure of meeting Archbishop Harty, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Omaha. He is a man of most attractive personality and impresses one as being a sincere, warm-hearted, liberal-minded Christian gentleman. We believe that not only the members of his own communion, but all the citizens of Omaha, who believe that religion is the chief factor in civic righteousness, are to be congratulated upon having such a man as Archbishop Harty as a religious leader in this community.

POLITICAL POSITIONS

The Colored citizens of Omaha are entitled to recognition in the county offices which are held by republicans. Without our loyal support those who are now holding offices would not be there. Robert Smith, Michael Clark, and Harry Pearce owe our people positions. Gentlemen, are you going to pay this debt? Please tote fair.

SONGS OF SOLOMON

Judases.

- Hearken, O my Son, while I hummer to thee a mum upon the Judases who inhabit the Cullud race.
- They are sleek fakirs who flim flam the philanthropists and make them to think they have the happy dope.
- Principle is the word not to be found in their lexicons and honesty is as foreign to them as chukla in Manchuria.
- When they come among their own they are as brave as the mighty lion, but when they see the vision of a pale face their knees begin tapping like tom toms.
- Their feet are cold, O my Son, and the streak up their back maketh the lemon to look like an excuse for ochre.
- When the pale face frowns they walk on eggs ad illume their mugs with a smile that shameth Momus.
- Beware of them, O my Son, for they mean thy race no good. They would sell thee for a dime with a hole through it.
- The man who teacheth not his own to hold up their heads and face the world is a mistaken spawn thrust into the world by evil.
- Listen not to their oily tongues and give not heed to their saffron bordered advice. They would make thee a coward in a man's world.
- Laugh them to scorn, O my Son, and pass them by as smallpox.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM

The following beautiful poem, recently published in The Violinist, was sent us by one of our readers who is always looking for good things to send The Monitor. We believe that all lovers of the violin will appreciate the exquisite thought.

THE VIOLIN

By Carrie Hunt Latta

Once, in a forest dense, there grew two trees
Which were more beautiful than all the rest.
One was a maple with outspreading arms; the other
A tall and slender pine.
They heard the songs of birds,—the thrush,

The yellow-throat, the blue-bird—like a violet on wings.

The tender love notes of the mating birds,

The nestlings' twitterings. The moaning

Of the snow-filled winds,
The summer breezes' whisperings.

Each heard the laughter of glad children as they played,—

The voices of young lovers who sought out

A lone and lovely spot to give full vent

To impassioned speech;—the like of which

Truthfully passes the lips but once.—
The maple, bending low, caught up the fragrances

Of the first flowers of early Spring.
But, since all things must bear some grief,

It heard, with untold pain, the ghostly sigh

Of its own falling leaf.

Each heard the sad notes of the mourning dove;

And, on occasions rare, the sobbing breath

Of some lone woman with a grief too deep for words,

Who threw herself face down upon the ground

And wept and wept. The pine, somewhat deprived

Of close communion with things of earth,—reached higher—

Till the stars seemed near. And maybe, sometimes,

(Who can tell,) just before white day-break

When all the world lay sleeping dreamlessly

Heard angels singing.

One day when all the forest hummed with life,

A man walked down the sun-flecked paths;

He seemed to tread on air,—spurred on

With some high hope which brought the red

To his pale cheeks; and to his eyes
A look of fine enthusiasm.

'Twas at the foot of these two trees he paused

And sighed with deep content. For here

He had discovered what he long had sought,—

His quest was ended.

And soon the forest lost its favorites,—

The maple and the pine were felled; and afterwards

The artisan, with handiwork which seemed which

Was suited to his purpose,—their hearts;

And with a patience unsurpassed,
Long months of faithful labor, loving care,

He fitted to a nicety each piece of polished wood

And fashioned that embodiment of harmony,—

A perfect violin!

And then,—the artist,—blest beyond others

By having in his hands
That rare, God-given magic, which,

With the violin,—enabled him
To reproduce, in music, the sounds,—

The fragrances,—the warmth of sun,—
—the cooling rain,—

All treasured sweets and sadness the trees

Had held within their inmost hearts
for near a century.—

To fill the souls of all who heard
With heavenly melody.

Don't fail to attend the large Kensington Mrs. R. K. Lawrie will give January 24, from 1:30 to 6:30 p. m., at her home, 114 North 43d Ave., for the benefit of the Old Folks' Home.
—Adv.