

THE MONITOR

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ARTICLE XIV. CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Citizenship Rights Not to Be Abridged.

1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

MOTHER'S DAY

THERE has come into being within the last few years the custom of observing the second Sunday in May as "Mother's Day." Mother, if still in this earthly life, is to be honored by the wearing of a carnation of red; and if she has passed into the larger life within the vale, her memorial is a carnation of white. Mothers in the land of the living, if separated from their children, are to be the recipients of loving messages by appropriate card and letter on this day. It is a well-meaning observance. We find no fault with it. But we would observe in passing that every day in a mother's life should be made happy by the love and obedience and helpfulness of children. It is all right to wear a carnation on "Mother's Day," but more genuine love and honor is shown for mother by a thoughtful daughter offering to lighten her burden by washing the dishes or dusting the room, without being asked; or by the thoughtful son who is willing to sacrifice an hour or so of play to take care of the baby or do some chore that will ease mother's burden and prolong her days. We need in America today greater appreciation upon the part of children of the real meaning of the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Yes, keep "Mother's Day," but let it lead us all "to honor and obey father and mother" every day in the year.

"WHOSE GOD IS THEIR BELLY?"
 ACCORDING to a famous French scientist this serious scriptural indictment lodged by St. Paul against some of the citizens of Philippi holds true against Americans. Andre Tridon sees in the belly-worship of Americans danger to the dominance of the white race. He foresees the passing of power and rule to the black race. This is what he said in a recent interview. How much credence is to be placed in the correctness of the famous French psycho-analyst's diagnosis of abject, atrophy or decadence which many writers claim to be quite apparent is open to debate. This, however, may be accepted as true that any people who live only for their bellies never amount to much mentally. They are splendid animals, but inasmuch as brain controls brawn, it follows that those who are temperate in meat and drink will have the pre-eminence. The danger and sin of belly-worship does not apply to the white American any more, if as much as it does to the American of color. We as a people, are great eaters and high feeders. Many of our physical ailments can be directly traced, as any reputable physician will testify, to over-eating and poorly-balanced dietaries. Good people who are horrified over the fact that a man is intemperate in drinking, think nothing of their own sins of over-eating or gluttony which is just as grievous a sin as drunkenness. Many may be inclined to think little of Tridon's warning about mince pie and other favorite American viands, but it must be admitted that there is something really worth while in what he says. There is a serious danger, mental and moral, menacing any people "whose god is their belly."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BLOCK
 WHO will have the most beautiful block in the city? A very pleasant rivalry is now on to see which neighborhood will be made the most beautiful with well painted houses and attractive lawns and flowers. Some neighborhoods are of course at a great disadvantage because the occupants of the humble homes are only tenants and landlords are reluctant to paint these houses and the tenants cannot or ought not. But every neighborhood can be improved by planting flowers. The Monitor is interested in seeing not only which is the most beautiful neighborhood or block occupied by our people, but the one which shows the most improvement.

THE ELECTION

PERHAPS no election in the history of Omaha has elicited so much interest as that which has just closed with an overwhelming victory for "The United Seven" or the Dahlman slate. Four of The Monitor slate, as published last week, lead the field. These are Butler, Dahlman, Zimman, and Hummel. We urged our people to support them on the ground of having given us a square deal. The returns show that our appeal was not in vain. We desired to see Ringer, Ure and Towl elected and regret their defeat, because we believe they would have given elements of needed strength to the city administration. Several factors contributed to the unprecedented victory of the Dahlman slate. First, was effective organization. Men were chosen for the slate that drew to it the enthusiastic support of various groups. This was a master stroke. Unpopularity of some of the men and women who were promoting the "5000" slate, or "Progressive Seven," handicapped to a large degree some of the splendid men on that ticket. Then, too, the regrettable mud-slinging upon the part of those who were expected to be examples of poise and self-restraint and the implication that all those who did not see eye to eye with them were allied with and under the dominance of the vicious and lawless elements of the city, alienated many voters, in our judgment, who might have been won to the standard of the "Progressive Seven." Nor is the restless demand upon the part of the people for change to be overlooked. The victory for the Dahlman slate is most decisive. The citizens of Omaha have given a vote of confidence which places weighty responsibility upon the new administration, a responsibility to which the Monitor believes the new commissioners will fully measure up. The Monitor does not believe we are going to have a wide open city where vice will shamelessly flaunt its hydra head. The citizens of Omaha want decency and the maintenance of law and order and this we believe we will have. The Monitor expects the commissioners to whose success we have contributed to see to it that our people in common with other citizens are given a square deal. Let all classes now unite to help make Omaha one of the best cities in the world.

A QUESTION OF STATUS

WELL meaning people cannot understand why the American of color objects to being set apart by himself. They seem to think that he is not satisfied with his own people and is therefore trying to force himself into places and among people who do not want him. This is to miss the whole point. It is simply a question of status. He objects to being singled out and set apart and denied privileges inherent in American citizenship because he knows that such procedure gives him a status of inferiority, which no self-respecting American citizen can accept. He is, either an American citizen or he is not. The Constitution of the United States considers him an American citizen. American practice in the denial of civil rights denies him this status. Which is right, the Constitution which guarantees full rights of citizenship, or custom which denies them?

A WORD OF WARNING

SEVERAL spurious silver dollars of the dates of 1879, 1900 and 1902 have turned up in certain sections of the city, many of them in the northern section where our people live. Be on the lookout for these and if you should have one of these passed on you should be sure to turn it in at once to the federal authorities and report where you got it, if you know. But report it anyway. Turn it in. Do not try to spend it, or you may get into serious trouble. The authorities are trying to protect the public and if possible find the source of this output.

THE GOLDEN LEAF

My days are in the yellow leaf
 The fruits and flowers of love are gone
 The worm—the canker and the grief
 are mine alone.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The sweets—the joys of youth are gone;
 The worm—the canker and the grief,
 Are mine, but Ah! not mine alone.

And I have known the bitter pain,
 Of disappointed hopes. The fears
 That follow heavy loss. The gain
 That comes through falling tears.

And as I drank the bitter cup
 Of blasted hopes and fond desires;
 My yearning soul was lifted up,
 And purged, as through refining fires.

And Oh! what countless joys are mine;
 The wealth of nature's wondrous store—
 The boundless universe divine,
 Gives of its bounty more and more.

The joy to view the rising sun,
 The budding trees—the opening flowers,
 The joy—when toil of day is done,
 The solace of the evening hours.

And when the silent night comes down,
 To bring both rest and sweet relief,
 'I'll wear my sorrows as a crown—
 And call my days "The Golden Leaf."

—Mrs. J. Hammond.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

CONCERNING MIGRATION FROM THE SOUTH

Editor Monitor:
 After learning that Mr. Harry E. Moss, Secretary of the Nebraska Chamber of Commerce, is seeking a solution to the recent influx of southern Negroes, will you please permit me to offer the following as a solution to the question that has been asked?

The southern Negro has been informed of privileges given to the Negroes in the north that are not accorded them in the south. Despite the fact that for the past fifty odd years he has toiled painfully to establish his reliability, integrity and diligence, he is now feeling as Jesus Christ felt when he left Samaria and went up into Galilee and proclaimed that a "Prophet hath no honor in his own country," for he has failed to receive due consideration along many lines that are of paramount importance in his mind.

The southern Negro has realized the burden of "Taxation without Representation" which hangs over him in many southern states. During the days of slavery his ancestors were illiterate as you know, were not able to read and understand the Constitution of the United States, hence they did not expect to vote, he a policeman, sheriff or deputy, nor hold any municipal position.

But the Negro of today has a fairer knowledge. He pays taxes like any other man, can read and write and in most cases he is cognizant of the fact that these privileges are his under the Constitution, but he is still denied them in many states. Again, he has shed his blood for the sake of his country upon the battlefields of Europe during the World War with the optimistic view that upon his return conditions would be better, but upon his return found that they had deteriorated.

He does not at all times receive adequate protection when only accused, but is taken to some spot and executed without due process of law. Recent happenings in Georgia will corroborate this statement.

It is true that climatic conditions are good in the south. But the thinking Negro would rather suffer from the bitter winters of the north with some privileges than to be tortured and humiliated in the south with her sunny weather, and no privileges at all.

When the white people of the south both individually and collectively begin to realize, first, that the Negro deserves humane treatment, and accord him the same; and, that the rights and privileges given him under the constitution of this great government are no longer taken from him, you will then find the problem of this influx solved.

W. J. ALLEN.

ST. PAUL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Services Sunday morning were quite well attended. The hour was devoted to a program prepared by the Vocational Committee of the General Assembly and emphasis was placed upon the need of more workers in the various callings and especially in the field of the Medical, Missionary and Mission fields of our own land. The Sunday School under the leadership of Mrs. Mattie A. Johnson is doing excellent work. Some new features have been added in which much interest is shown. The school is contemplating a Trolley Party in the near future.

The Christian Endeavor Society, encouraged by the commendable way The Prieta Shaw Recital was handled is taking steps now to have a grand bazaar and entertainment sometime hence.

The Ladies' Aid Society meets this week with Mrs. Ella P. Johnson. It tries to have a banquet at the Y. W. C. A. the latter part of this month.

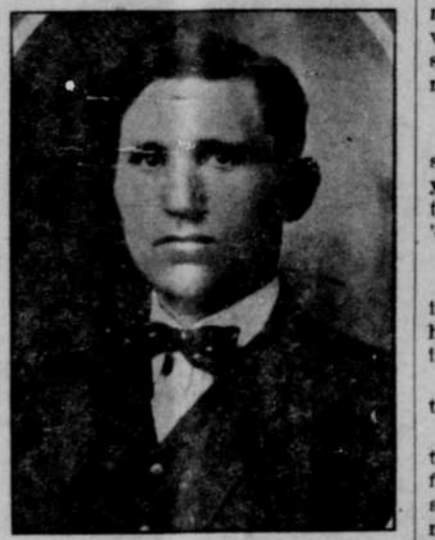
The services Sunday will be in harmony with the spirit of Mother's Day. Morning topic, "Mother, Home, Country." The Ladies Aid Society will have charge of the evening services.

E. F. Morearty, Lawyer, 700 Peters Trust Bldg. Douglas 3841 or Harney 2156.

STAND AGAINST DISCRIMINATION

Proprietors of Moving Picture House Scoff Threats From Advocates of Segregation.—Term it Rosh and un-American

Mr. and Mrs. Marten Pedersen, proprietors of the Diamond theatre, a moving picture establishment here located on Lake Street just below 24th, took a decided stand against segregation recently when they emphatically refused to allow one whom they had good reasons to suspect was an advocate of race discrimination, speak from the Diamond's platform, even though they had been persistently importuned to do so. The obvious purpose of the would-be speaker was to make some "frank statements as to



MARTEN PEDERSEN

his opinion about the proper place for the Negro, in places of amusement. The request was not granted and the "statements" were not made in that place.

The Diamond is patronized in large numbers from both races, the attendance being about equally divided. On several occasions advocates of segregation have visited the Diamond with a view to separating the whites from the colored. Considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon the management to institute this practice "in the best interest of the races." But all of this has not affected Mr. and Mrs. Pedersen in the least and the



MRS. MARTEN PEDERSEN

Diamond is still a place where Democracy is a fact as well as a theory. There is no difference with these two, whether their money comes from white or black hands, it's all alike in the market. They have always striven to give their patrons fair treatment, a clean, orderly house, and the very best shows to be obtained. No one who has visited this place will doubt that no pains have been spared in making the Diamond a delightful place for recreation.

Mrs. Reeves Pedersen is a native of Nebraska, having been born in Douglas county. She has spent almost her whole life in and around Omaha and this county. Her father was reputed to be the first civilized white man to be born in Omaha. He was born here in 1854. Mr. Marten Pedersen was born in Denmark but came to this country in 1885. He has spent almost all of that time in the West. He has lived in Omaha 14 years, 12 of which he was railway mail clerk on the Omaha-Ogden line. Both of the Pedersens are citizens of rare personality. They are broad-minded and of that straight forward type to whom the color of the skin has no significance. They have always stood for fair treatment for the colored people. They have never discovered that difference in the color of the skin that marks one group of one color for a certain place in public places of amusement and another for another. To them it is not the color of the skin that makes "inequality," but the character of the individual who happens to be covered by that skin.

The colored people of Omaha and indeed of this country are very grateful for such citizens as Mr. and Mrs. Pedersen, especially when they are members of the other race. It is very fortunate for the colored people that people of that type are in charge of this particular theatre, for it would be an easy matter for them if they were of that type, to set an unfavorable precedent which would result in untold discomfort to the thousands of our group who seek this form of recreation. May Mr. and Mrs. Pedersen continue their pure-American program, and may many others see and shape theirs accordingly. The colored people will support such a management to the full extent of their finances and good wishes.

Miss Ruth Seay who is teaching in St. Joseph, Mo., was called home last Tuesday by the illness of her father, Richard Seay. She will return to her school duties Sunday.

GOLDEN WEDDING

By ELIZABETH R. GREENE.
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"Where are you going, mother?" Nancy looked up from her packing long enough to note her mother's sun-bonneted head disappearing through the doorway.

Without answering, Mother Mitchell walked out into the September sunshine to join her husband. Her dazed mind could not comprehend how it had all come about, but two facts she understood with torturing clearness—Eben was going to John's and she was going to Nancy's; the old home was being broken up.

Eben spoke presently: "You'll be warm an' comfortable there 't Nancy's, mother—thank God. I shan't have 't worry over that. An' Nancy'll have 't specialist for your eyes—she promised me that—"

The woman stirred restlessly. "I don't need no specialist!" she asserted stoutly. "An' father, what'll you do when you have them cramps in 't night? John won't understand 'em—"

He smiled at her bravely. "Now, what do you think I'd be takin' them cramps along with me for?" he demanded humorously. "I'm leavin' 'em 't home, where they belong—"

It was an unlucky speech. She turned toward him with a stifled cry. "Where we 'long, too!" she sobbed, the floodgates of her pent-up sorrow flung wide. "They've no right 't separate us; it's wicked. Oh, Eben, let's not go—let's not go!"

"There, there, mother," he soothed. "We'll get along all right, Eben," she said eagerly. "Th' hens ain't gone yet, an' they're layin' good. There's wood enough 't last quite a spell an'—"

"No, no, dear heart," he interrupted huskily. "I could never forgive myself if I let you suffer needlessly. I oughter had enough saved 't tide us along now," he reproached himself bitterly, "but somehow I never had 't knack o' keepin' much ahead—"

"It's because you've been so good 't everybody," she flashed, "that we ain't nothin' now!"

"When John wanted 't go 't college you sold the wood lot an' sent him, stand o' lettin' him work his way—"

"'T would be hard on 't boy, Comfort," responded the old man gently.

She went on as if she had not heard, her toll-worn hands clasped in her lap. "After John got settled in bizness an' 't looked 's if we might get a little help from him now an' then, he got married; an' that was 't end o' that."

"Yes; but 'tain't good for man 't live alone," quoted Eben smilingly, trying to draw her from the strange mood she was in.

"Then Nancy took sick," she continued wearily. "an' it took all our rainy day savin's 't pay for her operation—"

Trying to comfort her with hand and voice, he was too distressed to see that his daughter was speeding up the path toward the house, in back of the oak.

White and sobbing, Nancy reached the house. She had gone to the field to ask her mother if they hadn't better sell the clock with the rest of the things tomorrow. Approaching the oak unseen, beneath which her parents sat, she heard the conversation which saved her from many bitter regrets later.

An eager, broken talk through the telephone with John set the plan in motion; then Nancy, a chastened, awakened Nancy, went about many mysterious errands in the little village.

Returning home finally, her mother met her anxiously.

"What time 't mornin' you havin' 't auction, Nancy?"

"John won't be here till tomorrow night," answered her daughter lightly. "We'll settle everything Saturday."

Saturday! Their golden wedding day! In silent anguish mother left the room.

Never had the sunlight streamed so brightly into the old home as on that Saturday morning, never had Nancy sung so joyously, or John whistled so merrily. The gay sounds commingled with savory odors floated up the stairway to the room where Father and Mother Mitchell still lingered.

Then suddenly Nancy's voice called from the hall.

"Yes, we're comin', Nancy," answered her mother tremulously.

Hand in hand the two old lovers went downstairs together, each vowing for the other's sake to be brave that day.

But what was this?

Father and Mother Mitchell stared bewilderingly at the table spread with snowy cloth, the blue willow-ware and a steaming breakfast, whose crowning glory was a bowl of 50 yellow roses.

"A happy golden wedding day!" chorused John and Nancy, leading them to the table where two piles of fifty shining dollars dazlingly reflected the sunlight in two blue plates.

"Children, what does this mean?" faltered Mother Mitchell.

"It means that there's a hundred more coming every month," said John, his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Nan and I have decided we don't want the old home broken up; it means too mighty much to us," he cleared his throat, "and if you'll stay, you'll find there's about everything you'll be needin' for awhile—"

If they'd stay! The old couple looked at each other dazedly.

Nancy's tremulous voice broke the tension.

"There! I forgot those biscuits!"

BLIND BOONE DRAWS CROWD
 Zion Baptist church was crowded to the doors last Thursday night when Blind Boone, the famous pianist, who is a great favorite in Omaha, gave one of his popular recitals. He was assisted by Mrs. Day, soprano soloist and elocutionist. The program was highly appreciated by the large audience present.

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