

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.



ENCOURAGING PROGRESS

IN the exhaustive review of racial activity for the year 1922 by the Associated Negro Press there is bound to be found abundant grounds for encouragement. It notes encouraging progress along all lines. Despite certain handicaps, which only provoke to more determined effort, Colored America has moved steadily forward. This progress shows self-reliance, self-respect, and the constantly growing determination to be worthy of and secure our right place in American citizenship. Our growing political and industrial independence augur well for the future. With our faces toward the sunrise there is no reason for discouragement. With faith in God, faith in humanity and faith in ourselves we will continue to work out our destiny right here in this land of opportunity and responsibility, for opportunity always includes responsibility.

Southern white men, as far as may be, yet her problems come, too. "Such a woman, in the main, is sheltered; yet she is never safe. Advances come to her; there is little law to which she can appeal, if a white man invades her home. It is at the risk or his own blood that her husband dare even lay hands on a white man to protect her. Grandfathers have been lynched for protesting against mistreatment of their young colored granddaughters. The situation of the Negro husband, father or brother, under these not infrequent occurrences, is a hideous dilemma; dishonor or death are the preferred choices. And there is always the threat of the black hour of a race riot, started by some isolated breath of white lust."

The writer shows how these conditions are most disadvantageous to the progress and stability of the commonwealth, "which is the offspring of two races, united so furtively and blunderingly that she is immeasurably the loser by her joint parentage." Mental and spiritual sterility are among its baneful progeny.

Of course, Mr. Wood's article will be severely criticized, but in laying bare certain hideous sociological facts which the enlightened world should know, fearless writers of this type, are doing the South and the whole country a priceless service. That courageous, broad-visioned white men of the South are baring the truth concerning inter-racial relationships in the South which are wrong and immoral, is gratifying evidence of a desire to correct conditions. We are glad that The Nation has published this article. We hope our readers will secure The Nation and read this remarkable article.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

THE LONG NIGHT OF 'DON'T CARE' ENDED

We are selling more and more papers to elderly people, men and women who were here during the war. We are selling more papers to men and women who labor with their hands. It is no stretching of the truth to say that readers of the Negro press are of all occupations, all ages, all aspirations. No more hopeful sign for the future could be given than this. No matter if it is weak, the Negro press strives to represent the better side of the Negro race, and the men and women who want to read about this are inspired by their own self-respect.

There used to be a time when it was common to have a speaker tell "Uncle Tom" jokes before an audience, but not now. If it is not good news, news of worth and progress, it is better left untold before the average Negro audience these days.

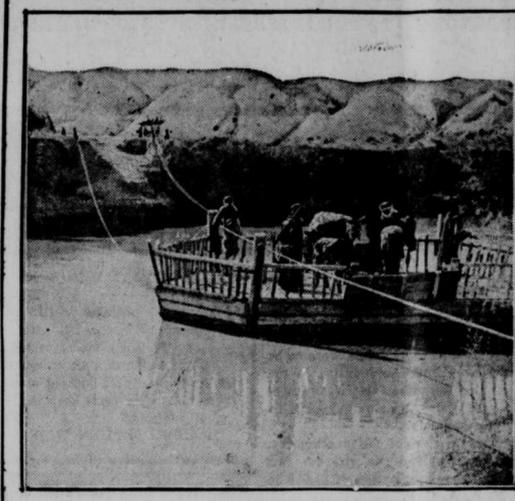
Men whose ancestry includes governors, captains of business, Revolutionary heroes and other celebrities, feel called upon to do and aspire. Common folk, who spring from no such distinguished line, can be nobody, without comparison with their kin, that makes them feel ashamed. There is some real foundation in truth to the claim that it takes eight generations to make a gentleman. So when we see the Negro, in all ages and classes, taking on pride, we know that at last the thrust upward has begun. The long night of "don't care" is ended. At last the Negro wants everything anybody else wants, and wills to be everything that anybody else is.

For a generation they have told the story of the slave sleeping on the cotton bale whose likeness would have adorned the Confederate postage, except for the fear of a southern statesman that he might wake up some day. That fear is now a realized fact. The elderly man who leaves his subscription with a Negro newspaper tells of ambitions unfettered at last. The Negro woman with her clubs, the coun-

try boys and girls, with their pigs, the churches crying for an educated ministry, the Negro men dying in defense of their women, are expressions of the same idea. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands.—The Kansas City Call.

INSUFION OF BLOOD MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIM
New Orleans, Jan. 12.—Death hoisted its flag of victory over a "Negro-hater". Ten blood transfusions failed to save the life of Oliver S. Bur-

PALESTINE



Where the Children of Israel Crossed the Jordan.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Palestine, home of Christianity, the British mandate for which has just been formally approved by the council of the League of Nations, has probably never been better described than by the late Viscount Bryce, former British ambassador to the United States. In a communication to the National Geographic society, he wrote of the Holy Land as follows:

Palestine is a tiny little country. Though the traveler's handbook prepares him to find it small, it surprises him by being smaller than he expected. Taking it as the region between the Mediterranean and the Dead sea on the east, from the spurs of Lebanon and Hermon on the north to the desert at Beersheba on the south, it is only 110 miles long and from 50 to 60 broad—that is to say, it is smaller than New Jersey, whose area is 7,500 square miles.

Of this region large parts did not really belong to ancient Israel. Their hold on the southern and northern districts was but slight, while in the southwest a wide, rich plain along the Mediterranean was occupied by the warlike Philistines, who were sometimes more than a match for the Hebrew armies. Israel had, in fact, little more than the hill country, which lay between the Jordan on the east and the maritime plain on the west. King David, in the days of his power, looked down from the hill cities of Benjamin, just north of Jerusalem, upon Philistine enemies only 25 miles off, on the one side, and looked across the Jordan to Moabite enemies about as far off, on the other.

Nearly all the events in the history of Israel that are recorded in the Old Testament happened within a territory no bigger than the state of Connecticut, whose area is 4,800 square miles; and into hardly any other country has there been crowded from the days of Abraham till our own so much history—that is to say, so many events that have been recorded and deserve to be recorded in the annals of mankind.

Its Smallness is Visible.

Nor is it only that Palestine is really a small country. The traveler constantly feels as he moves about that it is a small country. From the heights a few miles north of Jerusalem he sees, looking northward, a far-off summit carrying snow for eight months in the year. It is Hermon, nearly 10,000 feet high—Hermon, whose fountains feed the rivers of Damascus. But Hermon is outside the territory of Israel altogether, standing in the land of the Syrians; so, too, it is Lebanon. We are apt to think of that mountain mass as within the country, because it is also frequently mentioned in the Psalms and the Prophets, but the two ranges of Lebanon also rise beyond the frontiers of Israel, lying between the Syrians of Damascus and the Phoenicians of the West.

Palestine is a country poor in any natural resources. There are practically no minerals, no coal, no iron, no copper, no silver, though recently some oil has been discovered in the Jordan valley. Neither are there any large forests, and though the land may have been better wooded in the days of Joshua than it is now, there is little reason to think that the woods were of trees sufficiently large to constitute a source of wealth. A comparatively small area is fit for tillage.

To an Arab tribe that had wandered through a barren wilderness for 40 weary years, Canaan may well have seemed a delightful possession; but many a county in Iowa, many a department in France, could raise more grain or wine than all the Holy Land.

There is one stretch of fertile, level land 20 miles long and from 3 to 6 miles wide—the Plain of Esdraelon. But with this exception it is only in the bottoms and on the lower slopes of a few valleys, chiefly in the territory of Ephraim from Bethel northward and along the shores of the Bay of Acre, that one sees cornfields and olive yards and orchards. Little wine is now grown.

Such wealth as the country has consists in its pastures, and the expression "a land flowing with milk

and honey" appropriately describes the best it has to offer, for sheep and goats can thrive on the thin herbage that covers the hills, and the numerous aromatic plants furnish plenty of excellent food for the bees; but it is nearly all thin pasture, for the land is dry and the soil mostly shallow. The sheep and goats vastly outnumber the oxen. Woody Bashan, on the east side of Jordan, is still the region where one must look for the strong bulls.

Palestine is not a beautiful country. The classical scholar finds charms everywhere in Greece, a land consecrated to him by the genius of poets and philosophers, although a great part of Greece is painfully dry and bare. So, too, the traveler who brings a mind suffused by reverence and piety to spots hallowed by religious associations sees the landscapes of the Holy Land through a golden haze that makes them lovely. But the scenery of the Holy Land, taken as a whole, is inferior, both in form and in color, to that of northern and middle Italy, to that of Norway and Scotland, to that of the coasts of Asia Minor, to that of many parts of California and Washington.

The hills are flat-topped ridges, with a monotonous sky line, very few of them showing any distinctive shape. Not a peak anywhere, and Tabor, the only summit recognizable by its form. They are all composed of gray or reddish-gray limestone, bare of wood, and often too stony for tillage. Between the stones or piles or rock there are low shrubs, and in the few weeks of spring masses of brilliant flowers give rich hues to the landscape; but for the rest of the year all is gray or brown. The grass is withered away or is scorched brown, and scarcely any foliage is seen on the tops or upper slopes of the rolling hills. It is only in some of the valleys that one finds villages nestling among olive groves and orchards where plums and peach and almond blossoms make spring lovely.

Few Wells and Springs.

Arid indeed is the land. The traveler says with the psalmist: "My soul longs in a dry, parched land, wherein no water is." Wells are few, springs still fewer, and of brooks there are practically none, for the stony channels at the bottom of the gullies have no water except after a winter rain-storm. There may probably have been a more copious rainfall 20 or 30 centuries ago, when more woods clothed the hillsides, and the country would then have been more pleasing to Northern eyes, to which mountains are dear because rills make music and green boughs wave in the wind.

To this general description there are certain exceptions which must not be forgotten. The high ridge of Mount Carmel rises grandly from the sea, and on its land side breaks down in bold declivities and deep gullies upon the valley through which the Kishon, an almost perennial stream, finds its way to the Bay of Acre. Here, upon the slopes of a long ridge, on the other side of the Kishon, there is a wilderness of forest of ancient holm oaks, all the more beautiful because it is the one considerable stretch of natural wood in the whole country west of Jordan.

If Palestine is not a land of natural wealth nor a land of natural beauty, what is it? What are the impressions which the traveler who tries to see it exactly as it is carries away with him? Roughly summed up, they are these: Stones, caves, tombs, ruins, battlefields, sites hallowed by traditions—all bathed in an atmosphere of legend and marvel.

Never was there a country, not being an absolute desert, so stony. The hillsides seem one mass of loose rocks, larger or smaller. The olive yards and vineyards are full of stones. Even the cornfields (except in the alluvial soil of the plain of Esdraelon and along the sandy coast) seem to have more pebbles than earth, so that one wonders how crops so good as one sometimes sees can spring up. Caves are everywhere, for limestone is the prevailing rock, and it is the rock in which the percolation of rain makes clefts and hollows and caverns most frequent.

dick, white, 57 years old, patient in Ward 22 at Charity Hospital. He had refused to submit to the transfusion of the blood of a strong and healthy Negro who had offered to save him.

NOAH D. WARE, ATTY. NOTICE OF PROBATE WILL
In the County Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of John H. Costello, Deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said Court, praying for the probate of a certain instrument now on file in said Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of

said deceased, and that a hearing will be had on said petition before said Court on the 20th day of January, 1923, and that if they fail to appear at said Court on the said 20th day of January, 1923, at 9 o'clock A. M., to contest the probate of said will, the Court may allow and probate said will and grant administration of said estate to Delia Costello or some other suitable person, enter a decree of heirship, and proceed to a settlement thereof.

BRYCE CRAWFORD, County Judge.

12-29-31

PILGRIM BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. Wm. Franklin, Pastor.
The services Sunday were of a most inspiring character, those of the morning being an experience meeting. The pastor expressed himself as encouraged by the spiritual and material outlook of the church. The B. Y. P. U. is prospering as never before. It had a good program Sunday, chief of which was an excellent paper by Mr. C. Ad-

ams on "Bridling the Tongue," and an address by Mr. J. C. Thompson of St. Louis, Mo. The pastor left Tuesday for Detroit, Mich., to visit his wife, whom he is expecting to bring back with him. The Florida Club was given a reception Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. P. L. Anderson, 1418 North Twenty-fifth street, at which time the election of officers was held.

MT. MORIAH BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. E. H. McDonald, Pastor
Mrs. Anna Owen, Reporter
Monday night the Brotherhood meets at the church at 8 p. m. There are subjects of interest to be discussed. Tuesday the Pastor's Aid will meet with Mrs. Biddix. Wednesday night is the regular mid-week prayer service. Thursday afternoon at 2 p. m., the Mission Service.

Friday night choir practice. All persons desiring to become members please be present at this meeting. Sunday, Sunday School at 9:30. Preaching at 11. The subject will be "One of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor." Each Sunday there will be a sermon on one of the churches until the seven have been discussed and then there will be an open discussion at to which church Mt. Moriah resembles. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30, and preaching at 8.

BISHOP VERNON IN HOSPITAL

Kansas City, Jan. 12.—Bishop W. T. Vernon has been threatened with serious illness for some time, even an operation in prospect. More recently he has been in Wheatley-Provident Hospital and is about at a standstill. He is suffering with stomach trouble. Please have your subscription ready when our collector calls.

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