

The Kiddies' Korner

FOREWORD.

CHILDREN, friends and lovers of children, attention. We invite you to join us in celebrating the opening of the Junior Department of the Monitor, "The Kiddies' Korner."

Here we will from week to week assemble those things that pertain to the happiness and growth of children; and we want you to help us. If it is good, send it in. Story, poem, game, stunt, puzzle—anything, if it will make the kiddies happier or better, we want it. If it will give them a chance for self-expression or self-determination, see that it reaches us.

Address all matter to The Kiddies' Korner, the Monitor.

A New Year's Story.

Jimmie was two years old. It was five o'clock New Year's morning when with wide opened eyes and scarcely suppressed excitement he went over all those most wonderful events of the last few days—days which had been the most wonderful of all his life.

Before Christmas he had been an eager listener to the stories of a most wonderful Santa, who rode in his reindeer sleigh, high over the tops of the houses and came down the chimneys of good little boys, filled their stockings with candies and nuts and toys and all sorts of good things.

Every few minutes during these days he had gone to his mother and said: "Mother, Santa'll come and see me, won't he? I'm so good a boy, I am."

And his mother with infinite patience had replied: "Yes, son, he'll come."

And he had come. Oh, that wonderful Christmas tree, with its lights and toys and goodies! In memory of it all, with convulsive movement, Jimmie pressed, with his chubby brown hand, close to his side, the favorite of them all—his little tin soldier.

Christmas day had gone, and the days, which followed had been full of feasting and music and laughter and joy. The house was all in a bustle; every one was getting ready for New Year.

He had heard them talking about New Year, but this time he did not ask. In his own childish mind he had reasoned that, since everybody had been busy like this before Christmas, New Year must be the name of another Santa—so, breathless with anticipation, he waited until the household should arise.

Soon the household was astir. And when they assembled at family prayer there was a solemnity about it that impressed even Jimmie.

In this household, for twenty years, prayers New Year's morning had been an event. With round, big eyes Jimmie watched his father as he pushed aside the big book with the beautiful pictures, out of which he usually read, and took down another. Out of this, in slow, even tones, he read: "I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power invested in me as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure, for suppressing said rebellion, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1863, do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states are, and henceforth shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. . . . And upon this sincerely believed to be an act of Justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Closing the book and bowing his head, his father had prayed with solemn voice: "Almighty God, our Father, we magnify Thee, we glorify Thee, we adore Thee for Thy great glory and truth and righteousness. "We thank Thee that Thou didst guide the sons and daughters of Ethiopia out of bondage. We thank Thee that Thou dost lead them now out of the night of proscription and prejudice into a new dawn. Continue to bless Thy people, Lord. To Thy humble servants in this household vouchsafe strength and opportunity, if it is Thy will. "For all these blessings, thanks—Amen."

All this had been far over little Jimmie's head—by words he could not understand, but wondered at even as he wondered at the moisture he saw in his mother's eyes. But the last few words had impressed Jimmie. Between mouthfuls of oatmeal he had said over and over again to himself: "For all these blessings—thanks."

The holidays were weeks behind. A sudden epidemic influenza had dimmed their joyousness. Upstairs, hovering between life and death, his father lay. His mother had borne the brunt of the nursing. Her springing step was gone. Fear gripped hard at her heart. The light of faith had gone out and left her gaze dull and listless. Her endurance seemed gone. She felt she could bear no more.

She was coming in from outdoors and looked up to see Jimmie, who himself had a cold, leaning far out of the window in the cold, bitter January air. She called to him: "Jimmie, close that window and get back into the house." But Jimmie did not heed. She called again, and still he did not move.

And because Jimmie already had a cold, and the fear of influenza was upon her, she hastened into the house and with sharp words had spanked his hands and drawn him back into the house.

At the unaccustomed severity his lip had twitched a little and drooped; but he did not cry; instead, looking up at his mother, he had said: "For all these blessings—thanks."

A sudden calm came into the soul of Jimmie's mother. The sharp fear had gone; the dull ache suddenly seemed lifted. Knowledge that her husband would not die came instinctively. The crisis was over. She did not need the verdict of the doctor, who had come from the city for consultation. She knew! She knew!

Stooping and kissing her son, she had gone back into the room, all the wild rebellion gone and faith restored.

As for Jimmie, smiling at his little tin soldier, he was building around him a wall of blocks.



MISS MADRE PENN

A NEW DEPARTMENT

The Monitor takes pleasure in announcing that we have added a new department which we are sure will be an attractive feature of this publication, the motto of which is progress and improvement. A Juvenile Department, called "THE KIDDIES' KORNER," will be conducted by Miss Madre Penn, who has eminent qualifications for this work. Not only will the children for whom this department is especially intended find it full of interest, but so will our adult readers.

Miss Penn's first articles "A Foreword" and an original story appear in this issue.

With Mrs. Lucile Skaggs Edwards conducting the department, "Our Women and Children," and Miss Penn, "The Kiddies Korner," we feel that we have two especially attractive features that will be appreciated by our large and growing family of readers.

Miss Madre Penn is a graduate of the Omaha high school and of Howard university, class of 1914, in both of which institutions she made a splendid record. Since graduation she has been engaged in Y. W. C. A. work, being attached to the general New York office, traveling as one of the field secretaries. She has literary ability of high rank and The Monitor is fortunate in having her on its staff.

ROOSEVELT: AN APPRECIATION

IN THE death of Theodore Roosevelt a major planet fell from the super-realms of our nationalism.

He was one of our most popular presidents, an acknowledged political leader and a great citizen.

After his entry into politics his successes crowded upon the heels of one another until by the choice of the people he succeeded himself as chief executive of his country. On this occasion his appreciation rose to the high resolve to bear alone all of his executive responsibilities, expressed or implied, and discharge all his duties appertaining thereto regardless of fear or favor. No associate or lieutenant of Roosevelt's was ever asked to share with him a blame that he might wear the laurels of the game.

While president scarcely any phase of human activity affecting national politics escaped his observation and scrutiny.

Probably no president of our country gave expression more extensively concerning the executive will and action. His "law of worthy life" in the



GETTING ACQUAINTED

white-house was "fundamentally the law of strife." To him the nation could not progress and "move on to better things" except by the "painful effort, grim energy and resolute courage" of those whom the people had chosen to be responsible.

His indefatigable industry crowned many of his efforts with glowing success, and merited for his Panama canal achievement the description, "colossal."

It has been attributed to Roosevelt as president that he was too impetuous in his executive acts and too uncompromising in his convictions, yet his political policies have been approved as emanating from vision high prophetic.

His was the legislative rather than the judicial mind. Learned in the law, he was often at variance with its rules and courts. But he ever stood fast in the law of facts and in the courts his courageous convictions. If he erred in decision, it was his fallacy of mind—not his purpose of heart.

He desired our nationalism to fully and completely attain unto the only acceptable ideal of this American democracy, a strong centralized republic.

He advocated a distinctively righteous and sovereign national authority fearlessly fair industrially, clean moral and morally and just in the law righteously administered.

In any crisis, national or international, he would have had it known that a nation of such authority cannot be too proud to fight nor too ethical of its aggressor so long as the cause is just.

As the nation's highest officer he gave marked recognition to genius regardless of race or religion. He sought out men of distinguished abilities and placed them in governmental responsibilities consistent with their accomplishments to contribute to our national ideals.

With peerless pride in the progress and principles of his government he looked upon other nations as our "co-operative equals," and by deed indicated that our nation should be democratic enough in its international relations to treat with them upon terms of good faith and friendship.

If Americanism means devotion to country, his Americanism stands unquestioned; yet he mediated between Japan and Russia, and forbade unjust discrimination against the Japanese in this country.

Roosevelt was a born leader of men who by "painful effort" acquired a profound knowledge of the mechanism of government.

His political career is indicative of his undoubted rank as a great political leader of undaunted physical and unswerving moral courage.

In his conception of governmental administration the spectacle of a leader following along behind was intolerable whether presented as a fact or a theory.

The leadership he represented is champion or creator of public sentiment, but its uncompromising opponent when it smacks of oppression, wrong or injustice.

His leader may be a precedent maker or a precedent breaker, and the precedent stands or falls according as to whether or not it permits action to meet the exigencies of the eternal present.

Mr. Roosevelt's citizenship exemplifies the most representative—the most comprehensive type—the paragon. It must be said of him that he was heroic in time of peace and patriotic in time of war, and withal taking part in many and interest in all of those things which contributed to human progress and the preservation of civilization.

The war spirit of our country heard its first call in the voice of Roosevelt. His protestations against our nation's neutrality in the face of the sinking of the Lusitania and the massacre of helpless Armenians by the Turks struck the sublime pitch of a battle hymn.

That our nation should resort to the arbitrament of arms was his expressed conviction.

In this international crisis his moral and physical courage responded no-

bly to his expressed conviction in his offer to serve his country.

In his death the world lost an international mind; humanity an interracial heart; the nation another of her gifted leaders and patriots.

And it came to pass that just before dawn in that celebrated darkest of hours, when the moon and the stars dim their silvery candles, while Roosevelt slept, his physical elements encountered their eternal enemy and inevitable victor—Death; but his unconquered spirit survived—and his soul goes marching on.

AILEY W. LEWIS.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NEWS

The Rev. W. C. Williams, Pastor

Services throughout the whole day were largely attended. From former statistics it was the biggest day that the trustees had ever had.

The S. S. was also largely attended. The aim of the recent campaign seemed to have been accomplished. That of an increased attendance and a more loyal school spirit. The celebration of the victors of the campaign was held Saturday in the lecture room of the church. They will partake of the delicacies of the season while the defeated side will also be present to enjoy their "beans."

The reading recital by Madame Dimery, of Kansas City, on last Friday night was a grand success. It can truly be said of Madame Dimery "she is a real artist in every sense of the word."

Miss Cordella Johnson has been appointed chorister of the S. S.

On next Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Page will preach. He is noted from coast to coast. Come out and hear him.

CORINNE THOMAS.

SGT. BAILEY HELPED SAVE ROOSEVELT ROUGH RIDERS

Sergeant Isaac Bailey, who was with Troop B of the famous fighting Tenth cavalry, which saved Roosevelt's Rough Riders from being cut to pieces when they were caught in a trap in Cuba in the Spanish-American war has this to say of Roosevelt: "Roosevelt was a great man, in every sense of the word. I knew him personally. He was always ready to extend his hand in welcome or to advise one on any subject. He was ready to help anyone irrespective of race or creed. I admired him for the stand he took in the case of Dr. Crum. Roosevelt was like Generals Guy V. Henry, Grierson, Hatch and Pershing, when he had to take the field, he wanted Colored troops with him. As a fighter I have seen but few to equal him and none to surpass him."

THE N. A. A. C. P. FORUM WELL ATTENDED

Last Sunday the N. A. A. C. P. forum held an interesting meeting at St. John's A. M. E. church. In the absence of the president, the Rev. John Albert Williams, the vice president, Amos P. Scruggs, presided. An interesting program was rendered. The chief feature of the program was a thoughtful, well prepared and well delivered address by Miss Iola Brown on "The Progress of a Race." Miss Brown traced step by step the advancement made by our people from our advent in America up to the present time. Her array of facts was such as to give inspiration and encouragement to all who heard her. The Forum will meet next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at which time another interesting program will be presented.

MISSIONARY MASS MEETING AT BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH

A mass meeting of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society will be held at Bethel Baptist church, South Side, Sunday, January 19 at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. T. A. Taggart will preach and a short program will be rendered.

Everybody is going to the Phi Delta Auxiliary hop, January 28, 1919, at U. B. F. and S. M. T. hall.—Adv.

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