

Local and Personal Happenings
WE PRINT THE NEWS WHILE IT IS NEWS
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Turning over a new leaf is dangerous. You might tear it.

Miss Frances D. Gordon, who is teaching in the Swift Memorial Presbyterian school at Rogersville, Tenn., arrived home Monday morning to spend the Christmas vacation.

St. Philip's Christmas tree and party will be held in the Guild rooms Saturday night at half past 7 o'clock.

S. H. Dorsey left Tuesday afternoon for Tulsa, Okla., whence he will go to Hot Springs, Ark., for a brief visit.

A pleasant dancing party was given by Miss Vera Walton Tuesday night at the Hanscom Park pavillion from 7 to 10, chaperoned by Mesdames J. M. Goff, Malcolm Scott and John Albert Williams.

The Rev. Z. C. and Mrs. McGee will entertain at their residence, 1618 North Twenty-fifth street, Monday night, in honor of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

Sergt. Melvin McCaw arrived in the city Tuesday to spend Christmas with his family.

The Eagles are soaring, watch them light—Adv.

George Goff, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goff of Forest avenue, a student of the University of Minnesota, arrived from Minneapolis Sunday morning to spend his vacation with his parents.

Miss Emma Hall of New York city, maid for the leading lady in "No, No, Nanette" showing at the Brandeis Theatre this week is stopping at the residence of Mrs. Martha Taylor Smith, 2211 Ohio street.

Watch for the Eagles to light.—Adv.

Miss Dorothy E. Williams, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. John Albert Williams, arrived Thursday morning from Sedalia, Mo., where she is teaching, to spend the Christmas holidays.

KELLOGG SCHOOL HOLDS GRADUATING EXERCISES FOR EIGHTH GRADE

Kellogg School held interesting graduating exercises last Thursday afternoon for the eighth B pupils who will enter high school after the Christmas recess. Four well-staged and well performed plays titled "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"; "Every Child"; "Every Girl" and "Every Boy", the last three being Morality Plays; selections by the school orchestra, the class song, the valedictory by the class president, Ollie Madison; and a brief, and excellent address by the principal, Mr. E. P. Gepson, constituted the program. All the pupils read their lines well and threw themselves heartily into the characters impersonated, showing with what thoroughness they had been coached by their teacher, Miss de la Vega.

Mr. Gepson took as the text of his practical address the little mechanical device known by the name of "Cam", which drives all wheels and after showing its usefulness aptly applied it to life drawing the lesson that every boy and girl to be successful must have his "Cam", which is made up of "Character", "Ambition" and "Magnanimity". The orchestra has been instructed by Miss Brooker. She demonstrated the wisdom of encouraging the musically inclined to cultivate their talent. A pleasant, but unannounced, feature of the program was the presentation of a pair of handsome boudoir lamps and a tray as a gift from the class in a neat speech by the class president.

The class numbered thirty-seven; five of the number being colored children, three girls and two boys, namely, Ollie Madison, Winnifred Shipman, Catherine Williams, Wayne Harris and Oliver Anderson. All had part in the program. Oliver Anderson, Ollie Madison and Catherine Williams go to Central and Wayne Harris and Winnifred Shipman enter Tech. As indicative of the spirit of the school it is noteworthy that the class chose as its president a colored girl who had made a good record in scholarship, music and athletics.

DIES SUDDENLY SUNDAY
Rowl Chess, aged 46, died suddenly Sunday at his residence, 2882 Ohio street. He is survived by his widow, Pearl, and three sons, Rowl, jr., William and Edward. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Benedict's Roman Catholic church, Fr. Cassilly officiating. Interment was in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

The New Year Comes

OVER the sunlit hills of time
The New Year comes on joyous feet;
Out of the night the sweet bells chime
Music of hope and promise sweet.

Remember not the petty sins
That marred our troubled yesterdays;
Be with us as this year begins
And lead us on by fairer ways.

ELECTION OF NEGRO GIRL ENDS STUDENTS' WORLD COURT

Princeton, N. J.—(By the Associated Negro Press) The election of Miss Mabel Holloway, representative of Howard University, to represent the entire south on the executive committee of the newborn student federation formed at Princeton University at the National Collegiate World Court, was too much for K. C. Kizer of Louisiana State University and William Webb, representing Brenau College of Gainesville, Georgia, and the southerners withdrew from the conference, thereby wrecking the meeting for the time being.

LOUISIANA SCHOOL BACKS PREJUDICED DELEGATE

Baton Rouge, La.—(By the Associated Negro Press) Immediately upon his return to Louisiana State University, Roland C. Kizer, who represented the school at the Princeton Students' conference when Miss Mabel Holloway, Howard University, was named on the executive committee to represent the south, was given official commendation by the faculty and president of the institution. Kizer explained that the idea of a Negro representing the educational institutions of the south is untenable. He felt that in taking the stand he did and quitting the conference he was truly representing his school and state.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our thanks and grateful appreciation for the kindness shown by our many friends during the illness and death of our mother, Mrs. Amelia Jane Griffin, and also for the beautiful floral offering.

COUNCIL BLUFFS LOCALS

Mr. F. Lyons, a former war veteran passed away Sunday here and was buried Dec. 23rd.

Mrs. George returned home from her trip to Missouri and Chicago bringing with her Miss Brown who will enter a school here.

The Bethel A. M. E. Choir will give an entertainment and concert Jan. 8.

Mrs. E. H. Madison entertained Rev. C. A. Moore, family and daughters on Christmas day. Covers were laid for twelve.

Christmas services at both churches were well attended.

Mrs. Eva Mae Bess leaves Tuesday for Chicago to attend the Womens' Federation on the last of this month.

Watch the Eagles soar.—Adv.

The Birthday Kensington Club was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. R. D. Allen, 2715 Caldwell street in November and at the home of Mrs. George Dixon, 2873 Pinkney street in December.

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Stop Complaining, Their Resolution

Family Agrees Mother's Suggestion Is Best One to Be Followed.

By FLORENCE HARRIS WELLS
WELL, folks, I've made a New Year's resolution," Ben, home from college for the holidays, announced as he took his place at the breakfast table the morning of the very cheerful New Year.

Mother smiled gaily at her handsome and beloved only child. Grandmother looked adoringly across the table at her idolized grandson.

"Three guesses?" Father laughed. "You're going to get out of bed in the morning."

"Wrong," Ben grinned. "I haven't been doing it this vacation, I'll admit, but I've been up at seven every morning this semester. Guess again."

"You're going to bed before midnight," grandmother looked up hopefully. "Nothing doing, grandmother. Your turn, mother."

"You're going to cease having a new girl every new moon and get down to business in school." Mother looked quizzically at her boy who had always seemed like a dear younger brother as well as a son.

"You've come the nearest, mother. Nix on the girl part, but I'm going to finish my senior year with a bang instead of just getting through as in other years; though that isn't exactly as I worded my resolve. Now what are the rest of my fond family resolving, before we delve any deeper into mine? What about you, dad?" Ben beamed at each one, not waiting for any family verdict in regard to his new leaf.

Ben, senior, laughed boyishly. "I'd resolved not to resolve anything, but as you insist, I'm going to turn over a new leaf and follow my wife's advice for a whole year and see what happens to me. Can't do much worse than I have done," he added, laconically.

"Some stunt, dad; mother's pretty shrewd, I think. What are you resolving, grandma?"

"It's pretty late for an old lady of eighty-six to be resolving anything. Guess I'll just try to be as good as I can."

"You're not so slow, grandma. You can't break it, because no matter what you do you've always got an alibi—being just as good as you can be."

"Now it's up to you, mother. Bet you never thought of resolving, did you?"

"Bet I did," mother retorted. "But I hadn't expected to broadcast it."

"You've got to though. It's only fair."

"All right. I'm going to stop complaining."

"Complaining, mother? I've never heard you complain. Have you, dad?"

"Not that I'd recognize," Ben, senior, agreed. "Yes, I do. We've had a hard year. Finances have been most stringent. Mother broke her hip and we had a nurse for months. Father's partner wasn't square. Some folks didn't do their part, etc. I've enumerated those things; thought about them and talked about them."

"But, mother, you never whined. You always said things jokingly."

"That may be so, but in my heart I was rebelling and complaining; then, last week, your father came within a half hour of being asphyxiated—I thought a good many things in those hours he was fighting his way back. Two days later, son, you were in an automobile accident—the same kind of an accident in which many lose their lives. I've done a lot more thinking the last few days. I might have faced this New Year, a widow and childless; instead I am blessed with my loved husband and equally loved son, and mother is still with us. Hereafter," she resumed her usual bantering gayer, "I complain no more of everyday trials."

"There, dad, didn't I tell you, your resolution was a good one. Guess I'll word mine that way. I meant to say I'd work hard to please my beloved parents. I'll add, 'follow mother's advice,' as an amendment."

"All right, son, we'll follow mother's advice this year. The whole family will quit complaining. How's that, mother?"

Remained as Cook, and Her New Year

Culinary Artist Agreed to Stay, but Added "Mrs." to Her Name.

By MARION R. REAGAN
R. MALLOTIN was finishing his morning meal with the sense of satisfaction that belongs only to those men who have a palate that knows good food and the digestive process to appreciate it, when the dining room door opened. Mrs. Bell, who had been his cook for some fifteen years, stood in the doorway fidgeting nervously with her apron.

"Mr. Mallotin," she began timidly, "I've come to give you a month's notice. After the first of the year I think you'll have to be looking for another cook."

"What?" Mallotin asked at last. "You're going to leave? What's the matter—aren't you satisfied with your wages? I was just thinking the other day of raising your salary. Is there anything—"

"Oh, no, sir, it's nothing like that. It's just that—that I'm going to be married again."

Mallotin, fifty-seven, was a tactless bachelor. "At your age!" he exclaimed. Mrs. Bell drew herself up indignantly. "I'm forty-six, Mr. Mallotin, but I should think one of your age would consider it young."

"Why, You're Old Enough to Be His Mother."

"A man under sixty is still very young," said Mallotin with great dignity. "May I ask who the fortunate gentleman is?"

Mrs. Bell hesitated a minute. "Arthur Horage, in Pack's grocery," she answered.

"That young chap?" asked Mallotin. "Why, you're old enough to be his mother."

"Mr. Mallotin, I came in here this evening to say I was leaving after January 1st—not to be insulted." With that Mrs. Bell slammed the dining room door and disappeared, leaving her employer in a state of complete bewilderment.

It was not long, however, that the excellent brain of Mr. Mallotin remained muddled. He simply had to find a way of retaining Mrs. Bell. There was not another cook in all New York who could even compare with her. He must have her. With determination in his eyes he left the house and started off in the direction of Pack's grocery.

Arthur Horage, a young man about twenty-six, was arranging cans on the counter. Mallotin drew him off to a corner of the store, and the two talked together quietly for over an hour. Finally Mallotin pulled out his checkbook, scribbled something on it and handed a narrow slip of white paper to the eager Horage who held it out to read the amount more carefully. Mallotin left the store a happy man. He had never spent two hundred dollars so well.

It had been just as he had suspected. Young Horage was marrying Mrs. Bell entirely for the sake of the money she had saved. She was to have started him in business. Mallotin's offer of two hundred dollars looked so good to him, however, that he was willing to forego his wife and her dowry, take the two hundred and make off to Cleveland, as Mallotin had specified. "Now, to fix it with Mrs. Bell," said Mallotin. This he thought would be quite simple. Mrs. Bell would be grateful to him for saving her from such a foolish step and would willingly agree to continue in his service. And he was right—up to a certain point. Mrs. Bell was willing to give up her erstwhile suitor with only a little regret, but most important of all to Mallotin, was not willing to stay on in his service.

"You see, I get rather lonesome here, Mr. Mallotin; I'm tired of this dreary life, and even if I don't marry Arthur Horage there are other men. I expect to get married."

Mr. Mallotin then became a little sentimental himself. He laid his hand tenderly on Mrs. Bell's shoulder. "Look here, Mrs. Bell, did it ever occur to you what a lonely life I lead here? Did you ever think how much more life might mean to me if I had a fine wife—like—well like yourself, to look after me?"

Mrs. Bell turned to him and smiled. "Well, I'll stay on then—after January 1st—but we'll begin the New Year as Mr. and Mrs. Mallotin, shall we not?"

"We shall," was Mallotin's ready and emphatic response.

Partenkirchen, Bavaria.—In a local hotel a placard announces in large letters: "Tourists undertaking to climb the higher mountain peaks are respectfully requested to settle their accounts in advance."

First-Footing Ancient Scottish New Year Habit
First-footing is an ancient custom which still exists in Scotland. Late in the evening of Hogomany, December 31, in each year, thousands of the common people assemble in the vicinity of the Edinburgh Tron church to ascertain on good evidence when the new year commences. When the clock is about to strike 12 they cheer so loudly that the strokes are not heard. Instantly that it has finished, they depart for the purpose of first-footing—that is, each one tries to be the first person that year to cross the threshold of his friend's house and wish him the compliments of the season. It is considered bad luck to go into a house empty-handed, and good luck is supposed to attend the resident whose "first foot" is dark-complexioned and whose name begins with straight in stead of curved and curly letters.

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