

**XMAS POEM**

By Zina W.

Ah! what is that we hear?  
The jingling bells so low and clear,  
For Xmas time will soon be here,  
And all the children jump, shout and cheer,  
For they know Santa Claus will soon be here

And bring them goodies from far and near.  
The bells are jingling so soft and low,  
For Xmas will come, and with it the snow;  
Then jolly old Santa will come riding by  
With packs of toys and stockings full  
To make our babies clap with joy.  
Santa brings goodies and warm clothes to everyone  
For he is a jolly old fellow,  
And is disliked by none.



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**Deb's Adventure**

By MILDRED WHITE

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

The two girls sat before an enbankment of palms in the club dining room. The girl called 'Debs' yawned behind her gauntleted glove and looked about with dissatisfaction.

"Lucille," she addressed her companion, "don't you get tired of all this sameness?—the same places to go, the same everlasting conventional things to do,—"

"Mercy!" interrupted Lucille, "you have the blues, who is responsible?"

"It's not blues," Deborah denied, "I'm just tired to death of everything usual, that's all."

"If I," replied Lucille, "had been born with a lovely golden spoon in my mouth, I should be able to find things to do without getting tired of them."

"What kind of things?" her friend demanded, "dancing with the same idiotic fellows, driving, eating in places like this?"

"This, I would have you know," Lucille cheerfully responded, "is the best club in town. My father belongs to it; that is why you, as my guest, are privileged to be here."

Debs laughed. "Thanks for the pleasant reproach," she said, "but really dear, you don't know how I ache to do something unusual—and interesting." She leaned forward in sudden eagerness.

"I believe if some unmarried mysterious unknown, garbed in gentleman's attire should step up and invite me for—well even an afternoon drive or a matinee, I'd accept just for the dare of it."

"No one will," Lucille retorted, "even if you would be so reckless. The men of this club do not flirt promiscuously. They are men of unquestioned good standing."

"That is just why I would like one to amuse me for the afternoon, we could part without even knowing each other's names, and be to each other ever after but a pleasant memory."

"Fudge!" exclaimed Lucille. She arose smiling indulgently down into her friend's pretty face.

"Debs dear," she said, "are you never going to find contentment?"

"Till wait here awhile," Deborah answered irrelevantly, "before going back to the house. I have shopping to do. Go on to your engagement Lucille."

When Lucille had gone the girl closed her eyes wearily, to open them again at the sound of an agreeably modulated voice. The voice came from a fine looking broad-shouldered man-person, who seated himself easily on the settee at her side.

"In my chair behind the palms," he said, "I heard all that you and your friend have been saying to each other, and I present myself as the desired 'unmarried, mysterious unknown,' inviting you for an unusual afternoon. Being a club member in good standing, you may learn my credentials at the desk."

Deborah Southworth in all her young fortunate life had never been taken so by surprise.

"Thanks Mr. Unknown," she said, "I will go with you. Do we drive, or is it the matinee?"

"We drive," he answered briefly. "And return when?"

"Five or six o'clock, as the time suits you."

His car, waiting at the street door, was a fine one, and the chauffeur, turning immediately out through the traffic, followed evidently some former direction.

Debs, leaning back, regarded her companion. "I suppose," she said, "that when I think this over tomorrow, it will all seem foolish indeed. But now—" she laughed, "really, I'm having a good time."

"When you think it over tomorrow," the man answered gravely, "I hope that you will be glad you came. We are going through a dingy part of the city. 'Dinginess,' he smiled suddenly with an expression that changed the thoughtful lines of his face to pure kindness, "has not been much in your line, I fancy."

"Not much," Debs carelessly replied. "Where are we now?"

"In Potter street," he told her. "The name is doubtless unfamiliar to you. We stop here."

The girl stared. "The stop here," the man said, "is part of my 'unusual afternoon' for you. If you do not wish to carry out the program, you may refuse. I have to visit here professionally. There is no danger of contagion or anything of that sort. Just—" he paused, "a little woman with a broken arm. And a little lad trying to look after her, and a baby. I thought," he said, "that it would do the little woman good to see another young woman's sweet face."

And when, after a time, he arose to leave the poor room, Debs followed the doctor to the hall.

"I am going to stay here," she said shakily, "the whole afternoon. I never knew that such want and bravery existed."

"Then," said the big doctor, his kindly smile softened into tenderness, "I will come back to end your adventure. Not all unusual times can be happy ones, you see."

"I thank you for my afternoon," Deborah answered softly. "If you knew me better you would learn that I am not always reckless or foolish."

"I am going to know you better," the doctor said, and his hand held hers in a warm clasp.

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ED F. MOREARTY  
Attorney-at-Law  
700 Peters Trust Bldg.

**NOTICE**

In the matter of the application of Semann Saab for change of name.

Notice is hereby given that on the 30th day of November, 1920, Semann Saab filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is for a decree changing his name from Semann Saab to Samuel S. Majahed.

Said application will be presented to said Court in Court Room No. 7 on January 2, 1921, at 9 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as petitioner can be heard.

SEMANN SAAB.

At 12 2-9-16-23 26

**THOS. LYNCH, Attorney  
NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION**

In the County Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Ida Saunders, deceased.  
All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said Court alleging that said deceased died leaving no last will and praying for administration upon her estate, and that a hearing will be

had on said petition before said Court on the 24th day of December, 1920, and that if they fail to appear at said Court on the said 24th day of December, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m. to contest the said petition, the Court may grant the same and grant administration of said estate to Claude Saunders or some other suitable person and proceed to a settlement thereof.  
BRYCE CRAWFORD,  
3t 12-2-9, 16-23 County Judge.

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**AN NEGRO ACADEMY  
HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING**  
HINGTON, Dec. 30.—The twen-  
th annual meeting of the Amer-  
egro Academy was held at the  
r High school, the attendance  
arge. John W. Cromwell, pres-  
took as the subject of his ad-  
"The Challenge of the Disfran-  
." The Rev. Charles D. Mar-  
so delivered an address. One of  
atures of the session was the ex-  
of rare prints, portraits, manu-  
s, books and other interesting  
ducts of Negro culture. J. Weldon  
hson of New York City spoke on  
"Some Phases of the Haitian Situa-  
tion," which, in view of the report of  
the court of Inquiry recently made  
public, was very interesting, timely,  
and was well received.

**WEALTHY TEXAN PLACES  
\$12,000 MONUMENT AT  
HIS SON'S GRAVE**  
FORT WORTH, Tex., Dec. 30.—  
What is said to be one of the largest  
and most expensive cemetery monu-  
ments in Fort Worth is the one which  
is being set up in Trinity cemetery by  
William M. (Gooseneck Bill) McDon-  
ald in memory of his son, who died  
about three years ago. The shaft is  
thirty-one feet high, of polished gran-  
ite and cost \$12,000.

It was made by a Chicago concern,  
whose manager, Josef Rittmeyer, is  
here to superintend its erection. It  
required three weeks to set the der-  
rick and lift the monument upon its  
base.

Rittmeyer is editor of the Monu-  
ment Reporter, one of the oldest trade  
journals in the country, and a former  
Texan who is renewing old acquaint-  
ances. His friends while in Fort Worth, McDon-  
ald is one of the best known Negro  
politicians and business men in the  
state.