

Anna Belle's Dinner

By AGNES G. BROGAN

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Anna Belle had come to her last fifteen cents; it was as bad as that. Anna Belle had been homeless, indeed, since grandma Brown died. The motherless baby had been safe in the old woman's care, and when grandma Brown grew to be in need of constant care herself, Anna Belle most gratefully had given it. Now that it became necessary for the girl to earn her livelihood in the big unaccustomed city, she found how unfitted the simple round of home duties left her for greater tasks. The business world was a very confusing place in its exacting for 'experience.' Every advertisement that Anna Belle sought out so eagerly, ended with that disappointing requirement.

As Anna Belle went, like a small gray nun in her woolen suit and gray hat down the walk, she stooped to pluck a scarlet bloom to fasten beneath her own rose cheeks, and considered what would be best to buy with fifteen cents. One roll and a cup of coffee, she decided, would be all that she might expect, so Anna Belle made her way into the inviting Dutch interior of the cafeteria. She carefully followed the others with her appropriated tray, keeping her face resolutely from the tempting array of food before her, one roll and a cup of coffee was to be her entire allotment. Perhaps, she thought hopefully, the scant meal would take the edge at least from her healthy country appetite; but alas! the roll and coffee were all insufficient.

It was not until she had finished, busy with her troubled reflections, that Anna Belle saw the doughnut. It was a tempting, taunting doughnut, deliciously light and brown, with an odor of hidden nutmeg like grandma Brown's own. Suddenly tears and memories clouded the girl's eyes. That the doughnut was part of a satisfying meal belonging to an opposite table companion, Anna Belle did not realize. She only knew all at once, that she was miserable, penniless and alone. And then, more to screen her tear-filled eyes than in hope of finding work, she unfurled the newspaper she had bought that morning, and scanned again its 'Help Wanted' pages. When she lowered the paper, her table companion had departed, leaving a half-finished meal behind him. The doughnut was gone—she noted that, but there was a savory slice of ham, some glorious browned potatoes, a slice or two of tomato on its lettuce leaf. Anna Belle hesitated no longer. The voice of hunger was more insistent than that of convention, why waste food which was discarded? She helped herself rapidly from the opposite dishes, and rapidly ate, and as she finished, a pleasant-faced young man slipped into the recently-vacated chair opposite and placed his tray before him. There was another doughnut on this tray and a steaming cup of coffee, but Anna Belle was tempted no longer. With hunger appeased, her bright courage returned.

"Beg pardon," said the young man quickly, "and please don't be offended at my question. I see you are interested in the 'Help Wanted Female' department. Could it be just possible that you are looking for employment? Because if you are," he added hastily, "our firm is in urgent need of an office woman."

Anna Belle gasped. Then she smiled. It was a sad little smile and she shook her head. "Experienced of course," she quoted. "Not necessarily," the young man answered eagerly. "Fact is, we are hoping to train a girl, making her competent for our own needs, you understand. And we'd be willing if she was—well, worth while," finished the young man honestly, "to take her on and coach her. Dad has his own ideas regarding his own office. Here is his card, and if you can drop in there between three and four this afternoon, I'll have paved the way for your coming."

Anna Belle stared from the engraved card back to the young man's kindly face. The firm stated was one whose advertisement she had yesterday answered and been repulsed. But the young man with a nod was gone, and Anna Belle still holding the card and with new hope in her heart, went out to begin her long walk to the designated office.

And so strange and unexpected is life, that when she had reached full competency in her new accepted work, and was giving the greatest satisfaction, Anna Belle decided to give that work up altogether. The junior partner of the firm had persuaded her most happily, that her true place in life was at his own side, while the senior member gladly gave consent.

"You may know now, dear," Anna Belle told her lover, "how very much you have done for me. Why, when we first met, I had only fifteen cents left to buy my dinner, and—"

"I know," that young man cheerfully responded, "and, so you ate mine. I had just gone after an extra doughnut and a cup of coffee, you see, when you did it."

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl, "you don't mean that you were the first man at the table!"

"I'm afraid," Jack said tenderly, "that your eyes were too full of tears at the time to see very well, my dear, but there never will be any more tears if I can help it."

And Jack kept his word.

THE OMAHA WONDER CAFE OPENS

One of the Most Beautiful of City's Restaurants

The grand opening of the Omaha Wonder Cafe is now being held at its new place, Twenty-fourth and Charles streets, under the proprietorship of Mr. John Holman. This restaurant promises to be one of Omaha's most beautiful establishments, its arrangements being such that no patron could be displeased at either service or surroundings. The motto is "Satisfaction and Sanitation," and the management guarantees wholesome food and courteous service. This will be one of the all-night establishments, which will enable the late as well as the early to drop in and get a hot unch. The public is invited to come in and inspect the establishment at the corner of Twenty-fourth and Charles Sts. John H. Holman, Proprietor.—Adv.

PIONEER RESIDENT OF OMAHA DIES

Well Respected By All Citizens of Omaha—Paralysis is Cause

George D. Dickinson of 2923 North Twenty-fifth street, died early Wednesday morning after a brief illness of two weeks.

Mr. George David Dickinson was born in Cumberland Gap, Ky., December 25, 1855. When quite a young man he moved to Milledgeville, Tenn., where he married his first and only wife, Miss Arminta Malone, December 4, 1876. He moved to Omaha April 17, 1881, where he had resided ever since. To Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson were born four children, John W., deceased March 28, 1920; Georgia D. Graves, deceased April 2, 1916; Melvin Waldo, deceased October 31, 1913, and Mrs. Lillian D. Black of 2923 North Twenty-fifth street, who is the only surviving child. The mother died March 17, 1917.

Mr. George Dickinson was a member of St. John's A. M. E. church forty years. Having been a leader of one class thirty-nine years of that time. He was always faithful and dutiful to his church from the time he became a member up until his death. He worked as shipping clerk for the Bruce Drug Co. thirty-seven years. He was one of the oldest settlers in Omaha. He will be buried from St. John's A. M. E. church Friday, December 31, at 2 p. m. Rev. W. C. Williams, pastor of the church, will conduct the last funeral rites. He will be interred in the Dickinson's private plot at Forest Lawn cemetery. A daughter and five grandchildren survive him.

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MANY SUDDEN DEATHS SOUND WARNING

Precautionary Measures Will Reduce the Large Number of Persons Suddenly Called to Great Beyond

The human family, especially those who claim age as distinctive of being "grown up," is, in reality, a child. By saying a child, even though it has had experience to age in the majority of instances it only touches the surface of things that are most essential to longevity marked by health-giving practices, such as proper feeding regulated by time, sufficient outdoor exercise and normal sleeping hours. Yet, with the American method of cooking, we more often do ourselves more

damage than good by overloading or crowding our stomachs and by insufficient mastication, all of which tends to create a gaseous condition of the stomach, commonly called gastritis due to fermentation and lack of proper elimination, whereby that cause of auto-intoxication increases the amount of dangerous gases which push back against the diaphragm, therefore, crowding the heart out of alignment which if continued for a period of time, weakens that organ to a sufficient extent that a slight attack will cause a complete discontinuance of life's blood, thereby causing death.

We take this opportunity of calling your attention to this condition for this reason: Because a number of people have been snatched out of this

world to the Great Beyond because of this very condition. It is our duty to point out to you the precautionary measures so that you will not be a victim of this same thing.

It is a common saying "That an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to prevent this condition arising in your system we state to you as an absolute fact, and gladly do so that you have only to keep a bottle of that great remedy which is a boon to humanity and is used according to directions will be the means of saving millions of lives, which is SULTOX, manufactured by the Kaffir Chemical Laboratories, 815-17-19 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb.

Subscribe for The Monitor.

JAPANESE STARTS RIOT
(By the Associated Negro Press)
SYDNEY, Australia, Dec. 30.—An armed Japanese, claiming racial equality, ran amuck in Broome, western Australia, the center of the pearling industry, where large numbers of Japanese are employed.

In a general riot which followed two Japanese were killed and a number of others were wounded. Two white policemen were injured.

Later the riot act was read and all whites were sworn in as special constables. They were quickly organized and armed and, under army officers, began patrolling the town and disarming all Japanese.

HENRY BUFORD IS SUDDENLY CALLED

His large circle of friends were shocked Sunday afternoon by the sudden death of Henry Buford at his residence, 3510 Blondo street. Mr. Buford, who had been a resident of Omaha for several years and was prominent in hotel and Masonic circles, was supposed to be in good health. He attended services at St. John's A. M. E. church Sunday morning, and upon returning home complained of feeling ill. Before a physician could be summoned he passed away, every effort being made by his devoted wife and son to relieve him. Mr. Buford was 54 years old. He is survived by his wife, Lizzie, a son, Harry, of the detective force; two sisters, Mrs. Snell and Miss Buford of Omaha, and other relatives. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon from St. John's church under the auspices of Excelsior lodge. Interment was at Forest Lawn. The Rev. W. C. Williams officiated.

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