

Local and Personal Happenings

WE PRINT THE NEWS WHILE IT IS NEWS

Webster 4243

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Ed. F. Morearty, Lawyer, 700 Peters Trust Building, Jackson 3841 or HARNEY 2156.

Mrs. Thomas Buford arrived from Kansas City, Mo., Wednesday morning to attend the funeral of Oliver E. Willis.

Dwight Dorsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Dorsey, 3643 Parker street, a student at the University of Iowa, is home spending the Christmas vacation with his parents.

The Eagles are soaring, watch them light.—Adv.

Mrs. Blanche Coulter entertained at a Christmas dinner at her home, 2314 Charles street. Covers were laid for eighteen. Mrs. Coulter had Old Santa remember each guest. A delightful evening was spent in games and music.

The Negro Women's Christian Association will meet the first Wednesday in January at the Home. All members are requested to be present. Mr. J. H. Broomfield gave a Christmas gift to the Home of \$31 to apply on the building fund.

Watch for the Eagles to light.—Adv.

The Rev. M. H. Wilkinson went to Norfolk Sunday where he held services for the congregation there.

The Rev. J. A. Harris conducted services both morning and evening at Pilgrim Baptist Church last Sunday. Despite the inclement weather good congregations were present. In the morning he preached on "What Think Ye of Christ" and the evening theme was "Saving Men's Duty."

Miss Alice Algee of Manilla, Iowa, a student at the University of Iowa was an Omaha visitor this week. She was the guest of Miss Dorothy E. Williams.

Watch the Eagles soar.—Adv.

John and Harold Adams, sons of the Rev. and Mrs. John Adams, students at the University of Nebraska, are here spending their Christmas vacation with their parents.

Mrs. Otis Shipman and daughters, Thelma and Madeline, who are residing temporarily at Sioux Falls, So. Dak., are spending the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Cowan entertained at a delightful dancing party at Hanscom Park pavilion Wednesday night complimentary to the Misses Thelma and Madeline Shipman. Several out of town guests were present.

Miss Lucy Mae Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Dewey Allen of Hamilton street, who has been employed in Chicago for the past year is spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Willis and sister of Aichison, Kansas, were called to Omaha Tuesday by the death of their brother, Oliver E. Willis.

Jesse Carroll is quite ill at his home on South Twenty-eighth street.

Miss Lena M. Paul went to Denver Monday evening for a few days' visit.

Miss Cecelia Starks, who is teaching in Muskogee, Okla., is spending her Christmas vacation here with her parents. Miss Starks graduated from the University of Omaha last June.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin W. Serrant of Chicago were called to Omaha Tuesday by the tragic death of Mrs. Serrant's brother, Oliver E. Willis.

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, fering.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moore and family; John, Edward and Lucy Griffin; and Mrs. Williams, and daughter.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our sincere thanks to our friends for their many deeds of kindness and numerous expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of our beloved wife and mother, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Mortimer. WILLIAM H. MORTIMER husband CLEO H. MORTIMER, son

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and floral offerings during the death and illness of our beloved mother, Hallie Arvin. We especially thank the Salem Baptist Church and the Ladies' Court to which she belonged. The bereaved, F. L. ARVIN, EFFIE MCGAW, GEORGIA SHELTON, NETTIE MOSS, MAUD HENDERSON, MAT HILTON.

The New Year Comes

OVER the sunlit hills of time The New Year comes on joyful feet; Out of the night the sweet bells chime Music of hope and promise sweet. Into the dead past with our dead Lay we the old year away; Hopes we have had and tears we've shed, Each well beloved yesterday. All, all are in thy ageless hands: What once was ours now is thine. Where wrong upon the record stands O blot it with thy love divine! Remember not the petty sins That marred our troubled yesterdays; Be with us as this year begins And lead us on by fairer ways. Still hold the dream before our eyes Envisioned ever clear and sweet, A star to bid our spirits rise, A lantern to our stumbling feet!

Mrs. Thomas S. Riggs of Chicago is spending the holidays with her mother and her sister, Mrs. W. H. Thomas and Mrs. A. D. James, 4421 South Twenty-sixth street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, 2211 Ohio street, entertained at dinner Christmas Day complimentary to Rev. Mary E. Palmer, who is their guest. The table was decorated with a lighted miniature Christmas tree, with gifts for each guest. Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Geraldine Matthews of Missouri Valley, Iowa, is the holiday guest of the Misses Grace and Jean Dorsey, 3643 Parker street.

The regular monthly meeting of the Omaha Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held at the North Side Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Leslie Shipman who is now residing in South Dakota has been spending the holidays in Omaha.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT ST. PHILIP'S

The Christmas services at the Church of St. Philip the Deacon were all well attended, beginning with the Midnight Mass Christmas Eve, when the church was comfortably filled, and concluding with the 11 o'clock service Christmas morning. The church was beautifully decorated and the music was excellently sung by the vested choir. The annual Christmas tree and party for the Church School was held Saturday night and the children had a very pleasant time. The usual services next Sunday.

BACHELOR-BENEDICTS ANNUAL ASSEMBLY A GALA AFFAIR

The Bachelor-Benedicts held their annual assembly Monday night at beautiful Dreamland Hall. It was largely attended and a gala event. Many handsome gowns were in evidence and the gentlemen in full dress made a most attractive appearance. Many out of town guests were present. Adams orchestra furnished the music to which the gay dancers tripped the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours. Features of the program were a solo dance by Margaret Bell, the Charleston by Woodrow Macklin and a number by two headliners at the Orpheum.

MRS. WILLIAMS H. MORTIMER SUCCEUMS TO LONG ILLNESS

Frances E., beloved wife of William H. Mortimer, passed away at her residence Saturday after an illness of two years. Mrs. Mortimer who was born in Virginia, June 16, 1859, was married to Mr. Mortimer here in 1887 where they have resided since. She was active in church and charitable work, being particularly interested in the Negro Women Association's Old Folks Home. She was also a charter member of the Washingtonian Benevolent Association. The funeral was held from the residence, 2716 Ohio street, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Lightner, a Seventh Day Adventist minister, officiating. Interment was at Forest Lawn in the Washingtonian Society's lot. The deceased is survived by her husband and one son, Cleo.

CELEBRATE THEIR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The Rev. and Mrs. Z. E. McGee celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage Monday night, December 28th at their attractive residence, 1810 North Twenty-fifth street. A large number of guests were present to express their felicitations. Many gifts were received. Among the guests present were Robert Smith, clerk of the District Court, Harry Lapidus, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Wiggins, Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Gooden, Miss Edna M. Stratton and many others. Dr. E. H. McDonald reread the marriage lines, after which the Rev. Mr. McGee united in marriage Mr. James Blanton and Miss Geneva Canada. Musical numbers were given by Mrs. Alice Stewart and Mr. W. L. Myers. Mesdames J. D. Lewis, W. Myers, E. Green and E. McDonald assisted in receiving the guests. Refreshments were served and a delightful evening was spent.

Stop Complaining, Their Resolution

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

By FLORENCE HARRIS WELLS

ELL, 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 gayly 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. You 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. But you never thought of resolving, did you?"

"But 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 gayety, "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?"

And mother laughed. "Have some more coffee?"

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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."

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—I'm going to be married again."

Mallotin, fifty-seven, was a taciturn 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."

"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. Left 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.

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First-Footing Ancient Scottish New Year Habit

First-footing is an ancient custom which still exists in Scotland. Late in the evening of Hogmanay, 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 instead of curved and curly letters.

Miss May Harper, a teacher in Lincoln High School, Sedalia, Mo., accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. T. Jackson, of Evanston, Ill., arrived in Omaha Monday evening to be the guests of Miss Dorothy E. and Mrs. John Albert Williams at the St. Philip's rectory.

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