

THE LIVING MEMORY

By MILDRED WHITE.

John Ruggles swung about in the revolving chair before his desk, to gaze over the high roofs beneath the glaring July sun. There it was again, that evasive memory of something sweet and half forgotten! What had happened to him in his heretofore satisfied middle age, that vague longings should reach out from the past?

Business and its success had for years absorbed him, blotting out all that had been before, making wealth alone his goal. Now, wealth was achieved, what had it brought him?

Lillias had dropped out of his life so long ago he had lost regard for her when she had chosen in preference to himself a sort of wandering nomad for a husband. Will had been a dreamy idealist, while he, John Ruggles, even in that long ago, showed unmistakable business promise.

It was in his youthful engineering capacity that he had visited the little village almost buried beneath its encircling hills. Lillias had met him in the quaint flower garden of her home, and it had been Will who took him there. Who, lazily curious about John's work, had made friends with the engineer upon the highway. Will had been kind to the stranger, had made it pleasant for him in the lonely village, offering the hospitality of his own small home.

John Ruggles had been glad to accept. There were valuable books on the crude shelves of Will's one roomed habitation—interesting curios from all parts of the world—and Will had taken him to see Lillias; when the engineer looked into the girl's rare bluebell eyes, he decided to remain indefinitely in the village. Decided calmly, to win her from the man whom she loved and make her his own, and John Ruggles had failed; that was all.

Then he went back to the great city where bluebell eyes and fair faces are "but a thing apart," and not "man's whole existence." Many women had come and gone in John Ruggles' life since that youthful time, and he had been content to let them go; without companionship of women his life seemed complete. But now—

Across the tall chimney tops romance called to him, flaunting a memory not unmingled with pain, of a grass-grown village street, a quaint old garden set back behind a cedar hedge; and about the garden in his memory dream moved the girl Lillias.

John Ruggles turned abruptly to press an electric button. He would humor his fancy, satisfy this clamoring impulse, by a walk down that same village street, a peep into the old garden which upon actual observation would undoubtedly lose its fanciful charm.

Lillias had married Will; poverty then must be her dower. Uncared for women do not as a rule grow in attractiveness. Reality should forever silence this tormenting memory, so inexplicably awakened.

But first he must dismiss the new stenographer whose work his secretary had pronounced hopeless. Again John Ruggles pressed the electric button. It was the secretary who responded.

"The new stenographer had not reported that day for business," he explained, "and her dismissal would be unnecessary. Realizing her own unfitness for the position, the girl had telephoned a resignation. Unbusinesslike to the last in method," he added smilingly.

The great man paused reaching for his hat. "I recall the young person," he said. "She possessed at least the quality of respectful courtesy." The secretary bowed. "With a personality quite too diffident for office work," he replied, "as one could tell from a glance of her eyes."

"Her eyes," the casual remark came to John Ruggles like a flash of inspiration. Here was the solution of his awakened memory, the eyes of the little stenographer he suddenly recollected were strangely like the bluebell eyes of Lillias.

"Life was unsatisfying," he told himself as he crossed the marble floor of the railroad station, "wealth, power, what had they to do with happiness the elusive? Where might it be found?"

The village street was unchanged, the familiar houses too, like those of yesterday.

Suddenly the man drew in his breath while his eyes widened as if seeing a vision. For about the garden moved gracefully a girl in white, and in her hair a rose.

As he lingered unbelievably, she came toward him, her bluebell eyes searching his across the hedge, then she smiled.

"Oh! Mr. Ruggles," his recent stenographer exclaimed, "you came away out to see me? I was obliged to resign my position," she added flushing prettily, "because I had too long imposed. My business education was too brief to be efficient. I have not been long alone in the world."

Across the face of John Ruggles flashed an understanding light. All at once its lines of care seemed erased by some great inner joy.

"You," he murmured, "are the daughter of Lillias?"

"You knew my mother?" the girl asked quickly.

He smiled. "It is," he answered, "as though Lillias herself were here beside me again."

The girl threw wide the gate. "I also am—Lillias," she said, and John Ruggles entered into the garden.

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LINGERIE TO BE ADORNED

"Frillery" Must Be Ornamented With Hand Painting, Is a Coming Edict of Fashion.

Well, girls, you will soon be wearing your own art gallery. Painted lingerie is coming, and who knows but that you will have a birds-eye view of the Steel city, with its mills in full blast, running around the bottom of your skirt? For it is said that lingerie that once screamed will make its painted approach much more noiselessly and without ostentation, but with force. Oil paintings done to suit individual taste on the lingerie are among the fall announcements. Each place is to follow a master design, and sets will have their day in court. Thus, a mosquito-net dress will put a spider web stocking most eminently in the shade, if not entirely out of business, and a whole flock of vultures opens up before those of us who have eyes with limitless possibilities as to scenic effects, with startling backgrounds and atmospheric tonalities. "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," "The Battle of Waterloo" and examples of the shot-to-pieces school may all be harnessed to the new fad. The artistic temperament may now take on a new lease of life, in spite of the agitation in favor of a tax on art ranging up to 25 per cent. It may mount upon eagle's wings. It may run without weariness. It may—but what's the use? The new fad is a positive boon to struggling artists from Maine to California, whose productions have, since the war, had to confront not only a sluggish, but a positively dead market. Let us all rise in our places and give three rousing cheers for the application of painting to lingerie.—New York Times.

LINKS ITALY AND AMERICA

Newly Installed Wireless Telegraphy Plant Is the Most Powerful That Has Yet Been Built.

The announcement that Italy and the United States have recently been connected by wireless telegraphy deserves more notice than it has received. This achievement probably makes a back number of the great wireless station at Nauen, near Berlin, which has been so useful to Germany and which, when the war broke out, claimed to be the most powerful in the world, with an effective range of between 5,000 and 6,000 miles. From the nearest point in Italy to the United States transatlantic station at Arlington, near Washington, is not less than 6,200 miles, and to send an intelligible message across that distance might be more than even Nauen could accomplish. Owing to the hostility between the ether waves which carry wireless messages and sunshine, it is always easier to send messages long distances in northerly latitudes than in those more South, and the power required to cover a given distance increases with nearness to the equator. The wireless route between Rome and Arlington is for a good part of the way at least 800 miles nearer the equator than that between Nauen and the United States, which fact considerably adds to the achievement of the Italian and American experts.—London Chronicle.

Women as Aviators.
"Out of a thousand women who want to fly," says C. G. Gray, London aviation expert, "you might find one who has the right kind of nerve for flying. A great many women learned to fly before the war, but I never came across more than one who could really fly. She was a very exceptional woman altogether. In the United States Ruth Law was the first woman to fly from Chicago to New York. She came of an acrobatic family. Katherine Stinson, another American girl, nearly completed the same feat recently. But for one woman of this type you have thousands hysterically anxious to fly, and they would only break their necks as well as government property and be a general nuisance."

Airplane Mail Popular.
An average of 1,000 packets of mail are now being carried regularly every day between Vienna and Kiev by airplane. The distance between the two cities is 750 miles and the claim is made that this is the longest route now being operated in any part of the world. The trip takes from ten to twelve hours, compared to forty hours by train. It is made in four stages, the intermediate stops being Cracow, Lemberg and Proskurov.

Blew Up the Family Wash.
Down in Galveston recently an innocent looking chunk of iron propped a family boiler over the fire for the Monday wash. But there wasn't any washing that day. The prop proved to be a Civil War shell, vintage of 1863, and fulfilled its destiny by sending the boiler through the roof and shaking the surrounding territory.—Omaha Bee.

Ministerial Warriors.
Probably no town in Maine has equaled Dexter as far as sending its ministers into war work is concerned. Four out of its six active pastors will have answered the call within a short time. They are Rev. Ambrose B. McAllister, Rev. George C. Sauer, Rev. H. Lincoln MacKenzie and Rev. Stanley Gates Spear.

Guarded Treasure.
"Going to stay home all summer?" "I'm obliged to. I've got a load of coal in the cellar and I can't afford a private watchman."

PULASKI COUNTY HAS UNIQUE COUPLE

Pulaski County, Arkansas, boasts of a unique couple in the persons of Charles and Anna Nicholes, aged, yet active. Charles was 99 years old the 25th of last December, but is still able to earn his daily wage as a laborer. His wife, Anna, continues her household duties and the family washing without complaint of ills or infirmities.

They are the parents of twenty-four living children, twelve grandchildren, twelve sets of twins, a boy and a girl being born to these proud parents each time, the oldest being 60 years of age, the three youngest boys were just within the draft age and are now at Camp Pike. They have had twenty-one grandchildren, twenty girls and one grand son. Charles and Anna were both born in Charleston, S. C. He served through the civil war in Company C, 114th West Arkansas. After being mustered out of service in his home town, he moved his family, a wife and twelve children, to Pulaski County, Arkansas, where he has resided since. Mr. Nicholes is hale and hearty and bids fair to live many more years. His only regret is that his twenty grandchildren are granddaughters not grandsons and able to serve in the ranks in the army of his country.

MONSIGNOR JOHN E. BURKE

Something of His Great Work Among Our People in the "Empire City."

New York City.—A service flag with thirty stars, one gold, flaps in the breeze outside of St. Benedict the Moor, the Colored Roman Catholic church in W. 53d street. It represents the boys of the parish who went away with the famous 15th N. Y. infantry, now fighting in France. It represents also part of the life work of Monsignor John E. Burke (white), who, on Aug. 4 celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his priesthood. It was Father Burke who made the flag possible by building the church where it hangs and gathering there a congregation. It was he who baptized almost every one of the boys for whom a star is standing on the white ground of the banner.

"He was my altar boy, once, poor little fellow," the priest said, sadly pointing to the gold star, which is for Harold Streadrick, of the "15th," killed in action in France. All except five of Father Burke's forty years as a priest have been spent among Colored people. He chose his field of endeavor voluntarily.

THE FLOWERS OF EUROPE

We ran across this exquisite fugitive poem the other day. We do not believe in keeping good things to one's self, so we pass it on to the readers of The Monitor, who might not otherwise see it. The author is Nancy Byrd Turner. The poem is entitled "The Flowers of Europe."

The little wild flowers
That grow across the world,
With delicate petals
And leaves light curled,
Aashly they fare now,
In trampled field and wood,
All blackened with powder
And dampened with blood.
The old rains of summer
Are mingled with steel,
The old rains of summer
Are aflame, now, to feel
Shell torn and shattered,
Do they still stand,
The little wild flowers
In that strange, strange land?

Yea, they are valiant,
So men say,
They look up to heaven
In the old glad way.
Pink flower, white flower,
Scarlet bloom,
They nod and are fearless
At the feet of doom;
Buttercup, daisy,
Fruit bluebell,
They smile and are safe
At the gate of hell.
Bright on a trench's lip,
Sweet on a grave,
The little wild flowers
Are faithful and brave.

Thus hath it been,
And thus shall it be—
There were little wild flowers
On Calvary.
There was earthquake and darkness,
But daunted no wise,
They awakened at Easter
To see Christ arise,
The little wild flowers
Write on the sod
"Beauty cannot perish
While there is God."
This is their message,
Deathless and sure,
"While pain endureth
Love shall endure!"

Mrs. Beulah Nolan, of Kansas City, Mo., was the dinner guest Sunday afternoon of Mrs. F. S. Gant, 2315 North Twenty-eighth avenue, and the guest of Mrs. Edith Dickens of 2516 Parker street at a theatre party Tuesday afternoon.

Meets Several Theatrical Friends

Fred C. Williams, Homeward Bound. Visits Hot Springs and Other Towns in Arkansas and Brings Up at St. Louis, Missouri.

St. Louis, Mo.—Leaving Hot Springs I stopped two days in Argenta, Ark., or North Little Rock, as it is now called. There I found a large Colored population with only a few business and professional men.

Among them was our old friend E. D. (Kid) Lee, well known in the amusement world. He is conducting a big stock company under canvas, featuring the Texas song bird, Miss Clara Huff, a sweet soprano of merit, as well as range; the Crosbys, Henry and Lizzie, in "coon songs" and comedy; Freddie Morris, the clever monologist and famous southern comedian in "Willie Too-Sweet" keeps the house uproariously happy. The Creole Belle company, as it is known, are Monitor boosters. It was amid the well wishes of the manager and company that I boarded the north bound train for the next stop, Newport, Ark.

I was met at the station by my old friend, Dr. Christie, who made special efforts to bring me in touch with the best people in the city.

Newport is located in the rich farming district and is situated on the west bank of the White river, which is famous for its pearl producing mollusks. It is a thriving business center, being the commercial trading point for the surrounding country for thirty miles.

Watch for my big feature article "Seeris of Newport."

Leaving Newport I stopped at Popular Bluff, Mo. Being unable to do any business I hurriedly boarded the train for my next stop, St. Louis. FRED C. WILLIAMS.

DARE TO DO YOUR DUTY

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."—Abraham Lincoln.

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