

Events and Persons

A. P. Scruggs, Lawyer, 220 S. 18th St. D. 7812. Col. 8881.—Adv.

Mrs. Edward Howard and daughter, Della, left Saturday morning for Chicago, Detroit, Mich., and other eastern points for an extended visit.

Mrs. Schwein and children have gone to Hopkinsville Ky., where she will visit her parents.

Furnished room ads and cards of thanks must be paid for in advance.

Mrs. L. E. Britt, who has been quite ill at the residence of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Overall, 2010 Lake street, has returned to her own home at 2517 Maple street much improved.

Mrs. Augustus Hicks left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit with her sister and other relatives in Kansas City, Mo.

Send in your subscription for The Monitor, please. It is \$2.00 a year.

Mrs. Ballou and daughter of the South Side were seriously injured last week in a collision between two street cars.

Mr. Charles Waters of Pittsburgh, Pa., arrived in the city Monday morning to visit his sister, Mrs. E. P. Pryor, of 1414 North Twenty-fifth street. Mr. Waters' visit being unannounced, was a pleasant surprise to his sister, who had not seen him for six years.

Patronize Monitor advertisers. Tell them you saw their ad in The Monitor.

Mrs. William Cooper after a delightful month's visit in Omaha as the guest of Mrs. M. C. Stephenson, left Monday night for her home in Chicago.

Mrs. D. E. Mann, Mrs. William Roulette and Mrs. H. L. Anderson held open house Thursday evening complimentary to their guest, Mrs. L. F. Payne and daughter, Mamie, of Glasgow, Mo. More than a hundred guests were present.

Monitor advertisers want your business; that's why they advertise in your paper.

Mrs. Dorothy E. Williams left for Minneapolis, Minn., Tuesday morning for a two-weeks' visit with her niece, Mrs. S. A. Steele, her grandmother, Mrs. W. R. Gamble, and other relatives.

Mrs. G. Anderson of 2004 North Twenty-eighth street, who recently underwent a serious operation at the Swedish Mission hospital, is slowly improving.

Mrs. F. J. McCoullough, 2430 Patrick avenue, has gone to Chicago and Detroit for a month's visit.

Mrs. Simon Harold and daughter, Irene, left Sunday evening for Chicago to visit her sister, Miss Irene Newman, who is a trained nurse in Provident hospital.

Mrs. Silas Johnson left Monday night for Chicago.

E. F. Morearty, Lawyer, 600 Bee Bldg. Douglas 3841 or Harney 2156.

D. H. Oliver of Waco, Tex., formerly connected with the Conservative Counselor, was a pleasant caller at The Monitor office this week. He was also shown through the plant of the Kaffir Chemical Laboratories and expressed himself as well pleased with all he saw.

Have your subscription money ready for The Monitor collector when he calls.

Mrs. John T. McDonald, Sr., of 2004 Charles street, has been quite ill, but is much improved.

Mrs. U. G. Bell who has been confined to her home since May is slowly improving under the treatment of Dr. A. E. Fletcher.

Holst Pharmacy for drugs. 2702 Cuming street, Harney 681.—Adv.

John T. McDonald, Sr., of The Butcher Workman Advocate leaves Saturday night for St. Louis where he goes as a delegate to the International convention of the A. M. C., and B. W. of N. A. He expects to visit in the east before returning home.

North Side Taxi. J. D. Lewis, proprietor. Two limousines. Stand phone, Web. 1490; residence phone, Web. 949.

SEDALIA TEACHER IS AN OMAHA VISITOR

Miss Ruby C. Martin, a teacher in the Lincoln High School of Sedalia, Mo., has been one of Omaha's most popular visitors this summer. She has been the guest of Miss Mary Ann Logan, 1628 North Twenty-second street, who entertained Tuesday of last week in her honor.

DREAMS

By KATHARINE A. NEWELL

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Now then, 'Dreams,' get a hustle on you with those copies, and put the long stop on that high powered car driven by the Duke of Killcrankle. Even in these days of help shortage we want efficiency just the same." Miss Johnson's razor-like voice struck on Ann Flower's ear like ice.

A titter of amusement went around the office at the head clerk's intended witticism, and many eyes were turned for a moment to the gloomy corner where the girl had sat for two years, the target for all the teasing of the department. Somehow or other it had leaked out that Ann-Flower indulged in day dreams, hence the nickname, "Dreams," and the merciless sarcasm that was her lot.

"Dreams"—I mean Miss Flower, the 'boss' wants you in his office." Again Miss Johnson's voice smote Ann's ear like ice, and all eyes flashed to her corner.

"The boss?" repeated Ann stupidly. "Yes, the 'boss,' and don't keep him waiting," snapped Miss Johnson.

Ann Flower stumbled to her feet. All eyes seemed to burn into her back as she passed up the room. She knew she had not done her work well during the last week, but they did not know what it was to sit up at night and finally have to see a golden haired baby die! Perhaps they did not know what it meant to leave the distracted mother sewing for a living to keep two other little towheeds from hunger. Ann had not been satisfied with the doctor, and that morning had herself telephoned for another physician, not the kind that usually calls at apartment houses on the East side of the city, but there was something so insistent, so softly appealing and piteous in the girl's voice over the wire that Doctor Sunderland had promised to come.

"Good morning, Miss Flower," the "boss" voice came to the girl's senses through waves of pain.

"This is Doctor Sunderland . . ."

"Oh, the children are not worse?"

Ann interrupted the "boss" introduction in a frightened voice.

"No, the kiddies are going to pull through in the shape, thanks to your foresight, Miss Flower."

The "boss" cleared his throat. "Doctor Sunderland has told me, Miss Flower, that you have been sitting up at night with a sick baby for over a week, until it died; you have also been helping out the mother with two other children all this winter with your salary; you could just as well have left her and gone to more comfortable quarters."

"But I couldn't; she was good to me . . . and it was hard for her to get a boarder who liked children . . . and I did. I'm sorry if my work suffered here . . . but I couldn't leave her when the baby got ill—and died!" Ann Flower's purple blue eyes grew big and piteous.

"Honey," the voice of the "boss" was just as soft as any of her southern "mammies," and he came to her side and patted her on the shoulder. "I did not know that I had such a real, live girl in my employ! I guess my character reading expert is worth what I pay him after all, if he gets some like you, bless your heart! But Doctor Sunderland wants to have a talk with you; you've come from a home where there is a pretty sick bunch, and he's afraid that you may be in for a dose. We don't want it spread around the office, and whatever the damage is, remember, I foot the bills."

Poor little "Dreams" head seethed in a whirl of aches and surprises after the "boss" left her in Dr. Sunderland's care.

It was a dream of wonderful peace, to find oneself in a cool, gray and white hospital room, with a pretty red-haired nurse ready to do one's bidding. But there were days when little Ann Flower did not answer to Dr. Sunderland's "dear" with a smile of shy welcome, and nights when he would come and shake his head and turn hastily from the pretty, fever-flushed face and wonder why we have to find the best in our scheme of life, to lose it again. There were days, too, when Miss Johnson and the department could not bear to see the patch of sunlight shine on the dust covered typewriter cover in the gloomy corner, without a catch in their throats when they remembered how they had teased dear, patient little "Dreams."

But days came when Dr. Sunderland's "dear" won the day. "I take my vacation next week . . . and I am going south," he announced in his most professional manner one day.

The shadows got tangled up in Ann Flower's lashes. It would be so lonely without this big, dependable young northerner, who somehow could call her both "honey" and "dear," just as endearingly as they did in the south.

"This flu-monia' has left you pretty weak, and I want you to make the trip under my care," he went on calmly.

"But . . ."

"No, 'buts' in this case, we are going to be married before we start, that is, if you are willing, honey, dear?"

And Ann Flower whispered happily from his arms, "They can't call me 'Dreams' again. I've realized the only 'dream' I ever had . . . just a home, and you!"

Athena Smiles on Satin Gowns



CONSIDERATION of evening gowns leads us into that realm of apparel where beauty is the paramount and almost the sole consideration. All that the looms have to offer in rich and exquisite products goes into their fashioning and inspires their creators. Satin and ribbons are translated into such clothes, in the two gowns pictured, as must certainly win an approving smile from the goddess of spinners and weavers.

Designers have adopted a trick of adding that "splendor dear to women" to the average evening gown by introducing rich and remarkable ribbons into their composition. Beautiful satin and airy tulle are the same in one or another lovely dress, but a flavor of magnificence pervades a gown when a distinctive and royal ribbon becomes a part of it. This is emphasized in the sleeveless, low-cut model pic-

tured. It has a slip of plain satin, bodice of sequins and plaited overdress of tulle with medallions in two sizes. A glorious ribbon, in metallic brocade, begins as a girdle, becomes a drapery at the right side, a cascade at the left and ends in a train, trailing from a bow and ends of tulle.

Satin and lace join forces in the second lovely gown. The very low bodice is veiled with tulle extending over the shoulders. The apron front and long back drapery of lace reflect a style feature of the season that is not confined to evening dress; it is as popular and effective in frocks for afternoon.

Julia Bottomly

Parasols Are Again Unfurled



TIME out of mind gay and dainty parasols have flaunted their bright colors in the midsummer's sunshine and cast their soft or glowing shadows over fair faces. But during the war they did not flourish. Being among the luxuries that could be dispensed with and for other reasons, they were not so much used. This season, however, finds them revived, and with midsummer just around the corner, they have come out in considerable force and in distinct styles. Many of them appear to take their cue from midsummer millinery, showing a repetition of the fabrics and colors used in hats, and there are parasols for dress, street and country wear that correspond to dress, tailored and sports hats. The simpler designs outnumber the more elaborate ones.

For wear with almost any frock the green parasol with bands of black, or cross bars of black, and all white or white and black designs have the faculty of making a pleasing ensemble. But if one is not confined to a single choice, the made-to-match parasol, of the same materials as the hat worn with it, is smarter than any other. For the street there are navy blue and white combinations in which white organdie figures as a border and in folds on blue silk, these worn with hats of the same combination, match a sea breeze in coolness, and those green silk parasols, with bands of black, suggest cool, leafy shadows cast by the trees. One of these is shown in the picture with handle in black and white enamel, and this model proves very practical. Black and white handles, furnished with large rings to slip over the wrist when the parasol is furled, have proved very popular. Hanging the parasol in this way is about the easiest and safest way of caring for it

when it is off duty as a protector from the sun. There are a number of bracelet ideas in handles, including those of narrow black ribbon with gold or silver slides that carry engraved monograms.

A wide-brimmed hat of fallie silk overlaid with lace and having a frill of lace about the brim-edge, makes a soft shadow over the face that is deepened and widened by a parasol to match. As shown in the picture, the set is developed in black silk and white lace, but the color that underlies the lace is a matter for individual choice. Wide white lace with a border provides a means of covering a parasol and hat like this with very little trouble; any seamstress can accomplish the work.

The "country club" set shown in the third picture includes a scarf with the hat and parasol so that there are three pieces in it. Pink indestructible crepe is used for this set, and the braid and embroidery decorations are in the same color.

Julia Bottomly

Pongee Dresses.

Pongee dresses are quite the rage in juvenile society this season. Touches of embroidery in contrasting colors, self-ruffles, self-tucking and cording are perhaps the most popular trimming touches.

Cuffs of Fine Linen.

Street frocks of black taffeta are finished with very deep circular cuffs of the same, with a turn-back cuff of white handkerchief linen.

ACREAGE FOR SALE

Have two good acres, crop will bring close to \$1,000; small house, well, garage shed, chicken and duck house and yards, over 100 White Leghorns, 20 ducks, fruit, shade trees. Started for home three years ago. Ill health compels me to change climate. Will take \$2,500 cash, or \$1,800 cash, balance \$10 a month. Call Tyler 1035, Desdunes & Clarke. Will take you out to see place any time.

EVENTS AND PERSONAL

The managers of the selling department of the David Gluick Realty Co. of Gary, Ind., are expected in Omaha Thursday of this week. He will no doubt be busily engaged for a length of time. Gary is offering some wonderful opportunities in this investment among people of our race. The manager will be glad to be interviewed at any time by appointment.

Miss Marie Bryant, a junior nurse of the Provident hospital, after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Banks and relatives, departed Tuesday for Chicago, where she will continue her training.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. David Meriweather and family desire to express their thanks for the kindness of many friends during the illness and death of their beloved husband and father.

BUYS NEW CAR

Dr. R. C. Riddle has just purchased an up to date Ford coupe from the Sample-Hart Motor company, the enterprising and courteous firm who carry a steady "ad" with The Monitor. This company has received good results from its Monitor advertisement. Dr. Riddle, who is a thorough race man, told the firm, "Your advertisement in The Monitor is the thing that induced me to buy my car from you."

LOSES DIVORCE SUIT

Eva, wife of Nimrod Johnson, the well known real estate dealer, who sued him for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, was denied the writ by Judge Sears who held that the evidence did not sustain the charge. The fact that Mrs. Johnson was suing for a divorce was a surprise to their friends.

ENTERTAINS FOR AUNT

The home of Mrs. J. W. Pinkston, Twenty-second and Lake street, was the scene last Thursday afternoon of a delightful reception, from 3 to 6, complimentary to Mrs. Russ of Denver, Colo., Mrs. Pinkston's aunt, who is visiting her sisters Mrs. J. H. Crawford of the Drake Apartments and Mrs. J. Alice Stewart. A large number of guests were in attendance.

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