

COLORED WOMEN REGISTER VOTE IN FAVOR OF G. O. P.

Anita Patti Brown Speaks in Favor of Harding on Her Concert Tour, Which is to Be An Extensive One.

WANTED TO NURSE OWN SOLDIERS

New Enfranchised Citizens Display Intelligence in Deciding Individual Ballots.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—Great interest is being manifested by colored women in the campaign. They are displaying a fine intelligence of the issues and are apt to adopt the most approved methods of organization to the end that their vote may have a telling effect. It has been a source of general surprise the remarkable intelligence the average colored woman has shown for the points of contention. They enter into every phase of the current discussions, and display every indication of having followed the trend of politics through the years of their fight for suffrage.

Occasionally a colored man might find his way into the Democratic party, but there is yet to be discovered an active colored woman Democrat. Colored women are all Republicans and it is a matter of general congratulation.

Mrs. Anita Patti Brown, famous singer and ardent supporter of the candidacy of Senator Harding, sees very clearly from the colored woman's point of view. Mrs. Brown travels extensively with her concerts and has delighted audiences throughout the country, and is a great favorite among the women of the race.

"Since we have arrived at our new estate and have full rights with the men we are firmly resolved to serve our race by voting the Republican ticket," said Mrs. Brown. "Wherever I have appeared there is an earnest interest in the election and the women have a full understanding of what is required of them. Of course, in many instances the simple matter of method in voting is not so thoroughly understood among our women, but there is no doubting that the desire of colored women is to vote for Harding and by so doing help the race. There may be some doubts in the minds of the men but you may be sure that there are none abiding with the women. All through the border States the women have been waiting for this great boon to show their loyalty to the party that has always been loyal to them.

"The fact that the Democrats denied the privilege to colored nurses of nursing our colored wounded soldiers in France is a standing grievance that will not soon be forgotten. We all did our bit in the war, all of us, from the leaders of our women folks to the humblest washerwoman. We bought Liberty Bonds, worked in every capacity that was opened to us, and no one could cast any reflections upon our loyalty, but our girls were not permitted to nurse their own brothers and sweethearts in France, it mattered not what their qualifications were.

"It is not only the colored men who have a grievance against the Democratic administration, but the women as well. The malicious segregation that is undertaken in the government offices at Washington is a disgrace to the country and a humiliation to our people. Colored parents educate their daughters and when they go into the civil service examinations and win appointments, the Democrats refuse them positions that they have honestly won on account of their color."

WEDS GERMAN, LOSES LEGACY

Hartford Man Disinherited by Teuton Hating Grandmother

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 30.—Because he married a German wife Arthur C. Johnson of Philadelphia is disinherited in his grandmother's will, filed here today. How strongly the testatrix, Mrs. Ellen Tuttle Johnson of this city, felt toward German is shown in this clause in which she cuts off her grandson:

"I do not wish any portion of my personal effects to go to a German wife or her family.

Mrs. Johnson, who died Thursday in Hopkinton, Mass., distributed cash legacies of about \$38,000 in her will.

Playing the Game

The Negroes of Baltimore, indignant because their race has not been given recognition in the distribution of patronage by the republican senator, Smith, of that state, have nominated a Negro lawyer of that city for United States senator. Without the support of the Maryland Negroes, Senator Smith is doomed to an overwhelming defeat.—Lawrenceville (Ga.) Herald.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MONITOR.

Patronize The Monitor Advertisers.

COLORS IN THE HOME ROOMS

Many Tints to Pick From, but Harmony Should Be the Watchword for Cheerfulness.

"This is the blue room," so many people who are showing you their homes will say to you, "or this is the pink room," and the only thing you can think of is how could they think it necessary to tell you, you couldn't possibly make a mistake, it certainly was blue—or pink, as the case may be. The trouble is that they do not realize that every room needs splashes of different colors to give it character. For example, one young woman wanted a rose bedroom. She bought white furniture and had the walls done in pale pink and white striped paper. There was a rose rug on the floor with a darker rose border, roses ran riot over the white curtains, the chairs were upholstered in the same rose cretonne, there was a rose lining under the lace bed cover, and a rose chifon shade on the reading lamp at the head of the bed. Everything was lovely, and yet she didn't like it, but she didn't know why. Her first guest was an interior decorator and she was able to put her finger on the difficulty from the very start. She made her put the rose cretonne curtains in another room, and get a black and white striped material for the windows, hang a stunning black lacquered mirror over the low boy, change the lamp shade for a French blue one with rose-colored trimmings and put a few dashes of the French blue about in little accessories, a quill pen on the desk, a couple of candles on the dressing table, and it was perfect.

In a blue room, of course the blue predominates, but if there isn't anything else but blue it is terribly cold and gloomy. A very lonely blue living room has chintz over-curtains in blues, yellows and greens, there is a yellow shade on the floor lamp with blue bands the rugs are in soft oriental colorings, and there is a great, glowing Maxfield Parrish print over the couch, which has a black cover and blue and yellow cushions.

ATTRACTIVE GIFT FOR BABY

Container for Soiled Linens is Easily Made—Same Idea Serves as Wastepaper Basket.

A very useful little inexpensive gift for the new baby is a baby's soiled linen box. Ask your outfitters for a small round hat box about one foot high, and with no lid. Take a piece of rosebud, or some other small design, chintz or printed sateen and cut exactly to fit around the box, of course figuring enough for the seams. Allow three inches at the bottom end of the chintz, and stitch a hem for a draw-string. Slip the box in and draw the strings.

The bottom should draw up neatly just under the box, and the top well over the edge. One will find that with the heading added there is just enough room left to slip in the little garments easily, and yet they will not fall out, should the box be overturned.

The slip cover, being loose, can be easily laundered. The same idea would answer equally well as a wastepaper basket, carried out on larger scale.

CHIC COAT FOR TRAVEL WEAR



Here is shown a Parisian traveling coat of soft undyed cloth with white and blue stripes running diagonally across the waist.

Use of the Flouncing.

A favorite way to use the flouncing in the bodice is to carry it up over each shoulder from the front of the belt to the back of the belt, letting it come out on the arms and form a short kimono sleeve. Or, if there is not enough then it may simply be used as a vestee in front with piece to match at the back and the rest of the blouse made of net, tucked, puffed or plicated. The puffed net sleeve, with three bands of narrow lace confining the puffs is a very popular and attractive sleeve at the present moment. It is quaint and summery.

Silk Braid Adds Chic.

A straight frock with a panel back and front is given chic by row after row of silk braid which fills in the sides.



OLD WEATHER.

"One thing that annoys me," said the weather, "is the way every one seems to think it is my duty to do as each one wishes. Now that is impossible."



Eating Cabbages.

"Now, I was passing a family of deer eating cabbage. They were as good as could be," said the weather. "They looked at me out of their beautiful eyes, but they didn't scold me or grumble about me."

"They are so sweet and gentle," said Peter Gnome.

"And I saw some heavers, quite a colony of them," said the weather. "They didn't complain of me."

"No," said Peter Gnome, "they have too much sense. Though I don't like to say people haven't much sense, for they have a great deal, in one way they're very foolish."

"If they only knew that it did no good to grumble about the weather," Peter Gnome continued. "If they only would understand that the King of the Clouds and old Nurse Fog and the Mist Grandchildren and the Winter boys, such as old King Snow and Prince Sleet and all had to have their time around once in a while, and that it was very foolish to grumble."

"What I can't understand," said the weather, "is this. In the first place I've been here for years and years and years and years. There has always been Old Man Weather. I am older than these creatures who grumble. Parents tell their children to respect their elders. They tell them not to be rude and so forth."

"But they don't tell them they should be polite to Old Man Weather. They don't tell them that at all. And they don't set the children a good example. They grumble a great deal more than the children, a great deal more. It is dreadful the way they grumble."

"Now one can't expect anything better of the children if the grown-ups are going to set them a bad example. But how I would like to tell them a few things! How I would like to say to them:

"Don't you know that I'm an elder, too? Why don't you teach the younger members of your family to be polite to me and why don't you set a good example yourselves? That is what I would like to say to them, I would."

"Ah, yes, Old Man Weather, has been here for a great many years, and it is high time creatures would know that he does things in his own way. He is an old fellow now and he can't learn new ways."

"He isn't a child. He can't go to school and learn his lessons all over again. He must do the way he has always done. The way his teachers, the King of the Clouds, Mr. Sun, old Nurse Fog, King Snow, Jack Frost, the Breeze brothers and Mr. Wind have taught him. He has had fine old teachers and he must do as they say. He cannot begin and do things differently. I do wish they would understand that. I get so tired hearing them grumble."

"I must do as my teachers have taught me to do. I must give a variety of weather, weather of different kinds, for I am weather and I am made up of all sorts of days."

"If I were the same always, they'd get tired of me, and it wouldn't be fair. If it never rained what would the people do for flowers and vegetables and fruits? What would they do about their crops? How would their gardens look? And what would happen to the little birds who sing for them, and who add to the world with their gay feathers and their cheerful voices?"

"They would not be able to stand it if the rain didn't come and cool them on the hot summer days."

"Ah, yes, Old Man Weather is made up of all sorts of days, and he is an old, old fellow, and cannot change his ways now, so Peter Gnome, won't you tell them so? And won't you tell them that I am awfully nice and good natured, and that they can have a good time on all of my days if they'll only try?"

"And won't you tell them to respect me because of my age, the great, great age of Old Man Weather? Do tell them all of that, Peter Gnome, please!"

An Involuntary Crusoe

By ALVAH J. GARTH

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

A stumble across a stout vine, a headlong fall, then half a somersault and Ross Bradley, nearly stunned, felt a painful twinge in one limb and lay helpless.

"A change, some excitement, new visions and motives in life and you'll come back brisked up," was the prophecy of his physician at home, and this was the beginning of all that, as it turned out.

He had decided to put in a week at Brompton and had taken a boat, rowing through a chain of little lakes and finally seeking a shady spot upon an island in the center of the last one of these, had met with the mishap described.

Bradley started to get to his feet and then desisted, for one limb had sustained a severe sprain. The pain was so intense, the injured member so useless, that he dragged himself with difficulty to a fallen tree and calculated the chances of getting back to his boat. As he located the little skiff he uttered a sharp cry of dismay.

"Worse and worse," he uttered lugubriously. He had left the boat at frail moorings, a keen breeze had come up and it was afloat headed for a continuous run until halted by the mainland two miles away.

Twice Bradley rose up intent on reaching the beach of the island and sank to the ground with a groan. He improvised a crutch from a tree branch, but found locomotion still ineffective. His face became serious.

Bradley realized that he could not count upon leaving the island except through outside help. Then a gleam of hope supervened. A little distance away there presented evidences of a picnic party having visited the spot—recently, too, for the papers scattered about were new and clean. Some wooden plates and empty bottles made a heap under a tree. Bradley crawled toward it, for he was hungry and realized the necessity of food should he be marooned for any length of time. There were pie tins, tissue napkins, empty cans, and he laughed quite jubilantly as he drew from the mass a box marked "Crackers," and still sealed.

"Bless the kind soul that left this behind!" he soliloquized gratefully. "Marked two pounds, I won't starve for a day or two, anyway."

Bradley opened the end of the box. It contained plain sodas, crisp and clean. He sampled one and it tasted delicious. He paused with the fifth one-half demolished.

"It is probably as well to ration myself," reflected Bradley, and began a mental apportionment of his only possible food supply. A little distance away was a bubbling spring. Bradley resigned himself to patience and rest. It was getting towards dusk. He slumbered and did not awake until morning.

His limb was more useless than when first injured, for it had stiffened and grown sore to the touch. Bradley managed to reach the beach. He tied two handkerchiefs to a stick ready to signal any possible passing craft. He was an expert swimmer, but crippled to an extent that prohibited safe water locomotion.

It was the second morning that he made his breakfast on the last of the crackers. As he emptied out the final one, with it came a card. On one side was printed the chronicle "Packed by No. 171." On the other side was pasted a small medallion photograph. It was one of those twenty-five cents for a dozen pictures produced at picnics, water places and fairs by itinerant camera men, but the subject was very lovely of face and even quick work could not spoil the perfect control.

Bradley allowed his mind to drift into a pleasing day dream. He somewhat strained reality by declaring that No. 171 had saved him from starvation! He planned out whimsically how he would trace down the original of the photograph. Then he forgot all about it for over a week, for just then two fishermen passing in a boat discovered his signal, and until he was restored to normal Bradley recuperated in luxury at the hotel at Brompton.

Ross Bradley did not have to work for a living. There was a profitable business which he had inherited, but he had entrusted its operation to a trustee. With time hanging heavily on his hands, as the incident of the cracker box recalled to his mind he welcomed the excitement of the adventure of ferreting out "No. 171." He enjoyed fancying he was following out approved detective methods in locating the factory, in finally tracing down No. 171. But it was to find a hoydenish girl of eighteen, full of flirtatious nonsense, not in any manner resembling the little photograph. She had packed the fateful box, but out of mischief, had pasted on the picture of Miss Mabel Whiting, so Bradley finally unearthed the fact, who was the secretary of the president of the company employing both.

One sight of the original of the picture and Ross Bradley had, indeed, found a motive in life. Romance had led him on to follow out an idle whim. Now genuine love impelled him. It was not until they were on their honeymoon that Ross revealed the story of the treasured packing ticket. He replaced it reverently within his pocket and drew Mabel to a safe resting place, blessing the day when fate had sent him seeking for her.

Golden Rule Store

4914 SOUTH 24th ST.

Ladies' and Men's Ready-to-Wear and Shoes

LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Second Floor

SATURDAY SPECIALS

- 100 Bungalow Gingham Aprons—Sale Price.....\$1.15
- Serge Dresses—Sale Price.....\$23.50
- Tricotteen Dresses, latest styles—Sale Price.....\$24.50
- Ryppel Sweaters—Sale Price.....\$6.45
- Silk Jersey Petticoats—Sale Price.....\$4.95
- Georgette Blouses—Sale Price.....\$3.95
- Tricoret Blouses—Sale Price.....\$6.98
- Girls' Fine Serge Dresses—Sale Price.....\$7.50

We Carry a Large Line of Furnishings for Ladies, Misses and Girls (Second Floor)

MEN'S DEPT.—Main Floor

SATURDAY SPECIALS

- Blue Overalls, heavy weight, \$3.00 and \$3.50 values.....\$2.39
- Blue Work Shirts, \$1.50 to \$2.00 values.....\$1.24
- Men's Fall Weight Union Suits, special, at.....\$1.95
- Men's Slipover Sweaters, special, at.....\$8.45
- Men's Jerse Sweaters, special, at.....\$2.45

CLOTHING DEPT.

For Saturday only we are offering all-wool Blue Serge Suits, special, at—

\$24⁵⁰

We Carry a Complete Line of Brown, Green and Worsted Suits

We are offering Boys' Suits at

\$7⁹⁵ up

VISIT OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

South Side Bargain Store

26th Between "N" and "O."

We have now a full line of Ladies' Dresses, Hats, Coats and furnishings; also complete outfits for the Man and Children.

You can buy for cash or pay it out.

Mattress and Blanket Sale

We are going to offer you the greatest opportunity you will have in years to come to purchase Mattresses and Blankets at just one-half the regular price today.

This enormous quantity of Mattresses and Blankets of all kinds will be placed on sale for ONE DAY ONLY

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2 at Both Our Stores

This stock of Mattresses includes the all-layer felts in fancy ticks; combination mattresses in plain and fancy ticks; cotton top and bottom mattresses; box springs, and, in fact, everything in the mattress line.

Everything in the blanket line will be placed on sale; the cotton blanket at \$2.25, in all colors, to the heavy-wool blankets at \$9.65.

See the exceptionally low prices marked on the Mattresses and Blankets in our windows at both stores.

Dolan & Shields Furniture Company

(Incorporated)

25th and Leavenworth Sts. TWO STORES 24th and Lake Sts. Tyler 2080 Webster 861

PATRONIZE THE MONITOR ADVERTISERS