

Two Yellow Chairs

By LYDIA LION ROBERTS  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,  
WNU Service.

MYRA hurried along by her husband's side, taking two short, quick steps to his deliberate stride. Her lips were compressed, her blue eyes focused straight ahead. Edgar looked down at her and started to speak, then closed his lips in a patient smile.

He reflected that Myra was just about ready to start in on him. He knew the symptoms.

"Edgar," Myra exploded, "why didn't you talk? Why must you always sit like a dumb thing when we go visiting? See how nice Annie Ball's husband was, laying himself out to be interesting and full of pleasant talk. You hardly said a word the whole evening, and I was so mortified I wanted to scream. You know enough if you'd only let it out. Why didn't you say something?"

"I didn't know anything to say. You and Jim Ball kept the air circulating, and I was comfortable."

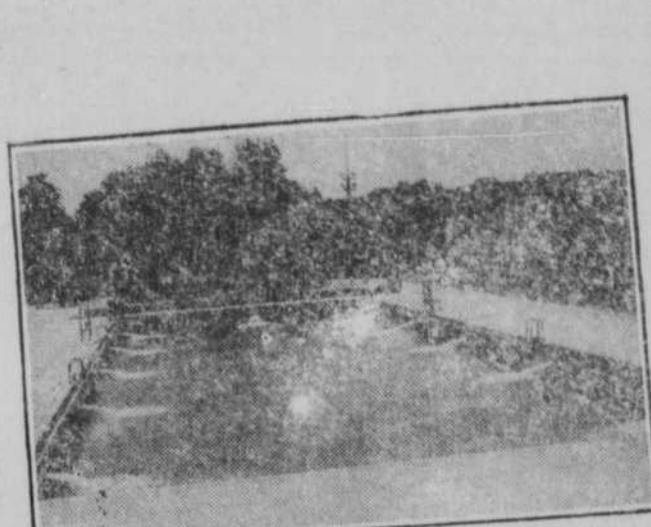
"Comfortable! Who expects to be comfortable when they're visiting!" "Now, Myra, you know it's no use expecting me to be as full of talk as a popcorn popper is of corn. Jim just naturally pops every time he opens his mouth, but it don't amount to much."

"That's right, make fun of a gentleman because he tried to make your wife have a pleasant evening!" Myra's voice wobbled and she took out her handkerchief. "It's the last time I'll ask you to go calling. I keep hoping each time that you'll talk, but I guess folks will just have to think you're queer."

"But I thought I'd be in the way—I mean, I thought you could talk enough for us both—I mean—oh, I didn't know you thought you'd married a phonograph!"

"You needn't get excited," said Myra, with dignity. "We are almost home now, and you can retire into your shell—like the other clams."

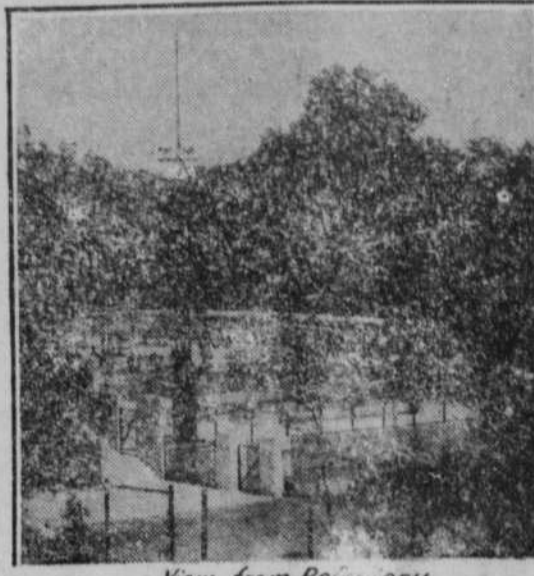
Several days passed in unusual



Refilling Pool after cleaning



Washington Park Refectory and Pools



View from Refectory



Grandstand at Washington Park

Lagoon Washington Park

High Diving Board

Three Separate Pools Serve Bathers



Madden Park Athletic Field

MAGNIFICENT PARKS SERVING CHICAGO'S COLORED POPULATION UNDER SUPERVISION OF CHICAGO PARK DISTRICT LED BY WASHINGTON PARK AND ITS 150,000 SWIMMING POOL

ASSOCIATED NEGRO PRESS

The Busybody

By SARAH E. McCAHEY  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,  
WNU Service.

A NATTY salesman strolled up the walk of No. 46 Highgate street, spread out a sample case of asphalt roofing on the top step of the piazza, approached the door, and rang the bell.

SHORT The whole Wilson family came out to decide the color and texture of the shingles that were badly needed for their roof.

SHORT That rough kind with the red gravel sprinkled over it would make a stunning roof," said the family flapper, with an eye to the artistic, as she squinted a beautiful blue orb to get the proper effect.

A dog suddenly appeared over the dense privet hedge which separated their yard from No. 48 next door, and a meek voice said: "Birds will get at it and peck holes in your roof."

"There he goes again—minding our business," whispered Edith to her brother. "Do you ever see anyone so fond of giving advice as he? Whose roof is it, anyway, I'd like to know?"

The next day Miss Edith, the family exemplar of modernism in its relationship to dress and conduct, was hanging out her laundry. No. 43 spoke up from over the hedge:

"If I were a young girl, I wouldn't drive around so much with that young Grinnel. I knowed his folks away back, and there never was a right good man among 'em!"

"Do you know," said the little meek man one day, straightening up from his task of thinning out his too flourishing hedge to look over at his neighbor reading his paper on the piazza, "do you know to what there is money in the land around here?"

"Maybe there is!" said Mr. Wilson, rattling his paper as he turned to the sporting news. "Maybe there is!"

"You know that spur track at Barrington the United Railway used to take the help to the mills during war-time? That track could be run about a mile into the country and bring folks right to Barrington Beach."

"Uh-huh," answered Mr. Wilson, intent on his paper. "You could build up a regular all-the-year-round colony—restrict buildings to bungalows; no shanties, no tents; cinch! Wish I had the money!"

And then one day the little meek man at No. 48 moved away.

One hot Sunday afternoon of the following summer, the Wilson family were undecided where to go in their car to spend the afternoon, and were surprised when Edith said she wanted to go to Barrington Beach.

When they reached the already populous little colony, Edith got out and looked around and presently she found what she sought.

It was a little combination drug store and soda fountain on the main road, and she entered quietly and seated herself at the corner on one of its high stools—and then No. 48 turned and saw her!

Without a word he selected his tallest, shiniest drinking glass—he held it under the syrup faucet, then under the milk faucet, then he slipped in a fat ball of luscious cream and fixed in the soda.

Daintily, Edith began to sip the frosty concoction.

"I saw you out riding with Jimmy Harrison last week when I was in the city," said the little meek man. Edith nearly choked.

"You know that? And do you know that is the reason I came out here to see you today—you—busybody!" and she shook her silver spoon at him. "You know Jimmy, too?"

"I chuckled, and there is nobody finer than he is—and when the right time comes, you tell him for me that I am saving a couple of my choice lots down here for first class bungalows, and I'd like nothing better than to have him for my neighbor."

He invited them all over to see his century plant blooming in all its splendor in the light of an August moon, but they declined; and that same night, when he was covering his precious bloom about midnight, he heard a strange sound at his gate, and, hurrying down to it, he found Edith lying prone on the grass of his lawn where she had fallen just before reaching her own house.

He raised her tenderly and quietly helped her to his piazza.

"I should have listened to you—you were right. His wife came home from Europe today—"

The next week nobody saw anything of the little meek man—some one belonging to him had died and he had gone out of town.

But soon he came back and looked over at Mr. Wilson, who was occupied, as usual, with the sporting news of his paper.

"My old uncle left me some money and I bought that Barrington tract of land, and the United Railways are going to run a track there if I can start sufficient building to warrant it. I've sold 10 restricted lots already."

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

silence and finally Edgar inquired anxiously if Myra was well.

"Perfectly," laughed his wife, airily, "but I merely got tired of being the phony man."

Edgar's heart sank. This looked serious. He went around mournfully, trying to think of bright remarks which should rouse Myra to admiration and forgiveness, but he failed. He was almost relieved when Myra announced curtly one morning that her sister was ill and she was going to take care of her for a few days.

She went away, still silent, giving him a frosty peck for a kiss. Edgar retired to the cellar and thought, Was there any way he could turn himself into a sparkling, easy talker like Jim?

He squirmed at the idea of trying to be like Jim, whom he privately termed an empty-headed windmill. Still, he would do anything for Myra. So—that was it, if he could only do something, but what she wanted was for him to say something.

A week later Myra came home. She was more cordial, and almost returned Edgar's hearty welcome, but caught herself in time. Edgar hung around her bashfully, and when she said briskly, "Well, I suppose I may as well start supper," he followed her to the kitchen.

Myra stopped on the kitchen threshold. Her eyes opened incredulously, then a flush of pleasure softened her face.

"Who did it? Did it cost much? I never saw anything prettier. I've always wanted a yellow kitchen. It looks like new. The creamy walls and the new blue and yellow oilcloth at the sink, and those perfectly adorable chairs. Who suggested it?"

"I saw it in a magazine," replied Edgar, his eyes shining. He timidly put his arm around Myra.

"Edgar—talk!" She shook him impatiently, but laughed. "I shall die of curiosity if you don't. Do you mean to say you did this all yourself, working nights, and tended the garden, too? It makes a much prettier kitchen than Annie Ball's. Jim is no hand around the house."

"Did you paint those two old kitchen chairs that lovely yellow and put the little black bands around the backs and legs for decorations? I—why—those chairs are absolutely perfect. Edgar, say something!"

Edgar's face clouded. He grew distressed. "Myra, I can't! You know I think an awful lot of you—but I can't talk—just for this sake—I can only do things like talk—for you. I thought perhaps the walls and the yellow chairs might talk to you—for me."

"Edgar, you funny big baby," Myra looked at him protectively. "You dear!"

She choked and laughed together. "I didn't understand. I guess this kitchen says more than Jim can ever say. Those chairs—they talk right out loud about how good you are to a silly wife. You shouldn't talk if you don't want to."

Local Opinions On Black Appointment

Mr. Nat Towles, 2324 No. 22nd street, prominent band leader: "I don't think much of Black's appointment." He also stated, "For several reasons, first, he was always opposed to any bill concerning the Negro, especially when it is a matter of 'southern peck' and I don't think that the KKK is a good organization, and it doesn't help us any, and I just don't think that he is the proper man for the appointment."

Mr. T. W. Pratt, musician with the Nat Towles aggregation, says: "I don't think that Black is the right person. I am absolutely opposed to him, and I am positive that he is very much against the Negro."

Mr. Clifton Hill, 2515 Burdette street, bartender at the Harlem night club: "I don't think much of Senator Black's appointment, first of all, because he was a KKK at one time, and says now that he is not, and never rejoined again, but I think a Klan is just like any other group, 'Once, Always,' and that he still has its general ideas, and I believe that any matter that comes up before the court that is concerning the Negro, he will be unfair."

Mr. Gross, of the Gross Loan and Jewelry Company, 24th and Erskine streets: "Once a Klu Klux, always a Klu Klux. He was about 42 years old when he joined, and at that age, a man should be firm enough in his own opinion what KKK stands for. I think with his knowledge and education, he should never consented to belong to such a destructive organization that is undermined. The American people who are firm in their belief in equality, and religious freedom for all, not just a few. Therefore, I am opposed to his appointment for Justice of the Supreme Court."

Mr. Holmes of the Holmes Tailor shop says: "If people are saying so much about him there must be something to it. It seems to me like the President could have picked someone better. He should have given the colored man a break."

Dr. G. B. Lennox, prominent physician says: "A man in the public eye cannot give his opinion on a man in Black's position."

Mr. Johnson, owner of Johnson Drug store says: "I don't believe he should be on the Supreme Court. The fact that he once belonged to the Ku Klux Klan changed my feeling toward him."

Mr. Houston, of Voner and Houston: "The fact that he once belonged to the Klan makes me believe his ideas are the same as these members of the Ku Klux Klan."

Mr. John Elliot, student of Omaha University says: "I think we should give him a try. Other prominent Negro groups endorse him as being satisfactory."

Mr. Robinson, of Robinson Drug store says: "I definitely think he should be out of the Supreme Court. Any person that belongs to an organization like the Ku Klux Klan should not belong to any position which has anything to do with a free country like the United States. You can't teach old dogs new tricks."

Dr. Craig Morris says: "I don't think he can treat Negroes, Catholics and Jews right as he took an oath and these people. He also took an oath to the Supreme Court but he can't be very true if he took two oaths to two different things."

Dr. Hutten, prominent physician says: "He will make a wonderful Supreme Court Judge. I think he is a victim of birth and environment. Records in the Senate show that he is in favor of dealing fair with the forgotten man."

Dr. Singleton, prominent dentist says: "I am greatly against Senator Black. If he once took an oath to such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan he is still a member in my eyes."

Mr. Mike Colton, owner of Colton Furnishings says: "What he was five years ago could be what he is now."

Mrs. Florence Terrell, prominent social leader and wife of Dr. Price Terrell says, "He is foolish to say it's a closed book, and he never said why he joined the Klan in the first place. I think he still has the same ideas he had when he joined the Klan."

Mr. Mike Tuchman, owner of Tuchman Grocery store says: "We only go by what people are saying, after all who are we to condemn people if we do not know."

Mr. Sherman, of Edhelm and Sherman, says: "The fact that President Roosevelt appointed him insufficient enough for me. But he is already appointed, so why not make the best of it."

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Wiggins

say: "Fifteen years ago the Klan was at the pinnacle of its power and dastrardly operations. Fifteen years ago Senator Black joined that organization and it is to be assumed with a full knowledge of its principles and modus operandi. In his radio speech he did not repudiate the place. He merely voiced platitudes. His former affiliation with the Klan renders him unfit for the nations highest tribunal."

Herman Friedlander says: "Senator Black as Judge of the Supreme Court will lower the dignity of our highest judicial body. Mr. Black's record as public servant has been proven and cannot be disputed. His affiliation with the Klan in my opinion disqualifies him for that office which must serve all American people regardless of race creed or color. The trouble with our country today is that we have too many politicians who swing back and forth for their personal gain. Let us keep the Supreme Court out of politics and select men whose life record shall be clean, patriotic, and an inspiration for all American citizens."

Mr. E. H. Sherman, one of the proprietors of Edholm and Sherman Laundry, makes the following statement about the appointment of Chief Justice Black. Mr. Sherman says: "I think if Mr. Black joined the Klans for the purpose of putting his foot on someone's neck, or because he was of a different religious belief, or because he wanted local political prestige. If that be true, he is not a fit man for the Supreme Court bench. On the other hand, if he joined the KKK when he was a young man, to make political prestige and influence in his local political community fights and quit when he was elected to the United States Senate and an older man, I would say his fitness should be investigated from another angle. I don't think his membership in the KKK should be consented as a bar from the appointment of the bench. My personal opinion of Mr. Black, disregarding whether he was a KKK or not, is that he is not the caliber man, his background does not bring him to the standard to justify bringing him to the Supreme Court bench. His past record will show he is not qualified to make the kind of man we should have on the highest court of the land."

Fast For "Lord" Provas Fatal Murfreesboro, Tenn., Oct. 7 (ANP)—After 16 days of a self imposed religious fast, Mrs. Annah Ransom, elderly worker in a small AME church, died Saturday.

She started her fast on what she called "orders from the Lord." Police broke into her little bungalow here after neighbors missed her and found all the doors and windows barred. She told the police she was attending "the school of the Lord" and bade them "mind your own business."

Chicago Gambling Spots Quiet Down In Political Fight

Chicago, Oct. 7 (ANP)—South side bookies, gambling place proprietors and policy barons moved cautiously last week as Mayor Kelly and States Attorney Courtney embarked on a city wide war on gambling.

Kelly and Courtney came to an open breach, with the states attorney charging the mayor with condoning gambling. Raids were conducted by Courtney's orders, and Kelly told police to "clamp the lid down" until the trouble blows over.

Although the larger racing hand books and gambling places have been temporarily closed, proprietors have moved to other quarters to carry on business and policy wheels have been virtually unmoored.

State Director William Meyer of the Federal Music Project, Works Progress Administration, announces the following schedule of performances and the Colored Dance and Concert orchestra for the ensuing week.

Monday, October 11th, Court House 12 to 1 p. m.: Fontenelle Elvd Home, 7 to 8 p. m.: Wednesday, October 13th Court House, 12 to 1 p. m.: Good Shepherd Home, 7 to 8 p. m.; Thursday, October 14, American Legion hall, 25th and L Sts., 2 to 3 p. m.: Immanuel hospital, 7 to 8 p. m.; Friday, October 15th, Court House, 12 to 1 p. m. County hospital, 7 to 8 p. m.

These concerts are open to the public, which is cordially invited to avail itself of the opportunity to hear good music well rendered entirely free of cost.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. M. K. Curry, Pastor

Sunday school opened at the usual with a large number in attendance. Many helpful thoughts were learned from the lesson.

At 11 o'clock the pastor preached a very inspirational sermon on the subject, "The Open Door," which was taken from John 12:8. We had an unusually large congregation. The revival is still in progress.

The gospel singer, Mrs. Salters, daughter of Rev. McPherson of Dallas, Texas, is doing splendid work in our revival. We attribute a great portion of our success to her wonderful singing.

The BYPU met at 6:30 p. m. The number in attendance was much larger than usual. There is much greater interest manifested in the Union now since the hot weather is about over. The program was rendered by Senior group No. 1, and Junior group No. 2.

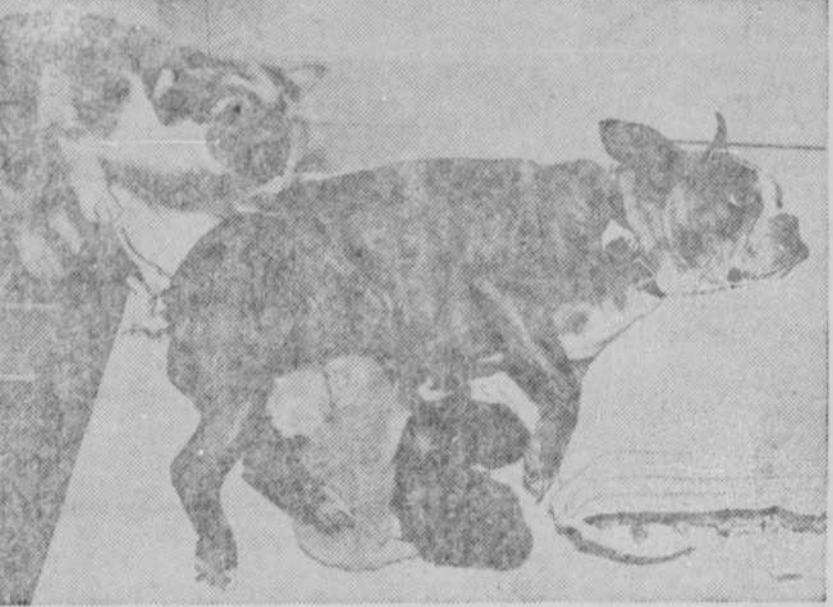
At 8 o'clock Rev. Lovelace, secretary of the Home and Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, Inc., preached a very inspiring sermon which was enjoyed by a large audience. Mrs. Cora Haynes, the president of the Zion Mission Society, has returned from an extended trip to the Golden West.

CLEAVES TEMPLE CHURCH

Rev. Bass, Pastor

Cleaves Temple is very happy over the return of its pastor, Rev. Bass. This is his third year in the church. The new year started out well. Two persons joined the church Mrs. Willie Mae Adams and Mr. William Glenn, a student at Creighton university.

Bulldog Mothers Kittens



For five years, Twig, a bull-terrier, and Katharine, just a cat of doubtful parentage, have been boon companions around the home of their owner, Mrs. Leo DeMarsh, of Glendale, Calif. Last week, Katharine became the mother of four little kittens causing Twig to go on a hunger strike and begin to fret—a veterinary was called and diagnosed the trouble as "longing for a family of her own." Twig solved the problem by moving in on Katharine's family, starting to nurse and care for the little kittens. Katharine didn't think so much of this arrangement so now Twig has two of the kittens to feed and the mother cat nurses the two others. Photo shows the four kittens nursing Twig, the bull-terrier, while Katharine, the mother cat, looks on.