

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

GREETINGS TO OUR WOMEN.

To extend to you our greetings is a pleasure indeed, and since we are coming face to face, as it were, with so many of our friends with whom we became acquainted through the Woman's Aurora, we feel very much "at home." With the cooperation of our old friends and of the many new ones whom we shall meet through the Woman's Column of the Monitor, we hope much good may be accomplished and much inspiration may come into many lives.

We will inform you of what our women and young people are doing, we will publish such articles as we feel will be helpful to you, and we will endeavor to entertain the children.

We wish each mother, each woman to take a personal interest in this column; any response or comment will be given our earnest attention. The problems that confront us are many and vital. If, then, this department be of the least service to you, our effort shall not have been in vain.

VACATION—ITS PURPOSE.

School has closed. Vacation is here. Many of the older children have found employment, but the majority will be at home all the long summer days.

Relaxation from the strain of hard and continued study is the main purpose of vacation, but relaxation does not mean idleness. Idleness in children, even as in adults, produces decline physically, mentally and morally. There must be play, but there must also be study or work of some form suited to the age and needs of the child. Gardens—flower and vegetable—appeal wonderfully to children and are both profitable and instructive. Some little task in the work of the home may be assigned. Few children will, unaided, properly employ their time so the guidance of the parent is imperative, that they fall not into sinful, unprofitable ways. One has said: "No amount of argument can disprove the facts of evolution which show the dependence of a sound mind upon a sound body and statistics prove that healthful, continuous occupation is a means of salvation for young and old, poor and rich."

GREATNESS IN SMALL THINGS.

One of the greatest mistakes made in our thinking, and especially among the young people, is to suppose that there is no place for heroism in commonplace affairs.

Aspire, if you will, to the seemingly "big" things; but you must bear in mind that the majority of us must be content to be heroes and heroines in the humbler walks of life.

The true Knight Errantry finds its battlefields in the lowly plains of life. The Son of Mary went about His obscure and lowly business of teaching and healing in the same spirit with which He fought the foes of God and man at Gethsemane. More chivalrous deeds have been performed in the school room and in the home than on the battlefield.

Greater far than the hand that scepters empires is the hand that rocks the cradle and leads little children into paths of righteousness. Greater far than the hand that holds within its grasp the revenues of a continent is the hand that changes the prairie into bread for the hungry

and "flowers for the poor man's child." When the final roll of heroes shall be called, names that were never heard in senate halls or public forum shall flash out into light brighter than the stars.

Congratulations to Miss Irene Newman, who graduated from Commercial high school, and to Messrs. Lawrence Parker and Othello Rountree, who received diplomas from Omaha Central high.

Miss Newman will take special studies at Central high next fall. Laurance Parker will enter Nebraska State university and Othello Rountree will enter Howard university at Washington, D. C.

St. Paul, Minn.—Completing the four-year course in three years and taking highest honors in a class of twenty-five is the achievement of Catherine Deaver Lealtad, a colored girl of St. Paul, who was awarded on the 10th of June, the senior Noyes scholarship prize at Macalester college.

This is the second time Miss Lealtad has led her class. Three years ago she was valedictorian at Mechanic Arts high school.

She will go to Washington, D. C., next fall to teach in the National Training School for Women.

Newark Evening News—Besides receiving the degree of doctor of medicine, Miss Isabella Vandervall carried off honors at the commencement of the New York Medical college and Hospital for Women, held in the Astor galleries of the Waldorf-Astoria. Dr. Vandervall was the first colored student to matriculate in the college since its organization fifty-two years ago. She received the prize for having maintained the highest efficiency during the four years of the college course.

Miss Vandervall has been officially notified of her appointment as an intern at the Hospital for Women and Children at Syracuse, N. Y.

New Orleans, La.—Mother Katherine Drexel of Philadelphia, Pa., founder and Superior of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for the evangelization of the Indians and Negroes, has purchased an extensive property in New Orleans for the establishment of a new convent and industrial school for the training of Negro children.

The property was formerly occupied by the Southern university. The purchase price was \$28,000.

Mrs. Ruth Standish Baldwin, known throughout the country as a staunch friend of the Negro, and who has devoted her time and contributed large sums of money to aid the race in its progress for betterment, has tendered her resignation as chairman of the Executive Board of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes.

Mrs. Baldwin is the widow of the late William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the Long Island Railroad, who was a great admirer of Booker T. Washington and who was active in philanthropic work up to the time of his death, which occurred about nine years ago.

Mrs. Baldwin was forced to give up her work on account of ill health. The last sentence in her letter of resigna-

tion would make a high and broad platform for all who are interested in working for our race. We repeat that sentence here:

"Let us work, not as colored people nor as white people for the narrow benefit of any group alone, but together as American citizens, for the common good of our common city, our common country."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;

For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.

Keep hold to the cord of laughter's bell,

Keep aloof from the moans that mar;

The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

Vacation Dos.

Learn to swim.

Help your skin to breathe.

Take a bath once a day.

Let the dog and the cat alone.

Play in the shade.

Give your stomach a rest between meals.

"Pull the Bar" before going to bed.

"Cut" the hoky-poky man and the ice cream cart.

Work in the garden every day.

Watch the flowers grow.

"Did the Children All Pass?"

The long term is ended, the "finals" are o'er;

I'm watching the little folks passing my door,

As fresh as the snowflakes on midwinter day,

Or apple blossoms scattered by breezes of May.

Like sparrows they chatter, like honeybees hum;

Were I blind, I should know that vacation had come,

As far as I see them, adown the long street,

They call out to schoolmates wherever they meet;

From his school, from grammar, from primary class;

One question floats backward, "O say, did you pass?"

In fancy tonight I can enter the door
Of the homes of the wealthy, the homes of the poor;

The children are hungry, but supper must wait

For one who from store, or from office, comes late;

And O what a rushing when voices shall call,

"There's papa, his step you can hear in the hall!"

They scamper with this thing; they take away that;

They hand him his slippers, then hang up his hat.

He's brushing his hair, but he turns from the glass,

To mamma and asks, "Did the children all pass?"

There's kissing and praising, and such an ado;

There's chaffing and laughing, to think they got through;

But heavy the shadow on homes where instead

A little child sobbing, is taken to bed.

None cruelly censure, or whisper of shame,

For love fain would carry the burden of blame,

And soberly asks, "Did we do all we could,

Or see that each lesson was well understood?
or with lass

To save all this sorrow of failing to pass."

Tonight I am thinking of years that shall come,

When under the coffin-lid lips shall be dumb;

When angels shall lean from the battlements high,

Unheeding the glory that reigns in the sky—

They're watching their children and loving them yet,

For love is immortal and can not forget.

The days have been many, the years have been long;

Temptation has met them, and some were not strong;

And harps shall be hushed by the answer, alas!

To the question they ask, "Did the children all pass?"

—L. U. Case.

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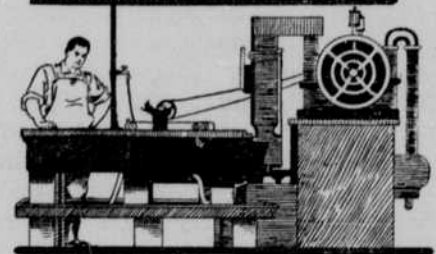
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