

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

PROFITING BY MISTAKES.

Now that national interest is being taken in the exposition to commemorate the fifty years' achievements of the Negro race; and since we know that these achievements have been attained just in proportion to the rise of the Negro woman; we should, while celebrating our successes, soberly reflect upon the failures, the mistakes we have made, and, profiting by them, start upon our second half-century wiser and more efficient women.

The possibility for development came slowly to the Negro woman. She has behind her a heritage of sin and shame, for which those upon whom she was taught to look as her superiors are responsible. She has suffered such degradation as was impossible to the men of her race. Today she labors against odds never dreamed of by women of other races. Yet she is slowly coming into the light of Christian, cultured womanhood. During the fifty years of her struggle many worthy achievements, also many mistakes, have marked her course. It is of the value of these mistakes that we would now speak.

We need not hold up our failures to the world, but there is need of more genuine frankness between us. Certainly there is no surrender of dignity implied in admitting our mistakes and making proper use of them. The calm, dispassionate recounting of an error, how it came to be made, how it was discovered and remedied, is often of infinitely more practical value than the recital of a series of apparently faultless achievements.

Every individual, every home, club, or church worker realizes how much is learned from one's own mistakes, even from a most commonplace standpoint. Every one with a grain of philosophy in them realizes further that mistakes are an inherent part of progress. Then, as we women look backward upon our half-century of "lifting and climbing," let us seek out the mistakes we have made, and those which we are still making, and benefit by them, for they are potent factors in our building for the future.

The finest courage is shown by those who fight again after each defeat, till victory is achieved, and build up their fortunes from the wrecks of their hopes. None are infallible. Mistakes are the "common fate of all," yet they may be made the "stepping stones to higher things."

WARNINGS ISSUED BY Y. W. C. A.

Women and girls who are leaving for a strange city should write in advance to the Travelers' Aid Society.

Do not start to a strange town without knowing of some safe place to spend the night.

Do not accept help or information from strangers either on the train or in the depot.

Do not go to strange parts of a city at night in a cab.

Aim to arrive in the day time.

If your friends fail to meet you, or you are in doubt what to do, ask any uniformed official to direct you to the Travelers' Aid Agent.

Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The Travelers' Aid Societies of the Pacific coast are sounding a note of warning to those who are going to the Exposition with a view of ob-

taining employment to defray their expenses. There are dozens of applications for one position. No young person should go who has not money sufficient for her maintenance and return fare, and parents are warned against allowing their children to run such a risk.

Believe, and make the world believe, your jaw is set to win;

Believe (belief's contagious) that your ship is coming in;

Believe that every failure is brought about by lack of grit;

Believe that work's a pleasure if you buckle into it;

Believe there's help in hoping, if your hope is backed with will;

Believe the prospect's fairer from the summit of the hill;

Believe, with all your power, that you're sure of winning out;

Believe, keep on believing, they are brothers—Death and Doubt.

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

If one-tenth of the time was spent in looking after the small children and bringing them up in the paths of rectitude that is used in punishing the older ones for violating the laws, our reformatories would be useless and our jails and penitentiaries would go out of business.—Richmond Planet.

The Council of Colored Women of Richmond, Va., is the direct agency for the collection of funds to help raise the \$15,000.00 wanted by Miss Agnes D. Randolph, secretary of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, for the erection of a Sanitarium for Colored Tubercular Patients.

THE VERY HOUSE IN WHICH CHRIST LIVED

Dear Children: When in our reading we found a beautiful truth in an article under the above heading, we wondered how many of you had thought of what sacred things your bodies are. We know that it will be a great help to you, throughout your lives, to learn to think that you are living in the very house in which Christ lived, so we publish the article in part that each boy and girl may read it:

Suppose you could live in the very house Christ lived in!

Would it not seem to the most careless of us a sacred place, a holy place?

When you awoke in the morning, would you not say, "The same sun streaming into this very room bade Him arise to His daily toil as it bids me"?

At meal times would you not say, "Here, too, He ate and drank after giving thanks to His Father"?

At real hard work, when you were tired out, would you not say, "He labored long and diligently here. He was wearied"?

When you prayed, would you not say, "Kneeling here, He too spoke to His Father and to mine"?

Suppose you could live in the very house Christ lived in, would not your life be a happy one, a holy one, spent in that hallowed dwelling place?

But you do live in the very house Christ lived in.

The real house Christ lived in was the human body.

"The Word became flesh."

The eternal Son of God was "born

of a woman"—"conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"—and grew in human form, as you are doing, from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood.

You live now in the house He lived in then. Therefore is not your dwelling place a very sacred one? Is not your body sacred? Is not every part of it, every limb, every muscle, every nerve, a holy thing?

Look at your hand a moment.

That hand of yours, with its thumb and fingers, its knuckles and nails, its blood-vessels and nerves, is in every particular almost exactly as Christ's was. With a hand no different from that He touched the blind, the sick, the dead. His hand was ever an instrument of good. It was never lifted in passion. It never struck a hasty blow. It never wrote a word to be regretted. It never tampered with sin in any form.

That hand was nailed to the cross at last "for us men and for our salvation." Your human hand is therefore a sacred thing.

For what do you use it?

It is possible to use the hand to defile the whole body, to pollute and abuse and destroy the house Christ lived in.

I want you to honor and respect your body and all its parts, because it is the very house the eternal Son of God lived in on earth.

Guard the house Christ lived in very jealously from evil. Take care that nothing He used aright is used by you wrongly. Let no defiling thought stay with you. Look at nothing, listen to nothing that would cause you to think of sinning against your body.—White Cross League.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,

In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"

To the voices of hope that are calling
in you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul,

Like the stars at eventide;
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room;

Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.

"I'LL SHOW 'EM, DURR 'EM."

I've stopped the paper, yes I have,
I didn't like to do it,
But the editor he got too smart,
And I allow he'll rue it.
I am a man who pays his debts,
And will not be insulted,
So when the editor gets smart
I want to be consulted.

I took the paper 'leven years
And helped him all I could, sir,
But when it comes to dunnin' me
I didn't think he would, sir.
But that he did, and you can bet
It made me hot as thunder;
I says, "I'll stop that sheet, I will,
If the doggone thing goes under."
I hunted up the editor
And for his cunnin' caper
I paid him 'LEVEN years and quit!
Yes, sir, I stopped the paper.

A Massachusetts girl cut off her hair in her sleep. Most girls yank it off before they go to sleep.

WEEKLY WEATHER FORECAST.

Issued by the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., for Week Beginning July 7.

For plains states and upper Mississippi valley: Moderately warm weather will prevail during the next three to four days, with widely scattered thunder showers. The latter half of the week will be fair and cooler.

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