

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

THE STREAK OF GOOD.

Haven't you known individuals who being almost overcome by the evil, would suddenly let the stifled streak of good within them begin to grow and would determine to start life over again? Then, haven't you heard others say: "Ah, there's nothing to it." Haven't you heard them say that all men or that all women were bad? Haven't you heard parents say to the careless boy or girl: "You're not going to amount to a thing"? The amount of discouragement dealt out after this manner sums itself into a tragedy.

"Tolstoi," says one writer, "saw in woman's ornament, graces, and accomplishments, her song and her wit, nothing but universal and continual invitation to amours. The great design of Him who made woman a helpmate to man was forgotten. The ennobling influence of pure, intelligent women was lost upon him."

Those who see evil in everybody are usually looking through their own soul mirrors. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Two sides there are to the gilded shield, then let us look only on the golden one. Good and bad everywhere? To be sure, choose the good and leave the bad to whom it suits. Pick out the streak of good in every man, woman and child; speak of it, encourage it. Were we in others' places we might not do half so well.

One of the secrets of being our best is steadily seeing the best. If you would realize your ideals, keep in the presence of these ideals. High thoughts come from high thinking.

Go about looking for the streak of good in everyone and you will be happy and loved and welcomed; for everybody wants the good in them recognized and wants to be as good as we think them to be.

THE FALSE MODESTY

OF MOTHERS

(By Mrs. Mary E. Teats.)

I wish that the mothers of this broad land could go with me to some of our insane asylums, and see there the wrecked manhood—and womanhood as well; that they could look into those faces that do not possess a mark of intelligence, with pallid, pinched features, wasted frames, with starved brains—physical and mental wrecks.

Most of these unfortunates were endowed at birth with average ability to think, reason, learn and love; but these God-given faculties have in the main disappeared. There has never been a result without a cause. I ask the attending physician the cause of all these commitments, and he replies, that many of them are there as victims of the "personal vice."

Is this the first cause? No! Back of this soul and body destroying habit is ignorance. Is ignorance the first cause? No! Back of the ignorance of the child is the false delicacy and false modesty of the parents, especially the mothers. When from whatever source it is borne in upon the mind of a mother that she ought not to delay the giving of such instruction to her child as will keep him from taking the first wrong step, she is apt to say, "I cannot talk to my child about these things, I do not know what to say."

I wish I might sound the alarm into every loving mother's ear, and tell her what her timidity and false modesty is almost sure to cost her.

Oh, that mothers would give more time, thought and effort to the personal morals of their children and less to fashion and pleasure.

LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE.

(By Walter H. Brown.)

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,

When the shadows creep from the west,

I think of the twilight songs you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest;

The wee little boy with the tousled head,

That long, long ago was thine;

I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,

O little mother of mine!

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad

Whom you lulled with your slumber song.

The years have altered the form and the life,

But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only thy boy as of old,
O little mother of mine.

WHERE ARE THEY?

(By Grace Sorenson.)

I've looked in ev'ry flower,

I've searched through e'ry nook,

I've hunted in the meadow

And waited by the brook;

I've risen in the morning,

Before the sun was high,

When all the world seemed pausing

To let the dawn pass by;

And all alone I've wandered

Through grass still wet with dew,

Where buttercups and daisies

And wildest roses grew;

And then again at twilight,

When frogs and crickets sing

And flowers close their petals

And birds all homeward wing,

With silent feet I've lingered

To watch each misty shade

And see the sun's last ember

In folds of darkness fade;

And still I can't discover—

Although some time I may—

Where all the sprites and goblins

And dainty fairies stay.

Satan has a great many servants, busy and active. But these four are his best workers:

1. There's no danger.
2. Only this once.
3. Everybody does it.
4. By and by.

All four are cheats and liars, full of deception. When any one of them approaches you there is only one safe answer: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

HIS EXCUSE.

They are telling the story of an artist of some reputation who was reproached by a volunteer for not enlisting. He gazed a while at the younger man with impenetrable calm; then, slowly and with grave dignity, he said:

"I am that civilization you are fighting for."—The New Age.

"When you are right you can afford to keep your temper. When you are wrong you can't afford to lose it."

Letters From Our Readers

Elrona Cottage,
Richards Landing,
Ontario, Canada.

My Dear John Albert:

I am much pleased with your new venture, "The Monitor." Its tone and policy cannot fail to be of great influence in its chosen field, and I wish for it abundant success.

Affectionately yours,
ARTHUR L. WILLIAMS.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 4, 1915.

Rev. John A. Williams,

Editor Monitor,

Omaha, Neb.

My Dear Mr. Williams:

May I congratulate you upon the appearance of The Monitor. In passing judgment a newspaper man always casts his eye over the advertising, editorial and general makeup, and I think your newspaper will pass muster upon all these points.

I have always been interested in the colored race. As a boy I knew something of the "Underground Railway" during the days of slavery and later the civil war, and the dawning of the star of freedom. When the pen of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln (of my native state), set the colored race free, there was a serious question in the minds of many as to whether the race would make good. It was a great problem, and is still unsolved. It is up to the colored people of this generation to solve it. In this I see The Monitor, so ably edited, can do a great work. Personally, I am familiar with some of the splendid services you have given your congregation, but I think you can very materially supplement that work in the newspaper columns devoted to your race, where you can reach a much larger number of people.

You may remember Hubbard, a prominent colored man who died some years ago in Omaha. He was formerly superintendent of a colored school, I think, in St. Louis. He made a remark to me one day that made such an impression that I have never forgotten it. He said:

"Mr. Taylor you white people spoil our young colored girls and boys. You open your high school to them, educate them for various vocations in life where the doors are closed to our race. Neither you nor I can open those doors. What ought to be done is to introduce in the public schools a system of education and manual training where our colored boys and girls can step right into the jobs that are waiting for them when they leave school. As it is, you turn them out with an equipment they cannot use in every-day life, and as a rule they become dissatisfied, and what is the result? It is not necessary to mention it; you know as well as I do."

Possibly our public schools are covering the point made by Hubbard. If not, I hope they will, for I think for all races the education should be to equip the boy or girl for the every-day work of life, in which they intend to engage.

Wishing you every success, I am,
Yours truly,
CADET TAYLOR.

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