

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

HOME AND CHILDREN.

Many mothers give to their homes the frazzled ends of their time, talent, and strength. Our women, attempting to be "up to date," often allow the club, the lodge, and society to consume their energies to the neglect of the real, the greatest shrine in all the world—her home and children. The Omaha World-Herald in a recent editorial gives us much food for thought. It is as follows:

"Where there are childish feet heard pattering about a home there can be found a problem. It is the greatest problem of the world. Sages have differed as to its solution, but none of them has added to the world's information save when they underwent experiences quite the same as other parents. The most profound wisdom upon it has come from simple, patient, painstaking mothers and fathers. The principles have not been written into books, or made the themes of disseminative essays. They have been carried to other homes in quite as simple a manner as they were evolved. And they have become effective only where they have been revised and modified to meet the individual needs of childhood.

"No high-line of authorities need be quoted to emphasize the greatest failure of the modern home. Mothers aplenty know what it is. They know that not enough time is taken nowadays in the training of children. Too many mothers think more nowadays—pity 'tis—about the condition of their parlors and dining rooms than about the little temples whose construction and development are given unto them as a divine heritage. They see more in the censure of a neighborhood of their housekeeping faults than the frailties of their children. Too many homes are given up for clubs and outside activities, and too many boys and girls are forsaken at a period of life when their character is formed, to warrant ardent praise of our home-making system as a whole.

"Attempts have been made to substitute the school for the parent, in some measure, and to meet a need that school teachers saw even before the parents. This can never succeed. It has bettered the school, and increased the respect and love of children for their schools, but it has not reached into their hearts as it should.

"Some women are eager to assume new activities, to reach out into newer worlds—and they think that defects of the home government can be remedied by legislation. They never have been and never can be. The parents themselves are responsible for home government and only in being true to their trust can they rule successfully. The trust is of their own creation, and must be of their own molding to the last. The little temples of mind and body that are theirs to safeguard are to be made good or bad by them in their own homes."

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

(By Kate Douglas Wiggin.)

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.



MRS. MARTHA TAYLOR SMITH,
President and Organizer of Negro Woman's Christian Association of Omaha. Founder of Negro Woman's Christian Home.

Probably no woman in Omaha deserves more credit for Christian perseverance than the subject of this sketch—Mrs. Martha Smith—whose portrait here appears.

On October 12th, 1913, in response to a call issued by Mrs. Smith, twelve ladies met at her home and organized the Negro Woman's Christian Association of Omaha, the membership of which grew to about sixty. In September of 1914 the N. W. C. A. became the N. W. C. Home Association for the establishment of a home for aged and friendless colored people.

Mrs. Smith was made president of the organization and, aided by her committee, canvassed the city and raised the first sum paid on the home which the Association now occupies.

Like all those who make efforts of this kind, Mrs. Smith has had opposition and criticism from within and without, but regardless of all this, she has held the organization together for two years, and though the active workers have now been reduced to about twenty, the rise has been steadily upward and substantial sums have been paid on the property, located near Thirtieth and Pinkney streets.

In speaking of the home, a member said: "There have been times when failure, especially from a financial standpoint, seemed certain; then our president would call a committee to solicit means to meet these obligations; at times she has come to our rescue with her personal funds."

Mrs. Smith was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, and finished the High school of that city. Since 1889 Omaha has been her home.

It is interesting to witness how readily some women find their work and go about it with the directness and earnestness of true apostles of reform. They have faith in themselves and the sure and successful outcome of all for which they pray, plan and work.

The man who makes a fool of himself because he doesn't know any better, has a license from nature to do so. The man who makes a fool of himself in trying to fool others, places himself beyond the pale of human pity or sympathy.—Scarboro.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was tired of all his toys and tired of all his picture books and tired of all his play.

"What shall I do?" he asked his dear mother. And his dear mother, who always knew beautiful things for little boys to do, said: "You shall go on a journey and find a little red house with no doors and with a star inside."

Then the little boy's eyes grew big with wonder. "Which way shall I go?" he asked.

"Down the lane and past the farmer's house and over the hill," said his dear mother. "Come back as soon as you can and tell me all about your journey."

So the little boy started out. He had not walked very far down the lane when he came to a merry little girl.

"Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors, and a star inside?" the little boy asked her.

The little girl laughed. "Ask my father, the farmer," she said.

So the little boy went on until he came to the great brown barn where the farmer himself stood in the doorway.

"Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors, and a star inside?" asked the little boy of the farmer.

The farmer laughed, too. "I've lived a great many years and I never saw one," he chuckled, "but ask the Granny who lives at the foot of the hill.

So the little boy went on farther still until he came to the Granny.

"Please, dear Granny," asked the little boy, "where shall I find a little red house with no doors and a star inside?"

"I should like to find that little house myself," she chuckled. "It would be warm when the frosty nights come and the starlight would be prettier than a candle. But ask the wind who blows about so much and listens at all the chimneys.

So the little boy took off his hat politely to the Granny and went on up the hill.

"Oh, Wind," asked the little boy after they had gone along together quite a way, "can you help me to find a little red house with no doors and a star inside?"

The wind went singing on ahead of the little boy until it came to an orchard. There it climbed up in an apple tree and shook the branches. When the little boy caught up, there, at his feet, lay a great, rosy apple.

The little boy picked up the apple. It was as much as his two hands could hold. It was as red as the sun had been able to paint it, and the thick, brown stem stood up as straight as a chimney. It was a little red house in which the apple blossom fairy had gone to sleep. It had no windows.

"I wonder," thought the little boy. He took his jackknife from his pocket and cut the apple straight through the center. Oh, how wonderful! There, inside the apple, lay a star holding brown seeds.

Then the little boy ran home to his mother and gave her the apple.

"It is too wonderful to eat without looking at the star, isn't it?" he asked. "Yes, indeed!" answered his dear mother.—Mother's Magazine.

Edith A. Stone of Minneapolis occupied the honor seat in the Whittier school for the last three months of the year and will enter high school at the age of twelve.

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