

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

IT COUNTS.

There are, among those whom we meet from time to time, a few who gracefully acknowledge any little service rendered them. These acknowledgments sometimes come as a pleasant surprise when one has performed the same office for perhaps a score of others without recognition. If the "I thank you" were more common perhaps these individuals would not be so noticeable nor would they be so long remembered.

Courtesy cannot be put off and taken on; it is an outward sign of inward beauty. Like all good things, it may be counterfeited, but it is soon detected by the inward rudeness that, under pressure will betray itself. Good manners spring from a good heart. Perfect decorum of manners, indeed, has so much to do with the development of what is best in us that it and character are interdependent.

Many of the best things of life have no determinate value and for this reason they are often undervalued. The little amenities that make social life possible and pleasant are constituent elements in all achievements, political and altruistic, make it a point of honor to acknowledge every favor received. One does not labor for thanks or expect a great deal of appreciation for every little deed that is done, but the genuine expression of thanks brings cheer and encouragement.

The flower that looks up from the dusty wayside makes life brighter. Sometimes it is the almost unnoticed strain that gives to the music of the orchestra its sweetness. The worry and weariness of the day may be forgotten by some gentle ministry or delicate courtesy that comes like sunset glory after hours of gray dreariness.—L. S. E.

HOW DID YOU?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day

With a craven heart and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only how did you take it?

You're beaten to earth? Well, well,
what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat

But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't that fact that you're licked that counts,

It's how do you fight, and why?

And though you be done to death,
what then?

If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the critics will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce;

And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But only how did you die?

—Edward Vance Cooke.

THE "IT" OF THE HOME IS MOTHER.

The best teacher is a wise mother. She will thoroughly equip the child for the journey of life; she will place him on the right road, and she will fill his mind with such ideas of truth and justice as will enable him to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thrice happy is the child who possesses such a mother. He may have other teachers in school and college, but none whose influence is so far-reaching and lasting as hers.—Thomas Hunter.

"As the mother so is her daughter.
"An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

A traveler and a native met upon the streets of Tokio, Japan. In the course of their conversation upon this wonderful land of the "Rising Sun," the native exclaimed: "But have you seen It?"

"It?" repeated the traveler, "what do you mean by It?"

"Ah: you would not ask had you seen It."

They met a few weeks later, after the American had beheld the gloriousness of the wonderful, indescribable "It" of Japan—the Holy Mountain, the marvelous Jujiyama, which rises thousands of feet above the level plain, snow-capped, reflecting the rays of the sun in a thousand varied shades, alone, majestic, incomparable, in its grandeur and beauty.

Little wonder that the admiring natives call it the "It" of Japan. It might as truly, among its kind, be called the It of the world.

There were few words exchanged, but the native was satisfied. The It was understood and appreciated by the traveler.

Months after the Japanese visited America, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic was eagerly searching for anything that would compare in natural beauty, with this marvelous holy mountain of his own land. The Yosemite, the majestic Rockies, the national park, Niagara, all were visited, but nowhere could he find the one thing worthy the name.

As he became known, the homes of America were thrown open to him. At last he awoke one day and exclaimed in his delight, "I have found it, the It of America, and it is greater than that of my beloved land. The It of America is her homes."

To this beautiful figure I would add but one word. The It of the home is the mother.—Emma A. Deake, M. D.

Culinary Hints and Recipes

BY E. W. PRYOR,
Steward Omaha Commercial Club

New England Luncheon Dish.

Cut potatoes in dices, put them in a cheesecloth bag. One pint of peas, eight French chops. Simmer the peas and potatoes in just enough water to cook them; broil the lamb chops; garnish a chop plate with mint, put the peas in the center of the dish; circle the potatoes around the peas; white frill on each lamb chop; stand the chops in a circle around the peas and potatoes, bringing the frill end to the top; place mint at the top of the frills. This is a most inviting and attractive dish when done correctly.

—MRS. J. W. WALLACE.

RESIGNS AS SPECIAL ASSISTANT ATTORNEY

Washington, D. C., Aug. 26.—James A. Cobb, special assistant attorney in the department of justice, tendered his resignation on Saturday, August 14, and will enter into private practice of law about the middle of September.

Counselor Cobb was the first colored man to be employed as special assistant in the Department of Justice and he was the last one in the service. He has given all of his service in the office of the United States attorney for the District of Columbia, his specialty being the handling of cases brought under the pure food law. He has also handled a number of cases relating to naturalization matters and forfeiture of recognizances.

He was appointed by Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte, under the Roosevelt administration, and he has served under three presidents, four attorneys general and four United States attorneys.

Karl Kooke, with Cook's Society orchestra and Clef Club Serenaders, is at 36 Chapel street, Newport, R. I. They have entertained Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., and Mr. and Mrs. E. Reynold's party on Sunday at Bailey's beach. They are booked for Mrs. John H. Hanan's at Shore Acres, Narragansett pier, and to entertain the battleship officers on their return from target practice.

Karle Kooke is an Omaha boy.

Young Morse of the Salem Crescent club was easily the star of the meet at San Francisco, winning the 100-yard dash in 9 4-5 seconds and the 320 yard race in 21 1-5 seconds, equaling the A. A. A. record.

The western trip of the Lincoln Stars of New York has been so far about an even break. The great Foster has been easy for them, but Wickware has been a hard nut for the easterners.

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