Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

SILKEN CORDS TO SAFETY

up a child. But mothers have this to learn.

Few of us are without precious memories which have helped-even though we may not realize it-to make us the kind of men and women we are, memories which stand for our best ideals, for the pattern of what we would like to be.

Memory has always been a favorite theme of the poets. It has been called "the only thing that grief can call its own." Whittier says of memory:

"The eye of memory will not sleep, Its ears are open still,

And vigils of the past they keep, Against my feeble will."

This faculty of memory-of what benefit is it except to afford the soul an anchorage amid the storms and perils of life?

Everyone recalls the legend of King Theseus, who plunged boldly into the labyrinth to fight a fierce beast called the Minotaur.

The king's daughter, Ariadne, fearing that her father, though victorious ever the beast, might never be able to find his way back, placed in his hand one end of a silken cord. She held the other end of the cord, and holding it, she knew that her father was safe.

Theseus found and killed the monster, but he would have starved to death there in the labyrinth had he not kept the tiny strand leading through the perilous mazes back to the princess' side.

How often has memory served as such a guide through the labyrinth of doubt and despair, proving itself a silken cord to safety!

In the darkness of grief your groping hand has come in contact with the tiny thread vibrating with the love of friends, and you have followed the trail of the silken cord out of the darkness into the light of their faithfulness.

Sometimes the other end of the cord is in mother's hands, and as you have walked alone through the shadows, you have held it tightly to your breast and resolved to follow it-back to the old home; back to the altar of your rning dreams.

In any place where precious asociations of pure affections reign, you may anchor your silken cord as ou go out into the world. Then, some day when you are surfeited with riches, fame and honors, you will have a safe retreat along its trail to your better self and to those who love you best .-- People's Journal.

The individual human soul is the only thing of supreme importance in the world. How to mold this plastic materiial so that the final shape shall be a thing of beauty, is the mother's problem. Here is the greatest of all tasks. Somewhere Tolstoi has said: "Mothers, in your hands lies the salvation of this world."

PATHWAY OF THE LIVING

The pathway of the living is our ever present care.

Let us do our best to smooth it and to make it bright and fair;

Let us travel it with kindness, let's be careful as we tread,

And let's give unto the living what we'd offer to the dead..

The pathway of the living we can beautify and grace.

We can line it deep with roses and make earth a happier place.

But we've done all mortals can do when our prayers are softly said, For the souls of those that travel o'er the pathway of the dead.

The pathway of the living all our strength and courage needs.

There we ought to sprinkle favors, there we ought to sow our deeds, There our smiles should be the brightest, there our kindest words be said.

For the angels have the keeping of the pathway of the dead.

-Edgar A. Guest in the Detroit Free Press.

DEATH OF MRS. PINTA JEWELL

Mrs. Pinta Jewell, mother of James G. Jewell, passed peacefully away at her residence, 2911 Lake street, Tuesday, June 6th, having been an invalid and a most patient and cheerful surerer for the past six years.

Mrs. Jewell was born in Woodville, Miss., October 5, 1850, and was married in 1866. Her husband died several years ago leaving her a large family to provide for. She had been 1 resident of Omaha for twenty years and a faithful member of St. John's A. M. E. Church, being the first deaconess of that church. She was also a member of Bethlehem Chapter No. 56, O. E. S.

The funeral was held from the residence Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. The Rev. W. G. Osborne uficiated, assisted by the Rev. Mr.

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MOTHERHOOD

In an editorial on motherhood, the Mothers' Magazine forcefully concludes with the following:

The mother who errs in bringing up her children is no more exempt from eral grandchildren. blame than one who ignorantly breaks the law. The time will probably come when the State will demand justice for its children. We have child-labor laws to protect children from the greed of grasping employers, but we have no laws to protect them from ignorant mothers. What we need, however, is not more laws, but an awakened public consciousness of the importance of specific training as a preparation for the rearing of the Zion Church, 23d and Grant Sts. children. The mere fact that a wo- They will attempt to organize a man is a mother does not automatical- branch Y. M. C. A. Mr. McLean, of ly constitute her a fit person to bring the Y. M. C. A., will speak.

Phelps and the Rev. W. F. Botts. Interment was in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

She is survived by her son, James G., three daughters, Miss Sarah, Mrs. Greenlee and Mrs. Sunshine and sev-

The G. Wade Obee undertaking company had charge of the funeral.

WILL HOLD ATHLETIC MEET

The Zion Baptist Church Athletic team will hold a big free-for-all meet at Miller Park July 4th, at the big Baptist Sunday School picnic. All interested come out Monday night to

