

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE

We are indebted to The Chancellor, June, 1909, edited by Laurie J. Quinby, for the poem, "The Fence or the Ambulance." How very true to life, when applied to many reforms, is the attitude assumed by the crowd and by the sage. Mr. Quinby says:

"We find thousands of people even anxious to furnish the ambulance who would call out the federal troops, if need be, to prevent the building of a fence."

We were thinking the poem might apply to the present temperance issue which is so soon to be settled, for Nebraska, at the polls. Is prohibition the fence, the ambulance, or neither? The fence, as you know, will prove a permanent safeguard. Is prohibition prevention or does it only force men to obtain illegally what they might have legally?

Some may hold that prohibition does not prohibit, then it might be used as a barrier which would close the road to traffic until the fence of some effective reform might be erected. It might be the teachings of the church, the home, the school, a method slow, but sure. The old, old way of overcoming evil with good since law cannot purify men's hearts nor control their appetites or habits.

Then prohibition may be the only thing which will prove to be the fence. The one cure for all the ills and evils of strong drink. It may be prevention and prevention dispenses with cure.

However, we leave it to our readers to decide for themselves.

L. S. E.

THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE

"Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipt

A duke and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,

But their projects would not at all tally.

Some said: "Put a fence around the edge of the cliff,"

Some: "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
For it spread through the neighboring city;

A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity

For those who slipt over that dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and valley

Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right, if you're careful," they said,

"And if folks even slip they are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much

As the shock down below when they're stopping."

So, day after day, as these mishaps occurred,

Quick forth, would these rescuers sally

To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff

With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me

That people give far more attention To repairing results than to stopping the cause,

When they'd much better aim at prevention.

"Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he:

"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;

If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense

With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined;

"Dispense with the ambulance! Never!

He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;

But no! We'll support them forever!

Aren't we picking folk up just as fast as they fall?

And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?

Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence

While their ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few, who are practical, too,

Will not bear with such nonsense much longer,

They believe that prevention is better than cure,

And their party will soon be the stronger.

Encourage them then, with your purse, voice and pen,

And, while other philanthropists dally,

They will scorn all pretense, and put a stout fence

On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

A TOAST TO LAUGHTER

A Southern country editor—the presiding genius of the "Intelligencer," of Anderson, South Carolina—has written a toast to laughter:

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the health of the poor, the bead on the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy, for it's the foe of woe and the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what makes kings envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the waters of delight; the glint on the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear, and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness.—Sacred Heart Reminder.

THE CHILD'S ALLOWANCE

What are you doing to teach your children the value of money, and the ancient and steadfast rule of "mine and thine?" It is a grave mistake to

let a boy or girl grow up without realizing that money is limited in quantity, and must be wisely expended, with regard first for the most important needs, and afterward for the less pressing demands, and the amusements and luxuries.

The child who never is taught that expenses must be kept within income, seldom learns this lesson without a great deal of needless suffering and unpleasantness in later years.

Teach your boys and girls how to spend money, by giving each a fixed allowance, and letting them learn in early years, the unpleasant consequences of extravagance. Conversely you can teach them the advantages of good management.—Mother's Magazine.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG

"The world at times has beat me back
In battles I have fought,
Not always has the god, success,
Touched tasks in which I wrought.
Full oft has fortune dealt a blow,
Instead of bent to bless,
And heartaches followed close upon
The heels of happiness.
And often when a solemn woe
Or grief my heart intoned,
And often when my spirit writhed
And all my nature groaned,
There stole refrain that softened pain
Not born of mortal tongue,
But born of memories old and sweet,
The songs my mother sung."—Ex.

FASHION NOTES FRESH FROM PARIS

Black velvet gowns and cloaks are to be all the go this season. Skirts are to be worn somewhat longer than recently, but not so long that fancy hosiery shall be altogether hidden.

Fur is still the rage, but be sure and have a fairly good fur. Many of the furs are rat and domestic cat and poorly dyed coney, and have neither beauty nor elegance.

Light lined blouses embroidered or otherwise trimmed in darker color are to be worn with suits in the color of trimmings. The effect is fine.

Blue, black, brown and dull red will be the favorite colors in tailored suits. Bright colors, however, will still remain stylish.

Paris is planning almost exclusively for American trade this year inasmuch as the war has practically killed European business.

The Paris costumers are putting out many train frocks this year.

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