

A FEW OF THE MANY WONDERFUL THINGS BEING DONE BY WOMEN OF THE ANGEL CITY

By Miss C. F. Albright.

One of the first things which impresses itself on a visitor to Los Angeles is the great desire of the people to help someone else.

The club women of California and especially those of Los Angeles are banded together with that idea. The women of the Sojourner Truth Club carried this out when they built their beautiful Working Girl's Home on East Adams Str. This handsome building, modern in every respect, is open to young women who have no home in the city. Everything is arranged for their comfort and convenience and a matron is in charge who has a daughter of her own and therefore loves and understands girls. Not without much labor and sacrifice was this accomplished, but no thought was given that, by the noble band of women composing this club.

The care of children is the purpose of the Day Nursery Association. A building has been purchased on Channing Str., and each day, many children are cared for there, who would otherwise be in the streets while their mother's are away at work.

The Women's Civic League is wide awake along all lines of civic betterment. Only recently, through the efforts of this organization, a large number of poor children and working mothers were given a happy outing at the seashore. Free transportation was secured from the Pacific Electric R. R., a free lunch

was donated by one of the missions of the city, and the children and their mothers, spent a glorious day on the sands. This is to be made an annual affair.

These are but a few of the many things being done by the women in Los Angeles to carry out the motto:

"Ever onward, ever upward,
Lifting others as we climb."

THE NEGRO SINGER

By James D. Corrothers

O'er all my songs the image of a face
Lieth, like shadow on the wild,
sweet flowers.
The dream, the ecstasy that
prompts my powers;
The golden lyre's delights bring
little grace
To bless the singer of a lowly race.
Long hath this mocked me: aye, in
marvelous hours,
When Hera's red pylons, in their
far, hushed place!
But I shall dig me deeper to the gold;
Fetch water, dripping, over desert
miles,
From clear Nyanzas and mysteri-
ous Niles
Of love; and sing, nor one kind act
withhold.
So shall men know me, and remem-
ber long,
Nor my dark face dishonor any
song.

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