

She, now past eighty, is still digging in the garden of a grandchild who gave her shelter. Her best days are gone. Others enjoy the fruits of her many years of labor.

She is but one of many who are left destitute in old age by those she has been faithful to unto death.

“Mammy”

If there is any word that arouses emotion in the heart of a true Southerner, it is the word, “Mammy.” His mind goes back to the tender embraces, the watchful eyes, the crooning melodies which lulled him to rest, the sweet old black face. “What a memory!” he exclaims.