Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

WHEN EVERYTHING

GOES WRONG.

"When things begin to go wrong," Cecil Rhodes once said, "nine people out of ten, give them a helping hand in that direction. That is why we so often find that misfortune don't come singly. The first thing that goes wrong puts the victim wrong."

It is most remarkable how things do go wrong at times, how one little annoyance or mishap seems to breed a host of others.

There was once a man who, if things went wrong with him before 10 o'clock in the morning, made it a practice to go back to bed again and spend the day there. He said that he knew the day would only prove unfortunate if he got up again and exerted himself.

That is the plan of escaping irritation one cannot recommend to everybody. We poor, ordinary mortals have to put up with mishaps as they come and go out to meet whatever the day may have in store for us with such courage as we may possess.

There are so many people who suffer from real and terrible misfortunes which no human effort or foresight could avoid. In their case we can offer no solution as to the bitter "why" of sorrow. We can only try to help. We must recognize that we cannot explain—we can only attempt to relieve.

Real sorrow must be accepted with humility. It must not be anticipated nor put down to an evil star nor to any superstitious explanation of mischance. The spirit with which to meet actual disaster is two-fold; to bear what must be borne and to avert and defeat unnecessary suffering.

To avoid what many call misfortune or bad luck needs a spirit above despondency. The belief that you are going to win is half the battle.

The feeling that "everything is bound to go wrong" needs every bit of vigor one can find to bring about its defeat. The quicker one begins to fight, the better. At the moment when you happen to find your day starting wrong, don't yield to despair. Simply start it over again—and start it right.

One morning on his rising the great Wellington was informed by a cheerful officer that every plan was miscarrying.

"Everything going wrong, is it Well, I'll see to that," he exclaimed. He did. The day turned out to be a most fortunate one.

There is no reason why, in spite of sign or portent, each of us cannot "see to that," when the day starts out with threat of evil.

In victory over threat of misfortune there ought to lie great satisfaction, since after all life is a fight and we are born to make it.—Beatrice Fairfax.

"It may be that you cannot stay
To lend a friendly hand to him
Who stumbles on the slippery way,
Pressed by conditions hard and

grim,

It may be that you dare not heed

His call for help because you lee

His call for help, because you lack
The strength to lift him—but you need
Not push him back."

THE UNSEEN CORD.

There is an unseen cord which binds The whole wide world together; Thru every human soul it winds This one mysterious tether; It links all people and all lands

Thruout their span allotted, And death alone unites the strands Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,

Howe'er your hands be fettered, You cannot think a noble thought But all the world is bettered.

With every impulse, deed, or word,
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord,
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,

Is felt in farthest places.

THE BOY THAT WILL SUCCEED.

Two men were standing beside a frozen pond one day last winter, watching the skaters. Among the pleasure-seekers was a very small boy so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps attracted the attention of the men. No sooner had he gained his feet after one fall than down he went again.

"Why, child," called one of the men, 'you are getting all bumped up. I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so. Come over here with us and watch the others."

The tears of the last fall, which had been a hard one, were still rolling over the plump cheeks, rosy in the cold, but the child looked indignantly from his adviser to the shining steel runners on his feet.

"I don't get new skates to give up with," he retorted. "I got 'em to learn now with."

"Good," laughed the other man; "go it it again. You'll succeed."

"Yes," said his companion, as they walked away, "and if he keeps that spirit he'll succeed in bigger things than in learning to skate."

SNAPPERS.

"Are the fish biting now?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied the boy. "But you ain't allowed to catch 'em."

"Do you mean to say you don't fish?"

"I don't exactly fish. But if a fish comes along and bites at me, I do my best to defend myself."

DEATH OF A. W. PARKER
A PIONEER BUSINESS MAN.

Abram W. Parker, one of Omaha's oldest, (in years of residence) and most highly respected citizens, died at his residence, 925 North Twentyseventh street, Sunday morning. He had been confined to his home for the last four months, although he had been in failing health for over a year. Mr. Parker was a native of Parkersburg, Va., where he was born in 1856, the son of a prominent Baptist minister, and had resided in Omaha for the last thirty-eight years, He was appointed inspector of weights and measures by Mayor Cushing, holding this position for two years. This was the first political appointment to be given a colored man in the city. For many years Mr. Parker was in the coal and feed business, being a member of the Omaha Coal Exchange, For some years prior to his illness he was in the employ of the Union Pacific railway. He is survived by his mo-

ther, who resides in New York City; his widow; three sons, George W., Abram W., jr., and Lawrence A., and two daughters, Mrs. W. J. Johnson and Mrs. Chester A. Williams, all of this city.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the Church of St. Philip the Deacon on Twenty-first street near Paul, with interment in Forest Lawn. Rev. John Albert Williams officiating.

The church was filled by a large congregation testifying to the high esteem in which Mr. Parker was held. He had been a member for many years of Omaha Lodge No. 226, Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, under the auspices of which he was buried, the active pall-bearers being members of the lodge. After the commital services of the Episcopal Church at the grave, the Oddfellows carried out the prescribed ritual of their order.

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