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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1909.

OPTIMISTS GLORY IN THEIR WORK---THEIR DAILY TASKS

Not a Curse But a Blessing That Man Can Find Something to Do.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

First prize, $5—R. R. Ward, Station G.

Second prize, $3—Isabel O. Price, Edgeville, Va.

Third price, $2—W. B. Henderson, 1435 Fairmont street.

Five Prizes, $1 each—Mae H. Shaw, 121 North Carolina avenue; Rolf Thelen, Forest Service; George W. Barton, 1025 Eighth street northwest; Mrs. E. D. Frank, 128 C street northeast; Marion G. Barker, 133 F street northwest.

By THE OPTIMIST.

There is inspiration even for the deepest-dyed member of our hopeful fraternity in the enthusiasm with which you have all entered into the "Work" contest. I want to emphasize as much as possible the fact that The Washington Herald Optimist Club is a band of hard workers, who glory in their work and who are proud to be enrolled among the useful members of society.

Work is optimism, if we realize that man is placed here for some divine purpose. Not only are we to work out our destiny, but we must make an imprint on the record of human endeavor. Unless we "taste the joy that springs from labor" we have not lived. Otherwise we approach the daily task in the spirit of wishing it over with. Every moment of life is precious, so that we should be up and doing, not merely with the uppermost thought of accumulating our share of the world's benefits, but for the sake of that instinct down deep in the heart which says to all mankind: "Labor is independence; it is freedom, it is life."

Mrs. Browning says:

Free men freely work; whosoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

And Elizabeth Barret Browning knew all about work. When she wrote "The Cry of the Children" she had been down in the coal mines—not merely places where men toiled by the sweat of the brows for their daily bread, but where little children, stunted in growth, labored that men might satisfy their greed for gold. Almost constantly from that time has child labor engrossed the attention of our reformers. That kind of work is not work at all, but brutality to the helpless. So that when the poetess indicated that work was freedom and independence she meant the worthy tasks that men set out to accomplish with trustful purpose and honest hearts and hands.

Too often we look upon work as a curse instead of a blessing. When some more fortunate fellow-man appears to enjoy life to a greater degree than some of us are able to, perhaps by virtue of superiority of intellect, possession of wealth or position, have you ever stopped to think, when your lot seemed hard and your tasks endless, that should you suddenly find yourself relieved of the necessity for daily activity that you would not be much better off? Perhaps your rich neighbor, with the fine house, his luxuries, finds it far harder to keep his wealth, to guard or to increase it, than you do to earn your modest living. Possibly he has tasted so freely of the pleasures of material existence that each day is a burden to him and he would be glad to turn to some occupation in which to bury self. While you have your work, with all it brings you, no one may envy you.

There is no satisfaction in idleness. "Work is alone noble," and an excellent optimistic doctrine it is. We believe in labor as a part of the universal scheme. Each man or woman in his particular groove fills some important function in the vast machinery of civilization. Deep down in the sea the coral insects work incessantly, each one doing his full task day by day, year by year, century upon century, until at last the coral island appears on the bosom of the ocean, a thing for man's admiration and an everlasting example to him of what work alone can accomplish.

So is built the grand structure of modern civilization. Every one of us, brother and sister optimists, has some part in this mighty work. And all the while we are delving, building, cheerfully adding our mite to the whole, we are building character, not only for ourselves, but for future generations, on whose destinies and inclinations our own must be indelibly stamped.

Our view must be that work is not only a necessity for mankind and a safety valve for his energiees, but a positive blessing and a privilege, without which there can be no happiness.

Work is ennobling; it involves self-sacrifice and a recognition of the purposefulness of life. The gospel of work is for all men and for all women. Through it alone can they be saved from themselves. To enjoy work means the grasp of the knowledge that one's own work is worth while; that no matter how unimportant it may seem to us, it is part of the general law of the universe. Work leads to better thoughts, to peace and to contentment. It is optimism in its highest sense.

This week I want to again mention the matter of crediting the source from which your contributions are gathered. The contests do not take into consideration this fact in awarding the prizes; they are given solely on the merits of the selections, whether original or not, but you will realize that the spirit of justice and fairness which actuates the work of this club, it is preferable to print the name of the author, as well as the contributor, where the contribution is not original.

You will notice that this week I have given greater prominence to the names of the weekly prize-winners. This is for the convenience of you all. In future you will know just where to look for the fortunate members.

Mr. Ward's selection from the works of Henry Ward Beecher I think is entitled to first prize this week. The distinguished preacher was a hard worker for the right, and I am sure the practical sentiment voiced in the attached selection will appeal to you all as being full of meaning:

O blessed bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and, working, makes them men!—Beecher.

R. R. WARD.
G Postal-Station.

The second prize, of $3, goes this week to Isabel O. Price, of Edgeville, Va., for this selection:

Goethe conceived that the truest preparation for another state of existence is the wise cultivation of those faculties with which we are endowed. We have a work to perform, a mission to fulfill individually, and to be earnest and faithful, not for the reward, but through loving service to our Great Creator will enable us and uplift those who come within our influence.

To W. B. Henderson, 1435 Fairmont street, I have given the third prize of $2. His contribution is as follows:

Whether one works from necessity and the force of circumstances or from the love of work, it is an indispensable requisite to true happiness. As the salt to the viands we eat, so is work to the existence we lead absolutely essential. Without work in some form the mind becomes narrowed, the morals dissipated, and the body atrophied.

Five prizes of $1 each have been awarded for the following contributions:

Man must work; that is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly or he may work gratefully; he may work as a man or he may work as a machine. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; no work so impassive that he may not breathe a soul into it; no work so dull that he may not enliven it.

MAE H. SHAW.
121 North Carolina avenue.

The man who knows, indeed, what it is to act, to work, cries out, "This, this alone is to live!"

ROLF THELEN.
Forest Service.

To work is to live; to live is to work for the welfare of others. Let us, therefore, live to work and work to live.

GEORGE W. BARTON.
1025 Eighth street northwest.

Work is essential to our mental, moral, and physical welfare. When we can calm our nervous energies the reaction that often follows extreme exertion will diminish, and such fatal emotions as melancholia and morbid imaginations will be reduced to the minimum. The vital condition is moderation. Many blessings are evolved from labor. Those who mourn are solaced, the indolent made happier, and the industrious are rewarded by good results accomplished, even if their highest ambitions are not wholly realized. Toil, therefore, is humanity's greatest boon—undiscovered often and too lightly esteemed by many.

Mrs. E. D. FRANK.
128 C street northeast.

If I were asked to define the word "Work," I would say in the words of the dictionary that it was "to labor, to toil, a putting forth of energy, physical or mental." But I would also go further than that and say that work is the harmonious connecting link between man and man and man and his God. Without work the world would not exist, nor could man continue to live. If work were eliminated from the daily routine of mankind, what would there be left? Nothing of value surely, because everything worth having has to be worked for, and one of the first essentials to man's welfare is work, and in working to gain, in gaining to appreciate, and in appreciating to wisely distribute and use. To work in the true sense of the word is to toil with some definite object in view, to labor for some loved one, or to help some needy soul. Working and loving are almost synonymous, for to love without working for the one we love or working to win that love would be almost impossible. A man who does not work cannot love his fellow-men nor his God as he should; cannot help his stricken brother or properly worship his Maker. Work is the natural vent for all our feelings, our joys, our sorrows, and our passions. If we could start each day's task with this thought uppermost in our minds, This day I will labor well; whatsoever I do shall be done willingly and with zeal; each unpleasant duty shall be performed with a smile, and every undertaking begun shall be finished, or as nearly finished, as possible before I sleep to-night—if, I say, we would keep such a resolution on our lips and in our hearts, with what peaceful slumber would our night be filled and what well-earned rest would invigorate us for another day begun!

MARION G. BARKER.
1333 F street northwest.

The following contributions have been selected for honorable mention:

"Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

JOHN O'CONNELL.
2732 Twelfth street northeast.

"It is not work that kills man; it is worry. Work is healthy; you could hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction."

BESSIE M. HEALY.
121 North Carolina avenue southeast.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some aim, be it ever so lowly;
All labor, if honest, is noble and holy."

"If your motive is high enough and you are doing honest work worthy of being crowned, then never despair."

Mrs. EDWIN ELKINS.
1515 Vermont avenue northwest.

Every idle citizen is a knave.—Goethe.

There is a joy in work accomplished. It is the essence of self-mastery to complete a work once begun.

CICELY CLAUDE.
Chery Chase Lake.

Among the people who are drudges there are some who have given up their dreams of what, when younger, they used to talk or think about as their "ideals," and have grown at last, if not content, resigned to do the actual work before them. Yes, here it is, before us, and behind us, and on all sides of us. We cannot change it; we have accepted it. Still, we have not given up one dream—the dream of success in this work to which we are so clamped. The secret of this success lies in the same old word, "drudgery."

"I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

Mrs. HORACE H. LOCKWOOD.
32 Randolph place northwest.

Not every bud becomes the perfect flower,
Not every bird sings sweetly as the lark,
And the swift arrow shot with certain power
May cleave the air or fail to reach the mark.
So we should labor on and never be dismayed;
Discouraged at ambition crossed,
Our work wrought out in patience, silently,
Is worth to every one what e'er it cost.

HARRY B. MIDKIFF.
2028 Flagler place northwest.

Let us learn our lesson from the birds
In building their little nest;
They gather the straws in the sunshine;
Work first, and then comes rest.

A. F. PENNYWITT.
Glencarlyn, Va.

Next to love, work is our greatest blessing. Work moves the machinery of life and optimism oils the wheels.

CLARA D. GILBERT.
1309 Fairmont street.

The work that the large majority of us have to do is not of our own selecting. In this respect, as in many others, we appear to be the creatures of heredity, circumstance, or environment; and, indeed, so we are, but behind it all is the operation of divine wisdom and law. Some are called to high and others to lowly spheres of action—that is, our poor, weak, foolish pride applies those terms of distinction. In truth, and in the sight of God, all honest work done with honest purpose is high and honorable, and the humblest toiler is the peer of the most elevated. The man who digs the ditches in our streets is performing a work as necessary and as beneficent as the one who directs the finances of a nation, and the driving of a coal cart is more indispensable in the economy of to-day's civilization than aerial navigation or wireless telegraphy. Thus, I repeat, all honest work is noble and praiseworthy and to be gloried in, and he makes a great mistake who looks upon it with contempt or follows it with shame. We cannot all be princes, but we can all be men; we cannot all be millionaires, but we can all seize upon our duty and our work and perform it bravely without fear or self-reproach. Carlyle voiced the same thought when he wrote: "All work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness."

If, my brother, you are engaged in honest work, be not disheartened if it is not so high as you would wish it to be. You are one of the men, one of the producers, one of the conservators of the world. You are filling a great and noble place in human existence that many kings and emperors, students and scientists, philosophers and savants have never occupied. You can lift your face to the stars and leave the trials and burdens and inequalities of this life for their final solution to Him who ordereth all things both in heaven and earth.

Work! Work! What a wealth of aspiration in the word alone! What inspiration and fulfillment in the thing itself! It strengthens and develops the physical body; it pacifies, consoles, and fortifies the soul. It generates contentment and hope and destroys bitterness and despair. It is the great motive power of the human race. Without it the earth would be bleak and barren, a ghastly necropolis filled with dead men's bones and everlasting desolation, and life here would be impossible, unthinkable.

JOHN A. PHILLIPS.
943 S street northwest.

Work never killed any one but a fool.

MAE H. SHAW.
121 North Carolina avenue.

Work is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow!
Work, thou shalt ride over care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with stout heart and resolute will.

Mrs. L. B. CHAMBERLAIN.
The Stanhope.

What'er the work a man performs, the most effective aid to its completion, the most prolific source of true success, is energy without despondency.

Mrs. W. A. BARRACK.
1691 Fifteenth street northwest.

A stagnant pool may be likened unto a lazy man. Both receive, neither distribute.

R. C. L. MONCURE.
Fredericksburg, Va.

"God intends no man to live in this world without working; but He intends every man to be happy in his work. * * * Now, in order that people may be happy in their work there are three things needed: They must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success of it."

FRANCIS M. POTTER.
140 A street northeast.

Every man, be he rich or poor, has his own work. We are building day by day a structure that, when finished, will be beautiful and clean, sordid or ugly; one that will weather the blast or crumble into ruins. True rest is to be found only in the knowledge that something has been accomplished.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Mrs. MARGARET CHAMBERLAIN.
637 Second street northeast.

Work is a good medicine to take for a worried mind.

Miss MARY I. JENNINGS.
1501 R street northwest.

Work thou for pleasure, paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.—Kenyon Cox.

EVA JACKSON.
530 Third street northwest.

Noble work is the true educator and idleness is a thorough demoralizer of body, soul, and conscience. Have we difficulties to contend with, then work through them. No exorcism charms like labor. The highest order of being is that which loses sight in resolution and feeling in work. We must work, trusting that some of the good seed we throw into the ground will take root and spring up into deeds of well-doing. Troubles and sorrows may have to be encountered in performing our various duties, but these have to be done, and done cheerfully, because it is the voice of God. Let us, therefore, strengthen our mind and prepare our heart for the future. The race is for life.

MALCOLM LAMBORNE.
3411 Fourteenth street northwest.

"Engrave upon your hands, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord,' and then take up, piece by piece, the work He lays before you and do it thoroughly. It may look little and insignificant all the way, but at the end the golden grains shall have made a shining mountain."

S. E. ADKINS.
2031 F street.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.—Francis Osgood.

M. D. CARTER.
Patent Office.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven;
And many have striven, and many have failed,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd,
But when man hath tamed nature, asserted his place
And dominion, behold! he is brought face to face
With a new foe—himself!
Nor may man on his shield ever rest, for his foe is forever afield;
Danger ever at hand, till the armed Archangel
Sound o'er him the trump of earth's final evangel.

—LUCILE.
Mrs. CHARLES M. PIDGEON.
1207 Harvard street northwest.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."—Proverbs.

Work has meant salvation since the days of Mother Eve,
For the man and wife were idle whom the serpent did decieve;
And the idlers and the loafers are the ones who mostly sin,
But the ones who love to hustle are ones who play to win.

Work is grand and noble, 'tis the making of mankind.
There is always something lacking in the slow, indolent mind;
For the mind that's busy working is the mind that plans the way,
And the ones who love to hustle are the ones who get the pay.

Work's greatest blessing that the God of love could give;
Jesus spent his days in labor teaching sinners how to live.
When His task on earth was finished, Jesus left this final word—
That the true and faithful workers shall be rulers with their Lord.

JAMES CONWAY JACKSON.
2301 Fourteenth street northwest.

Work is the foundation of all optimism; the best tonic for the pessimist.

"Labor is life; 'tis the still water faileth.
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth.
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth.
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon."

BYRD BELT.
Springfield, Md.

Work while you work;
Play while you play;
This is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

R. H. HARTSHORN, Jr.
(Age five years.)

In the sight of God the magnitude of the work given us to do is of small importance, but the faithfulness with which we do it is the prime concern. We have to do the work of the world for a living and to enable others to live. We study to learn and to practice the world's work well for ourselves and others. When we take our place in the world among men they judge us by what God has given us and by what we have done for ourselves.

EMMA J. DAVIS.
Arlington, Va.

Work is the refinery of life, where the crude ore of our efforts is turned into the pure gold of success.

VICTORIA A. BURR.
1017 K street northwest.

"Labor is life," wrote Thackeray, and really the finest thing in the world is some good things to do. He is the truly happy man who, knowing what he can do, learns how to do that which he can do best, and then does it. To do, to discover, to teach—all are labor, all good, all necessary; and the man who finds work drudgery is either engaged in unthoughted activity—that is, in work that is unnecessary or useless—or in compulsory work that he does not know how to do well. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said, "What one can do is always pleasant to do."

There is a Turkish proverb to the effect that the devil tempts the idle man, but the idle man tempts the devil! The ancients held labor to be the price the gods set upon everything worth having.

A. C. WOOD.
201 C street southeast.

A valiant heart never avoids work. Like the warrior, the owner of it will not shun the fray when duty calls; and to toil and achieve is every mortal's duty, let that duty be what it may.

The universal remedy for ailments of the mind is work. He may be a woodman, a plowman, a preacher of the Gospel, an editor, or skilled in statescraft. She may be a writer, a clerk, a charity worker, or one fraught with household cares, and the panacea for the sorrows of each and all is work.

How cheery it is to earnestly and energetically work. Happy thoughts steal in on the mind like a thief in the night. They are there, and before you are aware of it you are humming some old love song.

Carlyle wrote: "Give us, oh! give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. Thus work begets sunny thoughts, and a buoyant mind brings forth a better product.

'Tis not for man to trifle, for life is short. They who would accomplish much be up and doing.

"We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be in earnest in a world like ours."

For life is not one long summer holiday, with no task to do and lessons none to learn.

I cannot agree with the poet who wrote "man was made to mourn." Man was made to be happy, and work will make him at least content.

It is said the "Fates," which are nearly always kind, will throw some fair favors across the path of those who honestly endeavor; a thing to remember if our feet grow weary and the upland road is steep to climb.

Let us not linger in the ruins of the old tent. Let us be men of action and clear the way.

Work, ever work! Let there be such an enlargement in your make-ups that in the man you are to-day you will scarcely recognize the man you were yesterday.

Work to do right; work to do good, and your mind will fill with the sweetest memories. Then you can say,

"Let Fate do her worse; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy."

Man is his own star, and by honest work he can command all influence all fate, and nothing to him falls early or too late.

Remember that the worker hew'd the way to a peaceful, sunny clime.

THOMAS C. CAREY.
Brookland, D. C.

Work is a panacea, a cure, for all ills, the one thing which will take our minds from overwhelming sorrows and difficulties. Therefore we cannot be true optimists without having some kind of work to do.

Let us pray that we, both rich and poor, may be given work; and let us not complain if our especial work is not exactly congenial to us. But let us, on the other hand, be thankful that we are able to do it; that it is our work, and that because it is ours we are the ones to do it, and the only ones; and let us do it cheerfully and without a thought of shirking one iota of it.

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In crowded market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom,
In all the world I am the one
By whom this work can best be done in the right way.'

"Then shall I see it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to serve my powers.
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall at eventide
To play, and love, and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best."

MARGIE J. HUTCHINSON.
627 Florida avenue northeast.

The man who works, the man who mixes the mortar, the man who lays the granite, the man who saws, digs, is the man who wins.

Work is as necessary to material advancement as the air and water is to life.

There is no doubt but to work hard and cheerfully means to work and live long.

Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

Go to your work and be strong; stand to your work and be wise.

They who work as if the Master was ever near find Him always by them.

Work well done gives the worker joy.

To make some work of creation a little fruitfuller, better; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed. It is work for a god.

Nothing is impossible to him who works.

All work should lift up and not hold down; it should make free and not enslave. Excellence is never granted to a man but as the reward of work.

Never mind your work; let your care be for the work itself. Work is the enemy of insomnia.

H. E. LEES.
Department Commerce and Labor.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—James Russell Lowell.

MARY VAN RENSSELAER.
The Rochambeau.

In Ecclesiastes we find, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This is the true meaning of our optimist motto. In the whatsoever that comes to us lies our might. Let us work while it is day, "for the night cometh, when no man can work."

Mrs. A. C. BLEIGHT.
Fairfax, Va.

Work, hearty, honest work, no matter how lowly the task, in which we give of his best, is royal. The mere fact of knowing that one is doing his part—turning even one small cog in the vast machinery of the world's progress brings the conscious thrill of being worth while. One has at least earned his right to God's most priceless gift—the joy of living.

EVELYN HAIN.
The Cosmos.

Work thy hands to some advantage,
Your love for all that's good and true,
Will lead you on to win some blessing
For little things that you can do.
Put thy trust in our dear Saviour,
Whose work for us so long ago
Led Him through such pain and suffering
That we might have the love we know.
Work willingly from morn till twilight,
Grumble not at each small task,
For some time you may need a shelter,
And find no loving friend to ask.
Remember there's no mind so feeble,
No hand so very, very small,
That cannot do some work for Jesus,
Helping Him to comfort all.

MARGERY MORALES.

"Labor is life, 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon."

BESSIE L. BENNETT.
1814 Eighth street northwest.

All work is God's work. There is no work that is menial if we put Him into it. I once read a story called "A Shoemaker by the Grace of God." It tells of a poor shoemaker who lived in a small village, and the people not only patronized but loved and venerated him; even the young people went to him for counsel and advice. Why? Because he took God into partnership and made good shoes. We can all be workers for God.

Mrs. F. L. BARRINGER.
1433 Q street.

They who tread the path of labor follow
where my feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do
the holy will of God.
Where the many toil together, there am
I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there
am I with him alone.
I, the peace that passeth knowledge,
dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the
sacrament of life.—Henry Van Dyke.

EDITH V. BRADT.
1334 Fairmont street.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face;
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be;
Know He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.

EDNA BENNETT.
1814 Eighth street northwest.

Work, once considered a curse, is now seen to be man's chief blessing. There is joy in seeing good work of any kind grow under our hands. True it is that in our work, in whatever direction it may chance to lie, we may not always accomplish the end sought. Always, indeed, there is beyond us an unattainable ideal. Nevertheless, we shall find that work well done is its own reward; that good work done to-day fits us for better work to-morrow, and that, as Stevenson puts it, "The true success is to labor."

ARTHUR W. BEER.
Seventeenth and Hamlin streets northeast.

"God never made His work for man to mend."

E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH, M. D.
1321 K street northwest.

Work is the greatest boon to mortal man. It is the lever that lightens sorrow and disappointment; it is the panacea for a diseased mind, and as work was sanctified by our "Blessed Carpenter," it elevates and sheds a halo on all who work faithfully and well.

Mrs. BELLE EDELIN.
1309 Park road.

"The luck that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world call lucky
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

Mrs. S. E. TRACY.
1834 Ingleside terrace.

The success that the world often attributes to blind luck, to the fickle smile of fortune, to the proverbial golden spoon is more often and more justly due to energy, grit, courage, perseverance, and hard, earnest work.

MABEL E. BAILEY.
1733 Columbia road.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.
Mrs. L. H. HARTSHORN.
903 Webster street.

We are inclined to regard that part of the divine decree banishing Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden that recites, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," as evidence of the wrath of God at their disobedience. But, upon considering it, such a construction is to doubt the wisdom and love of the Creator. It should be borne in mind in this connection that God was acting in His capacity as judge, and the entire decree was framed to meet the circumstances growing out of the violation of His express command not to partake of the fruit of the tree of life. Surely, a requirement that has resulted in such untold benefit to man, tending to his highest development, could not have been conceived in wrath. That it was to be the lot of man to labor was an established fact long before his creation, for immediately upon being created he was placed in the Garden of Eden to "dress it and keep it," and from that day to this the man whom God blesses, whether carrying the shepherd's staff or wielding the monarch's scepter, is he who well and faithfully obeys this divine decree.

S. E. TRACY.
1834 Ingleside terrace.

Work is a cure for physical and mental ills. Each one of us is born with some talent, and it is our duty to find what it is, to develop it, and not let it lie dormant, gradually diminishing, and finally wither away, a lost and unused gift of God. Let us find our work and pursue it. Inactivity dulls us physically and spiritually, but work in the right direction develops our faculties, our capabilities, and makes us susceptible of greater things. There is so much work to be done in the world and so little time to do it, that it becomes our duty to God and man to do our part, and in our day, and also help others with theirs. In short, let us optimists "get the work habit."

ELIZABETH POWELL CRUMP.
119 G street northwest.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

MARY EMMA BEALL.
1426 Thirty-third street northwest.

"Work is any occupation regularly pursued with the purpose of usefulness or profit."

J. D. PRICE.
Station L.

Work is the keynote of contentment. Lowell says: "No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him." This is equally true of woman, though she may not have to be a bread-winner, as her work is more often that of making the home. Home work is a beautiful thing. I do not mean when you make drudgery of it (and, sad to say, there are those who do), but when home is home; when you love each and every room, and when you are proud to feel that you are the home-maker. Work is necessary to health. It takes your mind off of yourself and gives it a chance to think of other things. Many a woman has made herself and home unhappy because she hadn't work enough to keep her from herself. "The devil finds work for idle hands to do." If, fellow-optimists, our work is born with us, let us find it and do it, always cheerfully, too, for then we are not only happy ourselves, but we make those around is happy and glad to be with us.

"The men the world call 'lucky' will tell
you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing, but
by hard work, bravely done."

EVA M. PRATT.
1115 Ninth street northwest.

Mr. McKinley once said: "Luck will not last. It may help you once, but you cannot count upon it. Labor is the only key to opportunity." And true it is that if we wish to attain any degree of success in life it is absolutely necessary that we labor unceasingly until the object of our ambition is attained.

EPIPHANY MORNING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Work is man's salvation, and not, as so many seem to think, his curse. We gain physical strength through exertion, and mental quality through expression. The impulse that leads to self-expression is innate, but art, which is self-expression, can only be wrought by means of work.

Ruskin said: "The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it, and if pleasure, you must toil for it."

ELIZABETH THORNE.
Suite 2, the Victoria.

An optimist sends in the following contribution:

"Father, I have work to do. It is not easy work, nor is it exactly what I would choose if I had my way. But it came to me along the path or circumstance, and stood there, fronting me, and challenged me to dare it. And I said yes, and am at it. Sometimes it irks me, and parts of it are sharp and sting me like nettles. But it is my work and not another's. I would do it well, not merely with my hands and brain, but investing my very self in it and accompanying the task with singing. The pay, the jingling pay—ah! that doesn't matter so much if only I may know that I have wrought with skill and gladness, heartfully. Help me to be grateful for this toil of mine and for the little acre where I sow and tend and garner. And may I reckon that in the task itself, and in the joy of it, is the real and ample reward for what I am doing through the days and years. And whether the sun be cold or hot, whether the air be mild or chill, help me to stand strong as a man should stand, hailing the passing planets with the zest which only the toiler knows."

Again an Invitation Is Exended to Join Workers in the Optimist Club.

THE WASHINGTON HERALD OPTIMIST CLUB.

Please enroll my name as a member of The Washington Herald Optimist Club, and deliver to me the Club Button, the insignia of our hopeful brotherhood.

Name.....

Street No......

City.....

State .....

Note—Club buttons will be given out at the office of The Washington Herald on presentation of this coupon properly filled out. Coupons may be mailed in by out-of-town members.

DIAMONDS IN PEANUT PATCH.

Man in Arkansas Plants "Goobers" and Reaps Gems.

Murfreesboro, Ark., April 3.—Having come to Arkansas to raise peanuts, a young Ohio man has given up his original plans and is digging diamonds out of his former peanut patch instead. Thus to plant peanuts and harvest diamonds was the luck which befell William A. Gilcher, of Sandusky.

Gilcher purchased a farm in Pike County, this State, last year, paying a very modest price. Gilcher's farm is in the midst of the diamond fields. Recently he gave a portion of the land a deep plowing and turned up some fine gems. He is now seriously thinking of abandoning peanut farming altogether.

JEM MACE SEEKS PENSION.

Veteran Prizefighter Once Had $350,000 in the Bank.

London, April 3.—Memories of the old-time prize ring were revived this week by the announcment that Jem Mace was an applicant for an old-age pension at the London post-office.

One of his friends filled in the particulars, and the paper was duly witnessed. It was stated that Mace was born on Good Friday, April 8, 1831. So he will soon attain seventy-eight years of age.

Mace was at his prime in the 60's, and boasts of 500 fights, with only two defeats. In one fight in America he won $50,000, and he has known what it is to have $350,000 in the bank.

Valuable Alaskan Exhibit.

Seattle, Wash., April 3.—When William H. Seward in behalf of the United States government paid Russia $7,200,000 for the purchase of Alaska he was spoken of as a dreamer and the purchase was known as "Seward's folly."

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition a pile of virgin gold from the land of "Seward's folly" will be exhibited, and the one heap of yellow metal will represent in actual value more than five-sevenths of the purchase price of Alaska.

Not a Real Father.

From Everybody's Magazine.

An Episcopal minister, who had but recently moved to a small town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, passed two youngsters on the street.

"Good morning, father," said one of them, misled by the clerical garb.

"Don't you know nutt'n?" said the other, contemptuously, when the minister was past. "Dat guy ain't no father. Why, he's married an' got two kids!"

After a Fashion.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Rivers—Are you on speaking terms with Ruggles?

Brooks—Oh, yes; whenever we meet I tell him he's a sneaking scoundrel, and he tells me I'm a liar and a slanderer.

OPTIMISMS.

The optimist grins—and wins. The pessimist loses—and abuses.

Smile and the world smiles with you; growl and the world smiles at you.

The habit of cheerfulness is the best life insurance, as it insures a happy life.

If you enjoy all the good that comes to you you will be too busy to bother with the rest—leave that for the pessimist; he wants it.

The man who is interested in being a success will succeed because we all move in the direction we turn our thoughts.

The cheerful person is a human magnet drawing to himself the best friends and the best opportunities for the best people like good cheer.

Think of peoples' faults and you will find all men faulty. Think of their virtues and your world will be peopled with good men and good friends.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who wouldn't eat any dinner because he wanted to save his appetite for the mince pie. But when the pie was served his mother told him that boys who wouldn't eat were too sick to be allowed any mince pie. That is just the way it is with pessimists. They won't enjoy to-day because they are waiting for a better day, but when the better day comes they will find that they have no pan in it because they refused to enjoy to-day. The Optimist (N. Y.)