

THE OPTIMIST CLUB'S THOUGHTS ON "THE USEFUL LIFE"

PRIZE WINNERS ON "THE USEFUL LIFE."

TEN PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. F. W. Halleck	435 Maryland avenue northeast
Victor P. Hammer	109 Fifth street northeast
Emma Hughes	817 P street northwest
Charles Albert Brewton	46 S street northwest
E. E. Crowell-Dunlop	1440 Meridian place
J. Lee	P. O. Box 214
Mrs. C. E. McLaughlin	310 C street northwest
Mrs. H. B. Hollifield	304 Hammond Court
M. Joseph Ryan	73 N street northwest
Mrs. L. B. Chamberlain	135 North Carolina avenue southeast

By THE OPTIMIST.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all on the same conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

That text, perhaps, best gives a clew to what the truly useful life may be, and the man who wrote it—Robert Louis Stevenson—has much to say of like stimulating quality along the same lines. Always it will be found that the useful life is the upright, honest life, but in that very question of honesty is a subject for a volume. Honesty is no more to be set down in a word than truth, for so much depends upon your canons. Are you to be honest in your life and living to what the world thinks is the standard? Are you to be honest according to the books and homilies, or are you to be honest to the truth which is in yourself, and brave enough, if convinced it is indeed the truth, to stand up boldly in face of the conventions and lives for that honesty—or die for it, if need be?

Again, let Stevenson speak to this point:

If you teach a man to keep his eyes upon what others think of him, unthinkingly to lead the life and hold the principles of the majority of his contemporaries, you must discredit in his eyes the authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen; he will never be a man. It is our other hand, to disregard this babble and chattering of other men better and worse than we are, and to follow the voice by what light we have. They may be right; but so, before heaven, are we. They may know the way, but we know it by that knowledge we must stand or fall by. There is such a thing as loyalty to a man's own better self; and from those who have not the God within them, how I look for loyalty to others? It is good, I believe, to be respectable, but much nobler to respect oneself and utter the voice of God.

The useful life is the brave life, then; brave enough to dare; hopeful enough always to believe that daring and striving will result in betterment to the world, greater happiness to mankind.

It is not given to all of us in this world to play the hero. Most of us, no doubt, though we cling to our desks, are a little out at elbows and have ink stains on our pallid fingers, have a brave dream somewhere in our hearts that if the trumpets blared, the fifes screamed shrilly, and the drums reverberated that we could all march forth into the thick of battle and slay our thousands. Perhaps we dream and dream, and hope that some such glorious opportunity will come—but ere the war that is to show our mettle is declared we are old and toothless, and instead of marching forth on hardback and bacon we have to content ourselves with soaking our morning crust in coffee to soften it for our vacant and once more tender gums. In short, our opportunity for heroism is passed, and all the time we have missed a thousand chances right at our door—not of the sort of heroism that wins the world's applause and medals and promotion, but that quiet, everyday heroism of kindness, gentleness, honesty, forthrightness—the practice of many virtues—that would have made ours a useful life and one to be sadly missed when it ceased of use.

And, above all, let us realize that in its truest sense the optimistic life is the useful life. To be hopeful always; to be honest with ourselves and others—but first of all with practice; to be generous and just; to be truthful and helpful; to use such talents as God has lent us as well as He would have us use them; to know no fear of life, and to harbor brave and lofty thoughts of death—this is to live the useful life, and to increase by so much the sum of happiness in the world.

A Word to the Optimist Club.

You will remember, I hope, that the subject for next Sunday is "The Food of Hope." I am in hopes that this will call forth some essays a little bit longer than usual, and perhaps on so fruitful a topic they will be more thoughtful and meaningful. As was announced on Wednesday, we have decided to make a change in the distribution of prizes, and instead of giving ten prizes of one dollar each for your contributions, we shall give only two prizes, of five dollars each. This is done in the hope that the successful competitors may find that such a sum is worth striving for. This is not necessarily a permanent arrangement, but we will try it and see how you like it.

For a truly optimistic letter let me

"THE USEFUL LIFE."

"The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give good measure, running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way."

Mrs. W. F. HALLECK.

635 Maryland avenue northeast.

OPTIMIST CLUB'S FUND FOR BABIES COMPLETE.

With most hearty thanks to all of you for your fine contributions to the Optimist Club Fresh Air Fund, we beg leave to announce that the work we set out to do is bravely accomplished!

The following letter was received during the week:

The Optimist,
The Washington Herald:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$37.35 on account of The Washington Herald Optimist Club's "Fresh Air Fund," being an addition to the \$50 which you had previously transmitted on July 6, last—this last contribution making \$87.35 contributed by the club to date.

On behalf of those who have benefited by these contributions I want to thank the Optimists and the Club for the splendid showing they have made and to extend a hearty invitation to the members to visit the camp and see the good work that is being carried on there.

Very sincerely yours,

ANDREW PARKER,

Treasurer, Summer Outings Committee.

During the week, however, we received additional contributions as follows:

M. Joseph Ryan	\$1.00	Charles E. Smith	.25	F. L. Straghan	\$1.00
Dixie Roy	.25	M. Alice Butler	.50	Mrs. F. L. Barringer	\$1.00
L. V. Allen	\$1.00				

This brought the total up to \$227.75. What started out to get was \$100 for Camp Good Will, and now we have got it, for The Washington Herald subscribed the additional \$7.25 needed, and a check, making the total subscription of the Optimist Club \$100 even has gone forward to the treasurer.

For your kind thought, your generous impulse, your ready response to humanity's appeal, The Optimist thanks you most sincerely. But no thanks that may be given to you—faithful members of the Optimist Club—can equal, we are sure, the satisfaction that is in your own hearts when you remember the worthiness of charity we have helped and the voice of Him who said: "When ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto Me."

commend the following, received from a faithful member of the Optimist Club:

Perhaps you have noticed that I have sent no contribution to the club for six months. I have had a chance to practice optimism, as I have been laid aside from usefulness by a broken shoulder. My right hand is nearly powerless, but I can use a pencil now. So I send you a contribution by getting another to copy it for me in ink. If my contribution should merit your approval and draw a prize, please add the dollar to your fund for the children's outings, and then, although I am at present so useless I shall rejoice in doing one useful thing in all these weeks of pain. Yours truly,
Miss A. E. M. AVERILL,
149 Columbia road.

While we shall be sorry, I am sure, to hear of our fellow-member's misfortune, it must be inspiring to get such a practical demonstration of what optimism can do to make life hopeful under the most adverse conditions.

At another place on this page you will note the announcement that the appeal for funds for Camp Good Will has ceased. The Optimist Club members have been very generous toward this worthy charity. We started out to raise \$100, and as it is getting late in the season I asked the editor and proprietor of The Washington Herald to make up the funds necessary to complete that sum, together with your contributions. One hundred dollars may not seem a great sum, but it has come not from people who had plenty, but from those who, forgetting self, denied themselves so that they might help—it has been collected through the true spirit of charity. That \$100 has provided a week's outing for no less than forty children—thanks to you!

PRIZE WINNERS

How can I make my life useful? I can make it useful by rendering it advantageous, profitable, and productive of good to my neighbors as well as myself. I hold it to be the highest duty in life to do that which will redound to the most good in the end toward the bettering of humanity, and this can be easily done by living a useful life. If I visit the sick, I am useful there as well; if I lay by in store for the fabled rainy day, I have turned my efforts into usefulness and have made myself capable of being more useful unto all mankind; if I contribute to help the widow and the orphan, likewise am I useful; and thousands of comparative instances I might enumerate to show that good and its attributes are brought by living a useful life. In what sphere of life I operate and use my energies, it is wisdom to be useful, but folly to be useless.

Make yourselves useful, ornamental, conspicuous, and agreeable as you journey along the rugged highway of life.
VICTOR P. HAMMER,
109 Fifth street northeast.

Each day a new beginning often brings many qualities to the surface. Of life but to be profitable servants we must be adapted to all the different surroundings, ready in any case of emergency to place ourselves at the disposal of the universe; that each and every opportunity afforded we may embrace, and take hold to help—and not to hinder—any of whom need our special care; not looking for reward, but quietly doing the work for love of God; that "In His name" we cherish that which is conducive to the welfare of all humanity.
EMMA HUGHES,
817 P street northwest.

Divine conscience tells us we have a work no other can do. Usefulness and happiness are interchangeable terms, for without one we cannot know the true meaning of the other.

An optimist is not one who never grows weary in the rugged hills of life, but one who hides the weariness with a smile, that others may not halt or stumble; whistles instead of whines, that earth may not be full of weary noises.
Mrs. C. E. McLAUGHLIN,
310 C street northwest.

Once, when in very deep sorrow, so deep that it seemed as if my very soul would break under the terrible strain, some one passed me on F street, smiling the most gloriously radiant smile. Then and there it came to me that the most useful life one could live was to go about beaming and smiling on every one, just throwing off smiles of sweetness as the sun radiates light and heat. That smile did me good for days. If people who inherit pessimistic tendencies knew the deep gloom they cast over others it does seem as if they would strive with all the force of their souls to cultivate optimism. The good one does by being cheerful is not to be calculated. Opti-

mists, the real things of life are of the spirit, and cannot be weighed. Let us each remember to give joyfully, freely, gladly, of loving kindness and good cheer to each soul with whom we come in contact, and we may rest content that our lives will be useful in the highest sense.

"We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are, or we should scatter them oftener."—Lowell.

E. ELIZABETH CROWELL-DUNLOP,
1460 Meridian place.

Usefulness comes by labor. The useful life means the earnest, purposeful life. It was the wisdom of the ancients to regard the most useful as the most illustrious. The useful thrives itself, for the multitude produces it, and no one can dispense with it.
J. LEE,
P. O. Box 214.

AXIOMS OF USEFULNESS.

To be useful, be helpful. Consider all things equal, yet favor not. Laugh heartily in the face of adversity. Share that thou hast, nor heavy toll exact. Minister to the needy, and console the sick at heart. Be thankful for the four seasons, and, rain or shine, praise God. Be not fickle, nor frail; yea, govern thine own mind. Hold thy judgment in abeyance all ways, and curse not. The path of the righteous is rarely pregnant with woes; good men see good in ill. Only the dead and dying are inert; work, and let thy fast be abstention from evil.

Who praises without practice is both hypocritical and diabolical. Do not pilfer; stealing even a farthing beggars thy good name. The trail of the liar is downward, post haste. Is thy star in ascendancy, and dost the radiance thereof percolate thy neighbor's clouded vision to his comfort and convenience? Curb thy passion, and mend thy perverse ways. In building castles, build as a free thinker, and square thy thoughts by thy deeds.

Drop a curtsy to the aged and infirm; strong hearts may walk on spindle legs and be bowed down in grief. Shouldst thou be stricken and sore afraid, consult the Great Physician, and ponder.
CHARLES ALBERT BREWTON,
46 S street northwest.

To be useful we must live for something definite, and with a steadiness of purpose devote all our energies toward its realization.

The secret of the greatest usefulness in life is revealed to us by the illustrious St. Ignatius: Conquer self absolutely. Once we gain mastery over the human nature that is in us we will realize our own littleness, our dependence on and obligations to God and fellow-men, and in whatever field of human endeavor our lot may be cast we will labor as missionaries in the great cause of humanity.
M. JOSEPH RYAN,
73 N street northwest.

We shall do so much in the years to come. But what have we done to-day? We shall be so kind in the after while, But what have we been to-day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth; We shall feed the hungry sons of earth, But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joy in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day? We shall build us mansions in the skies, But what are we doing to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask. But here and now we must do our task. Yes, this is the time our souls to ask, What are we doing to-day?

Mrs. L. B. CHAMBERLAIN,
135 North Carolina avenue southeast.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The interval before the burdens of mature life press upon you is designed for self-culture and self-discipline, for serious glances now and then into life, for the strengthening of what is weak in principle, and confirming principle by habit, for home ministries of ready, obedient, and prompt affection, of gentleness, tenderness, and assiduity; for duties of Christian love in the home of the sick and the sorrowful; and then the intervals of duty for a gayety in which you may still remember your Creator; for recreation so well earned by diligence and fidelity, so well chosen in kind, time, and degree that you may be sure the smile of your Father and blessing of your Redeemer rest upon it.
ELMA M. STANLEY.

Every day that we live there are a thousand ways in which we can make ourselves useful; we may do a small deed or we may do a heroic one; we may speak a kind word that will help to close the wounds of some poor aching soul, or, at the same time, we might have spoken an angry one that would have caused the wound to bleed forth afresh.

Life's day is very short. Therefore we cannot afford to lose any time; we must keep busy. There are a great many people in the world who use their efforts toward self-advancement only, never thinking of their needful fellow-men. But

the optimists—and, thank God, there is such an organization in our "City Beautiful"—think less of self and more of others, ever thinking of and ever planning to relieve the needful, as has been shown by their good work at Camp Good Will. The club is a useful organization.

HARRY W. BRIMMER.
"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I;
I would not sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."
W. S. JONES.

"Here has been dawning another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Into eternity it might well return."
If we could only think of that little poem more in our daily lives how much help it would be. Is it not a great and grand thought to know that the day before us is full of a thousand opportunities, all of which belong to that day alone—that this particular day, with its joy or sadness, can never come again?

The really great people of our nation are they who can say at dusk: "To-day I have done something worth doing. I wonder how many of us can say that at the end of a day!"
CLARENCE HUNTER.

The final test of usefulness will be what benefits to your fellow-man have resulted from your life. How much better is the world as a whole by your having lived in it? God takes the responsibility for the conditions under which you work, and they are favorable for great general good if you use the means provided. So—
Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
H. C. WEEKS.

The useful life is a happy one, and to be happy we must be good. Man is, in all respects, constituted to be happy. Hence it is that he sees goodness around him in proportion to the goodness that he himself has. Yet there is little real happiness on earth because we seek it not aright; we seek it where it is not, in outward circumstances and external good, and neglect to seek it where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of the bosom.
LAURA V. ALLEN.

The useful are those who willingly adapt themselves to situations, striving heartily to fit into certain niches avoided by those shirking responsibility or work. The one who—
"Who faces issues, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches, and who always works,"
can fold his hands peacefully at eventide, feeling that he can enjoy the blessing of sleep, having striven to toil intelligently, making each moment tell.

"The deeds we do, the words we say,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last.
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet"—Kobbe.
Is this a pleasant reflection? The answer settles the question of our usefulness.
Mrs. H. R. HOLLIFIELD,
304 Hammond Court.

He must mingle with the world that desires to be useful. There is nothing useless to people of sense. Everything has its purpose, though its reason may be hidden from us. The useful life means the earnest, purposeful life. Unless what we do is useful, our glorying is vain.
Mrs. J. J. O'CONNELL.

A useful life is one who loves God and labors for human weal; conceives whatever increasing and blessed effects are to follow his most insignificant services down to the end of time.

A good example has more power to affect the heart after death. As some beautiful birds display their plumage to best advantage when they rise on the wing, so the virtues of those we love often look brightest as they take their flight heavenward.

There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed—and you may feel it at night when you rest; at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

"Go thou, and wipe away the tear which dims the widow's eye;
Be a father to the fatherless, and still the orphan's sigh;
Help thy brother in distress, with open hand and heart—
But do thou this when seen by none save Him who dwells apart.
Rejoice with those of spirit glad, upraise the drooping head,
And to the wretched let thy words bring back the hope long fed;
Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven, and for thy fellows live;
Be happy in the happiness thou canst to others give."
F. L. STRAGHAN.

The man whose heart is so enveloped in selfishness, whose ability to assist in the uplift of humanity is blinded by the lust of greed and gain, is indeed living a useless life. Optimism teaches the importance of usefulness; sacrifice and service for the betterment of the condition of others, activity in building monuments of noble deeds in the hearts of

our fellow-man, giving to the world the best we have, breathing the atmosphere of moral purity, and striving to make others happy is the most useful life that man can possibly live.

HENSON B. HICKS.
The useful life doesn't bother much in speculating about miracles; neither does it wait for the formula worked out by philosophers. Indeed, there are those living who tell us that the day of answers and set philosophies and creeds is waning. The useful life is "the call of the whole." "Blessed are they who, though they comprehend not, yet believe, and hope." God gives us the power to fill the vessel of life with fragrance, beauty, hope, sincerity, truth, and best of all, love, and what a man has lived or seen on that alone it is worth while to build. Usefulness—to get the shoulder to the wheel of our neighbor, and, by helping to lift his load, get happiness by forgetting self loads. Just one good shove at a neighbor's wheel each day will create a useful life; to learn how frowns may hurt, and smiles give courage to some faint heart, in life's great field of battle the little things we call commonplace mold and make the useful life; the struggling man who strives to reach a goal and fails, his soul pierced and he feels the sting of unjust criticism—tug at his wheel! Show him what loyal friendship means; roll his wheel up hill; jolly it along, too; laugh and be merry; it will take the ache and pain away and bring forgiveness for many unkind words and deeds.

Oh, the philosophers can give us no formula—it is God's love. And to know how to love and suffer for others as well as for ourselves; to get at the true thoughts in the heart of a friend; to get joy from the bird's song, as the organ notes in the wind in the pines; to love the stars, the sea, and the forests; the crackling wood on the home hearth, and the sparks of joy in the lover's eye; to be a-tinkler from the crib to the grave with optimism and joy; to love the soft summer breeze, and the tang of frost in the air, and never, never get "commonplace," but be in tune with the stones under foot and learn the meaning of the stars in the sky. Oh, the art, the usefulness of life is our very own. It is being compassionate and tender and loving, and tugging away at that wheel; it's owning a soul and letting that soul wear the garments of beauty—and not hemming it around with recitatives and creeds, but letting it grow and expand, and inviting humanity in to sit at its hearthstone. It is marching on after defeat—drums beating, flags flying, swords clanking; for it is only by defeat and tears that the minor cadence of life, which has its utmost depths in pain and sorrow, that we learn how to live the useful life.
ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

In thinking of to-day's topic the subtle law of association brings to my mind the oft-repeated story of the good St. Valentine, who longed to be useful and yet felt himself lacking in ability as well as in opportunity. Every brother save himself seemed to have some special gift. One was an artist; one had a wonderful singing voice; one had the healing power, and knew the virtues of roots and herbs; one was a teacher at whose feet even eminent scholars were glad to sit and learn; one ruled the little monastery with the guiding hand of a true master of men, one illuminated the gospel stories, and made them beautiful to the eye as well as the heart. Valentine, looking upon these eminent lives, deplored his own apparent uselessness. One day there came a voice, saying: "Do we little things, Oh, Valentine, for therein lies the blessing."

"What are the little things?" asked the perplexed brother, but there was no one to answer, and he went away to work in his garden plot, where his lilies and violets grew as if for very love of him and appreciation of his care and watchfulness. As the little children passed the monastery gate Valentine delighted to drop nosegays of the sweet flowers into their chubby hands. The happy village brides wore his roses to the altar. Lilies and violets filled the hands of the silent sleepers who were carried to the village cemetery.

Valentine could mend a child's broken toy and cast quaint faces on walnut shells to delight children's hearts. He knew the birthday of every child in the village, and some little gift his loving hands had made was sure to be found at the cottage door when these happy days came around. These same tender hands were ready to pick up a fallen baby or carry a water bucket for some tired mother. He made beautiful crosses of silver-gray lichens for the old people, and pressed mosses from the seashore for little gifts for those who seemed to need a special bit of attention. The children cling to his rough gray skirts, and the babies crept close to his knees and reached up for his kindly hands. Even the cats and dogs rubbed against him, and the birds fluttered close to him, unafraid. So, loving and beloved, Valentine grew old, never dreaming that he was living a great and useful life.

Indeed, the people of the countryside scarcely realized his great influence until they missed his tender ministrations. Then they remembered his sympathy and kindness and all the myriads of little ways in which he had made himself necessary to them, and they mourned for him as they had never mourned for any other.

May we not take this old, old story as a real heart message for to-day? We may not have what may seem to us

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.

great opportunities for usefulness, but we can all do the little things—do them well; do them lovingly; do them quickly, and thus embody the true spirit of usefulness.
EDITH V. BRADY.

THE OPTIMIST'S SONG.
My heart has a charitable foundation,
The world is good to me.
I like my occupation
Of doing good, you see.
ROBERT H. PIERCE.

Ho, for the useful life! The man who each day lives the life worth while is the man who thirsts after truth, righteousness, and life imperishable; who struggles for higher ideals, with a love for all that live.
His ideal mission is living on earth for the elevation of mankind and the glorifying of God.
CHARLES E. SMITH.

The useful life is not centered in self, but reaches out to help other lives that are touched by it. It endeavors to fill the places where God has put it, and to do it cheerfully.
Life is not living just for to-day! Life is not dreaming all the short way. 'Tis living for others, to lighten the load. 'Tis helping your brother and trusting in God.
Mrs. M. JEFFRIES.

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it that I grow and gain and give.
Never to look behind me for an hour.
To wait in weakness and to walk in power.
But always fronting forward and toward the light.
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen wide away,
On with what strength I have—
Back to the wa!
PAULINE L. JONES.

It is so easy for some would-be philosopher to tell other people what to do with their children. In Trinity parish hall precept is being put into practice. Little ones are gathered from the dirt and idleness of the street and taught to weave hammocks, &c. Learning to weave useful lives, and become honest American citizens.
Mrs. C. E. McLAUGHLIN.

A useful life is the only happy life. The useful are honorable. All useful work is worship, and intelligent labor the highest form of prayer.
In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen, but those who are doing the work are not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful angels. One is putting the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water, and one is at the kitchen dresser, reaching up for plates. The painter depicts every one as so busy and working with such a will that you forget that pans are pans and pots are pots, and think only of the angels and the work that seems so beautiful. I think that here is a beautiful life thought.
Mrs. F. L. BARRINGER.

A useful life is the life of lives; a panacea for many unpleasantness and blesses those around you. The greatest teacher lived a model useful life. Let it be said of you as of Him. He went about doing good. Such is possible for all, and the useful life is the one to live to make the world better by you having lived in it.
H. W. SMITH.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming.
Mrs. L. W. TRAVIS.

Each one has it within himself, if he so wills, to do that which shows he has not lived in vain.
Trag, he may not rule nations, command armies, found universities or libraries; but if he discharges to the best of his ability those duties that lie plainly before him he has lived the true, the purposeful, the useful life.
The test of merit to-day is "What has he done?" not, "Who is he?" In the final settlement, when the recording angel glances over the pages of our book of life, actions—not ancestry—are the only factors that determine our fate.
ARTHUR LENOX.

The wish to serve, the desire to add to the well-being of man, is, after all, foremost among the essential things of this life. Helping our fellowman is usefulness in the most supreme sense; it is the fulfillment of the divine command to love one another. And what is loving but serving?
E. J. NOLAN.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and spend each day in a profitable manner.
Mrs. CLARPHENIA SMITH.

A useful life is a happy one: When we cease to be useful in this great pulsating world of ours we are as nothing. From the first breath of a little child to the glistering locks of four-score and ten, we are, all of us, useful to some one. The child is most useful, as its character unfolds day by day, in calling

Every life is useful in some degree to some one. That is an unprinted motto of every real optimist—to do good, be helpful to others, and