

OPTIMISTS DEFINE "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

"Home-coming" Visitor Finds Copies of Optimist Page in a Thatched Cottage in Ireland.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

When I asked myself the question: "Who is my neighbor?" I did not hesitate for a reply. I answered like a true optimist: "Every man." My neighbor is the man or woman with whom I happen to come into daily contact. Some of them may be with me for an hour; others may only touch my hand in passing—a clasp of the hand, a word exchanged, or perhaps only an eloquent glance—that is all. We may never meet again. Others still may be my companions for years—we may dwell side by side, or we may be fellow-laborers in the world's work.

But whatever and however we may meet, every man is my neighbor in that noble sense of the word which is synonymous with optimism. He is my neighbor to help, to encourage, and to benefit to the utmost of my power.

Let us give largely of the best that is in us, that our neighbor may partake, and at the same time let us derive from him and his influence such help and encouragement as he may have to offer.

The one to whom I stretch forth the helping hand of optimism, that is my neighbor. His name is legion. He is "Every man."

BELLE C. SAUNDERS.

1603 Third street northwest.

"So many gods, so many creeds
That wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all one needs."

And the one who digests this little truth and applies it to me in the thousand and one different ways possible, "he is my neighbor"—my "high dweller." Never will he "pass by on the other side," when my all—my reputation—is being torn from me, but, having unshaken confidence, he comes openly to me and pours in that precious wine never before so needed or valued. Taking me into the sunshine of helpfulness, he places me where its kindly rays can dry the mud thrown by my slanderer, and cheerily and lightly brushing it away, makes me feel that the touch of love is the magic that restores confidence in self, and faith in fellow-man. He may not always be the "old familiar friend," but, more than often, just the Good Samaritan who happens to be passing, but, he be the one or the other, he never fails to encourage or denounce, as he sees in heart for me, for he knows that he "shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that he can show to any human being, let him do it now; let him not defer or neglect it, for he shall not pass this way again."

So, my neighbor carries at his side the "helping hand" and within his breast a heart full of hope and charity—one which beats only to serve his God and uplift his fellow-man.

Hammond Court.

Mrs. H. B. HOLLIFIELD.

One of the best pages we have ever had has been called forth by the subject "Who Is My Neighbor?" as, I am sure, you will agree. I am sorry to say that some contributions had to be left out because the response was so heavy and those who do not find their essays on the page to-day pray pardon us for lack of space. Those that remain are of high and sterling quality; informed with lofty thought and beautiful ideals, and the page should be wonderfully helpful in spreading abroad the gospel of optimism to which we are all so attached. As a matter of fact the Optimist himself is so impressed by the fine quality of the page that he will not, this week, even touch the subject himself—resting well content with the fine contributions of the members.

I got a postal card this week from one of the members of the Optimist Club, a member who has been with us for a long time. It shows a picture of the old church, Killesha, Ireland, and on the card the member writes: "The far-reaching influence of The Washington Herald, I saw yesterday in a thatched cottage several copies of the Optimist page, not sent, as might be surmised, by myself." So you may see how far the gospel of hopefulness and helpfulness is spreading.

One of our members writes to thank us for what we said commendatory of the contributions of Miss Bradt and Miss Parker, but she feels a little hurt that at the same time we did not commend the contributions of Mrs. Alice Sharpe Balch. She says "Mrs. Balch's share of Hope was exquisitely worded and I have heard dozens of persons praise her contributions, and they have all told me how much impressed they were by Mrs. Balch's writings. Allow me, Mr. Optimist, to thank most heartily for all the contributions, but especially for those of Mrs. Balch's." We thank this lady for her loyal praise of one of our most valued contributors to this page. She can not, if she would, go beyond us in praise of Mrs. Balch's work. I am sorry to record that I have a letter from Mrs. Balch informing me that she is going away for a month and during that time will be unable to contribute. She regrets this the more as she was one of the very first contributors to the page and she has never missed a week yet. She will keep us all in her heart, she says, while she is gone. We shall miss her, I am sure, but at the same time wish her goodspeed and happiness on her little journey.

Another instance of the helpfulness of the club comes from a member who writes me: "Doubtless you have missed my contributions for several weeks. I wish to state to the club that I have been very ill and have spent a little over a month in a hospital undergoing operations. Optimism has helped me much; it has kept up my spirits, and now I am spending a time in Arlington. I am a long way from well, but am looking on the bright side for a speedy recovery. Yours, for the good of the club." Isn't it fine to think how practically beneficial optimism is.

Another member writes from a far-distant city that he has been traveling from place to place and has sorely missed the Optimist page. "It seems

like an old friend, the dear, familiar page," he writes.

And you will be glad to know how one of our prizes was spent. I may not tell by whom or for whom, but one of our prize winners came to know of a poor woman, sadly in need and very difficult to help. Without any investigation—for the need was obvious—our fellow-member turned over her check for \$5 to the needy one. But not only that she has taken an interest in the poor woman's case, has interested others, and has given aid and freely of her time and sympathy. I wish I dare tell you the whole story, but I know it in confidence. It is very dear and touching and tender, and is one of those episodes that make life sweeter and amply justifies all the work and thought we have been giving to optimism and the happiness of the world. Unnamed one, I thank you for your inspiring example, not only for myself, but for all the members of the club.

The two prizes of \$5 each were awarded this week to Mrs. Belle C. Saunders, 1603 Third street northwest, and to Mrs. H. B. Hollifield, of Hammond Court.

Honorable Mention.

Our neighbor is every one whom we can help in any way. The test of our love, to God is our love to our neighbor. Our shall love thy neighbor as thyself. We may not try to make that duty cold and soulless, which has its true meaning in the central commandment, which is its living soul: "Thou shalt love." "Love is the fulfilling of the law," the only greatness is unselfish love, which finds happiness in serving others. "He that would be greatest among you," said Christ, "let him serve." All excess of our possessions means that some neighbor is in want because we have more than our share. We may say that it is not our fault. It is the fault of imperfect economic conditions and it is our duty to help change these conditions. Do we doubt one instant that it is God's will that we should honor, help, and bless all those about us who are our neighbors? "God has put into our power the happiness, comfort, and welfare of our neighbors, and the greatest thing we can do for our Heavenly Father is to be kind and helpful to his other children." We do His will when we serve His brethren. Try what we can do for our neighbors rather than what we can make them do. We will be practicing optimism. We will be practicing optimism. "Light under the bushel" is a light, but it doesn't do the bushel any good, nor any one else. We call Christ our Supreme Optimist, our Saviour, and Example; does this mean that we have made Him master and director of our lives, and are obeying His orders for our best service now and here to the lives of those about us—our neighbors? The Bible says: "If ye fulfill the royal law according to the Scripture, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' ye do well." E. E. ADKINS.

Oh, that the hearts of mankind were filled with that beautiful attribute of God, compassionate love. This is indeed the mission of true optimism, to rid the soul of greed, selfishness, of scorn, and hatred; to rid the soul of the desire to oppress the weak and unfortunate, to cripple the temple of our neighbor's honor, to poison the wells of human character. Mankind will never entertain that mutual feeling of brotherly love and sympathetic helpfulness until the soul

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Who is my neighbor? Why, 'tis he
With that bland smile of pleasant,
That greets me with a courtly air
And top o' the morning salutation.

Who is my neighbor? Why, 'tis he
Postmaster of true sympathy,
Who at the call of duty bends
To lend a hand to foe or friends.

Who is my neighbor? Why, 'tis he
That lives in being neighborly,
And never yet was known to frown
Upon a man when he was down.

Who is my neighbor? Let me see
A follower of Christ is he:
One of the noble brotherhood
Devoted to the noblest truth.

CHARLES ALBERT BREWTON.

has been purged by the fire of Christianity on the altar of universal love. The constraining influence of the sunlight of optimism causes the spirit of evil to wither and die for the want of something on which to feed, and breathes life, love, and compassion into the ebb-tide heart, creating that laudable desire to manifest the spirit of the Good Samaritan—to love our neighbor as ourselves. My abode is the great round world, my neighbor is all mankind, my sphere of helpfulness is limited only by the ends of the earth.

HANSON B. HICKS.

Any living creature to whom I may be of service, no matter in what different clime he may dwell, nor what leagues divide us, is my neighbor in that there devolves upon me the obligation to help him in whatever way I can, and I am neighbor or friend to him inasmuch as I endeavor to do the will of my Father that sent me. In our daily life it doesn't follow that to be neighborly we must be continually giving or receiving material aid, for "loan oftentimes loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry," and yet one can manifest a spirit of friendliness in the most trifling situations of life. It involves time, but it is worth while to show some interest in those about you. There is so often so much little courtesy you may render the man next to you that will go far toward making life less difficult, not only for him, but for many others. In the cars about here, there is a sign which is almost a reproach. It reads: "The seating capacity of each seat is five. Please make room for your neighbor." Yet how many of us are on the alert to give up the end seat to our neighbor instead of permitting him to stumble across our feet. Do we not smile at the stranger who within our gates or pass him by without the glance of friendly eyes? Truly every man is thy neighbor, and it behooves thee to treat him with neighborliness. As Seneca says, "We are members of one great body. Nature planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole."

M. J. MOORE.

In answering the question, "Who is my neighbor?" in a general way, it is not possible to improve on that given by the Man of Galilee nineteen hundred years ago. If taken literally, the illustration given by Him would lead us to conclude that our neighbor is he who helps us, for the Good Samaritan only is spoken of as being a neighbor, and not he who falls among the thieves; but the parable is so stated that it is impossible for one to read it without finding the implication there that the man who received was also a neighbor to him who gave. And from this we at once evolve the answer that our neighbor is he who helps us or he who needs our help.

But when we have this answer it is necessary for us to go further to know just who it is that helps us or who needs our help. Is it only he who lives near us and who has assisted us in a material way when we were ill or in trouble? Is it only he who is in poverty and whose condition excites in us a feeling of duty to assist him? These indeed are our neighbors, but there are many more. Not a day goes by that each of us is in need of help to make our lives more perfect; and there is no individual in the world in whom we may not find something of good that we may appropriate for our own use. Likewise, there is no individual, be he king or subject, rich or poor, savage or civilized, who is not in need of help such as we may render by a proper life. He may not receive assistance directly from our hand, but he will enjoy with the rest of the world whatever of good we may impart. A pebble thrown into the ocean raises its waters. Just so with our influence, be it little or great, who ever we treat into the great ocean of daily life and thought. It can help all who need it, which includes all. Each human life is our neighbor.

HARRY P. BROWN.

Optimism in all its branches has to do with the elite of life. Whosoever we treat a topic from an optimistic point of view, we must get away from the common, away from the majority, away from the mob, we must get back to primary principles and discover the hidden things. Little things that attract no attention, or the wrong kind of attention of the populace, sometimes contain the real gems of life. It is thus with the topic "Who is my neighbor?" In its ordinary sense it is so simple that a child can tell you all the neighbors by name and the address of the particulars of their lives. It is not a little or much depending on the social, moral, financial, or political standing of the individual. The meaning we shall find, however, knows no distinctions—it is the same old story to all who would learn about it, regardless of wealth, position, or social condition. Our lawyer friend unwittingly rendered mankind a great service by trying to entangle our Lord Jesus by technical questioning. The answer doubtless surprised the lawyer, and seems to have scorched and silenced him by its profound wisdom, sincerity, directness, and personal application. He found his "neighbor." The parable of the Good Samaritan does not direct us to the person next door, nor our friends and companions. It takes us along the path of unselfish service to search out the homes and hearts of our fellow-beings who are in distress; it presses us into active usefulness to those who are needing the very things we can give. We may be ever so poor and yet render invaluable service to the very richest "neighbor," and again the exact opposite may be the case. There are none but can serve and be served in the capacity of "neighbor" in its spiritual (true) sense. To succor the poor, to nurse the sick, to walk for the lame, to speak for the dumb, to see for the blind, morally, mentally, physically, or spiritually as the need may be; to nurture the orphans and widows—these are duties devolving upon those who would "love thy neighbor as thyself," for these are thy neighbors.

The needy who are nearest,
And not those who are dearest,
Are the ones the Savior meant
When this message to us He sent:
"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
Mrs. ALTA MIDDKIFF.

We are all very familiar with the common meaning of neighbor; we have experienced the joy, pleasure, and peace we receive from congenial companions chosen by the natural laws of selection. A good man finds joy, comfort, peace, and pleasure—yes, and profit—spiritual and sometimes material, from neighborliness of this kind, and there is no purpose to condemn, discredit, nor discourage this beautiful custom. Our great friend Jesus encouraged it by precept and example. But there is another meaning to "Who is my neighbor?" as it appears in the Bible and in our topic. Let us find, then, the different meaning. It is part of the great mystery ("For now

HOW LIFE LOOKS.

TO PESSIMIST.

Keep out.
Dangers.
No smoking.
Keep off the grass.
Beware of the dog.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

TO OPTIMIST.

Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.

—Life.

we see as through a glass darkly" of the plan of conversion and salvation by God's love, power, and righteousness. St. Luke illustrates the highest type of loving your neighbor as yourself thus: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."—Luke xiv:12. When we stop to think we really see how our judgment, feeling, and general conduct are affected and influenced by our friends, kinsmen, brethren, and rich neighbors. Whether we will or not the spirit of recompense of some kind, immediate and personal, will enter into this kind of neighborliness—it lacks something. "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee." (Luke xiv:13-14), for your recompense will then be from God. To give to others, and to place one's self at their disposal with absolute disinterestedness without a thought of self, without other desire or impulse than to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible

and rejoices with me in my good fortune. In this neighbor's heart is that brotherhood-of-man feeling which evidences itself in kindly words and goodly deeds. It is the human side of life, and the Christ-like so blended that its possessor, no matter where he be, is my neighbor, your neighbor, and your brother. His generous soul goes out to his fellow-man as freely as the wind that blows, and his life leaves memories sweet as perfume of the rose. "He is my brother that loves God and does His will," said the Christ. And who can answer better than He?

GEORGE P. HERNDON.

Who is my neighbor? It is he or she whom you meet constantly in your everyday life. You do not have to search through remote streets or crowded thoroughfares to find him. Your neighbor, though perhaps unrecognized by you, is always near at hand, waiting to be helped and blessed. The commandment—the first and greatest of all—is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." We are not told to consider ourselves alone in our journey through life. The thousands around us who are our neighbors are to be placed on an equal footing with ourselves; their wants, cares, anxieties, and pleasures are to be treated with exactly the same sympathetic regard that we bestow upon our own. Even in the simple matter of getting on and off street cars a certain amount of courtesy and consideration should be shown. In these days it is quite customary for a large person to place himself at the extreme end of a seat on the car, and passengers often run considerable risk in having to climb over him to find a place while he sits as immovable as a stone. And the old, and even cripples and women with little children, are forced to stand up in crowded cars when, if a little thoughtfulness were shown on the part of other passengers, or some of the old-time gallantry were displayed by the men, a place might be made for them. Are not these people our neighbors, for whose comfort and health we are responsible? Are we loving them as ourselves? And in a rough, busy crowd, when the doors of a theater are about to be opened or some other occasion when the one supreme desire is to be first upon the

THE WASHINGTON HERALD OPTIMIST CLUB.

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Street No.....
City.....
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number who are nearest and in greatest need cannot help themselves, all in the most God-like manner—this is the kind of neighborliness we are to understand and practice. The sick, the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, the orphans and widows—these are our neighbors whom we should love and serve as ourselves. "Go thou and do likewise."

The true neighbor is as the true optimist—not only one who is ready to help us when prosperity buries us, but more anxious to give the cheery word and helping hand when in distress. For as "a friend in need, a friend indeed," so may it be well applied in the named subject.

Where human happiness can be promoted, wants supplied, sorrows soothed, and burdens made light, there should be no distinction of rank. If we should endeavor to look with kindness on each other, and to view no one as a stranger, then we might truly say all mankind is my neighbor.

If I should see
A neighbor languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness,—
He could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A neighbor's load along the dusty way,
And I should choose to walk alone that day,
How could I dare
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had needed not my neighbor's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should cease to walk alone that day,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,
How could I hope to have my grief relieved?

If I kept silent when my neighbor grieved?
And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to see
The troubled neighbor who has need of me;
But if it show
The burden lightened by my sympathy,
The trouble banished by my friendly care,
Then do I hold that day most glad and fair.

"Who is my neighbor?"
The answer that the Master gave the astute lawyer who made this query of Him may be elaborated, but cannot be excelled. He was told that the priest and the Levite saw the wounded man who had been set upon by thieves, lying in the roadway near unto death, but each passed him by.

Then came the Samaritan, who bound up his wounds, took him to a place of safety, and had him cared for at his own expense.

Though a stranger, the Samaritan was his neighbor, his brother. He possessed those God-like attributes of humanity that manifested themselves in his speedy helpfulness.

My neighbor is the man or woman who sympathizes with me in my calamities

scene, what a total disregard of neighborly feeling is shown. The weak or disabled are unmercifully swept aside regardless of consequences. Are there no neighbors for us to be watchful for in the busy crowds?

And in actual times of danger, when a theater or other building is on fire, what a terrible picture is presented. The mad rush for doors and windows, the weak trampled down by the strong, little children knocked down and crushed to death while men and women are seeking their own safety. If on occasions like this presence of mind were shown, and the same regard for the safety of others as for our own were displayed, how many lives might be saved. Love your neighbors as yourselves. They are about you everywhere you go. Have a kind word of encouragement, a cheerful smile ready for them. And even by thus blessing we shall be blessed; in the same proportion that we give we shall receive. The man that would have friends must show himself friendly. Our dark days will be brighter if we have been like the silver lining in the clouds of those about us.

And in the form of our neighbor, no matter how poor and lowly, the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ is disguised, and we are admitted into heaven with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Who is my neighbor?
It is the sufferer, wherever, whoever, whatsoever he be. Wherever thou hearest the cry of distress, wherever thou seest one brought across thy path by the chances and changes of life (that is, by the providence of God), whom it is in thy power to help, stranger or enemy though he be, he is thy neighbor.

Count that day worse than wasted,
As we sit in the evening glow,
If the spaces in our Book of Life,
But snow-white pages show
No kindly deed, no cheering word,
No flattering hand held fast,
Till the weary strife of a tired life
Is anchored safe at last.

Who is my neighbor?
Any one that I can help; any one that needs my assistance. It is the one whose hand joins ours; then even China is our neighbor; then every man that lives on the globe is our neighbor, though he is not always agreeable. The spirit and teachings of Jesus is the true model, and He is our neighbor. We are neighbors if we are ready to lift up and relieve the distressed and never look lightly upon the trouble of another and practice the greatest rule of all rules, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Who are my neighbors? Those who stand on the threshold of my life and need my love and encouragement. The little child who runs to me for comfort; the man who trusts me with his confidence; who makes me bow my head in gratitude when he says, "You give me courage." The women who bear their crosses bravely and look to me for the sunlit face of hope; the hungry one at my door; the horse in my stable; the dog that greets me with joyous bark; the canary singing its little throat dry for my pleasure; the flowers in my garden that respond to my care; the trees that give me shelter from heat and storm; the stars that shine into the shadows of my

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

My neighbor is that Godlike friend
Who poses as his risen Lord,
Whose soul is filled with doing good,
And all his acts with right accord.
He stands the best beside the way
And takes them to his home to rest;
Of all the things he has in store,
He freely shares with them the best.

To human deeds his nature turns
And brightens up life's rugged way;
While, one and all, with whom he meets,
He gladly helps from day to day.
No life escapes his vision keen,
For all he sees is good in man;
With vigil eye he guards life's way
And aids each pilgrim all he can.

Impartial in a righteous cause,
That Holy One of old he serves,
And then, with strong devotion, gives
Of what he has as best deserves.
Yes; whether king, or potentate,
Or prodigal, gone far to roam;
That neighbor is that friend to man,
Just like his Lord, who'll take him home.

VICTOR P. HAMMER.

life; the sun that brings joy to my soul; the cricket chirping on my hearth; the faithful old clock ticking in the hall. Who are my neighbors? My friends whose hearts send out the increase of love for me; those that can touch with consolation and bring ineffable peace; those to whom I can give the fire of strength and a bit of heavenly balm and the tender light of love. My neighbors? Where I am welcomed with bright eyes and rapturous hearts, and yet see hands reaching out to me through the mist of sorrow; whose fingers are on my heart-strings; who left the lifebearing of my soul and pause out of the restless fever of life to rest with me in the sunny silences of life's afternoon; whose heartaches are forgotten and the "love that passeth all understanding" shines upon lighted faces.

Who is my neighbor?
He who shares with me in kindly thoughts, lends a helping hand in time of need, cheers me with comforting words when bowed down with grief and distress. He is my neighbor.

Then let us not, as children, think that our neighbor must necessarily live within one or two squares of us. No, no; we can have a stanch neighbor even across the waters. One writer says: "Absence makes hearts grow fonder." I find this little verse very fitting on the subject, so I will mention it here:

"Help us to help each other, Lord;
Each other's cross to bear."
And each a friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care."

Stanch neighbors, I think, are intuitive. They feel each other's cares and distresses, and are never ready to administer as they see fit. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, with all thy strength, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself," says the Good Book ABIGAIL THOMPSON ROWE.

Who is my neighbor? Why, everybody. We can be just as much a missionary to our neighbor next door as we can to the heathen in foreign lands. When we begin to realize that our neighbor's trouble is our trouble, his misfortunes ours; that we are all children of the one Father, and that what injures a part injures the whole. When we begin to realize that, we are not far from the kingdom of heaven.

Who is my neighbor? Neighbor is defined as "near one, friend, companion," but "The Man of Galilee" spake the following concerning "neighbor": "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite when he was in the place came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed he took out two pence, and gave them to the host and said unto him: 'Take care of him, and whatever thou spendest more, when I return, I will repay thee.' Which now of these three thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him who fell among thieves? And he (a certain lawyer) said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.—Luke, x:30-37.

A man's neighbor is one whose abundant affection affords readily ample care in needy seasons of dire or sudden vicissitudes, and proves a friend in need's times, veritably!

A man's mercy-near neighbors never tire, and can easily forgive seventy-seven times, and help him over obstacles patiently seventy-seven times, until at last rescued, saved, veritably!

As "it is more blessed to give than to receive," so the neighbors who give receive the greater blessings of the two. Therefore, the giving neighbor has more cause to be grateful than the one who receives, since the giver receives the greater blessings in the opportune privilege which the receiver affords in being an instrument of these blessings to the giver when he permits himself to receive the precious boon of optimism—real, saving sympathy. For it is not every man who will as much as receive this boon of optimism—real, saving sympathy.

Thus we, as givers of optimism's treasures, are the ones who should be indeed very grateful for the blessed opening to the bestowing of such treasure.

To the optimist every one is his neighbor who comes within the sphere of his action or his influence. No formal introduction is necessary.

The old saying, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," comes home

Continued on Page 6, Column 1.

MY NEIGHBOR.

Who is my neighbor? Every one on earth
Who comes within the radius of a smile,
A word, a touch, a helping hand of mine,
Or any little kindly deed, the while
We pass along the way.

The way that God has given me to go
Is trod by many a traveler; day by day
All are my "brothers," whether high or low,
For do we not "Our Father" daily pray,
For guidance on the road?

M. F. CASE.

207 New Jersey avenue northwest.