

## IS IT SUCCESS?

Is it success to climb to eminence  
Upon the ruins of another's hopes;  
To gain the topping height at the  
expense

Of one condemned to slave on lower  
slopes—

Is it success?

Is it success to lose in wealth's pursuit  
The consciousness of right and self-  
respect,

Nor care, so gold becomes our labor's  
fruit,

How many noble principles are wrecked  
Is it success?

Is it success before the world to bear  
A banner that is seeming free from spots  
And simultaneous in the bosom wear  
A heart made hideous by secret blots—

Is it success?

## ONE LITTLE HELP

By Walt Mason.

I buy the helpful magazine, and  
read it by the evening lamp, and then  
attach a stamp that's green, a little  
sticky one-cent stamp. I hand it to  
a postal clerk, and to some soldier it  
will go, and maybe cheer the hours  
that irk, and hearten him to face the

foe. And thus, in divers little ways,  
we all can help the soldier lads, who'll  
spend their ardent, toilsome days far,  
far from home, in foreign grad. "Here  
is a magazine from home," a soldier  
cries, and wipes a tear: "some fellow  
with a thoughtful dome, in God's own  
country, sent it here." My aunt,  
whenever she has a chance, does Red  
Cross sewing with a bunch of kindly  
dames who used to prance to bridge,  
whist game, pink tea or lunch. The  
hands that used to flash the cards now  
ply the needle fro and to, and reel off  
linen, yards and yards, which is a good-  
ly thing to do. We all can help, if  
we'll but try, if not in large ways,  
then in small, and comfort soldier  
boys who sigh where surgeons walk  
the whitewashed hall.

## THE HINT THAT FAILED.

Caller (waiting for an invitation)—  
"Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you  
from your dinner."

Hostess—"No, no; but I fear that  
we are keeping you from yours."—  
Boston Transcript.

Assistant—"Are those gloves for  
your wife, sir, or do you wish some-  
thing of better quality?"

