

MYSELF

I have to live with myself and me—
I want to be able to myself to know,
Always to look myself straight in
I don't want to stand with setting sun,
And have myself for the things I've
But I want to go out with my head held,
I want to deserve all men's respect,
And live in this struggle for fame and
pef.
I don't want to be like myself—
I don't want to stand with the setting
sun.
That I am bluster, bluff and empty
I never can hid myself from me;
I see what others may never see—
I never can fool myself and no,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.—
—Theo.



JOHN JANINING'S DRIFMON

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of giving; if other folks,
Why what's the use of living?"

There Brown, the inimitable singer,
had come to aicular would prove, that
A cent towards buyin' a dinner!

I tell you our minister's paper, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Cousin Eddie, he said, was the mistake.
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sat and
genuinely.

At every word he was sayin':

And the minister he went on to say,
There's various kinds of chasin';
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to have a good time.

I don't much think of the man that gives
The loud Amen at my preachin'

In chasin' and overchasin'.

I guess that dose was bitter:
For a man like Jones is a swaller;

But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Nor even at the holler.

Harris says, "for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—

It's some more of this open talk;
It's a freshie did."

The minister hit it every time;
And when he spoke of fastin'
And a-riggin' out in boughs and things,
A man's rulin' passion,

And a-lookin' at the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'

And a-nudgin' my wife, and says, "That's

And I guess it set her thinkin'.

Gave I to myself, that sermon's pat

But man is a queer creation;

And I'm much afraid that most o' the

Wouldn't take the application.

Now, if he had said a word about

Personal makin' o' them;

I'd have gone to work to tell myself,

And not sat there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellas

Who've got their bibles up in their

Friars."

As a sort o' moral umbrellas.

Go home," says he, "and find your faults.

Individually, we're all to blame,

To do home," he says, "and wear the coats

You tried to fit the others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he

winked.

Another was lots o' millin'

And lots o' lookin' at our pew;

It took my blood a hollin'.

Says I to myself, our minister

Is a little bit of a hollin'.

I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I

Aint at all that kind of critter."

Huber's Magazine.

PAYING THE PREACHER'S SALARY

A few old cronies were together
The idea of giving money and naturally we got
to talking of old times and naturally we got
to talking of the preacher. We talked of the
method of giving, the early days of meeting
the details of his salary, the old parties and
parties, surprise parties and other plans
then in vogue, when an old chap who
had spent his boyhood in the state of
Massachusetts, told us that he could
tell us a story about the old man which
beats any of your plans." We

all said, "go ahead," and here's his
piece o' salary you want to hear.

Everyone knew that Rev. George

Witham, who was called Elder Witham,
in our church, was a good man, but
he wasn't popular, and that his

sermons were sound in doctrine, yet
people liked him. He was austere and
uncompromising. He came down terribly
hard on the young people, and as nearly
everybody else something in his old
ocation, as the years passed, to reprove
almost everyone who attended church at
the old chapel. Moreover, he seldom
spoke to anyone, and those who
were perhaps entitled to courtesy, but
they got little of that from the elder.

As a consequence his salary, which was

always small, was apt to be painfully

in arrears, no one seemed to be able
much to help make it up. As the season
advanced and cold weather came on,
it was a common fact that the good
man and his elder son, Arthur, who lived
with him—were at times in actual
want for the bare necessities of life.

This was the case one November. More
than half the year the entire year
remained unpaid, and in desperation he
pointed and well-nigh pathetic appeal
for it from the pulpit one Sunday some
way back after the service, suggested
that a grab-bag be resorted to as a de-
vice to raise the necessary funds.

It had been proposed as a joke, but
the idea appeared to find favor, especially
among the younger people, my cousin

Addison in particular, who just at that

time was not on the very best of terms
with the elder. I imagine Addison sus-
pected that the grab-bag would be dis-
astrous to the minister, and he was right.
such indeed was the case. When the
project was first mentioned in his hearing
he voted it instantly, declaring that
he was in full agreement, and added that
he wanted nothing but a raffle, lottery or
other game of chance.

Nevertheless Addison continued to pro-
pose the scheme and to collect "prizes"

for the grab-bag. Others assented, de-
claring that it was a good idea.

There was opposition, however, on the part of
many church members, who disliked the
idea of raffling and chance "grubbing".

The project therefore was deferred.

the name from grab-bag to debt-buster.

They also resolved to speak of prizes and
called themselves "priests" and they decided to
have no lottery, but to provide a gift,
and every patron, though very trifling, for each and
every offering was fully induced to con-
tribute to the collection, and the project
proceeded. But the minister and the church
arts refused to have the entertainment
at the meeting-house; it took place at
the Old Inn, the Old Inn's director
though the Old Inn's director
himself, declined to be present.

As the week passed, the original plan
of having a musical and expanded
gifts were modified, and the project
was turned into a hunt. One was con-
cerned that had come to be nuisance
at the Wild Barn. Addison bought it
and started raising. Once he gave him a
white-faced puppy. A woman, a
superbifur, but pretty mottled cat
that she shrank from having killed
her, took everything that was offered.
He also paid to dig out a very
young white calf that could be adopted
for veal, and five dollars for
a full runt of a yearling colt with a
tail but no ears. A hen, a bushel of
Darnley had concluded was not worth
wintering. He bought two old roosters
and a small gender and got a little black
pig, a few farm animals.

There was, moreover, a multiplicity of
unnecessary articles. One woman gave a
wheel for spinning flax. There were two
old blue armchairs, an antiquated
old hat and an old pair of
scissors, a trunk, a fine hen, a
spare rib of pork, a bushel of pota-
toes, a half full of butter, a Con-
federate helmet, a chair, a framed picture of George Washington,
an ancient crock, an accordion,
and so on. Addison took anything that
he could get, and to do it for fun or
could be advertised on the fifty great
yellow posters that he had printed at
the village newspaper office. The posters
stated that the gifts to the estimators
of the value of the collection would
be handed out to patrons; but it was
stated that who had estimated the value
of one gift must have a hundred attacks of chewing
gum and a hundred pieces of
candy were bought, with which to pad
out the list of seven hundred "grab-
bags" while it was decided to offer
the public a twenty cent admission
to the opening of the schoolroom where
Addison and the other promoters of
the project thought it best to preserve
the original idea of a grab-bag, but to
keep it at the door, and to let
the door tag numbered from one up to
several hundred, all shaken up together
in a bag. The bag of tags was to
hang in front of the door, and a
convenient list of numbers, with the names
of the gifts opposite them, were to be
rapped around the door where the door
was to the schoolroom. Addison
closed off the gifts to which the grabbers
had grabbed, and the door was
locked, and the door was also com-
peted to sit at the door with him to take
his money and make change.

Saturday evening, the second of
December, was selected as the date for the
grand event. Coming in the day the gifts
were collected at the schoolroom, though
the "live stock" was not brought there
until the afternoon. Addison and
other helpers labored about two days
previously, putting up the "debt-litter"
throughout the town and two adjoining
towns. There was good sleighing at
the time, and the collection was nearly
as great as was expected.
Sleighing slowly to its utmost capacity,
it seemed to lack it for a moment for late
comers to crowd in. Nevertheless,
the sled at one end of the schoolhouse
the gander was heard scuffling, the puppy
whining loudly, and there was an
occasional "baa" from the old goat.

Addison made a speech. "Good
friends," he said, "this isn't a lottery.
This is a gift for the person who pays
the price, and every person who pays
the price gets one. One thing
is bound to happen."

Adding the gifts here to-night
there is bound to be a lot of chattering
and to hear their plaintive voices out there in
the dark.

It is earnestly requested that the
winners of these living gifts will take
them to the "giver" this very night and not leave
cold shod.

Be kind to these humble
creatures that are about to be yours."

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".

At ten o'clock the list showed
that only thirty gifts remained ungrab-
bed in the bag. But that time a
good many people had come in and
the proceeds going to the minister
of the day.

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".

At ten o'clock the list showed
that only thirty gifts remained ungrab-
bed in the bag. But that time a
good many people had come in and
the proceeds going to the minister
of the day.

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".

At ten o'clock the list showed
that only thirty gifts remained ungrab-
bed in the bag. But that time a
good many people had come in and
the proceeds going to the minister
of the day.

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".

At ten o'clock the list showed
that only thirty gifts remained ungrab-
bed in the bag. But that time a
good many people had come in and
the proceeds going to the minister
of the day.

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".

At ten o'clock the list showed
that only thirty gifts remained ungrab-
bed in the bag. But that time a
good many people had come in and
the proceeds going to the minister
of the day.

Thus the "grab-bag" was braked, so
that for a time there was hope that all
could do to make change, while Addison
sang-song the gifts and the name of
the gift with humorous comments.

The gift remaining in the own twenty
cents a stick of candy, number
130; Cousin Hale drew the old
half-dollars and at once put it on.
There was a show when Elsie Wilbur
drew the last stick of candy, and
she was to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our
young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the
white-faced puppy. Some who paid for
two gifts were given three—and were
boldly rallied by the "giver". And
Sarah March drew the mottled pet cat.
"Oh land!" she cried. "We've got four
cats in one place now."

Thus the project on for an hour
or more, till about six hundred gifts
were made and most of the substantial
ones were bestowed. After that the grab-
bag was little used in spite of the
verbal stimulation of the "giver".