SINCE WE GOT 'LECTRIC LIGHTS.

Our farm's a mile from anywhere an'
Sometimes we'd go all day
'Thout seein' any neighbors come
A-trampin' out our way!
But now—why, folks from all
aroun'
Come droppin' in o' nights—
They want to see how our house
looks
Since we got 'lectric lights!

'Twas lots o' trouble fillin' lamps
With kerosene, yer know!
For first, ye'd hev to trim th' wick
An' next, ye'd put th' chimbley on,
An' strike a match;—but gee!
Now we jus' press a button an'
It's light as light can be!

An' ma don't need her specs at all
For sewin',—ain't that swell?
An' pa can read th' "County News"
'Thout swearin' 'bout th' smell!
An' sis, she's got so many beaus
A-hangin' round her nights,
She gits hysterics!—Huh! They come
To see th' 'lectric lights!

EVENTUALLY.

My pretty Pansy Perthamboy
Thinks she's so very y-y-y-y,
For she's so very versatile
With both her deep, dark i-i-i-i.

She lets them wander far a-field;
They rove aaround like b-b-b-b;
They keep me guessing constantly,
And do it with such e-e-e-e.

But let my Pansy keep it up!
And let my Pansy t-t-t-t!
For some day I shall lose my head,
Then I'll my Pansy c-c-c-c!

WRONG SIDE.

A lady returning home from an eight-year sojourn in Euroope, decided to revisit her childhood home to see her married brother who still lived there. She was met at the door by a small boy whom she rightly presumed to be her nephew.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am your aunt on your father's side," she explained.

"Well, you can come in," he said, "but if there's a row, you'll find you're on the wrong side!"

GETTING PRACTICE.

Jack—Why did they kick that medical student out of the library?

Tom—They caught him trying to remove the appendix from a book he was reading.

PLENTY OF KNOWLEDGE AT HOME.

American—I suppose your son's thirst after knowledge led him to travael in Europe this winter?

Second American—No; merely his thirst.

LEFT AT THE POST.

"I hear you and your wife had some words last night."

"We did, but I never got around to using mine."

IT DEPENDS.

Mooney—Brace up, man! Troth, ye luk as if fye didn'a hov a fri'nd in th' whole wur'rld.

Hogan—Oi hovn't.

Mooney— G'wan. If fit ain't money ye want to borry Oi'm as good a fri'nd as iver ye had.

HARD HEADED.

A bricklayer was laying bricks on the third story of an unfinished house, and unfortunately dropped a brick on the head of a colored man who was mixing mortar below.

The bricklayer, his heart in his mouth, craned over the parapet. He thought he had killed the poor colored man; but the latter looked up at him with a good-natured and forgiving grin.

"Hey, what you doin' up there, white man,?" he shouted; "you made mah bite my tongue."

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

"You don't call me cutie any more."

"No, girlie, that word is too reminiscent of life in the trenches," he replied.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

"I can't keep visitors from coming up," said William Winkle, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they won't believe me. They all say they must see you."

"Well, put them off somehow," said the editor with a worried look. "Whatever they say to you just tell them; 'That's what they all say.' Be firm, see?"

"Yes, sir."

That afternoon a lady called. She had hard features and an acid expression, and she demanded to see the editor at once.

"Impossible," said William.

"But I'm his wife," persisted the lady.

"That's what they all say," said the boy.

THE ONLY LACK.

Mother—Well, Nellie, is your doll kitchen completely furnished now?

Nellie—No, mama, I still need a policeman for the cook.

TOO LATE THEN.

"All through my trial you kept saying, 'Your Honor, I object,' snarled the convicted crook.

"So I did, so I did," replied his lawyer, soothingly.

"When the judge sent me up for 10 years, why in Sam Hill didn't you object to that?"

HOW IT WORKED.

Edith—Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fond[illegible] Yes, indeed! Since Bob [illegible] learned to love Jack

THE BUSINESS MAN THAT BECAME A BISHOP.

theological seminaries? That's a live subject worth looking into; even by the modernists themselves.

Well, anyway, James Edward Freeman, without a restrictive formula, began to preach. Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York, had taken him under his wing. About the best thing that Bishop Potter ever said to young Freeman, promotive of finish and precision, was this:

"You have a dangerous gift; I mean your fluency of speech. You can use it for wellbeing or injury of the world. I advise you, therefore, to write all of your sermons during the first three years of your ministry."

Did you follow Bishop Potter's advice?" I asked Bishop Freeman.

"Yes," he replied, "but I was greatly restrained."

If there had been no Potter in the bishopric, there would have been no Freeman in the priesthood. The relation of patron and protege makes a story that ought to be told over and over again—of a life unshaped but suddenly set apart in mystery and romance and turned to the service of mankind and the glory of heaven.

It is possible that, had Jam[illegible] Edward Freeman been born w[illegible] an unprepossessing face a[illegible] piping voice, he never w[illegible] have received or heard a[illegible] mons to the pulpit. Thom[illegible] ferson's thin, unpleasing [illegible] caused him to turn aw[illegible] oratory in disappointmen[illegible] self-expression in wri[illegible] became the author of [illegible] ican Revolution, as [illegible] became its soldier a[illegible] Morris its financi[illegible] young Freeman's vo[illegible] use of it, in and out o[illegible] that brought him to [illegible] enterprising notice [illegible] Codman Potter. H[illegible] to the Bishop's offic[illegible]

"What," the Bish[illegible] your aim in life?"

"I am a railroad [illegible] Edward Freeman [illegible] what puzzled at [illegible] question, but more [illegible] he should have been [illegible]

At the time, bea[illegible] James Edward F[illegible] twenty-four years ol[illegible] cently married. He [illegible] public schools of N[illegible] which city he was b[illegible] 24, 1866, and gone t[illegible] clerk in the legal de[illegible] the Long Island Ra[illegible] to change later and [illegible] employment of the [illegible] Central and Hudson [illegible] road as an accountant [illegible] one promotion after and [illegible] felt, therefore, like [illegible] man. Moreover, he told [illegible] Potter, he was not prepa[illegible] cationally to study for [illegible] istry.

"I think you will make [illegible] take if you decide to ren[illegible] the railroad business," [illegible] Potter said. "As to your [illegible] cal and theological trainin[illegible] the ministry, I'll take y[illegible] hand myself."

Young Freeman, however, [illegible] unconvinced. He left the Bis[illegible] and returned to the work of [illegible] desk. Eight months later he called on the Bishop again. "I am here to say," he told the Bishop, "that I desire to accept your kind suggestion made to me some time ago."

"I thought you would," the Bishop quietly replied.

Why did Bishop Potter think so? Let every reader of these lines, fatalist or believer in the guardianship of the Almighty, answer the question by the light of his philosophy or in the sincerity of his faith. But apart from the speculative and supernatural phases of the matter, it is well to have it understood that Henry Codman Potter was a practical as well as a spiritual thinker and leader. He said, for instance, that every clergyman should spend at least five years in business—should know the daily pitfalls and tribulations of human nature in its relations and situations before he undertook to guide, admonish and instruct it.

During two generations, at least, there were a considerable number of energetic and sagacious Potters who were successful men of affairs. Four of them, and perhaps more, were clergymen. Alonzo Potter, father of Henry Codman, built thirty-five churches in Philadelphia during the twenty years of his episcopate and so well worked out were all of his plans that men of wealth were glad to give him their help and money. He is said to have had a genius for management.

Horatio Potter, uncle of Henry Codman, who succeeded him as bishop of New York, was another wise and tactful man of business. Henry Codman Potter told his protege, James Edward Freeman, that his father, estimating his talents, or regretting his lack of them, put him to work as a clerk in a wholesale grocery store of Philadelphia. But the young man took the course at a theological seminary in Virginia and became a priest in the [illegible]

From St. John's he went, as rector, to St. Andrew's, also at Yonkers, where he remained for sixteen years.

St. Andrew's flourished under his hand—in membership and the value of its property. With money given him by a manufacturer of carpets—$275,000—he built a club house for working men. He acted as an umpire in disputes between capital and labor and made friends of such Americans as Theodore Roosevelt, police commissioner of New York; John Mitchell, head of the coal miners' union, and Jacob Riis, social worker and author of several books on social subjects.

Then came a call from St. Mark's Church in Minneapolis. James Edward Freeman was forty-three years of age.

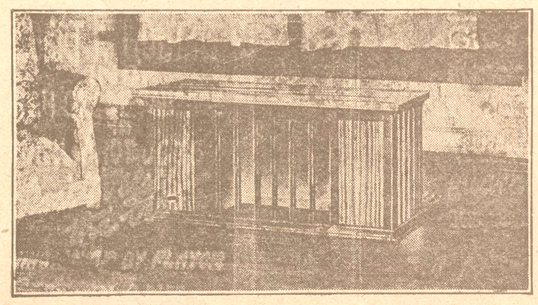
"You'll not be happy," J. Pierpont Morgan told him, "in a town of 300,000 inhabitants. New York is where you belong. You will stay, I predict, no more than six months in Minneapolis." Instead, he remained for eleven years.

In the great Northwest, among robust and driving Americans, Bishop Freeman seemed to find his natural element. Once again a man of wealth, under the inspiration of the old rector of St. Andrew's and the rector of St. [illegible] a building in [illegible] workingmen's [illegible] heaven, Bishop [illegible] a broad high[illegible] row path. He [illegible] with anyone [illegible] or who over[illegible] Ireland, the [illegible] became his [illegible] He joined or[illegible] ess men, the [illegible] Traffic Club, [illegible] he left Min[illegible] Washington [illegible] State took [illegible] ght address [illegible] ve them a [illegible]

[illegible] shing dist[illegible] ty of New [illegible] s Jerome [illegible] eman if a [illegible] and yet [illegible] "Yes," [illegible] "but a [illegible] he learned [illegible] and punctuality in the performance of his tasks and the value of time. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance and won the respect of the officers to whom he was subordinated. Likewise he had been a member of a political committee and had made stump speeches for Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton during the national campaign of 1888.

Such, then, was the handsome and youthful assistant at St. John's in Yonkers. He was ordained a priest in 1895—taking vows that he has remembered and kept through all the days since.

BETTER HEATING FOR YOUR HOME



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WHO GETS THE CONSUMER'S DOLLAR?

Bill Ross, a Baltimore county farmer, gets 2½ cents for a quart of berries, and Clyde Barry in Phillipsburg, N. J., not two hundred miles away, has to pay 20 cents for those berries. It is interesting to calculate what proportion of the consumer's dollar this particular farmer received. It may be stimulating to sluggish minds to try to determine what proportion of the consumer's dollar dropped into the waiting palms along the route the berries followed from the time they passed out of the farmer's possession until they rested in the market basket of the Phillipsburg householder.

To keep the record straight, the farmer received $1.85 per crate; for the berries and they were right nice Heflins at that. But you must deduct the cost of picking and the crates. Don't bother about the small matter of labor in the patch for a year or packing or hauling; that's merely health-giving exercise.

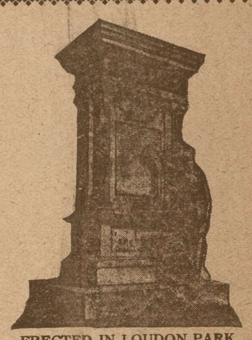
Of course, we know the low price he received was due to the rain and the bumper crop and the price the ultimate consumer paid was also due to the rain which made the crop short and there you have it as simple as the law of supply and demand.

However, we would like to know what particular service was rendered by the palms which passed along the berries, that reuired the payment of 17½ cents to do the job. Allowing as a minimum four people, the buyer, the transportation company, wholesaler and the retailer, doesn't it seem as if the man who produced that quart of berries ought to get at least as much as any one of the four? That's a question the farmer will have to answer for himself.

Baltimore county is a wonderful county. We know that's so because we say of ourselves and the U. S. Department of Agriculture tells the world that we're one of the richest counties in the U. S. And the figures for crops marketed run into the millions, so we throw out our chest and then feel around in our pants pocket in search for a stray dime for a plug of tobacco.

It is possible, that if we were a mite less generous we could pay up some of our old taxes and save our business men from worrying how they will meet their bills.

Baltimore county is a most progressive and generous county. We know that's so because we keep on repeating it on holiday occasions and in between, and the school essays are chock full of it and, as disdain of worldly wealth is a sure sign of it, we pay people 17½ cents for being kind enough to take care of a quart of berries for us, and merely retain 2½ cents for ourselves for growing the quart.



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