

### Miss Finser's Disappointment

five wink, and then received the thanks of Miss Finser, who remained at the door during the time the booth was opened.

All the men gathered together in the store that evening about 8 o'clock to hear the result, though there was no interest taken in any contest but that of woman suffrage.

After a short wait, the clerk of the polling booth, who was the storekeeper himself, began to read the results. When he came to the question, "Shall women be allowed to vote?" every one listened intently: "Yes, 1; no, 34."

For a few moments there were astonishment and surprise at the one-sided vote, then a grin appeared on a few of the faces present; that grin was contagious all right; it spread, and spread rapidly, winding up in a minute or two in a loud roar of hearty laughter, while the storekeeper hurriedly fastened the door before any of the would-be female voters should hear the racket.

When the laughter had subsided a little, some one hoaxed out, "Who's the one?" At least 20 voices answered "I am?" and then there was another roar of laughter.

None of us seemed very anxious to find out who the one was; if we were positive about that we would be positive about the 34.

While everyone was joking, smoking and drinking, a sharp rap was heard at the door; some one near unbarred it, and, heavens above! who should walk in, close the door and stand with her back to it, but Miss Finser herself.

We all shrunk as her piercing glance seemed to go clean through us.

"What's the result?" Her sharp voice cleared the smoke out of the room. Nobody seemed anxious to tell. She turned to the storekeeper.

"What is the result?"

"One for; 34 against."

Then turning to the company she eyed us all over with supreme contempt. I was wishing I was home. She spoke; no one else could.

"The poor women of this village have my dear sympathy; only one man in it. Those thirty-four are the most contemptible and small creatures I have ever heard tell of or met."

With a disdainful look she went out and Bill Sutton got up from behind the 'margarine counter.

"I wish all you fellows could come home with me to-night and share what I am going to get," he said, "but never mind, I'm that one, noble voter, all right."

"We all went home, and I guess all acted somewhat similar to the way I did when we got there."

"Well," said my wife, "did we win?"

"Marla, I'm disgusted; the men in this village are a contemptible and small set of creatures; after all the work that was done to win, the vote was 34 to 1 against 'ou."

She stared at me in great surprise.

"John, were you that one?"

Gathering all the dignity and looking as stern as I could with the aid of the hard cider that was in me, I looked her right in the eyes, saying: "Marla, during all the time you have known me did you ever know me to deceive you?"

"Well, no, John."

"Then don't ask me that question again; it hurt my feelings, and you should know how I voted."

The next evening was the M. W. I. Society's weekly meeting night, and I, for one, would like to have had the privilege of being present. All the voters were curious to know what would happen.

We were wearing the same mysterious smile when we met, that is worn by third degree members of secret societies. My wife got ready to go to the meeting, saying to me as she went out:

"I don't care much about the voting part, John, but I am well satisfied that you did all you could."

After she had gone I had another fit of laughing like the one we had in the store when we first heard the result. Before I had fairly recovered, Pete Barrows put his head in at the doorway, saying:

"I thought I'd look in, as I was passing by and let you see the only man in the village."

We roared. He closed the door and went.

In about one hour my wife returned and it needed only one glance at her to see that something had happened. Taking off her hat and coat she threw them to one side and sat down, all flushed and excited.

"I will never have any connection with any women's society again. I will make my society right here, at home."

"What was the matter, Marla?" I asked, really and truly interested.

"What is the matter?" she repeated; "they are a conceited crowd, Miss Finser included. She is going to leave Farnum to-morrow for good, and I am not sorry."

"Neither am I," was my thought.

"But what happened?" I asked.

"The majority of them are quarreling yet."

"There is only one honest man in the village and they are all married to him."

It seems from what Marla told me after she had recovered her composure, that there was a full attendance of the members at the meeting, which opened, as usual, with prayer. Then President Finser opened in great shape on the men of the village.

"We have in this village the most narrow-minded and untruthful set of men I have ever met or heard of. I spoke to each and every voter before election and each and every voter assured me that he would vote for us. Some of them were so anxious to tell me so, that before I could say

more than a few words to them they said:

"All right, Miss Finser, we know what you want, you can depend on us, and see the result! A cowardly lot, and pity you poor women who are married to them. The one man who voted for us must be, and is, a gentleman, whoever he is."

None of the members objected to this tirade, for the simple reason that each one thought she was married to the lone voter, but little Joe Bliss' big wife, the next speaker, spoiled the whole thing. She was beginning to pride herself upon being a fluent talker; she practiced considerable on Joe. She said:

"I quite agree with our president in her remarks on the mean and cowardly action of the men; at the same time, I sympathize with my sisters here, married to such a crew, but I think if they had paid as much attention to their husbands on the voting question as I paid to mine, my Joe's would not have been the only vote we received."

Whew, that started the trouble. Everybody was on her feet.

"Miss President," "Miss President," "Miss Finser." All wanted recognition. Mrs. Barrows got the floor.

"Did I understand Mrs. Bliss to say that it was her husband who cast the single vote?"

"That is just what I said, and meant, dear," answered Mrs. Bliss.

"Well, you will kindly allow me to say, and mean, too, that that vote belongs to Peter Barrows and no other."

"I think Miss Finser correctly described your husband and the rest of the crowd," said Mrs. Bliss, sweetly.

This sent Mrs. Barrows after the poor president.

"Were you alluding to my husband when you were speaking of cowardice and untruthfulness?"

"I was alluding to all who promised me to vote for woman suffrage and then failed to do so," replied Miss Finser.

"Well, I want you to know that what Peter Barrows promises he always fulfills."

By this time all the members were in groups. All knew who gave that vote; it was very easy to get into the argument; each one was against every other one in the room.

In vain the president called for order; she was told to shut up or she would be put out. She gazed up at the crowd of angry, arguing women for a few minutes, then quietly put on her hat and coat and walked in a stately manner toward the door.

When she got there she turned round; there was a moment's quiet, and she spoke.

"I see that I have wasted my time in this village. I will leave here to-morrow, but before I go, I will say this, I think the women in this room are better off without any franchise."

The meeting did not close with prayer; it was forgotten, and all left for home shortly after the president, keeping up the argument as long as there were any two together.—ST. PEEL.

**The Disappearing Horse.**

We sometimes speak of the disappearing horse as if he were a white rhinoceros or a purple cow, or even a dodo—a memory of the Never-Never Land. "Nothing but motor cars now," you can hear the people say. And yet it would puzzle a statistician to tell how many vehicles are horse drawn and how many motor-propelled on the average public road.

A paper in the Engineering News gives the count.

Seven typical highways in Rhode Island are chosen. On all but two of the seven roads there is a large excess of motor vehicles over horse-drawn vehicles. Over the 7 roads in 8 hours, 1,262 motor vehicles and 695 horse-drawn vehicles passed. The touring cars of four to seven seats each were 548 in number. "Nearly all the horse-drawn vehicles were of light weight, and most of them had rubber tires."

The paper concludes by pointing out "the improbability of being able to effectually control the speed of motor cars, especially in isolated districts, except by an extensive organization of state police."—Collier's.

**Blowing Up a Whale.**

"Then began the work of bringing the whale to the surface and blowing it up so that it would float. Taking a hitch about a convenient post, the rope was slacked and run through a pulley block at the mchstead to relieve the strain of raising the great body. The winch was set in motion, and for fifteen minutes nothing was heard save the monotonous grind as fathom after fathom of line was wound in. When the body was brought alongside the lobes of the flukes were cut off and lifted to the deck. Then a long coil of small rubber hose, one end of which was attached to a pump and the other to a hollow-spear-pointed tube of steel with perforations along its entire length, was brought into play. The spear was jabbed well down into the whale's side, the air pump was started, and the body was slowly filled with air. When inflated sufficiently to keep it afloat the tube was withdrawn, the incision was plugged with oakum and the chains cast off. A buoy with a flag was then attached to the carcass, and the whole set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting."

**Convenience in Germany.**

A purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.

**Power of Environment.**

It is a true proverb that if you live with a lame man you will learn to halt.—Plutarch.

### SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAIVSON  
Rutland, Vt.

#### CALL OF DUTY.

International Bible Lesson for  
Sept. 12, '09—(Acts 21: 1-17).



One of the most remarkable exhibitions of grace ever shown by man, was the incident in the life of the Apostle Paul which we have for our lesson to-day. The characteristics of the man are shown in striking colors as we follow him through this remarkable experience.

The time has come in Paul's judgment when he must revisit Jerusalem. Duty pointed unmistakably in that direction, and he was convinced in his own mind beyond the shadow of a doubt that he ought to visit the holy city. There was no alternative. It was Jerusalem only. At the same time he was satisfied that if he went, it would be to bonds and imprisonment. The Holy Ghost witnessed in every city that the result of his visit would be personal discomfort, and physical sufferings.

**Duty Heroic.**

But what effect did it all have upon the apostle? Not the slightest. He said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? I know, as well as you what trouble awaits me, but I am ready, not only to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem!" And the gritty little hero marched on into the lion's jaws. With him the question was not comfort, ease, life even; it was duty. He knew that "man is immortal till his work is done," and he did not propose to shirk responsibility even though bonds and imprisonment were included in it. Prudence is a good thing; there are times when it should be regarded. But when some great exigency arises which calls for action, the true soul will walk the path of duty though it be with bleeding feet, and though he walk alone.

Tennyson and Carlyle were once walking through the gallery of great sculptors in London, and Tennyson turning to Carlyle said, "What do you think of that, Thomas?" "An, mon, it's a sad sight," "Why?" "There is nae mon among them that has a jaw." That was the grim old Scotch method of diagnosing character. It was only another way of saying that the men lacked grit, backbone, "sand," gumption, words which stand for righteousness, loyalty and truth in the world's category.

**Duty, not Stubbornness.**

Paul's determination was altogether a different thing from stubbornness. His pluck must not be confounded with pigheadedness. He had none of the qualities of the mule in his disposition. He cannot be charged with the folly of biting off his nose to spite his face. He never deliberately jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. If those disciples could have shown him any good reason, except mere personal discomfort for avoiding Jerusalem, he would readily have taken their advice. The very first thing he did after arriving at the city was to yield to the advice of his friends in a matter where there was no principle involved, although the result was most disastrous to himself.

Soldiers declare that the most trying time in battle is before the battle begins. The awful hush that settles down upon the men while they wait for the signal, that is what blanches the cheek, and makes the knees tremble. When the fight is on, when the blood has risen to fever heat, when the air is aflame with bursting shell, and the slope is slippery with brothers' blood, and vengeance is bursting the heart, then it is easy to fight and glorious to die. But to march up to the muzzles of shotted cannon, waiting to vomit their iron hail into your very face requires the stuff that heroes are made of.

**Duty Rewarded.**

Such was Paul's grit. He knew that every step of the way toward the city was taking him nearer the headman's block. He did not understand the reason, any more than you do, why certain things in your life must be, but he knew that the Leader and Commander of the forces of the universe had the plan of campaign perfectly arranged, and he was certain that He could make no mistake. When the six hundred English soldiers at Balaklava charged into the mouth of hell, they knew when they started that some one had blundered. Not so Paul. He had received his orders from headquarters. Those orders said, Jerusalem, and at Jerusalem he would have reported, though he had been compelled to fight his way through legions of devils.

Look out how you interfere with a man who has the call of God upon him. To stop him, to delay him, to divert him, may be as calamitous, as to turn a switch in the wrong direction before a flying express train. If you cannot go with him, uncover as the hero passes on. It may be, when the coronation day of eternity comes, you may be permitted to behold the sight when the King puts the crown of glory upon his servant's head.

### LARGE SNAKE AMONG BABIES

Throws Park Nurse Girls Into Panic, But is Ingeniously Trapped with Duck Eggs in a Box.

Bayonne, N. J.—A hungry boa constrictor, fifteen feet long and as thick as the leg of a longshoreman, caused a panic in City Park here. It threw habitual drunkards into a frenzy of fright, chased nurse girls and their little charges out of the park and caused six women who were caring for children in the playground to faint when the nurses spread the alarm that the big serpent was at large.

The boa constrictor even tried to get its coils about a large deer which was captured in Newark Bay a year ago. It was only by leaping a wovewire fence, six feet high, and taking refuge in a shed that the animal escaped. The snake next turned its attention to Phillip Leddy and John Mullin. They were paddling in the bay near the lower end of the park. They waded out until only their heads could be seen and yelled so loudly for help that the snake did not try to go out to them.

The cries of the boys resulted in the capture of the boa. William Lauterbach, a caretaker in the park, ran down toward the bay to ascertain what the trouble was. When he saw the snake coiled on the beach he turned and ran away. In a few minutes Lauterbach returned. He carried a large box with a lid on it. Inside, on straw, were ten duck eggs. Knowing the fondness of snakes for eggs he had prepared a trap for the fifteen-footer.

Putting the box down, the caretaker raised the lid, fastened one end of a long cord to it and then hurried with the other end of the cord to a nearby tool house. Soon the boa worked its way up to the box on a tour of investigation. It raised its head, looked in the box, saw the eggs and crawled inside to eat them at its leisure. Lauterbach immediately pulled the cord and thus closed the lid. Then he ran out and sat on the box until policemen arrived in a patrol wagon. In the box the snake was taken to Police Headquarters. The lid was nailed down, holes were bored in the box to give the snake a supply of air, and then the snake and the box were locked up in a cell. The police are endeavoring to discover the owner of the snake. It is thought it belongs to a showman.

### "THE BOY AERONAUT"

New York City.—Frank W. Goodale, the original boy skyplot—using the term in its newest sense—arose out of the quiet of Palisade Park in Jersey to take a flier around the uptown of "little old New York." He crossed the river, sailed around Harlem for a spell, but finding it too slow up there decided to cut a few rings around Forty-second street and Broadway, and he did. He was certainly going some for a while around the famous old district, which has seen a good



Frank W. Goodale, Who Sailed Down Broadway, New York, in an Airship the Other Day.

many highfliers, but Frank made even the oldest rounder look up and take notice. Frank had a good reason for being up the air, though; his reason was an airship, hardly bigger than a toy compared with some others, but big enough to carry its young builder in circles a thousand feet above Long Acre Square and get him back to his Jersey anchorage in twenty minutes. Frank says himself that he is "only a kid," but his success in aeronautics has made the old wise men in the science come out of their sheds and pay attention.

### LIVED AND DIED TOGETHER.

Inseparable from Childhood, Brothers Wished to Go That Way.

Benton Harbor, Mich.—Ernest Peo and John Peo, brothers, whose lives had been linked together from early childhood, are dead after having spent half a century or more in Berrien County.

Ernest recently became ill and a few days ago died. His brother John was so affected that before Ernest was buried he too had passed away and a double funeral was held. The brothers had been inseparable since coming to Michigan and had often expressed the wish they might live and die together.

### Colt 17 Inches High.

St. Louis, Mo.—The smallest equine in St. Louis is Babe, which arrived at the stable of A. E. Geitz, 4706 Easton avenue, in a package brought by the equine stork. Babe weighed thirteen pounds when he was born and was one inch less than a foot and a half high, although he had grown some since he was born. The little pony is about the size of a bulldog. He is of a house gray color and perfectly

## ROLL OF HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

## Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

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Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.  
Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00  
Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.



Time Table in Effect June 20th, 1909.  
SCRANTON DIVISION

A.M. Only	M.P.	Stations	P.M. Only
11 05	10 A	Scranton	5 15
11 15	10 A 15	Carbondale	5 25
11 25	10 A 30	White Bridge	5 35
11 35	10 A 45	Mayfield	5 45
11 45	10 A 55	Jersey	5 55
11 55	11 A	Archibald	6 05
12 05	11 A 15	Wilton	6 15
12 15	11 A 30	Peckville	6 25
12 25	11 A 45	Olyphant	6 35
12 35	11 A 55	Dickson	6 45
12 45	12 A	Throop	6 55
12 55	12 A 15	Providence	7 05
1 05	12 A 30	Park Place	7 15
1 15	12 A 45	Scranton	7 25

Additional trains leave Carbondale for Mayfield Yard at 6:30 a. m. daily and 6:35 p. m. daily except Sunday. Additional trains leave Mayfield Yard for Carbondale at 8:30 a. m. daily and 8:35 p. m. daily except Sunday.

J. C. ANDREWS, Traffic Manager, 66 Beaver St., New York.

J. E. WELLS, Traveling Agent, Scranton, Pa.

### ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Delaware & Hudson R. R.  
Trains leave at 6:55 a. m., and 12:25 and 4:30 p. m.  
Sundays at 11:05 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at 9:55 a. m., 3:15 and 7:31 p. m.  
Sundays at 10:15 a. m. and 6:50 p. m.

Eric R. R.  
Trains leave at 8:27 a. m. and 2:50 p. m.  
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Trains arrive at 2:13 and 8:02 p. m.  
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