SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

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

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Bible Lesson for Sept. 19, '09.

The Sunday School of the future will be in many respects as much of an improvement over present methods as today is better than yesterday. For if there is any thing about the modern Sunday school in which there is practical agreement, it is the failure everywhere to measure up to the ideal of teacher and pupil concerning Bible study.

No one doubts that the present systematic study of the Book is a vast improvement over the catechism, and question and answer "helps," of half a century ago. Nevertheless the present is but the chrysalis stage of the study, and the christian world is beginning to stir uneasily in its shell preparatory to breaking forth into new and larger life. Since the international lesson system was inaugurated teachers and pupils have worn a rut of so-called study through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, so that if the teachers' library has been equipped with lesson "help" he finds himself to-day going over precisely the same ground that he has traveled three or four times previously, chapter for chapter and verse for verse. He follows a well-beaten trail blazed for him thirty or forty years ago, and recks not of the vast unexplored world of enlightenment, instruction and pleasure lying all around him. It is a world in which the traveler clings to the stage coach in preference to the Pullman car, preferring crude and primitive ways of living to habitations of modern improvements.

Of course, it is practically impossible for individual schools, or teachers of individual classes to break away from the procession and start on a new path of exploration for themselves. To do that would break up uniformity of study, in many ways most desirable and introduce a chaotic state generally, but the protest, long and loud and insistent can, at least, be made until the international committee is compelled to heed popular opinion and provide for it. We may not refuse to keep step longer in the endless belt line to the same old tunes that were ground out in our childhood, we owe something of reverence to antiquities and to customs that have long become obsolete, but we can march under protest and be ready to hail deliverance from whatever quarter it comes.

Brighter Outlook.

Meanwhile evidences accumulate that things are brightening to a better day. Theological seminaries are taking up the training of ministers for Sunday school leadership; universities are offering Bible courses, and extensions; training schools for Sunday school teachers have been opened and summer schools multiply; correspondence systems have been evolved; a plan of graded lessons has been approved and a committee is at work preparing them. This is the most hopeful sign of the times in Sunday school work. If these graded lessons are prepared by men instead of fossils, if those who are engaged in the task are more interested in the warm-blooded youth of to-day than the mummies of Egyptian and Assyrian catacombs, if they do not insist upon the use of portions of the Bible for children of any age absolutely incomprehensible to the maturest minds, then we shall have a renaissance of Bible study epochal and prophetic of future good.

New Methods Needed.

It is in this sense that we need a new Bible, new teachers and new methods. Given these conditions the Sunday school of the future will be a vast improvement over the past. The teachers of the future will not be callow boys and girls, whose ignorance is dense, whose ability to instruct is a minus quantity. They will be trained instructors, qualified to bring forth from the treasury of the word, things new and old. We shall no more think of putting an ignorant person to teach a Sunday school class than we should set a blind man to lead the blind. The Sunday school will be a school, not an aggregation of classes. Classes will be composed of students, not a mutual admiration society. Attendance will be regular, not haphazard. Teachers, possibly will be paid for their work, not drafted on account of their good looks or influence or connection with the best families. We shall imitate nature which grades children by age, capacity, home environment, future prospects. There will be classes in good citizenship and social service. In a word, the Sunday school of the future will be the church at study, being trained to rightly divide the word of life, that each may have his portion in due season.

Such a Sunday school will have no need for doubtful measures to draw pupils. They will come to it as hungry men to a banquet when there is enough and to spare.

ROOSTER WAS TONGUETIED

Bismarck Silent a Year and a Half, but a Jackknife Gives Him a Voice.

Cedar Grove, N. J.—Frank Rue owns a rooster named Bismarck. Bismarck was hatched in March, 1908, and grew into such a handsome bird that not long ago he took first prize at the Verona Poultry Show, but he did not crow over the honor. In fact, he never crowed at all. He didn't know how. A perfect rooster in every respect, he was crowless.

When he wished to express jubilation he did it by flapping his wings. But the hens looked askance at Bismarck and would not associate with him. He became melancholy because of his enforced loneliness, so Mr. Rue called in Dr. Phineas Bridge of Montclair to look Bismarck over. Dr. Bridge felt Bismarck's pulse and looked into his throat. Then the doctor took a scalpel and made a little incision at the root of Bismarck's tongue.

Bismarck recovered rapidly and early next morning let out his first crow. It tickled him so that he continued to crow all that day, all that night and all of the following day, and as the shades of evening fell the following day he was still at it much to the disgust of all the other roosters in the neighborhood.

SENATOR J. P. DOLLIVER

The Iowa statesman voted against the Payne Bill and has been enthusiastically commended for his course wherever he has apeared after returning home.

HORSE A GOOD DETECTIVE.

Stolen Animal, in Disguise, Causes Arrest of Its Driver.

Chicago.—It's a wise horse that knows its own master. John Rizzo was kind to his horse Bill. The animal's affection for its owner led to the arrest in Milwaukee of Stephen Zarcoon, alleged horse thief, and the restoration of Bill to its master.

The horse was stolen from Rizzo, a grocer, livng in this city, June 14, and shipped to Milwaukee, where it was traced. Zarcoon was found driving a sorrel horse about the same size as Rizo's iron-gray pet. Rizzo called and the horse, which was attached to a light buggy, leaped toward him, throwing Zarcoon to the pavement and bruising him. The detectives, who had been standing in front of the horse, had to leap quickly to one side to escape being knocked down.

The horse with a joyful whinny reached Rizzo's side and stretched forth its head for its accustomed petting. The dye was soon washed off Bill's coat and the horse again was an iron gray.

HOLLOW TREE TELEGRAPH.

Explorer Solves Secret of Long Range Communication in Columbia.

London.—Capt. Whiffen has arrived here after years of exploration in southeastern Colombia. Among his discoveries is a secret system of telegraphy employed by the natives.

Hollow trees are selected of various thicknesses, which give out high or low notes when struck. The sound travels from thirty to forty miles.

No code is employed, but the natives recognize the words intended from the different musical notes.

Found—A White Swallow.

Lenox, Mass.—George Parker discovered a white swallow in an unused oats box in his barn. Mr. Parker says the box had not been opened in two years. He thinks the bird entered the box before the lid was turned down in 1907, subsisting on the oats in the box, and that the confinement turned its feathers white.

HOT WATER BAG FOR BABIES.

Warms Their Hearts as Well as Ailing Parts of Their Bodies.

A new hot water bottle calculated to make the infantile heart yearn for possession has been placed on sale in certain shops. When the baby's ear aches—not to mention that more probable location known in the nursery as its "tummy"—the new hot water bottle comes mighty handy.

To all appearances it is a doll. Her pretty indestructible head and blond wig are covered with a pointed hood of blue or pink flannel and her body is enveloped in a cape of the same.

Lift up the cape, says Town and Country, and you discover that the rest of her is a goodly sized hot water bag, the stopper part being where her feet would otherwise come.

Pneumonia in the Lead.

Lecturing at the Harvard Medical school, Dr. Elliott P. Joslin declared that pneumonia was the most fatal malady in Boston in 1908, claiming 3,000 victims, heart disease and the "white plague" coming third. Pneumonia affects all ages, and about 25 per cent. of the cases result fatally. It is not usually supposed, said Dr. Joslin, but develops from bad physical or hygienic conditions and from exposure. It is contagious in that one may catch it by breathing in the atmosphere where there is a pneumonia patient in the vicinity.

Johnny and His Boss.

The boss entered the office, his face clouded, his brow wrinkled in angry thought. He called the office boy. Regarding the youth sternly, he said:

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I d-d-d-o a l-l-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the the baseball field.

The boss fixed him with his eagle eye.

"Then gimme one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Word's Meaning Modernized.

Literally the word "rajah" means "King"; and "maharajah," the "great king," or ruler over several kings; but, generally speaking, the titles "rajah," "maharajah" and "nawab" have no greater significance than the words "feudal lords," as used in medieval times in Europe. Many of them have been made by the will of the reigning chief; many bestowed for meritorious acts and deeds.

Madstone.

The madstone is a stone popularly supposed to cure hydrophobia. Such stones, usually of the size and shape of an egg, are superstitiously preserved in parts of the United States, because they are believed to absorb venom. The madstone is a light, porous stone of greenish color. They are quite rare, being only occasionally found in the south.

Not What He Meant.

The Liverpool Post tells of a Birkenhead church secretary who announced in church on Sunday that a Shakespearean recital in character would be given. When he was informed that the recital would not be "in character" he corrected himself by saying, "None of those taking part in the recital will be dressed."

Providing for Emergencies.

"Look here," exclaimed the angry man, as he rushed into the real estate agent's office, "that plot I bought from you yesterday is 30 feet under water!" "Pardon my oversight," apologized the gentlemanly agent. "We give a diving-suit with each plot. I will send yours to you to-day."—Stray Stories.

Men Can Care for Themselves.

A coal company in the Hocking valley, O., employs both men and mules. One mule costs $200, and in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books, "When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."—Vancouver Mining Exchange.

Remedy for Hoarseness.

A simple remedy for hoarseness and an irritating "tickling" in the throat consists of making a gargle of an egg beaten to a froth and adding half a glass of warm, sweetened water. Drink this every little while, rather than all at once, as most men drink all liquids.

Her Gifted Relative.

"I've got a cousin on my mother's side," remarked Mrs. Lapaling, "who can do anything with her left hand that she can do with her right. I tell you, it's a great thing for a person to be amphibious."

Diversion of Energy.

Mrs. Partington was trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. "Don't discourage her," begged her husband; "it distracts her attention from the house." Thus we learn even the impossible has its uses.

Something New.

An odd alarm clock is in the shape of an exaggerated watch. The stem is fitted with a ring, as in the case of the pocket timepiece, and can be hung up by means of this on a hook or peg.

Marks Era in Mexico.

Mexico's first modern normal school has just been opened at Saltillo. The event is believed to mark the beginning of an epoch in the history of Mexican education.

The Dignity of Labor.

The man who has worked hard all day with his hands and goes home to a poor, cold supper finds it difficult to think cheerfully of the dignity of labor.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Marie, the young queen of the gypsies, sank to the ground under the friendly shade of the elms with a despairing sigh and a world of trouble in her great, dark eyes. Far over in the clearing the tribe had pitched their tents, and from where she sat the queen could see the men gathered around the blazing camp fire, and she even fancied she could hear their sullen murmurs of discontent.

The future looked very dark for the gypsy tribe, and as the young queen counted the few bits of silver in her purse she shook her head despairingly and her teeth sank deep into her quivering lips. Business had been very poor with the tribe for the past year; true, they had tramped many miles to all the county fairs, but there were so many other attractions and the people seemed to have lost interest in fortune telling. And the little pile of silver had pitifully diminished and the murmurings of the tribe had grown louder and louder. And Marie had slipped away from the others to try to think of a plan that would help her people. But the lovely dark head drooped despairingly until it rested on the palm of her upturned hand for try as she would she could think of nothing.

Her sorrowful reverie was disturbed by the sound of approaching footsteps, and with a start she recognized the three men who advanced into the clearing as belonging to the tribe. The gigantic trunk of the tree hid her from their view, and she was too sad and disconsolate to make her presence known.

The men commenced to talk in their native tongue, and as the drift of their conversation sank into the young queen's brain, her eyes grew wide with horror, for they were planning to wreck the train that ran through at midnight, escape with the spoils and leave the gypsy camp forever.

When their plans were completed, they arose and departed, thinking no one shared their secret, but another and heavier burden had been laid on the young queen's shoulders.

Quickly she hastened back to the gypsy settlement. One glance at the scowling faces around and she knew it was useless to plead with them. She singled the plotters out immediately. Jake, the most desperate man in the tribe, was their leader, and in low, exciting tones was explaining to the others the plan of action. The girl shuddered as she gazed at him; the scar on his face was livid, and a smoldering fire seemed to burn in his sunken eyes.

The gypsy queen was in despair; there was no one to whom she could go for aid or advice. Entering her tent hastily, her dress brushed gently against her harp standing neglected in the corner, and a sigh almost resembling the summer wind playing among Eolian harps in the willows, fell on her ears.

In an instant she was beside it, sweeping one delicate browned hand across the strings, and the instrument responded with one grand, sweet chord that soon glided into a low, beautiful Hungarian melody that every gypsy loves with a passion too deep for expression.

Dark figures soon began to gather outside the tent, and the poor, homeless gypsies, wanderers in a foreign land, dashed the fierce tears from their eyes as their hearts and thoughts flew back to their fatherland, fair Hungary, that they never more might see.

And still the weird, strange, pleading music went on, now rising, now falling, almost dying away, and a smile of triumph lit up the young queen's face as she saw Jake's companions turn from him and join the group around the tent, their great dark eyes melting with love and tenderness for their fatherland.

Even their queen wondered at their softened faces, but her heart grew numb with despair as her eyes fell on Jake standing alone in the shade of the elms, an evil leer on his scarred face. It was fast approaching the midnight hour and she was powerless to save the onrushing train.

But once more she must try. This time she sang; a song the gypsies sing on parting; when the different tribes separate to take up their journeys in foreign lands. They have idled the summer away, but when stern winter approaches they must leave their native land and seek their living in other countries, and so the "Gypsies' Parting" is sung at midnight just as the moon rises high over the mountains, and the cracked high voices of the old mingle with the musical voices of the young.

Marie commenced the song alone, but before she had sung many bars the entire gypsy settlement had joined in one grand chorus and the summer night rang with the "Gypsies' Parting." But high above the other voices rose a clear, sweet tenor that belonged to just one man in the gypsy settlement, and that was Jake.

The harp sang itself to sleep with one grand chord, the chorus died away, and the brave little queen had fainted just as the belfry clock tolled the hour of midnight. Willing hands rushed to her assistance, but Jake was before them all, and tenderly, almost reverently, lifted the unconscious form and carried her into her tent just as the midnight express rumbled through in safety.

Ample Time.

Mama—Sometimes you can't tell what Baby wants.

Papa—No, but he's always willing to holler till you find out.

BURGLAR'S CURIOUS MISTAKE.

How a Package of Stolen Jewelry Came Into Hands of the Police.

Jewelry and gold watches to the value of £400 have been handed in at Scotland Yard under extraordinary circumstances.

During her journey a well dressed man sat next to her, also carrying a brown paper parcel. He left the omnibus a short time before she reached her destination. Reaching home she was astonished to find instead of the soap the jewelry and watches, which she conveyed to Scotland Yard.

It has been ascertained by the police that the jewelry formed the proceeds of a burglary at Maida Vale a week ago. It is believed that the man was on the way to the receiver at the time he made the singular exchange of parcels.—London Evening Standard.

Inexperienced Servants.

Some families grudge every penny paid out in wages. They will not give the sums justly demanded by good servants, so content themselves with raw recruits or inferior maids, who cost them pounds and pounds in the year for breakages, general destructiveness, and waste of food through bad cooking, and ignorance of how to utilize scraps, not to mention the endless wear and tear to brain and nerve through the worry and discomfort they cause.

Stevenson a Bad Speller.

One of the most polished and painstaking of English authors, regarded correct spelling as a totally unnecessary accomplishment. In his introduction to R. L. Stevenson's letters, Sidney Colvin writes: "I have not held myself bound to reproduce all the author's minor eccentricities of spelling and the like. As all his friends are aware, to spell in a quite accurate and grown-up manner was a thing which this master of English letters was never able to learn."

To Have Revolving Stage.

The New theater in New York is to be equipped with a revolving stage, which will enable the director, Mr. Winthrop Ames, to give such a variety of scenes as Shakespeare's plays call for. Among the dramatic classics to be presented when the theatre opens are "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest" and "The School for Scandal."

Rainy Day Thoughts.

"When I used to live in the west," said the New York woman, "there seemed to be a good excuse for the rain. Whenever it rained we said: 'How fine it will be for the crops,' and stayed indoors gladly, but here in New York there's no earthly excuse for its raining day after day, and the shops so full of beautiful things we would like to buy."

It Was!

My little daughter had been told by her teacher to stand with her face north, and her right hand would be at the east, her left hand would be at the west, and her back would be at the south. Starting to go over it, the teacher asked, "Now tell me what is in front of you?"

After some thought, my little daughter replied, "My stomach."

What Happened to Alice.

"What became of Alice Green who came from Pottstown, Pa., to New York to make her mark in the world?" asked some visitors at an art school. "She was going to do such wonders in New York." "I think," answered a pupil, who had known Alice Green, "that she walked in front of a surface car she thought was going the other way."

Too Technical.

The artist was picking at a very small bird at the little table d'hote. He finally laid down his knife and fork and looked plaintively across at his companion. "I don't see how you can eat these table d'hote dinners," said he. "I can't. There is too much technique."

Detective Work.

"I want a detective," roared the excited citizen, as he rushed into the police station. "There's a fight going on in front of our home, and if you don't send me a detective who is capable of finding a policeman quick there'll be trouble."—London Globe.

Apples as Cure for Influenza.

A cure for influenza which is being strenuously advocated consists of copious draughts of absolutely pure milk, widely opened windows by day and night, and a diet of ripe apples and bread only.

Salt Water Baths in London.

A flourishing business in England now is sending sea water up to London for the use of those who wish a dip in the ocean without the trouble of traveling down to the seashore for it.

Keep Your Whims in Subjection.

If you don't conquer your whims, your sudden impulses, they will conquer you in time, and you will find that life has grown stale and lacking in all interests.

Use of Relatives.

The more relatives a man has the more comfortably he could get along without any of them.—New York Press.

Godliness First.

It is vanity to wish for a long life and to take little care of leading a good life.—A Kempis.

Where Germans Lead.

The Germans are the world's greatest chemists.

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

Stands 38th in the United States.

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..

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

Time Table in Effect June 20th, 1909.

SCRANTON DIVISION

0 Sun'dy Only	1 Except Sunday	Stations	Except Sundy	10 Sundy Only
A M / P M	P M		A M / P M	P M
... / 7 20		ArN.Y.W.42d St.Lv	8 15 / ...	...
11 05 / 1 00		Ar....Cadosia.....Lv	2 10 / 5 06	
11 01 / 12 56		" ...Hancock.... "	2 15 / 5 10	
10 50 / 12 45		" ..Starlight.... "	2 30 / 5 25	
10 34 / 12 29		" Preston Park "	2 45 / 5 40	
10 24 / 12 19		" ..Winwood... "	2 55 / 5 50	
10 05 / 12 05		" ..Poyntelle... "	3 16 / 6 11	
9 51 / 11 51		" .....Orson..... "	3 27 / 6 22	
9 35 / 11 35		" Pleasant Mt. "	3 40 / 6 35	
9 30 / 11 30		" ..Uniondale.. "	3 43 / 6 38	
9 23 / 11 23		" .Forest City. "	3 55 / 6 50	
f9 06 / f11 06		" C'rb'ndale Yd "	f4 04 / f6 59	
9 04 / 11 04		" .Carbondale. "	4 10 / 7 05	
... / ...		" White Bridge "	... / ...	
8 56 / 10 56		" .Mayfield Yd. "	4 18 / 7 13	
8 48 / 10 48		" ....Jermyn..... "	4 23 / 7 18	
8 43 / 10 43		" ..Archibald.. "	4 28 / 7 23	
8 40 / 10 40		" .... Winton.... "	4 30 / 7 25	
8 36 / 10 36		" ...Peckville... "	4 34 / 7 29	
8 32 / 10 32		" ...Olyphant... "	4 39 / 7 34	
8 28 / 10 28		" ..Dickson.... "	4 42 / 7 37	
8 25 / 10 25		" .... Throop..... "	4 45 / 7 40	
8 22 / 10 22		" .Providence.. "	4 48 / 7 43	
8 19 / 10 19		" ..Park Place.. "	4 51 / 7 46	
8 15 / 10 15		Lv... Scranton ...Ar	4 55 / 7 50	
A M / A M			P M / P M	

Additional trains leave Carbondale for Mayfield Yard at 6.50 a. m. daily, and 5.36 p m daily except Sunday. Additional trains leave Mayfield Yard for Carbondale 6 38 a m daily and 5 25 p. m. daily except Sunday.

J. C. ANDERSON, Traffic Manager, 56 Beaver St., New York.

J. E. WELSH, 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.

Erie R. R.

Trains leave at 8:27 a. m. and 2:50 p. m.

Sundays at 2:50 p. m.

Trains arrive at 2:13 and 8:02 p. m.

Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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