

## The Scrap Book

Rough on Cannon.  
Speaker Cannon met the Rev. Henry N. Couden, chaplain of the house of representatives, in a corridor one day.

"You are an old hypocrite!" he said roughly. "Why, why, Mr. Speaker?" protested Dr. Couden in great surprise. "Well, if you are not, I am," said the speaker, "and I have just been hearing about it."

Then, while he linked his arm in that of the chaplain, he told the story: "The other day in the house gallery a lady approached a doorkeeper who was protecting the morning prayer from interruption. She attempted to push past, but was restrained. 'But I must go in,' she said. 'I want to see that man Cannon!'"

"Just wait a moment," said the doorkeeper. "But I must see him. I have heard so much about him," persisted the woman. "To save trouble the man let her in. On the 'AND HIM PRAYING TOO!'"

stopped a moment and saw Chaplain Couden with his head bowed in prayer. "Oh, the old hypocrite," she ejaculated, "and him praying, too?"—St. Louis Republic.

What Shall I Do to Be Just?  
What shall I do to be just?  
What shall I do for the gain  
Of the world, for its sadness?  
Teach me, O sinner that I trust!  
Chart me the difficult main  
Leading out of my sorrow and madness;  
French me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring  
To cast to the tramp at my door?  
Shall I tear off each luminous thing  
To drop in the palm of the poor?  
What shall I do to be just?  
Teach me, O sinner that I trust!  
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust.  
My heart is aflame to be right.  
—Hamlin Garland.

A Witty Reply.  
Whenever the United States supreme court on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error is entirely satisfied that he has no case the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument.

At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter, from Wisconsin, was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel for the other side was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."

Wanted a Diagram.  
A waiter at a dining table said to one of the guests at the dinner table: "What kind of pie do you wish? We have peach, apple, pumpkin and lemon."

The guest replied, "Give me peach, apple and pumpkin," to which the waiter, with a shrug of his shoulders, a curl of his lips and an appropriate gesture, said, with sarcasm, "What's the matter with the lemon?"

An Englishman sitting at an adjoining table, who overheard the conversation, now said to his neighbor, "I beg your pardon, but what was the matter with the lemon?"

Stung!  
Two strangers met at one of the small tables in a dining car, says the New York Sun. They found a common bond in the effort to secure something to eat, and by the time the coffee came they were great friends.

"I wonder if you will do me a favor," remarked the first one as he covered his check with a substantial bill. The other man seemed receptive, and he continued:

"Have you a lower berth for tonight?" The man across the table nodded. "Well, I'm traveling with my mother, who is rather well along in life, and I'm anxious to make her comfortable. Would you be kind enough to give her your berth?"

"I should be delighted," responded the stranger.

They went back to the sleeper, where the accommodating man was presented to the other's mother, a white haired old lady with a charming face. The good Samaritan had exchanged his lower for the upper belonging to the old lady, and he was radiating with a sense of charitable kindness. It led him to remark affably to the other man:

"But where are you going to sleep?" "Oh, that's all right," was the answer; "that's my lower berth over there."

## Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:  
**TIGHT-CORNER BLESSINGS.**

BY S. D. GORDON, D. D.

Text: They looked unto Him and were radiant.—Psa. 34:5.

Satan may drive you into a wilderness, but he can't keep you from growing fragrant roses there. Saul could keep up a harrowing warfare against the man who had saved his kingdom, but he couldn't kill the spirit of courageous gentleness and generosity that dominated David's life. Temptation may creep into every possible crack of your circumstances, but it can't get inside of you except by the door. And only then when the man inside turns the only knob the door has—the one on the inside.

No man, and no circumstance, is free from the vicious petty persecution of evil in some shape, open or hidden. And no evil that ever attacked any man is free from the chance of being gripped by the throat and strangled, and then thrown lifeless into the ditch at the side of the road.

It's a good thing to be put into a tight corner. To be pushed and hemmed in on every side, until you are forced to stand with your back to the wall, facing a foe at every angle, with barely standing room—that's good.

Likely enough you are thinking that the man who can suggest such a thing doesn't know anything about tight corners; certainly not about such a one as you are in. But no man can talk about tight corners in a way that has a familiar sound except from the inside. Only when your elbows have rubbed the cold, hard, unyielding wall so close as to seriously threaten elbow-holes can you really know the sweets of tight-corner blessings.

For one thing, you find out that matter how close the fit of that corner may be, it still can hold another in addition to yourself. Its very tightness brings you and him into very close quarters. And only at closest touch will you find out what a wondrous friend he is. No matter how tight the corner, he can find room enough in it to give your vocal harp a new tuning. Tight corners are famous places for chamber concerts. The acoustics are wonderful. David's exile psalms have rung out with a strangely sweet melody down all the ages and out through all the world, and into thousands of hearts.

Would you like to know how David looked as Saul was hunting him? Listen: "They looked unto him and were radiant" (Psa. 34:5). Unto whom? That other One with David in his tight corner. Where did the radiance come from? It was reflected. It told that David's face was an upward angle. It caught the light of his Friend's face, and sent it shining out down below until even Saul caught the light and acknowledged the beauty of it.

Then, too, tight corners are valuable for their pressure. And it takes pressure to bring out the choicest fragrance. Haven't you often held a fragrant shrub blossom, a bit of calycanthus, tightly in the palm of your shut hand, and then reveled in the exquisite sweetness which the pressure and warmth had freed out? Blessed be the close quarters of tight corners, in money matters, in family affairs, in health matters, in friendship, in child-training, in temptations, in religious experiences. For under the pressure so close and hard and trying, with your Friend's warm touch freely allowed, the finest fragrance, the closest graining of strength's fiber, the rarest shining of inner lights, the highest polishing of life's granite, come, and only so.

Every man who has done something worth while, either in living truly, or serving faithfully, has had a course in tight corners. Moses found his in Egypt, and then, after he got out, with Israel. Hannah had hers in those years of patient enduring in the old farm-house of Ephraim when Samuel was a-making. If you hope to be of some service better be getting ready for your tight-corner course. If you think you're there just now, pull out all the stops and sing a bit, for the blessing that's coming out of it to others and to your self.

David was in an inner corner of his corner. For years he suffered the privations and distresses of a forced exile under the king's persecution. And keenly he felt it. Just now he is pushed a bit extra by the sore temptation to end his exile by a single stroke within easy reach. The finest fragrance yet came out of the tightest tight, as he overcame his temptation.

Saul gave David a chance to requite good for his bad when he came hunting him with spear and sword. The chief of evil spirits was giving David an opportunity to defeat him in this temptation. He would not willingly have given David that chance. But he couldn't tempt without giving the tempted a chance for a victory, and taking the chance of defeat for himself.

Every wrong done you is a chance to forgive. The hand stretched out to strike you may be made to carry back surprising evidence of your greater strength in unexpected blessing to itself.

The Best Kiteflier in Town.  
Some years ago there died in Nebraska a man named Walsh, who, as a boy, started a suspension bridge. When Walsh was about ten years old the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge at Niagara were taken. The first thing necessary was the stretching of a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

"What boy is the best kiteflier in town?" he asked. The Walsh boy was named as the best kiteflier in the town of Niagara Falls, and the engineer accordingly asked that he be brought to him. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara river. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun.—Harper's Weekly.

Antiquated Customs.  
There is no court in Europe more tenacious of its etiquette—which was inaugurated several hundreds of years ago—than that of Spain. It is said that King Ferdinand VII once made a minister resign because he had accidentally touched his hand. One of the quaintest ceremonies is the closing of the royal palace gates at Madrid every night. Electric light has been in use in the palace for quite a long while, but nevertheless every evening at 11 o'clock the officiating gentleman in waiting appears, accompanied by several servants, who carry ancient lanterns, to demand a huge key from a higher official to lock the doors of the palace. This is all the more amusing as the huge key does not fit the modern keyholes. The key is then returned to a third official, and every night gentlemen in waiting have to patrol the corridors of the palace, though sufficient guards are about, to watch over the slumbers of their royal master.

Paul the Tyrant.  
Paul I. of Russia was very deaf and also very tyrannical. One day an aide-de-camp, intending to please him, approached and cried in his ear, "I am glad to see your majesty, that your hearing is much improved!"

"What is that you say?" growled the czar. Raising his voice, the aide-de-camp said, "I am glad that your majesty's hearing is so much improved!"

"Ah, that's it, eh?" chuckled the czar and then added, "Say it once more."

The aide-de-camp repeated the words, whereupon Paul I. thundered: "So you dare to make fun of me, do you? Just wait awhile!"

Next day the aide-de-camp was on his way to the mines of Siberia.

The Lesson She Learned.  
A fair western co-ed and one of the male seniors fell violently in love and neglected their studies shamefully. Both were expelled. The fair co-ed thereupon wrote this interesting reply to the faculty:

Gentlemen—You have expelled me for neglecting my studies, yet I have learned at your institution more than you will ever know. I have learned the meaning of love. What is the use of studying botany if I am not allowed to gather roses? Why should I devote myself to astronomy if I may not look at the stars? What does it profit me to spend years on mathematics and neglect my own figure? You have expelled my fiancé also. Do you think he is unhappy? We were married last evening.

—Exchange.

Sand Swept Asia.  
In the arid lands of central Asia the air is reported as often laden with fine detritus, which drifts like snow around conspicuous objects and tends to bury them in a dust drift. Even when there is no apparent wind the air is described as thick with fine dust, and a yellow sediment covers everything. In Khotan this dust sometimes so obscures the sun that at midday one cannot see to read line print without a lamp.

It Really Happens.  
The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years. The Man—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman and for her sake made a fool of himself in two days.—Cleveland Leader.

Nothing More to Say.  
"Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me!" "Well," said his Dutch friend, "and vat if I did?" "Well, sir, you voted against me!" "Well, vat if I did?" "Then, sir, you lied!" "Well, vat if I did?"

Smart Bobby.  
Minister—So you are going to school now, are you, Bobby? Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir. Minister—Spell kitten for me, Bobby—Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat.—Chicago News.

A Great Thinker.  
"Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work." "Yes; he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.—Henry F. Cope.

## HER NAME WAS LUCIA.

Suggestive Tune That Made the Bride Turn Pale.

Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to musicians. The one, a bride of a year, was pushing a baby-carriage in which were three fine babies—triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly-married one with interest. "Yes," replied the proud mother, "let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him and they played 'Three Little Maids,' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

At this the newly-married one turned pale. "Mercy!" she gasped. "At our wedding supper friends serenaded him also, and they rendered 'The Sextet' from 'Lucia.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

Preparing for the Suitor.  
The little girl entered the shop with the air of a real grown-up lady and stood by the counter with her wide blue eyes on a level with the top of it.

"Well, Sadie?" said the shopkeeper. "Sarah, if you please," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a mitten, if you please, and charge it to mother."

"You mean a pair of mittens, don't you?"

"No," she said, with an impatient toss of her head. "I mean just only one; one that's suitable to give to a young man that's goin' to propose an' be rejected."

She Wasn't Superstitious.  
"Marry, Mary," cried Mrs. Johnson to her maid, "what shall I do? I've just had a most dreadful accident and don't know what's going to happen. I've broken my new hand glass, and you know how unlucky it is to break a looking glass. It means seven years' unhappiness."

"Lor', mum," replied Mary, "don't you set no heed on that! Look at me I'm not fretting, and I've just broken the large pier glass in the drawing room."

Just What He Needed.  
"Reginald dear, you pucker up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously, as she lay stretched on the beach surveying the frolics of Neptune.

"I intended to," replied Reginald hesitatingly, "but I seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For heaven's sake swallow it!" exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system!"

His Scheme.  
Soiled Spooner (the Tramp)—How's business, Pard?

Slackpouter (the Village Constable)—Pretty blame' slow, jest at present. Soiled Spooner—You look like a good sport. Tell you what I'll do: Lend me a quarter to get the necessary drinks, and I'll come back here and raise such a row that you can run me in and git the usual fee. What d'ye say?

A LAKESIDE MUSING.

"I admire you, but I can never be your wife."

"Why not?"

"I have a husband living in Chicago."

The Price of Courtesy.  
"Politeness costs nothing," said the man who quotes proverbs.

"You are wrong again," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "You have evidently not figured how much it costs to persuade a New York waiter to look pleasant and say 'thank you.'"

Doing Her Best.  
"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed.

"I have tried," she replied, kindly but firmly.

"My rich aunt has just died," he went on.

"In that case, dear, I will try again!"

## GUIDE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.

Probably Compiled by One Who Has Suffered from Bad Manners.

Persons travelling on the continent will find the most economical means of travel a canoe or small Oxford punt. These are the only two places where you are not expected to keep tipping.

Having partaken of a seven-course dinner on a transatlantic steamer, it is well to remark "Punk food" sharply upon arising from the table. Otherwise the crew will think you are not used to any better at home.

Upon returning from a country boarding house where the only excitement is wondering what form the ham will take the next meal, it is well to speak of your vacation as "a delightful experience at a quaint old place close to nature." This sounds romantic and doesn't mean a thing.

Young gentlemen desiring to play stunts over Sunday in the rear of a beer saloon may allude to their absence as "a week-end spent on a duck farm."

When invited on a yachting trip always arrange to sit on the right of the main sheet. Occasionally rap the deck sharply with your heels. This will please the owner of the boat immensely. If you can arrange to tie a few knots in the main sheet, all hands will usually take a pleasant little swim before the day is over.

No picnic is complete without a young lady who thinks she sees a snake. It is not good form, however, to comment upon the bugs in the butter and the grasshopper in the pickle bottle. One must not be too literal in summer.

Those sitting on the rear seat of an automobile should always sing. Close harmony and the odor of gasoline make a very classy combination.

It is not proper for young ladies to go bathing without a chaperon. If you have a chaperon, however, not much of anything else is necessary. At the seashore never throw sand in a gentleman's shoes. Put it down his neck. It will get to his shoes ultimately. If he's in a hurry for some in his shoes, he can put it there himself. There is plenty of sand.

If you should find a magazine lying around at a summer hotel, carry it up into your own room immediately. If you don't, the owner is almost sure to come back and take it away.

Positive Proof.

A lawyer going into the parlor of his home noticed pencil marks on the wall, put there, as he rightly supposed, by one of his children. He called his little five and six year old son and daughter in to see which one had done the mischief. Of course each one blamed it on the other, so the father said, "Well, my son, a little bird told me he was sitting on the fence and saw you through the window marking the wall." The little fellow answered, "Get that bird and make him prove it."—Delineator.

When Women Ruled.  
It seems to be pretty well established that originally the matters of relationship and descent, along with all that followed, were determined through the female line. Kinship, and therefore property, was governed by the mother. Hence the power of the early woman. When a young woman got married she took her husband home with her, and if he proved unworthy it was within her power to cast him out. The woman was the "boss," and when she said "Go" he had to get out. It is comparatively late in the history of human society that we first see the change from female to male headship in the matter of kinship and inheritance, and in the consequent transfer of the power and inheritance from the woman to the man.

Fire Losses in New York.  
As to fire losses in New York city, it may be said that they amount annually to about \$5,000,000, which does not include expense to the city of some 200,000 false alarms. Since 1883 the loss from fire in the city aggregated \$130,000,000. This total represents 125,496 fires; or 4,600 fires a year, or 13 a day, or one in every two hours.

## 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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