

The Scrap Book

Where She Was At.

The late Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina was noted for his wit and also for his loyalty to his kinsfolk, with whom he did an almost incredible amount of corresponding.

A certain relative of his who had moved to one of the small cities of the state became very much dissatisfied. She wrote to her cousin Zeb that she found the people of the town ungenial and unsociable, that the climate did not agree with her and that she had been forced to send to her old home for drinking water, as the city supply was unfit for use as a beverage.

He replied briefly and thus: "My dear L.—I am sorry you are so unpleasantly situated. Your three complaints are the only ones that can be brought with any justice against hades—no pleasant society, an unsalubrious climate and a lack of good drinking water."—New York Post.

Good Acts.

Let me tonight look back across the span
"Twixt dawn and dark and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man,
"The world is better that I lived today."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mangling a Joke.

Associate Justice McReynolds of the United States supreme court prefaces nearly everything he has to say with a story. He is as full of stories as a picnic pile of ants.

Occasionally McReynolds tells a story with a point so subtle that only those with a keenly pitched sense of humor can "get" him. One night at a dinner he sprang something that occasioned not the slightest ripple of laughter. He waited a reasonable length of time and then observed:

"Well, at least don't cry about it." Nobody got that either. They didn't understand what it was that they weren't to cry about. So McReynolds added, "It'll come in maybe by freight."

An Englishman was seated next to McReynolds, and his curiosity was aroused.

"What do you mean when you say come by freight?" he inquired.

"Slowly, like a freight train," explained McReynolds. "They'll get the story if they wait long enough, don't you see?"

Absentminded.

One of the Lords Dudley was a most absentminded man. "One day," said Sydney Smith, "he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me today; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation held out to me, but said he was engaged to meet me elsewhere. Another time on meeting he put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the house of commons and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear!'"

Sandy's Treat.

Sandy had just met his girl at the end of the street, where she was waiting for him. She was looking into a confectioner's window when Sandy made his presence known by remarking:

"Weel, Jeanie, what are ye gaun to have the night?"

She, not inclined to ask too much, replied:

"Oh, I'll just tak what you'll tak, Sandy."

"Oh, then, we'll bath tak a walk!"

said Sandy, as he led her away.—Chicago News.

It Was Paid.

As the gas bill of a "portable" theater showing in a provincial town for a month had not been paid at the week's end, when it became due, a man appeared on the Monday night following to cut off the supply if the bill were not paid on the spot.

The doorkeeper remonstrated with him, pointing out that the manager was on the boards at the time and could not possibly leave the stage for an hour—the gas man might call then.

"No," said the gas man, obdurately. "I'm going to cut it off now."

"Hold hard," said the doorkeeper. "I will go and tell the manager."

Disguising himself in a huge red cloak and a great felt hat with a drooping feather, and a sword at his side, he walked on the stage with the words,

"Behold, my lord, the man stands at the castle gate waiting to be remunerated for the glimmers, and if not seen instantly darkness threatens us."

The Manager (taking in the situation)—Go; I follow thee.—London Fun.

Made Her Pay Well.

A certain queen of Hanover once upon a time when travelling stopped at an inn called the Golden Goose. She remained two days to rest herself and receive such entertainment as was needed and for the same was charged 800 thalers. On her departure the landlord besought her with obsequious deference to favor him with her patronage on her return.

"If you desire that, my dear man," replied her majesty, "you must not again take me for your sign."

TRYING TO PLACE HIM.

But He Didn't Seem Qualified to Pose For Either Role.

In "A Rambler's Recollections" Mr. Alfred Copper relates a delightful story once told him by Sir Herbert Tree.

"You remember," said Sir Herbert, "my Japanese play some years ago? Well, when I took it off His Majesty's I sent it on tour.

"Now it happened that a certain town was billed very profusely with this play and with the announcements of another play equally, if not, indeed, even more popular than my own. And both were announced as appearing on the same day at the two chief theaters in the town.

"On the Sunday before the production, the day on which the provincial companies always travel from town to town, there was quite a crowd gath-



LOOKED AT HIM PERTLY.

ered to witness the respective arrivals of the two companies, who were due to travel by the same train.

"Well, the train steamed in amid the great but subdued excitement of the waiting crowd, and as" (mentioning a certain famous and, be it added, very stately and particularly pompous actor-manager) "descended from his saloon, where he had been traveling in great state, a coquettish lady reporter stepped briskly up to him with pencil and notebook ready in her hand, looked at him pertly and said she, with the pointed and affected accent of Upper Tooting, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask, are you 'The Darling of the Gods' or 'The Worst Woman in London'?"—London Tit-Bit.

Every Day Is What You Make It. Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music and rings itself all the day through, and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge or a life march as thou wilt.—Carlyle.

A Thrilling Story.

A good story is told of a stuttering plebe at Annapolis who was accosted by an upper class man and ordered to tell him a story and to "tell it quick." The plebe started in as rapidly as his excited state of mind would permit about as follows:

"I-I-I—was w-w-walking down the road a-a-a l-l-little while ago—n-n-n I met-met-met n-upper class man, n-n-n; he w-w-was dandy f-fellow, n-n-n he slapped me on the b-b-back and said, 'Hello, old man' n-n-n I was s-s-so excited and happy I-I-I fell dead."—Exchange.

The Weakness of William.

Carefully the burglar effected an entrance into the bank. Carefully he found his way to the strong room. When the light from his lantern fell on the door he saw this sign:

SAVE YOUR DYNAMITE
THIS SAFE IS NOT LOCKED
TURN THE KNOB AND OPEN.

For a time he ruminated.

"Anyway, there's no harm in trying if it really is unlocked," said he.

He grasped the knob and turned.

Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a door in the wall flew open and a big dog seized him.

"I know what's wrong with me," he sighed an hour later when the cell door closed upon him. "I've too much faith in human nature—I'm too trusting!"—Exchange.

Discovered!

Ben Harris, the theatrical man, and Bat Masterson, the sporting expert, had an argument over the name of the discoverer of the Mississippi river. Masterson said it was De Soto, and Harris thought it was somebody else. They decided to leave the decision to the next man who entered the cafe where they were seated at the time.

In a minute in came a vaudeville booking agent they both knew. Masterson beckoned him over to their table, and he came.

"Ike," he said, "Ben here and I want you to settle a dispute for us. Was it De Soto who discovered the Mississippi river or wasn't it?"

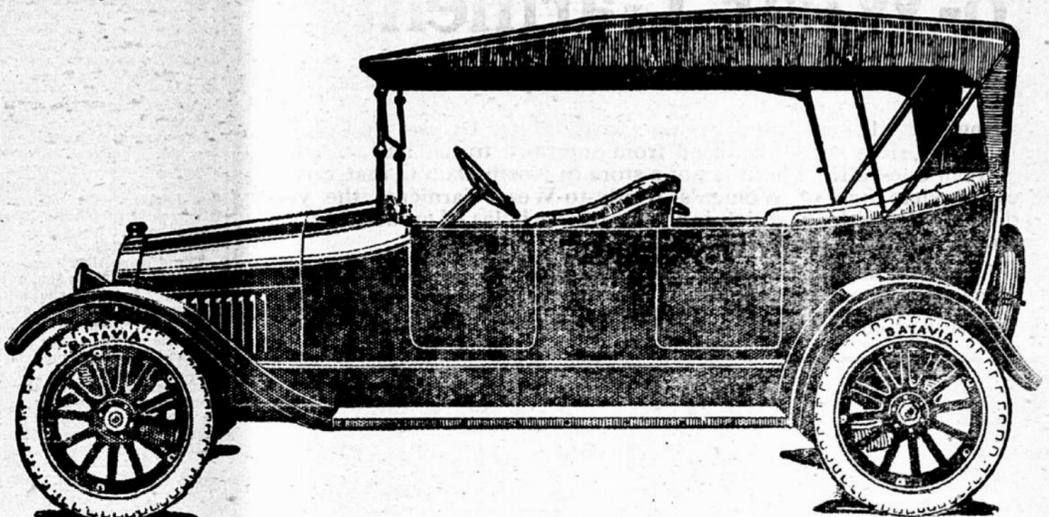
"Well, if it was him I never heard him mention it," said the vaudeville man. "I know him well too."

"Know who well?"

"This guy De Soto. He's a trick juggler. I had him working for me ten weeks last year on the small time."—Saturday Evening Post.

Pullman

\$740
F. O. B. York, Pa.

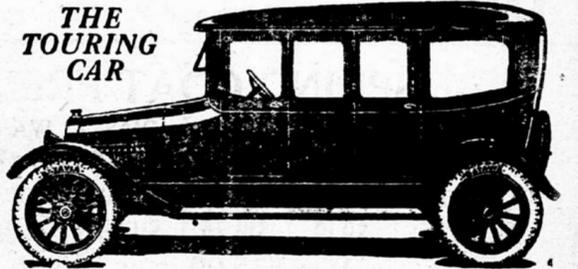


THE speed and spirit of the thoroughbred—the pull of the Army Mule—these qualities are combined in the smooth-running, powerful Pullman motor. Built staunchly to stand the toughest route day after day and week after week, the clean, flowing lines of the Pullman body typify smartness and solid reliability. It is the roomiest car anywhere near its class—a car to be proud of in any company. The snug-fitting winter top converts this model into a luxurious limousine in twenty minutes.

THE TOURING CAR WITH WINTER TOP COMPLETE FOR \$875

The Pullman 1916 series includes a two-passenger roadster; a three-passenger or Clover Leaf Roadster (three individual seats); and a De Luxe Coupe with C-H Magnetic Gear Shift (\$990), all on one chassis.

THE TOURING CAR



WITH WINTER TOP

Roell Hardware Company
Distributors
Cars Now in Minot Ready for Delivery

GOLLMAR BROS.' CIRCUS IN MINOT JUNE 28.

Great Show Will be Here for Two Performances—Site Near State Normal Grounds.

Gollmar Bros.' circus will show in this city afternoon and evening of June 28. Mr. Morgan, advance agent, was in the city yesterday making preliminary arrangements. He has secured a site for the circus grounds at the corner of Second street and Ninth avenue Northwest, adjoining the state normal grounds. This is as fine a site as the city affords.

Gollmar Bros.' circus has been showing here for a large number of years and can be considered the very best attraction that the city has ever had in the way of a circus. The menagerie is good, the clown stunts are always of the funniest order and every attraction is clean and up-to-date.

Threw Stale Eggs at Woman. Some bad young pills were brot up before "Hizzoner" J. E. Burke, Juvenile court officer, the other day for throwing stale eggs at a woman residing on Central avenue East.

Regret the Loss of James J. Hill.

The following telegram was sent to Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern, by the Old Settlers' Association of Minot: "The Old Settlers' Association of Minot mourn with you and yours in this hour of bereavement."

—Jim Johnson, President.

Do You Want a Man? Mr. Farmer, if you want a man to work drop me a line or two and give address of yourself and what you will pay by month, week or day, and I'll send the man to you and it won't cost



you a cent, only postage stamp to mail and return mail to yourself. Independent Employment Office, F. O. Peterson, Agent, P. O. Box 742, Minot, N. Dak. 5-11-16

Alabastine, Ideal Sanitary Wall Finish

Mixed in Cold Water All Tints and Colors

Acme Paints. Jap-a-Lac. Pratt & Lambert Preservative Varnish.

Minot Hardware Company

Will Open Wildwood Park. Bert Thomas, former manager of the Lyceum Theatre, has leased Wildwood Park for the season, which will be opened this evening. This is one of Minot's most famous beauty spots and Mr. Thomas will undoubtedly make a success of the venture.

EUROPEAN LARCH. The European larch is a very deciduous conifer. It grows rapidly forming a compact, pyramidal growth. The leaves are beautiful and fresh-looking throughout the entire growing season, turning to a yellow shade before they drop in the autumn. The wood is hard and durable. It is believed that larch wood will outlast oak. The trees are adapted to close planting in groves or shelter belts, where it will produce almost perfectly straight timber suitable for posts, railroad ties or eventually telegraph poles. The European species is superior to the native American species. It is an excellent tree for low set soils. It can easily be grown from seed and can be trans-

planted. Because of its beauty and valuable timber it should be planted on every lawn and should be made a part of every timber plantation.

Fourteen hundred dollars in gold and certificates of deposit, coupled with clear deeds to eleven forty-acre tracts of land in North Dakota and in Wisconsin, were found cached in a tin tobacco box at the C. C. Granum shack, fourteen miles from Wyndmere. James Ulsaker, 15-year-old boy, who found the deposit of wealth, cleared a mystery that has puzzled the attorneys and others interested in the case, and his find gives Mrs. John Olson, of Frederick, Wis., an estate valued at approximately \$15,000. She is the sole heir, and with her attorney has arrived to take charge of the estate. Granum had lived as a hermit for years, dying several months ago. Since his death the mystery of his property holdings have remained unsolved, until the Ulsaker boy, engaged in a search for the supposed hidden wealth, unearthed the can.

HOUSES and LOTS FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Lots in all parts of the city—size from 50 ft. to 200 ft. front Grow Realty Co.

FOR SALE—Houses—four to seven rooms, in all parts of the city. On easy terms. Grow Realty Co.

FOR SALE—Acre Lots—one to five acre lots adjoining the city of Minot on the south. Ideal for gardening. Easy terms. Grow Realty Co.

Grow Realty Co.

Citizens Bank bldg. Phone 101 Minot, N. D.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Robert B. Stacy-Judd and G. H. Bugenhagen, Architects, have formed a partnership and will practice under the firm name of

STACY-JUDD & BUGENHAGEN
Architects and Engineers

SPECIALISTS IN REINFORCED CONCRETE AND STEEL CONSTRUCTION