The Scrap Book

A Justifiable Blow.

Ever punctual himself, King George III. expected similar punctuality in others. Lord Hertford knew and respected his royal master's wishes. So one day when he had an appointment at Windsor for 12 o'clock he was overwhelmed at hearing the clock strike the noon hour just as he was passing through the hall. Furious at being half a minute late, he raised his cane and smashed the glass of the clock's face. The king, knowing nothing of the clock episode, let him off with a slight reprimand. The next time that the earl called on the king, however, he was received less graciously.

SMASHED THE GLASS.

"Hertford," said his majesty, "how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first, your majesty," was Hertford's immediate rejoinder.

The aptness of the speech and the mock solemnity of the culprit in delivering it won the king's laughter and forgiveness.—Youth's Companion.

The Hard Task.

It's an easy thing to say
What another man should do,
But it's different through the day
To be quite so strict with you.

You can see what's right for them
Very clearly as you go,
And it's easy to condemn
When they falter or are slow.

But it's mighty hard to do
Every minute of the day
Only what is good for you
And to keep the narrow way.
—Detroit Free Press.

Absolutely Unjustified.

Wilton Lackaye says that one day while he was playing an engagement in Chicago he took a stroll along South Clark street and came to a district of secondhand clothing shops. Every other show window was filled with garments bearing seductively worded legends purporting to represent that these offerings had been cast back upon the makers' hands through no fault of their own, but, rather, because of the captiousness of the original purchasers.

The words "Misfit," "Not Claimed," "Tailor's Sample," and so on, recurred time and time again.

But in one window originality in the gentle art of advertising phraseology had scored a triumph. Behind the glass dangled a pair of trousers of a most startling cut and an even more startling pattern. The colors fairly leaped through the window to smite the passerby in the eye. To the garment was affixed a card bearing this statement:

"These Pants Were Uncalled For."—Saturday Evening Post.

Entirely Too Literal.

He was terribly in love with the girl, and he was eloquent about it. If she hadn't been intensely feminine and therefore intensely inquisitive and practical and unidealistic he could have got away with his plea. He said in part:

"For you I would sacrifice friends, ambition, honor, fortune, career—nay, more"—

But here she interrupted him. She asked:

"Since when did you have all those lovely things?"

And he groaned and went out into the night. Women ruin all romance, they are so literal and materialistic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Party Line.

The telephone is the back yard fence of the present generation. Much that was once used for back yard fence discussion is now saved for over the phone, and back yard fences are getting to be considered very middle class. A telephone is a valuable means of getting into closer touch with your fellow creatures. A party line is especially good for such a purpose. Get on a party line and you can always know what your neighbors are going to have for supper. Sometimes you can tell they are going to have a party or a divorce. The pleasure of talking on a party line is the knowledge that one of the other parties is always listening. In talking over a party line one should always pass a remark for the benefit of the eavesdropper. Say, "There's some sneak listening to us." That always stings. You know how it is yourself.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Saving a Desperate Man.

"Why did you get engaged to Harry? You swore that you would never, never have anything to do with such a man."

"Yes, dear, I know I did. But—well, I wouldn't have accepted him if he hadn't made such a dreadful threat."

"Oh, that old stall about rushing out and committing suicide?"

"No; worse than that."

"But any of those threats are bluffs. I suppose he said he'd kill the next man who called on you, eh?"

"No, no! I've heard that before. Dearie, he threatened that if I did not accept him he'd go and propose to you. And I believe he would have done it too. He was perfectly desperate."

TALKING ZULUESE.

The Major's Fine Bluff When He Was Put to the Test.

There is a certain pool and billiard hall in New York much frequented by writers, baseball players and others of the learned professions. Also the establishment is a favorite loafing place for a number of more or less interesting characters. Among the regular habitues is an elderly gentleman known as "the major," whose conversational specialty is to claim a close personal acquaintance with the habits, customs, languages and royal families of all of the out of the way places of the earth. It has been estimated that if the major had visited all the far countries he says he has visited and had spent the time in each of them he says he spent there he would now be something over 300 years old.

Not long ago some one in his presence mentioned Zululand. That was enough for the major. For twenty minutes he entertained the audience with an account of an expedition led by him into the uttermost wilds of Zululand, where, according to his statement, he was entertained for many moaths by a chief, from whom the major professed to have acquired a fluent knowledge of the native tongues and dialects.

The next day a newspaper artist, who was born in Spain and who has a complexion almost as dark as a Moor's, dropped in. Seeing him, the proprietor had an inspiration. He told his plan to the artist and to half a dozen others, and then, followed by the rest, he led the illustrator over to where the major sat and introduced the pair to each other, giving to the swarthy stranger an unpronounceable name.

"Major," added the proprietor, "this gentleman is a Zulu who has been in America many years. He is homesick for the sound of his own language again. That's why I have brought him to you."

This was the cue for the dark conspirator. Clinging fast to the major's hand, he poured out a rambling stream of mingled Spanish and Portuguese, with a series of clucks, grunts and gurgles interpolated.

The major listened intently until the other paused for breath. Then, with a mighty snort of disdain, he wrested himself free, and as he broke through the circle he was heard to say to the proprietor:

"Never allow that person to come near me again. Why, the low bred ruffian doesn't speak anything but low Zuluese!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Ambition.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Too Stale For Them.

Will Tellum was furious. He dashed into the editorial sanctum over the prostrate form of the office boy and confronted the editor himself.

"Look here!" he bellowed. "This paper said I was a liar!"

"Oh, no, it did not," replied the editor calmly.

"It did, I say."

"I say no!"

"Well, some paper said it!" spluttered Tellum.

"Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," said the editor sweetly, fingering a paperweight. "We never print stale news."

Hopeless Case.

With fear and trembling he approached the doctor. "I know there's something wrong with my heart, doctor. I have a feeling that I'm not going to live very long."

"LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE."

"Nonsense! Give up smoking."

"Never smoked in my life, doctor."

"Well, stop drinking."

"I am a total abstainer from alcoholic drink."

"Well, try going to bed earlier; get more sleep."

"I'm always in bed by 9 o'clock."

"Oh, well, all I can say is, my dear sir, that I think you had better let nature take its course. You're altogether too good for this world."—Everybody's Magazine.

It Sounded Hopeful.

A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."—New York Times.

Why I Did Not Go to College

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I was sixteen years old and still far from being prepared for college. There was no good school near where I lived, and I concluded to hunt up a tutor. Upon inquiry I learned that there was a clergyman in charge of a little church in a neighboring village who was a classical scholar, and to him I applied.

I well remember the morning I went to the parsonage for the purpose. It stood in a goodly sized yard, and between two trees to which a hammock was swung was a girl dressed as a child, but it seemed to me that she had outgrown her habiliments. I asked her if the Rev. Mr. Snively was at home, and she said I would find him in his study.

I found a bookworm. He knew enough to prepare me for college, but either he had not the faculty of imparting his knowledge or I was a dunce, for I learned very slowly. One day I went to the parsonage for a recitation very poorly prepared, and finding the girl in the hammock she told me that my tutor, her father, had been called away on some parochial duty. I told her that I was not disappointed, for I did not know my lesson. She asked what I was studying, and when I told her it was Latin she said that perhaps she might help me.

She made room for me beside her in the hammock, and, opening my textbook, Vergil, I began to construe, the girl helping me in the parts that I was unable to get over.

After that I went to my recitations in advance of the appointed hour in order to be tutored by Louise before going to her father. It was not long before she took her place in the hammock regularly in order that she might be ready to give me my coaching when I came. While I was ahead of time at the hammock, I soon came to be behind time at the study, and despite Louise's tutoring I was seldom any better prepared than before I had availed myself of her services.

My appearance at Mr. Snively's study growing later and later, he protested, saying that my tardiness interfered with his accomplishing other purposes. I excused myself by saying that my delay was occasioned by an endeavor to prepare myself for my recitation. I would hereafter either come on time or not at all. If I were not on hand five minutes after the appointed time he was not to expect me.

During the week after this arrangement I was on time twice. The other days I was studying in the hammock with Louise. Unfortunately, Louise was teaching me love instead of Latin. The next week, fearing that Mr. Snively would give up trying to prepare me for college and I should thereby be deprived of his daughter's love coaching, I braced up and was on hand for five out of six lessons. But at these times I sat in the hammock with Louise after instead of before the lesson.

In this way a whole summer passed. One day when I went to take my lesson Mr. Snively, after much hemming and hawing, told me that I was no nearer to passing my entrance examinations than when I had come to him. The autumn was coming on, and it was already too cold to sit in the hammock with Louise. I told Mr. Snively that I preferred not to go to college till I was eighteen anyway, and this would give me another year. During the winter I would go to the best school I could find, and in the spring I would again put myself under his tuition. He did not think much of this plan, but he did not know that I was studying love instead of Latin, and the hammock would not be again available till the next spring. As for studying with Louise during the winter, there would be no excuse for that, and since she was regarded by her parents as a child she would not be allowed to receive visits from one of the opposite sex.

But Louise was passing through a period when girls develop very rapidly. During the winter we managed to meet occasionally, and when the spring opened I resumed my study of Latin with her father and my study of love with her. I found the latter as easy as the former was difficult.

However, I got on better with the Latin the second summer, for I found a literal translation of the Aeneid of Vergil which I was studying, and I astonished my reverend preceptor with the elegance of my translations. He said that I was very weak in giving the construction, but quite strong in turning the Latin text into English.

When the second summer of my preparation for college came around Louise and I had both passed the gate of manhood and womanhood, and we began to think of nest building. I found that I had no use for college, but I wanted a home in which to place myself and my mate. We talked the matter over, and both agreed that I would be better fitted for business than a profession, and if I were going into business I was at the proper age to begin. Dr. Snively agreed with me when I told him that I would make a better business man than scholar and commended my decision.

All men regret not having received a college education. But one can't have everything, and, while some of those who would have been my classmates are struggling lawyers, doctors or engineers, others are impecunious bachelors without homes. I am prosperous and, having married early, am surrounded with sons and daughters not very far from me in age.

What Really Counts.

Nothing that anyone else does really matters; it is what you do that will count.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR DEPOSITORIES.

The School Board of Willis School District No. 64, Ward County, North Dakota, will receive sealed proposals for the deposit of school funds for said school district for the biennial period ending on the second Tuesday in July, 1919.

All proposals must be in writing and state the rate of interest which will be paid on the average daily balances of the checking account and on time deposit of the sinking fund. These proposals must be in the hands of the district clerk on or before 2 o'clock P. M. of July 10th, at which time the bids will be opened and the depository named.

L. L. BUNKER,
Clerk,
6-28-t2 Sawyer, N. Dak.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR DEPOSITORIES.

The School Board of Roosevelt School District No. 58, Ward Couty, North Dakota, will receive sealed proposals for the deposit of school funds for said school district for the biennial period ending on the second Tuesday in July, 1919.

All proposals must be in writing and state the rate of interest which will be paid on the average daily balances of the checking account and on time deposit of the sinking fund. These proposals must be in the hands of the district clerk on or before 2 o'clock P. M. of July 10th, at which time the bids will be opened and the depository named.

MAME NEUMANN,
Clerk,
6-28-t2 Max, N. D.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR DEPOSITORIES.

The School Board of Iota Flat School District No. 79, Ward County, North Dakota, will receive sealed proposals for the deposit of school funds for said school district for the biennial period ending on the second Tuesday in July, 1919.

All proposals must be in writing and state the rate of interest which will be paid on the average daily balances of the checking account. These proposals must be in the hands of the district clerk on or before 2 o'clock P. M. of July 10th, at which time the bids will be opened and the depository named.

J. C. STOWELL,
Clerk,
6-28-t2 Max, N. D.

No. 670

REPORT of the CONDITION of the

FIRST STATE BANK

at Burlington, in the State of North Dakota, at the close of business June 20th, 1917.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$79,037.24
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		754.90
Warrants, stocks, tax certificates, claims, etc		1,359.80
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		4,650.00
Other real estate		2,824.57
Due from other banks	$ 6,881.43	
Checks and other cash items	1,231.58	
Cash	1,195.09	9,308.10
Total		$97,934.61

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		$10,000.00
Surplus fund		10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		995.42
Individual deposits subject to check	$30,693.64	
Time certificates of deposit	46,245.55	76,939.19
Total		$97,934.61

State of North Dakota, County of Ward } ss

I, H. A Kluver, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. A KLUVER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1917.

(SEAL) W. E. GROSS, Notary Public, Ward County, N. D

Correct Attest:—
H. A. KLUVER
JAMES JOHNSON
R. E. BARRON
Directors

No. 864

REPORT of the CONDITION of the

FIRST STATE BANK

at Lone Tree, in the State of North Dakota, at the close of business June 20th, 1917.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$58,784.55
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		314.51
Warrants, stocks, tax certificates, claims, etc		459.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		3,000.00
Current expenses, taxes paid, over undivided profits		33.51
Due from other banks	$ 5,032.28	
Checks and other cash items	147.58	
Cash	385.63	5,565.49
Total		$68,148.06

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		$10,000.00
Surplus fund		650.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$20,619.60	
Demand certificates of deposit	638.12	
Time certificates of deposit	34,240.34	55,498.06
Bills payable		2,000.00
Total		$68,148.06

State of North Dakota, County of Ward } ss

I, H. O Sethre, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. O. SETHRE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June 1917.

(SEAL) HENRY LISTERUD, Notary Public.
My commission expires Aug. 19th 1919

CORRECT—Attest:
F. S. TOFFLEMIRE,
J. E. TOFFLEMIRE,
Directors

No. 579

REPORT of the CONDITION of the

FIRST STATE BANK
OF SURREY,

at Surrey, in the State of North Dakota, at the close of business June 20th, 1917:

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$ 92,786.45
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		70.84
Warrants, stocks, tax certificates, claims, etc		8,739.11
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		3,250.00
Other real estate		1,813.60
Current expenses, taxes paid, over undivided profits		873.71
Due from other banks	$28,422.63	
Checks and other cash items	597.11	
Cash	1,857.34	30,877.08
Total		$ 138,410.79

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		$10,000.00
Surplus fund		7,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$44,423.88	
Time certificates of deposit	76,579.17	
Cashier's checks outstanding	407.74	121,410.79
Total		$138,410.79

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, County of Ward } ss:

I, W. S. Young, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. S. YOUNG, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of June 1917.

[SEAL] C. F. TRUAX, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 3, 1919.

CORRECT—Attest:
J. YOUNG,
R. E BARRON,
Directors.

HOOVER TELLS US WOLF IS AT WORLD'S DOOR; WE MUST CHASE HIM

HERBERT C. HOOVER

Herbert C. Hoover, who may tell us all how much to eat, what to eat and the prices we are to pay for food, if the administration plans are carried out, was honored a few days ago by Brown university with the degree of doctor of laws. Speaking at a luncheon to Brown alumni, Mr. Hoover said that the wolf was at the door of the world and that the United States more than any other nation must keep it away. This country must help to keep its allies "constant in war," he said, or else become Germany's sole enemy. Mr. Hoover declared the nation's food supply was decreasing gradually and that there would be a still greater decrease a year hence.

Minot Architect on State Board

Robert B. Stacy-Judd, a prominent Minot architect has been named a member of the state board of architects by Governor Frazier for a term of three years. W. J. Edwards of Grand Forks and Geo. Hancock of Fargo are the other members of the board. The board's duty is to examine architects and no one who does not meet the requirements dares to charge for services as an architect. The law provides a fine of from $50 to $200 for anyone practicing as an architect without having first secured a license from the board.

M. N. Ledene, Powers Lake Banker Faces Serious Charge

M. N. Ledene, a prominent banker from Powers Lake, was arrested and brought before U. S. Commissioner R. E. Hopkins, charged with dissuading people from buying liberty bonds. The action was started at the instigation of U. S. Attorney Hildreth. He waived examination and gave his personal bond for his appearance in Federal court.

God Was on the Right.

A member of my acquaintance suggested to her five-year-old daughter that she pray for a baby sister or brother. Time passed and the five-year-old was rewarded for her prayers, but when the question of a name came up she emphatically demanded the other baby, saying: "I'll do all the praying."