

The Scrap Book

The Run Came In.
Joe Sudden claims that he is the only living rival to John Anderson, who made baseball history by stealing second with the bases full.

Joe let a tying run step across the plate while he held the ball in his hand and refused to touch the runner. There were men on second and third, one man out, the score 3 to 2 one day at New Orleans, when Charleston was playing there, back in 1893. The game was stopped for some reason, and the coach at first sat on the sack during the delay. Joe looked over the infield and saw three men on bases.

The first ball pitched when the game was again started was hit to the third baseman, who threw home in worlds of time to get the man trying to score. Joe thought the man was forced out and yelled at Denny Long, the first baseman, to get on the sack to complete a double play, while Long yelled at Joe to touch his man.

The runner stepped nimbly on the plate while Joe swore at the first baseman.

They revived Joe with cold water after he had discovered what he had done.

Each to All.
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed
And walks straight paths—however others stray,
This is the better way.
No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power.
There is no better way.
—Susan Coolidge.

Branded Him.
Dr. Norman Porritt, the consulting surgeon of the Royal Infirmary at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, does not mind telling a story against himself. He says that on one occasion he was called to a butcher's shop to examine some meat that had been condemned by the medical officer of health as being unfit for human consumption.

When the case came on for hearing in the local police court one of the witnesses, a butcher, was asked, "Who were present when the meat was examined?"

To which the witness answered quite seriously, "Dr. Porritt and a number of other butchers!"

A Scot's Tune One Scot Didn't Like.
A new admiral—a Macdonald—had succeeded Admiral Campbell in the command of a British squadron. The band had been in the habit of playing "The Campbells Are Coming" when their former admiral had a dinner party, and they did so in honor of Macdonald.

The first time the chief of the Macdonalds heard it (tells Admiral Fitzgerald in "Memories of the Sea") he was very angry and sent for me—the captain being on shore—and the following dialogue took place:

"What do they mean by playing 'The Campbells Are Coming'?"
"It has been customary to play it, sir, as a compliment to Admiral Campbell, and, being a Scotch air, no doubt the bandmaster thought it would be agreeable to you."

"Agreeable to me! Don't you know the next line of the song, 'The Campbells are coming, the Macdonalds are running'?" Never let me hear that tune again.

And the bandmaster was ordered to teach the band "The Garb of Old Gaul" instead.

"Granny Vic."
The subjects of Queen Victoria held their sovereign in veneration and respect. It was only among her own family circle, where she was "granny" and not "her majesty," that any criticism of her character and disposition was ever heard. There is one amusing incident in point told by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in "The Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife."

Miss Elizabeth C. Berdan was an intimate friend of the young princesses and was in great request at the palace as a playmate for the young girls.

One day one of the princesses gave Miss Berdan a ring. It was a pretty little trinket, but simple and inexpensive. "I would like to give you something much finer, Bessie," said the princess apologetically, "but, you know, Granny Vic is so stingy!"

"Shifting Sands."
Scoop had been assigned to cover the lecture of a noted French orator. The hall in which the lecture was delivered was very warm and comfortable, and Scoop went to sleep. At the close of the lecture he woke up with a start, and as he pulled himself together his hazy mind caught the words "shifting sands." That was sufficient for Scoop. Arriving at the office, he straightway proceeded to the "dope room," where he spent a good half hour reading about shifting sands.

When the French orator opened the paper next morning he found himself credited with having given a long talk on shifting sands the night before. Jamming the paper into his pocket, the Frenchman went with long strides to the editor and demanded an explanation for the story.

"What is the matter?" asked the editor. "Doesn't the article cover the subject fully?"

"Cover so subject, indeed!" replied the Frenchman. "I said nothing about so shifting sands, except that they would be so subject on which I lecture next week!"—Judge.

WALKED INTO THE TRAP.

It Was a Tantalizing Scheme, and It Unmasked the Pretender.

There are many stories extant, amusing as well as instructive, of the dodges resorted to by British soldiers who wish to get "invalided" home from an undesirable station. There is the case of the professed deaf and dumb man. The patient, who appeared suddenly and unaccountably to have gone deaf and dumb, when asked a question, would stare straight to his front in stony silence.

The dumb man was removed to the hospital for treatment, and upon his diet sheet each morning was written a tempting array of hospital comforts such as T. Atkins loves—rice pudding, bacon, eggs, milk punch and even beer. This list of luxuries could be studied by all who cared to read. But day after day the medical orderly



brought nothing to the poor patient but plain milk. Each morning, in sympathetic voice, the officer inquired of the orderly in front of the patient whether each and every article of diet had been provided. The orderly glibly answered, "Yes, sir."

"Did he get his beer with his dinner, all he wanted of it, and his milk punch before he went to bed?"

And again would come from the orderly a cheerful, "Yes, sir."

At first the poor deaf and dumb man's face would redden, but never a word could he hear or speak. There is, however, a limit to all endurance, and it was for that limit that the officer waited. Fully convinced that the orderly was a thief and a heartless scoundrel and had been bagging the comforts for himself, the patient could stand it no longer.

"He's a liar, sir," gasped he at last. "I've had naught but milk for a week!"

Result.—Immediate discharge from hospital and a court martial.

Make the Plunge.
To do anything worth while in the world we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sidney Smith.

No Room For Speeding.
Mr. Atkins was driving over his property with his daughter and a young man whom he was beginning to look upon as a possible and very desirable son-in-law.

The chauffeur, not unnaturally, was inclined to show off the motorcar, but Mr. Atkins himself had higher thoughts. As John, the chauffeur, quickened his speed he leaned over near him and said in a whisper: "Not so fast, John, not so fast. You make my estate look too small."

Needed a Lawn Mower.
There was but one tonsorial chair in the village barber shop, and it was occupied by a stalwart fellow, evidently a blacksmith. Judging from the stubborn growth of beard, the patron could not have shaved but once a week on an average, for the growth was like a scrubbing brush. The barber made a lather, placed it all over the countenance of the recumbent blacksmith, stropped the razor vigorously and sailed into his work. After he had struggled long and dangerously over his patron he felt constrained to say:

"Ain't I hurtin' you?"

"No," answered the Plutonian gentleman, still with energy.

"I seem to be workin' hard without gettin' there," commented the barber further.

"Oh, just go on," encouraged the blacksmith. "You're doin' all right, for them you ain't cuttin' off you're crimpin' so much I guess they'll never grow again!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

When the Game Was Called.
Casey announced to his wife, Ellen, that he was going to the ball game. All day he was gone. Night came, but no Casey to take his place at the head of the table. Midnight and no Casey. One o'clock—2 o'clock—3 o'clock—no Casey.

As the 6 o'clock whistles began to blow Casey stumbled up the front stairs into the house and awakened his wife by his efforts to negotiate the stairs.

She hopped out of bed and met her better half in the doorway.

"Well!" said Mrs. Casey, determination written on her face.

"Sal-rite, Illin," said Casey weakly. "The game was called on account of daylight."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

CITIES SHOULD CLEAN UP FIRST AND THEN DRESS UP.

Cleanliness, Practicability and Efficiency Should Be Citizen's Thought.

"Dig into the consciousness of the average intelligent American citizen when discussion of any form of civic improvement is proceeding, and you are almost certain to find that he refers it all eventually to what he calls 'the city beautiful movement,'" says J. Horace MacFarland of Harrisburg in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"He thinks of community planning in terms of civic centers, illuminated signs (the great white way), cluster lighting and other display adjuncts. His city beautiful, too, varies according to his ideals. One citizen showed his conception of the city beautiful for Newark by printing on the cover of a billboard magazine a picture of Broad street in that New Jersey metropolis, with every building bearing double decked signs urging the merits of beer and bread, of stoves and soap, of toilet powder and safety razors. Another is much pleased when he can secure the whitewashing of the mutilated tree trunks at his home town, while yet another sees in a tawdry soldiers' monument, flanked by a monstrous drape, several dismounted cannons, some wire flower baskets and four or five enormous telephone poles, his ideal of a civic center.

"In a prosperous eastern capital city the city beautiful thought was present when a million dollar municipal building was placed in surroundings that make it grotesque, located as it is utterly away from other public buildings or open spaces.

"All of these and others, with yet other fifty-seven varieties of misplaced civic emphasis, are sincere in their desires for their communities. But they don't know what the city beautiful really is, and, alas, they don't know that they don't know!

"It is the city clean, the city practical, the city efficient, that we need in America. In fact, I believe that cleanliness, practicability and efficiency must and do surely precede real beauty. I told a small community a few days ago, in discussing its very serious needs, that it needed first to clean up and then to dress up."

KANSAS CITY PARK PLAN.

New System of Taxation Successful, Producing Most Satisfactory Results.

How Kansas City, Mo., through a taxation system based on dividing the city into park districts, financed its campaign for city beautification was told by George E. Kessler, fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects, in an address at the recent national conference on city planning at Chicago.

"This system," said Mr. Kessler, "has placed the park department of Kansas City in a semi-independent position with reference to its funds and has made it possible to accomplish results that would have been entirely out of the question under any other financial system in that city.

"In practice the system is an amplification of the single tax theory. It was not accomplished as a matter of choice, but as a matter of necessity, and, inasmuch as no properties had been acquired under any other system, the tax-paying public finally acquiesced and is constantly urging an even more extensive development in order that the entire city may obtain commensurate benefits through improvement in every section."

Against the Ubiquitous Billboard.
Agitation against the billboard nuisance is lively in many sections and in spite of much opposition will not down. Civic organizations in many cities are waging a more or less bitter warfare against this universally acknowledged evil. One federation of clubs in a western state has this to say in a circular recently issued:

"Never cease to agitate talk against the unsightly billboards and do all within your power to rid your town of them. Refuse to patronize firms advertising in this manner. They will soon find out it does not pay them to use billboards in your town, and you will have gone a long way toward adding the state of them." An active campaign for legislation adverse to this objectionable form of advertising is now going on in numerous states and in the end gives promise of being successful.

More Window Boxes Needed.

Visitors to European cities note the beauty and gaiety given otherwise somber business buildings by the many window boxes filled with bright foliage and brilliant or attractive blossoms. In those cities most noted for civic beauty these boxes are a marked feature of all classes of buildings both public and private. They are easily maintained with little cost of time or money, and it is strange that more city dwellers do not have them. Their bright blossoms are restful to the eye and at the same time inspiring to the passerby as well as to the occupants of the house, and a few window boxes in a block transform it from a drear, drab chasm of brick and stone into a vista that is genuinely attractive.

SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS AID IN CLEANING CITY.

Co-operation in Observance of Cleanup Day Brings Business.

Thousands of business failures are recorded annually. Small dealers make up the largest part of these. In almost every community one or more go on the list. Sometimes they have invested their last cent in an undertaking, with nothing to reserve for an emergency. They soon find themselves hopelessly involved, with debts constantly creeping up around them, until the pressure of creditors is so great that they can no longer sustain it, and bankruptcy is the result.

The wages of thoughtlessness is failure. Go into business with your eyes fully open and know what you are doing. If you have \$500 to \$1,000 or more to invest in a local enterprise keep out at least 25 per cent as a reserve fund. This will help to tide you over any difficulties which may arise.

When you start in a small way and overburden yourself by accepting too great a credit from some wholesaler on the capital invested you at once invite difficulties. Unless you have a remarkable run of business when you first open up your heavy obligation to the wholesaler will come due and you will find yourself entangled.

At once you will try to borrow money to protect yourself, but this is hard to get if you are indebted to the wholesaler for the amount of all the goods in your store.

One of the chief causes of failure is the lack of ideas by which to make your business attractive to customers. Advertising in the right way and at the right time is the best means of stirring up trade. Several years ago a man who had learned the grocery business in a large city went back to his home town and started in a small way. He was a willing, hard worker, but through lack of ingenuity and initiative he had to close his place, losing the money he had invested.

Two years ago, with a resourceful silent partner, he again went into business in the same town. This time, with the assistance of his partner, the business was given life and made to live and expand. The partner at once inserted an advertisement in the local paper which read: "Our homemade pies are good enough for Mayor John. Aren't they good enough for you?" The personality entered into in this advertisement at once focused attention to it. The mayor was running for reelection at the time, and the advertisement helped him also.

This was only the starter. Others even more original were brought before the people through the medium of the local paper and at once caught and held the attention of all. Day after day new features were tried. Their methods teamed with life. They showed clear mental vision and an insight into human nature. The advertisements offered the things that people needed.

Last year the town had a cleanup week. The new store at once advertised brooms and paint and other necessary commodities at reduced prices. Recently it started on its own account a town beautiful campaign, adding to its stock many things that could be used in this connection, thus creating a bigger field for development.

The returns on the original investment have enabled the partners to open two other stores in nearby towns, where the same plans for getting business are being successfully used.

MAPLE TREES HIS MONUMENT

Pennsylvania Man Beautified Streets of Espy Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago in Espy, Pa., M. C. McCollum planted many maple trees on the streets. He said that these trees would always be a monument honoring his memory. During these years Mr. McCollum has taken great interest in the growth and development of his trees.

This is a type of patriotism worth far more than that aroused by war's alarms. It makes for better living because it is constructive and permanent and bears on home life. Indeed, men reared in such surroundings will be better citizens and, if need be, better soldiers, because their homes are more than walls of brick or wood. Just as Mr. McCollum has transformed Espy from a village of houses to a village of homes, so countless other villages and towns may be transformed. It needs only the awakening of a genuine, peaceful patriotism to make oneself a public benefactor in this kind of way. Such a movement will surely keep one's memory green better than "storied urn or animated bust."

Nasturtiums For Bare Spots.

Plant nasturtiums wherever there is a bare spot in your back yard. Plant them wherever you think there is going to be a bare place. They are among the most easily grown of flowers, and the showy blossoms, which flower until frost can be used for cut flowers for the house all through the summer.

One householder who has a back yard garden always plants nasturtiums about her hollyhocks. When she cuts down the stalks of the hollyhocks after the flowers have passed by—a practice, by the way, which keeps the plants strong and the flowers big—the nasturtiums are just ready to demand every inch of ground in sight.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In Milbank

Statements of Milbank Citizens Are Always of Interest to Our Readers

To many of our readers the streets of Milbank are almost as familiar as those of our own town, and we are naturally interested to read of happenings there. The following report from a well known and respected resident will be helpful to numbers of men and women here in Sisseton:

Philip Schad, baker, Milbank, S. D., says: "For more than a year my kidneys distressed me and every day they seemed to get worse. The kidney secretions were discolored and too frequent in passage. Several times at night I had to get up to pass the kidney secretions. My back was weak and I was unfit for work. Fortunately, someone told me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a supply. They helped me right away and after I had used five boxes the ailments had left me. I publicly endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills when they cured me and I believe they are the best kidney medicine anyone can buy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The Standard for news Patronize the Standard job department. Particular printing for particular people is our specialty.

Local

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. Feeney June 25.

Mr. Hudson of Britton has been spending the week in Sisseton.

Found—Yale lock key. Owner can have same by paying for this notice.

Oscar Murray and Mrs. Frank Hicks have gone to Britton to visit relatives.

Patronize the Standard job department. Particular printing for particular people is our specialty.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Anna Nordlund, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Anna Nordlund, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased; to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office in the Roberts County Court House, in the City of Sisseton, Roberts county, South Dakota. Dated June 27, A. D. 1913.

ANDREW F. NORDLUND,
Administrator of the Estate of Anna Nordlund, Deceased.
By Thomas Mani,
Attorney for Administrator. (2-3)

Notice to Creditors

Estate of John Israelson, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of John Israelson, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office in the Roberts County Court House, in the City of Sisseton, in the County of Roberts and State of South Dakota. Dated June 27, 1913.

IVER J. JOHNSON,
Administrator of the Estate of John Israelson, Deceased.
Thomas Mani,
Attorney for Administrator. (2-3)

NOTICE OF HEARING APPLICATION TO SELL INTOXICATING LIQUORS AT RETAIL.

Whereas, one W. E. Bollenbeck has filed with the city auditor of the City of Sisseton, South Dakota, an application for a permit to engage in the business of selling intoxicating liquors at retail in the building situated on lot 11, in block 58, in the City of Sisseton, Roberts County, South Dakota, which said application is accompanied by a petition bearing the signatures of twenty legal freeholders and voters of said city, praying that a permit be granted to said applicant to sell intoxicating liquors at retail in said building located on lot 11, block 58.

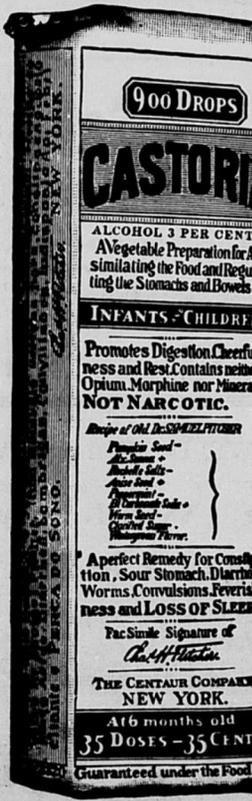
Now therefore, notice is hereby given that said application and petition will be heard by the City Council of the city of Sisseton at the Council Chambers thereof in the City Hall on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1913, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon of said day where any person or persons may appear and show cause why such permit should not be granted. Dated this 24th day of June, 1913.

Frank R. McKenna,
City Auditor.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of John Ahlen, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of John Ahlen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of Howard Babcock in the First National Bank Building, in the City of Sisseton, in the county of Roberts, South Dakota. Dated June 17th, 1913.

CHARLES STEVENSON,
Administrator of the estate of John Ahlen, Deceased.
Howard Babcock,
Attorney for Administrator. (51-2)



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WELLS. Par. Simile Signature of THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.