

wish them unbounded success in their new enterprise and the Democrat will express a popular sentiment by extending the same good wishes to the new firm that is now in charge of the State Bank of America.—Towner Co. Democrat, Cando, N. D.

School Notes.

The foot ball boys have organized with Harold Hyde as captain. They are now getting ready to meet their opponents. While no games have been arranged as yet, the boys are anxious to meet any of the high school teams in this section of the state.

The eighth grade pupils now occupy the room which was used as a laboratory last year, a fine laboratory having been fitted up in the basement.

The last year's graduating class not only made an enviable record in this school, but all expect to attend institutions of learning this year. Fred Graff and Edwin Erickson will attend the University of Minnesota; Oscar Thompson, the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.; Willard Houghton, the Valley City Normal; Earl Cowen and Marsden Kishpaugh, the University of North Dakota.

The school board is having a large coal shed constructed. Our janitor Mr. Turnipseed promises to keep us as comfortable as heretofore.

The following pupils entered our high school Monday: Mable Anderson entering the first year. Edward Nierenberg the second and George Mills, of Hannaford the second. Bertha Holbrook, of Binford entered the sixth grade. Several others entered the grades making twelve additional pupils entering school the first of the week.

The following non-resident pupils are enrolled in our high school: Paul Hoffman, Walum, N. D., Nathan Mach, Dwight, N. D., George Mills, Harold and Kenith Hyde, of Hannaford, N. D. From the rural districts are: Jessie Lindgren, Noma Wilson, Edythe Johnson, Hazel Regner, Charlotte Moe, Alfred Kelson, Frank Olson, Cora and Laura Houghton, Borghield and Ella Oie, Albert Starr, Clarence Husel, Inez Ayrea, Ernestine Pfeiffer and Nora Wuffelstad.

The Balloon Plant.

The balloon plant is one of the most curious devices of nature for scattering seeds. The fruit is yellow and a little larger than an egg. It has the appearance of an empty bag, but it contains a watery substance, which evaporates or dries up when the fruit matures, a sort of gas taking its place. This gas is lighter than air, and the fruit sways back and forth in the wind until it finally breaks loose from its slender stem, rises into the air to a height of from 75 to 100 feet and sails away to fall in some distant spot and thus extend the growth of its kind.

fooling the Janitor.

"I'll tell you a good way to get on the good side of your janitor," said the foxy woman. "Just get him to talking about the other people in the building. Every day when I go down in the elevator I say to him, 'Well, how're they treating you?'"

"My! If you could hear the line of talk he throws from his chest! I'll bet their ears burn. Then I keep saying, 'It's a shame,' or 'What an outrage!' First one and then the other, and he's awfully nice to me, that janitor."—New York Press.

His Mind Still Clear.

Mr. Pneer had been run into by a street car. He was taken to the nearest drug store and a surgeon was hastily summoned.

"The thigh bone is dislocated," announced the surgeon after a brief examination. "Here, you!" he continued, turning to a muscular bystander and grasping the sufferer firmly around the body. "Pull his leg!"

"What! Already?" groaned Mr. Pneer, opening his eyes and placing his hand on his pocketbook.