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Made C. J. Johnson of Lincoln Co., Minn., famous in growing 243 bushels from 2 1/2 bushels sown last spring. Can you beat that in 1915? Wont you try?



This great oat has taken more prizes and given bigger and larger yields throughout the United States than any oat known. It's enormously prolific. Just the oat for Iowa, Minn., Wis., Ill., Ind., Mich., Ohio, Neb., Pa., N. Y., Kansas and Missouri.

We are America's headquarters for Alfalfa and Potatoes Timothy, Clovers and Farm Seeds.

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We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Cereal Wonder," Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, "The Prize Winner," Billion Dollar Grass; Teosinte, the Silo Filler, etc., etc.

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And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 706, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

It Pleased Him.

"You never know what a child will do next," remarked a mother last week. "Recently, for instance, I bought some tooth powder highly flavored with wintergreen and gave it to my eldest boy, Charlie, who is ten. I've been having trouble in getting Charlie to clean his teeth properly and thought the new powder, because of its intense flavor, might encourage him."

"A couple of weeks later I noticed that a lot of the new tooth powder was gone. Feeling much pleased, I said to Charlie: 'How is the new powder doing? Is it keeping your teeth nice and clean?'"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know—haven't you been cleaning your teeth every day with it? Most of it's gone."

"Sure it's gone. I've been eating it. It's fine."

Same Then as Now.

Apollo had proposed taking Venus to the Olympian games.

"How long will it take you to get ready?" he asked.

"About ten minutes," Venus answered.

"By thunder!" muttered Apollo, after waiting half an hour. "When she has only to twist up her hair!"—Judge.

Seven by the Average.

Knickner—How old is your boy?
Bocker—He takes a ten-year-old suit and a four-year-old car seat. He averages seven.

You can't always judge a man's worth by the taxes he pays.

"JIM" POEMS HIS FAVORITES

Apart From That, There Was a Special Reason Why Whitcomb Riley Liked That One.

James Whitcomb Riley and Joel Chandler Harris appear in a story by a writer in the New York Sun. They had sought rest and recuperation in a hotel among the southern mountains and wished to avoid the attempts of the other guests to lionize them. Much against their wills, however, they were constrained to appear at a "reading" from their own works, after having been routed from a secluded spot in the woods to which they had retired.

A young elocutionist had the center of the stage when they got to the hotel. She led off by announcing a poem by Mr. Riley. She recited it. It was about somebody named Jim. Riley looked impressed.

"Would you mind," he said when she had finished, "reciting that again?" She did not mind, and went at it. Riley wiped a tear away as she finished. Then he said, "Please recite it again, if you will."

She did it the third time, and Riley was even more affected.

"Do you know," he said, after she had ended, "I like that poem. It's a Jim poem. I always like Jim poems. My own name is Jim. I always read Jim poems. I have written several Jim poems myself. But do you know why I like this Jim poem better than any other?"

The young woman eagerly asked why. The assembled guests leaned forward breathlessly to hear the answer.

"I like it," said Riley, "because it always reminds me of my dear old friend, Eugene Field. Eugene Field is the man who wrote that poem, you know!"—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Know Her Sister.

A woman from a small town, in the city to do some Christmas shopping, stepped up to a clerk at the hosiery counter in one of the department stores.

"Say," she said, "I want to get two pairs of stockings like my sister bought here last August."

"I don't know your sister, and I probably would not remember what she bought, even if I was acquainted with her," explained the clerk.

"You must remember my sister," insisted the customer. "She is a little heavy-set woman."

When the clerk still insisted she did not remember the sister or what she bought the customer had to explain just what kind of stockings she desired.

Commercial Courtesies.

"So you think the system of taxation is unbusinesslike?"

"Absolutely," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "The idea of the government's refusing to give a big influential customer like me a liberal discount for cash."

Another Luxury.

Payton—"We hear a great deal lately about the high cost of living, and loving."

Parker—"Yes, and the high cost of loafing ought not to be sneezed at, either.—Life.

The Cause.

"How did you lose your hair?"

"Worry. I was in constant fear that I was going to lose it."

MADE A NEW CLASSIFICATION

Montana Waiter Announced Lobster as the Only "Game" on the Menu That Night.

The man from Montana was eating lobster Newburg the other night in a Broadway restaurant.

"Lobsters are common enough to you people here on the seacoast," he remarked to a New Yorker, "but when one gets well inland the fresh lobster becomes a bit more of a novelty. Not that we don't get plenty of lobsters in Montana, but, naturally, there they're not as numerous as down here, and they are regarded as more of a luxury."

"This fact was brought to my attention one night recently in a hotel in Butte. I got in on a rather late train and went into a restaurant about nine o'clock in the evening for dinner. I happened to feel like eating a grouse or a duck or something of that sort. I glanced at the menu and failed to see any birds.

"Haven't you got any grouse or other game?" I asked the waiter.

"We ain't got any grouse," was the reply. "The only game we have is lobsters."

Not Tooth Powder.

They were having a clearing house on domestic subjects.

"What kind of tooth powder is that in the bathroom cabinet?" the head of the house asked his wife.

"Tooth powder?"

"Yes, that stuff in a tube. It makes my teeth black and it tastes like asafetida."

"Why, that's not tooth powder. That is rheumatism paste we use on mother's back."

Women as Inventors.

It is probably not generally known that a woman invented the paper bag. Away back in 1870 a patent was granted Miss Margaret Knight, who died only a short time ago at the age of seventy-five. There are said to be 310 woman owners of incorporated establishments in St. Louis, who, besides managing the business, can do the actual manual labor required.

Good Advice.

Bacon—I see it said that many persons are apt to remain too long in a cold bath, and care should be taken to avoid this mistake, which has a debilitating effect if indulged in often.

Egbert—if you happen to break through the ice this winter, remember that. Don't stay in too long.

He Was Right.

Father—I read today that three varieties of the dog never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

Son—There is one other kind of dog that doesn't bark, pop—a dead dog.

Let's Hope So.

Bill—This paper says the invention of an Englishman is a machine to permit a singer to hear his own voice just as an audience hears it.

Jill—Do you suppose that will make certain people who sing more merciful?

Not Greedy.

Passenger—I'd give you a tip, only I've nothing but a ten-dollar bill.

Porter—Oh, that'll be enough, sir.

TO KILL A GERMAN IS WOMAN'S AMBITION

Vengeance For Destruction of Her Whole World Is All She Lives For.

By Herbert Corey in Kansas City Star. Vlissingen, Holland, (by mail).—At the hotel in Flushing where by great luck I found a shelter under the roof, were two Belgians. One was a tall, erect, soldierly looking man of 78. His wife was eight years younger. Once she must have been uncommonly pretty. One fancied she was a bit of a flirt. At 70 she was a very charming, elderly woman. Her hands were slender and very white. A diamond or two were lustrous upon them.

"We lived outside of Antwerp," said she. "We did not know that the Bosches were coming until one night we heard a banging at the door. German soldiers were cutting it down with axes. They drove my husband and myself into the street in our night clothes. We had no time even to pick up a coat."

As they stood there in the street, bewildered, frightened by the soldiers who pressed about them, dazed by the torches, their home roared up in flames. They had lived there all their married life. It was filled with the intimate associations brought by life and birth and death. The village street burst into fire behind them. With the other villagers they were crowded into the open country—crying, a half dressed, shivering, shoudering mob—as though they were so many cattle. They were never able to return.

"My husband had been a general in the Belgian army," said she. "Some years ago he retired. He had enough money to live comfortably. Today we have nothing. We have not heard from our two sons. My husband—"

She need not finish her sentence. The old man's vacant smile as he sat contentedly in the sun told his story. And then the old woman completed her own. Mind you, all her life she had been sheltered from harsh contact with the world. She had been gently reared. Her years had been spent in good works and little, pretty vanities.

"I only wish for one thing now," said she. "I want to kill a German with my own hand."

REINDEERS HAVE HELPED TO CIVILIZE ALASKANS

"In 20 years the reindeer industry has made the Eskimos of Alaska civilized and thrifty men," says the United States bureau of education in a bulletin just issued.

The reindeer industry began in Alaska in 1895 when the bureau of education imported from Siberia 171 reindeer. The object of the importation, according to the bulletin, was to furnish a source of supply for food and clothing to the Eskimos in the vicinity of Bering Strait. This importation was continued until 1902, and a total of 1,280 reindeer were brought from Siberia. There are now 47,266 reindeer distributed among 62 herds, and 30,532 of these are owned by the natives.

This industry has given to the Alaskan Eskimos not only food and clothing, but a means of transportation superior to dog teams. Instead of being nomadic hunters eking out a precarious existence on the vast unimproved lands of the Arctic coast region "the Eskimos" according to the bureau's bulletin "now have assured support and opportunity to acquire wealth by the sale of meat and skins to the white men."

The reindeer industry is carefully guarded. "No native is permitted to sell or otherwise dispose of a female reindeer to any person other than a native Alaskan." This is done, the bulletin states, "lest white men deprive the natives of their reindeer and destroy this great native industry which the bureau of education has in the last 20 years built up and fostered."

The reindeer service is an integral part of the educational system of the bureau of education for northern and western Alaska. The district superintendents of schools are also superintendents of the reindeer service.

Promising and ambitious young natives are selected by superintendents as apprentices in the reindeer service, receiving, six, eight or 10 reindeer at the close of the first, second and third years, respectively, and 10 more at the close of the fourth year. Upon the satisfactory termination of his apprenticeship, the native becomes a herder and assumes entire charge of a herd.

Blessed Are the Peacemaker Presidents

Josephus Daniels in the World Outlook. The heart of the American people is for peace. In the last half century the three presidents most beloved by their countrymen were the three who strove most to prevent war or did most to mitigate its horrors.

Lincoln hoped, up to the shot at Fort Sumter, that the conflict might be averted, and never by word nor act added fuel to the flames, but strove steadfastly for peace. When unable to prevent the unhappy fratricidal struggle, he assuaged the war temper in every possible way, and died with the love of the American people north and south.

McKinley, a brave soldier, knew the horrors of war and exerted his most earnest effort to prevent war with Spain, though virulently assailed by men whom the war spirit dominated. The people of America have forgotten those who criticized his peace policies, but have immortalized William McKinley.

President Wilson, like his two peace-loving predecessors, has exerted every influence of his great office to prevent a hostile outbreak between this and other countries. His influence has averted war, and the passage of the peace treaties renders war with any one of 26 nations difficult.

The American people take Lincoln, McKinley and Wilson as their models rather than those who would supplant our enlightened policy of peace with a crushing militarism.

Stay in Your Own Back Yard.

Lilacs blooming in the corner by the garden gate. Many in the little cabin door; Curly headed pickaninny coming home so late. Crying knee his little heart is sore. All the children playing round have skin so white and fair. None of them with him will ever play. So mammy in her lap takes the little weeping chap. And says in her kind old way: CHORUS.

"Now honey, you stay in your own back yard. Don't mind what dem white chile do. What show you 'spose dey's agwine to gib a poor little coon like you? So stay on dis side ob de high board fence. And honey don't you cry so hard. Go out and-a play just as much as you please. But stay in your own back yard."

Every day the children as they pass old mammy's place, Romping home from school at night or noon. Peering through the fence would see this eager little face. Such a wistful looking little coon. But one day the little face had gone for evermore. God had called the dusky little elf. But mammy in the door sat and rocked as oft before. And crooned to her own black self.

BERLIN IS CITY OF HEART BROKEN WOMEN

War Puts Them to Supreme Test But They Are Meeting It Bravely.

Zoe Beckley, in the New York Mail. Berlin is a city of saddened women. They make change on the buses and tram cars in place of the men gone to war. They keep the shops. They sweep the streets. Actresses, singers, store managers—all the higher paid workers are living in fair comfort on what they have saved. Others are buying 10 picnic dinners which the government provides. Those who have not the 10 pfennigs, but do have appetites, eat what their kind hearted rich sisters cook and distribute for them at stations around the city. For the rest—well, there are many too heartless to eat. These are the war widows, who were given 10 minutes at many mobilization centers in which to marry their soldier sweethearts if they choose thus to insure their little pension money.

Edith Donnerberg Dunawer, who would be famed as a beauty if it were not as a writer, and falling both, would deserve honors for being "the happiest married woman in the world," has just arrived from the stricken city of Berlin, where she was taking a university course in philosophy.

Impressions Confused. "I am feeling too nightmarish yet," she laughed, "to talk intelligently. My mind is one confused jumble of impressions—women's tears, mutilated soldiers, hungry babies, artillery rattling on country roads, girls knitting stockings as they take kaffee klatsch in public cafes, women collecting hospital supplies, old men and children doing strong men's work. Oh, this war, which is rending Germany and which I believe will go on until her last soldier falls!"

"Before I escaped from Berlin," went on Miss Dunawer, "I saw sights that will stay in my heart forever. "The city is full of girls and women who force their lips to a patriotism their souls reject. A mother utters the words, 'My sons died for their country, I am glad.' But her heart withers as she says it."

"In Berlin I worked for the Red Cross. Everybody helped who was able to hold a needle or make a soup. "I have seen scores of girls who married their soldier sweethearts 10 minutes after the first call to war, and found their names in the list of killed within a week thereafter."

Many Marry in Haste. "That is the way to marry, though. The woman who falters and questions and wants time to prepare is not the woman who truly loves. She who knows real love knows it instantly, and would trust her heart."

"But—we were talking of Berlin and its little war widows! Something sadder still is when the soldier-sweetheart husband comes back from the battlefield maimed and crushed. Limbs gone, eyes put out, reason shattered. Oh, these are the terrible tests!"

"I have watched hospital scenes dramatic enough, tragic enough, to build a hundred plays upon. I have seen girls rush out, bring back a priest and go through the marriage ceremony right there, when the first call to war, and on the cot wept half in protest at the sweetheart's sacrifice, half in grateful joy."

"And I have seen the other side; when the girl couldn't accept her cruel fate; when her spirit crumpled under the test; when she turned away from the maimed form, unable to endure what fate required of her."

"War is woman's supremest test in every way. I pray the women of America may never be called upon to endure such anguish as their sisters in Germany are hearing today."

THE GERMAN ATTITUDE TOWARD THE ENGLISH

From the National Magazine. And this hatred of England is a legacy from Bismarck. By every law they should have been friends. The reigning house of England today is German, for it was the duke of Hanover who was made King George I of England, of which the present George is the sixth in descent. George I never could speak English, or at best very brokenly. The mother of the present emperor was a daughter of Queen Victoria, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her age. From the first, Bismarck made war on her and his persecution of her forms one of the most disgraceful chapters in German history. The humanitarian ideas which she brought over the channel were always most irritating to the man of "Blut und Eisen."

This hatred was well augmented by his circle, Friedrichschke, who said in 1884: "We have reckoned with France, Austria and Russia; the reckoning with England has still to come; it will be the longest and the most difficult."

Through the press a constant education of hatred of England was kept up, until it is certainly true that the military circles and diplomatic circles of Germany hated England more than the Slav. Whether such a hatred of Germany has been at all prevalent in England is doubtful, but that there has been a growing and constant fear of Germany in the islands I do know.

BUYERS TO HAVE CLUB IN NEW YORK CITY

From the New York Evening Post. A 13-story buyers' building, to house the New York offices of all the principal department stores of the country, with a sufficient number of individual rooms for rent to buyers who visit the city only at intervals, is the project now in the mind of the National Retail Dry Goods association. It will be submitted to the organization at the annual convention to be held here in February. The plan includes provision for a restaurant, library and other club accommodations, so that congeniality and business may both be promoted.

For a long time many lines of trade in New York have segregated themselves into very clearly defined districts by natural gravitation to the convenience of out-of-town buyers, and this process logically suggests even a more specific center of trade. The social side has been centralized already to some extent with headquarters for the various associations, but the combination office and club building is a more comprehensive development.

A LOVING HEART.

Whittier. A loving heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics. It plants its Eden in the wilderness and solitary place, and sows with flowers the gray desolation of rocks and mosses.

TALK ON WESTERN CANADA.

You Don't Have to Lie About Canada—The Simple Truth Is Enough.

The natural resources of the country are so vast that they cannot be told in mere figures. Man can only tell of what tiny portions have done. He can only say, "I am more prosperous than I ever expected to be." And yet if a farmer expects to succeed on land that he has been forced to pay \$50 to \$100 an acre for he ought to feel assured of attaining prosperity when he finds the richest prairie soil at his disposal absolutely free. If he has a little capital, let him invest it all in live stock and farm implements—he will find himself ten years ahead of the game. Some day such a chance will not be found anywhere on the face of the globe. But now the same opportunities await you as awaited the pioneer and not one hundredth part of the difficulties he encountered and overcame. Success in Canada is made up of two things, natural resources and human labor. Canada has the one and you the other. A postal card stands between you and the Canadian government agent. If you don't hold these two forces and enjoy the fruits of the result it is your own fault.

Debt and Canada Will Not Stand Hitched.

You want a cozy home, a free life, and sufficient income. You want education for your children, and some pleasure for your wife. You want independence. Your burden has been heavy, and your farm hasn't paid. You work hard and are discouraged.

You require a change. There is a goal within sight, where your children will have advantages. You can get a home in Western Canada, freedom, where your ambitions can be fulfilled. If the Prairie Provinces of Canada are full of Successful Farmers why should you prove the exception? Haven't you got brains, experience, courage? Then prove what these are capable of when put on trial. It is encouraging to know that there is one country in the world where poverty is no barrier to wealth; own your own car; own yourself; be somebody.

For facts write to any Canadian government agent. Advertisement.

No Fortune Telling in Germany.

Fortune tellers now are forbidden to practice in any part of the German empire. Soon after the war broke out, they began to do an enormous business with relatives of soldiers in the field, who wanted to know how things were going with them. Visits to the fortune tellers often had tragic consequences, as many of the callers were in a high state of nervous tension. The uncertainty of relatives regarding their men folk at the front has been aggravated by an alleged muddle of the field postal organization, which is being severely criticized by the newspapers.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Preparing a Substitute.

"We are to have company for dinner and I don't believe there is a grapefruit to be had in town! What in the world shall I do?"

"Got any oranges?"

"Plenty of them."

"All right. You be splitting the oranges and I'll run down to the drug store and get a pound of quinine to dust them with."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

One Way Out.

"I wish I knew how to get rid of trouble."

"I'll help you out. I know a fellow who's always looking for it!"—Judge

Money for Money— Pound for Pound

—there's no food that equals Grape-Nuts in concentrated food-strength.

A pretty big claim, but listen—

"All-wheat food" sounds good to most people, but Grape-Nuts goes one better. It not only contains the entire nutriment of wheat, but also the rich nourishment of barley.

More! Grape-Nuts is long baked and digests quickly. Most wheat foods—bread for instance and some so-called breakfast foods—require 2 1/2 to 3 hours for digestion.

Grape-Nuts food digests generally in about one hour.

Being highly concentrated, there's more actual food value, weight for weight, in Grape-Nuts than in some other foods sold in bigger packages.

Grape-Nuts contains the vital bone, muscle and nerve making phosphates necessary for health and life, but lacking in most wheat foods—white bread especially. A daily ration of Grape-Nuts readily makes up for this lack.

Ready to eat from the package, appetizing, nourishing, economical—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.