

Happy
Bake
Days



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all. For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings. Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing. Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-name baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

MINDS HARDLY IN ACCORD

But Then One Must Remember She Was a Poetess and Her Hubby a Tinroofer.

The Skickwurt sitting room was bathed in the red light of a cigar coupon lamp.

Mrs. Viola Skickwurt was in a silent ecstasy, her eyes turned to the ceiling. She was a poetess.

Mike Skickwurt, being just a tinroofer, was merely lost in thought. Was he again marveling that so gifted and beautiful a woman should have chosen an humble tinroofer as her heaven-sent mate?

Viola's lips began to move—a common phenomenon with her when she was speaking.

"Michael," she breathed, "always on aural nights like these I feel a rare beauty struggling at my soul. A celestial beauty with a halo of hypophosphates and a perfume as of asphodels. And the thought creeps over me that surely the angels are with us, brushing us with their luminous wings and whispering, 'Whispering! Isn't it so with you, my Michael?'"

Her husband stirred thoughtfully. "That's it," he said slowly, as a slow smile broke over his tinroofering features. "Just a rash of perique and maybe a sprinklin' of Honest Pete and it'll be the perfect smokin' mixture."—Detroit Free Press.

Drink Denison's Coffee. Always pure and delicious.

While the average man would like to be ahead, he is pretty well satisfied if he catches up.

Every spinster knows of at least a dozen men who might have married her if—

The Almighty puts long tails on horses and man cuts them off.

The things a man forgets are those he wishes he could remember.

Noah played a great game. He drew pairs and got a full house.

An engagement ring is a girl's idea of a round of pleasure.



Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

J. M. MacLachlan, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.;
W. V. Bennett, 220-17th St., Room 4, Fox Bldg., Omaha,
Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Government Agents.

ROTARY.

By Dr. Frank Crane, Editor New York Globe.

Of late there have sprung up in many principal cities of the United States, and in some abroad, organizations known as Rotary clubs.

The Rotary club is composed of business men. Its primary object is that it accepts only one man from each kind of business.

While it had its origin in the strictly utilitarian motive of you-help-me-and-I'll-help-you, it has outgrown that narrow base and now aims to make its members mutually helpful in every way.

It is an outflowing of the most useful impulse in mankind—the impulse to get together.

The great lesson that the human race is slowly learning is that the betterment of all is accomplished not by competition but by co-operation.

Civilization is at the bottom no more nor less than getting together.

The more you know men, the better you like them, the more business you can do with them, and the more of a pleasure business becomes.

Most of our getting together has been by classes and cliques. Churches are constructed on sectarian principles; political parties are exclusive and antagonistic, so that the only way we know how to serve the country is to fight each other for it; high society operates in water tight compartments, the boast of each set being that it does not communicate with the others; almost all social clubs are carefully guarded behind impassable barriers; it seems that we cannot have brotherhood except in little groups pledged to hate everybody outside—at least, to ignore them.

The Rotarians have the intergroup idea. In the Rotary club a man is not mingling with members of his own trade, but with those of other trades.

He is not a printer, baker, lawyer, dry goods merchant, railroad man—he is a human being.

He is constantly brought in touch with the truth that the prosperity of the community does not mean the progress of his own line of business, but the success of all forms of business activity.

The Rotary club is the opposite, or, rather, the complement, the other side, of the guild, the trade union, the bar association, the ministers' union, for it stands for the best of the world's work; it is for the commonwealth.

It broadens men without decreasing their individuality. It incites a man to improve his own affairs, yet constantly reminds him that "there are others."

It is the clearing house of all callings, the leveling of all egotisms, the humanizing of all competitions, the equalizing of diverse trends of activity, the hydrostatic paradox of all business.

It ranks high among the civilizers. Whatever breaks down hedges between men is a civilizer.

It promotes genuine good fellowship. It establishes an esprit de corps that has no less than humanity for its foundation.

Under its blows of fellowship, arrogance, and selfishness of men are battered down.

Men cannot keep up hate if they become acquainted. "Don't introduce me to that man," said a wit. "I feel it my political duty to hate him. And you can't hate a man when you know him."

The United States a Creditor Nation.

From the American Review of Reviews. August, the first month of the European war, exports from the United States were smaller than imports by some \$20,000,000, leaving this country in debt to foreigners by that amount. Since August an exporting movement has been in progress, stimulated by the unprecedented demand of Europe for our foodstuffs, for cotton, and for supplies and munitions of war, that has brought about results unprecedented in the history of our foreign trade, and which, if continued in anything like their present proportions, will establish this country securely in the position of a creditor nation. For the four months following August, the adverse balance of trade was turned by the rapidly arising volume of exports, aided by the decrease in imports, into a favorable balance of \$153,000,000 for the period. But the really stupendous change has come in the last three months. For December, January and February, the excess of exports over imports in favor of the United States reaches the record figures of \$411,000,000. In the middle of March there seemed to be no signs of a falling off in this mighty export trade or of the net balance in favor of the United States. This favorable balance was, indeed, for the second week in March no less than \$47,000,000, establishing a week's record for the history of the nation. It is estimated by conservative financiers that in the calendar year we may well send to foreign countries goods of a value more than \$1,000,000,000 in excess of the value of the goods they send to us.

From "Gloucester Moors."

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to embrace,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end—
O little sails, make haste.

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arrival tells,
Shall crowd the banks of the history of the
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and the gulf commit-
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?
—William Vaughn Moody.

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT.

Simeon Strunsky, in the Atlantic.
By the amateur spirit I mean
the spirit which places the game
above the victory; which takes
joy, though it may be a subdued
joy, in the perfect co-ordination
of mind and muscle and nerve;
which plays to win because vic-
tory is the best available test
of ability, but which is all the
time aware that life has other
interests than the standing of
the club and the golf commit-
tee's official handicap. I con-
tend that the man who plays to
live is a better amateur than the
man who lives to play. I am
not thinking now of the actual
amount of time one gives to the
game, though even then it
might be shown that Mr. Walter
J. Travis devotes more hours to
golf than Mr. Mathewson de-
votes to baseball. I am think-
ing rather of the adjustment of
the game to the general scheme
of life. It seems to be pretty
well established that when your
ordinary amateur takes up golf
he deteriorates as a citizen, a
husband and father; but I can-
not imagine Mr. Walter John-
son neglecting his family in his
passion for baseball. As be-
tween the two, where do you
find the true amateur spirit?

JUST A SIMPLE QUESTION

And If Man Had Waited He Surely Would Have Had an Answer, But He Didn't.

Mrs. Simpleton, I am a plain, blunt-spoken man.

"Yes, I know, Mr. Tarter."

"I never beat around the bush. When I got ready to ask my first wife for her heart and hand I did not waste five minutes in coming to the point."

"Oh, Mr. Tarter, but don't be too sudden! You know our sex—"

"Mrs. Simpleton, I have called this evening to ask you a question."

"Yes; but—but—"

"And I want a plain, plump answer—either 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"I have known you three months."

"Yes."

"I don't think I'm mistaken in your character."

"Oh, Mr. Tarter!"

"Now, then, I am to be married to Jennie Jackson tomorrow. Do you want a position as housekeeper?"

When she revived and sat up he had vanished, and though she reached out with her fingers for his hair, they clutched nothing but emptiness.

Dog Hero Saves Little Girl.

Little Elsie Perry, daughter of C. L. Perry of Wilson, N. C., was saved from the fangs of a rabid dog by the bravery of a nondescript dog, the property of Mr. Perry, and the constant playmate of little Elsie.

While playing in front of her home the little girl was attacked by a large dog, which came running down the street. Her playmate, much smaller than the attacking dog, threw himself on it, and battled grimly, until the little girl escaped into her house. The canine hero was terribly bitten in the encounter, and when it was learned that the strange dog had rabies, the hero had to be shot, as physicians said it was certain he would go mad. He was buried with the highest honors.

Heir, Not a Gale.

The guide suddenly halted the party of Americans.

"Ah, there comes the heir to the throne," he said, removing his hat as a royal equipage appeared.

The little boy of the party nudged his mother and whispered:

"Did he take off his hat for fear the air would blow it off?"

The Modern Child.

"I suppose you are going to take your children to see the circus."

"No, I'm afraid I'll have to go alone. Their time is so taken up with tango teas, hesitation hops and foxtrot functions that they really haven't an evening to spare."

Jobless Turn to Gold Mining.

How to provide for the army of the unemployed, thrown out of work because of the business depression resulting from the European war, is naturally a much more serious problem in the British colonies than anywhere else outside of the continent of Europe. The city of Edmonton, Canada, has found at least a partial solution, and one that puts no added burden on either the taxpayer or the charitable. The bars of the Saskatchewan river, which runs through the city, contain much gold dust of the very fine flour variety. With the outbreak of the European war and the necessity to provide as much available work for men whom war conditions might throw out of employment, the city council turned to the gold-mining industry, which offered returns right within a hundred yards of the city's main streets. A number of experienced mining men who had settled in the city after the Klondike rush of '98 offered to act for a while as instructors to the uninitiated, and some 200 men soon went to work. The average cleanup per man for the months of August and September was about \$1.50 to \$2 a day.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Among the Wounded.

It happened at Christ's church dispensary. The little fellow had a badly dislocated thumb. He was only nine years old, but he was brave, and scarcely winced as the doctor pulled and hauled to get it back into position.

"We'll have you back in the trenches soon," said the doctor. "How do you stand on this war, anyway?"

"How do you t'ink I stand?" said the boy. "I'm a Belgian."

"How did you dislocate your thumb?" asked the doctor, somewhat abashed.

"Swinging on a German kid, but gee!"—a grin of delight overspread his countenance—"you just ought to see him!"—New York Evening Post.

Fathoms Deep.

The boy yawned over his geography.

"How deep is the ocean?" he inquired, pointing to the center of the Pacific.

"Thousands of fathoms, my son—thousands."

"Well, how much is a fathom?"

"A fathom is—er—er—are you looking at the Pacific? Well, your Uncle Karl years ago was shipwrecked in the Pacific and the pirates came out after him, and the cannibals—but I'm too busy now to tell you the story. Run along to bed."

The Language.

"So Jaggs is getting tight again."

"Yes; he ought to be ashamed of such loose conduct."

SUBJECT FOR BILL NYE'S WIT

Humorist Made Bright Verse Out of Question Theatrical People Come to Dread.

Anybody connected with the amusement world will tell you that the deadliest and most maddening question is, "Where do you go from here?" Bill Nye, touring the country with James Whitcomb Riley, had a great many one-night stands to visit, and came to suffer acutely through the insistent repetition of this boob query. At last he wrote the appended verse, which, it is believed, never found life in print:

"Where do you go from here?"

Asks the landlord of our hotel.

And "Where do you go from here?"

Asks the boy who answers the bell.

And "Where do you go from here?"

Oh! Lord, and "Where do you go from here?"

Till in fancy we stand at the last command, quaking with sudden fear.

And St. Peter says, "Oh, you're those lecturers. Where do you go from here?"

Enjoying Life in Trenches.

A soldier writes back: "Life in the trenches is fairly enjoyable if you know how to appreciate it."

Yes, indeed; life is worth while anywhere, if you make the best of it. The trenches offer peculiar opportunities for enjoying life. Living from minute to minute is intense, conscious living, replete with satisfaction. Every minute is as precious as though it was going to be the last. And the values of contrast heighten the zest for breathing. Just to be alive is keen joy in the trenches, surpassed only by the joy of living remote from the trenches.

Mirrors Protect Bank Vaults.

In constructing a vault in the basement of one of the Los Angeles banks, a plan has been followed which makes the six sides of the chamber visible to a watchman and eliminates all chances of its being entered by tunneling beneath it. It is set on concrete columns in the middle of a white-tiled pit which is brightly illuminated. To make it possible to command a view of the space beneath the vault, from the level above, mirrors have been arranged on the floor at such an angle that every part of the space is reflected in them. Light is reflected by the white walls so that the top of the vault is illuminated and easily inspected.

Useful Study.

"I see Jimmie studies his arithmetic lesson faithfully every night now."

"Yes, the class has taken up percentage, and he's learning how to figure out batting averages."

Pure Food Expert Investigates Grape-Nuts

Before Grape-Nuts was included in the Pure Food Directory of the New York Globe, the publishers sent their expert, Alfred W. McCann, to get the facts about this famous cereal food—what it is made of, how it is made, and whether or not too much had been claimed for it.

The makers have always held that Grape-Nuts is a body and brain building food; that it contains the vital mineral elements lacking in white flour, and foods made from white flour; that it digests more readily than any other prepared cereal food, etc.

McCann came to Battle Creek at the Globe's expense. He investigated—had the run of the factory—up-stairs, down-stairs and all over the place.

In the N. Y. Globe of April 1, 1915, he said:

"Any man who can go to Battle Creek and come away with the statement that he is not amazed is given to the habit of bearing false witness against his neighbor.

"I watched the delivery of the wheat to the Grape-Nuts bakery. It was selected wheat too. I watched the mills grind this wheat, and there was no patent flour stunt pulled off in grinding it, either. The wheat went right through the rolls and came out as honest and as unrefined as when it went in. I saw this wheat mixed with barley malt in a mixing room that is a model of cleanliness.

"Grape-Nuts is an honest, genuine, wholesome, good, fool-proof breakfast food.

"Grape-Nuts is all Post ever claimed for it. Instead of over-estimating the truth he didn't tell ten percent of it."

There you have it! If you want to know more, write Alfred W. McCann, care N. Y. Globe, N. Y., or come to Battle Creek and see for yourself. There's no mystery about Grape-Nuts.

This wonderful food DOES build body, brain and nerve tissue. It DOES furnish the vital mineral phosphates usually lacking in the daily dietary. It is easily digestible, economical, and comes ready to eat, fresh and delicious.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.