

## HOW TO GET THIS \$2.25 ALUMINUM GRIDDLE AT A SAVING OF \$1.40

Get 50 cents worth of Karo from your grocer, and send the labels to us together with 85 cents and we'll send you this \$2.25 Solid Aluminum Griddle by prepaid parcel post.

HERE is a clean cash saving of \$1.40—and thousands of housewives have already taken advantage of this remarkable chance to get an aluminum griddle for less than the wholesale price.

This Aluminum Griddle needs no greasing. It doesn't chip or rust. It heats uniformly over entire baking surface—doesn't burn the cakes in one spot and leave them underdone in another. It doesn't smoke up the kitchen—and the cakes are more digestible than when fried in grease.

At great expense we are seeking to place a Karo Aluminum Griddle in the homes of all Karo users, so that Karo—the famous spread for griddle cakes and waffles—may be served on the most deliciously baked cakes that can be made.

You know Karo, of course. Nearly everybody does—65,000,000 cans sold last year alone. And you doubtless know the wonderful cleanliness and durability of Aluminum ware.

If you are a Karo user already then you know all about this wonderful syrup—you know how fine it is as a spread for bread; how delicious it is with griddle cakes, waffles, hot biscuits and corn bread.

Get 50 cents worth of Karo from your grocer at once, and send the labels and 85 cents (P. O. money order or stamps) to us and get one of these Aluminum Griddles by prepaid parcel post.

Remember that our supply is going fast—so get your Karo today. We will also send you free one of the famous Corn Products Cook Books.

**Corn Products Refining Company**  
P. O. Box 161 New York Dept. FX



### OPPORTUNITY TO GET EVEN

**Farmer Had It in His Heart to Do Unto Others as It Had Been Done Unto Him.**

Here is a good motor story: A farmer strolled into a motor sales-house. "What's that worth?" he asked, pointing to a small car. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply. "And that?" pointing to a better car.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars." "And that there one?" pointing to a seven-passenger with a jerk of his thumb.

"That one is a fine car and is worth twelve hundred dollars." "I'll take it," said the farmer.

"The car is cash, you know," said the salesman.

"Yes, I got the money," said the farmer, as he pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket, peeled off twelve one-hundred-dollar bills, and paid for the car. "Now, you'll show me how to drive the critter?"

"Sure," said the salesman, "that's a part of the sale."

So they started out, and after going three miles overtook a man in a wagon with a mule team. The salesman tooted and honked, and tooted, but the man with the mules refused to heed. Finally the farmer said:

"This is my car, ain't it?"

"It is," said the salesman.

"And I paid for it?"

"You did."

"Then," said the farmer, "you run right over that sunnagun; that's the way automobile drivers always done with me!"—Toronto (Kan.) Republican.

### PUT HEALTH IN FIRST PLACE

**Present Generation of Youth in Many Ways an Improvement Over Those of the Past.**

Our young people in their habits and tastes cherish and crave and admire health with a devotion unparalleled since the days of the Greeks, writes Francis Greenwood Peabody in the Atlantic Monthly. The call of the fields and of the wild, the inoculation of early childhood with the fever of athletics, and the enormous distinction obtained by strength, agility and pluck—even the unprecedented candor of literature and conversation concerning sex, parenthood, eugenics and feminism—all these signs of the time, though they may involve new risks, unquestionably free young people in large degree from the introspection, sentimentalism, morbid conscientiousness, prudishness and prurience, which have afflicted earlier generations. Fearless, self-confidence, even audacity, issue from this healthiness. Nothing is too personal to be mentioned; nothing too startling to be welcomed; nothing too sacred to be criticized. The most repelling of traits is sickness, either of body or of mind. Strong doctrine, naked truth, undisguised convictions, are marks of the cult of healthiness, and the resultant type of youth is one which cannot be observed without admiration, as one watches an athlete stripped for his game and rejoicing in his strength.

### No Two Faces Alike.

The boss barber, who worked at the first chair in a Broadway shop in the intervals when he wasn't punching the cash register, stepped over to an old customer who had just entered and said in a low tone: "Your regular barber is sick today. Try that man on the fourth chair. He's a good shaver." "He is not," said the customer. "I've tried him. Guess I'll let 'em grow until tomorrow." "To tell the truth," said the boss, "I can't tell which of my barbers are good. The other day I was shaving a man who told me that man on the fourth chair was the best barber he'd ever struck. But I also have heard men say, like you, that he was a bum workman. It's the same about all the men in this shop. I suppose we lose a lot of trade because men go too much on their first impressions of barbers. But what can I do? Shall I fire that barber who he says nearly scraped his face off? Of course not. That's the sort I'm up against all the time. It's because no two faces are alike."

### Widow's Lucky Find.

Ever put your hand in the pocket of a castoff garment you are about to give the ragman and pull out a \$20 bill that's been hiding from you? Those who have known the joy it brings. But what must have been the feelings of the Jersey woman who, while going through her late husband's effects, found a bank book showing that he had deposited \$73 in a bank in 1854 and had left it there undisturbed? She may now collect from that institution \$1,620—a neat sum for a rainy spell of weather. Some women under the same circumstances could almost forgive their husbands for shuffling off.

### The Head of the Firm.

As he appears to The Office Boy—A large fat being whose grumble is worse than Jove's thunder and whose commendatory note is worth almost any amount of personal inconvenience.

Head Bookkeeper—A good man, with no head for figures, who has arrived at his present exalted position by a combination of luck and pull.

The Stenographer—A pleasant old party with singular weaknesses and a strange capacity—rarely exercised, however—to make one cry.

His Wife—A baby.—Life.

### MUST NOT BECOME MACHINE

**Many Reasons Why Too Much Devotion to Habit is Bad for Individual Worker.**

This force of habit is a good thing. It makes it possible for one to do a great deal of routine work with practically no exertion. Once the pattern is made, little attention is required. The brain acts almost automatically, moving hands and feet as may be necessary to accomplish the desired action.

But habit can be injurious, too. And by this I don't mean bad habits. I mean that the habit can be much overdone, and that when this happens initiative and originality die. You become little more than a machine, and though you may get through your allotted work perfectly, you are yourself fading out as an individual, losing interest in existence.

You girls whose work is pretty much all routine want to take care that habit doesn't make an end of you. A certain amount of routine labor is restful, and good for you. But keep from letting yourself sink into a day in and day out routine that requires practically no thought, hardly any attention. If your work tends to that sort of thing make yourself do it in new ways, watch out for short cuts, bring your mind to bear on all its details, try to seek better ways of doing what you are busy over. And if your work is really hopeless, then escape from habit as much as possible the rest of your time. Don't so much as go home the same way every day in the week, vary your amusements, take up some study on the side. Refuse at all hazards to atrophy your mind by falling into the unchanging habit of doing everything the same way.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### RATHER SPOILED THE EFFECT

**Lawyer's Eloquent Address Nullified When His Opponent Related a Little Fable.**

A barrister who was possessed of an unusually loud voice was making an eloquent address to a jury. His case was fairly strong, and his trumpet tones made the rafters ring. The jury looked thoughtful and much impressed.

The opposing barrister had a face like a hatchet and a thin, low voice. He began: "As I listened to the thunderous appeals of my learned opponent I recalled a fable. A lion and an ass entered into a compact to slay the beasts of the field and share the spoils. The ass was to go into the thicket and bray and frighten the animals out, while the lion was to lie in wait and kill the fugitives. Well, the ass sought the darkest part of the jungle, and, lifting up his awful voice, brayed and brayed and brayed. The ass was intoxicated with his own uproar and thought he'd return to see what the lion thought of it. He found the lion pale in the face and trembling. 'What do you think of that for braying?' said the ass. 'Don't you think I scared them?' 'Scared them?' repeated the lion in an agitated tone, 'Why, you'd have scared me if I didn't know you were a jackass!'"

### As He Saw the Play.

"Oh, do tell me something about the play last night. They say that climax at the close of the third act was simply grand," she said.

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," he replied, without any marked degree of enthusiasm.

"Can't you describe it to me," she continued, beaming radiantly.

"Why," explained he, "the heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of blue ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of lilacs and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice, and sank half-conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound a trifle queer, but the lady in front of me came in late for the performance and became so intensely interested that she forgot to remove her hat, and that's how it looked to me."

### Ancient Mississippi Bay.

The lower valley of the Mississippi has experienced many vicissitudes during bygone ages. Geologists tell us that during the Eocene era, when the shores of the Gulf of Mexico lay considerably farther inland than at the present time, a long, baylike extension of the gulf filled the present valley of the Mississippi up to the mouth of the Ohio.

The boundaries of this ancient bay were not stationary, but shifted slowly back and forth from time to time, so that open sea was gradually replaced by brackish water, and this by swamps and peat bogs. The succeeding advance of the sea buried these old peat bogs beneath accumulations of clay, sand and sea shells.

### Newspaper Blanket.

How many have ever heard of a newspaper blanket? Even people who have downy comforts and fine blankets find it impossible to keep warm on a cold night. Take two sheets—worn ones will do—have several newspapers—the more the better—tack (or baste) them two or three layers thick all over one of the sheets. Use common wrapping twine and a darning needle to fasten them. Then lay the other sheet on and tack it, here and there to the newspapers, and sew the edges roughly with a cord to make it more compact. It is impossible for air to penetrate the paper.

### CRIMINAL ALWAYS IN CHAINS

**First Act of Deceit Invariably Must Be Followed Up by a Succession of Lies.**

A strange characteristic of crookedness was brought out by the young man who confessed to a long string of forgeries, committed in various cities. His logical story gave a striking explanation for the wrong doing which brought him to disgrace at the prime of life.

His first forgery, done at the instigation of a superior, was not intended to bring him any benefit, and it did not. As the tool of another's criminality he was trapped. Instead of facing the consequences he fled. His guilt was on his heels and he was compelled repeatedly to jump from city to city. A forged check each time supplied him with the means.

In graphic fashion the sequence of results was laid bare by the prisoner, relieved when he was at last overtaken. What happened to him happened in some form to everyone who takes liberties with his own conscience. The smallest deceit is a costly expedient, because it must be followed up with a succession of lies in many instances. The man who departs from his own code finds that he is being pushed on in a course of wrongdoing in spite of himself. Partly through habit, partly through the law of cause and effect, one slip necessitates another and another until disaster is complete.

The momentum of devilry is a difficult force to combat.

### FINALLY GOT HIS HEADGEAR

**But Old Gentleman Had to Call on "Nature" to Prove His Right to Property.**

The cloakroom man at a large restaurant fell suddenly ill and a substitute took his place. The new man was told not to give out any coats or hats without proper identification, and so, when an old gentleman demanded his hat and explained that he had lost his check, there was a great to-do on the part of the substitute.

"But that's my hat; the shabby, brown one," said the old gentleman. "It's got my initials in it—F. X. G."

The substitute looked inside the hat and, sure enough, the initials were there.

"Humph!" he said, suspiciously. "You might have seen these initials somehow."

"But here they are on my shirt, too," said the old gentleman, unbuttoning his waistcoat. "See? F. X. G."

"You might have stolen the shirt," said the substitute.

"Good heavens!" shouted the old gentleman, and he tore open his shirt and undervest. "Maybe this will satisfy you! Hey?" And he pointed to the letters F. X. G. tattooed on his breast in blue.

The substitute stared at the tattooing closely; then at last he handed over the hat. As he did so he said, reluctantly:

"Well, since Nature wrote those initials on your skin, I guess they must be yours, for a fact."

### How Prussia Was Reforested.

There was no need of celebrating Arbor day in Prussia in the days when Friedrich Wilhelm I was king, for that monarch had a plan all his own by which he replenished the forests and kept the country well supplied with fruit trees.

According to Das Buch fur Alle, the king, having observed that there was a great dearth of fruit and oak trees in Prussia, and not being willing to undertake the tremendous expense of reforesting the country himself, issued an order to all clergymen that, after June 21, 1720, they should refuse to perform any marriage ceremony unless the groom could produce evidence that he had just planted six fruit trees and an equal number of oaks. If it was in winter, or in the middle of a dry summer, when plants would not grow, the groom had to produce and lay aside a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of the trees, and promise to plant the required number when fall or spring came.

The edict worked wonders. The next generation in Prussia had no lack of fruit and oak trees.—Youth's Companion.

### First English Music Printing.

In England the first known attempt at music printing was in 1495 by Wynken de Worde, at Westminster. A book in the British museum proves that florid music was printed in England in 1530. The typography is identical with that of Petrucci.

There was little or no improvement in the principle of setting up movable music type for some time. Nothing could be more excellent than the book printed by Worde alluded to above, but that was the result of double printing, and both ancient and modern printers who have tried the method have found its disadvantages so great that they have abandoned the process.

### Helpful Fable.

Once there was a village editor who wrote a stinging hint item about the misbehavior of an anonymous "certain man." Ten different men whom the editor had not theretofore suspected of malefaction were so certain they were the certain man that they all came up to the office and beat him.

Moral—From this we should learn that when we denounce a certain man, we should be certain that we are not taking in too much territory.—Kansas City Star.

## AN OLD-TIME NURSE CURED

### Of Catarrh of the Stomach by Peruna

**MRS. SELENA TANNER,**  
Athens, Ohio.

**This Cure Dates From October 3, 1899.**

Oct. 3, 1899	—"Catarrh of the stomach. Was nearly starved. After taking Peruna I have a good appetite."
Sept. 11, 1904	—"I can assure you that I am still a friend of Peruna. My health is still good."
April 23, 1906	—"Yes, I am still a friend of Peruna. Will be as long as I live. I keep it in the house all the time."
Dec. 18, 1907	—"I recommend Peruna so often that they call me the Peruna doctor. Peruna recommends itself when once tried."
Dec. 27, 1908	—"I still tell everybody I can that Peruna is the best medicine in the world."
Aug. 15, 1909	—"Peruna saved my life years ago. I still take it when I have a cold."
Jan. 4, 1910	—"I was threatened with pneumonia. Peruna saved me."
May 17, 1912	—"I am glad to do anything I can for Peruna."
May 6, 1914	—"I have always been a nurse. Peruna has helped me in my work more than all other medicines."
Mar. 22, 1915	—"I have divided my bottle of Peruna with people many times. It always helps."

The above quotations give a vague glimpse of the correspondence we have had with Mrs. Tanner since 1899. Our files, which cover twenty-five years, include many similar correspondents.

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### WILSON STUDIES WAR MAPS

Keeps Tab Daily on Positions of the Struggling Armies—Officer Keeps Record.

Washington.—President Wilson is a peace-loving official, but the walls of the cabinet room do not indicate it. Huge maps of all the war zones of Europe cover the walls, and on each map the battle lines of the opposing hosts are drawn.

Col. W. W. Harts, the president's aid, is in charge of all the "battle fields." He adjusts the tiny flags and colored cords which indicate how the different armies are moving from day to day.

Frequently, when the president goes over to his executive offices in the morning, he stops in the cabinet room and personally surveys the positions of the struggling armies. In addition to the European maps here also is one showing the position of the United States troops on the Mexican border and the positions of Mexican forces.

**Poodle Dog Trees Bobcat.**  
A .22-caliber poodle dog tree a 45-centimeter bobcat near the tankhouse of the city waterworks in Parley's canyon and kept him in a state of siege on the top of a telephone pole until the feline was shot by Louis Shriker, caretaker at the tankhouse, according to the Salt Lake Tribune.

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I have opened a plumbing and tinsmith shop in the building formerly occupied by A. J. Weinberger as a carpenter shop—south of Eliason's hardware store. I am prepared to do all kinds of plumbing, fitting, tinwork, heating plants installed and general work connected with a first class plumbing and tin work establishment.

## J. G. PEALL, Beach, N. Dak.



## Preparedness-Protection

Everyone believes in protecting their own interests. A bank check is a protection against paying a bill a second time.

You can be prepared by merely opening a check account with this bank and pay your bills during 1916 by check.

We do the work—you get the benefit.

## First National Bank

Beach, N. Dak.