

THE BEST EAR OF CORN IN THE WORLD

R. A. James, of Charleston, Ill., has the proud distinction of having grown the best ear of corn in all the 3,129,713,600 bushels of last year's bumper crop.

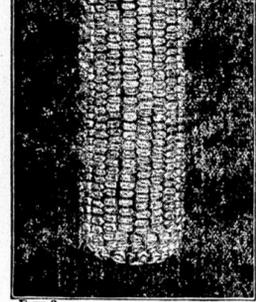


The W. K. Kellogg National Corn Trophy

by W. K. Kellogg, president of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., of Battle Creek, Mich.

Thousands of ears of corn from all parts of the country and of all varieties were entered in the competition.

The ear of corn grown by Mr. James is of Reid's Yellow Dent variety. It is 10 inches long, 7 1/2



World's Best Ear of Corn for 1910

inches in circumference and has 20 rows of kernels, 6 to the inch in the row, average 8 of an inch in depth, and five sixteenths of an inch in width.

Mr. James, the winner, is a vigorous farmer about 40 years of age and of pleasing personality, a man who has given careful study to corn culture, and who has achieved his success as a grand champion winner only by years of hard work and painstaking seed selection and careful breeding from season to season.

Irving, Apr. 10—Rev. Johanson, of Spicer, conducted services in the Zion church Sunday afternoon.

Erik Olson was a Willmar caller Thursday.

Conrad Sunde and Morris Nelson, students at the Augsburg Seminary are spending Easter vacation at their respective homes.

Sophie Christenson, who has been in St. Paul doing housework since New Years, returned home Saturday.

Barney Benson visited at his home over Sunday.

The Nordland church received a thorough washing and cleaning at the hands of fifteen of the young people Thursday.

KANDIYOHI CALLING

Kandiyo, Apr. 11—Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlin and daughter, Eleanor of St. Paul, came up Saturday for an over Sunday visit with relatives here.

A little baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gabrielson April 2.

Mrs. Ed. Hanson of Minneapolis is visiting with her mother, Mrs. J. Lundquist.

A. C. Garielson is back from his trip to Florida. He was very favorably impressed with both the climate and the land.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Croonquist were Sunday visitors at the Gilbert Gabrielson home.

Mrs. N. P. Carlson of Whitefield returned home Saturday after spending a week with relatives here.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Gustafson last Tuesday, April 4.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Jacobson spent a few days last week in Minneapolis.

Miss Anna Gabrielson returned Friday evening from Minneapolis, where she had been spending a week with friends and relatives.

The Ebenezer Young People's Society held their semi-annual business meeting last Friday evening.

Rev. B. E. Walters was re-elected president; John Peterson, vice president; A. C. Gabrielson, treasurer; Anna Gabrielson was elected secretary; Theresa Kroona, Olga Jacobson and Victor Holmberg, program committee; Myrtle Peterson, Florence Kroona and Eddie Peterson, serving committee.

Services will be held at the Ebenezer church on Good Friday at 7:30 p. m.; S. S. and services on Easter day at 2 and 3 o'clock respectively.

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Miss Lena Botnen is assisting at Benson Bros. & Jorris store this week.

John B. Agen of Seattle was here a couple of days last week looking after his business interests.

Reuben Oman returned last Friday night from a three days business visit at Minneapolis.

Mrs. W. W. Pinney, after spending several weeks in Minneapolis, returned to Willmar Thursday evening.

A ball will be given in Carlson Hall, Tuesday evening, Apr. 18, under auspices of the Modern Samaritans.

Music by Noreen's Orchestra of Litchfield. A good time assured to all. Tickets \$1. Supper extra.

The Man Who Was Bribed

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Abe Slinger and his wife being too lazy to work were determined to live on the community of Hopewell. The constable warned Abe that he couldn't do it.

He Slinger took an awful, and a soft hearted citizen started a purse for her and \$60 were raised, and there were others who contributed food and clothing.

Ten days after the powwow Abe Slinger appeared. He had been carried downstream by the current and thrown on an island, where he had remained unconscious for days and without food for other days.

It was the next evening that the man who owned a farm outside the village hired Abe to dig a well. He had refused jobs not so hard or dangerous, but he took this one right away.

He had had warning of the coming cave-in and had scrambled out. Such was his terror that he had been temporarily out of his head.

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A CUP OF TEA.

It Plays a Curious Part in Chinese Business Etiquette.

When a salesman or person seeking a business interview presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he deports himself while awaiting the return of the card bearer.

Once in, there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the caller is ignorant of the custom he fares ill with his caller.

When a caller has become well acquainted some of the formalities is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way.

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AN ACCOUNT CLOSED

By JOSEPHINE SHELTON Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The Countess Paula Kroneva stepped from her gondola and went into her palazzo. Not that she lived at Venice; she lived nowhere very long at one time, but she was rich enough to hire a palace now at Rome, now at Florence, and when she was in Paris, Berlin or Vienna, there being no palaces for rent in those capitals, she would usually take some notable dwelling.

Entering her drawing room, she found a man waiting for her. There was nothing in his apparel to indicate that he had called upon the countess as a visitor. He was ten years her senior, but looked twenty years older than she. His hair was perfectly white. His face was furrowed and bore traces of having endured suffering.

"You wish to see me?" asked the countess, scrutinizing the man as one who fears every stranger lest he come on an errand of revenge or justice.

"I have waited on a house for you. But, the afternoon being fine and your ladyship doubtless having enjoyed your trip on the Grand canal, I would not have hurried you for the world. I have been looking forward to this meeting for years. Surely minutes, even an hour or two, could not make much difference."

"Do not know you?" "I do not know you." "One doesn't retain a smooth cheek," Kara. Besides, I have been through a number of hunger strikes. Then traveling through an ice wilderness for months would not bring the same ruddy complexion as being rowed by a gondolier on the Grand canal at Venice."

"The bloom in the countess's face was whitened like a rose touched by a frost. She knew now who the man was and stood listening to him without reply.

"You remember a little maid, the daughter of a peasant living on the estate of a nobleman in Russia? No flower in his conservatory possessed the exuberant beauty of this child just about to bud into womanhood. And she had a mind to use it, too, to what she considered the best advantage. During her early teens she captured with it the son of the nobleman on whose estate she lived. She married him.

"But, his people not relishing their blood being mixed with the peasantry and being convinced that her motives were not of the purest, would have nothing to do with her. But they paid her well to stay away from them and, her young husband discovering that her heart was as cold as the bloom in her cheek was warm, let her go. Indeed, she did not ask him to go with her.

"The next he heard of his little wife was at St. Petersburg. She had more money than she had received from her husband's family, but it was not known from whence it came. A certain grand duke was attentive to her, so much so that, since grand dukes marry only with royalty, her reputation suffered. But she was playing a bold game. She willed that her imperial lover should marry her. But, having a husband already, this was impossible. It might not be impossible if she could get rid of her husband.

Teaching a Dog.

For best results one should get a young dog and teach him his future duties gradually. Never allow him to leave the homestead alone and you will never have a dog that strays.

Never chain your dog. That is not necessary. Teach him his proper place and make him obey you upon gesture or word and he will not overstep his lines. Treat him like a brother, give him his food and cool water regularly and be kind to him at all times and you will have a noble animal.—Rural Life.

BUSINESS HONESTY. Business men should not be Christians only when they say their prayers, but all the time. The confidence of the people is necessary for the real success of any business, and the surest way to gain this confidence is to deal honestly, tell the absolute truth, hide nothing and convince the people that they are getting a square deal. Justice is a virtue which prompts us to pay what we owe to our neighbor. It is the foundation stone of social order and of business intercourse, for if we did not believe that men had a sense of justice we would have no confidence in their integrity, and without this confidence commercial life would be paralyzed.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SELF RELIANCE. By thine own soul's law learn to live. When I men thwart thee take no heed. And if men hate thee have no care. Sing thou thy song and do thy deed; Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer. And claim no crown they will not give. —John G. Whittier.

HONESTY. There are men who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third subdivision—that of law honesty, of that kind of honesty which consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary. * * * The distinction upon which we must insist is the vital, deep lying, unchangeable distinction between the honest man and the dishonest man. * * * There are men who use the phrase "practical politics" as merely a euphemism for dirty politics, and it is such men who have brought the word "politician" into discredit. There are other men who use the noxious phrase "business is business" as an excuse for every kind of mean and crooked work, and these men make honest Americans hang their heads because of some of the things they do. * * * The scoundrel who falls can never by any possibility be as dangerous as the scoundrel who succeeds, and of all men in the country the worst citizens, those who should excite in our minds the most contemptuous abhorrence, are the men who have achieved great wealth by any other form of success in any save a clean and straightforward manner.—Theodore Roosevelt.

TIME IS NEEDFUL. He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them. Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out, There wisdom will not enter nor true power. Nor aught that dignifies humanity. —Sir Henry Taylor.

WISDOM. Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house some time before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of the crocodiles that shed tears when they would devour.—Bacon.

HYPOCRISY. While charges of inconsistency, maladministration and graft are occupying public attention, it may be pertinent to remark that the political crime of the present decade is not larceny, but hypocrisy.—Job E. Hedges.

HOW WE LIVE. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Life's but a means unto an end, that end Beginning, mean, and end to all things.—God. —Philip James Bailey.

AFFLICTIONS. Though all afflictions are evils in themselves yet they are good for us because they discover to us our disease and tend to our cure.—Tillotson.

A New Settlement

And How It Came to Be Made By CAROLINE A. TRIPP Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

There were portions of the wild and woolly west—what was formerly the wild and woolly west—their dividing line between honesty and dishonesty was not distinctly marked. The privations were great, and many of the people found it difficult to make a living. There was no law to keep the honest separated from the dishonest, and this alone tended to obliterate the dividing line.

One day two plainsmen went to a land office to enter some land. While there one of them told the following story: "Last week," he said, "me and Josh was movin' toward the mountains on a prospecting trip. We had two good ridin' hosses and a pack horse. One day we found a fine campin' ground beside a stream where the trout was just jumpin' outen the water to be ketchid, and we concluded to rest there a couple o' days. So we pitched our tent and got out our cookin' kit and calculated to spend the time like nabobs.

"The next afternoon, when we was layin' off smokin' our pipes, we saw a couple o' men comin' outen the timber on the creek. Ketchin' sight of us, they turned at first, but we hollered to 'em to come on, and they lined us. They was youngish chaps, neither of 'em havin' 'til growed a beard. We offered 'em the demijohn, but they didn't seem to relish liquor much; mebby they wasn't old enough to have learned. We offered 'em pipes, but they didn't seem inclined to smoke neither.

"They told us they was in camp in a patch of timber a ways down the creek, and after stayin' awhile with us they went away. "What d'ye s'pose them kids is a-doin' over yere?" says Josh when they was gone. "They're hoss thieves," I says. "Hoss thieves. They don't look nuthin' like hoss thieves."

"Like enough they belong to some family as is mighty hard up, and the only way for such in this here country to make a haul is to run off hosses, sell 'em and stock up. We'll picket the stock strong tonight, fur it's my opinion these young fellers 'll try to stampe 'em."

"We made everything as fast as we could. The moon was full, and the country was lit up like day. Me and Josh smoked 'til near 9 o'clock, it was gone.

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"I been, then turned in. We was awakened by hearin' the stock rushin' this way and that way tryin' to break the ropes, and we heard whooshes like Indians, only they was more like squaws and paposes than bucks. Then come shots. The hosses was nigh crazy with fright, but we had tied 'em so strong they couldn't get away. "Josh," I says, says I, "them young fellers is doin' what I said they'd do. Get your gun and let's go for 'em."

"I don't want to kill a boy fur a hoss," said Josh, "especially if he's starvin'."

"Well, we can't let 'em do what they like with our property. Come on."

"We lit out to whar the sounds come from, and the first thing the kids knowed was we was right on 'em. They run, and we chaw 'em up. One of 'em tripped and fell. I sat on him while Josh chased the other and after a hard run brought him in. We took 'em to camp and in order to frighten 'em told 'em we was goin' to hang 'em to the limb of a tree.

"They knowed well enough that they whint's done to hoss thieves, and they believed we was in earnest. One of 'em s'posed they did. They begun to cry. This give us such contempt fur 'em that I says to Josh, says I: "Sich snivelin' youngers oughtn't to be 'lowed to live. They'll never make men, and the women wouldn't have 'em around. Let's string 'em up shore."

"Then one of 'em said, wringin' his hands: "We hain't men; we're gals. Our folks is starvin' over there, and we tried to get your stock to sell 'em and get some pin for the children."

"Me and Josh looked at each other. "I be doggoned," says I, "if ever I saw sich boss thieves before. What luck we didn't shoot at 'em!" "I told you," says Josh, "I wouldn't like to kill one of 'em."

"We give up the tent to 'em and the blankets and made 'em as comfortable as could, and Josh and I built a fire and lay down by it for the rest of the night. Next mornin' we give 'em a fine breakfast or hard tack and bacon washed down with coffee. Then we told 'em we'd go and see what we could do fur their folks. We found jist what the gals said we'd find. There wor three families in a mighty bad way, not only fur food, but other things.

"When the gals got on their own clothes they was good lookin', and I offered to marry one if Josh'd marry 'other and settle down and take care of the hull crowd, see'n there warn't no men among 'em, the men havin' been killed off either by Indians or fur hoss stealin'. Josh agreed, and we flipped up fur fur choice. Josh won it, but I didn't care, since they was both fine gals.

"We axed 'em if they'd agree to our plan, and they said they didn't see how they could help themselves. "We just been married, and we're goin' to make a settlement on this land we're squatted on."

BREVITIES

P. C. Williams returned to St. Paul Friday morning after a short stay in Willmar.

Miss Lena Botnen is assisting at Benson Bros. & Jorris store this week.

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Music by Noreen's Orchestra of Litchfield. A good time assured to all. Tickets \$1. Supper extra.

The play "Out in the Streets" and the neektie social, which was to be held in Pleasant View school Dist 57 Friday evening, Apr. 7, has been postponed to Friday evening, Apr. 21. Ladies are requested to bring a neektie and lunch for two. All are cordially invited.

The Story Humorous and Witty. The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art—and only an artist can tell it, averred Mark Twain. But no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America and has remained at home.

The Modest Model. The late Julia Ward Howe though a woman of very good appearance, was extremely modest.

"She once posed for me," said a Boston painter the other day. "But she hesitated a long time before consenting. To urge her on I said: "Don't be afraid; I'll do you justice, madam." "Ah," she answered, "it isn't justice I ask for at your hands; it's mercy."

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BE READY.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tiling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

Poker Was Once "Scharwenzel." Germans claim that "poker" is an old German game which for more than a hundred years has been played and is still being played in some districts of Westphalia. Emigrants took it to the United States, and there its name of "scharwenzel" became "poker."

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

"Was your chafing dish party a success?" "Great. We spotted all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant.—Exchange.

ANXIOUS TO COMPLY.

Professor (to student)—You should have written on the subject, sir, so that the most ignorant of your audience could understand all that you have to say on the subject. Student—What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?

TO CUT GLASS.

Pass a hempen cord soaked in turpentine over the place where it is desired to cut the glass, light it and sprinkle the glass with cold water, whereupon a slight pressure will suffice to break it sharply along the line followed by the cord.

An Unfortunate Encomium

By EDWARD IGLEHART Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I married an unconscious beauty. Now, everybody knows that beauty if it is unconscious is a very nice thing, but as soon as it becomes conscious it breeds vanity, and vanity is the mother of a large brood of troubles. My wife and myself—we are both Vans—belong to the older aristocracy of New York. None of our ancestors would have thought of associating with the ancestors of persons who are now in the swim and to whose circle we were not admitted. They care nothing about our ancestors, though many of them have heard of my father, who was a distinguished commodore in the navy, and my wife's grandmother, who was a celebrated New York belle. The places once occupied by these worthy people are now filled with the descendants of those who sold them oysters and fish and whose wealth runs away up into the millions.

But my wife and I were happy until a certain remark was repeated to her. One of our old family connections who owns a box in the "diamond horseshoe"—so called from being that gallery of the Metropolitan Opera House occupied by the multimillionaires—gave us the use of it for one night. The favor never caused our ruin. Soon after that night at the opera Gertrude's cousin, who gave us the box, said to my wife: "The Earl of Chapperton, recently from London, asked me who was the lady in my box on Thursday night, saying at the same time: 'She's the most beautiful woman I ever saw. London could not furnish anything equal to her.'"

The remark was not only repeated to my wife, but was talked about at every function held by the golden set. It finally came to Gertrude, added to in this wise: "What a pity that Mrs. Van Valkenburg doesn't take the position in society that half a century ago was occupied by her grandmother, the beautiful Betty Van Wyke."

From that moment my dear wife got the society bee in her bonnet, and the family has always kept up in the world (ill the present generation," she said. "We have \$10,000 a year, and so that we could get on in society. Connections of ours in the swim would introduce us, and our especial associates would be of the older aristocratic set who are not so rich as these new commercial people."

"My dear," I protested, "our \$10,000 income would not keep us in the swim a month." "Not with your management," she retorted, "but a woman can always make money go further than a man. Let me try. I will show you what I can do."

eral thousand dollars, and she must have a different costume for each function, the amount soon ran up to a third of our total income. Since our ordinary necessary expenditures required the other two-thirds, it was evident we would soon run upon the rocks. But what is the one matter of a woman's costumes, expensive though they be, compared with the thousand and one other luxuries that must be provided by people of fashion. One dinner alone we felt obliged to give cost us \$500, and it was considered plain at that.

We permeated the outer social line and were making some headway into the inner circle. We were both disappointed in discovering that we must be civil to a number of the wives of young multimillionaires who had married actresses, and my wife had discovered that society was not composed of such persons as her grandmother had shown among. Then something happened that called a halt to our advance.

A certain Mrs. Van Valkenburg, whose income was some \$2,000,000 a year and who was as homesy as a hedge fence, caused it to be given out—for a consideration—that she had invited to certain social climbers to her soirees—that a mistake had been made in reporting Earl Chapperton's remark as to the most beautiful woman in New York. The Mrs. Van Valkenburg referred to was the lady with the \$2,000,000 income.

Everybody sneered, but as all understood that to gain this edict would cost them the enmity of one of the most powerful women in New York society no one dared to list a word to the contrary. The earl had returned to England and was not to be even questioned on the subject. The moment his lordship's compliment was appropriated by another my wife ceased to be an object of curiosity and, as she had no other claim to be admitted to society, was dropped. Besides, any further attention to her was sure to be resented by the other Mrs. Van Valkenburg.

When the battle was over I discovered that we had eaten upon our capital sufficiently to reduce our income one-half. I was thankful that we were beaten off before all was exhausted. When my wife learned of the halving of our income I never mention the cause. I have a regard for the tuft of hair on the top of my head.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

If a thought be really great it may live through many ages, stirring generation after generation. The echo of a great physical convulsion dies quickly, but the echo of the words of Confucius and Buddha, of Plato, Seneca and Christ, still lives. The voice of Socrates before his judges kindles men whose ancestors were savages when Socrates spoke. Buildings decay, rivers run dry, races decline, but a great thought suffers from no impairment; it has the gift of immortal youth and strength.—Orlando J. Smith.

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