

K C BAKING POWDER

Passed by the Board of Censors

- 1st—The manufacturer with the rigid tests of the laboratory and factory.
- 2nd—The wholesale grocer with his high standing and desire to handle only reliable goods.
- 3rd—The retail grocer who desires to handle only those brands he knows will please his customers.
- 4th—The food officials with their rigid laws for the purity and wholesomeness of food products.
- 5th—And most important, you, the housewife with your desire for purity, efficiency and perfect satisfaction.

ASK YOUR GROCER — HE SELLS IT

25 Ounces for 25¢
(More than a pound and a half for a quarter)

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Where a Dollar brings one hundred cents of value

A dollar for every dollar or a dollar back

An Invitation!

We like to see everything look Bright and Soappy. Bring in your Rings, Brooches, Chains, LaValliers, Etc., and we will

CLEAN THEM FREE

Tell your friends to come. Of course we do all kinds of Repair Work, Reset Stones, Make to order, Rings, Brooches, Pendants, Etc.

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TODAY'S MAGAZINE

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Most Subscribers consider TODAY'S a genuine necessity because it actually helps to solve almost every problem of the wife, mother and homemaker.

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TODAY'S MAGAZINE CANTON, OHIO

P.S.—If your church needs money, write for free details of TODAY'S \$100.00 Cash Offer to Every Church. Send for free sample copy.

No Room for Argument.



OREGON POWER COMPANY

PHONE 5011

MOHAIR FOR SPRING.

Mohair and worsted mixture is a fabric peculiarly suited for spring wear. It is light, cool, has a lustrous, silky sheen and because of its springy texture is perfect for the new flaring skirt and cape coat. Mulberry is a new color which is especially glowing and soft in the mohair and worsted weave, and the new Bolling green is notably rich and distinguished in this material. A Lanvin frock shows green mohair and worsted in stitched bands on a skirt of green perceptive crepe. The close button buttons straight down over the bust with white pearl buttons and the long bishop sleeves are of the green crepe with white satin cuffs. The collar is of white satin veiled with green perceptive crepe.

THE SOCIAL WORLD

BY VIRGINIA SOUTHERN

"Blow, O' Souf Win', blow yo' best! Blow th' swallows to their nest! Blow th' blossoms to th' vine! Blow th' cones unto th' pine! For I vum of all the year Spring's th' time to me most dear, An' my heart renews its spring Every time I hear you sing."

One by one the purely social clubs of independence are closing their seasons of indoor pleasure and soon the insistent call of the great out-of-doors will be most generously responded to. College boys and girls who returned home to spend Easter vacation have brought friends and Sorority Sisters and "Frat" brothers home with them and these interesting young people have been the inspiration for many delightful informal social functions.

At the various churches next Sunday the rostrums will be banked with lilies, ferns and flowering almond.

Choir directors have worked diligently to furnish pleasing music while the pastors have chosen masterful bits of oratory to delight their followers on next Easter morn.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Mrs. M. Merwin was a delightful hostess to the Wednesday Afternoon club this week.

Her attractive home on Sixth street was further beautified by a profusion of colorful Spring blossoms and amid the fragrant setting the ladies busied themselves with needle work at the same time spicing the Kensington-lore with congenial conversation.

To complete the pleasure of the afternoon, the hostess served one of her characteristic lunches.

CLOSE SEASON

Six tables of "500" was the social contribution of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Townsend when they

entertained the members of Klous Tilicum club last Thursday evening.

Spring blossoms and greenery transformed the rooms into a bower of loveliness.

This meeting closed the club's formal season which has been an especially pleasant one.

The hostess served a dainty collation to her guests.

CLEAN-UP WEEK

The clubwomen of all the state are planning to take part in their state-wide "clean-up" and paint-up week," April 22 to 29. Mrs. J. Riley Craven, state chairman of civics, whose home is in Dallas, has asked that all clubwomen co-operate in this campaign. "Beauty along with cleanliness" is the motto for their task. Mrs. Craven writes that she hopes all clubwomen will do their part.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts upon the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

REPAIRING CHAMOISETTE. When the finger tips begin to go through turn the glove inside out and stitch the end finger on the machine, shortening each one enough to remove the worn spots; then trim the seams and turn. This is quicker and neater than darning, does not shorten the fingers enough to be noticeable and lengthens the life of the glove several weeks.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.—Shakespeare.

The Russian Blouse Springs Into This New Glory



THE LATEST MODEL.

FROM these Russian blouses belted securely with patent leather we now evolve this gorgeous affair fit for a reception and worn with almost any plain, good fitting skirt. The material is white georgette crepe over white shadow lace, the front and bottom of the bodice being richly embroidered. The crushed ruffles is of white taffeta ribbon. Some of these charming blouses slip on over the head, with gorgeous ribbon collars, others of silver or gold braids in oriental styles, hang like a Cateau's shirt, and others, like the picture, have dainty vest-like choker with pretty buttons.

Bowser's Horse Knowledge

He Does a Friend a Favor

By M. QUAD



"If, by the way!" said Mr. Bowser as he shoved back from the breakfast table the other morning, "I may not be home at the usual hour this evening. I am going to look at a horse Watkins talks of buying and give him my opinion of the animal."

"A horse?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "What do you know about a horse? You have never owned a horse in your life. I'd give it up if I were you. If the horse proves worthless it will make hard feelings between you and Mr. Watkins. Why don't he leave it to a livery stable man?"

"Because he has left it to me!" was half shouted in reply. "I am just as competent as any of the liverymen in America, and Watkins knows that I will be honest and truthful with him. I will show you, Mrs. Bowser, I will show you!"

It was true that one Mr. Watkins wanted to buy a horse. It was also true that he knew nothing about horses. He was looking around to ask somebody to act for him when he ran across Mr. Bowser and stated his case.

"You just leave it to me, friend Watkins," was the hearty response. "I will spare an hour at any time to pick you out a good horse. You can depend upon my judgment. When you have found a horse you like I will go up and look him over for you."

Mr. Watkins had found the horse and appointment was made with its owner, and at the hour named Mr. Bowser was taken to the stable. He felt the awful responsibility resting upon him, and he acted accordingly. He had the animal brought out of his stall for inspection, and the first thing he did was to look at his teeth. Mr. Bowser had never looked a horse in the mouth in all his life. He didn't know whether nature gave the horse fifteen teeth or fifty-five.

"How old do you call this horse?" he demanded of the owner.

"Why, I think you are a man who can tell that yourself," was the evasive reply.

"Oh, I can tell all right! He is just passed four years old, but I thought I would see if you were trying to deceive me."

"You have guessed his age to a month, and that is more than many horse-men could do. Go at it and make any examination you wish."

That horse was an old skate who had seen full eleven years. He was half blind, wind broken, knock kneed and his back was weak. He had nine bones



WENT OUT OF THE BARN LIKE A CANNON BALL.

and spavins. He had cost his present owner \$10, and it had cost about \$10 more to dope him up to the point where somebody else would buy him.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Mr. Watkins as Mr. Bowser finally concluded his investigation and stepped back.

"You couldn't do better if you looked the United States all over. What did he say the price of the horse was?"

"He said \$200 and not a cent less."

"Well, he's worth \$100 more than that, and if I were you I'd close the bargain in less than a minute. I've got to go now, but you have the horse sent over to the barn and hitch him to your cutter and take a ride to see how it goes. If you will drive up my way I'll come out and take a ride with you."

When Mr. Bowser reached home he was full of boasting at the bargain he secured for his friend and was all ready to go out when Mr. Watkins arrived. Mr. Watkins was pale of face. The collar of his overcoat was badly torn. There was a bad dint in his hat. His voice trembled with emotion as he exclaimed:

"Come out here, come out here, you old hyena!"

Mr. Bowser went out. Almost in front of the house was a wreck. It consisted of an old skate of a horse and what had been a rather fine cutter. The horse lay on his side and was evidently a dead horse.

"Behold your work!" said Mr. Watkins as he pointed.

"How—how?" stammered Mr. Bowser.

"I hitched him up," continued his friend, "and the first he did was to balk with me. It was half an hour before he would move, and then he went out of the barn like a cannon ball and ran away with me."

Mr. Bowser tried hard to reply, but he couldn't with that wreck before his eyes. He therefore did the next best thing. He walked into the house and left Mr. Watkins to hunt around and find a truckman who would remove the mad remains for the sum of \$15.

"Did you have a pleasant ride after the new horse?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he sat down.

"It was rather cold," was the hesitating reply.

"Then Mr. Watkins is satisfied with your judgment of a horse?"

"He didn't say. Some men are mighty ungrateful, you know."

And Mr. Bowser was not aware that Mrs. Bowser had peered through the window and seen the smash, and then from a crack in the front doors had heard all that Mr. Watkins had said.

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The Renegade

BILL WILLIAMS preparedness plumed. A LAR, Bill's oft repeated vow! Ails, the place of men and juice! Defense against fair woman's eyes. A silver dress now moves a row; And yet was taken by surprise. A brand new bonnet melts the ice. For what man mortal could withstand. His plot is "Peace at any price!" Bombardment by Miss Parkine's peep? His plot is "Peace at any price!" —Louis R. Capron in Judge.

He Would Make A Funny Judge

AN Irishman, taking home for his Sunday dinner a large goose, stopped at an inn to obtain a little refreshment. Putting down the goose, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst when a seedy looking individual, seizing the bird, made off with it. Pat at once gave chase and ere running far had his man by the neck.

"What did yez take the bird for?" queried the irate Irishman.

"Sure," said the seedy looking one, "I took it for a lark!"

"Did yez?" returned Pat. "Begorra, ye'd make a bad judge at a bird show then!"