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What Constitutes Advertising
 In order to allay a misunderstanding among some as to what constitutes news and what advertising, we print this very simple rule, which is used by newspapers to differentiate between them: "ALL future events, where an admission charge is made or a collection is taken IS ADVERTISING." This applies to organizations and societies of every kind as well as to individuals.
 All reports of such activities after they have occurred is news.
 All coming social or organization meetings of societies where no money contribution is solicited, initiation charged, or collection taken IS NEWS.

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THE PASSING OF 'MARSE' HENRY

The world will seem a little lonely without "Ol' Marse" Henry Watterson. His death means more than the passing of a well-loved man. It signifies the close of an era. With his last sigh the curtain descends upon a phase of American history that will never come again. He was the last of the race of great editors.

The present day of journalism is of no less importance or power or influence for good and evil that "Marse Henry's" day; but it is different. This is an era of great newspaper publishers—great journalistic directors—executives into whose hands are placed great, complicated, difficult organizations, whose power over the affairs of human life and happiness is terrific. This is the day of great journalistic stage directors. Colonel Watterson's day was the day of the editor who was himself the chief writer of his journal—the day of the old plumed knights of journalism.

In the heyday of Marse Henry's career, when Horace Greeley edited the New York Tribune; Dana, the Sun; Henry J. Raymond, the New York Times; James Gordon Bennett, the Herald, and Mr. Watterson himself, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the newspaper was, in a sense, the blackboard upon which the editor wrote himself large and in bold letters. Newspapers then were redolent of the personalities of their editors. The tang of these great old war chiefs of the scissors and the paste pot, lay upon their published pages as strongly and distinctly as the perfume upon a rose.
 His paper was to the old-time editor his consecrated sword of combat and chivalry. In those days an editor who did not write was a rifle without trigger. It was unthinkable and impossible.
 Although his field was not as large or his influence as far-reaching by reason of his more limited orbit, Colonel Watterson ranked with the best of these old-time editorial giants, of whom General Otis was one of the last.
 Mr. Watterson's power and position in journalism did not last to the end of his life. He dropped out of the race some time ago as an active

figure in the profession he had adorned; but he has left a never-to-be forgotten mark on the history of journalism in America.

Perhaps fate would have been more kind had Marse Henry, like the other great old warriors of journalism, died on the field of battle, the flaming sword still in his hand, the world still ringing with the sound and tingling with the thrill of his written words. Marse Henry has passed, but his day passed before him.

The history of his brilliant career has been written. It is enough to say here that he had intended to become a musician, but drifted into the business of writing on account of an accident to one of his hands. The mark of grace and charm and culture no doubt implanted by his musical studies, remained in his writing to the end of his life, giving his trenchant editorials a peculiarly delightful flavor, not common to the other great editors of his time.

For two generations Marse Henry was a voice heard throughout America—and perhaps the world. He gave his newspaper an importance far beyond the importance of the city in which it was published.

A southern gentleman of the most delightful and charming personality, Colonel Watterson was a fierce and fiery foe. Presidents and senators squirmed uneasily when Marse Henry scowled. His editorials were not directed at politicians alone—although the words from his scalding pen trickled through political life like vitriol. He turned the fire of his batteries, on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, upon the frivolities of New York society women, and the editorial that he wrote will ever remain a classic of well-bred invective.

Old "Marse Henry" was as distinct in flavor as a mint juley, as characteristic of the soil of the south. Courageous, brilliant, chivalrous, witty, daring and outspoken—his was a voice the like of which will not be heard again.

Colonel Watterson and his kindly memory now melt into a past delightful with visions of soft-voiced, southern belles, with duels, with grand and stately square dances, with ponderous and majestic oratory, with great statesmen, great newspaper battles, with thoroughbred horses and slow regal carriages, with chivalry and leisurely etiquette, with honors that were elaborately spread, and insults that were avenged in blood.
 They were sweet—and they have gone.

WASHINGTON COMMENT

"I haven't cried yet!"
 Brave words from 16-year-old Carolyn Upshaw, high school girl victim of the Knickerbocker theater disaster. Miss Upshaw made a plucky fight for her life, but her injuries were stronger than her body, and she has passed on.
 The heritage of true courage she

leaves should be more than an inspiration both to her contemporaries and those older. They should be a battle cry to the city fathers of every municipality, urging them on to adequate inspection of all places of public assembly and to ruthless condemnation of all structures which cannot be demonstrated safe beyond a doubt.

Three hundred persons in the Knickerbocker, 97 crushed to death, 130 badly injured; suppose the Knickerbocker had been filled to its capacity of nearly 2000? Suppose the moving picture house which you attend has a beam that is creeping, creeping away from its support? Suppose your child is nightly sitting beneath a sword of Damocles in the form of a concrete roof and a steel truss, which may any moment drop and crush its victims beyond recognition?

The world has been told how they died, these victims of some one's error, but not in what shape the falling masses left them; nor can it ever be told. It is too horrible to tell.

You, Mr. Citizen; you, Mrs. Mother, are directly concerned. It is your business. It is your child who may be the next victim; if not, it is your friend, your relative, your husband or wife. With the memory of those pitifully brave words in your ears, of the little heroine who, with legs crushed so badly that she died, smiled in her agony and said, "I haven't cried yet," do you cry, with a loud voice, to those in authority, and see to it that they allow you and yours to assemble only in safe halls . . . so shall Miss Upshaw and 95 others not have been crushed to death in vain.

YOUR HAND
 How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm.

THE FINGER NAILS

As a general rule, when the nails are short, it is a sign of sharpness and quickness of intellect and the ability to learn easily. These indications must be confirmed, of course, by a study of the line of the hand, which must be good; that is, clear and strong.
 If the line of Apollo, which runs up into the finger of Apollo, the third finger, is also good, the short nails mean wit, and in some cases irony. "Short-nailed subjects make the best journalists, by reason of their love of criticism and their readiness to engage in any dispute or contention," says Heron-Allen, a well known writer on palmistry. He holds also that in a good-natured and happy hand, or in a lazy hand, short nails denote a spirit of mockery and of good-humored sarcasm, frivolity, criticism and contradiction.
 Of course, it must be understood that by "short nails" are meant those that are short from base to tip, not those that are shortened by the nervous habit of biting them. The latter is an indication of nervousness, melancholy, and worry, especially if the finger tips are spatulated.

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 Flour from \$1.50 to \$2.25
 We now have a line of
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DOMESTIC SCIENCE
 A regular feature department edited by
Mrs. Belle DeGraf
 Domestic Science Director California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc.

RELISHES
 Dinner, luncheon and supper parties are much improved by the little extra touch in the way of accessories. Relishes (hors d'oeuvres) are attractive appetizers and lend an artistic touch even to a very plain meal. These accompaniments need not necessarily be made of expensive imported ingredients, as the most ordinary materials at hand, if carefully combined and seasoned, will prove most palatable and savory. Canapes, fish and fruit cocktails, raw oysters and clams are used to begin the meal, while olives, salted nuts, apricot preserves, celery, etc., are passed between the courses.

Canapes are attractive and easy to prepare, and the combinations are almost unlimited. The foundation is always bread cut in fancy shapes and used either plain, toasted, sauted in butter or fried in deep fat.
 The prepared paste is spread on the bread or toast, and a garnish of some kind added to make the dish look attractive.
 The garnish may be of stuffed olives, tiny balls of cream cheese, bits of pimento cut in flower shapes, hard-cooked egg yolks pressed through a sieve, strips of green pepper; in fact almost anything your fancy may dictate.
 Serve these canapes on small

plates with doilies. Dessert or ramikin forks should accompany this course.
 Raw oysters or clams should be served on the shell in a bed of shaved ice, with a garnish of quartered lemon points, or a tiny glass of tomato, horseradish or other suitable sauce set in the center of each plate. Small fancy-shaped bread and butter sandwiches may be passed with this course.
 Fish cocktails may be served in wine or cocktail glasses or in green pepper cups. These cocktails should be served very cold and should be eaten with oyster forks.
 Fruit cocktails may be served in cocktail glasses or long-stemmed wine glasses, spoons being provided for this service.
 Each cocktail glass should be set on a small plate. A dolly under each glass improves the appearance of the table.

Visiting Relatives—
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Logan, of Yreka, Calif., are visiting with Mr. Logan's mother, Mrs. Hattie Abbott, and his sisters, Mrs. Jerry O'Neal and Mrs. Amos Nninger.
 Don't forget the Railroad Carmen's Annual Ball, Armory, Saturday evening, February 18.

EVERY GOOD HOUSE KEEPER NEEDS
 the best of kitchen utensils to aid and lighten her tasks. Work in the kitchen is arduous enough at the best. So only the best of pots, kettles, pans, rice boilers, toasters, etc., should be provided for her. They are here in complete assortment. A visit here will be a lesson in what a good housekeeper should have, for her own and the sake of the whole family.

SIMPSON'S HARDWARE

For Such A Short Month
 there are two mighty important birthdays crowded into February, and both Washington and Lincoln were vigorous advocates of thrift. Could there be a more fitting tribute to the memory of these two great men of America than the opening or increasing of a savings account?
The Citizens Bank
 Ashland, Oregon

How Yeast Vitamon Tablets Put On Firm Flesh
 Strengthen The Nerves and Invigorate The Body—Easy And Economical To Take—Results Surprisingly Quick.
 If you want to put some firm, healthy flesh on your bones, increase your nerve force and power, clear your skin and complexion and look and feel 100 per cent better, simply try taking two of Mastin's tiny VITAMON Tablets with each meal and watch results. Mastin's VITAMON Tablets contain highly concentrated yeast-vitamins as well as the two other still more important vitamins (Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C) and are now being used by thousands. Mastin's VITAMON Tablets never cause gas or upset the stomach but, on the contrary, improve digestion. Be sure to remember the name—Mastin's VITAMON—the original and genuine yeast-vitamine tablet. There is nothing else like it, so do not accept imitations or substitutes. You can get Mastin's VITAMON Tablets at all good druggists.

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 THE ORIGINAL YEAST VITAMINE TABLETS
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 if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON

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