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 We are exclusive farm dealers, and our long experience makes our facilities for finding purchasers unequalled in this section. If you desire to sell or trade your farm lands, write us, giving full description and location of your property, best price and terms, and just what you want in exchange. We have a party wanting a stock ranch up to \$500,000, and will trade 1200 acres of timber, containing fifty million feet of timber. Submit proposition.

HARGROVE & SONS,
 122 N. 6th St., Portland, Ore.

Coincidence in Deaths.
 It was an odd coincidence, but a striking one, that the greatest genius of England and the most masterful man in Spain passed from earth on the same day. Shakespeare and Cervantes both died April 23, 1616, the former being only fifty-two years old, and the latter sixty-nine.

One Thing He Had Observed.
 Mrs. Toggerblossom—"Vain man! Did you never observe that designers take a woman's head to adorn many of your coins?" Mr. Toggerblossom—"No, but I have observed that designers take many of my coins to adorn a woman's head."—National Monthly

Wouldn't Be Snubbed.
 A man who visits my home quite frequently was wont to tease my two-year old niece. One morning while she was breakfasting at my home he came in and paid no attention to her. She felt rather slighted, and after watching him for a few moments remarked: "I see heah."—Exchange.

Howard K. Burton—Assayer and Chemist.
 Leadville, Colorado; Specimens: Silver, Gold, Silver, Lead, H. Gold, Silver, Tin, Zinc or Copper. H. Milling outvalues a full price. Sent on application. Control and Improve work so limited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

Hard Job.
 An Atlanta wife sues for a divorce because her husband is a gambler, but reading the entire story we find in the concluding paragraph that he generally loses all his money. It is hard for anybody to love a loser.—Houston Post.

Interesting Facts.
 If you shade your eyes you weaken your sense of hearing. If you sip a glass of cold water you will increase for a short time your power of vision. If you fill your mouth with water you will greatly strengthen your sense of smell.

Natural Law.
 Every man is his own ancestor and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future and he inherits his own past.—Exchange.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, or your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. **THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL.** PROPRIETORS VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, etc., in your house, barn, etc. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't rust, and will not soil or harm anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by druggists, or sent by express prepaid for \$1.
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JACKS, JENNETS & HORSES FOR SALE
 Sixty head of the finest bred Mares and Colts, including a 5 year old Goldings, bred for Saddle and Racing. Will consider trade in cheap land.
 Forty head of extra large Jennets with an elegant Jack for head leader.

A Bargain for a Short Time
 Cause for selling is the herd law in Morrow county, and the transforming of my 3000 acre stock farm into a wheat field. I must close out this stock. Will consider trade. What have you got?
B. F. SWAGGART, Prop.,
 Lexington, Oregon.

P. N. U. No. 23, 1915

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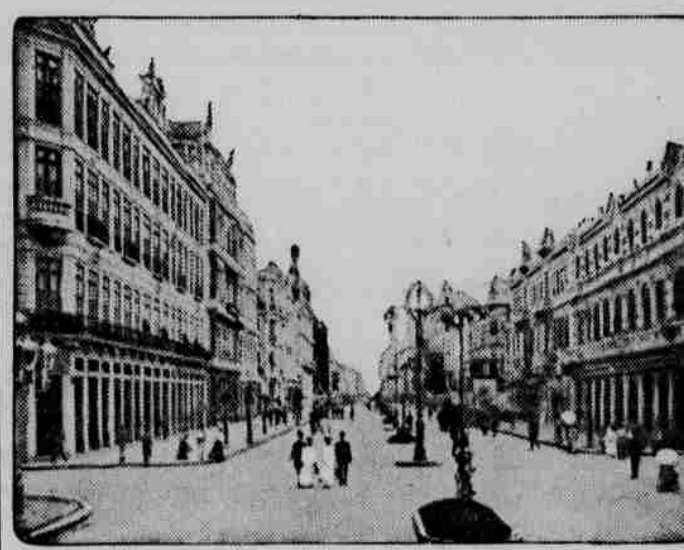
PECULIAR THINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA

IN visiting a new country it is always the surface differences that jump out at you first. Then if you stay long enough, foreign places get to be familiar and their people begin to seem like home folks. So in these South American lands it is the surface difference in dress and in the way of doing the little daily things that amuses you and makes you feel that you are seeing a strange land, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News from Entre Rios, Argentina.

The first thing, as I have said, that you notice here is the high walled garden and the terrible absence of open, trim lawns. Next you are impressed by the pleasantly slow and easy passage of traffic in the streets. You are dazzled by the lavish display of gold braid and the ever visible soldier and policeman. The strong whiffs of perfumes you find less pleasant.

At the Front Door.
 In the cities there are doorbells for call, but the delivery boys bringing meat, bread or vegetables to the house announce their presence at the front door by loudly clicking a pair of castanets. In the country districts all persons desiring to enter a house clap their hands for a signal and wait patiently at the front gate. None dreams of stepping into a yard until either the master or a servant comes to open the gate for them. There is only the one door through which every one and everything that comes into the house must go. Even the garbage is taken out this way. Of course in the richer and more modern houses there is a rear entrance.

At first the big, long and viciously sharp knife, the handle of which protrudes murderously from each peon's



AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

broad cloth belt, bothers you. But after a while you grow used to it, and when you learn that the knife is not merely a weapon but a tool, you see that it is as necessary and proper for the peon to don his knife every morning as to don his shirt. Without this knife the man could neither work nor eat in working out on the monte or "camp." Life out on these plains is very primitive and tools and baggage are reduced to the minimum. The gaucho has only his knife with which to eat his meals. Forks and spoons are, he feels, wholly unnecessary. He lives almost entirely on meat roasted over an open fire, so his knife is his all in all.

With it he cuts the wood for his fire. With it he kills the steer or sheep for his meal and with it he eats. The first time you see this gaucho eat you shiver with uneasiness. You see, he cuts off a generous slab of the roast, takes a firm hold of it with his teeth, and, holding it so, proceeds to trim off a bite at a time, close to



Cathedral, Buenos Aires.

his lips. Every time that big, vicious knife sweeps upward you feel sure the man will slice off a part of his nose. But you need have no fear; the gaucho is an artist at carving, even when it comes to his human enemies.

Here in the Argentine country I have seen dramatized the old Bible phrase, "He took up his bed and walked." These people are particular about their beds. Every servant girl comes to you with her bed under her arm. Usually this is just a folding

canvas cot, but often a substantial iron bed. On the road you will see gauchos riding with their bed and all worldly possessions tied to their saddle. Little children going out to service go through the streets carrying their beds with them, while every river steamer carries the cots of its passengers who are on the move.

Courting here is done in the open street. The houses stand close to the walk and at the twilight hour you may see the gallants standing at the low windows or at the half-open garden gate talking to their dark-eyed sweethearts. If the father and mother approve of the young fellow he is given a chair or more often invited in. If the parents disapprove the girl is called from the window and sometimes abused for talking to her caller.

Revel in Grief.
 These people are very emotional. Color, music, tragedy, comedy they must have in the crude lump and lots of it. They revel in their joys and also in their griefs. Mourning is here carried to an almost horrible excess. Not long ago a native mother died and every one of her seven children, even the new-born baby, is swathed in black. Not only are the top dresses of the little girls black, but also their little petticoats. The most dismal sight in these tiny town streets are these crowds of black-dressed children.

I know a servant girl who drapes herself in heavy black crepe even when she goes to hang out the washing. Crepe is fearfully expensive in these countries, and this girl, whose relatives are delicate and much given to dying, is many pesos in debt for just crepe.

I went to the theater in a small town to see some native plays. It was not

the humorous bits of acting that brought the storm of applause. It was the touches of pathos, of despair, of horror, even though these were crudely, clumsily and foolishly done.

HAD HIM ALL RIGHT, BUT—
 It Was a Question Whether Hunter or Hunted Had the Best of a Bad Situation.

A party of choice spirits from the Mount Ephraim section, where colored folk reside, had gone into the river bottom well provided with coon dawgs. It was not long before a trail was struck and soon after that the quarry was treed. The next move naturally was to climb the tree, so as to shake down the varmint—coon or 'possum as might happen. Lemon, a very black and venturesome youth, undertook the job, while the others—men and dogs—asssembled under the tree. It was night time, of course, and Lemon swarming up was able to distinguish dimly the figure of an animal perched in the crotch where a large limb branched out. The fore feet embraced the trunk, and Lemon was on the other side from the crotch. He grabbed the forelegs and held on so that the creature could neither escape nor hurt him.

But there proceedings stopped. The rash hunter was afraid to let go; the men on the ground were shouting their impatience, and the bob-cat (for that was what the varmint was), was yowling fearfully and tearing viciously at the bark with his hind claws.

"What do matter up dar?" called up a voice from below. "Is you got 'im, Lemon?"

The voice in the tree replied, "Reckon I is got him—dat ain't de trouble; what I wants is fo' somebody to come up an' he'p me tu'n him loose for a leetle while."

Experience vs. Superstition.
 Mr. Hopedford—The date you have set for our wedding comes on Friday. Friday is supposed to be an unlucky day.

Mrs. Lakeside (from the West)—So I've heard, but it can't be any more unlucky than the other days. I've tried all the rest.—New York Weekly.

MR. MUGGINS LIKED HIMSELF
 Justly Deserved Rebuke He Received From Stranger Who Had Greeted Him Cordially on Train.

Old Muggins had a great opinion of his own importance, principally owing to the fact that he had started life with half a dollar, though how he had managed to raise the first 50 cents was a fact he had never divulged.

One day in the train a gentleman got in and directly he saw Muggins, smiled and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Why, bless my soul! How are you?" he exclaimed. "Glad to see you looking so well and prosperous now!" The cheerful stranger, being of a somewhat seedy appearance, Muggins thought he had better assert his dignity a bit.

"I don't know what you are talking about, sir! I have never seen you before in my life!" quoth he, swelling under his waistcoat.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure!" answered the stranger. "I have evidently made a mistake and must apologize for complimenting you on your appearance, which was a mistake made in the heat of the moment. If there is anything else that I said I was glad about I can only say I am sorry for it! Good morning, sir!"

Denied Them.
 "Pa, what is meant by 'divine affluence'?"
 "It's a high-sounding name for enthusiasm, son, the kind of enthusiasm that people who dig ditches and do other rough work don't know anything about."

Trained.
 "How do you like your new English butter?"
 "He's a gem. Postively refuses to recognize me when we meet outside the house."

The Reason.
 "Don't ever argue with a dictionary expert."
 "Why not?"
 "Because he has such pronounced opinions."

Keeping It Dark.
 "She loves her husband."
 "But why is she so furtive about it?"
 "You can't blame her for that. It might injure her standing in society if it got out."

SINGULAR.



"Miss Queer is one of the most singular women I have ever met."
 "I never noticed that she was eccentric."

"When I told her I was going to Europe she didn't ask me to smuggle in any gloves or jewelry for her on my return."

His Only Possession.
 Colonel Gruff—You seemed to have a good appetite.
 Hungry Hawkins—Ah, sir, that's all I have left in the world that I can call my own.

Quite True.
 "A writer in this newspaper discusses the baby crop. Not much room there for diversification."
 "You are mistaken. No two babies are alike."

Catty.
 "What part of the club paper is Emmeline going to look after?"
 "Well, she's such an expert on the subject that I suggested she attend to its make-up."

Costly Bluff.
 Crawford—Is he sorry he boasted so much to his wife about his income?
 Crabshaw—It should say he was! She is using it as evidence against him in her suit for alimony.—Judge.

Looked Suspicious.
 "That cat must think she's prettier than I am."
 "Why so, Vanessa?"
 "She's always after me to have my picture taken with her."

His Definite Status.
 "The fellow who married your daughter—"
 "He is my son-in-law now," grimly replied Grout P. Smith. "I don't know what he used to be."

A Proof.
 "The life of these moneyed young fellows is all froth."
 "Yes, I notice, for example, that young Spendit has just bought a new 'bubble.'"

A Great Principle.
 "Forgive your enemies," said the earnest man. "That's good religion."
 "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and sometimes it's good politics, too."

SMOKE AND WATER FIRE SHOE SALE
 PORTLAND'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE
 Shoes for the Whole Family At Fire Sale Prices!
ROYAL SHOE CO., 229 Morrison Street, PORTLAND, ORE., Between 1st and 2d

Purity Guaranteed
 under all State and National Pure Food Laws. You can pay a higher price, but you cannot get a baking powder that will raise nicer, lighter biscuits, cakes and pastry, or that is any more healthful.
 Your money back if K C fails to please you. Try a can at our risk.

Art Connoisseur.
 Mrs. True Gentesel—"Good morning Mrs. Carrots. Going to New York to do a little shopping?" Mrs. Gusby Carrots (whose husband has acquired sudden riches)—No, I've just returned. I bought a nice Rubens this morning and I declare, when I called at my husband's office he told me he had bought a Rembrandt by the same artist yesterday afternoon.—Washington Star.

Proved by Experiment.
 One of the young enigmas who was acting as teacher on the battlish Texas asked the question: "What are the two principal parts of a sentence?" expecting to get the answer, "Subject and predicate." An old salt scratched his head in perplexity, and at last replied, "Solitary confinement and bread and water."—The Sailor's Magazine.

To Break in New Shoes.
 Always shake in Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All ailments of the feet. Do not accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Burroughs' Birthday Message.
 "Keep cheerful and mind your own business." I may say that I have followed that rule myself not unsuccessfully, and in these trying days, when there is so much foolish talk and hasty, violent action, it might be worth the while of others just to give it a trial.—John Burroughs.

Unquestioned Antiquity.
 We never did like the mother-in-law joke, but have learned to respect it because of its great age. The joke was a distinguished contemporary of Methuselah, and as we all know, has survived that ancient citizen by something more than two thousand years.—New Orleans States.

Influence of Fine Thoughts.
 It is not possible to know how far the influence of any suitable, honest-hearted, duty-loving man flows out into the world.—Dickens.

Boils, Billiousness, Malaria, Constipation
Are You Troubled?
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Perhaps this case may be similar to yours
J. Wesley Tilly (Box 673), Selma, Cal., writes:
 Gentlemen—"It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by its reaching some sufferer your medicines will do as much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled a great deal with malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle, I took three and the malaria all left me and I have had no more boils to this day, thanks to the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for my relief.
 "Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I was troubled very much with constipation and I have been using Dr. Pierce's Purgative Tablets and they have rid me of the troublesome gas and have aided me in conquering the whole trouble; thank you for the 'Tablets' and for the advice I have obtained from The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Send only 21 cents for this 100 page book.

for over forty years has been lending its aid to just such cases as this. In our possession we have thousands of testimonials of like character.
 Perhaps you are skeptical, but isn't it worth at least a trial in view of such strong testimony? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that if it has done so much for others it can do as much for you?
 Your druggist will supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box. Address **Dr. W. H. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Devil's Nickname.
 Why the term "Old Scratch" means the devil is not plain until you examine the Swedish, where the word skrat means devil. In the middle high German the word schrate, scratch means fiend or ghost.

The Telephone.
 Alexander Graham Bell is the inventor of the telephone. The wizard of Menlo Park greatly improved the wonderful instrument, but the glory of the invention belongs to Bell. It has been so decided time and again.

Mysteries of Rheumatism Practically Solved
Action in the Tissues of a Remarkable Antidote

S. S. S. is a Regular Wizard in Driving Out Rheumatism.
 Rheumatism is often the effect of some other blood affliction that has left its impression in the joints, muscles and mucous coverings of the body. It works into the tissue cells, those tiny, little bodies in which nutrition goes on. And it is here that a most remarkable medicine known as S. S. S. does its most active and most effective work.
 Its action is marvelous. Bed-ridden rheumatics get on their feet as if by magic. That cold, clammy sensation that made you hug a red hot stove is gone in a twinkling. That excruciating pain that made a feather lay as heavy as a ton of coal on the skin is gone. You get up and dance with glee.
 Your rheumatism is gone—absolutely! It is an actual logical fact, that Swift's Sure Specific flushes your blood, gives your entire blood circulation a fine thorough bath. It just naturally and in a twinkling irrigates every atom in your body. It rushes into every cell, causes every bone, muscle, ligament, tendon, mucous surface and every nerve to thrill with freedom, with health, with new-found springiness.
 And best of all, S. S. S. though a powerful searching, overwhelming enemy to pain and the causes of rheumatism is as pure as the dew on a peach blossom, as powerful as the heroic works of nature, as searching as the peremptory demand of the most exact science.
 Ask for and insist upon getting S. S. S., the world's cure for rheumatism.
 For private, personal advice on stubborn chronic rheumatism write at once to the Swift Specific Co., 303 Swift Building, Atlanta, Ga. Their medical department is famous on all blood diseases, and is equipped to make personal blood tests, approved by the highest medical authorities. Get a bottle of S. S. S. today. Thus away goes rheumatism for all time.