

# H

## HELP YOUR DIGESTION—

### WHY NOT?

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# H

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Not a Fair Test.

Ever since they came to school that morning two of the boys had been persistently naughty. At last, therefore, the teacher, now thoroughly exasperated, turned to them angrily, and said that they must stay in during playtime until each had written his name 1000 times.

Playtime duly came, and as the rest of the class rose and hastened from the room to enjoy a spell of freedom, the two miscreants settled down to their irksome imposition.

Five minutes later the teacher returned to see how they were getting on, and found a heated argument in progress.

"Come, come," she asked. "What's the matter now?"

Whereupon one of the boys burst into tears.

"That fair, mum!" he gasped. "His name's 'Tim Bunt and mine's Alexander O'Shaughnessy!'"

**Father's Idea.**

Gertrude was home for the Christmas holidays and in her honor the old folks were holding a reception. And in their honor Gertrude brought forth her new garments.

Picking up a beautiful creation she held it up before the admiring crowd and said: "Isn't this perfectly scrumptious? Just think, all this silk came from the little insignificant worm."

Her hard-working father looked a moment, his brow furrowed.

"Gertrude," he said, "that is not the way to refer to your father."

**Best He Could Do.**

"The lady shot a man—"

"I can't star her on that basis," interrupted the busy manager. "After I have needed out my applications from lady murderers, I might possibly put her in a sextette."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Fixing Her.**

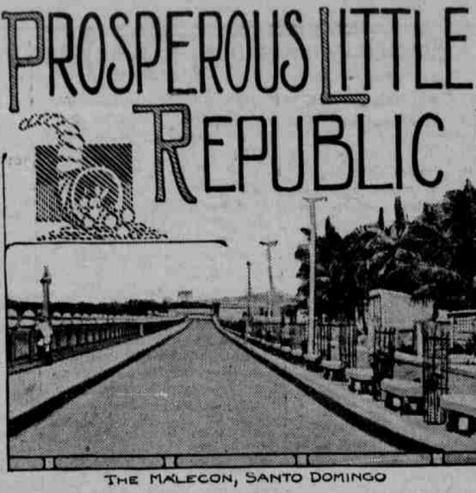
"That vivacious Miss Oldgirl isn't friendly to you, is she?"

"No, I think she and mother quarrel over something one time when mother was a girl."

**The Way of It.**

"You know, when a man loves a girl he is simply mad?"

"Yes, and when he finds out that someone else loves her, too, he is simply madder."



THE MALECON, SANTO DOMINGO

## PROSPEROUS LITTLE REPUBLIC

THAT the European war has disturbed the economic and commercial situation in practically every civilized country in the world is a fact well known to everyone at all conversant with international trade conditions. Naturally the republics of the western hemisphere are no exception. Every one of them has felt the disastrous effects, but not in equal nor even in proportionately equal measure. Nearly all of them have experienced a large diminution in their export trade, and consequently a decrease in purchasing power and a resultant diminution in their imports. One remarkable exception is the Dominican Republic, says the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

That little country enjoys the distinction of having sold more of its products, in point of value, to the outside world during the year 1914 than it did during 1913. The increased value of its exports was only \$118,840, but that it should have increased its sales at all is an astounding fact. Its purchases from other nations during the year were considerably less, but the net result is that the country has made a material financial gain.

The Dominican Republic is one of the smallest of the American republics, with an area of about 19,325 square miles. This is nearly equal to the combined areas of New Hampshire and Vermont. It has a population of between six and seven hundred thousand inhabitants. Haiti is the adjoining republic and the two together comprise the island called by the first Spanish discoverers "Isla Española" and now sometimes called "Santo Domingo" and sometimes "Haiti." Within the limits of what is now the territory of the Dominican Republic was located by Columbus the first settlement of Europeans in the new world. This settlement was called "Isabella," after the queen of Castile, the friend and patroness of Columbus. The first Spanish settlement, like Jamestown, the first English settlement, no longer exists except as a ruin. In fact, "Isabella" disappeared a few years after its foundation. The modern city of Puerto Plata is located near the former site of the old settlement. The oldest existing settlement of Europeans in the western world is likewise located in the Dominican Republic. This is the capital city, Santo Domingo.

**One of World's Richest Spots.**

The Dominican Republic, in fact the whole island, is naturally one of the richest spots in the world. The soil is remarkably fertile and produces luxuriously. On the north coast, in the province of Monte Cristi, near the Haitian border, the soil is well adapted for cotton raising, and there is a very considerable acreage devoted to this industry, backed by American and English capitalists. The cotton is of a fine quality, and the yield per acre is much greater than that in our southern states.

**Puerto Plata, an important port of the north, is a town of some 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, connected by a railway, running south, with the towns of the fertile Cabo region—Santiago de los Caballeros, La Vega, and Moca. These towns are located in the great agricultural regions of the republic, where the famous cacao bean is cultivated. Tobacco also is grown to a considerable extent, and has had until recently a ready market in Hamburg. Other ports of importance are Samana and Sanchez, in the beautiful Samana bay. This bay is famous for its size and picturesque scenery. It is about 25 miles long by 8 miles wide, with a depth of water sufficient to float the largest battleships. Our North Atlantic squadron has frequently gone there for maneuvers. At the entrance to the bay is the town of Samana, and at the head is Sanchez, connected with the interior by the Sanchez & Moca railway, a Scotch enterprise, for a distance of 40 miles.**

San Pedro de Macoris is the sugar port of the republic. In and around Macoris there are thousands of acres of land devoted to the raising of sugar cane, and millions of dollars of American capital are invested in this enterprise. The plantations are all equipped with the most modern machinery, and the cane is cultivated and gathered by colored laborers from the English and Danish West Indies.

### BUSINESS INSTINCT OF GIRL

Wanted Proposal of Marriage Made On Sunday Renewed Because It Was Not Legally Binding.

"George," said the beautiful girl as she nestled close to him, "the last time you called you proposed."

"I did, sweet one."

"And I accepted you."

"You did, love."

"I presume, George," she went on, in her most fascinating manner, "that you look upon me merely as a foolish, thoughtless girl, but—but—"

"How can you think so, pet?" he interrupted.

"But," she went on in a more businesslike way, "I have something of the business instinct of the new woman in me, and—and—I shall have to ask you to repeat the proposal again tonight. The last time you called it was Sunday, and contracts made on that day, I learn, are not legally binding."—New York Times.

A Veritable Solomon.

"How is it," asked the young man "that of all the people who come to you for advice, none ever appear to go away dissatisfied?"

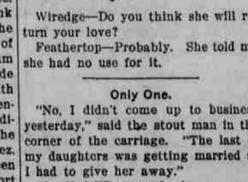
"It is probably because I am a student of human nature," answered the Shelbyville sage. "When a man comes to me for advice, I proceed to find out what kind he wants, and then give it to him."

Fair, But Not Fare.

"What line are you on now?" asked the fair maid in the parlor scene, of her admirer, who chanced to be a street car conductor.

"Just at present," replied the register manipulator, as he slid toward the other end of the sofa and his arm stole around her waist, "I'm on the Belt line."

DECLINED WITHOUT THANKS.



Wireage—Do you think she will return your love?

Feathertop—Probably. She told me she had no use for it.

Only One.

"No, I didn't come up to business yesterday," said the stout man in the corner of the carriage. "The last of my daughters was getting married so I had to give her away."

"Really? Who was the happy man?" inquired a polite fellow passenger.

"I was," said the parent emphatically.

**What Mother Eve Missed.**

"The thirst for strong drink," said the man with the crimson beard, "is due to the original sin."

"How do you figure that out?" asked the party of the dense part.

"I haven't time to go into details," answered he of the Auburn nose, "but anyway strong drink is good for snake bites."

**The Aggrieved Pedestrian.**

"Confound Chugson! The stiff-necked upstart!"

"Why, he bowed politely to you when he passed just now in his motor car."

"Sure! Bowed and then put on speed before I could ask him for a lift."

**The Loser.**

Little Robbie listened with deep interest to the story of the Prodigal Son. At the end of it he burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Robbie?" exclaimed his mother.



### WHERE REAL TROUBLE BEGAN

Argument Between Hogan, Casey and O'Brien Progressed Smoothly Until Stranger Butted In.

When a man just naturally wants trouble it is mighty easy to find an excuse for making it. According to Mike Hogan, Casey and O'Brien were having an argument of their own. It had progressed to the extent that each had forgotten what it was about originally, and they were wholly oblivious of the gathering crowd until an urbane and genteel person in a frock coat put in.

"Come, come, my man," he said, gently plucking Casey by the sleeve. "You don't want to fight. I can tell it by your looks. Your face is too benign."

"Two be nine! Two be nine, is it, ye scut?" bellowed Casey. "Me face is two be nine, is it?"

And there was where the real trouble began.—Louisville Times.

Important Inquiry.

"Father," said the small boy, "couldn't George Washington tell a lie?"

"That statement has been seriously made, my son."

"Well, what did he do when his folks had unexpected company and he was told to say he didn't want any pie for dessert?"

**Hopeful Future.**

"To tell you the truth," said the man who is ostentatiously cheerful, "the hotter the climate is the better I like it."

"I envy you and your calmness of mind," replied the sardonic person, "and trust, for your own comfort, that your ideas of future punishment are strictly orthodox."

**The Eternal Feminine.**

Pretty Daughter—Papa, I'd like to give a party next week.

Papa—Why, my dear, you gave one only last week. Do you think it necessary to entertain your friends so often?

Pretty Daughter—But this is not to entertain my friends; it's to snub my enemies.

**Only Difference.**

"One of my daughters has tonsillitis," exclaimed Mr. Growcher, "and the other has sprained her wrist."

"That's hard luck."

"Yes. Nothing seems to work out the way it ought to. The girl who sprained her wrist sings, and the one with a sore throat plays the piano."

**The Two Orders.**

Business Manager—Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?

Traveler—I got two orders in one place.

B. M.—That's the stuff! What were they?

### WHY NOT?

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**Expectations Fulfilled.**

Lucille, a carefully brought up little girl of 5 years, returned from her first party in glee. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Appleby just before leaving?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply. "I smiled and said, 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Appleby. I had lots more to eat than I expected.'"

**Sad Days.**

Big sister was reading in her book of poems:

"The melancholy days have come—the saddest of the year."

"Say, sis," broke in her schoolboy brother, "don't you pull any of that saddest of the year stuff. With nine examples and a page of grammar to do I know what time of year it is."

**Limiting His Field.**

The head of a certain well known family was recently approached by his son, just nearing his majority.

"Father," said he, "I want to have a talk with you concerning my future. I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?"

The old man scratched his head, reflectively, and replied: "Well, no, my son—provided, of course, you don't draw on me."

**Choral Confession.**

Two men were discussing the service as they made their way home from church.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often?" asked one.

"As nearly as I could make out it was 'We are all miserable sinners.'"

replied his companion.—London Tit-Bits.

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**Home, Sweet Home.**

"Home is where the heart is," remarked the sentimentalist.

"That's right," replied the ordinary person. "You can always tell what town a man is from by observing what ball club he roots for."—Washington Star.

**He Was Pretty Hungry.**

Little Willie's mother sent him to bed without any supper.

At 8 o'clock, as Willie lay dimly in his little bed in the dark, his father appeared at the door and whispered:

"Son, could you eat some honey in the comb?"

"Jimmy, dad!" Willie answered, "I could eat it in the brush."

**That Was It.**

"There's a gentleman in the parlor, sir," said the maid.

"Did he give you his name, Katie?" asked the man of the house.

"Oh, no, sir; but I think it's the one who wants to give his name to your daughter, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Encouraging Them.**

"Why don't you buy an automobile?"

"I've heard a rumor that there may be a subsidy granted pedestrians by the next congress."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Wanted Medal.**

The man—Lemme go! I'm all right; I can swim!

The Girl—I don't care. I'm going to save you. I want a medal.—Chicago Herald.

**Neighborly Attention.**

He—This plant belongs to the begonia family.

She—Ah, and you are taking care of it while they are away?—Chicago Daily News.

**Grateful Papa.**

Miss Curley kept a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl.

"Please, ma'am, was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mamma supports me."

"Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?"

"Why," replied the little girl, in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—Argonaut.

**Addressed to Women**

**In the Expectant Period**

Before the coming of the little one—women need to be possessed of all their natural strength. Instead of being harassed by forebodings and weakened by nausea, sleeplessness, or nervousness—if you will bring to your aid

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**

you will find that most of the suffering will not make its appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of a life study of ailments, disorders and irregularities peculiar to women. Its continued supremacy in its particular field for more than forty years is your assurance of the benefit to be derived from its use.

Neither narcotics nor alcohol will be found in this vegetable prescription, in liquid or tablet form. Sold by druggists or a trial box will be sent you by mail on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps.

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**Good News for the Wife.**

A local preacher who was in the habit of taking his wife with him to his preaching appointments, said on arrival at the chapel: "My dear, you go in there; you will be all right. I must go round to the vestry."

**Cause Enough, at Times.**

A woman loves her home and her housework, but her favorite occupation is that of pitying herself.—Topeka Daily Capital.

**Bed Table for Invalid.**

If a bed-table is not available for the invalid, the leaf of the sewing machine will make a good substitute, or a sewing table, two legs raised upon the floor, the other two turned under. A few books placed upon the bed will prop up the other end of the table and prevent it from pressing upon the patient.

**Quite a Few.**

"I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States."

"And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."

**Doesn't Go Quite So Far.**

Higgs—Crooke is a criminal lawyer, isn't he?

Diggs—He's a lawyer, but as to his being criminal, I think he's too careful to quite overstep the line.

**A Vain Yearn.**

"We must be nice to my rich uncle. He may leave us some money. He says that he yearns for a slice of homemade bread."

"That's easy," responded the young wife. "Our baker sells it."

**As Paw Had It Doped.**

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is an impressionist?

Paw—An impressionist, son, is an artist who tries to give one the impression that he sells more pictures than he can paint.

**Wherein They Differ.**

Hely—They say that a camel can work seven or eight days without drinking.

Omar—That's nothing. Many a time I have drank for seven or eight days without working.

**No Cause for Alarm.**

Omar—Death loves a shining mark, they say.

Hazel—Oh, well, don't be uneasy. You're not so brilliant.