

# SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me.



"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## Student of Human Nature.

Mrs. Carter and her cook, says the Brooklyn Citizen, were discussing the murder which had harrowed the dusky citizens of the countryside.

"Will dey hang him fer killin' of his wife, Miss Cyarter?"

"We can't tell yet, Aunt Jinny. The court will decide. Of course, if they prove he did it on purpose—"

"Done it a purpose! Law, Miss Cyarter, in course he kilt his wife a purpose! Honey, ain't I done been married? Don't I know men?"

## A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

"Did your husband give you that black eye?"  
"No, my husband is in prison for giving a black eye to the lady who gave it to me."—P. I. P.

## When You Take Cold

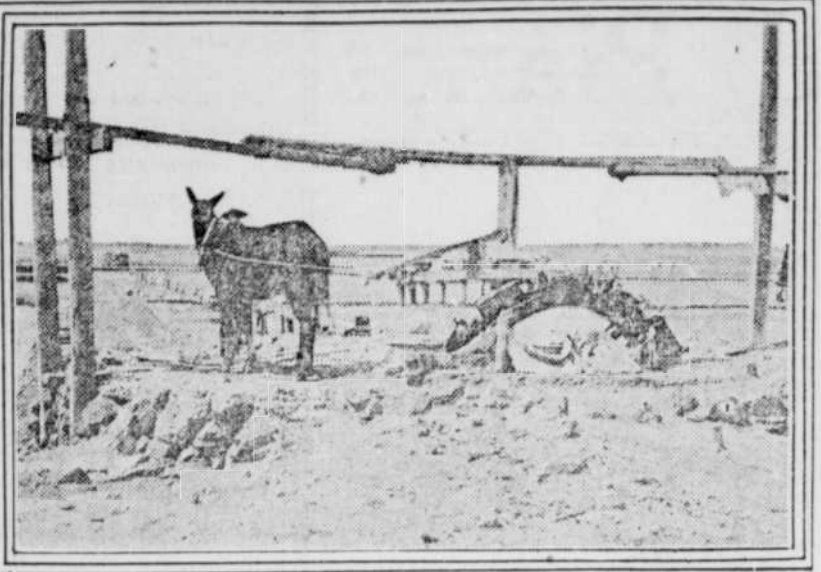
One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

We publish our formulas  
We banish alcohol from our medicines  
We urge you to consult your doctor

When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# SHREWD PROMOTERS FLEECE THE 'GRINGO'



A MEXICAN SALT MINE

MEXICO savors of romance, mescal, chili, guitar thumpings and gold. It has about it the lure of easy money and swinging hammocks, and there is a popular feeling that fortunes wait for the hustling American who ventures into the land of the Montezumas.

Americans look upon the Mexican as an untutored and childlike individual who cannot compete with Yankee shrewdness. Sooner or later the adventurous financier of the northern republic ventures across the line into the southern republic and invests in a banana plantation, a dye wood concession or a mine of ineffable richness.

Fleeing the "gringo" has become an established business in those arid lands that lie to the west and the south of the Rio Grande del Norte. A stream of good American dollars is poured across the line into the "land of tomorrow." The Mexican has taken a leaf from the book of the dead and gone boomers of the old boom towns of the prairies. The recent insurrection has stimulated business of this sort, but it has been well established for the last decade.

## Fakers Looking for Victims.

You can buy anything you may happen to desire among these transient promoters of the resources of Old Mexico. They have aped the advertising of the legitimate concerns that are honestly endeavoring to open up certain rich sections of the backward republic. The fact that many colonists well placed and carefully instructed have made money in the new lands has made business good for the faker and the swindler who have followed in the steps of the honest promoter.

Many of the plausible tongued gentlemen who come up out of Old Mexico to sell plantations are Americans, sun tanned, saturnine men, with a gift of tongues. The great majority of them, however, are gentlemen with saddle colored complexions and Castilian accents. They let it be known that for reasons not unconnected with the disturbed conditions of their homeland they must sell. Their descriptions of their very great plantations roll from practiced tongues.

They will sell you anything from a sugar beet plantation to a salt mine or a gold mine. They prefer to deal in those "lost mines," of which all trace vanished before the revolution of 1838. Some old Indian in their group of family retainers has, so the story goes, recently rediscovered this place of fabulous richness. The plausible gentleman cannot return, and work this mine. He will be thrown into jail or he will be persecuted by his political enemies. Alas, he needs money now, at once. He must sell, and he usually does sell. The gold

brick has always been a weakness of the American.

Banana plantations are one of the main standbys of the dark skinned promoter. He always has many pictures. They are photographs of beautiful banana groves, with himself standing well in the foreground. Big bunches of the fruit are dropping over his shoulder, and around him are a number of white clad halfbreeds, to whom he refers as his "peons."

His language rises to iridescent heights as he describes the "so grand hacienda," and the vast acres that surround his home. His tongue fairly drips gold as he describes the fertile land, the glorious climate and the certainty of a fortune to the lucky man who grasps the providential opportunity.

These gentlemen with the smooth and versatile manners invade American cities. They work very cautiously and very quietly among the sort of people who dream of getting rich over night by some lucky speculative turn. They stop at the little out of the way hotels and tell a tale of persecution that accounts for their secretive movements.

## Talk for the Investor.

As a rule the swarthy coloring, the Castilian accent and the photographs of the plantations, concessions, rubber groves and banana forests are all that the promoter needs in order to convince his victims.

"Ah, but see, senior," he exclaims, "here is the station of the railway that is located quite near the hacienda." As he talks he rifles through a bunch of Mexican photographs, selecting one now and then with much to edify his listener.

"You will see that there is transportation for the minerals, the fruits and the dry stuffs from the plantation. Then, too, senior, the labor is the cheapest. Do you see in this picture the mocos who work for me? Ah, but they are contented folk, who will work and work hard if properly handled. It is the Senior American who would know how to handle these patient workers. Dangerous? Not at all, and very temperate."

In the southwest they cut their eye teeth on such tales and pictures long since. The business of marketing imaginary banana plantations and arid wastes of sand for sugar beet fields has languished there for years. It has forced the promoter to penetrate farther northward with his thrilling, entrancing and iridescent stories of wealth to be had for the asking. Popular ignorance of Mexico has aided them. Our estimate of the Mexican shrewdness has made the task of the promoter easy. We think that because he cannot speak English fluently he is already delivered into our hands.

## City Building in Canada.

An expert condemns the common practice on this continent of laying out our cities with the regularity of a box of blocks. This system is the triumph of utilitarianism. We usually build our cities on the plan of a certain sort of bookcase, so that it is easy to add new sections whenever we like, without incongruity.

## Sound Philosophy.

A correspondent of the Portland, Mass., Times asserts: "Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them." There is some truth, we think, in that.

## Futile Arguments.

There was once an orator. Themistocles, and as he reasoned a Colonel Boanerges in the audience hurled a stone at the speaker. He took it up and showed it to the audience with the remark: "A weighty argument, but not convincing," and the arguments of some are like the stone of the fellow in the crowd.

For years the rubber forests were the sweetest song sung by the singers that came up out of Mexico with luring tales of fortune. The present high price of rubber that has followed the development of the automobile industry will doubtless revive interest in the rubber areas of Old Mexico. The promoter with his photographs and his heavily stamped credentials, with the red and blue seals will again invade the United States.

The Mexican insurrection has helped him in his campaign against the timid American dollar. It has aroused an almost forgotten interest in the country of the snake and eagle banner. Every one expects development as soon as the muddled situation over the country begins to clear up. People are thinking Mexico and talking Mexico. Their knowledge of what is going on there is at the best half knowledge, and the promoter finds the ground already broken in which he is to sow the seeds of the lure of easy wealth.

The recent troubles make good his story of reverses because of political conditions. He is a sort of a hero among the suckers whose names are on his list. They listen open mouthed to his tales of guerrilla warfare and appear to sympathize as he describes his arrest and deportation for political reasons.

They decide to buy. "Speculation" they call it among their friends and the immediate members of their families. Some of the lands that they buy have been sold scores of times to different purchasers. Some of the Mexican rubber plantations sold to American investors have been surveyed and found to be out in the gulf somewhere to the north of the Yucatan peninsula.

The legitimate exploiters of Mexico have made the presence of this horde of smooth tongued adventurers possible. They are fattening in the publicity given the real schemes of Mexican development.

## Berrying With a Bear.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Clark and family of Milton are putting in this month in the mountains, and a few days ago she left the camp to pick huckleberries, and when about a mile away found a bush well loaded with the fruit and was busy filling her bucket when she heard a rustling noise on the other side of the brush, relates a dispatch from Milton, Ore.

She got up to investigate and there, almost touching her, was a large bear. They gazed at one another for some little time, and then Mrs. Clark started to run for the camp, believing the bear was after her, but he was running in the other direction.

## The Rent Sheepskin.

The president of a college near Boston tells me that he received today a letter, the writer of which, a graduate, asked for a second diploma. He said that he had been engaged but that he and the lady of his choice had a falling out. The lady showed her displeasure by tearing his diploma into bits. "I am afraid," said the president, "he will have to go through life minus his diploma, but with a certified copy."—Boston Record.

## Roasted Victim Alive.

An almost unbelievably cruel happening has come to light at Hiroshima, Japan. There a man and his wife have been arrested for willfully cremating a live man. The prisoners were in charge of a crematorium, and while at work a faint voice coming out of a coffin begged for fresh air. The couple took no notice, however, and proceeded to apply fire, roasting the man alive.

## Spiritual Insulation.

Many a man, who is now thrilled with the currents of the life of this modern age freely passing through him, is in danger of moral disaster, through defective spiritual insulation. Are the wires of your ambition well wrapped around with the insulating material of prayer and faith and love?—Zion's Herald.

## Prosperity Decreased Crime.

One hundred and seventeen persons, chiefly habitual criminals, were banished for life from Perak last year. Of these 99 were Chinese, 12 of whom had been convicted of participating in unlawful societies. It was discovered that the number of prison offences varied in indirect ratio with the price of tin. When tin was high and the industry accordingly prosperous inmates of jails were few, and vice versa.

## Sublime and Ridiculous.

We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in a contemporary: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightning leaps from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."

## No Exception.

Nothing, humanly speaking, is perfect, not even the frights which the fashions make some women look—Puck.

"Well, well, well," said the kind stranger, patting little Mollie on the head, "I suppose you are your poor little darling?"

"I don't know yet, thir," said Mollie. "The court hathn't deth yet. Jutht now I'm the pet of Matrimonial Fidelity & Catharine Truth company, thir"—Life.

Stranger—Have you a good tonic you can recommend?

Druggist (in prohibition town)—Here is something that is spoken very favorably by people who drank it.—Puck.

"Is your son out of danger yet?"  
"No; the doctor is going to see three or four more visits."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How did you spend your two weeks' vacation?"

"Recovering from sunburn the week and poison ivy the second."—Washington Star.

## Good For You

When the Stomach, Liver and Bowels have "gone back" on you there is nothing will do you so much good as a short course of

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

For 58 YEARS it has been helping sickly folks back to health. Try it today.

## It Does the Work

## Mexican Mustang Liniment

### FOR RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. Olive Huntington, Norton, Ore., writes: "I consider your Mexican Mustang Liniment the best of liniments. I have used it for different ailments and it always gave satisfactory results. It is especially good in cases of Inflammatory Rheumatism and all forms of lameness."

25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

### TRADE MARK

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409 Commonwealth Bldg., Portland, Ore.



## FINKE BROS.

133 MADISON ST. PORTLAND, ORE.

"Jimmy! What on earth are you crying about now?"

"Tommy Jones dreamed last night that he had a whole pie to eat and didn't."—Toledo Blade.

### REMEMBER

## PISO'S

for COUGHS & COLDS