

THE ONTARIO ARGUS

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KINDS OF ADVERTISING

Upon embarking in business the first problem that faces the merchant is how to get customers. He starts out after business. That is advertising. He personally solicits trade or adopts some other means of advertising his business. But one thing is certain, if any business is ever built up it is built up through the medium of advertising. Every business man must admit this, or why not start a business under ground and the proprietor sit down waiting for trade to come to him? A well kept store in a good location, stocked with good goods at reasonable prices is an advertisement. A merchant cannot hide his light under a bushel of success. He must advertise.

There are various ways of advertising, and for the sake of convenience and in the order of their importance we give them here:

- 1st. Personal Advertising—Where the merchant personally solicits business.
- 2nd. Personal Letter Advertising—Where the merchant writes personal letters to stimulate business.
- 3rd. Newspaper Advertising—Where through the newspaper the merchant gives business news each week to thousands.
- 4th. Circular and Other Advertising—Where through circulars, bills, bill boards and all other means of publicity effort is made to influence the trading public.

There is no denying the advantage to the merchant in personally soliciting business, either visiting prospective customers personally or writing them personal letters. These are very effective ways of advertising, and at the same time very expensive ways of advertising. Newspaper advertising is the next best means of advertising and, prices considered it is by far the best advertising.

PREPAREDNESS.

The question of national preparedness, already an important subject of discussion throughout the country, is destined to be one of the leading topics of debate in congress, and doubtless the issues which will be moulded into more crystallized shape through the process of legislative deliberation will be still more regarded as vitally important by the country at large during the next year.

The question, however, is not, and should not be, a partisan political issue. Politicians in both the leading parties will strive to make the most of the movement which has become a popular subject everywhere on account of the war in Europe and what may have seemed our rather narrow escape from being dragged into the conflict. But neither the republican or democrat party will champion the cause of adequate national defense to the exclusion of the endorsement of the opposing party. The difference will be over the extent the nation should go in providing for a larger increased army and navy, and discussions of the various plans for making the increase.

It is generally agreed that the subject of national defense meets an affirmative response from the great majority of the American people. Therefore the astute leaders of political parties will see to it that their party takes advantage of the popularity of the movement by endorsing it. This is one time where the democrats have the start on the republicans, for being in power it naturally falls to them to take the most practical way of endorsing preparedness by beginning to make the preparations.

Political parties seldom agree on the wisdom of enacting any class of legislation, where one of the parties has taken the lead in framing, or attempting to pass, the legislation. There is usually some flaws to pick by the other side even if the subject matter is most salutary. If the democrats were unanimous on the question of national defense, and would promptly enact laws to that end, doubtless the republicans would swing around to the other side, arguing that it had been overdone. But in this case there is not by any means harmony among the democrats. Then there is the great stumbling block of paying the bills in the face of an increasing deficit.

The administration program would avoid a good many millions of this by the unique and probably not very practical scheme of a continental army trained during two months' vacation time each year.

Soon there will be plenty of chance for political discussion over this issue, despite the fact that both parties are for it.

In the mean time the American people will study the question entirely apart from the arguments of politicians. This is a simple question. There are no such intricate questions as in a tariff law, and the people do not have to go to school to learn the rudiments of the subject, as in the case of currency legislation. It is as plain as can be. Only good, common hard sense, patriotism, and cool-headedness are needed.

The latter is important. There is apt to be a tendency to lose our heads when we contemplate the war in Europe, and think about the possibility of our becoming engaged in such a conflict. If the democrats get into a deadlock, and the republicans score them, or poke fun at their efforts, the people will act wise judgment just the same.

THAT "ANTI-DUMPING" LAW.

Secretary Redfield of the department of commerce is laboring under the delusion that a federal law against "dumping" foreign products after the war will adequately protect American manufacturers. The law would try to prohibit foreign countries from selling in the United States at less than cost. Such a law might help some, but it would not affect the difference between cost of production abroad and at home.

Labor is much cheaper in Europe than in the United States. It is less efficient in many cases, but the difference in efficiency is not great enough to make the cost production in Europe as high as it is in the United States.

The democrats don't like to confront the problem, says the Tacoma Ledger. It is pointed out by the Ledger that the war has stopped the importation of numerous products, and several factories have opened in this country or plans have been made to open factories and furnish the articles heretofore coming from abroad. Secretary Redfield recognizes the danger to such enterprises of European competition when the war is over. "I shall recommend in my annual report," he says "that unfair competition from abroad shall not be permitted to injure a legitimate American industry any more than it is permitted to do so in our domestic field." We have a law against unfair competition among industries of the United States, but none against unfair competition with our industries by the industries of Europe.

If the cost of production were as great in Europe as it is in the United States, then an anti-dumping law would be sufficient, but the fact in many lines the cost of manufacture in Europe is less because wages there are so much less than they are in the United States.

Norman E. Mack of Buffalo, a member and former chairman of the democratic national committee, came out flat some time ago in favor of a revised tariff law to protect new industries starting up because of the European war, and he undertook to prove that Andrew Jackson and other great democrats favored a tariff for protection. He contended that the republican party had no right to a monopoly of the doctrine of protection. But his attitude seems not to have convinced the Wilson administration, which has proposed as the only remedy a federal law against "dumping" by foreign countries.

Secretary Redfield says he has a frank preference for a method having to do with tariffs or duties.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the next national campaign will be fought on the tariff question. The republicans will have effective lessons on the merit of the protective tariff because of the new industries that have started up or are proposed since the war stopped importations of various products from Europe.

FAITH IN GOETHALS

The American people heard with satisfaction that Col. Goethals had decided to withdraw his resignation as governor of the Panama canal zone and stay with the job until the vexatious question of slides has been entirely settled. This problem is one which would give much concern if it were not for the confidence felt in the builder of the canal that he will be able to solve the difficulties of the situation in a short time.

About one hundred ships have been tied up at the canal on account of slides, and the assertions of the officials when the first earth movement occurred that they would soon have the canal open proved to have been premature. There is no great engineering feat necessary to remedy the condition, according to experts, but there simply must be removal of the earth that blocks the channel until such time as the movement is checked by reason of the natural adjustment of the loose earth to the new conditions arising from the artificial displacement of a vast amount of dirt. The task seems simple to state, but gigantic in its fulfillment. At any rate Col. Goethals is the man we want there until the difficulty is settled.

HALLOW-EVEN OR HALLOWE'EN

The name popularly given to the eve or vigil of All Hallows, or festival of All Saints, which being the 1st of November, Hallowe'en is the evening of the 31st of October. In England it was customary to crack nuts, duck for apples in a tub of water, and perform other harmless fireside revelries, which were survivals of the festival of Pomona, on the 1st of November. Still older were the Hallowe'en fires, survivals of Druidical ceremonies.

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne, AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues three-year-old Annette Hington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Hington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Hington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to the lost island of Chinabar. Hington's injury causes his mind to become a blank.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash. Hernandez stooped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was prosperous apparently, this Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years before he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique.

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located in a comfortable establishment on his own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?—he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico.

Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell. "Inez," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The expression on his face was sinister, and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke.

Within a woman had been humming—humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an exclamation of rage—of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda.

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell." "Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "give me drink."

She poured it out for him and handed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot. "Stop your snarling there, you Spanish cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight."

Inez was all attention in a moment. "How much do they want?" she asked. "Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of flake cocaine."

He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the farther end of the apartment. He stooped and threw back the corner of a many-colored rug that partially concealed the tiles. The tiles were loosely set. He removed a dozen of them—

field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican—who boasted ever of his Aztec blood—crawled behind a primitive and ineffective plow.

And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with its head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with his head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was hitched—a man.

Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down his lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case. Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way.

"Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades."

Hernandez led the way to the fore-ground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground. "There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil."

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said.

The woman shuddered slightly. "Government vessel," she returned. "With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room. A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another.

"Senor," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete."

"Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

Half an hour later and half a mile from shore a revenue cutter stopped its engines and later dropped an anchor.

Another half an hour and Hernandez and his dark-haired Inez sauntered shoreward and stood bowing on the crazy little wharf. They waited calmly, the woman smoking a cigarette and Hernandez enjoying his panatela, until the ship's gig drew up to the wharf.

Hernandez deftly caught the rope as it was thrown to him. "Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Mr. Hernandez," went on the officer, "a Porto Rican fisherman reported to us yesterday that his kicker had been hired three times by a notorious negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat

and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction."

"The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you and returned direct from you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senor," said Hernandez. An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported. "No go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of flake."

The officer shook his head and dismissed his men. "You were speaking," he remarked, sipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York."

"Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senor?" he queried. "I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess."

"Senor," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senor—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902—"

"Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer. "No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senor. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Hington."

"Four of you?" queried the officer. "Ah," said Hernandez, "there was a fourth member of the party—we had put off in a leaky boat. She was a baby girl—a child. She was the daughter of this Hington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded.

"Hington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now."

"That baby girl, senor, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant—"

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess's captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—or maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panatela. "You don't say so, senor," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I know nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Hington. By the way, senor, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

The officer nodded. "We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respecter of persons."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a single passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman.

She stopped, once she had alighted—and glanced about her in uncertainty. (Continued on page 5.)



"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed. Then she gazed at the man who had thrown the yellow packet into the hole. She watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she gazed out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette. Before her lay a partially plowed

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