

# Tell the People "Why" in Your Advertisement

Why they should buy of you  
Why you offer Bargains  
Why you sell cheaper  
Why you lead competition  
Why your store is popular

# Take the Folks into your Confidence

Don't be afraid of your competitor---remember the fellow who first gets to the fore with his bargain news has an advantage over the parrot who copies your method, your progressiveness has forced him to give the people what you first offered them freely. Don't you believe the buying public will be quick to see the difference? Well, rather

# Make You Statements In an Attractive Way

In other words, talk to the buyer though the newspaper just the same as you would if he came into your store. Tell him "why"--that's the secret of successful newspaper salesmanship.

# Buyers Read Newspaper Advertisements

No? Then you must be an exception, for you read this, didn't you?

## The Faith of Mari

A Case of Too Many Wives

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A great city. There is a noise in the streets, over the streets, under the streets. A whirling mass of human beings in the morning rolls down from the north like the ebbing tide and flows up again in the evening. And all night the whirl goes on, but a different whirl. There is a glow of electric lights; the streets are full now not of workers, but of pleasure seekers. They pour into the theaters, into the hotels, into the restaurant. And then they pour out again.

Captives in the cage of the city jail, men moved about like bees in some mammoth hive, and not unlike the buzzing of bees came the continual hum of their low voiced conversation. Here rough faced men passed the anxious hours, engaged boisterously in a game of cards, while over their others sat lost in deep brooding dejection.

One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This difference might have been accounted for by the jaunty suit and cap and the high white collar which the young man wore; but, after all, it was a certain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irresponsible air of happiness, which distinguished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime. Once again he walked the length of the long room, keeping time to his step by a subdued though merry whistle; then he paused sociably at the side of a prisoner who glowered up at him. Peter spoke with a soft foreign accent.

"That makes twelve times around," he said. The man addressed lumbered to his feet, joining the youth in his walk.

"What chu here for?" he growled. The boyish blue eyes widened, while a dull red crept to the blond hair on Peter's forehead. "Bigamy," he announced briefly. The elder man stood still with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigamy," he repeated, and exclaimed again—"bigamy, a kid like you? What chu do it for?"

Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't mean to," he said slowly. "I—I don't know."

"It just happened. Far away in Russia was Mari. Before I came to this new country Mari and I were married."

"Some day I would send her money; then she must come to me. So I told her we would be rich here and happy. And Mari was glad. At first I wrote to her long letters, and then—Peter stopped abruptly. When he spoke again his tone was harder, more constrained.

"Well, in the house where I boarded lived Bianca. I was lonely here in the strange country—oh, very, very lonely."

"Bianca was most kind and beautiful. Together we went to many places—out upon the ferryboats in the moonlight, down to the sands of the sea. And Mari seemed to fade away so far I could scarce remember her face. It grew dim like a dream one has almost forgot."

"And so I did not send to Mari the money. May not one have a new wife in a new country when one shall never return to the old? Bianca also had a lover who would have married her."

"This she told me." The boy passed his hand across his forehead. "So what could I do?" he asked. "Could I lose Bianca? And then that very day when we were married Mari comes along to this country. Alone she had worked and saved, and now she is here."

"And Mari asks them to find me for her—the officials—and when they find me I am married again. So you see it is bigamy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial!"

The boy clutched the prisoner's sleeve fearfully. "What will they do with me?" he cried.

The hardened man, whose own crime had brought suffering to many, stared disgustedly into the frightened face.

"Do with you," he answered fiercely. "Do with you? I don't know, but I hope they will lock you up. I hope they make you work as she never thought of working—that little Russian thing you deserted. Chances are they won't do it, though. That innocent, baby face of yours will carry you through. You'll only be deported."

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his heel.

"Yes," he answered gruffly—"sent back where your kind belong."

Peter Olaf stood considering. He seemed to see again the little village that had been his home, the tiny school-house where he and Mari had gone so many years together. Then across his memory flashed a picture of Bianca—Bianca of the crimson lips and laughing eyes. The great screen opened now and closed with much grating of locks. As through a mist he saw the figures of an officer and a girl.

"Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came warily, indistinctly, toward him. A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the veiling wires, her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joyful, half inarticulate cry Mari clasped her trembling hands.

"Peter," she whispered—"oh, Peter! Dumbly the guilty youth stood peering through his cage. The woeen shawl which the girl wore fell back from her head, revealing the well remembered clustering curls. The sound of his home tongue upon her lips brought a sob to Peter's throat.

"I came," Mari went on breathlessly, "to you, beloved. Because you had not been able to send me money, should that then keep us apart? So I worked and worked." The words hurried into a soft, little laugh. "Oh, you did not

know that I could be so clever, I—er—could of myself earn so much money, enough to bring me to the far America. But me, alone—I did it." The triumphant tone turned now to one of deep compassion. "And you, my Peter"—the girl said quickly—"they have made you suffer. Because of a cruel, wicked mistake they have placed you here behind their great locked doors."

"He is married in this country," the men tell me, but I ask them how can that be. It is foolish, for is not my Peter my husband, and have I not here our printed records? But the interpreter is very stupid, and he will not understand, and he tells me over and over again, 'Peter Olaf is married,' so I come away angry."

The girl tossed her head. "Be brave, beloved," she said, "and all will yet be well."

"Do not grieve that I must go back, for so they have ordered. Return at once to your own country," the stern man said, as though that were punishment to me. I am glad—glad to go."

"Here the people are so strange and fine and grand; here no one cares." Mari caught her breath sharply. Tears welled in the golden black eyes. She waited, wondering at his silence, and then, with a sudden hopeless gesture, Peter stretched forth his arms.

"Mari," he murmured brokenly, "if I could but touch your hand."

"Have I not, then, the same longing?" she answered tremulously. "But when they have learned their mistake, Peter, when they know of their wrong, then they will set you free, and you will hasten back to our happy home land."

"There will I be to welcome you and see in the garden our fruits and flowers are growing and upon the hills our sheep. So you will be content and happy forevermore, so you will never care again to wander."

"Mari," the boy cried out in despair, "how may I then come to you—I who am so unworthy?"

An attendant laid a kindly hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Time's up," he reminded. Mari looked back through the screen with reproachful eyes.

"You unworthy, Peter?" she said tenderly. "You"—Then obediently Mari followed on up the stair. Outside before the jail a dark faced Italian paused to adjust the golden harp which he carried. At his side, in bizarre costume, tripped a red lipped girl. With a swift sidelong glance at the man she flirted her beribboned tambourine.

"I go in there, Toni," she said. "I not play on the boat today." The Italian stood looking down upon her with a sort of dogged devotion.

"You go to see him, Bianca," he said—"he who was not your husband. He fool you and lie to you, yet you can forgive?" The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"What do I forgive?" she asked pertly. "He leave her for me. If he leave me for her"—Bianca's eyes narrowed—"but Petro he not do that," she said. Halfway to the impressive entrance she turned back to smile at him. "You wait for me, Toni?" she called, and the Italian answered with sad resignation:

"Always I wait for you, Bianca."

She smiled at Peter also, showing her pretty white teeth, as he drew near the forbidding screen.

"Hello!" she greeted him gayly. "Hello, but I cannot shake hands."

"Would you?" Peter asked her gravely. "Would you if you could?"

"Why not?" laughed Bianca. "You will be free," she added quickly. "I ask the man at the desk if they send you to jail, and he frown, and he say he think not. They send you back perhaps where you belong. But, Petro," she whispered softly, "when you are free you will come back to me? Promise, I am your wife."

The boy heaved wearily against the screen. Through it came the fragrant breath of roses in her hair.

"Promise, Petro," the girl carelessly implored him.

"I will come back to you, Bianca," he answered evenly. She laughed a little as she turned away.

"Goodby," she said. And as she came out again into the light and found the Italian still waiting in patient hopelessness Bianca anticipated the burning question of his eyes.

"No," she said, slowly shaking her head; "no, Toni; he never come back to me; never, any more." The man leaned forward, unbelieving.

"He told you that?" he asked eagerly. "He not tell me," Bianca replied, with a shrewd little smile. "He not need to tell me; I know."

"Beloved!" the man entreated and spoke no other word. For a moment the singing girl swayed her tambourine teasingly before her mocking face; then, suddenly serious, she gazed at him across the tinkling bells.

"Your kind, Toni," she said gently; "the slow kind. It is the best."

And far out upon the pier another girl sat, her upraised face glorified in the light of the setting sun, her dark eyes filled with dreams. "Deported," murmured a pitying voice, but the immigrant girl was smiling happily as she followed the long line into the great white ship. Mari had entered upon the journey into her promised land.

Readers of this department who may be interested in the growing of alfalfa should send to the department of agriculture at Washington for Farmers' Bulletin No. 259, prepared by J. M. Westgate. The author has spent years in studying the growing of alfalfa in every state in the Union, and the bulletin referred to gives the results of his research. The author is a Kansas man and had extensive experience in the growing of the legume in his native state before investigating it in other districts.

The luxuriance as well as the hardness of the common wild sweet clover as it is seen growing on hard and beaten roadsides and on the thin soils of railway cuts and river banks would seem to indicate quite conclusively that it has a mission as a crop to grow on the rough and less fertile portions of the farm. If used as pasture the cattle should be allowed to graze on it while it is tender, while if it is cut for hay it should be harvested before it gets old and tough. It is a soil loosener and enricher and should at least be given a trial where it is not possible to grow clover or alfalfa.

## Pity These Poor Little Children Of New Jersey's Moral Outlaws



Photo by American Press Association.

THIS picture probably makes you smile. It ought to make you weep. It's not amusing; it's tragic. These two tots are some of the unfortunate "Pineys" of New Jersey, children of moral outlaws of the pine belt of that state. If the state does not redeem them and their hundreds of illegitimate brothers and sisters they will grow up to be the same sort of illiterate, imbecile, degenerate persons that their elders now are. It's pitiful; it's horrible. A recent official report of the New Jersey commissioner of charities and corrections to Governor Fielder shows that these "Pineys"—as called because they live in the pine belt of lower New Jersey—have lived a law unto themselves for a century. The state is just wakening up to the terrible situation. The investigation is likely to result in wholesale prosecution in an attempt to stamp out the moral lawlessness.

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