

4th Annual Malheur County Fair



September 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
1913



Something Doing All the Time--From Start to Finish

The Greatest Agricultural Exhibition
Ever held in Eastern
Oregon

Local Market Report.

Corrected July 31, for the benefit of Argus readers by the Malheur Mercantile Company.

Eggs, per dozen, 15c.
Butter, per pound, 30c.
Oats, per hundred, \$1.50
Wheat, per hundred, \$1.60.
Hsy, per ton, \$5.
Potatoes, per hundred, 50.
Onions, per hundred, \$1.50.
Apples, per box, \$1.00, to \$1.50.
Chickens, dressed, per pound, 18c.
Pork, dressed, 9 to 10c.
Pork, live, 7 to 7½c.
Veal, 9 to 10c.
Beef 11c to 12c.

Always on the Job

If you have a job of hauling you want done, large or small, you can always depend on John Landingham being ready for you. Call him at the Moore Hotel.

If you want printing of the better class you get it at the Argus office—the Price is right

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. Rob't J. Davidson D. D. Pastor.
Services at 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH
Mass at 8 A. M. on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month. On all other Sundays at 10 A. M.
H. A. Campo, Rector

Congregational Church Notice

Sunday Services,
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Preaching Services 11 a. m.
C. E. Meeting 7 p. m.
Preaching Services 8 p. m.
Midweek Lectures every Wednesday evening 8 o'clock
Philip Koenig, Pastor.

ADVENTIST.

Every Saturday
Sabbath School—10:30 a. m.
Bible Study—11:30 a. m.
Young peoples meeting—1:30 p. m.

Methodists.

Sunday School—10 A. M.
Preaching Service—11 A. M.
Junior League—3 P. M.
Epworth League 6:30 P. M.
Preaching Service—7:30 P. M.
Thomas Johns, PASTOR.

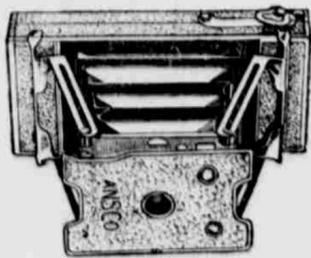
The Ontario National Bank

United States Depository
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IS Our Bank Your Bank? If not, we cordially invite you to make *our* bank *your* bank. We have the usual Safeguards of Fire Proof Vault, Burglar Proof Safe, Bonded employees, and do business in a conservative manner.

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The Word Coconut.
It really should be "coco-nut," but custom compels the inclusion of that superfluous "a." The term coco or cocoa by which the nuts are known is said by several authorities to be of Portuguese origin, and the derivation is quite out of the ordinary. According to Bauhin, coco or coquen is derived from the three holes at the end of the nut, giving it the resemblance of a species of monkey. Another writer, also, would have us believe the name is due to the sound emitted when air is blown into one of the holes of the nut, it being likened unto the voice of an ape. The Portuguese for monkey is macaco or macoco. Perhaps the best explanation offered is that "coco" means a grin or grimace, for the three eyes of the nut certainly convey the impression of a hideous laugh. For the unnecessary "a" the blame has been laid on the head of a careless proofreader, who allowed the name in its present form to creep into Johnson's dictionary, although the learned doctor had used the correct spelling.—London Telegraph.

Good Discipline.

"Our American militia is the best in the world," said the president of the Descendants of the Signers.

"How strict it is! During the annual encampment of our Virginia militia a private was riding one hot dog on a trolley car with his uniform coat unbuttoned. This caused a sergeant on the smokers' seat behind to say:

"Button up that coat! Haven't you got any sense of military decency at all?"

"But here a gentleman on the left interfered, saying to the sergeant: "How dare you give commands with a cigar in your mouth? I'm Major Fitzhugh Calhoun."

"At this point an elderly gentleman, with a white military mustache leaned over and murmured in the major's ear: "Colonel Brewster Fairfax is sorry to remind you, sir, that to scold a sergeant in the presence of a private is a military offense hard to overlook."—Washington Star.

Hens That Swim.

School Inspector (to the infant class) —Can a hen swim?

"Yes," says Maggie, with a significant nod of the head.

"What! Do you say a hen can swim?"

"Yes," with repeated nod.

The infant mistress is appened to regarding the instruction imparted to the class.

"Maggie," says the infant mistress, "surely you are not thinking. Do you say a hen can swim?"

With persistent nod Maggie says "Yes."

Head master enters the room. Inspector calls his attention to Maggie's repeated answer.

Head Master (to Maggie)—Do you mean to say a hen can swim?"

"Yes," says Maggie.

"Did you ever see a hen swim?"

"Yes; a water hen."

Inspector confesses he has still something to learn.—London Answers.

Turkey as "The Sick Man."

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sickbed in the center and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they cannot agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk, but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since then attempted to settle the vexing eastern question.—Argonaut.

Our Limitations.

There are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence, writes Frank Harris in "Unpatriotic Waters." We men are poor, restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the walls of a cell, hearing only a part of nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly, seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially.

One Who Knew It.

A very old lady, who was on her deathbed and in a penitential mood, said, "I have been a great sinner more than eighty year and didn't know it." An old colored woman who had lived with her a long time exclaimed, "Lor', missus, I knowed it all the time!"—Exchange.

His Awful Dream.

Sydney Smith had been ill, and a friend having called to see him inquired what sort of night he had passed. "Oh, horrid, horrid, my dear fellow! I dreamed I was chained to a rock and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay."

Don't Wait Too Long.

Do not place too much confidence in the saying, "It is never too late to mend." A big patch is sometimes as conspicuous as a hole.—Youth's Companion.

Strong Hint.

Balladist—Don't you think if I'd cut out one of my four songs it would improve my act? Stage Manager—Yes, about 25 per cent.—Brooklyn Life.

MUTINY FOLLOWS SING SING FIRE

New Warden Quickly Stops
Trouble in Prison.

DAMAGE REACHES \$200,000

One of the Convicts Told Clancy That Fellow Prisoner Started Fire Out of "Pure Devilishness"—Leaders of Riot Transferred to Another Prison.

Ossining, N. Y.—Following a fire in Sing Sing prison, the old structure in which many New York state prisoners are now confined, serious rioting and mutiny occurred among the convicts prior to the removal of the leaders of the disturbances to Auburn prison, a new state institution. The total damage caused by two fires, one of which beyond doubt was of incendiary origin, amounts to \$200,000.

The trouble at the prison followed close after the appointment of John N. Clancy as warden to succeed ex-Warden Kennedy, who has been indicted since his removal from office. The new warden, however, was quick to act, and the trouble was soon quelled, although several hundred convicts were confined in their cells for several days and kept on a diet of bread and water.

Efforts were made during an investigation which followed to ascertain the names of the convicts who were responsible for starting the fire in the prison. Several of the convicts were called in as witnesses. One of the men



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WARDEN JOHN N. CLANCY.

stated that he heard that the fire was started out of "pure devilishness" by one of the prisoners.

It was learned that cocaine has come into the prison in considerable quantities in the sheets purchased for their cots by the convicts. These sheets are soaked in cocaine, and so are the leaves of books brought in to the prisoners. The prisoners suck the sheets or the leaves of the books to get the drug. Since the fire, it was said, much cocaine had come into the prison in spite of the vigilance of the warden and keepers. It was said that this had been responsible for much of the trouble.

It was learned also that the leaders of the disturbance were locked up in the so called "coolers." There are ten of these coolers, and they were all full. They are outside of the cell block, on a level with the Hudson river, and are dark, damp cells seven feet long, six feet seven inches in height and three feet three inches wide. They have two doors, the first of wire and the outside one of wood. In the doors there are two little holes for ventilation, but they do not admit any light. These coolers figured in the presentments returned by the grand jury last June, and in view of this some surprise was expressed that Warden Clancy had made use of them.

BANK FOR NEEDY POETS.

Genius Can Draw Checks Without Making Deposit.

Paris.—All Paris knows that many struggling French poets, authors and artists have come to the capital only to succumb in the struggle to exist on the meager incomes of their early days. Starvation and illness have done for them before they could earn enough to live. But the path to artistic fame will in the future be made easier. A poet in need will be able to apply to the "poets' bank" and have his immediate wants relieved. The bank is the idea of a number of young writers who have been successful. It will extend financial aid to needy poets and authors during their period of woeful fame.

Lightning Moves House.

Fort Smith, Ark.—In an electrical storm the home of J. W. Baxter of Fayetteville, a member of the state legislature, was struck by lightning five times within an hour. The first bolt knocked off a chimney. The second entered through a telephone and knocked Baxter unconscious. He had hardly been revived before the third knocked his wife senseless. The fourth stunned his mother, and the fifth knocked the house from its foundations.

Cured His Drinking.

Jones, a Boston manufacturer, employed Hobbs as a salesman. Hobbs was a hustler who brought business when he worked, but who had a habit of sacrificing two or three days a month getting drunk and sobering up directly after letting his pay. He was always in debt. One day Jones called Hobbs in and said that he would keep him in his employ only on one condition.

"What's that?" asked Hobbs. "It's this," said Jones. "Every week I shall take \$5 of your pay and put it aside. Every month I shall deposit the money in a co-operative bank. You are not to touch that money as long as you remain unmarried and work for me."

"But my debts. How can I spare?"—"Pay 'em somehow, and let me see that bankbook every month."

That was all—no lecture on the evils of drinking, no aphorisms. The other day Hobbs brought the bank book to Jones and showed \$500 on deposit. And his only comment was, "And I don't even get thirsty when I look at it."—Exchange.

Heating a Brook.

How to keep a brook running freely and water power working smoothly in a temperature of 50 degrees below zero has now been demonstrated on the Yukon, in Alaska, by some ingenious American engineers. A mining company that used water power to develop electric power, obtaining the water through a ditch many miles long, decided to try to operate through the winter. At the beginning of the winter the engineers let the water in the ditch freeze an ice coat a few inches thick. Then the water in the ditch was dropped a foot, so that the cover of ice made a protection for the stream, with an air space between the ice and the water. This kept out much of the cold, but was useless without some heating of the water. Accordingly wires were strung along the ditch, and at regular intervals electric heating coils were placed in the bottom of the ditch. By this means the water was heated by electricity manufactured by the water at the water wheels.—Saturday Evening Post.

An Enemy's Courtesy.

When the crusaders under King Richard of England defeated the Saracens the sultan, seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter. He was told that it was only King Richard and his men and that they were all on foot.

"Then," said the sultan, "God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot!" and sent him a noble charger.

The messenger took it and said: "Sire, the sultan sends you this charger that you may not be on foot."

The king was as cunning as his enemy and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse in order to try him. The squire obeyed, but the animal proved fiery, and the squire being unable to hold him in, he set off at full speed to the sultan's pavilion. The sultan expected he had got King Richard and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.

Why Hollow Trees Live.

In forests and private parks one may often witness the remarkable sight of a very old tree with a trunk consisting of nothing but a hollow shell and yet bearing branches that are covered with foliage. It would seem to be impossible that the dry bark, in some cases only held together by an iron band, could go on producing leaves year after year in the manner in which it does. The explanation, however, is quite a simple one. In very young trees the sap carrying portion is in the center. It is a series of bundles of minute cellular tubes scientifically known as "vascular bundles." As the tree gets older this series of bundles forms a ring which gets bigger and bigger as the circumference of the tree increases. In course of time the center withers and decays since it is no longer needed to supply the branches with nourishment.—London Graphic.

Beautiful Leicester.

Leicester has learned how to make herself beautiful from unpromising materials. She has no suitable building stone handy, and therefore out of red bricks, put together by cunning architects, she has constructed a city unlike any other in England. A local art school has fostered the spirit of beauty, and thus Leicester has triumphed over her limitations. She has been described as a rosy red town set in a mass of greenery. Even the lamp-posts have been designed by a sculptor who is not ashamed to let them bear his name.—London Chronicle.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Too bad," said the optimist to the man next to him on the bus, whose hat had been blown into the river, "but it might have been worse."

"I can't see how," replied the hatless one, with a stare.

"Why, it might have been my hat."—Yonkers Statesman.

Acquiring a Title.

"So you are going to leave us, Mrs. Susher?"

"Yes. We are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Plenty of Argument.

Miss Watt—Do you belong to any debating society, Mr. Wilkins? Wilkins—Well—or—a small one. I am married.—Boston Transcript.

It is better to begin a good work in the evening than not at all.