

THE ONTARIO ARGUS

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W. C. MARSH

WHY ADVERTISE AT ALL

It is well first of all to know what advertising really is. Advertising has been defined as the act of publicly announcing a fact, and has further been defined as salesmanship on paper. While both of these are more or less true, advertising is nothing but the giving of business news with the purpose of creating a new want or supplying an existing want. It is readily seen that there is no limit to the accomplishment of good advertising, as there is no limit to the wants already created or that might be created. The merchant is a dead one who does not realize that there are starving millions waiting for him to satisfy their wants or create for them new wants. This advertising idea to create new wants and satisfy existing wants is no new thing, as the Egyptians used hand-bills and posters made of papyrus 3000 years ago. Printing was invented less than 500 years ago, and the newspapers were then started. Soon afterwards advertising became associated with printing. The advertising idea originated over 30 centuries ago. Some present day merchants haven't got the idea yet. With present day opportunities to advertise there is no limit to what one may accomplish in business lines. The local merchant may easily double his local business. He has through the local paper a wonderfully cheap way to gain publicity. There is no newspaper read like the local paper, especially by the women, and the women do over 90 per cent of the trading

GREATER ONTARIO AND THE SCHOOLS. Ps. 144: 12-15.

It would give a tremendous impetus in the direction of the millennium if Christian people more generally would carry their Christianity right down into every-day, commonplace affairs of life, not using it so much for Sunday display as for its practical benefit in life's battles. A fuller realization of the power of God to transform the daily routine and daily tasks until they are fairly aglow with joyousness, and the soul radiates hope and peace and love, would make this world immensely better.

1. David in the text portrays a happy people. There is material plenty and joined with this, the pride of their homes, the sons and daughters, were noble young men and women. Our sons are like "plants grown up out of their youth," and "our daughters as cornerstones hewn after the fashion of a palace." Their glory was the glory of the glory of manly strength and womanly beauty wedded in the lives of the young men and women.

2. It is to be presumed that the schools of this community has for their purpose, primarily, the shaping of young men and women into strong and beautiful manhood and womanhood.

The fact that the Church and the State are politically separate does not mean that the State is anti-Christian nor that the Church has delegated to the State all the intellectual and moral training of the youth. The purpose and work are complimentary, and God is behind it all. I therefore assume that the school system should strive to make real this ideal set forth by David.

Consider:
1. What is Desired by Young Men and Young Women. That sons may be as plants, and daughters as cornerstones."

1. That you may be respected and valued. Plants are not blown hither and thither. Cornerstones do not come by chance. Plants are grown and cornerstones are made and placed. Plants are improved and cornerstones are polished.

2. That you may have settled principles and virtues. This requires the home and the teacher. The student cannot do all this alone. God gives us our natural faculties and the opportunity to improve them. The wild rose God made, and the tame rose God made. Stones are polished by other hands.

The schools have adopted all kinds of ways and means for this development. The well rounded and all rounded boy and girl is the desired product of the Schools.

3. That you may be vigorous in moral power. The training that you get in the Schools will stay with you the whole of your life. You are under preparation for a future home life that will be a reflex of your conduct and character as fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives and husbands.

11. Again, WHAT IS REQUISITE ON YOUR PART TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS DESIRE.

This can only be obtained in:
1. A good rootage in Christ.

You say, "I cannot teach religion in the schools." The State does not pay teachers to teach religion in the schools, neither does the State pay the teachers to talk against and undermine the principles of Christianity. Yet they do it.

2. Constant nourishment from the Word of God. The Book is the Book of all Books. That character that man so much desires is not a man made thing, neither is it man matured. It is of God. God must create, sustain and perfect it. Evolution is a snare, and development without God is a failure.

One has said, "The first duty of a young man is to learn what he is in the world for, and lay out a plan to work by. The great trouble with the world today is not skepticism and infidelity, but drifting. A young man at the beginning of his career should make a blue print of his ambitions, then should build his life with turrets and spires. The idea is not to make a living, but a life."

3. A resolute tendency within to answer to the God-appointed purpose of your existence.

Growth, splendor and efficiency is the great purpose of God in every life. "Study to show thy self approved unto God. "was the injunction of the wise man. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who will give to all men liberally and with holdeth not from any", said James the Apostle. God said, "Son give me thine heart." Cultured plants and polished stones under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, will be a blessing to the world. Right position and beauty may be obtained by yielding yourself to God. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Ecc. 12: 1. "How shall a young man cleanse his ways? By taking heed there unto according to thy Word. "Ps. 119:9. "Children obey your parents in the Lord. "Eph. 6: 1.

111. The Obligation of Citizenship to Environment. 1. The citizens of Ontario are under obligation to make this city a healthy place.

Fathers and mothers will not send their children here if the blight of disease hang over us.

We must also make it a morally healthy and safe place for the development of the young.

We do not want educated devils. An educated man in the hands of God is a blessing where ever he may go, but an educated fool in the hands of the devil is a menace to any community.

2. The citizens of Ontario owe a debt of co-operation to our schools.

These schools are ours. We should be more liberal toward the splendid body of teachers. We should pay them well in wages, but we owe them more than this. They who would mould souls deserve more than a hireling wages.

3. A last obligation that I would mention is this: Christian men and women pray God to help and bless our schools.

Into the teacher's life come the greatest problems. They are working upon principles of immortality and the Master teacher alone is sufficient for their lives. If you know how to pray remember the schools of Ontario.

Pray the Christ daily and earnestly that they who minister in these sacred things may be worthy to teach their spiritual temples and day by day build them into nobler and grander structures.

Pray that "Our sons be as plants grown up in their youth and our daughters as cornerstones hewn after the fashion of a palace."

The sons are to go forth in life dealing with the plant life, sowing and reaping. The daughters are to build into our homes the polished characters of the future generations. They are not to be merely clusters of ornaments, but builders of character.

This psalm is the language of a prince who wished his people's prosperity: That their garners might be full of all manner of stores; that their sheep might bring forth thousands and ten thousands in their fields. that their oxen might be fat for slaughter, or strong for work; that there might be neither robbery nor beggary in their streets; and as if all these blessings were to be derived from the character of the people from the education they had received, our text is a prayer for the youth of Judea. May it be our prayer for the youth of Ontario and community.

BUILDING ROADS.

The subject of road construction is not only important, but is constantly growing in importance. It is the duty of every good citizen to give heed to this vital question, and be prepared to accept his share of responsibility for the roads in the community in which he resides.

Malheur County people have just as much need of studying this problem as any other community. It is a vital question of the day, growing more important daily.

In this connection we quote from an exhaustive article under the title "Nation-wide movement for better highways," appearing in a recent issue of "Hoard's Dairy-men."

"Any kind of an improved road, regardless of its type, is better than the old, rutted strip dignified by the name of highway. Yet there are vital points to be taken into con-

NEAL of the NAVY

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

FIRST INSTALLMENT

PROLOGUE—THE SURVIVORS

CHAPTER I.

The Red Death.

Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to his mate.

"Welcher," he cried, pointing aft, "look at that. I've never seen old Pelee act that way before."

Welcher, the mate, a surly, saw-toothed, ill-conditioned fellow in unkempt uniform, followed with his eyes the captain's glance.

"Gee whiz," he said, "me neither." "Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's spitting fire. By Godfrey, that means death—death. I tell you, death."

This was back in 1902. The Princess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a tramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an hour.

"You're right, captain," he returned. "Pelee means business this trip. Death is right."

A feminine figure emerged from the shadow of the afterhouse and rushed forward toward the bridge. Behind her, following in her wake, raced two sturdy youngsters. One of these youngsters darted past her, swarmed upon the bridge and confronted the captain and his mate.

He was Captain Hardin's boy, Neal—the only child.

The other boy was the mate's son, young Joey Welcher, saw-toothed and disagreeable like his father.

With the roar of a thousand thunder Pelee bellowed forth.

"What are we going to do, Jack?" cried the captain's young wife; "what are we going to do?"

"Do," returned the mate, before the captain could reply. "Put on more steam, that's what we'll do. We're well out of that hell-hole yonder. An hour and we'd have been in the thick of it. We're well out of it, I tell you."

Captain Hardin applied his eye to his telescope once more. The boy upon his shoulder followed suit.

"Welcher," said the captain bravely, "we've got to go back."

CHAPTER II.

The Lost Isle.

On the same day—the day of the red death at Martinique—and but two short hours before the pilot put the helm of the tramp steamer Princess hard aport, three men sat on the veranda of a low-roofed, white-walled bungalow in St. Pierre.

One of these men was Ilington, a young American. He passed around a box of fragrant Martinique cheroots. He folded up some half-dozen slips of paper he had been examining and returned them to another individual who faced him from across the table.

"Senior Hernandez," exclaimed the young American, "for a week at least—half a hundred times—I have told you your credentials were satisfactory to me."

Hernandez nodded gravely. He thrust the papers back into a pocket and tapped them significantly.

"None could be better," he exclaimed grandiloquently. "I am Hernandez—that is all sufficient."

Suddenly the American turned and faced the third member of the coterie.

"And what," he exclaimed, "what of Ponto here?"

This third individual was the stranger creature of them all. He was a Mexican; dark, very dark; low-browed; low-statured—and—fat.

Hernandez nodded significantly. "Ponto, senior," he returned, "is as good as gold. He, too, is brave."

"Will he do as I tell him?" queried the American.

Hernandez bowed. "You tell me, senior, and I tell him. He will obey."

The American turned his back for a moment and Hernandez and Ponto exchanged significant glances.

Ilington turned back to them. "It is agreed," he said, "I will take you on. To have brave men one must take a chance."

Ilington crossed the veranda and entered the living room, from there disappearing through another door. In a moment he was back, apparently empty handed. Once more he seated himself and then drew from the hip pocket of his trousers a thin oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. He laid it on the table before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am the owner of the lost tale of Cinnabar."

My forefathers held the grant direct from Spain. The lost isle of Cinnabar is a valuable isle. Tradition has it that upon it is located a quicksilver mine—an ancient mine but little worked. My mission is to seek that island, to find it and to claim it for my own."

"Where is this lost island?" queried the Portuguese.

Ilington nodded. "The secret," he returned, "lies within this packet."

In a flash Ponto's hand darted like a black snake across the table to clutch the packet in his grasp. The American, for all his hugeness, was quite as agile as the fat Ponto. He snatched the packet away just as Ponto's fingers touched it.

Ponto's eyes reddened; his face flushed suddenly. He fingered the bit of his knife and glanced toward Hernandez.

"I will be careful to take small chance with you, friend Ponto," said Ilington. He waved the packet toward Hernandez. "All in good time, senior," he said.

"The important question," went on Ilington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinnabar? It belongs to me. I have the paper title—at any rate I can obtain it, but whom must we eject when we arrive?"

"Leave that to me," said Hernandez. "We shall wipe them off the face of the earth—"

A screen door swung open and a native woman gaudily arrayed in green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orange-colored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl—a child three or four years old.

The child saw Ilington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms.

"My daughter, gentlemen," said Ilington. "She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the lost isle of Cinnabar—perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows."

Manuela, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

Ilington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin packet.

"The contents of this packet—possibly—will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said. "Suppose we take a chance."

"Break the seal, senior," said Hernandez.

Ilington started to obey—but something happened.

With the suddenness of a jaguar leaping from the hunters, a man—half

naked—bounded upon the veranda. "For the love of God," he said, in broken French, "flee for your lives. Pelee has broken loose."

Ilington, with the oilskin packet still in hand, sprang to the edge of the veranda and from there into the street. He gave one look and then fell back.

"By George, he's right," he shouted. "Look—look."

Anxiously he turned his gaze down the hill. Then with a bound he was off. In three minutes he was back, clutching his little daughter, Annette, to his breast and dragging the frenzied Manuela after him.

Shrieks from a thousand throats rent the air without. Ilington glanced into the street. His face went white. Ashes, red-hot pieces of molten lava were dropping in a shower.

Ilington, who had been holding Annette, surrendered her in an instant to Manuela. He darted into an inner room and opened the safe. From this safe he took a canvas bag that jingled with the gold pieces it contained. He thrust this bag into one hip pocket of his trousers, having already secreted the oilskin packet in the other.

"Come on," he shouted to the group behind him. "It's death to stay here. Come on down the hill!"

CHAPTER III.

Terror-Drive.

All down that long steep hill—that swarming street filled with its rushing, frantic mob—Ilington fought his way with his back and brawny shoulders.

Once, twice, he felt a stealthy hand at his hip pockets. Each time he turned swiftly to find Ponto and Hernandez close at his heels. Without warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge many-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandez and his Astec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

(Continued on page 5.)



Neal Hardin and the Heiress of the Lost-Island.