

The Ontario Argus

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RECOGNIZING CHAMBERLAIN.

Friends of Senator Chamberlain view the proposed extension of the draft age by the administration as a complete vindication of the position taken by the senior senator from this state on military matters.

The proposed bill, introduced after the nation has been at war for 16 months is practically the identical measure which Senator Chamberlain sought to pass when we first engaged in the combat against Prussianism. If it is good now, as everyone who has followed the course of the war admits, it was a good basis for a program then.

The passage of the bill practically inaugurates a system of compulsory military training in the United States. According to the forecast from Washington the ages affected by the bill will be from 18 to 20 and from 31 to 45. There is a slight opposition to compelling boys from 18 to 20 to go over seas, but how strong this will prove in the Senate has not been determined.

As an alternative proposition it is proposed that the boys under 21 be assigned to training units and thus be prepared to take their places in the national army when they reach their majority.

By raising the age limit the government is making immediately available for duty several millions of men who have hidden behind the present age limit for the draft. There are many thousand bachelors over 30 years of age on whom the moral and patriotic duty of enlisting and serving in the army is as great as that which rested on the men from 21 to 30. There has never been any reason why a man otherwise qualified should be exempt merely because the law did not make him subject to the draft.

With all men who are not supporting families called to the colors there will be a greater latitude for the assignment of married men who have accepted duties to society. The present spectacle of seeing men with dependents going to the front while loafers with only themselves to care for watch them go will cease.

The job of "making the world safe for democracy" is one for the men of civilized nations and not for just those who are between 21 and 31, and for that reason the public will agree that the present law should be changed.

CONSERVE THE BABIES.

The nationwide movement for child conservation which is being undertaken at the request of the United States Government Child Welfare bureau is one of the many important works which the government is promoting. The good which such a movement will accomplish is beyond measure.

The government is, at last, undertaking work for the human family such as it has for years performed for cattle. Uncle Sam has awakened to the fact that the nation's greatest asset is its children and therefore they must be conserved.

To do this properly there must be data on the subject of children. The authorities must know what proportion of them are underfed and suffering from the various ailments which beset childhood. To get this data it is necessary that all the children of the nation be weighed, measured and examined. This is a stupendous job and the women of the Mothers' clubs and kindred organizations, with the aid of the medical profession, have undertaken to assist the government in this work.

This week the women will start enrolling the babies of Ontario and assigning to each a time when it can be weighed and measured. Mothers and fathers should give their cooperation in this work and keep the appointments made for their baby. The examination may save a baby's life. It is no expanded figure of speech to say that if such a movement had been in progress during the past ten years there would be hundreds of babies living now who are in their graves.

THE HONEY CROP.

It is comforting to know that the second flow of honey is to be greatly superior to that delivered by the bees during the first flow, and therefore the honey crop of the

valley is to be in keeping with the alfalfa crop.

Not many of the people here appreciate the size of the honey industry in this section. In reality it is one of the best producers of money to be found in this fertile valley. Furthermore it is bound to develop to a marked degree for the basis of supply for the use of bees is far from supporting the number possible.

An idea of what the bees of this region produce may be gained from the fact that in a recent meeting of the directors of the Beekeepers' association held here in Ontario consideration was given an offer made by the purchasing agent of the Italian government for 180 tons of strained honey. The bargain was not closed but is still pending. The question of price was the only thing that prevented closing the contract.

Last year a large portion of the Malheur County honey and likewise a great deal of that produced over in Idaho was sold direct to hospitals in London, where it was used to tickle the palates of wounded soldiers. Could the product of soil gathered from the alfalfa blossoms do a greater or better service?

The bee business is being further stimulated by the scarcity of sugar. Thousands of housewives are getting acquainted with the possibilities of honey who seldom used it in their homes before. We know of nothing that helps make war bread taste like "the kind we used to get" more than does a free use of honey.

A REAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The sale of the Warm Springs bonds and the letting of the contract for the construction of that irrigation system should be noted well by every one really interested in the welfare of this great Malheur valley. Due credit should be given the men who thru thick and thin worked for the accomplishment of a worthy object.

The creation of the district and the successful negotiations for the sale of the bonds has called for greater labor in that and time than the people generally will ever know. The men at the helm have suffered many discouragements. They have been balked time and again. They have given freely of their effort with no thought of recompense other than that which every other land owner under the district will enjoy. And for this work of theirs they have, instead of approbation, received condemnation by many who lacked the vision to see with them the transformation of the sage brush lands into fertile fields.

This work of the men of the Warm Springs board and those citizens who have assisted them will live after them. The water which year after year will be stored behind the concrete walls above Warm Springs will renew the blessing of their labors and spread it over the thirsty lands. They will have achieved the best work that a man can do, they will have made the country in which they lived a better place for themselves and for those who are to come after them, to live in. The credit which the people of today accord them, and the public recognition which the papers bestow, as the Argus is proud to do, is but a slight reward compared with the knowledge these men possess in themselves that they have done a good work.

YOUTHFUL LEADERS.

The selection of the Thompson boys, Cecil and Leo, to represent the State of Oregon in the contest for agricultural honors with the champion youthful ranchers of Washington, is a distinct honor to Malheur county.

These boys have demonstrated beyond dispute that this section of Oregon is the best section of the State. They have shown that by using the right methods in cultivation and in seed selection that there is no place in America that can grow greater crops per acre. They have attracted the attention of the authorities at the State Agricultural College to this region and that in itself is an accomplishment.

What the Thompson boys can do, others can accomplish, with like skill and industry. The message that these boys will carry to Spokane is bound to spread to the ultimate benefit of this region. With the addition of the Warm Springs lands which will be opened to new settlers, if followed by the intensive process which has brot honors to the Thompson boys, this Malheur valley will become one of the most productive, and therefore one of the most prosperous in the West.

KNIGHTS OF ROAD

By MELLICENT BLEYER.

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"Well, that's the limit! What's come over you—gone clear daffy?" Course-grained and hoarse-throated as he was, there was more of wonder than ridicule in the tones of Big Reddy, professional hobo. It was at the camp of a group of wandering ones that Reddy had come across Mystery Blair gazing fixedly at a photograph. With a quick flush Blair thrust the picture out of sight.

"Just honest admiration of a pretty face," was the reply given, with a forced laugh. "I had quite an adventure last evening and the original of that picture had a part in it."

"Hello—there's trouble! Make for cover!" spoke Reddy sharply. There had come from one of the group preparing breakfast a birdlike cry, a signal, a warning with which every schooled tramp was familiar. Two strangers had suddenly intruded. One wore an official badge. "That's the man," spoke his companion, and he pointed to Blair.

Instantly there was the closing in of the circle. The presentment was that of the law against a comrade. The group were staunch and loyal for defense.

"This is no arrest," announced the marshal.

"No, it is just contrary," added his companion. "I would like to have you accompany me to my office," he addressed himself to Blair. "You were something better than a hero last night. As legal adviser of Miss Ina Treescott, whose life and property you saved, I am asked to talk over matters with you."

"I don't see the use," replied Blair. "I'm glad if I did all you say."

"He did something, you can count on that!" broke in Big Reddy, "for he tossed all night with that burned hand of his."

Mystery Blair for a moment looked as though resentful of patronizing or reward. Then his hand closed on the half-burned photograph in his pocket. In the current of unusual circumstances, he decided to allow it to drift him whither it would.

He had been dubbed "Mystery" Blir by his comrades. He had joined the hobo contingent one day, asking the favor of companionship and variety, telling them he had made a failure of business life and envied them their unconventional existence.

The evening previous, passing a charming little bungalow, Blair had seen smoke and flames issuing from its front. Cries for help echoed from the interior. He had burst in a locked door. Continued cries for deliverance spurred and guided him. He came upon a young girl lying upon a couch, evidently an invalid. Blair seized a counterpane, wrapped her up in it and breasted the blaze. Neighbors had gathered and he had placed the girl in their charge. Then the memory of that confiding face, the soft, clinging arms, seemed an ideal, forcing him to further effort.

Three hours after the call at the hobo camp Mystery Blair was a new being in appearance. The lawyer had insisted not only on medical attention but a complete rehabilitation.

"You're spoiling me for the road," Blair had remonstrated, with a quiet smile.

"Why hit it again?" challenged the attorney. "I fancy, Mr. Blair, that line is not your natural bent. Again, we must be presentable when we call upon Miss Treescott."

When he was in the presence of the fair young girl, just recovering from a spell of sickness, and her hand lingered gratefully in his own, there stirred within him new and vivid emotions. He had arisen to depart when his eye fell upon a little framed photograph on the medicine stand. He gave quite a start.

"Will you pardon me," he spoke later, "but I have seen this young man, I am sure."

"Oh, Mr. Devon!" instantly cried Miss Treescott, greatly excited, "tell him! Can it be possible, that at last—"

The lawyer silenced her eager revelations with a gesture. He took up the photograph and led Blair into an adjoining room. It was a graphic story that he related—of wild, reckless Julian Treescott, the brother of Ina, getting into trouble footsibly, fleeing from friends who could protect him and losing himself among tangled highways.

Blair recalled the original of the picture. He was sure that nearly a year back he had met its owner in his wanderings. He was sure of it when he showed the picture to Reddy.

"You know every knight of the road," Blair said to him. "Can this one be found?"

"It would take some financing and it may be a long, long trail," submitted Reddy, and this was provided for, and two months later Blair reappeared with the brother of Ina.

Blair had had good-by to the road and his old hobo comrades. As Waltham Blair, author, he now set about utilizing the experience he had gone through. He was at the new Treescott home one day.

"Miss Treescott," he said, "I am glad to say that I have made arrangements for the publication of 'The World's Highway.' It was my first meeting with you, that gave its plan an impetus."

"I am glad," spoke lovely lips and eyes.

"And later love made me successful in my ambition, love for you," he said.

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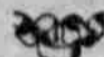
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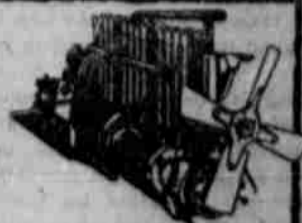
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