

The Ontario Argus

A WILFUL HALF DOZEN

Every loyal Ontarian must hang his head in shame. This City that has hitherto proudly met its duty as a loyal, patriotic American community seems doomed to failure in making its quota for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

This is due, not to the fact that there are many disloyal citizens, for there are not many such. But it is due to the fact that there is a sufficient number of those who are reputed yes, known to be able to take considerable sums in Uncle Sam's securities, who, it seems, would rather loan their money at higher rates than that which United States bonds carry.

In refusing to take their quota of bonds they are falling in their supreme duty as citizens. They are in effect, proving good allies of the Kaiser and his Huns.

This, surely is not a position in which they will take pride, either now or in the future. Especially will they feel the odium of their position when the public knows who they are.

They will not relish being known during the rest of their lives as slackers. When the men come home who have fought their fight for freedom and democracy it is likely that they will speak to men who have refused to aid the government in financing the war? Will not, and should not, such men and women be shamed and ostracized in every self respecting community?

Is there no way to get under the caloused consciences of such men and women? Have they no sense of the shame they are bringing upon themselves and their children? Do they want to wear the brand of the Kaiser all their days?

The local Liberty Loan committee has done its utmost to bring the legards to a realization of their duty. Appeals thru the public prints from the Nation's leaders from President Wilson down, fails to awaken such citizens to a sense of duty.

There is but one interpretation to place on such conduct, loath the one be to do it, these men and women must want an inconclusive peace with the Hun. They must want the Kaiser to be able to withdraw his armies unscathed behind the German borders, there to fight the forces of civilization, and escape the penalty of the carnal of crime in which they have wallowed for the past four years. If this is not what such citizens want why do they refuse to aid in financing the armies that will prevent such an ending of the conflict? In their failure to do their part they are aiding the Kaiser. They are not standing behind the President in his last message to the German autocrats.

There is still time to prevent any man or woman in Ontario being thus classed as a friend of the Hun instead of a loyal American. There are only six men and women in the community who have refused to take their quota only half dozen. Will they be known here as the "wilful half dozen"?

Will they hand down to their families the stigma that their parents were slackers? Such a name will prove a disgrace for years to come.

In Pendleton, in Baker, in Portland, in LaGrande, in Spokane and in every other community where there men and women who thus refuse to do their just part and carry their share of the war's financial burden, their names are being made public that everyone may know who it is in the community who is attempting to shirk his duty. Public opinion, that potent influence that no man who has any sense of pride or self respect can flout, is holding the slackers up to the scorn of their fellow men.

The Liberty Bond slacker of today is as loathed as was the Tory of the Revolution, or the Copperhead of the Rebellion. Like them, those who are deemed guilty today are the victims of their own deliberate choice. They can escape the punishment in only one way, by doing their duty. That duty is to buy Liberty Bonds.

When the local committee furnishes the ARGUS the list of those who have failed to do their duty that list will be published, just as it is being published in other communities in their local papers.

The local committee hopes that it will have no such list when Saturday night comes. But in justice to the men from this community who are fighting in France, and who are offering their lives for the safety of the government; and in justice to those, who at a sacrifice have taken their share of bonds, the men and women who are evading their obligations must be put in the light, that they shall receive the treatment which is their due.

The choice is still open. There is still a few hours in which to act before the subscription lists close. It is to be hoped that Ontario will have no "slacker list," but if one is published, the slackers alone will be to blame. They will be there of their own choice.

THE JORDAN VALLEY ROAD

There is only one consideration that should enter into the discussion and selection of a road to Jordan Valley, under the terms on which the proposed road is to be built. That is: what route will best serve to develop that region and best serve the people who live there now and will live there in the future.

In other words there should not be permitted to enter into the decision any question of outside community interest. That the people of Caldwell want the road to go up Squaw creek, from their city, that means the building of a road over a mountain, or that the people of Vale want the road to go by the way of Watson, or that the people of Nyssa and Ontario would prefer to see the Succor creek route selected, is all beside the point. The question of where the road should be built is one to be decided entirely without reference to the desires of these communities. That route should be chosen that will best serve Jordan Valley and the settlers on the new project.

So far as Ontario is concerned it is of the opinion that with the question of the selection of routes left in the hands of the State Highway Commission it will be settled, as it should be on the basis of usefulness, to the end that the best interests of the people will be advanced.

In view of the fact that the road is to be built, not from taxes levied on the people of Caldwell, Vale or Ontario, but from the money secured from the sale of Jordan Valley lands, that they, not the other communities should be consulted. It appears some what nervy for the outside communities to endeavor to interpose their opinions in the matter. When the State Highway engineers survey the various routes they will not be governed by the opinions of rival communities. There is no need to fear that they will take a backward step and recommend a route that will necessitate heavy grades, or around about haul to reach the lands to be served unless there are compensations to be gained by such action on their part.

A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN

In offering, free of all charge, to the government the beautiful black locust grove at Arcadia, Fred J. Kiesel, gave a practical demonstration of patriotism that should not be passed without proper appreciation.

It is such evidences of unselfish patriotism that makes a man proud to be an American. In every day life people are more prone to note the evil that men do, than the good, with the result that many a fine act is never known, so that as Shakespeare says:

"The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

If people only knew more of the generous, unselfish acts of their fellow citizens there would be developed a better citizenship and a greater faith in mankind. The acts of patriotism both at home and in the field of battle have opened the eyes of the world, proving that the highest sentiments of love and devotion to duty and to country, still find expression in human action. Such evidence is given in the offer Mr. Kiesel made to the government when he was willing to part with the Arcadia grove, if its timber was needed.

That the government officials on learning at what labor the priceless grove had been brot into being refused Mr. Kiesel's offer, does not detract one whit from its generosity. By making his offer he demonstrated his 100 per cent Americanism, and Ontario is proud to claim him as a former citizen of which it is proud.

When the people of Germany learn after the war of such acts of devotion to America of men whose names indicate that either they themselves or their forefathers came from Germany, the scales will drop from their eyes and they will see clearly that after all "German Kultur" is not the only thing for which men fight.

THE MOST IMPORTANT.

If there is one thing more than another which President Wilson did in his wonderful message in reply to Prince Max, it was, that of changing the position of Kaiser Wilhelm from "The All Highest" to "The Most Impotent." There is not a man in the Kaiser's realm that has less influence with the President, than the Kaiser himself.

Even those in America who entertained the notion that the President had, "put himself in a hole", in his letter of inquiry must admit that his latest effort, the greatest he has ever made has put the Kaiser and his cohorts in a most unenviable position. The President's message calls for more than an unconditional surrender. It calls for the abdication of the Kaiser and his pirate crew. The message will go down in history as one of the most momentous documents ever penned by man.

THE MAGIC RUG

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Billie's face depicted great gloom. "It was bad enough," he told himself, "to be merely an humble clerk in a great author's employ, but to have dared to fall in love with the author's only daughter, that was the worst."

He was glad that war was calling him away; in unselfish action, he might be able to forget. Billy was not even sure that Theodora would be sorry at his departure.

Dora had grown to young womanhood through various schools of training, retaining still the frank ingenueness of childhood. Useful also, she insisted upon being, rearranging, with competent hands, the disorder of her father's study; singing the while perhaps, or easily chatting with Billie.

Meeting the secretary occasionally by chance, as he left the entrance of Gail Park, Dora would invite him to ride home in her car.

Absolutely, the girl enjoyed her father's confidence; what Theodora did, was in his opinion, always and exactly the right thing to do. This particular morning of Billie's gloom, he had awaited breathlessly her appearance in the corridor leading to her father's study, being screened behind heavy draperies. Billie had fled precipitately at her approach. It was difficult to trust himself with a simple good morning, while his heart continued to pound in this foolish manner.

Worthfully, Billie entered the as yet unoccupied study, and seated himself at his desk. Into the sanctum, smiling and glowing, came Dora.

"How do you do?" she began, then paused in mock concern. "What sort of tragedy has befallen you this morning?" she inquired. "Such a forbidding face! I am almost afraid to remain. How poor father continues to bear up under your various moods—"

She threw out her tiny hands expressively.

Billie forced a smile, "I have enlisted," he replied; "didn't wait for my draft, going off to train tomorrow."

Dora adjusted a vase, studying with critical eye the new effect. "Then," she remarked, "I should go in a brave frame of mind, worthy of the cause."

Billie stiffened resentfully. "You don't think I'm blue because I'm afraid to fight?" he asked fiercely.

Miss Gail came over to Billie's desk, and stood looking down into his eyes, in the depths of her own lurked a smile. "Really," she said, "sometimes I don't know what to think of you, Billie. But," she continued briskly, "my errand here was to say that father has been called away, and will not return until evening, your day is free."

The prospect of freedom did not

seem to bring joy to the secretary, regretfully he began to sort the papers on his desk; the possibility of again seeing Dora that very last day, was gone.

"I am wondering," said that young lady from the window, "if it would not be a sort of Red Cross work to take you for a drive this afternoon; out into the country, may be, where in the open you might get a brighter perspective of your great coming venture."

"Will you?" asked Billie, his voice actually trembled in eagerness.

All troubling things were forgotten during that long ride.

Content with the present, Billie leaned back in his seat beside the girl and gazed into her sweet face. At length she stopped the car. Before them stretched, seemingly endless fields of green.

"Here," said Dora, "we will get out and commune with nature." With a laugh she tossed from the car a small faded rug.

"Handle it carefully," she directed. "That is my magic rug, brought years ago from an Egyptian palace. Father bought it for me when we were abroad."

"A magic rug?"

Amusedly, Billy spread it out on the grass. Dora nodded as she motioned him to share its protection.

"They told us so much about them when we were over there," she said, "that I insisted upon father buying this one at an exorbitant price. But you will agree that it is well worth while. One has but to sit upon the rug so, name their heart's wish and lo! it is granted. You may even be transported where you will. One has but to speak aloud the wish and believe in its power."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Billy. Absently he fingered the ancient tapestry.

"You might tell it," prompted Dora. She smiled but her eyes were grave, "that you wish to come safely back from the war to your apartment in New York."

"No," answered Billie, "I don't care much about coming back to that place. There would be something to look forward to, though, if I might come to a small home of my own with—"

"With roses growing around the doorway?" queried the girl.

"If you were there," said Billie dreamily, "that would be rose enough for me!"

Appalled, he realized that words long withheld had spoken themselves. "An impossible wish of course," he added hastily.

But Dora with eyes alight was looking up at him.

"Nothing is impossible to the magic rug," she said. "I, too, have been wishing—just for happiness, Billie—and—and, my wish can only come true with yours."

Then Billie bent down his radiant face. "I'm transported now," he said. (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)



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