

The Ontario Argus

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THE PAST YEAR

During 1918 Ontario has been an exceptional community. No other city of its size in the intermountain country has witnessed the development and improvement made here. It is true that practically all this improvement has been of a public nature, but never the less it has been substantial, has been needed and without it the city would not be in a position to go forward during the development era that is before us.

Of course the most important improvement was the Municipal Water system. The city has been able, in spite of adverse conditions to construct a water system giving pure, soft water at a cost of slightly more than \$100,000.00.

The system was built and completed within the contract time which in its self was an accomplishment of note, in view of the shortage of labor and material. There is no doubt that the almost complete absence of typhoid this year has been due to the installation of the new system.

Beside this there is now under construction, and soon to be finished, a complete sewerage system for the East side of track. By this betterment there is added to the desirable residence section of the city many blocks. This improvement looks to the future to justify it, in a measure, but in time the wisdom of the Council will no doubt be evidenced. The health and safety of the people of that section justified it even now.

Outside of the city, but of equal importance to it, there has been constructed the Malheur Drainage system. By this improvement, for which nearly \$150,000.00 has been expended, several hundred acres of land will be reclaimed, and better still other hundreds of acres will be protected from the dangers of saturation.

Owing to the high cost of labor and material there has been little building in the city, but there is still a margin of safety in that respect for the city has not entirely overcome the effect of the dry wave which relinquished buildings used for dispensing purposes in the old days. These of course will gradually be taken for other purposes. In the meantime, however, Ontario has room for new concerns and can look forward to their advent in the not distant future.

WSS WSS WSS

Next week Ontario will have a new city government. Mayor Jones and his associates will have many problems before them for solution. The Argus wishes them good luck and bespeaks for them the co-operation, if the people. Such co-operation, if given wholeheartedly will aid greatly in their efforts to make Ontario a better city in which to live.

WSS WSS WSS

HONORABLE NEW YORKERS

The people of America will approve of the action Charles E. Hughes and other citizens of the Empire State in their refusal to serve on the committee representing the city, in charge of receptions for the returned soldiers, so long as William Randolph Hearst is a member.

It is hard to conceive of a more deliberate and uncalculated affront to the people of the United States than that which Mayor Hylan has perpetrated in making the un-speakable Hearst Chairman of that important committee. If the government at Washington would name some other port New York would be served rightly.

When one thinks of the attitude Hearst and his publications have taken during the war; of how until long after we entered the conflict he was close to Bernstorff, according to the statements made by witnesses at the Senate investigation; of how he was sought to create disension among the allies; of his compounded acts of pacifism and obstruction, all absolutely un-American and disloyal, is it possible to conceive of any reason why he should be chairman of the reception committee to greet the men returned from the trenches?

Why should these men be insulted thus? Why should they be made to recognize as the representative of the greatest city in the land, a man who had his advice been followed would have had them play an ignoble part? Not only that but a man

whom German representatives described as their "best friend."

William Randolph Hearst is just what he has always been, a supreme egotist. He has endeavored to enforce his wilful ideas on the American people thru his widely circulated papers in various sections of the union prostituting the press for his nefarious purposes. He has been a national menace, and yet the Tammany Mayor of New York attempts to give him vindication by making him chairman of the committee which will have charge of the reception for most of the men who fought for the very ideals that Hearst publications belittled. Think of it. Is it not a disgrace to the entire nation?

Thank God there are such men as Charles E. Hughes who will publically rebuke such an attempt. Would there were more of them, so that the Sachems at Tammany would realize emphatically that their organization can not insult the American people with impunity.

WSS WSS WSS

BOOST THE OWYHEE PROJECT

If ever there was a time for united action on the part of the people of Eastern Malheur county, this is that time. After Appropriating moneys by the millions the authorities back in Washington are no longer skitish about small appropriations such as would be necessary for the building of the Owyhee reclamation project.

But that is not the only reason for action. The Owyhee project has the endorsement of the department, or rather had it, and can secure it again, no doubt if concerted action is taken.

There is, perhaps, no more feasible project in Oregon than the Owyhee project. Certainly there is none that would put better land under cultivation, in a better climate.

There is no time for delay. The project should have the endorsement of all the organizations in this section. Its merits should be placed before the recently organized State Chamber of Commerce for endorsement, and likewise the State Irrigation Congress. And when the time comes to send representatives back to Washington, good strong men should be selected so that its claim for consideration may be adequately presented.

WSS WSS WSS

POTENTIAL RESOURCES

The lack of the power, "to see ourselves as others see us," of which the Scotch poet lamented, is a sad handicap indeed to most individuals, and to communities as well. Witness the revelations which the visiting officials from O. A. C. presented concerning the relative richness of Malheur county lands.

Of course there have been many citizens who have been convinced that this is indeed a rich section of Oregon, but few there were among the many residents of this section who would have ventured the assertion that this is the very richest portion of the entire state.

Likewise our guests of recent date informed their hearers that this land is not producing half of its possibilities because of faulty use. This is not a pleasant truth, the admission of which will no doubt be denied by many. But there is no doubt a great deal of truth in the statement, and there are some among us who are willing to admit it entirely.

That being true what better resolution could be taken by the producers of this section for the new year than to resolve to investigate for themselves the truth of Professor's statement and endeavor to make this rich soil yield its most abundant harvest. That would turn to good account the recent irrigation school. It would be capitalizing in the proper manner the desire expressed, "to see ourselves as others see us."

WSS WSS WSS

WHY?

The Argus would like to ask the County Court why it has appealed from the decision of the District Court in the High School tuition case?

Was it done from pure pique at finding itself "reversed by a higher court?"

One of the reasons which County Judge Geo. W. McKnight gave for his re-election was: "I have never been reversed by a higher court." Just what had this spirit of pride to do with the late determination to appeal?

MABEL'S MISSION

By CARRIE GREENWAY.

Covington was cleaning up the desk. The upstairs girl, answering his ring for a larger waste basket, almost fell down the back stairs in her hurry to spread the news.

Covington had come to board at the Bradleys' three years before, and since then no one could recall having seen the top of the desk. A little space in front, just large enough to write upon, was kept fairly clear, but for the rest Covington seemed to take a pride in the confusion he maintained and boasted that he could find anything he wanted at a moment's notice.

At the office his desk was scrupulously neat, but the roll top in his sitting room, used for his personal correspondence, was piled high with papers and books.

It might have continued so for another three years, but Covington was restless. He found the evening papers dull, the theatrical advertisements made no appeal to him, and books were intolerable.

In his restless roaming around the room his attention was attracted by the desk, and sinking into the chair he began to clean up. Here, at least, was a novel occupation, and soon he was busily engaged in reading over old letters and discarding those of no further interest.

Mabel's letters, of course, he kept in a drawer, the top one with the Yale lock. Well, perhaps it would be well to clear those out, too. Romance was dead. He had written her the proposal he seemed unable to make in person, and had added: "I shall not write again until your answer comes." That had been a fortnight ago.

His eyes caught a line in an advertisement in a theatrical paper that formed part of the litter of his desk. "Consider silence a polite negative," it ran. That was what he was doing. Mabel had not even taken the trouble to answer.

He viciously thrust the paper into the basket and caught up a letter. It was that check for his tailor. He had been positive he had mailed that; the subsequent argument had resulted in a transfer of his patronage, yet here was the check still inside. He was rather glad that he had commenced the cleaning up process.

There was another envelope under the pile of consular reports. He drew it out and his face blanched. It was the letter to Mabel. In some fashion it had slipped into the tangle on the desk. He remembered he had written a number of other letters at the same time. When he had done he snapped a rubber band about them and had given them to one of the fellows to take out.

What could she think of him? He had ceased his customary visits and had not even written. He slipped out of his house coat and into his dinner jacket. There was a telephone in the lower hall. Perhaps Mabel had not gone out.

It was her mother who answered, rather frigidly, with a certain note of disapproval in her voice. Mabel was in, but she was ill and had gone to her room. She did not think that she could see Mr. Covington.

But Covington was persistent and in the end he gained permission to call. He found her pale, with nervous lines in her face. She tried to laugh it off but he would not have it so.

"I have a special delivery message for you," he announced. "It should not have been a letter at all, but I guess I'm a sort of moral coward."

"Anyhow, I was cleaning up my desk at the house to-night and I found this. I thought it had been sent two weeks ago."

"Letters often go astray," she commented as she stretched out her hand to receive it.

"It was my fault," he said humbly. "You see, I've a desk up at the house and I've rather prided myself upon its confusion. Tonight I cleaned it up, just to have something to do, and I found this letter."

Something in his tone conveyed its import and she slowly broke the seal and glanced through the contents. At last she looked up.

"So that is the reason I have not heard from you lately," she said. "I wondered that you forgot the Apollo concert."

"That is only one count," he said humbly. "I did not bring the letter expecting that you would give the same answer I hoped for two weeks ago. I just wanted you to see that I was not quite as bad as you think I am."

"I did not give it great thought," she said, while the red, flooding her face, denied her words. "I thought that perhaps you were engrossed in some important deal."

"This is the most important deal in a man's life," he laughed a little bitterly. "And I have bungled it badly."

"Pity is akin to love," she reminded, "and do you know, Frank, I think I have a mission."

"And that?" he asked hoarsely.

"To keep that desk straight," she smiled.

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MRS. EMMA DUNNICK

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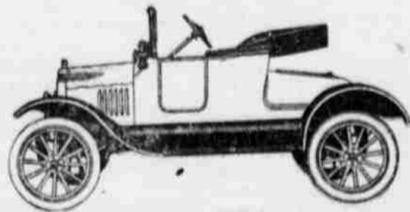
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