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A REPETITION OF HISTORY

After every war men's minds seem to undergo a period of unrest and distrust of their fellow man. During such periods they give expression to their prejudices, and let their emotions sway their reason. Even when wars do not occur periodic waves of this type surge across the currents of civic life. Those who would find peace from this manifestation of man's activity may do so by studying their recurrences and their aftermath, when, after the tide of feeling subsided men lived on in the even tenor of their way.

Oregon at the present time is experiencing one of these waves of unrest, which is expressed, in part at least, by the initiation of such bills as that known as the compulsory education bill. While this measure in itself is not as bad as some of the opponents aver, it is not needed, and will serve no good purpose. The very fact that by a great percentage, most of the children of Oregon now go to the public schools is proof that if all were compelled so to do, no great harm would result. But that is not the principal question. It is what such a bill implies and the steps to which it might lead.

In the first place the bill is fundamentally wrong, in that it is not in harmony with American institutions. America was founded on the principle of religious freedom, and if as a corollary we are to assume that the state has the right to dictate the place of instruction it is but a short step for the state to say what may be taught as a religion.

There is a dangerous element in this bill, in that, if in the course of time, for example, a majority of the people of this state, became members of one faith, then with the power of the majority they might destroy the public school entirely and say to all of us that our children must attend the parochial school of their choice. The bill therefore gives enunciation to a principle that might cut both ways.

While there is little danger of such a contingency arising, men in political affairs should be careful not to give expression to fundamental principles the application of which in a logical manner they are unwilling to give assent when interpreted by others.

The worst feature of the measure is the bringing into politics that which should forever be kept out, religion. Here in America where every man has the right to worship his God after the dictates of his own conscience there is no place for intolerance and bigotry. Oregon's school system is well protected by the laws of the state. Only the English language may be used in instruction, and the state has the power to supervise the course of study in the secular branches even in the private schools. If anything more is needed, certainly it is nothing more than that the teachers in the private schools be compelled to reach the given standard, pass the

required examinations, and that the private schools be open for inspection of the duly elected superintendents of instruction who shall require the prescribed text of the public schools be used.

The writer has lived in communities where both the public and the parochial schools existed side by side, and knows from that experience that so far as the attendance is concerned the churches concerned were not able to keep all of their boys and girls in them, and that ultimately in several cases at least, the parochial schools ceased to exist from lack of support, even though the churches continued to flourish.

These instances alluded to were in Minnesota, where the percentage of foreign born children was greater by far than here in Oregon, therefore the danger of the public school being superceded by the private school was much greater. Yet the public schools have grown in far greater proportions than have the private schools in that state, and since the public school is so in harmony with the genius of the American people, while the private school is the result of restricted effort on the part of a few, it would appear that a dispassionate survey of the field would plainly point to the fact that left alone to work out their destiny side by side the odds are that the public school will ultimately so command the field that the private school will have indeed a struggle for existence.

There is yet another feature of this agitation that would appear to make it most unnecessary. It is utterly impossible to make men believe that which they do not want to believe, and even the churches which have private schools have great difficulty in keeping their adherents in line. The evolution of religion, like the evolution of other forms of social life on this continent points strongly to this conclusion, that men's minds are becoming less susceptible to authority. That being true, were all the schools to be put into the hands of one church the time would not be far distant when from within the forces of freedom of thought would break down the barriers and open the doors to reason.

There is therefore no need for such a bill. It is stirring up class hatred when peace and good will is needed in the state, it is turning back the pages of history two and a half centuries and is making Oregon again ridiculous before the people of the nation. It is history repeating itself, and as in the past such waves have subsided, so will this, and the sooner we forget that such a bill was ever before the people for consideration the better it will be for the peace and welfare of the state.

ARCADIA

A fine baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Miller Saturday. Miss Ruth Barrett left Friday for Mouth, Oregon, where she will attend Normal this winter. Chas. Bullard lost a nice work horse last week by having its foot cut off in a corn cutter. Miss Beth Howey, one of Arcadia's teachers spent the week end in Boise visiting her sister. Lloyd Oris and wife were visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bullard Sunday.

A BIT OF COLOR

By FANNY RICHARDSON

"Madam, I would not advise buying this hat—it does not harmonize—somehow—"

"I'll have none of your back talk, young woman," said Miss Elite, twisting her slim neck to get a better view of herself in the mirror.

The salesgirl opened her mouth again and would have said more, but Miss Elite's defiant expression meant a scene and Ethel detested scenes. After all—what was the use? It was the same old story over and over—a middle-aged woman proudborn under a sixteen-year-old's sunbonnet, or a sixteen-year-old under purple panes.

Last week it had been Miss Prouty—and she had called the floorwalker because Ethel said a large picture had accentuated her chin. And the week before it was Mrs. Graham, who had stamped out of the store, vowing she would never come back, because Ethel had said a pink hat did not become her navy blue dress. Well, it did seem as if something uncomfortable would happen if the floorwalker received any more unfavorable reports.

So Ethel stood silently watching the movements of her customer, as she twisted and turned and patted and fretted, until she had achieved what she considered a stylish angle, and jumping up, exclaiming, "It's all right—just what I want. How much?"

"She wouldn't be half bad looking if she'd only show her eyebrows and hair," thought Ethel, as she made her way to the cashier with a crisp \$20 bill. "But that eye—ugh—and the dress and the shoes! Oh, why do they make such fools of themselves!"

Ethel pondered the problem over and over in her curly head during the rest of the day, but she found no solution. Vain, of course, they were—these women—all women. They wanted to look young, or they wanted to look old.

In desperation, a few days later, she buttonholed the proprietor and led him to a quiet corner.

"What's the matter with me?" she pleaded. "I don't want to sell these hats to the wrong women, and yet I do it every day. It's always the wrong hat. You'd say so yourself, if you saw them wearing 'em. They're sights! And yet they will not listen to me."

Ethel fairly shrieked the words into the proprietor's ear.

But he gave her little satisfaction. He simply patted her hand and said, "Don't you bother your curly head about them. You can't sell 'em something they don't want if you don't make 'em want it."

"Yes, I've got to make 'em want it," she said, "and I know there is a solution."

And it came sooner than Ethel had dared to hope. It came next day. Miss Elite had come back to buy another hat. No, she had never really cared for the red one . . . besides, Mr. Blackstone had said it made her pink and white blondness pasty looking. No, there was absolutely nothing in the show window she wanted . . . they weren't the right style. Had she anything which would bring out the color of her skin . . . something with a bit of color with an angle?

Ethel's heart skipped a beat. Her eyes took in Miss Elite's brown costume, her neat oxford shoes—she felt old—very old for her years—and wise. Did Miss Elite want a hat which would bring out the delicate tints of her skin—something with an angle? Certainly—but there was only one in the store for her.

Slyly the girl went over to the show window and took out a large, dark brown hat softly shaded with dull flowers. She hastily retreated to the sewing-room for scissors and a bit of bright blue ribbon. With trembling fingers, she gave one corner of the hat an almost vicious tweak, and inserted the ribbon behind the flowers so that only an occasional piece showed. The effect was dashing, chic, almost charmingly attractive.

She hurried back to her customer, who was by this time rather impatient. But when she saw the hat, her large eyes glowed, and she stretched out her hands eagerly. The salesgirl shook her head requisitely.

"One moment. Let's go over there where there is a better light."

She led the way to a long, full-length mirror in the front of the store where the daylight streamed through the large windows. "It's wonderful," exclaimed Miss Elite, critically appraising her neat brown figure. Her eyes, beneath carefully trimmed brows, resembled liquid pools . . . "fishy eyes?" . . . who could have imagined such a comparison? Her golden hair glistened through the soft mesh of the crown.

"Why, it looks as though it were made for me," she breathed.

"It was," said Ethel softly as she took her \$40 bill to cashier's desk. She felt very old for her years—and wise.

Always a Good Crop of Weeds. Gardeners should not be discouraged over a rank growth of weeds. It shows you have good soil. Gardening is a constant battle with weeds. It is well to undertake just about what you have time to attend to. If the soil is of any account at all you can depend on a good crop of weeds. The secret of fighting them is to have the hoe handy when the first poke through the ground.

OWYHEE

Wm. McEwan, Fred Klingback, Jack Glascock, Gus Schweizer, Walter Pinkston, W. W. Smith and Mr. McGinnis were among those subpoenaed to the Ballentine vs. R. R. Co. trial at Boise last week. They returned home Saturday evening after nearly a week's absence.

John Wall of Creston, a witness at the trial stopped off at Nyssa for a visit with the Lowe family over Sunday.

Geo. Glascock and family, accompanied by Evelyn and Gerald DeBord, went to the carnival Friday evening, spending what was left of the night at the Newbill home.

Fred Klingback and Warren Fenn sold their corn to H. Walters for ensilage.

John Rust is buying hay and barley in the neighborhood to feed sheep.

Fred Pullen who started to attend High school at Parma, decided he like Owyhee better and returned home and will attend school here.

Kilnefelter and Brumbach finished their fall run of threshing at the Geo. Glascock place last Thursday and returned to their respective homes at Wilder and the Bend.

Andy Hansen, who recently returned from Melba, Idaho, where he spent the summer with Albert Rust,

visited a few days with Fred Inverly and at the Peutz home, going to Emmett Saturday to visit his sister Mrs. Newt Thomason and family. He is planning to winter in Arizona again.

The federal game warden called at the home of Wm. Peutz last week. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Point and family recently moved onto the Ward place. They contributed three children to the local school.

Mr. and Mrs. Oce Schweizer and family attended the Snapp Bros. carnival in Ontario Friday evening.

We are proud to state that one of our local girls, Elba Pullen, won second prize in sewing at the Malheur county Fair.

Rev. Chas. Blom of Ontario, kept his monthly appointment Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Lowe and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Dewitt went to the Fair Wednesday.

F. L. and L. C. DeBord were business visitors at the Gate City Saturday.

IRONSIDE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Nickles, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lawrence and family and E. J. Beaumont and family attended the Malheur County Field at Ontario last week. Rev. Snow of Payette, has been

holding services at Ironside this week, at the school house.

B. Plummer sold his homestead near Ironside this week to James Fallon of Nampa.

Mrs. Price and family and Mrs. Swacker and family of Burns, are visiting here with their sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rose.

Mr. Louis Rise and family left for Caldwell where they will visit with relatives for a few days. From there they go to Baker City for a visit with Mr. Rice's parents, after which they will leave for Sacramento, California.

While riding for cattle on Ironside mountain, W. R. and Earl Lofton met with a black bear, which they pursued and finally managed to kill.

Dave Logan and Mr. Madden of Brogan, were in this vicinity Friday looking for beef cattle.

Eli Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lawrence made a business trip to Vale this week.

William Tureman of Malheur river was an Ironside visitor Friday.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—will exchange G. M. C. 3-4 ton truck, in good condition for grain, or will sell for cash. Write B. W. Tillotson, Beulah, Oregon.

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ONTARIO NATIONAL BANK The Oldest Bank in Malheur County "Service that Serves" Capital and Surplus \$100,000.	REHISEN & RYAN The Home of Good Eats and Low Prices Phones 3 and 131	Signs BYRON TURNER
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THE INDEPENDENT MARKET Phones 6 and 135 If Its Good To Eat—We Have It If Its Farm Produce—We Buy It	MORRIS MILLINERY & NOVELTY SHOP Palmyre Waists—Women's Dresses And Sport Clothes	H. R. UDICK Plumbing and Heating Domestic Water Systems
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