

FRUITLAND BENCH

At about seven-thirty Monday morning a blaze was discovered on a hay stack at the H. B. Strawn ranch south of Fruitland. A hurried call was sent in and in a short time three spray wagons and a number of people in cars appeared on the scene, and thru their efforts a large portion of the hay was saved and the fire kept from spreading to nearby buildings. Ross, the four year old son of Mr. Strawn, admitted setting the blaze while playing with matches.

Lewis Russell left Saturday for Moscow to attend the I. U. college. Mrs. Lee Troxell and son, Richard arrived Sunday evening from Portland for a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. Ruth Van Derkar.

Adam Blind has gone to South Dakota, taking with him three cars of prunes. He will have others shipped to that point.

Dr. J. H. Maxfield of Alliance, Neb., visited last week with his sister, Mrs. Hendy, leaving Saturday for Portland.

Saturday Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Madsen and daughter, Miss Catharine will leave for Missouri Valley, Iowa, to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Mrs. Madsen's parents.

"The Den O' Sweets" candy and lunch stand which was recently established by Frank and J. W. Calkins, was sold to Mr. Mathers of Nampa.

A large number of Fruitland people carried off first prize on fruits, canned fruits, pastry, flowers, etc. at the Malheur county Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flock are the parents of an eleven and a half pound boy, born September 19th.

A. C. Patheal has rented his forty acre fruit ranch on Pennsylvania avenue to Clayton Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. Patheal will move to Arco.

George Eldredge and family left Tuesday of this week for Halfway, Oregon, where Mr. Eldredge will enter the dairy business.

At the Malheur County Fair C. H. Sargent took first and second prizes and a Jersey heifer calf, second on a bull, and first on two year old bull second on a two year old heifer, first on a yearling heifer, and Grand Champion on cows. He also carried off first honors on cream for purity and quality. His ten months old Jersey heifer won for him Grand Champion. She is a daughter of Jersey Beauty Marigold.

KINGMAN KOLONY

Miss Sadie Morgan arrived this week from Wisconsin to be a guest for a short time at the home of her brother, Frank T. Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Carlisle were overnight guests of Mrs. Charles Schweitzer in the Overstreet home the first of the week. They are enroute from Portland to eastern Idaho where they expect to locate. They are making the trip by motorcycle with a side car. Mr. Carlisle is Mrs. Schweitzer's brother.

The school board held a meeting at the P. T. Morgan home Monday evening. Other members of the families were invited and spent a pleasant hour while the board held its meeting. Later in the evening Mrs. Morgan served refreshments.

School was closed Friday and a number of Kolony families went to the Fair. The prizes the Kolony entrants won have not all been reported, but will be next week.

Prune picking is in progress at the Hall ranch where Mr. L. Larson has charge.

Mr. H. Burroughs and Burton came from New Plymouth for a truck load of sheep Saturday.

An important meeting of the stock holders of the scale was held at the school building Friday evening.

FREE FOR OUR READERS

We have made arrangements whereby every housewife who reads this paper can obtain a copy of "Reliable Recipes" absolutely free of charge by simply writing the Home Economics department of the Calumet Baking Powder Co., 4100-28 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Reliable Recipes" contains 76 pages of recipes and other information appreciated by every housewife. It is illustrated in colors and will prove quite helpful in preparing the daily menu.

We have also made arrangements with the Calumet Baking Powder Co. whereby their Home Economics Department will cheerfully answer all questions pertaining to cooking, kitchen equipment, etc. There is absolutely no charge for this service.

Write the Home Economics Department of the Calumet Baking Powder Co., 4100-28 Fillmore St., Chicago, Ill. today for a copy of "Reliable Recipes."

FOR RENT OR SALE—Two houses on East side near school. May be had at a bargain. See G. W. Haw, Ontario, Ill.

BEAUTY'S BIDDING

By ALICE J. FORSYTH

Wednesday night, just before I went to bed, the big idea came, like an unexpected gift of real gold. I was leaning on my elbows listening to Eva Herrick dissertating about her favorite cold cream, and what Madame So-and-So had told her was the proper way to rub the stuff in. Three of us, hard workers, lodged in the upper attic room of the Fletcher's boarding house on Beacon Hill.

It hadn't taken much ingenuity to make it a sort of paradise to return to each evening.

We had each managed to acquire a comfy chair, and in these we were severally reposing preparatory to seeking sleep. Eva declared that proper attention to one's looks meant a terrible lot to the working woman, who got too little out-of-door exercise to keep the natural pink in her cheeks. She looked at me critically for a few moments, her hand poised in the act of the proper upward rub under the right eye.

"Say, Belle, how do you do it? It is right down mean of you to have such wonderful color, and me here talking so fast about acquiring it. Look at her, Nell!"

I lunched forward until my face came opposite the cheval glass, and looked at myself. We all looked hard. We all agreed that I was mighty lucky. And then things began to buzz in my head. I had worked pretty hard at the office that day, and nothing had gone just right, besides which I could not see that it was getting me anywhere. Jim Bryant, a clever young clerk, had been shouting around all day about a chap's getting out on his own, and not working for a salary, even if he took to farming something the other fellow had abandoned. It is strange how easy this money making sounds when you hear the other fellow talking about it.

"Make the most of your collateral," Jim Bryant had said. "Size up your assets."

Now, if I do say it as shouldn't, my only assets are my beaux yeux, as Madame So-and-So would call them. Well, why not? I smiled a slow, cheerful grin, and somehow the girls knew that I had hit the nail on the head. That's the way it started, my business of creating beauty for others. The following Sunday morning's papers blazoned an awfully cute advertisement, and from then on, our delightful nest in the attic became my place of business. And I was busy, too, strange as it may seem, but the strangest part of all was getting used to the name of Miss. Pretty.

Mrs. Gibson came first, with a reputation as a professional beauty to preserve, though her soul perish. Then little Betty Enderhurst, fagged from last night's late supper dance, rushed in and demanded to be made ready for a dinner that night, where she was to meet somebody "quite special." She looked at me enviously and sighed, and I knew just what was in her heart, and did my best for her.

But why go over the list? Everybody knows what the right kind of an advertisement will do. There were eight the first day, not so bad for a beginning.

It took a heap of tact, I finally got Mrs. Gibson to leave off wearing pink shades and to wear only blues. Little Betty had to be told that haste and too much enthusiasm are fatiguing and only make one look flustered. I helped her cultivate a very delightful repose. I congratulated myself on a very genuine success, deserved because I had put my heart into my work.

All my visitors thought our room quite unusual and exactly what they had thought so often a beauty parlor should be like. They did not suspect that on several occasions two girls were hidden behind the big screen, getting pointers, and almost choking with laughter.

Jim Bryant's married sister had been over-doing hospitality that winter, and Mrs. Gibson brought her to me, without previous notification. Grace Bryant, who had sometimes called at our office to steal Jimmy for a tea dance or to help entertain some girl visitors, recognized me at once, as was natural, since I am, as I said before, not altogether ugly. Her ideas, like those of my ancestors, were along a narrow plane. Mrs. Gibson never came again, but whenever I saw her she was wearing a becoming shade of blue. I wondered if she thanked me down deep in her heart.

While Betty Enderhurst got the reputation for outdoing the Baltimore belles in their lazy ease of manner, I stood on the edge of failure, watching my fine, fat bank account slipping slowly away into the haze of ruin. Then again I awoke to the possibilities of even this situation, inspired to a real flight.

Yes, I've taken two attractive rooms, now. They are hung in ash green and silver. Chevalat has an order for a beautiful golden wig to fit Eva Herrick's dull brown locks, and Eva is splendidly ready to be my assistant. She's got the key to fit the golden lock, if you'll forgive the pun. My own wig is the smartest white affair you ever saw, and my name is — Oh, well, my name is equally smart. And if you want to be beautiful and successful and radiantly happy, just look me up. Boo your, weedames!

QUEEN O' THE MAY

By SADIE M. STULL

"Oh, Mister you stepped right on the biggest pink rose and spoiled my May wreath!"

At this startling accusation Grant Morely baited abruptly. A half jocose apology sprang to his lips, but with the next breath he blessed the kind breeze which had blown the flimsy object across his path.

Huddled on the curb, as a "study" in child life, such as the noted artist had sought in vain on many quests at home and abroad.

"Don't move!" he commanded, whipping out the ever-ready sketching pad. "Good!" as the child remained passive — only her eyes growing big with wonder. "A second more, little lady — and presto! We have a masterpiece in the rough. Now, then," exultantly returning the pad to his pocket. "We'll see about that — big red rose."

Grant could scarcely repress a smile as the child held up a sadly crushed replica of the natural flower in cerise tissue paper.

"Mother made it" — with a pride that went straight to Grant's heart.

Grant's smile gained the mastery, but his tone was duly apologetic: "Well then, Miss Kittle, what do you say to becoming my model? Oh, I don't mean to begin work this very minute."

The little maid had shaken out the var-colored streamers attached to her faded gingham dress. "I'll go with you now. I want to earn some money right away. The dispensary doctor told Mother she oughtn't to go back to work this week and now she needs it."

An hour later Sister Clarice received them in the studio.

To Kittle that ornately furnished room proved a veritable Wonderland. Now, she gazed in awe at a noble Mahawk chief — then, smiled back at a dainty little Hub miss, with a huge blue bow atop her golden curls. But it was when she faced the portrait beneath the rich Oriental canopy that Kittle uttered an exultant cry — "Oh!"

She caught a warning glance from Sister Clarice. The instant Grant left them alone Kittle broached the subject.

The girl of the picture had been Grant's sweetheart once. Kittle did not like the sound of that "once." She was sure Sister Clarice did not like it, either — there was such sorrowful regret in her gentle voice.

Just then Grant returned to announce the car waiting to take Miss Kittle home.

Sister Clarice kissed her warmly and whispered: "I have planned a little party out to my place tomorrow. Besides your young playmates, you may bring your mother or some very dear friend."

Kittle's little heart leaped joyously.

And at seven that evening the proud mistress of a palatial uptown mansion was surprised, to say the least, on entering her daughter's boudoir to confront a grotesque little figure in faded gingham and fluttering paper streamers.

"Who won't you entertain next, Elizabeth?" she expostulated weakly.

"Why, mother, I am not 'doing the honors' on this occasion," serenely replied her daughter. "Kitty has come to invite me to her May Party."

It was Kittle who proposed that they crown Miss Elizabeth Queen of the May. 'Mid the cheers of the young merry-makers the ceremony was enacted.

Watching from afar Grant noted the incomparable grace with which Elizabeth received the homage of her diminutive subjects. He waited until the youngsters started a second raid on the greenhouses, then, with quickening heartbeats, crossed the lawn.

"May I claim the day's privilege and offer my poor homage, oh, most beautiful Queen?"

The limpid gray eyes did not waver before his reproachful gaze.

"Ah, your majesty, do you remember — as I do — that other May day — when a group of village lads and lassies crowned you their Queen? It was I who placed the wreath upon your head that day." A note of bitterness hardened the manly voice — "Before another May day your father had become a factor in the industrial life of a great city — while I remained the small town toiler and dreamer; dreaming of a future whose brightness you were to share.

"Then, one dark day your father demitted the poor dreamer's every bit of castle, treating his suit as utter presumption in the light of your social elevation. Not long afterwards I saw you on the avenue — a gorgeous butterfly of fashion — all frills and laces. My heart seemed to die within me. I realized your father was right. I had been presumptuous — aye, mad!"

A soft hand stayed further utterance.

"Ah, boy, dear, in your wounded pride you were unjust to the heart beneath those frills and laces — the same heart that beat beneath the simple pinafore that other May day —"

"Beth!"

A few minutes later Kittle marched past them at the head of her flower bedecked playmates. The little maid's step took on an added dignity, for she had achieved her heart's desire. In Miss Elizabeth's eyes she beheld the light that made the picture in Mr. Grant's studio so beautiful — the light of perfect happiness.

Excuses. Uncalled for excuses are practice confessions. — Franklin.

MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS ARE TO BE EXPECTED

Rabson Sees Great Opportunities For Municipalities

Wellesley Hills, Mass., Sept. 23, 1922. Roger W. Rabson this week issues a warning to cities and towns to get busy on their municipal improvements immediately. His reasons are as follows:

"A revolution is to take place in city development during the next decade. The automobile is to have as great an effect on living conditions as the sewing machine had on weaving. As the mill has taken the place of the home spinning wheel, so the suburb is to take the place of the city for residential purposes. Tremendous movements from the city to the suburbs may be expected during the next few years. Wise cities will begin to immediately prepare for this great suburban development, which, in many cases, will mean the extension of city limits.

"Such a revolution in living must result in the extension of water plants, expansion of sewerage systems, and a tremendous era of new road building, home building and other improvements. This will cause a great demand for carpenters, masons, plasterers, and common labor of all kinds. The building boom has not yet reached its height. Every feature connected with building, from the supplying of the raw materials to the furnishings of the home, should prosper for the next year or two. This is the real reason why certain forms of labor are scarce today and why certain building materials and commodities are strengthening in price. It is the real reason why the mine operators of the Central states and the mill owners of the Eastern states have been obliged to take back the workers at the old wages. It is this emigration from the city to the suburbs which has changed the labor market. Of course labor leaders

claim credit for checking wage cuts; but it clearly is not due to them. Henry Ford's flivvers are causing this demand for homes in the suburbs, and the consequent demand for mechanics, carpenters and common labor.

"Wise are the cities and towns that take advantage of these new conditions. Those city fathers who do not, will miss a great opportunity. Moreover, the time is now especially propitious for municipalities to capitalize this great movement. Money rates are low. There is a good demand for municipal bonds. The Federal Income Tax and state and city taxes are especially favorable to municipal borrowing. How long cities will have this advantage I do not know, but the situation certainly should be seized while it lasts. Nothing helps a city so much as good paving, a splendid water supply, proper sewerage, and, of course, good schools.

"This especially applies to the Southern cities which have not in the past had the available funds that some of the Northern cities have had. Great opportunities present themselves to those cities that are to benefit from river improvements, flood protection, and other natural problems. New Orleans, is an illustration for a city which should take advantage of this present opportunity of low rates in paving its streets and developing its suburbs.

"During the next ten years we will witness a great municipal race, yes, a great municipal Marathon race. The cities which are now behind will have an opportunity of getting in the front ranks; while some of the cities now in the front ranks will drop back into the lower places. The result of the race will depend upon the vision of those who direct these cities."

These changing conditions are already evidenced by the Business Barometer Figure of the Babson chart which has reached to 7 per cent below normal. I expect this sub-normal condition to soon disap-

pear. Wise are the cities which plan their improvements and make their contracts while business is still below normal.

NOTICE

Do you know how Buffalo Bill got his name? Why the entire country loved Abraham Lincoln? How John Wilkes Booth escaped after titlle assassination?

"In the days of Buffalo Bill," which comes to Dreamland theatre on Friday and Saturday, is a resume of the most wonderful and inspiring epochs of history that America has ever known. From an educational standpoint its value cannot be overestimated and from the standpoint of romance and entertainment it is wholly satisfying.

REWARD

To finder of suit case or engineering instruments taken from the Eastern Oregon Land Co. car by Moore Hotel Friday night. Please return instruments to Eastern Oregon Land Co. and receive reward.

NOTICE OF DRAINAGE DISTRICT ELECTION

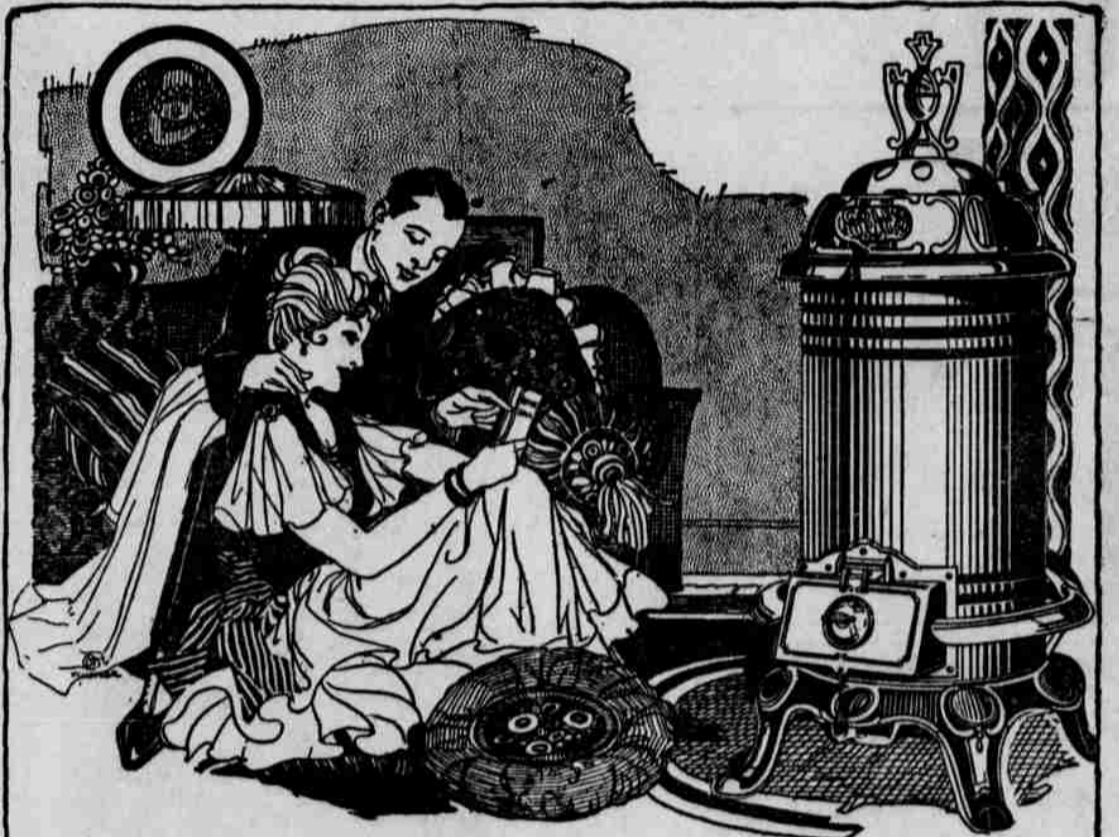
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a meeting of the owners of land situated in the Valley View Drainage District, Malheur County, Oregon, will be held at the Valley View School House on Monday October 12, 1922, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing one supervisor for said district, for a term of three years, and to conduct such other business as may come before said meeting.

By order of the board of Supervisor of the Valley View Drainage District this 11th day of Sept., 1922.

E. C. INGRAHAM, President
SEAL W. J. SHAFFER, Secretary

BAPTIST CHURCH

Bible School, 10:00.
Morning Worship, 11:00.
Service at Lincoln School House, 3:00 p. m.
Junior and Senior B. Y. P. U., 7:00
Gospel Service, 8:00 p. m.
Chas. H. Blom, Pastor



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