

**The Ontario Argus**  
County Official Paper

An Independent Newspaper

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**THE DECISION OF THE VOTERS**

Many and diverse will be the interpretations of the results of the election Tuesday. It is perfectly plain, however, that it was a message of protest on the part of the voters in repudiation of the men in office, for it was almost invariably true that the ins went out and the outs went in.

Nationally the most significant result was the defeat of Frelinghuysen in New Jersey and Thompson in Ohio, both friends of the President, which together with the vast increase in the number of democratic members elected to the senate and to the lower house of Congress makes the control of the latter body a matter of doubt as this is written (Thursday morning.)

That the spirit of revolt against both the parties was more or less manifest is pointed to by the strong vote which third party candidates received wherever they were offered to the voters, as evidenced in Idaho and Minnesota where they returned Samuels as second in the three cornered race, and in Minnesota where the third party succeeded in defeating Senator Frank B. Kellogg by the election of Dr. Shipstead. Hardly less significant was the narrow escape of Senator Cabot Lodge in Massachusetts, the complete reversal in New York, and the defeat of Beveridge in Indiana which together shook the republican control in national affairs to the very foundation.

Strange to say that with this strong trend away from republican leadership in national affairs was the defeat of Senator Atlee Pomerene in Ohio, who was talked of as the possible standard bearer of democracy in 1924, by Simeon Pess, and the defeat of Senator Gilbert Hitchcock in Nebraska by Howell. These cases however showed the consistent purpose of replacing men in office.

The result in Oregon is almost past understanding, judged by ordinary political considerations. It is apparent that Mr. Pierce by getting into the campaign first with his appeal on taxation captured the imagination of the voters before the Olcott campaign was under way. He offered them what the people want, lower taxes, and notwithstanding the fact that Oregon's present tax bill is a fixed charge, to a large degree due to bond issues, still they gave that little consideration in their desire and hope that a change might be beneficial.

Added to this of course was the influence of the forces behind the school bill which Mr. Pierce endorsed whose strength was largely underestimated by those in charge of the Olcott campaign, and by nearly everyone on the rim of the state.

It is evident that in Oregon the result was not due to party politics, as that term is generally used. It was a personal campaign and a contest between groups of divergent opinion within both parties who disregarded party lines entirely. Strange indeed were the forces which united to bring the results about.

Now that the election is over and the bitterness engendered is evident in the calm contemplation of results, it is to be hoped that a spirit of tolerance will be manifested and recriminations cease. Those who did not prevail should look their houses over and endeavor to find if aught be needed to put them in order and that this is done to the end that such a campaign will not again be the lot of Oregon.

The political history, not of America alone, but many other democratic nations as well, indicates that the spirit of the contest just concluded is not the permanent attitude of the people. It is a reflex from the war and its passions will pass. The coming few weeks and months are the crucial ones. If good judgment rules the majority now it will hasten the day when this election will be forgotten and be but an incident in the history of Oregon.

**ARCADIA ITEMS**

John Hunt is buying hay in this vicinity at \$8.50 per ton.  
S. D. Dorman of Ontario brot his sheep in from the hills to his ranch near here Friday.  
Chas. Bullard and family were Ontario visitors Sunday evening.  
C. W. Barrett and wife were visitors at the Neil Jensen home Sunday.

Lloyd Oris and wife spent Tuesday at the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bullard. Miss Teddie Bullard accompanied them on their return home.  
Mrs. Clyde Long is on the sick list.

Ruth Wolfe is out of school this week with mumps.

Misses Mary and Lillian DDall spent Sunday with Miss Lizzie Zittercob.

There will be a P. T. A. meeting at the school house Thursday evening for the purpose of adopting Laws and Constitutions. There are a few boosters behind a movement to get electric lights for the school.

**OREGON SLOPE**

Sunday school at Park school at 11 a. m. The following Sunday, Nov. 19th Rev. Martin of Portland, and Rev. Snow of Payette will conduct the services. On that day Sunday school will be held at 1:30 p. m., and preaching at 2:30.

Miss Leila Bartshe left Wednesday for Watson, Oregon, where she expects to teach school this winter.  
L. L. Culbertson and Eugene Shay motored to Boise Saturday where Mr. Culbertson officiated at the Bois-Caldwell football game.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Killeam and daughter Julia of Omaha, Nebr., were guests at the E. Frost home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Betzer of Dry Buck are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Arner Gorton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox and children and F. B. Wilcox were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moss Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. R. White of Ontario, and Mrs. J. D. Conner visited Mrs. J. D. White Thursday.

The Lawrence Atterbury family moved this week into the house vacated by Walter Mahoney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Bulmer of Payette, were guests Sunday of E. W. Tomlin and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Vay Lanning of Weiser were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Arner Gorton.

Park school was closed on election day owing to the school building being used for a voting place.

The school children of Park school, accompanied by Mr. Atterbury and Miss Loughrey, enjoyed a wolver roast at the Frost home.

F. B. Wilcox, T. H. Carico and Mr. Ewing were business visitors in Weiser Monday.

Mrs. J. D. Conner and daughter, Pearl, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. White of Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Frost and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Killeam and daughter, Julia were dinner guests Friday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown of Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feldeher were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Karst.

Miss Mildred Frost, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Frost, and Clayton McVickers were quietly married Monday evening of last week at the Baptist church in Payette. Mrs. McVickers is a graduate of Ontario High school and is now teaching in the Pioneer District on the Slope. Mr. McVickers came to the Slope from Nebraska last spring, and is a young man of many sterling qualities. The young people have the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Van Natta visited relatives in Payette Sunday. Mesdames E. Frost and J. B. Killeam were guests of Mrs. J. L. Brown Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Lattig and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Karst visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis Sunday evening.

Ray Christianson and George Culp motored to Harper, Ore., Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Frost entertained at dinner Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton McVicker who were married Monday evening of last week. The dining room was beautifully decorated in green and white, the color scheme being carried out on the dining table, with a lovely wedding cake forming the centerpiece. Covers were laid for the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown and children, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Clough, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown and sons, Misses Marie Frost and Maude Culp, Messrs. George Culp, Charles Joseph, Bernard Frost and the honor guests.

**Penny-urious, So to Speak.**

A man who had just opened a store in a strange town was interrogating one of his early customers on the purchasing power of the citizens.

"Now, there's Deacon Brown," he said. "He has the reputation of being wealthy. Would he be likely to spend much money in here?"

"Was-ak," drawled the native, reflectively. "I wouldn't exactly say that he'd go to hell for a nickel, but he'd fish around fer one till he fell in."—Salt Lake Telegram.

**WONDERS OF THE CENTURY**

Marvels That Are Accepted as Commonplace by the Citizen of the Present Day.

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, in an editorial in Judge, says:

"The vast mystery of natural things is so baffling that it is no wonder the mysteries of the supernatural are neglected in these days of marvels. The big, imponderable old world is shrinking and revealing itself as a speck of cosmos around which its inhabitants may ride in a few weeks, write in a few minutes and talk in a few seconds.

"Within the memory of living men the railroad has divided distances by ten and steam and electricity have speeded up time in the ordinary processes of life's business a hundred-fold. Middle-aged people can recall the days when there were no telephones, no electric lights, and young people in their middle twenties remember when automobiles were toys and the moving picture was an experiment just coming to commercial use. And much of the difference between the American of today and of Monroe's day is due to the physical discoveries that a hundred years have developed.

"These physical discoveries have changed men's creeds, revised men's attitude to God and man, rebuilt their institutions, made them braver because they could afford courage, made them kinder because they could afford kindness, and wiser because knowledge of life was forced upon them by the civilization in which they live."

**GOT TRADE SECRET CHEAP**

Dying Drunkard Sold for Fifty Dollars the Only Method of Making Dolls' Eyes.

Dolls' eyes have a romantic history, says a writer in Pearson's.

A Birmingham toy manufacturer years ago was approached by one of the largest dealers in dolls, who asked him to undertake the manufacture of eyes.

The toy manufacturer, thinking there was nothing in the business, turned down the proposition.

But the business was a big one, and when an order to the value of £500 was mentioned the manufacturer undertook the work.

The real difficulties of the task then became apparent. The first eyes were hopeless failures, and a great deal of money was spent on experiments. The cleverest glass toy-workers in the kingdom were engaged, but all to no purpose. Finally the attempt was given up.

About eighteen months later the toy manufacturer, by a strange chance, met a man utterly impoverished by drink and in the last stages of consumption, who held the secret of the process for making dolls' eyes. He was willing to sell this secret for £10.

Eagerly the manufacturer paid the price, but so incoherent were the dying man's directions that it was impossible to follow them.

In desperation the Birmingham manufacturer went to the inventor's garret and saw the process in actual operation. Before half a dozen of the eyes had been made the secret was grasped and the manufacturer of dolls' eyes was firmly established.

**HAS ICE AT ALL SEASONS**

Montana Indian, Digging Well, Seldomly Came Upon Most Remarkable Freak of Nature.

More than eight years ago John Spotted Wolf, an Indian of the Cheyenne reservation in eastern Montana, decided that he should like to have a well near his log cabin. So he and his wife Mary chose a spot near a large pine tree, perhaps 20 rods from the door, and then John began to dig.

By noon of the second day he had dug down ten feet. Although the weather was mild, he had complained of being cold while at work. After eating he put on an extra coat and went to work again. He kept Mary and her brother Rolling Bull busy hauling up and carrying away the dirt that he loosened. But in spite of John's extra clothing he still was cold. On the third morning he added more clothing; but when night came and the well had reached the depth of 13 feet he was almost frozen.

The next morning he again descended the well and worked as rapidly as his many layers of clothing would permit. After a while water began to appear. Suddenly he shouted: "Pull me up! Pull me up!"

John had barely reached the surface before the well filled to within a foot of the top and then began to freeze around the edges. In a short time only a small opening perhaps a foot in diameter remained.

The well remains the same way year after year, the Youth's Companion states. During the day in summer the sun melts the ice around the top, but at night it freezes again. The well, which furnishes a permanent ice supply for the people in the neighborhood, is a strange freak of nature of which there are so many in the western part of the state. Tourists who visit the reservation regard it as a great curiosity.

Norwegian Co-operative Bank. A new bank, called "Bondernes" (farmer's) bank, has been organized in Christiania, Norway, by a combination of savings banks, co-operative associations and farmers. The authorized capital stock is \$4,200,000, and it begins business with \$2,080,000.

FOR SALE—10 acre tract 1 mile from town, good house, garage, farm machinery, complete, \$2750. See A. E. Howard, Ontario, Ore., phone 12.

The proposed hike of Girls Club members did not take place Tuesday because of threatening weather. Next Tuesday a very special program will be given at the Library for Children's Book Week. Also business meeting.

Link's at Boise offers the finest commercial training. It costs a little to begin of course; but the returns are so great that at the end of a few years we can thank ourselves that we had gumption enough to get started. Send for information.

**BRUNSWICK**  
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



The York

**WHAT YOU HAVE WAITED FOR**

Like scores of others, you have probably been waiting—and hoping—for a console type instrument, of unmistakable character yet occupying but little floor space.

Such an instrument is the new Brunswick "York" illustrated above. Splendidly proportioned, beautifully finished, it lives up to the traditions set by other exquisite Brunswick consoles.

Equipped with Brunswick Ultona all-record reproducer, which enables it to play all makes of records; new all-wood Oval Tone Amplifier; "natural-way" Tone Modifier; automatically balanced lid; and other exclusive refinements. It measures in width only 35 inches, height 33½ inches, depth 21½ inches.

You are especially invited to see the "York." Also the many other styles of Brunswicks we now have on exhibition.

The Brunswick Phonograph plays all makes of records and Brunswick Records play on any phonograph

**ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.**  
Ontario, Oregon.

**Brickbats Never Made a Bouquet**

How many times, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, have you said a kind word to the editor? How often have you stopped him on the street to commend him for an editorial or dropped him a note giving him your support in some fight he was making for the public good?

An editor doesn't seek any words of thanks. Probably if you did stop him and showered some kind words in his ear he would be as embarrassed as a 10-year-old schoolboy speaking his first piece. But at any rate it will sound good to him when he has time to think it over.

Instead of words of praise, here is what you generally hear:

"Why, that paper isn't worth half the price. It never has any news in it and what it does have is mostly all wrong."

Yet when that person wants to advertise a cake sale or a dance he or she sends the items to this same newspaper.

Then you hear that the editor is a crank, that he is biased and doesn't present news fairly, that he doesn't know how to run a paper, and so on and so on.

You have all heard these remarks or similar ones, but are they fair?

An editor, in the first place, is only a human being. He is dealing with human beings and it's sound logic that you can't please all the people all the time. At some time or another he has to print some news that is going to offend someone and make an enemy. The editor can't help that. People who get into trouble never think about the newspaper until they want their names kept out. Then they get mad at the editor because he prints the news.

It is true that an editor makes mistakes, and no one regrets more than he slips of the type, but, again, he is human, and so is every man and woman who works for him.

Did you ever stop to think how many characters there are in a column of type? Well, there are thousands, and that means there are thousands of opportunities to make errors. And newspapers are generally printed amid great rush and confusion. A big story breaks. The facts must be learned and put into type. The mail must be caught. Everything is rush, rush, rush. And yet if a few types get tangled up the paper is criticized.

Take it right home to yourself. Can you sit down and write a letter—even a short one—without sometimes getting a word wrongly placed or misspelled? Be honest, be charitable and overlook a few mistakes when you see them in your home town paper.

No man tries harder to avoid mistakes than the editor. It's common sense that he would much prefer to have a perfect paper and avoid mistakes.

The editor is a pretty good human being. He is always ready to back any movement for the uplift of his community. If you want to start anything right in your home town and get it across to the people you go right up to the editor's door and ask him to help you out. And he never refuses if it is for a good cause. The editor does more and gives away more real dollars in free space than any merchant in town.

You can always count on your editor. In fact, you do count upon him. And what would this town be without him and his newspaper? Have you ever thought of that? What would the world be without newspapers? It would be like going back to the dark ages. Business couldn't function, and everything would be tied up in knots if it weren't for the newspapers. They spread the ray of light that shows the way to progress. Just think if you had to travel all around town to get the news of your neighbor, your village board, about crops and the market. Well, you couldn't do it. Yet the editor does this for you—he is the connecting link between you and the great news centers of the world and the news of your home town. This news he gathers faithfully and as accurately as is humanly possible, puts it on white paper and it is delivered to your home every morning or evening, or every week, as the case may be, for a penny or two a copy. That penny or two often doesn't pay the cost of white paper. A newspaper is the biggest bargain that is offered to the public today, and it has been so for years.

The next time you meet the editor—well, just remember he is a human being just like you are and that the Golden Rule works both ways.