

RIVERDALE

Rex Guilford, Alice Van Buren and Wilfred Weber, the Pig club boys who won blue ribbons on their pigs at the Malheur County Fair, left Saturday for Portland to try their luck.

Engle Johnson and family of Seattle are here looking after their land, and may decide to enter the poultry business on a large scale.

Rev. J. B. Story has been here for a number of days visiting old time friends and looking after business interests.

Geo. K. Aiken of the Argus and James Lackey were visitors in this vicinity Saturday.

Dick Graham left Saturday for Baker where he will spend the winter.

M. Green has been busy for some days erecting a silo 12x20 ft., and has lumber on the ground for the erection of another which will be ready for use soon.

M. A. Patch has been confined to his room for a number of days with rheumatism.

Head lettuce growers will soon complete shipping for the season. The crop has yielded fairly well and of a good quality.

Robert Weber made a business trip to Portland Saturday and will take in the livestock show before returning.

W. R. Douglass, father of Rev. R. P. Douglas, returned Saturday after an extended trip, to his boyhood home in Missouri.

Hugh L. Taylor is one of our orchardists who can boast of apple blossoms in October.

Day Doe left a few days ago for Baker on an extended trip.

I. W. Hope and Leo H. Schmidt of Vale were business visitors here Monday.

A. R. Grant is home from a three months' visit with relatives in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. He reports having had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Fred Pullen and three children of Nebraska, are here visiting with her sister, Mrs. M. H. Green and family.

F. A. Record of Monrovia, Calif. spent a short time with Mr. and Mrs. E. Record recently.

Riverdale residents who have been losing so many big fat hens and canned goods in the past few months would rejoice if the "gypsy" camping outfit would evaporate.

Misses Jennie and Kistie Patch are making some wonderful improvements on their place by enlarging, replastering and installing water works and electric lights.

Mr. Amidon reports the weather back east to be much warmer than it is here.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Bible school at 10 a. m.

Morning worship at 11 a. m.

Service at Arcadia, 3 p. m.

Junior and Senior B. Y. P. W. at 6:30 p. m.

Special Song Service and Gospel Message at 7:30 p. m.

American Sunday school Union representative will speak.

Prayer service Wed. at 7:30.

Rev. J. C. Austin will be with us.

Preparations are in progress for our special meetings under Rev. S. J. Deid, beginning Dec. 3rd.

Chas. Blom, pastor.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt appreciation, to our many friends, for their sympathy and kindness extended us during our recent loss.

Albert Cook and daughters, Mrs. Ada Wilson, Gertrude Wilson, Aden and Marlin Wilson.

VALLEY VIEW

Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown were visiting Thursday at the W. E. Brown home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brown visited Sunday with her mother.

Apple pickers packed up camp Saturday after a six weeks' period of apple picking on the D. Sleep ranch.

The Valley View Drainage District held a meeting Monday afternoon at the new school house.

Tom Dawies, who has been moving the cottage now has the work completed and it is ready for occupancy.

Miss Mabel Breckan, who is teaching near Vale, visited in Ontario Sunday.

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ALMOST PUT HIS FOOT IN IT

Visitor in Small Town Found He Had to Be Exceptionally Careful About Offending In-Laws.

There is a town in the Southwest where the families have intermarried to such an extent that it is difficult for an outsider to make the least criticism of one person without the danger of offending some family connection. When an unfortunate visitor commented on this fact to Mr. Jones, the postmaster, Mr. Jones nodded.

"Bill Perkins—that's our sheriff—complained of that no longer ago than last week," said he, according to the Philadelphia Ledger.

"You see, it took him more'n a week to arrest Frank because Frank got wind that he was wanted on a little matter of sellin' moonshine, and he went on a round of visits amongst his relatives, aunts, nephews-in-law and I don't know what all, and it wasn't till he had had his fill and went back home to his wife that Bill could make the arrest without seeming to kind of butt in, as you might say, and spoil the reunions."

"I should think he would make a strange sort of sheriff," said the visitor, "waiting all the time for sentimental reasons and then arresting a man when he went home, just because his wife wasn't a relation!"

Whereupon the postmaster drew himself up and assumed a remote expression.

"That's as you look at it," he said in a chilly tone, "I may be a bit prejudiced in Bill's favor, as he married my son-in-law's youngest sister. Anything that concerns him concerns me, you understand."

Dates From Fifteenth Century.
Interesting discoveries have been made at "Ye Olde Griffin" hotel, Amersham, England, a coaching house dating back to the fifteenth century. The digging out of a leaking water pipe has brought to light a perfect example of an early Georgian fireplace. It has wide seats on either side and an immense hearthstone in the center, with an old-fashioned spit above it. On the hearth were some old coins, one with the date 1687. High up in the chimney is a recess which tradition says was used as a hiding place during the political persecutions of two hundred years ago.—Montreal Family Herald.

Named After Balfour.
Large numbers of Jewish children born in Palestine during the last month have been given the first name of Balfour, after the British acting foreign secretary. The earl of Balfour is the author of the Zionist declaration bearing his name, and is also credited with bringing about the approval of the Palestine mandate which secures establishment of the Jewish national home.

Relief Machinery Perfected.
The year has seen the further perfection of disaster relief administrative measures in every field of American Red Cross activity, and that the work may be carried on to still greater accomplishments the American Red Cross is appealing for widespread renewal of membership during the annual Roll Call, to be conducted this year from Armistice Day (November 11) to, and including, Thanksgiving Day (November 30).

FRAGRANCE ON PRISON AIR
Electric Perfumer in Cleveland County Jail Arouses Mind to All Kinds of Possibilities.

Attar of roses and sweet scents of Araby! There's an electric perfumer at the county jail. It casts all kinds of sweetness on the prison air. Just turn the button and the jail becomes a garden of roses or fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms.

The other day the atmosphere of the jail reflected the aroma of the forest cedar. It might have been Norway pine, sassafras, crab apple blossom, but it just happened that the perfumer was charged to dispense an aroma tinged with forest cedar.

The machine has possibilities, the sheriff believes. It might be employed to awaken the prisoners each morning with scents of violets and soothe them at breakfast with odors of ham, eggs, corn fritters, grapefruit and other viands not on the regular morning menu of coffee and butterless bread.

Oh, yes, indeed, the machine has possibilities. At night it could discharge the odor of pineapple or figs or dates, and any prisoner with a good sense of smell and a strong imagination could readily go to sleep and feel that he was in Hawaii.

But the perfumer is in jail only on trial—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Help to Help Others
You can't "give until it hurts"—for giving an American dollar to join the American Red Cross helps you to help others who are hurt and who need relief.

\$1,441,486 A YEAR'S DISASTER RELIEF COST

Red Cross Aided 145,000 Victims in United States—Losses Total \$30,000,000.

Seventy-two disasters, with hundreds reported killed and injured, and more than 145,000 either homeless or requiring assistance, called for emergency relief measures and the expenditure of \$1,441,486.36 by the American Red Cross during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, according to a statement based on the forthcoming annual report of the Red Cross. The greatest toll of life was taken by hurricane and tornado, while the overflowing of rivers, the breaking of dams and torrential rains drove the greatest number of people from their homes. The property loss was estimated at more than \$30,000,000.

The year's disasters reported included twenty-six floods, nineteen tornadoes, fifteen fires, four epidemics, two theatre collapses, two shipwrecks (one an airship), and a bridge collapse, mine explosion, railway collision, and a drought. Of the floods in the United States that at San Antonio, Texas, caused the greatest property loss, \$6,000,000 and the high mark of fatalities, 100, while the flood in the vicinity of Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss., forced 31,000 persons from their homes.

A National Calamity
In the Red Cross disaster relief records there will probably remain for many years one calamity which touched nearly every state with a sense of horror and of loss. This was the distressing collapse of the roof of the Knickerbocker Theatre in Washington, D. C., resulting in ninety-six deaths and 125 persons injured. Situated in the center of the beautiful Northwest residential section, this motion picture theatre was patronized by many persons of prominence both in the official and civil life of the National Capital, whose family and personal connections radiated out over the entire country. The horror was intensified by a terrific snowstorm which, though it retarded, did not block Red Cross relief.

Airship Crash Finds Aid at Hand
The crash and destruction of the U. S. Army's large airship Roma in Virginia last February with the loss of 34 officers and men and 11 injured was the first disaster of its kind to call for Red Cross relief in this country. The suddenness of the accident tested the preparedness of the organization and of the Chapter at Hampton, Va., but the response was immediate and relief furnished the survivors, also funds for the expenses of relatives of the dead, who came from long distances to claim their own.

In the year's overseas record for aid rendered by the Red Cross are two fires in the Philippines, one in Manila, which destroyed 1,000 homes, with a loss of \$1,500,000 and 5,000 persons made homeless, the other at Tonlo which drove 3,000 from their dwellings. In medical relief that was quick and effective the smallpox epidemic in San Domingo, which had a total of 22,000 cases with 225 deaths in a single day, tested the readiness of the Red Cross for action, and the same can be said of the San Domingo hurricane, which killed 12 persons and reduced the homes of 182 persons to wreckage. A flood in San Salvador, with a death toll of 50 and 2,000 refugees, was also effectually handled by the local Chapter of the American Red Cross.

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John and Eleanor's Dream

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Their dream had come true at last. John and Eleanor looked at each other with startled eyes, as if unable to believe it. After two years of city life—an apartment, modest, but in quite a nice district—they had their country cottage.

The cottage they had always dreamed of. It was John who had found it. It was a little, old-fashioned place with about half an acre of garden, just within the commuting region, yet untouched by modernity. There was not even a bathroom when they rented it. John had had that put in. The whole thing had been a surprise to Eleanor.

She stood among the hollyhocks with shining eyes. "It seems too good to be true," she said. "The dearest place! John, won't we be happy!"

They were. Eleanor revelled in her garden. John mowed the lawn in the evenings. They had no cars, no one to bother them. In the evenings Eleanor sewed or read, while John, when he was not detained at the office, as frequently happened, went through his accounts and correspondence.

"We'll save all the expenses of a holiday now, dearest," said John. "I shall simply knock off work for a couple of weeks and stay here with you."

That event happened a few weeks after they had moved in. It was the latter part of August, scorching hot; John sat in his shirtsleeves all day under the big maples, going through letters and wishing that he had his stenographer with him.

"John, dearest," said Eleanor, bending over him, "don't you think you ought to get a little exercise now that you're free?"

"I've thought of that," answered John, smoothing down his waistcoat. "Trouble is, there are no golf links anywhere for miles around. I wish some one would start some."

"But, dearest, how about those nice country walks we planned?"

"Nothing against 'em," answered John, "except that we've worn out the country."

"Worn it out?" queried Eleanor.

"Yep, that's what I said," John answered briskly. "We know all the roads 'round here. We know Farmer Giles' black cow and Farmer Hendrick's blue one. We know the pretty cottage with the jasmine and honeysuckle at the bend of the road. We know—Oh, everything that's knowable, including Mrs. Miller's bleary-eyed kid that makes faces at us."

"Oh, I know, I know," said Eleanor miserably. John was getting tired of their dream, that was the trouble. That was why he brought all his work home. John was mooping.

"The clear, starry skies, the wonder of the dawn, the sound of singing birds, the music in each rill of water—these were not for John. Eleanor would be glad, for John's sake, when his holiday came to an end.

Something seemed to be coming between them that autumn. The old, sweet confidence seemed gone. Sometimes Eleanor would detect her husband sitting in his chair, staring moodily at her. At such times her heart would beat faster, and she would wonder:

"Can there be any one else?"
One night she could bear it no longer. "John, won't you tell me what has come between us of late?" she begged. "Is there—is there some one else?"

John kissed her sadly. "No, darling, just business troubles," he answered. Could she believe him? Eleanor looked at him doubtfully. After that the shadow that had fallen between them grew blacker and blacker.

"Dear, what'd you say to a little jaunt to town this evening?" John asked, "just to keep in touch with things. We mustn't become back numbers, even if we do live in the country, must we?"

Eleanor agreed without enthusiasm. The spell of country life had taken hold of her. But for John's sake—

It was strange being at the theater again. They watched each other, each afraid of seeming too appreciative. They dined at a fashionable restaurant.

"It is nice in a way, isn't it, Eleanor?" said John. "But it doesn't come up to the glories of sunset and dawn, and the hum of the tree-toads, does it?"

"No," said Eleanor. She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not realize where they were going until John helped her out of the taxi.

She stared about her. "Why, it's our old apartment house!" she exclaimed. Without a word John led the way into their old apartment on the ground floor. Eleanor gasped. It was all furnished—ready for occupancy. She looked at her husband, and a sudden light came to her.

"Oh, darling!" she cried.

"Did I guess right?"

"You did. But—but—"

"We'll have our things sent out this week, old oaken bucket and all. I'll attend to it. You'll stay right here. This is where our real life begins."

Wealth From Alaska.
The mining industry in Alaska, which began in 1880, when the gold placers at Juneau were first exploited, has produced more than \$418,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper, tin, tungsten, antimony, coal, petroleum, marble, gypsum, chromites, platinum and palladium.

So They Were Married

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"That's Mr. Rathway, cashier of our bank. Well preserved old gentleman, isn't he? That's Emily Rathway. Fine looking young woman! Yes, they were married last year. A very good catch—I mean match, for Emily."

"You see, Jim Bowker had been hanging around Emily for nearly seven years. When they began courting, Jim worked in Wessel's feed store for \$18 a week, and Emily was clerking in the department store—Blum's department store; you'll see it on the next corner. Jim and Emily seemed struck by each other, but neither was any sort of catch—I mean match. Emily is rather plain, isn't she, though marriage has improved her. Jim? Oh, he's hanging around somewhere?"

"Well, sir, Jim wasn't exactly what you might call a saver, and Emily, she wanted to get married, like any other young woman. It wasn't in any sense a love match, you understand. When folks have been courting for six years, if they aren't married, they never ought to be. But they'd sort of got used to each other, and they honestly meant to get married some day."

"Emily was ready on the drop of the hat. But Jim had never saved a cent, and there got to be some talk about Jim's running around with the youngest Eden girl. People used to twist Emily about it, and naturally she didn't like it. Also they were beginning to wonder how soon she and Jim would get married, and whether it was coming off at all. On February 14 somebody sent Emily a comic valentine—the old-maid kind. That stung. Emily grew rather desperate."

"Well, old Mr. Rathway had been a friend of the family for years. Widower for 20 years, no family, most of the money that exists in our town, etc. A splendid catch. But all the women had long ago stopped setting their caps for him. Couldn't catch him. He was a wily old bird. Jolly as a sandboy, and full of interest in life, and, as I was saying, he'd known Emily since she was a baby."

"And that's where the catch—I mean the match—came in. You see, he was suspicious as sin of all the old maids in town, but Emily—why, she was a baby. Emily was almost like his own child, the way he looked on her. He sure thought he was safe with Emily. Besides, wasn't there Jim Bowker?"

"Emily went to him, I'm told, crying, and said Jim was running round with the Eden girl, and what was she to do. Old Mr. Rathway fell for her like a child.

"Do?" he shouted. "Make the darned young cuss jealous, of course. As long as he thinks he can have you whenever he wants you, why naturally he doesn't care to trouble. Make him think you're running round with somebody else."

"Oh, Mr. Rathway, it's all very well to say that," answered Emily, "but you know I couldn't play with a man's heart in that way. Now if it was you—Oh, Mr. Rathway, won't you let Jim think it's you?"

"Now maybe she didn't use exactly those words, because there was no third party present to hear. But old Mr. Rathway fell for it—he sure did. And he took Emily to the next church sociable."

"No end of a stir that made, and the old gentleman began enjoying the fun, and perhaps, too, he enjoyed having a pretty girl to go about with—fairly pretty, anyway—even at his time of life. Anyway, Emily led him on and led him on, and the next thing was that Joe Bludsoe caught 'em kissing under the elms."

"My, it run through the village like wildfire. And the next thing was Emily's going to Lawyer Jenks, heart-broken.

"My life's ruined from love for Mr. Rathway, who won't carry out his promise to marry me," she said, or words to that effect.

"Of course Lawyer Jenks was no fool; he knew as much as any one of us, and a little more, but the next thing was a breach-of-promise suit for \$25,000."

"Well, old Mr. Rathway wasn't a fool, either. He loved his money, and he knew any jury in Travis county would soak him to the limit, the old bloodsucker. And then—well, you see, as I was saying, Emily had led him on and led him on, so that in the end he came to the conclusion that maybe he'd rather have a pretty young wife than lose \$25,000, and be the laughing stock of the town."

"So—they were married last year. Rules him pretty stern, too, they say she does, but she looks after him, and I guess the old gentleman's never regretted the step he took. Of course he doesn't know all the town's wise to the affair."

"Jim? Oh, he's still hanging round Emily, at a respectful distance. Old Mr. Rathway's got hardening of the arteries, and as Emily's still got a sort of sneaking fondness for Jim—well, maybe it was a quiet way of saving up enough to start them with a home of their own, after all."

The entire living population of the globe, divided into families of five persons each, could be placed in Texas, each family with a home on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain some vacant lots.



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