

THE CONDON GLOBE

HARTSHORN & MERESSE
Publishers.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1908.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50 PER YEAR.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Bert Shelly was a passenger on Wednesday's local for Eugene to visit the home folks.

Miss Angeline Snell, of Arlington, arrived in town Tuesday to be the guest of relatives.

John Knox returned Wednesday from a month's vacation in the Willamette Valley and the coast.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church met at the home of Mrs. J. J. Portwood on Thursday afternoon.

G. T. McArthur writes to The Globe this week from New Era, Or. and says that he is moving to Alberta, Idaho, and wishes the paper to bring him the news of his former home each week. McArthur Bros. own a large tract of land in Idaho which is soon to be opened up to irrigation.

The largest carload of farm implements ever brought to the hunt has been unloaded by Hunt, the Hardware Man. It consists of plows, harrows, drills and everything else used by ranchers. Call and inspect his stock.

New Dispatch Editor.

Roy S. Blodgett who has been city editor on The Dalles Chronicle for about a year, has taken the editorship of the Dufur Dispatch at Dufur, Wasco county. Mr. Blodgett is a clever writer and a good judge of news. The Dispatch under him should become the leading weekly in that county. He formerly edited the Lone Proclaimer.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been filed for record with the county clerk.

W H Moore, assignee to W L Barker, 7 lots, blk 4, Smith's Add Arlington	\$105.00
S Halverson et ux to W H Bondy 520 acres	3146.25
R. M Rogers to T B Richardson lots 1, 2, 11 blk 1 Condon	1281.39
Geo. Hoffstetter et ux to A B Moore lots 3, 10, blk 1 in Condon	350.00
Caroline A. Ladd et al to Ladd Estate Co, 160 a.	10.00
W L Barker et ux to Lena S. Shurte lots in Arlington	200.00

HIGH GRADE AUTO CAR FOR \$1,400

For a number of years the man of average means has been waiting to see a high-class automobile placed on the market for a moderate price and at last his wish has been gratified. The new car is known as the E. M. F. and represents the combined skill of three of the most expert automobile mechanics in America. The letters E. M. F. represent the names of these men who compose the Everett-Metzger-Flanders Automobile company. Every part of the new car is made in their splendidly equipped Wayne plant situated in Detroit and in their two other big northern factories, one situated in Detroit and the other at Port Huron, Michigan. This company has also associated with them in this enterprise the Studebaker Bros. company, making one of the largest and strongest concerns of this kind in the world.

It is admitted by automobile experts that in the new E. M. F. they have succeeded in building the best car ever put out at a low cost. The combination of improvements, equipment, durability and general high quality of the new car is said to be superior to any five-passenger machine ever manufactured for less than \$2,500 and by many it is claimed not to be exceeded in general utility and all-around good points: by any car manufactured at any price.

The E. M. F. will be sold on a basis of \$1,400 delivered f. o. b. Portland and is the only five-passenger car of this type with a 106-inch wheel base that has ever been offered for anything approaching this amount. Some of its main features are its power apparatus, which consists of four vertical cylinder motors cast in pairs and developing a liberal 30 horse power; double ignition system, including quadruple coil, commutator and battery and a magneto, the latter not included in the equipment of any other machine not costing at least \$1,000 to \$1,500 more than the E. M. F. Several types of the new car are being placed on sale and comprise besides the five-passenger touring car with roomy tonneau, the runabout, roadster, single or double rumble, and an innovation of the E. M. F. company known as the demitonneau, in which the latter can be detached leaving room for trunks and touring outfit. The weight of the car is 1,800 pounds and its equipment includes two acetylene gas lamps, with generator, three oil lamps, horn and kit of tools. In fact it is in every way a complete, high-quality machine ready for use with all its parts direct from the factory for \$1,400.

Realizing the superior qualities of the E. M. F. car and that it is in a class by itself, the well-known Studebaker Bros. company has joined with the Everett-Metzger-Flanders company in its manufacture and will handle the sale of the machine west of the Mississippi river. To cover the big demand for this high-quality low-priced car the Studebaker company, through its Portland office, has made C. R. Bone, of Hood River, special agent for the territory comprising Hood River, Wasco, Sherman, Morrow and Gilliam counties. During a trip which Mr. Bone recently made in the east he visited the factory of the Everett-Metzger-Flanders company at Detroit, Mich., and made a thorough examination of the new car. He is so thoroughly satisfied that it is everything that combines to make the ideal car at a moderate cost that he has ordered a carload of six of the machines. These were bought on a spot cash order and will be shipped so as to reach a point in the territory where the most cars are sold about the 15th of October and will be exhibited both here and in the surrounding counties. As they are the first cars of this type to be introduced not only in this section but in the United States, their coming is being awaited with interest. In appearance this latest production in the automobile world has all the beauty of line and smoothness of finish of the standard cars, and with its great combination of improvements, good workmanship and low price seems destined to fill the long standing demand for a high grade car at a moderate price. A feature that will be much appreciated by purchasers of the E. M. F. is the fact that a complete supply of all parts of the machine will be kept constantly on hand at the Portland warehouses of the Studebaker Co., thus doing away with the long delay in ordering from the factory.

Any one desiring further information in regard to the new car can obtain it by writing to C. R. BONE, Hood River, Ore.

IN LITTLE SPRINGS CANYON

By Addison Howard Gibson.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

As the pony picked its way up the wild, rock bordered canyon Ivy Norris took in great breaths of the ozone of the Arizona foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, throwing out her arms. "The folks back home would not know me. These three months spent in this wonderful climate have made me strong and young again. And this weather! Back in New Hampshire they are having snow, while out here it is golden sunshine all day long. My heart is full of the day—Thanksgiving! When I write back home I spent my Thanksgiving out in the foothills all alone the folks won't believe me. They'll simply say I'm learning western ways fast—to manufacture some big ones to boom the country."

The last of August Ivy Norris, pale, thin and thirty, had arrived from the east to teach the Lone Mesa school. The cowboys on Mr. Tower's ranch, where she boarded and lodged, treated the coming of the cultivated little woman as a great joke. Her short skirts, the boots and the handsome little revolver and cartridge belt furnished them material for comment for weeks. Even Warde Hughes, the foreman, was amused at her first attempts to mount and ride Pilot, the gentlest pony on the ranch, but he equally enjoyed the pluck with which she persisted in learning to ride and the use of the little revolver that looked so comically dangerous in her small white hand.

On this Thanksgiving morning the handsome foreman had reined in his cow pony behind a thicket of mesquite trees and was watching faithful old Pilot carefully bear his fair rider up the trail of Little Springs canyon. All at once he became aware of the fact that a few months had wrought a great transformation in the school-teacher of Lone Mesa. The thin form had rounded out into graceful curves, the pale face had become plump and rosy, and her awkwardness in the saddle had given place to an easy manner that could no longer be ascribed to a novice.

"She's like a girl of twenty," he so-tilloquized. "By Jove, she's the neatest edition of her species that ever struck these foothills. I wonder if she knows where she is going. She's a good ten miles from the ranch house now and still going on. Well, she's a pretty interesting stray, and I'm going to see that she doesn't get entirely lost."

With this thought Warde Hughes entered another trail, then cautiously made a detour, coming back to the canyon just above Little Springs. Still concealed back of some manzanita bushes, he watched Ivy Norris come on up the rugged trail. She was singing a stanza of an old school song that he remembered, and the notes floated up to him on the warm November air sweet and clear as an angel's song. Suddenly she ceased, and she glanced quickly up the slope. Then, catching up her revolver, she sent a shot whizzing off into the chaparral. A tawny form dropped out of sight down the ravine.

"Ah," exclaimed the foreman admiringly, "she made Mr. Coyote hit the dirt as well as a soldier could have done it."

Guiding the pony to the springs, Ivy dismounted. While Pilot drank in long, satisfying quaffs from one of the little springs the young woman looked about her, noting the steep granite walls that surrounded her, the deep azure of the sky and the golden glow of the sunshine enveloping everything like a loving mother keeping a winter's chill at bay. Then she saw Warde Hughes approaching from an opposite direction.

"May I join you, Miss Norris?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Hughes," she answered. "It is noon, isn't it?" giving an odd little squint at the sun as if she were already enough of a plainswoman to estimate the time by its elevation.

"It is about 12:30," said Hughes, with the old timer's accuracy.

"Then it is time for my lunch, and

I'm as hungry as that wretched coyote I shot at. It is Thanksgiving day, Mr. Hughes. I have beef sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers and some fig wafers in my saddlebags. With New England hospitality I ask you to help me eat them."

"While it is not the custom of us cattlemen to take a lunch at noon," he returned, looking into the bright eyes of the little woman before him, "I am glad to break the custom on this occasion by accepting your invitation."

Under a live oak they spread the paper napkins which Ivy had brought and arranged the lunch upon them. Hughes soon caught the happy spirit of his companion, and, throwing his mask of conscious restraint aside, he talked and laughed with her with the pleasure of a boy.

"The spring must furnish us tea," she said, handing Hughes her pretty silver folding cup. He quickly filled it from the spring near by. Then he passed the cup to her. "I did not think of having company," she said apologetically, touching the rim daintily with her pretty lips. "I wish I had another."

"I'm glad you haven't," protested Hughes heartily. "I like this one best," taking the cup from her hands and drinking.

For a minute Ivy made no reply. Then she looked at the man sitting opposite her as if in doubt of his meaning. The next instant she smiled frankly and said:

"Well, I think I do too."

The half serious simplicity of her speech amused Hughes, and, throwing back his head, he laughed in real enjoyment.

"I'm sure we'll get on all right," he said, still laughing.

Hughes declared there never was such a lunch. The greatest Thanksgiving feast in the land was nothing compared with this. The cold, pure water which they sipped in such good comradeship from the one cup he was sure outweighed the nectar of all the gods.

All too soon it was finished, and they sat back under the live oak silent, but happy. Suddenly Ivy realized it was mid-afternoon and she had twelve miles to ride back to the ranch. Tomorrow there would be school and the old routine of duties. Today held sunshine, laughter, joy; the next would be filled with the daily grind and hard tasks. Watching her from under the wide rim of his hat, Warde Hughes saw the weary expression begin to settle over Ivy Norris' face, and he understood.

Left an orphan after finishing school, his loneliness had driven him west. Here temperate habits and sterling principles had won him success. Now a woman, loving the freedom of his hills as he loved it, had entered his life. Suddenly he beheld a vision—a vision of liberty for both. Immediately he felt an intuition that the loneliness of both was at an end. The new life of sunshine, the sunshine of a wonderful love, was glowing for them. He yearned to tell her, to lift the shadows from the patient face, but the moment of realization was too blissful for speech.

"Come," he said at last, springing up to meet the new life and claim it for them. Gently he took her hand and lifted her to her feet. Then, looking into her beautiful eyes, he said eagerly, "Little woman, I want you to let me make every day of your life a Thanksgiving like today."

A soft flush stole into her face, but she did not leave the strong arms which held her.



I'm as hungry as that wretched coyote I shot at. It is Thanksgiving day, Mr. Hughes. I have beef sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers and some fig wafers in my saddlebags. With New England hospitality I ask you to help me eat them."

"While it is not the custom of us cattlemen to take a lunch at noon," he returned, looking into the bright eyes of the little woman before him, "I am glad to break the custom on this occasion by accepting your invitation."

Under a live oak they spread the paper napkins which Ivy had brought and arranged the lunch upon them. Hughes soon caught the happy spirit of his companion, and, throwing his mask of conscious restraint aside, he talked and laughed with her with the pleasure of a boy.

"The spring must furnish us tea," she said, handing Hughes her pretty silver folding cup. He quickly filled it from the spring near by. Then he passed the cup to her. "I did not think of having company," she said apologetically, touching the rim daintily with her pretty lips. "I wish I had another."

"I'm glad you haven't," protested Hughes heartily. "I like this one best," taking the cup from her hands and drinking.

For a minute Ivy made no reply. Then she looked at the man sitting opposite her as if in doubt of his meaning. The next instant she smiled frankly and said:

"Well, I think I do too."

The half serious simplicity of her speech amused Hughes, and, throwing back his head, he laughed in real enjoyment.

"I'm sure we'll get on all right," he said, still laughing.

Hughes declared there never was such a lunch. The greatest Thanksgiving feast in the land was nothing compared with this. The cold, pure water which they sipped in such good comradeship from the one cup he was sure outweighed the nectar of all the gods.

All too soon it was finished, and they sat back under the live oak silent, but happy. Suddenly Ivy realized it was mid-afternoon and she had twelve miles to ride back to the ranch. Tomorrow there would be school and the old routine of duties. Today held sunshine, laughter, joy; the next would be filled with the daily grind and hard tasks. Watching her from under the wide rim of his hat, Warde Hughes saw the weary expression begin to settle over Ivy Norris' face, and he understood.

Left an orphan after finishing school, his loneliness had driven him west. Here temperate habits and sterling principles had won him success. Now a woman, loving the freedom of his hills as he loved it, had entered his life. Suddenly he beheld a vision—a vision of liberty for both. Immediately he felt an intuition that the loneliness of both was at an end. The new life of sunshine, the sunshine of a wonderful love, was glowing for them. He yearned to tell her, to lift the shadows from the patient face, but the moment of realization was too blissful for speech.

"Come," he said at last, springing up to meet the new life and claim it for them. Gently he took her hand and lifted her to her feet. Then, looking into her beautiful eyes, he said eagerly, "Little woman, I want you to let me make every day of your life a Thanksgiving like today."

A soft flush stole into her face, but she did not leave the strong arms which held her.

Your money not ours until you are satisfied with the goods you purchase. The S. B. Barker Co.

Subscribe for the Globe! It's newsy every week.

THE BEST

in PRINTED STATIONERY can be had at the

GLOBE PRINTERY

CALL UP or SEE US about our Prices. Prompt Service and Work Guaranteed.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR

OF THE

2ND EASTERN OREGON DISTRICT

COMPRISED OF
WASCO, SHERMAN, CILLIAM, WHEELER, CROOK
AND HOOD RIVER COUNTIES

WILL BE HELD AT

THE DALLES, OREGON,

Tuesday Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday and Saturday,

OCTOBER 6 TO 10

THE MAIN ATTRACTIONS ARE

The Pavilion in the City. School Children's Exhibit. Stock Exhibit. Speed Attractions. Balloon Ascensions. Arnold's Amusement Company will outdo all former efforts. All railroad and boat lines will give the usual reduced rates.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS OFFERED

For all exhibits, races, etc. See premium list, which will be furnished upon application.

PLENTY OF WHEAT PLENTY OF FRUIT PLENTY OF MONEY

A great exhibition of our annual resources and endless amusement in car lots are in store for everybody.

J. L. KELLY, President. J. M. PATTERSON, Secretary.

HOMESTEADERS, ATTENTION

The GLOBE is now prepared to publish notices of final proof. Call at our office and get receipt and your notice will appear in this paper.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
Condon Drug Co.

Is Your Property For Sale?

We are constantly receiving inquiries from all parts of the United States for Farms, Vineyards and Country and City Homes on the Pacific Coast. If your property is for sale we shall be glad to place it on our list, and put you in direct correspondence with a large number of possible buyers. Address: TOWN & COUNTRY JOURNAL PUB. CO. 250 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"OREGON BUILDERS"

ARE YOU DOING WHAT YOU CAN TO POPULATE YOUR STATE?

OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co.

is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about Oregon and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during September and October from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are:

From Denver.....	\$30.00	From Louisville.....	\$41.70	
" Omaha.....	30.00	" Cincinnati.....	42.20	
" Kansas City.....	30.00	" Cleveland.....	44.75	
" St. Louis.....	35.50	" New York.....	55.00	
From Chicago.....				38.00

TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.

D. TIERNEY, Local Agent, Condon, Oregon.
WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

The Globe Printing Shows Quality.