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THE LAST BATTLESHIP

Continued from page 2

"Only four bells," he murmured, staking back for another two hours of sleep. But he had hardly lost consciousness when the gunroom orderly tapped at his door.

"Going into action, sir," he said. "You were called, and I thought you had awakened. All hands are at stations, sir."

Felton sprang out of his berth. Until the enemy was within the "cruising radius" of torpedoes his station was on the bridge with the captain. As he ran along the gun deck he heard through the steel walls of the big ship the faint sound of distant firing, and when he had bounded up the forward companion steps to the main deck he could hear the stinging of shells. A crash and a jar of the whole huge fabric told him that one ship of the enemy had the range.

There was no time for sightseeing. The bridge was above him, and the quickest road to it was by way of the turret, from the top of which he could swing himself up. He mounted the iron ladder bolted to the turret, but slipped on the hard steel roof and

with a force that deprived him of breath, was pressed sprawling on his face. But a deafening roar of sound from within the turret told him that the force came from below—from the



He Was Clinging to the Stanchion of

an Airship. explosion of a shell and one or more twelve inch charges, perhaps the whole magazine in the depths.

Hardly had his dazed faculties grasped this fact than another was borne in upon him. Gripping tightly the handhold of the turret hatch and choked with gas fumes, he felt that he was whirling through the air with the turret roof.

As it turned in air he could see for a moment the dim, bulky outline of the ship below; then it faded into darkness, and he was clinging for dear life to that slowly canting disk of armored steel, until, as it assumed a perpendicular, he was holding his weight with one hand, very curiously, as he then thought, weighing very little.

Something hard and rigid brushed him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was torn from his support to find himself clutching a smooth, round rod of what seemed to be steel or iron. It was perpendicular, and soon he made out another and beyond another. Looking down, he saw a long platform, to the edge of which the rods led. He was clinging to the stanchion of an airship!

He slid down the stanchion to the deck and faced a man in the darkness.

"How'd you get aboard?"

"I hardly know myself. I hardly know I'm alive. My name is Felton, torpedo officer of the battleship Argyll. There was an explosion in the forward turret, and I was on top. I went up with the roof."

"Was that a turret top? I wondered what they were shooting at."

"Which side are you on in this mix?"

"The side of the Lord."

The man whistled shrilly, and immediately half a dozen other dark forms materialized out of the dark. They threw themselves upon Felton, choked, pinioned and bore him down, and before he could speak his protest he found himself bound hand and foot.

Felton lay on the deck of the car, through the slits of which he could see lights below and the quick gleaming of distant gunfire.

He made out the shape, size and general construction of the craft that carried him. It was not the conventional elongated gas bag, with car and motor, rudder and screw. Nor was it suspended in the air by wings or plane, unless the long, concave roof above, toward the edge of which the stanchions led, performed some such function. Amidships were a vertical and a horizontal steering wheel, aft a noisily buzzing engine, and behind it in the darkness presumably were the screw and rudders that propelled and guided the craft. Symmetrically disposed about the deck were long steel cylinders that doubtless contained the compressed gas or air that worked the engine, and through and between them all a system of pipes, valves, levers and indicators, as complicated as the fittings of an engine room. The commander was at the wheel amidships, another man at the engine, and the rest of the crew, seven in all, were keeping lookout.

"There she is," said one, suddenly lifting his head. "Ahead and to port."

"I see her," said the captain, peering down and shifting the wheel.

"You see, young man," he said to Felton, "we had to rise so suddenly to dodge that turret top that we lost sight of her."

"Do you mean to say," answered Felton cautiously, for he did not yet understand the temper of these men, "that you can dodge anything?"

"We can dodge or outrun a shell or anything else big enough to see. But it was dark, and we didn't see that turret coming. It almost hit us."

"What is your lifting power, captain?"

"The centrifugal force of the earth—partly, inconvenient in one respect, for we rise at a tangent. We descend by its opposite and balancing force, gravitation, which is more direct."

"How do you tap this centrifugal force?" asked the amazed Felton.

"How do you overcome gravitation?"

"Gravitation is only one phase of magnetism. In magnetism repulsion equals attraction. By reversing our polarity we are repelled from the earth at the speed of a falling body, but, of course, at a tangent."

"It's beyond me," said Felton. "Of course that tangent would take you westward at the speed of the sun."

"In a succession of jumps, yes."

"But how do you change your polarity?" asked Felton, becoming interested.

"There is your ship down there, nearly beneath us." And the interest was

crushed.

The engine now accelerated its speed, increasing its volume of noise, and this noise must have been heard on the battleship. A sudden illumination was seen—like a flash of heat lightning—then came the stinging of a projectile.

"Oh, fudge!" said the captain gently and pityingly. "Go ahead, boys."

It was now light enough for Felton to examine the faces of these men. To his surprise, they were young, almost boyish. They were not in uniform: Their dress and faces were as commonplace as could be found in a factory, only the tall, thin young captain showing in voice, and expression the signs of study and thought. He twisted the wheel, manipulated levers and valves within reach and watched, downward through the slits, the big craft beneath.

The sun was rising in the east, and

Felton could make out the details of the ship below, his own ship, with its familiar bridge, turrets and superstructure, and an enormous, gaping hole forward where once had been the twelve inch turret.

They lifted a pointed shell, banded like a dynamite projectile, held it poised until the captain gave the word and dropped it. It went down true as a plummet and went out of sight. But its effects were soon seen in an uplifting of the quarterdeck close to the stern and the rising of a cloud of yellow smoke.

A six inch gun on the superstructure was barking away, and shells still screamed upward, but none came near the airship.

"We'll silence that gun," the commander said, taking out his watch and slightly changing the course and speed. "Stand by."

They poised another shell, and at the word "drop" down it went. The commander pocketed his watch and said: "Now for the rest of her. After turret next."

Felton heard, but was watching the descent of the shell. It went out of sight like the others, but soon he saw the uplift of deck, the yellow smoke of explosion and a dismounted gun flying overboard.

"My God, captain," he exclaimed, "is this legitimate warfare? What chance has she? She can't hit back!"

"And she cost about four millions, didn't she?" answered the captain derisively.

Felton said no more, but watched while his ship was picked to pieces, and when the whole expanse was an uneven tangle of riven plates, twisted rods, smashed boats and uprooted ventilators the funnels came in for attention. Three open ten foot tubes leading to the vitals, water tube boilers and steam connections, one after another belched upward a mighty white cloud.

"I say, there," called the captain to Felton. "What blew up that forward turret? No gun fire can reach a magazine, and it wasn't I that did it."

"How do I know? Perhaps it was something else like you," snapped Felton.

"Do you think"—and the commander's face took on an anxious expression—"that it might have been a submarine's torpedo?"

"Find out."

"That's what I'll have to do. We'll go down and see."

One of the men, a big, lumbering fellow with a dull, moonlike face, came up to where Felton lay and kicked him.

"Don't talk like that to the boss," he said.

"Curse you!" yelled Felton. "You kick a man bound and down. Loose my hands, if you dare. Loose my feet!"

"Loose him!" called the captain unconcernedly. "Give him his way!"

The man stooped and unfastened the cord which held Felton's wrists, then, even as he scrambled to his feet, he released his ankles.

"Now, you dog, take it!" he growled, launching his fist at the man's face. It landed squarely, and the man went down, bleeding. He arose, but instead of resisting or making any attempt to strike back stood placidly in his tracks while the angry man struck him again.

Once more he went down, to rise again and tranquilly face his assailant. Felton hesitated, while his anger cooled a little. This kind of fighting was new to him. But the kick in his ribs flashed into his mind, and the anger came back. "Fight! Fight!" he growled and again knocked the fellow down.

"Any one else here who wants to kick me?" Felton said.

No one answered. They were all looking down, and even the victim joined in the scrutiny.

"Do you think," asked the captain, raising a troubled face, "that there are any submarine craft around?"

"How do I know?" answered Felton. "I don't feel easy at all."

"How the devil," exclaimed Felton, "can a submarine hurt you?"

The captain did not answer. The airship had descended to less than a hundred yards from the sea and hung poised, not over the floating scrap heap that had once been a battleship, but to starboard. One look was enough for Felton. He saw men writhing among the wreckage, unable to crawl to the rail and end their agony. Smoke was coming from every aperture, and here and there a small tongue of flame shot up and fell back into the smoke. Nauseated with hor-

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SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Gilliam.

J. B. Hosford, Plaintiff,

vs

Earl Shane, George Shane, Alvin Shane, Milton Shane, Raymond Shane, Eva Shane, and J. W. Smith, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

SUMMONS

To Raymond Shane and J. W. Smith, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you and each of you are hereby required and commanded to appear and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff on file herein on or before

April 12, 1918, the date of the last publication of summons herein and if you fail to so appear and answer the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint on file herein which is substantially as follows:

For a Decree of this Court compelling the Defendants to redeem the lands described in the complaint within sixty days from the entry of said order, and that if they fail so to redeem that the said Defendants and all persons claiming or to claim by through or under them be forever barred and foreclosed of all interest, title or estate in or to said premises or any part thereof, and that the true date of the foreclosure Decree recited in the Sheriff's Deed to the Interior Warehouse Company be made to appear on record as September 22nd, 1908, and for such other relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable in the premises.

This summons is served upon you and each of you by publication hereof in the Condon Globe for a period of six consecutive weeks, seven issues, commencing with the issue of March 1, 1918, and ending with the issue of April 12, 1918, by order of the Honourable D. R. Parker, Judge of the above entitled Court, made and entered on the 26th day of February, 1918.

D. N. MACKAY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Postoffice Address Condon, Oregon.

Date of first publication March 1, 1918.

Date of last publication, April 12, 1918.

Continued on next page

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Woman to work in kitchen Apply Summit Hotel. 48tf

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Dr Turner, eye specialist of Portland, will be in Condon again Friday and Saturday, March 29 and 30, at the Summit Hotel. Consult him in Fossil Sunday, March 31. 1d2

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MILL FEED FOR SALE
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