

DELINQUENT TAX LIST FOR GILLIAM COUNTY, OREGON, FOR 1916

The following list of real property situated in Gilliam County, Oregon, is hereby advertised for delinquent taxes assessed for the year 1916. This advertisement is authorized by an act embodied in Chapter 301 of the General Laws of Oregon as passed by the 1913 Session of the Legislative Assembly and amended by Chapter 227 of the 1917 Legislative Assembly.

Table listing property owners and their delinquent taxes. Columns include owner name, address/lot description, and tax amount. Owners listed include Hindman, Hines, Jacobson, Jones, Kargl, Kneuhel, Lentry, Lexington Realty Co., Lyons, Martin, May, Meeter, Moon, Moore, Moore, Muller, McArthur, McCaleb, McEachern & Wilkins, Norcross, Oregon Mortgage Co., Palmer, Patfuko, Pickard, Phegley, Phillips & McPherson, Phillips, Ready, Richmond, Rintchler, Rodkey, Ruhlo, Russell, Sabin, Saboda, Sayles, Schlegel, Schott, Schott, Schott, Smithson, Thornton, Unknown, Vallrus, Wade, Wade, Weinstein.

OVER THE TOP

By Arthur Guy Empey, an American soldier. From page 3. once again the cook appeared in the door of the billet with: "Blime me, you Yanks are lazy. Who in a-goin' to draw the water for the morain' tea? Do you think I'm a-goin' to? Well, I'm not," and he left. I filled the dixie with water from an old squeaking well, and once again lay down in the straw.

"Bermuda onions, seventeen." The corporal avoided a row by saying that he did not want an onion, and I said they make your breath smell, so I guessed I would do without one too. The corporal looked his gratitude. "Cheese, pounds, two." The corporal borrowed a jackknife (corporals are always borrowing), and sliced the cheese—each slicing bringing forth a peep remark from the on-lookers as to the corporal's eyesight. "Raisins, ounces, eight."

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY. In the matter of Estate of Grant Wade, Deceased. NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY. Under authority of an order granted by the County Court of Gilliam County, Oregon, dated April 1, 1918, I, the undersigned administrator, will sell at PRIVATE SALE the following described real estate, to-wit: Northwest quarter Section 14, the East half of the East half of Section 15, all of that part of the Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, except that portion deeded away which is described as follows: Beginning at a point on the subdivision line 4.5 chains West of the Northeast corner of Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, running thence West 15.5 chains to the Northwest corner of Southeast quarter of Section 10, thence South 19.875 chains to the Southwest corner of the said Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, thence East on the Section line between Sections 10 and 15, a distance of 5.5 chains to the center of the canyon, thence in a Northeasterly direction on a direct line to the place of beginning, leaving remaining in said quarter section to be sold herein, 19.12 acres more or less; also West half of Southwest quarter of Section Eleven, except 26 square rods conveyed to the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church as shown by the deed recorded in book "H" page 370, deed records of Gilliam County, Oregon, and also excepting the land described in that deed recorded in book "P" page 280, deed records Gilliam County, Oregon, all in Township One South of Range Twenty-One, E. W. M. Gilliam County, Oregon, together with the water rights appurtenant thereto, and all the ditches, canals, reservoirs, and the whole of the irrigation plant or plants, if any, that are now on the said premises or which right of use of water right may be vested in the heirs of said estate.

Job Too Big for Average Man. It takes lots of brains, patience and attractiveness to keep everybody straight. The trouble is it's not so much a matter of benefit to others as it is a satisfaction to yourself to be the general manager of things. The world could lose several in every community and its efficiency and peace would not suffer in the least.

Birds Remember Kindness. Birds are naturally very friendly to man. They make friends easily, and unless violence is threatened they never forget a kindness or favor. Once food is placed on a window sill in the winter, when food for birds is hard to get, they return time and again, even though the individual forgets to place morsels within their reach.

First Colonial General Hospital. It was on February 7, 1751, that the first general hospital was chartered in the colonies—the Pennsylvania state hospital in Philadelphia. Joshua Cross by was the first president of the institution, and Benjamin Franklin, who had been prominent in urging the establishment of an institution for the care of the sick, was the first clerk. It was in this hospital in 1769 that Thomas Bond gave the first clinical instruction in America.

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Only First Class Work on Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing J. A. CONLEY Phone 48B CONDON OREGON. Endymion Lodge No. 66 KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Meets Tuesday Evening In Castle Hall CONDON, OREGON Rank of Esquire next Tuesday night J. C. Sturgill, K.; R. and S.



Resting Back of the Lines. Three tins of jam, one apple and the other two plum. Seventeen Bermuda onions, all different sizes. A piece of cheese in the shape of a wedge. Two one-pound tins of butter. A handful of raisins. A tin of biscuits, or as Tommy calls them "jaw breakers." A bottle of mustard pickles. The "bully beef," spuds, condensed milk, fresh meat, bacon and "Maconchie rations" (a can filled with meat, vegetables and greasy water), had been turned over to the company cook to make a stew for next day's dinner. He also received the tea, sugar, salt, pepper and flour. Scratching his head, the corporal studied the slip issued to him by the quartermaster. Then in a slow, mystified voice he read out, "No. 1 section, 19 men. Bread, loaves, six." He looked puzzled and soliloquized in a musing voice: "Six loaves, nineteen men. Let's see, that's three in a loaf for fifteen men—well, to make it even, four of you'll have to muck in on one loaf." The four that got stuck made a howl, but to no avail. The bread was dashed out. Pretty soon from a far corner of the billet, three indignant Tommies accented the corporal with: "What do you call this, a loaf of bread? Looks more like a sniping plate." The corporal answered: "Well, don't blame me, I didn't bake it; somebody's got to get it, so shut up until I dish out these blinkin' rations." Then the corporal started on the jam. "Jam, three tins—apple one, plum two. Nineteen men, three tins. Six in a tin makes twelve men for two tins, seven in the remaining tin." He passed around the jam, and there was another riot. Some didn't like apple, while others who received plum were partial to apple. After a while differences were adjusted and the issuing went on.

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