

Tailoring Masterpieces

Men's Suits

Highest Values

Beautiful Patterns

Lasting Materials

Warm and Stylish

Come in and see them

Conley's

Conley's

SEE MY SAMPLES BEFORE YOU GO ELSEWHERE TO BUY
THAT SUIT WHICH YOU NEED AND WHICH YOU
FEEL YOU OUGHT TO BUY VERY JUDICIOUSLY.

My suits are of the very latest patterns and
designs. My prices are normal and the
quality I show you is the best you
will see this winter.

J. A. Conley, the Tailor

First National Bank Building

CONDON, OREGON

Look Well to Your Feed Bin....

While it is hard to get certain feeds, we
are very fortunate in having a good stock
on hands. A special feed for every critter.
A good stock of alfalfa and timothy hay
on hand at all times

Arlington Lumber Co.

CANTEEN AT FRONT FOR AMERICAN "BIRD MEN"

American flying men in France are to receive special attention from the American Red Cross as the result of a request for such service that has been received from General Patrick, Chief of the Air Service. Because of the necessity of keeping aviators overseas in the very best mental and physical condition for their hazardous work officials of the aviation branch of the service have long felt they should have more comforts and opportunities for relaxation than are provided by the ordinary canteen.

In compliance with the request the Red Cross is establishing special combination mess and recreation canteens at all points in France where our aviators, either students or officers, are stationed. Extra comforts and attention will be provided for our "bird men" at these canteens. They will be presided over by American women of intelligence and cheerful personality, whose chief duty will be to create as much home atmosphere as possible in the circumstances.

The American Red Cross is to have sole charge of these aviation canteens.

ASK THE SOLDIERS.

That the soldiers, sailors and marines are deeply appreciative of the canteen service of the American Red Cross is given ample evidence many times every day. The keynote of their appreciation is perhaps best expressed on the post cards which they send to the "folks back home" when en route to points of embarkation. From a dozen picked up at random the following sentiments were taken and "speak for themselves."

"Red Cross are sure treating us great en route."

"Red Cross are sure making it happy for us."

"Support Red Cross in everything."

"For God's sake never say 'No' to the Red Cross. They're wonderful."

"Long live the Red Cross."

"The Red Cross are angels to us the way they treat us."

"Canteen service 100 per cent. In Toledo; fifteen carloads of us well taken care of."

"Red Cross serving coffee. Oh, they do so much for us!"

"Do all you can for Red Cross—they do so much for us."

THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL.

When "the greatest mother in the world" calls the roll the week of December 16-23 the hope of the American Red Cross is that the answer for the entire American people will be: "All present, or accounted for."

It will be the occasion for 22,000,000 adults and 8,000,000 children to renew their membership and for all others to join. One happy slogan of the roll call announces that "all you need is a heart and a dollar."

Why does the Red Cross at Christmas conduct a membership campaign? Because it unites the people in an intimate way with the organization they have supported so magnificently. In other countries one of the most impressive things about the American Red Cross is the size of its membership, attesting its truly popular approval.

This Christmas, when our country is out of the deep waters of the war, every dollar paid for an annual membership in the Red Cross will be a direct Christmas gift to our land, air and sea forces and to those who have felt the sting of war in a way that we in this country have not experienced. The ministrations of the Red Cross will be as good a substitute for Christmas at home as can be furnished under the circumstances.

The women of America, seeing in the Red Cross an extension upon a universal scale of the mothering instinct, will be quick to answer "Here" to the roll call, because service and sacrifice are womanly qualities and they are Red Cross qualities.

President Wilson, as president of the American Red Cross, says: "I summon you to the comradeship!"

"I think if the people of America could only see and realize what the boys are doing out here," said a Captain after Chateau-Thierry, "they would gladly buck them up with their last dollars and their lives if necessary."

SAVE 16,000,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT THAT FORMERLY WAS LOST IN THRESHING

Farmers, Urged by Food Administration, Provide Seven Extra Loaves of Bread for Every American.

By adopting cleaner threshing methods and by literally combing harvest fields to gather grain formerly wasted, threshermen and farmers of the United States this year saved fully 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, estimated as equivalent to about seven one-pound loaves of bread for every person in the country. This result, accompanied by corresponding savings of barley, oats, rye and other grains, is shown by reports from 33 grain states to the U. S. Food Administration. Other states, although not prepared to furnish definite figures of conservation in the grain fields, report greatly reduced harvest losses.

This rural food saving achievement, accomplished in scarcely six months' time, was in direct response to requests by the Food Administration, which asked farmers and threshermen to reduce harvest losses from about 3 1/2 per cent.—the estimated average in normal times—to the lowest possible minimum. Country grain threshing committees carried into every grain growing community the official recommendations for accomplishing the results desired.

In numerous instances drivers of racks with leaky bottoms were sent from the fields to repair their equipment and frequently bad order threshing machines were stopped until the cause of waste was removed. But in proportion to the number of persons engaged in gathering the nation's grain crop, cases of compulsion were comparatively rare. The Food Administration freely attributes the success of the grain threshing campaign to patriotic service by farmers, threshermen and their crews. Incidentally grain growers of the United States are many millions of dollars "in pocket" as a result of the grain saved.

NO ONE SUFFERED HERE.

The marvel of our voluntary food saving, now that we are "getting results," is that no one ever actually suffered any hardship from it; that we all are better in health and spirit and better satisfied with ourselves because of our friendly self-denial.

Food control in America held the price of breadstuffs steady, prevented vicious speculation and extortion and preserved tranquillity at home.

In no other nation is there so willing a sense of voluntary self-sacrifice as in America—that was shown in the abstinence from wheat.

Find more wheat, it came; more pork, it came; save sugar, it was done. So Americans answered the challenge of German starvation.

Good will, rules the new world as fear governed the old world. Through sharing food America helps make the whole world kin.

Food control made sufficiency from shortage, kept the rein on food prices, gave the nation's full strength exercise.

Starvation by Germany challenged all the world; food conservation in America answered the challenge.

Food conservation in America has been the triumph of individual devotion to the national cause.

CAPTIVE BALLOON

By EDNA PRICE WALLER.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Love will find a way, Josiah."
"Not in this case, unless I am the pilot and guide. I have brought up my dead cousin's daughter, Winnie, since she was ten. I've seen to her education. She's a smart girl, though sometimes willful. I want to see her start in life right."

Josiah Leggett's neighbor smiled secretly. He knew, as did all the town, the old schemer handled a small income that came to Winnie, and undoubtedly benefited by the same. Furthermore, Winnie was an apt little housekeeper. "I have tried to bring Winnie and the clerk in my brother's store, Lem Dysart, together, because he is a saving, respectable young fellow. Winnie has had a notion about Rodney Blake. I've nipped his young affections in the bud."

"Blake is a pretty fine young man, all the same," observed the neighbor, and the speaker went his way mentally comparing young Blake with the carrotty-headed, undersized Lem Dysart. Meantime, Winnie was going through a vivid ordeal. Her guardian watched her as a cat does a mouse. He had refused to allow Blake to call at the house, and Dysart was a frequent visitor. She despised the latter as much as she admired the manly object of her choice. They met, but under difficulties.

"It's got to end!" Rodney declared forcibly. "You are old enough to know your own mind and act upon it. Let us make a bold dash and end this wretched persecution."

"Oh, Rodney! You don't mean to elope?" gasped Winnie.

"Why not? They are driving us to that as the only outcome, aren't they?"

"We are watched so closely. See, Rodney, there is Mr. Leggett, now. He will see us," but Rodney slipped past a hedge with the hurried parting words:

"Be sure to see me tomorrow. I have a plan I want to tell you about."

The plan was the outcome of a suggestion made by an old boyhood friend of Rodney, one Bob West. They had not met for five years until the day previous, when Rodney had come across West on the street. They had a pleasant chat, and West divulged the fact that he was advance agent of a circus which was to pitch its tent at the edge of the town Saturday. Rodney told him what he had on his mind; Winnie, always Winnie, and West showed a sympathetic interest.

"Why, say," he remarked with friendly ardor, "I can help you out in a big way—the balloon."

"I don't quite understand," said Rodney vaguely.

"We have one. It goes up a thousand feet every afternoon. We advertise to give fifty dollars to any couple who will make the ascent with a clergyman and consent to be married way up in the clouds."

Rodney left his ingenious friend, filled with suppressed excitement. He managed to get a lengthy note to Winnie. He was around the circus before the Saturday afternoon performance.

Winnie had induced her guardian to allow her to attend the entertainment. The latter, however, insisted that he accompany her.

"Here's your ticket," he said; "reserved seat near the band stand. I've invited Lem, and as soon as he arrives we'll come in and make a regular family group—he, he!"

And then he strolled about, and Winnie disappeared past the ticket taker, but as soon as her guardian was out of sight, darted out again, and two minutes later entered the tent before which the giant balloon was swaying. Inside was Rodney, and she fluttered to his side and was introduced to West, and the man in charge of the balloon.

"Don't get scared, little one," spoke the latter, a good-natured, fatherly looking man. "Everything is arranged to a T. Now, then, Mr. Blake, just tug up in that false beard and wig. And you, young lady, cover your pretty face with this flowing bridal veil. When I speak the word come out quickly, and hustle into the balloon basket before anybody recognizes you."

Josiah Leggett spent half an hour looking for Dysart. He came across him, with several hundred others, staring aloft at the balloon, which was descending from its aerial ascent.

"I say, why wasn't you on time?" censured Josiah. "Here Winnie has been inside the tent half an hour. Come on in, or they'll fill up our seats."

"Just a minute," spoke Dysart, continuing to gaze aloft. "This is lots of fun. Let's have a glimpse of the happy couple when they alight."

The wedding party was being borne gracefully to the ground. There was the man engineering the balloon. The bridegroom had removed his false beard and wig and was smiling into the face of the bride, her enveloping veil now drawn aside. The clergyman, all smiles, held his hands over their heads, delivering his blessing.

"Now hear the crowd gay them," began Dysart, and then he clutched the arm of his companion and nearly fell over—"Thunder!"

"Winnie!" gasped Josiah, and it was his turn to collapse.

And then, instead of gazing, as the crowd recognized Winnie, whom half the town adored, and Rodney, their prime favorite, they realized the situation fully, and amid enthusiastic cheers the happy twain stepped to terra firma, man and wife.

WHEN YOU WANT RESULTS CALL THE GLOBE

FOR SALE:

Dodge automobile in good condition with four good tires. Price reasonable. See car at Shelley's Garage, Herbert Brown. 38pd39

FOR SALE:

200 acres, 12 miles from Condon. Plenty of water. Wire fence. Half tillable. Reasonable. Call at this office. 25tf

STRAYED:

Two cows branded OX on left side and 101 on left side. Two calves branded OX on left side. Will pay \$5 per head for information leading to their recovery. T. H. Perry, Lone Rock, Oregon. 38d41

Rye for sale—see A. B. ROBERTSON, Condon.

Taken Up under the Gilliam County Herd Law

Notice is hereby given that I did, on the 1st day of November, 1918, at my ranch in Gilliam county, Oregon, take up the following described personal property, to-wit:

Five head of horses, one roan, one black and three bays, weighing from 1000 to 1300 pounds, all young and all branded with an anvil on the left stifle. Also one bay horse with an indistinguishable brand on the left stifle.

Said horses will be sold at my ranch near Mikkalo, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of Tuesday, December 17, 1918, to the highest bidder for cash, unless redeemed by the owner or his agent according to law prior to said date.

P. D. Potter
First publication December 6, 1918.
Last publication December 13, 1918.

Try one yourself.

STRAYED:

Three head of cattle, branded with whiplash under circle on left hip. Marked with underbit in both ears. Will give suitable reward for information of their whereabouts. W. J. Keeney, Olex. 38pd39

FOR SALE:

Four room house with four lots, large barn and chicken house. See Mrs. J. A. McMorris.

LOST:

Baby's red silk knit cap. Finder will please leave at Globe office. 37tf

TAKEN UP:

I have taken up at my ranch one mile southeast of Condon one red cow, branded Lazy Z (Z) on right side and underbit in each ear. Owner can get animal by paying all charges, including this notice 36tf Walter Seale

FOR SALE:

Rye—see A. B. ROBERTSON, Condon. 27tf

BANKERS MORTGAGE CORPORATION
If you want to borrow money on your Livestock, Wheat, Wool or Liberty Bonds, talk with Wm. Crawford of Condon National Bank about our terms and service or write us direct. The war is over and we want to help you do your part in taking care of the reconstruction which is our next duty. Portland, Oregon

Send your tires to us. We pay postage one way. All work guaranteed. Arlington Vulcanizing Works, Arlington, Oregon. 30tf

HOW ABOUT YOUR FUEL?

I have the agency for Rock Springs coal have plenty on hand and can deliver it at any time. I do all kinds of light and heavy hauling. Phone in your orders

H. P. SMITH, CONDON

ATTENTION!

I am now dealing in Real Estate, Jacks, Mules, Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Anyone having anything of this kind for sale or trade will do well to see me :: ::

JOHN H. KNOX
Condon, Oregon

War Economy

Is Promoted at This Store

Everybody is expected to economize, to save all that is possible, and to this end we ask you to come in and price our large stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

AND

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES

Our stock has been carefully selected and economically bought and we are now selling for cash only. This is economy for both of us and every customer will positively get the same treatment here.

The S. B. Barker Co.

The Quality Store :: Condon, Oregon