SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR MALHEUR COUNTY

Petition of the Board of Directors of Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District praying that the proceedings of the said Board and of said district providing for and authorizing the issue of twenty year negotiable six per cent coupon bonds in the sum and amount of one hundred ninety thousand dollars to refund, cancel and retire all outstanding bonds, said refunding bonds as all outstanding coupons and all warrants issued for the payment of interest on bonds, said refunding bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, interest payable the first day of January and July of each year, the bonds maturing serially after the fifth year in annual amounts so as to be approximately equal principal and interest, and providing for and authorizing the issuance of bonds of said district as follows: Twenty year six per cent coupon bonds in the sum and amount of thirty-five thousand dollars to refund, cancel and retire all outstanding warrants of the district other than warrants issued for the payment of interest on bonds said refunding bonds to bear interest at the rated six per cent per annum interest payable the first day of January and July of each year, the bonds maturing serially after the fifth year in annual amounts so as to be approximately equal principal and interest, may be examined, approved and confirmed by the court above entitled.

To the Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District an irrigation district and municipal corporation located wholly within Malheur County, Oregon, and organized and existing under the laws of the state of Oregon, and to all freeholders, legal voters and assessment payers within said district and all persons interested in the organization of said district or in said district or in the special proceedings above entitled pending in the above entitled court or in the proceedings for the issuance or sale or use of the bonds of said district more particularly hereinafter described, and to all persons whomsoever, and to you and each of you:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby commanded and required to demur or answer the petition of the board of directors of the Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District filed herein against you and each of you in the above entitled proceedings, or appear and contest the validity of those proceedings or any of the proceedings aforesaid on or before the hour of 12 o'clock a. m. August 22, 1917, in the court room of the above entitled court at Vale, Oregon, and if you fail so to appear and demur or answer within said time said petitioners will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the petition of the board, to-wit:

Adjudging and decreeing that this notice was duly and regularly given, published and served and for a judicial validation, judgment and decree of said court as to the regularity and legality of and approving and confirming the proceedings of said board and of said district in the holding of an election and in the voting of bonds of said district as follows:

Twenty year negotiable coupon bonds of Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District in the sum and amount of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars to refund, cancel and retire all outstanding bonds of the district as well as all outstanding coupons on bonds and all warrants issued for interest on bonds, said refunding bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum interest payable the first day of January and July of each year, the bonds maturing serially after the fifth year in annual amounts so as to be approximately equal principal and interest.

And twenty year negotiable coupon bonds of Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District in the sum and amount of Thirty-five thousand dollars to refund, cancel and retire all outstanding warrants of the district other than warrants issued for the payment of interest on bonds, said refunding bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum interest payable on the first day of January and July of each year, the bonds maturing serially after the fifth year in annual amounts so as to be approximately equal principal and interest, and approving and confirming the proceedings of said board in authorizing the issuance of said securities, authorized to be issued and covering that said bonds be issued and sold or used for the said purpose above named, and adjudging and decreeing that said bonds when issued and so used for the purposes aforesaid are and will be due, lawful, binding and valid obligations of the said district and forever quieting said bonds against any attack or pretension of invalidity by the said district or any taxpayer, assessment payer, or legal voter of said district or other or any persons whomsoever and forever barring and foreclosing the district or any taxpayer, assessment payer or legal voter of said district or any person whomsoever from thereafter questioning or inquiring into the said bonds or their validity and that no motion of said board of any of the proceedings contested with their said business and that shall or may at any time or place contest thereafter be maintained.

This notice and summons to publication and served again was by publication thereof for three successive weeks in the Ontario Argus, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Ontario, Malheur where the office of the district situated as appears from the said petition pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 252 General Laws of Oregon for 1917 and pursuant to an order made on the 15th day of July, 1917, in open court at Vale, Oregon, by Honorable Dalton Biggs, judge of the said court, and the said time for the hearing of said petition was fixed by the court in said order.

The date of the first publication of this notice is July 19th, 1917, and the the date of the last publication of this notice is August 9th, 1917, and jurisdiction shall be complete within ten days after the full publication of said notice.

Done and dated at Vale, Oregon, this 15th day of July 1917.

Arthur W. Moody
County Clerk of Malheur County Oregon and clerk of the Circuit Court for Malheur County Oregon.

Official seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Malheur County.

West & McCulloch
Alfred A. Flatgard
R. W. Swagler
Attorneys for petitioners
F. E. Evans
G. W. Lattig
A. A. Cutteridge
C. E. Johnson
Otis C. Miller
Petitioners and Board of Directors of Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT OF THE PAYETTE-OREGON SLOPE IRRIGATION DISTRICT

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors of the Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District at the regular monthly meeting in July 1917, levied an assessment on the lands within the District as follows.—

For Bond Interest and Bond Fund—$18,766.00

For Bonds Interest an Bonds Fund. Fund— $118,200.00, and that said assessment is now due and payable to me, the undersigned Collector of said District, at the office of the Board of Directors which is in the one story frame building near the pumping house within the District, and located in SE ¼ of the NW ¼ of Section 2, Township 17 S., Range 47 EWM in Malheur County, Oregon, on the 20th day of August, 1917, and that said assessments will become delinquent at 6 o'clock p. m. on the last Monday in August, 1917, to-wit: August 27th, 1917, and that there paid prior thereto five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

HARRY S. LATTIG,
Collector of the Payette-Oregon Slope Irrigation District.

First Publication July 19, 1917.
Last Publication August 2, 1917

ESTRAY

Taken up at my place one and a half miles northwest of Ontario, two yearling boy colts, golding black, branded XA on left thigh, owner can have same by paying for feed bill and this notice.

A. W. ATHEY 27-2t

We want so much to put one of our electrically operated Apollo Player-Pianos in a home in Ontario that we will make a big discount on a first one, knowing that enough orders will follow to warrant the sacrifice. It plays by hand and pedals also. A letter of inquiry will do no harm. Or you may ask Mrs. Weaver in Ontario. Wise Piano House, Boise, Idaho. 4-7t

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The place where the favorite is the best, where the razors are the keenest.

A Bluff In The Aegean Sea

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the second year of the pan-European war I commanded a 2000 ton tramp steamer called the Ajax.

I left Smyrna in August, 1915, with a cargo of rugs and other Asiatic goods for the port of New York. I was obliged to stream through the Greek archipelago, which I knew afforded fine nesting for corsairs. I did not fear Greeks, but I dreaded Assaffers from the opposite eastern coast. If I could get through to the open Mediterranean sea I would feel a reasonable expectation of getting my cargo to America and a large profit.

One day while passing between two Greek islands I was called from the mess meal by the lookout, who reported a small craft resembling a tug putting out from a cove and steering a course with the evident intention to head us off. Through my glass I saw that she carried the German flag.

Now, I did not believe that any German craft would be sailing in those waters, which were occupied by the allied fleets, especially the British. If this one were really German I was of the opinion that she was a tender for a submarine. However, I could only wait and learn. I kept on my course, watching in every direction for a pretext, till the tug—for such she proved to be—was close on to my bows. Through my glass I could see on her deck a number of men in sailor costume who might be in the German service; but, judging from their swarthy complexions, they were Italians.

One man who appeared to be commander wore the uniform of a German naval officer, but I believed he had obtained it without having a commission. He was whiter than his men and might have been a European. One thing I noticed particularly—there was no appearance of cannon. Whatever armament there was doubtless consisted of such weapons as could be wielded by individuals. However, while I looked a port was opened and the nose of a little bronze appeared. It was as terrifying as a bull pup. I did not believe it could sink us, though it might put our machinery out of commission.

With no appearance the commander of the tug called through a megaphone something in German which one of my men, who understood the language thought to be a demand for surrender. A submarine was ready to blow us out of water. We were given ten minutes to take to the boats.

Never was there a more palpable case of bluff. There was no submarine, nothing which could be relied on to sink us. We were in danger of being boarded and overpowered by Asiatics playing the submarine act. Though I was not deceived, I confess it looked to me that the only chance for our lives was to take to the boats and leave our cargo to the pirates. There were a few small arms aboard, but not enough of them or men to use them to put up an adequate defense.

But we had a means of defense that I had often thought of using in case of being attacked by the small enemies that infest certain Asiatic coasts. I determined to try it now. I had plenty of hose, and I ordered it attached to the steam cocks of the boiler. There were two hose which could be used separately. I asked for more time from the pirate and was told that not a minute would be granted. So I ordered the men to pretend to begin the work of lowering the boats, and they made a great ado with the ropes, but accomplished nothing. During the few minutes they were thus engaged we were attaching the hose to the boiler and running the nozzles on deck, where they were hidden under the gratings. When all was ready I ordered the men away from the boats, and word was shouted to the pirate that if he wanted our ship to come and take it or if he intended to blow us up to do so.

This was evidently not in his calculations. There was a conference among them; then we could see arms brought on deck. It was evident that they intended to board us. Meanwhile they ran up against us and were about to lash to us when I took a hose and, pointing it down at them, sent a stream of scalding water among them, which caused them to desist and get out of range as soon as possible.

A number of them had been scalded just enough to make them furious with pain, and, after taking time to consider, they launched a row boat carried on their deck and manned it, and while the tug came under our bows the rowboat approached our stern. There was some protection for them both fore and aft, but as soon as a man appeared at either point he received a dose of steam that sent him howling back, and some of them were knocked into the bilge.

This play having failed, both boards the pirates surrounded, joining forces on the tug, began to pepper us with their little bullets. I sent two below to prig boiler that might be made another venture, but, fearing damage to our boiler which would put us at their mercy, I determined to assume the offensive. Pointing the vessel straight at the tug before she could get out of the way, I ran alongside of her and drove every man below with scalding water.

It was now evident that I had tormented them, and putting on all steam I steered clear of Crete, part of South is a few miles. I was clear of the archipelago and in the Mediterranean. New York, where I sold my cargo at a splendid profit.

My Companion For a Day

By ETHEL HOLMES

In the holy month of June, 1914, I was making a pedestrian tour through Switzerland, and when I emerged from there it was over the heights lying on the west. Standing on an eminence I was looking down upon France spread out before me when, glancing aside, I saw a young woman sitting before an easel sketching. She turned her face, and, seeing a woman standing near her, she smiled. I went to her and looked at her picture.

I sat down on the ground near her, and while she remained on her sketching stool and worked we chatted. I attempted to interest her in the United States, but she did not appear to admire our institutions.

"You are a nation of individuals," she said, "and there is nothing to weld you. Many races are represented among you, and the people of each race stand together and keep up their national traditions. If a war should break out between any two nations here the people of each in America would come back to fight for the fatherland, even those who had been born in America and."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "Our foreigners are glad to escape the disadvantages of a monarchical form of government. They become naturalized, and that makes them American citizens."

"Let a war come in Europe," continued the artist, "and you will see."

"You prefer an empire?"

"Yes, we Germans are one people under one head. We have the most efficient form of government."

I asked her where she was going, and she said that she intended sketching along the French border northward. She described the scenery northward as attractive, and since I was wandering at will I concluded to go a part of the way with her. She received the announcement coldly, but when I added that I would take the first good road I came to down into France she seemed better pleased.

So we proceeded northward together, she stopping now and again to sketch. Her pictures were very singular. Indeed, they were radical, it seemed to me, the groundwork for pictures, and when I told her that I did not understand them she told me that they were memoranda from which pictures would be painted on her return to her home in Berlin.

We kept together till evening, when we came to a hotel where we asked for rooms. We were told that there was but one room vacant, and if we cared to accept it together we might do so. My companion expressed herself as agreeable to the plan, and I also consented.

"I must look out for my passport," I said to her when we were going to bed. "It stranger in Europe without a passport is like a fish without gills." And I put my passport under my pillow.

When I awoke the next morning and turned toward the other bed it was vacant. Not were my companion's clothes in sight. Her sketching materials, too, were gone. I got out of bed and went to the door. It was locked from the inside. Turning to a window, I noticed that a few feet beneath it was a shed. It occurred to me that my artist friend had gone out to the window and descended from the roof of the shed.

Was she a thief? I opened my bag where I kept my money. The funds were there. I counted them, and none were missing. Relieved, I dressed myself and put my hand under my pillow for my passport. It was gone.

I was glad that my cash had been spared instead of my passport. I could get on without the one, though I might need it sorely, but not without the other. But what did the girl want with it? For my life I could divine no reason for her stealing it. She was going back to Berlin to work up her sketches, and surely in her own country she needed no passport, especially one belonging to another.

Going to a mirror to do a bit of primping before descending to breakfast, my image reminded me slightly of the thief. Then I remembered that we were both about the same height and build, both blonde and both blue eyed. Though she was of lighter hair and eyes than I. Nevertheless, I could not divine why she should want my passport.

The first gun fired by the Germans a few weeks later forced the young Swiss my stupid brain. The border between France and Germany was a bulwark for spies on both sides. This girl was doubtless a spy for the German government. She was trying down memoranda in the shape of a basis for pictures of the topography of the ground on the French border.

But before the war opened I saw her again. I had put up at a hotel near the German border and took a seat in the dining room for supper. At a table near by sat the girl who had stolen my passport. If she saw and recognized me, which she probably did, she maintained her customary perfectly.

It was within my power to send her to a fortress, probably to death. All I had to do was to denounce her. Had I been able to inflict upon her a suitable punishment for stealing my passport I would have done so, but to expose her to be treated as a spy was too much for me. I am an American and not an Italian, in the military parlance between France and Germany, so I permitted her to walk out of the dining room unmolested.

When I finished my supper I asked the landlord, describing her, where she was. He said that she had just left the house.

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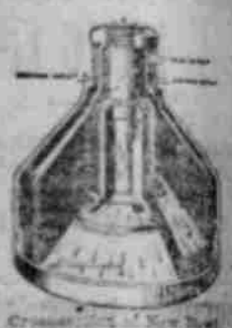
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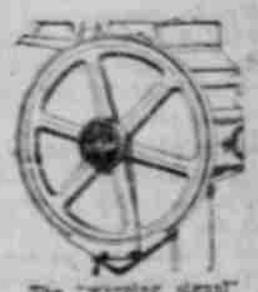
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