

# \$1,000 IN PRIZES

The Oregon Trunk and Deschutes railroads are rapidly building into the Deschutes Valley of Central Oregon. On January 1st the steel was laid to within about 50 miles of Culver Junction, and the grading was almost entirely completed. Ere long the first engine will be poking its nose over the boundary of the greatest wheat shipping point in Central Oregon. This town is located in Crook county at the junction of the Hill and Harriman railroads north of Crooked river, and in the center of the most productive area in Eastern or Central Oregon. At this place we have a union depot and common warehouse from which grain or produce may be shipped over either railroad.

## CULVER JUNCTION

Is the making of a splendid town and the grade work is already completed with a crown of 95 feet and union depot grounds providing for 450 feet of 12 foot platform.

It is the watering place for the Harriman line, arrangements having already been made with that Company.

It will be the distributing point for both freight and passenger traffic while the Crooked river bridge is being built and will be the terminus during that period.

It will always be a distributing point for a large territory both east and west.

It has three times more farming country territory than any other town on either road.

The farming section has splendid soil and excellent crops are produced without irrigation. The dry farming products raised by Mr. Reuter just east of here took 17 sweepstakes and first prizes against the world at the Spokane Dry Farming Congress.

It has splendid summer and winter climate and but very little disagreeable weather. Bright sunshine and spring like days in December and January. Very healthful.

Has one of the most scenic locations of any town in the United States. Nine perpetually snow clad mountain peaks in full view from the town. Deep canyon scenery but a few miles away and lakes, springs and streams unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur are near us. This will be headquarters for summer tourists. Excellent hunting and fishing at our very doors.

## Deschutes Valley Land & Investment Co. CULVER, OREGON

My guess on date of first railroad engine reaching Culver Junction is the ..... day of ..... 1911, at the hour of ..... o'clock and ..... minutes in the ..... noon.

I inclose check for \$10.00 to apply on purchase price of lot to be selected by me, and you may mail me marked up plat and price list to the address below.

It is understood that this entitles me to a guess for one of your valuable prizes mentioned in the advertisement.

Name .....  
Postoffice ..... State .....

Has an abundance of splendid pure water and street grading is being done.

Business enterprises of all kinds are arranging to establish themselves here.

This is the prospective and logical connecting point of the railroad to Prineville.

A private Christian College with a course of study equal to any in the state will be established here.

Church organizations are preparing to erect buildings and one is already established here in its building.

Has a common school and will soon have a high school. It will be known as a town of schools and churches as well as a business center.

Electrical power will be developed in the river just west of here and the line will pass through here in its route to Prineville and will furnish this place light and power.

A large flouring mill is projected, the grounds already having been secured for the purpose.

Good roads already lead to this place and more are being provided from every direction.

The people of this community are all boosters and we have a splendid working organization of the farmers and business men in the Culver Junction Development League.

These are only a few things which will make

## CULVER JUNCTION GREAT

We expect the first railroad engine to cross the line of this town sometime in February—it may be earlier and it may be later—as tracklaying is progressing rapidly on both roads.

## HOW GOOD CAN YOU GUESS?

If you are a good one at guessing you may get one of the valuable prizes to be given away.  
\$1,000 in prizes will be paid as follows:

We sell Wheat Lands, Irrigated Lands, and locate Homesteads and Desert Claims. List your farm with us if you want to sell. See us if you want to buy.

## DESCHUTES VALLEY LAND & INVESTMENT CO.

CULVER, OREGON

We are exclusive selling agents for Culver Junction

## The Redmond Spokesman

Published every Thursday by  
H. H. & C. L. PALMER  
AT REDMOND, OREGON

Redmond, Oregon, Jan. 19, 1911

### A RAILROAD STORY.

The Superstition of an Engineer and the Result.

Railroad engineers have an abhorrence for an engine that ever has been in a wreck. This no doubt is due to their belief in the infallibility of wrecks and other accidents coming in cycles or in occurrences of threes. When an accident happens on the road they wag their heads and wonder when the next one will take place, and when the third has happened they breathe easier until another occurs to give them the chance to look for two more again. An engine that has been in only one wreck is looked to finish its cycle, and until it does so and gets a clean bill of health it is regarded as a hoodoo.

Friday has the same hold on the superstitious fear of railroad men that it has in other quarters. Men will refuse to take a layoff on Friday, and if it is forced upon them they will not return to work until the following Monday. Many railroad superintendents and trainmasters coddle their men as far as they can in this superstition, but a general regard for it would be impossible, else the railroad traffic of the country might come to a comparative standstill some Friday.

There are thousands of stories rife in railroad circles that prove to railroad men that there is good reason for their fear of this or that hoodoo. Here is a true story of the number 13:

Several years ago one of the severest snowstorms in the history of railroading swept the west. Between Chicago and Aurora drifts ten feet high obstructed traffic, and a snowplow and engines were sent out to clear the road. At a point on the road was a yardmaster, who is now a railroad superintendent in St. Louis, and it is he who tells the tale.

"The snow bucking train was composed of thirteen engines behind the plow," says he. "In the front engine was my older brother, who was there

this train," he asked solemnly. I told him I knew all about it. "Well, there's going to be an accident," he said. "I don't want you on the engine. When the accident comes one of us will be killed, perhaps both. Who is to look after our old father and mother then?" "I was young, and I wasn't very strong on the thirteen superstition anyway, and I told him he was talking like a sentimental kid. The superintendent approached us and must have heard the last part of the conversation, for he told me to stay in the yard and see that the road was kept clear.

"The snow buckers pulled out without me. They had not been out an hour when the journal burned off on the front engine and dropped the axle. It caused a rail to curl up and the end of it shot up through the floor of the cab and knocked the hat off the fireman. Had I gone on the engine my body would have been pierced by the rail, which went through the seat where I would have been sitting."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Some Odd Spelling.**  
Americans, says the London News, employ the word "Britisher," which they invented, in a contemptuous sense. It was a certain Philadelphia wit who is said to have asked his friends what a "Britisher" would mean to convey by the written word "houghuphtheight-teen." He had to explain to them that, according to the genius of the English language, it meant "potato." Thus: Gh-p, as in "hicough"; ough-o, as in "dough"; phth-t, as in "phtblis"; eigh-a, as in "neighbor"; te-t, as in "gazette," and ou-o, as in "bean." This was at least as puzzling as the lively stable keeper's bill which contained the two lines—  
Acasfada  
Atacnonimomgn.

Nobody who does not "know the answer" has ever yet arrived at the solution, which is, in the vernacular of the creditor himself, "A 'oss 'alf a day" and "A takin' on 'in 'ome ag'in."

**Unappreciated Efforts.**  
Unselfish goodness is seldom appreciated in this world of ours. There was that man in the electric car, for instance. Having rung up three fares in his efforts to stop the car for the lady that sat on the opposite side, he tossed after her the umbrella that belonged to the little gray whiskered man on his right. Neither the gray whiskered man nor the conductor liked the thoughtful Samaritan for his altruistic efforts.—Boston Transcript.

**The Warm Hoppecked Husband—Is my Elsie?**  
"If I am not

## Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN H. SMITH

### EXPERIENCE.

To give and to take.  
To earn and to keep.  
To waste in the shallows.  
To swim where it's deep.  
To keep in the channel.  
Avoiding the rocks.  
And that's what you learn  
In the school of hard knocks.

No money tuition  
You pay in advance.  
Instructors are often  
Appointed by chance.  
Not optional is it  
To stay or to go.  
You take in the courses  
Whether or no.

But, though, as I mentioned,  
The entry is free.  
Before you have finished  
It costs you a fee.  
And little it matters,  
Although you may say  
You cannot afford it.  
The price you must pay.

But no education  
Is equal the kind  
You get in this college  
For body and mind.  
It's through disappointments,  
Heartburnings and shocks  
Epiphanies you win  
In the school of hard knocks.

**A Bad Sign.**  
"I don't believe in signs."  
"I do."  
"For a fact?"  
"Yes; for a fact."  
"As for instance?"  
"Seeing a creditor over my left shoulder is sure evidence that I am about to be annoyed."

**The Miracle.**  
"I understand Miss Brown is much improved in health."  
"Yes, indeed, and in every other way."  
"Glad to hear it."  
"She is ten years younger than she was five years ago."

**Twin Outcasts.**  
"What is your friend's business?"  
"He is a critic."  
"I have a friend I would like to have him meet."  
"What does he do?"  
"He is an empiric."

**Quite Modern.**  
"What are you doing?"  
"Waiting for my ship to come in."  
"You are waiting a long way from the ocean."  
"This is an airship."

**Too Good to Keep.**  
"What are you promoting?"  
"Just a gold mine."  
"Any gold in it?"  
"Think I'd be selling stock in it if there were?"

**Disappointing.**  
"I am glad to see you in a Pan."

**Economical.**  
"Why does he now eat breakfast?"  
"To get his money's worth."  
"Don't understand."  
"Breads at the hotel, American plan."

**Youthful Manifestation.**  
"They say he is in love with his wife."  
"Oh, well, give him time!"

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A dishonest man has to be clever.

A hero is often a hero because of and by force of exterior circumstances.

A gambler's chance is always a poor one.

A fool and his money is a combination you don't meet every day.

It wouldn't be so bad if a man's salary would have the same upward tendency that his expenses do.

Some women make their own dresses, but did you ever see a man who made his own pants?

The best way to treat some people is to forget them and the place they came from.

Most girls are so busy being romantic that they can't find time to be just natural.

He is certainly a clever man who can fool himself when he is watching.

A telephone man is one who knows how to put up a good line of talk.

A meddler is a natural born boss temporarily out of a job.

Keep a good appetite and you won't need to keep a physician.

The second baby in the family is never wakened up to see if its eyes are changing color.

No young man was ever able to size up his sweetheart from his knowledge of his own sister.

**Caesar's.**  
Some of the conspirators were frightened by what they had done. Not so the great souled Brutus, however.

"We have rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," declared the noblest Roman of them all, wiping his dagger upon his toga.

Be sure enough, when the ambulance arrived the surgeon's first question was "What's that?"

**A Witty Widow.**  
A widow of the name of Rugg, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, was asked by a friend how she liked the change.  
"Oh," she replied, "I parted with my old Rugg for a good price."

**Carlyle's Effort.**  
Carlyle tried to make the purest English ashamed of their gentility, respectability and rubbish. He taught that work was noble, idleness shameful; that ladies and gentlemen who live to please themselves live the life of a beast—of the poodle on their hearth rug; that duty, not pleasure, was "our being's end and aim"; that realities were better than shams. But to make the "upper middle classes" swallow all this he was obliged to disguise the medicinal truth, not exactly in nectar, but in a Scotch porridge manufactured for the purpose, a notable "sham" of his own.—"Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer."

**A Bad Memory.**  
Harvey Worthington Loomis once went abroad to study music. He was a young man, and when after a two weeks' voyage he landed in France he was very homesick. He stood it for two days and then booked his passage on the same ship and returned to America. When he rang the bell at his home in Brooklyn his sister opened the door.  
"Why, Harvey!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"  
"Oh," he replied innocently, "I forgot my toothbrush."—Success Magazine.

**On the Wrong Side.**  
Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.  
"Are you mamma's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.  
"No, dear. I'm your grandmother on your father's side."  
"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."—Everybody's Magazine.

**The Better Way.**  
"Awfully rude of him to throw a kiss at me."  
"Yes, my dear; those are things which always ought to be decentered in person."—Illustrated Bits.

**What He Found.**  
"He went into the country to find solitude."  
"Did he find it?"  
"No; quite the opposite. He sat down on an ant hill."

**Gunning.**  
Deemster—Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist. Fieldman—Why? Deemster—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—Life.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

### ARGUMENT BY ANAGRAM.

The Combination That Was the Undoing of Eleanor Davis.

So many Cassandras come to grief that the story of Lady Eleanor Audley, the wife of the Sir John Davies who was attorney general for Ireland in 1606, will surprise no one familiar with the prophecies of melancholy ladies. Lady Eleanor had a turn for prophecy based on Scriptural anagrams. Among other predictions she claimed to have foretold her husband's death.  
"His doom I gave him in letters of his own name—John Daves, Jove's Hand—within three years to expect the mortal blow, so put on my mourning garment from that time; when about three days before his sudden death, before his servants and friends at the table, gave him part to take his long sleep, by him thus put off: 'I pray, weep not while I am alive, and I will give you leave to laugh when I am dead.'"

Sir John was made chief justice of England, but died on the day he would have taken his seat on the bench.

It was given to another than her husband, however, to give Lady Eleanor a keener dart. She was brought into the court of high commission on charges arising out of her claims to prophetic powers, which she grounded on an anagram of her name, Eleanor Davis—Reveal, O Daniel.

"And, though," writes an old chronicler, "it had too much by an I, and too little by S, yet she found Daniel and Reveal in it, which served her turn."

"Much pains were taken by the court to dispossess her of this spirit, but all would not do, till Lamb, the dean of Arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.

"For whilst the bishops and divines were reasoning the point with her out of Holy Scriptures he took a pen in his hand and at last hit on an excellent anagram:  
"Dame Eleanor Davys—never so mad a lady!"—Youth's Companion.

**Perversity.**  
"One peculiarity of melancholia," said a specialist, "is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured. I once told a young woman who had this disease that she must be careful of her digestion and eat nothing fried. After that she tried to eat only fried food. Not only did she insist on having her want to eat bread unless it had been fried in a lot of grease."—New York Tribune.

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### Test For Fishhooks.

A party in waters down east was going bluefishing. The boy had brought the fishing tackle up from the cabin, and now the skipper was sitting on deck with a big file, filing the hooks.

"Used to be a man go bluefishing with me," the skipper said, "that always filed his own hooks; carried a file in his pocket for just that; always had that file with him and always filed his own hooks. When he'd got a hook filed he'd test it by hanging it on his nose. He'd tip his head back just a little and just rest the point of the hook on his nose, and if it slid off he'd sharpen it some more, but if it hung there he knew it was all right."

"Singular way of testing fish-hooks?" said one of the party.  
"It was," said the skipper, "but he always caught fish."—New York Sun.

### Not Her First Choice.

He was excessively fond of dancing, says a writer in the Utica Tribune; also he was very clumsy, and, like a good many other people, he was fond of doing the thing he did worst.

She, too, was excessively fond of dancing, with the difference that she was the personification of grace. But now she was suffering. Already he had torn her train with his ungovernable feet, and her dainty slippers bore the marks of his shoes. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Let us sit out the rest of this dance," she suggested. "I am tired."  
He was reluctant. "I thought you said you could die waltzing?" he said.

"So I could," she replied, "but there are pleasanter ways of dying than being trampled to death."

**The Candle Tree.**  
One of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom is undoubtedly the candle tree of Panama, known to botanists as *Parmentiera cerifera*. This tree produces from its stem and other branches a great profusion of yellowish, cylindrical, smooth fruits, twelve to eighteen inches long, which appear exactly like wax candles, as the botanical name implies. So close is this resemblance that travelers, seeing the tree for the first time, are liable to be temporarily puzzled as to whether the candles of shops are made in factories or grown on trees! The candle-like fruits are suspended from the branches and bare stem by short, slender stalks, dangling in the air, and readily give the impression of the chandler's shop. As slight falls and the numerous droppings move among the fruit this impression is intensified. The inexperienced traveler is not infrequently informed that the fireless perform the duty of lighting up these "candle" at night when light is required by the denizens of the jungle.—London Standard.