

Crook County Journal.

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W. T. FOOTE, Editor

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1903.

Sunday morning the editor of this family periodical had the pleasure of eating a steak from the prize cow that was killed by Foster and Lehman last week. To say that the steak was good would be putting it mildly to say the least. It was the finest that we have eaten in this country from a butcher's shop, and that is saying a good deal when it is known that our city shops furnish some of the finest steaks obtainable. This cow was raised by J. H. Gray, secretary of the Crook County Cattle Growers Association, and was sold by him to Foster & Lehman last fall for \$100, after she had taken the prize at the county fair. Mr. Gray deserves great credit for the efforts he has made in the line of improvement of the breeds of cattle in this section of the state. He has been identified with the movement for better breeds of cattle since its first inception in this county and is now at the front of every movement along that line. If Hereford grades can be sold as beef cattle for \$100 is there not money in the business of raising them? Even at a less price there would seem to be a goodly profit in the business over that of the ordinary range animal. This cow was a grade Hereford the same as many others in Mr. Gray's herd, and was no better than can be produced by any one in the cattle business in this county. By all means let us have more high grade cattle and a less number of scrubs that require fully as much care and feed, if not more, than the best. We can thus reduce our number of cattle and give more range for those that are raised and have more money out of the business in the long run than at present and with less labor to the breeder.

THE FIREMEN'S ANNUAL.

An Enthusiastic Meeting Held Tuesday Evening.

Every city has its object of local pride. With some it is their business houses, with others their churches, while with others it is their schools. Prineville has all these in a creditable way, and still another object of local pride, upon which the first named are largely dependent. It is her volunteer fire organization, companies No. 1 and 2, and they are composed of as gallant a lot of men as ever fought the fire demon. It has been their rule in years past to have a special feature of entertainment and jollification at their January meeting and last Tuesday evening they fairly outdid all previous occasions. A dozen of Prineville's most stalwart sons presented themselves for initiation on this evening and the way they were put through wasn't slow.

The writer had the privilege of witnessing the work, but was sworn to secrecy and for this reason cannot be as explicit in our description as we would like. However, we will make mention of a few incidents, trusting that it will not be held against us, when we go through the same trying ordeal, if we ever do. The candidates were Mears, Bailey, Holder, Pancake, Arnold, Whitsett, Gray, Sharp, Smith, Rideout, Giles, and Price. Some are especially worthy of mention. Perhaps the oldest of the new members was William Holder who went through the ordeal in a knightly manner. While riding the goat to its various evolutions Bill displayed a skill worthy of any vaquero. Though he was made an especial mark by the goat (newspaper men generally get the worst of it) never once did he "log" but rode with consummate grace, after which this gallant knight of the pen knelt before the

mystic shrine and received the password. Had it been pronounced to Bill a trifle louder, he would now have been the sole member of a solar exploring party. As it is he is said to be better and is resting easy, and his speedy recovery is prophesied. The initiations following were of about the same character, except that of the last victim, who happened to be Roy Price. Roy had absent-mindedly called upon his girl, and naturally reported late. For this he received two side degrees, and though he did not say, we believe that on this occasion, at least, he wished her far away.

After the initiation supper was served by Fireman McDowell, of the Hotel Prineville, which was followed by cigars, the present of Fireman Michel. The success of the initiations was largely due to the untiring efforts of the committee on arrangements, which was composed of Firemen C. E. McDowell, W. F. King and George Summers.

May companies No. 1 and 2 have many such meetings and add many such members. They certainly would add strength and efficiency to any organization.

Elk Driven With Cattle.

A unique sight will be witnessed here in a few days, says a Winnemucca paper. Two great droves of cattle, amounting to some 1200 head, will arrive at Winnemucca from Miller & Lux's ranches at Alvord, Oregon.

What will be more interesting will be eighteen cattle with horns that double discount those of Texas steers. In other words, the droves will include eighteen head of elk. There was that number when they started, but some are liable to be lost on the road unless the vaqueros' ponies are swift, indeed.

These broad-horned monarchs of the mountains are from the John Devine Alvord ranch, which has been leased by Miller & Lux. They will be taken to that firm's private park, near Gilroy, Nevada.

Logger's Wild Shot.

Botsford & Sargent is the name of the firm which conducts a shooting gallery and nigger-baby nursery in a long tent on the unimproved lot just south of the Hotel Corvallis, says the Corvallis times. Pretty much of all kinds of people go there to take a crack at the mocking bird or some other of a dozen species of birds arranged there for the convenience of the marksmen. There are also opportunities for the man who can't handle a gun. For a small consideration he has the privilege of pelting the colored juvenile family with baseballs. The latter amusement is attended with less danger to residents of the vicinity, and to the nigger babies themselves, than is occasionally the target practice. This fact was forcibly illustrated a few evenings ago when a logger whose vision was somewhat impaired by intoxication took a shot and missed the whole flock of birds. When the gun was discharged there was no familiar "spat" against the background; there was no sound of the center bell, the cuckoo's voice was still, and there was not a twitter from any one of the feathered tribe. The persons present looked at each other in wonder, and the nigger babies were drunk with astonishment. Where had the bullet gone? The problem was solved when Marshal Miller appeared on the scene and announced that a shot had been fired through one of the rear windows of his residence on the opposite side of the block.

Mr. Sargent says that he did not notice at first that his patron was drunk, and that the gun was accidentally discharged. However on complaint of Mr. Miller the shooting gallery was closed on the ground that the business as conducted was dangerous. To overcome this objection the proprietor on Friday completed an extensive structure at the rear of the tent similar to the backstop on a baseball field. It is 14 feet high and 34 feet long, and built of two such lumber. The authorities in-

spected the structure Saturday morning and pronounced the arrangement safe, at least as far as Miller's residence is concerned. Accordingly business was resumed at once. After this Mr. Sargent will insist that any of his boozey patrons shall take their amusement with the babies.

Naming of La Creole Creek.

Dallas, Or., Dec. 29.—Considerable discussion has been heard in times past as to the origin of the name "La Creole" as applied to the once most beautiful stream that flows through Dallas. Now comes an old-timer giving the following version of the origin of the name. He says:

"Long years ago, in trapper days, when this country was the paradise of trappers, before the rude hand of civilization had torn this country from the bosom of dame nature, a Frenchman, with his wife and party, camped on this beautiful un-named stream, and during their stay a child was born. According to common usage, the child would be called a Creole. Therefore the creek was ever after known as La Creole, in honor of the birth of the child."

"La" is French for "the" prefix before the names of streams. Many people say "The La Creole" which is incorrect, as it would be equivalent to using the definite twice in the name.

Food Law Needs Fixing.

Profiting by past experience, the present pure food law has been altered in many respects to close loopholes against fraud on the part of dishonest dealers. While in convention here the delegates of the National Dairy Association complimented Oregon upon having such an excellent pure food law, yet this law, although better in many respects than those of some other states, is found to be too loose to meet the demands of the commercial interests in this state, and to protect consumers. Under its provisions quantities of short-weight butter have been sold, reworked, or process butter has been placed upon the market, and adulterated spices, sugar, coffee, vinegar and other products have been foisted upon consumers. The law was sufficient to authorize the officials considerably to worry some of the violators, in the more aggravated cases, affording the best protection possible to consumers under its provisions, but very few convictions were secured, owing to the double meaning that could be placed upon certain sections by designing persons. This ambiguity the framers have sought to avoid in the new law by simple, direct language, which it is hoped cannot be construed to suit the desires of unscrupulous dealers. It is said that one firm alone made a small fortune during the past year in selling short-weight butter. How to provide a remedy against a repetition of such cases is puzzling the framers more than almost any other section. The old law seems insufficient, although it provided that every roll or package of butter must contain the requisite number of ounces to correspond with the the purported weight, but it will probably be somewhat strengthened and improved, so that dishonest dealers will have greater trouble than ever in imposing upon the public with short-weight or adulterated foodstuffs.—Telegram.

Too Much Wine.

Sensation has been hitting in the high places in The Dalles the past few days, says the Times-Mountaineer. The report has been current that two prominent citizens of the city have become entangled with the internal revenue officers, and that no small amount of explaining will be necessary to unravel the tangle. The story is this:

Two gentlemen here, who are above reproach, have been supplying their callers for several years with a good quality of wine, purchased direct from the wineries in California. In short they had struck a good thing, and through

their generosity let some of their friends in on the deal. When they ordered wine for themselves they would also order for their neighbors, never imagining that Uncle Sam's revenue laws forbid them doing so without first taking out license as wholesale liquor dealers. But Dave Dunne, Collector of Internal Revenue at Portland, got onto the scheme somehow, and one of his deputies was sent here to inquire into the case.

What the outcome will be is unknown, but the probabilities are that the gentlemen will either have to convince the revenue officers that they did not sell the wine or divy up a fine to Uncle Sam.

War at Haystack.

On Saturday the 27 began an epoch in the history of the Haystack country long to be remembered. Owing to the refusal of the county court to place a bounty on rabbit scalps our people were forced to organize themselves into a grand army to try and exterminate the measly long eared pests. Pursuant to a call we met at the Haystack school house and organized by electing the following officers: W. S. Hale, president; F. C. Osborn, secretary of war; J. H. Windom, lieutenant general; W. F. Hammer, Geo. Windom, G. Springer and W. G. Killingbeck, major generals, Mesdames Peck, Read, Armstrong, Corwin and Rogers, commissary generals with instructions to look well to the commissary stores. Promptly at 9 o'clock the army assembled at J. L. Windom's and was placed under the command of Major General Springer, Hammer, Killingbeck and Windom. After a close reconnoiter of the enemy's works the order to charge was given and then the fun began. As fast as one place was hunted out the army moved to another and this order will be kept up until all the country has been gone over. Casualties on the side of the enemy up to date are about 750 rabbits, including several of their leading generals, and one wild cat. Several big owls and other varmints escaped. Our men have been very fortunate so far in having escaped any serious loss. The casualties being, Perry Read wounded on the neck with a bolo, Jim Eagan, bolo wound on hand and Gus Loveland struck in the month with a cannon ball, but all staid on the firing line and will be alright in a few days.

One of the army.

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