

THE CROOK COUNTY JOURNAL

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D. F. STEFFA.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

AN EAR-MARK OF CONSISTENCY.

Under the caption "Machine Work Not People's Will," the Portland Journal, under date of March 28, says "the president, while not granting Senator Simon's requests in some particulars, much to the senator's dissatisfaction, was very favorably impressed with Mr. Moody, who seemed to be a favorite of his. If the president is to be re-elected, it appears to the majority of the people that Mr. Moody, who has had two terms' experience to Mr. Williamson's one, and who stands so high in the president's good graces, would be the most useful man to represent the district." In the editorial following the above, the Journal opens its remarks with: "The opinion is growing that President Roosevelt once elected for a full term, and then more independent of restraint than now, would not be a safe president. This opinion is not new chiefly held by Wall street, but is held by a constantly increasing number of common and reasonably conservative people."

In other words, The Journal puts itself on record as saying that Mr. Moody is a good man to represent the second district, because he stands in close touch with a President who is incompetent to guide national affairs. That's an awful slam on both Mr. Moody and the second congressional district, and consistency one more shines forth as a jewel. To the reading public, the editorial on President Roosevelt is in accordance with The Journal's views, but Mr. Moody was brought in at the wrong place and the article in his support resembles strongly the ring of new coined dollars.

If President Roosevelt is not qualified to fill a second term with credit, and Mr. Moody stands in such intimate relationship with him, then reason says that the congressman is also inadequate in quality, means and capacity to look after the interests of the second district. And it is highly probable that the county conventions will take this view of the situation. It is not unlikely that The Journal's convoluted statement of the "true" status in the matter will be given full weight when the delegates from Eastern Oregon are pledged. A man who does the bidding of an incompetent president is not wanted as a congressional representative, and whether the president is competent or not, the people in the second district are not likely to want Mr. Moody anyway.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN DIRT AND HOT AIR.

What a pleasing contrast there is between the active operations in the Dalles-Dufur railroad and the triennial dispensation of "hot air" which has been in vogue over the Columbia Southern's extension since 1901. Real, live action in one instance; periodical promises in the other. No wonder that Central Oregon looks sad and is inclined to droop its head. These broken engagements have touched her heart and there is no court of equity to give out a remedial decree. Damages would be no compensation for the internal injury.

And the wonder is that the Columbia Southern would not announce to the Interior Oregon umpire that it had struck out, that its promises to make a safe hit have resulted in three fouls and a "fan." This course of action would be much better for all concerned and would relieve materially the accumulated suspense with which this section is fraught.

But there is reason to believe that Central Oregon will after all be granted the transportation facilities for which she has so long and earnestly clamored. And it will come in the shape of automobiles. To be sure the first one which attempted the trip got stuck in the mud. That's a fact, but the mud will soon get dry. And then, 190

the mud will not interfere for more than four months out of the year and four months is only a short time to be shut off from the rest of the world after people have become accustomed to isolation for a period extending over thirty or more years.

So to the automobile Central Oregon looks for her salvation. Eight passengers at a time is some few improvement over a stage coach carrying five or six, and the running time is likely to be reduced several hours, if the mud doesn't interfere. To the automobile then for the fulfillment of promises. A horseless carriage is better by far than a railroad sixty-five miles away living on promises. In the meantime the people will continue to watch the annual hegira of railroad engineers, and the repeated driving of stakes, which are fast becoming stumbling blocks for a person walking around after dark.

THE SEASON OF GOOD CHEER

Spring. Presumably the first touch has been felt. The almanacs ushered in this gracious season of the year some two or more weeks ago, but the almanacs had the hiccoughs—only during the past week have thoughts of spring cleaning taken possession of the frugal and cleanly housewife.

Spring again. To the good man about the house come visions of disjointed stove pipes, contrary elbows, an atmosphere laden with dust from beaten carpets, cold lunches and—soup. He, the good man, suffers. He it is who resurrects from his faded memory a few blue colored expletives. He it is whose bare toe in the night is sure to make intimate relationship with the sharp point of a misplaced tack. Ah, yes, the good man suffers.

And the dear old spring is so reliable. No winds, no chilling blasts, no sudden changes. The good man dons his light clothes. In the warm and invigorating atmosphere he looks the world straight in the face. How easy it is to conquer it. The robins chirping, the grass springing green from the earth—all nature wears a broad, ear-splitting grin. And the next morning—frozen faucets, a whirlwind of snow, a frost bitten sun, struggling vainly to shine through the heavy clouds. And the good man, who has taken kindly to the vacillating spring time, recites in a thick and nasal voice:

"Sprig, sprig, gentle sprig, Odd da blossoms you are fed, Eberling is dice when you Have dough bad code in da head" Nevertheless, spring with all her tantalizing symptoms is a welcome guest. Somewhere in the van summer is coming with all her joys and comforts, then the irritating stove pipes will have been forgotten until winter's playmate has made her appearance again.

William Randolph Hearst has offered the Democratic convention a million and a half for the presidential nomination. If Willie gets it, wonder what Bryan will have say about the money question?

The Oregonian is very insistent in trying to convince the people that ex-representative Moody is not yet downed, and still has a chance to win the nomination this month. The Oregonian's efforts, however, in lending its aid in the death struggles are not likely to produce more favorable symptoms than have already been pasted on the bulletin boards of defeat.

"What we want in this town," said a man to The Journal not a great while ago, "is a good fearless newspaper; one that isn't afraid to say what it thinks." Not long afterwards The Journal said what it thought, but its fearlessness hit a corn on one of the man's feet. Since then he has had a distaste for "fearless" newspapers and the opinions which they express.

Our delinquent subscribers will each receive a notice of the amount they owe The Journal for subscription next week and if we do not hear from you in regard to the same after due time the paper will be discontinued. We are compelled to do this for the reason that we have obligations which must be met as well as other people and occasionally we feel as if we would relish the idea of having a good square meal and not have to run our face for the price. So do not think we are becoming vain or taking on style for such is not the case but we do want to see and know that our subscribers are appreciating our efforts in getting out the best weekly newspaper printed in Eastern Oregon.

Out of the Onion Sack.



My Easter "Bunnet."

Bright as scarlet,
With a band
Like a cyclone
Through the land
Smells like brimstone
It's so hot,—
Face looks like
A hot tent.
Perspiration,
Like a saw,
Keeps my face
All smarting raw.
Scowls of glances
Shred my way,
And all because
"Tother day
I was foolish,
Couldn't see
How they'd have a
Joke on me
If I bought an
Easter hat,
Now I know its
Worse than that.

Many a wise man has walked down the street with a hole in the seat of his pants.

Politics as a rule warm up about the time some of the aspirants cool down.

It is not where did you get that hat, but, where did you get that bunnet?

Pit—"That town of Hickory Ridge has a future before it."

Pank—"Well, it could at very well have a future behind it."

Seven million microbes have been corralled in a single glass of water by some New York bacteriologists. That's enough to make any drinking man stop and think.

Slam—"They say old man Yarns is lying at the point of death."

Bang—"That's nothin', that's a habit he formed as soon as he got old enough to talk."

"What seems to be the matter with old Skink's face. It looks all crushed in."

"He's been living on it too long."

A young woman named Sox has been engaged to teach music in the college at Albany. It is to be presumed that no one will turn the hose on her when she renders her vocal selections.

All had the bashful bald head man. Troubles are now a bore. Since spring came in last week and hatched Six billion flies or more.

"Pours ter me," said the husky native of Sand Dune, Arkansas, "that the quickest way ter git rid of these here dry rains, corn cakes, sketeers and louses, is ter move over inter Missouri or Kansas."

Spring has come, but she's liable to take a fall out of a good many people before she gets on her feet.

A lady of Prineville went to church last Sunday wearing a brand new Easter hat. She sat down in one of the front pews where every one could get a good glimpse of the sparkling bonnet. Many admiring glances were shied that way and mental comments made as to the cost of the head gear. Finally a light breeze blew one of the grape leaves to one side and there in plain view was the tag. She must have dressed in a hurry and forgotten to remove it for the inscription read:

GRAND FIRE SALE!
Former Price \$4.50
Now \$1.98

ROBT. SMITH,
Prineville, - Oregon.

FALLS 100 FEET INTO A CANYON

Son of C. O. Bethel Pitches Headlong from Precipice on the Deschutes.

One of the most miraculous escapes from death ever recorded in this county occurred last Saturday afternoon when Chester Bethel, the 18-year-old son of C. O. Bethel, who formerly lived at Powell Buttes, pitched headlong from the top of the precipice at the junction of the Crooked and Deschutes rivers, and fell a distance of 100 feet, striking once on an outcropping of rock only to be hurled off again into space.

The boy struck a ledge of rock 40 feet from the top of the canyon, and bounding off this went high into the air to drop a sheer sixty feet to the ground below. The left thigh and the left shoulder were broken, and a deep scalp wound, some several inches in length, was sustained from the head coming in contact with the sharp edge of a projecting rock on the first ledge. The unfortunate boy was picked up unconscious and taken to the Forest Ranch, twelve miles away, arriving there seven hours after the accident. Medical aid was summoned immediately and Drs. Belknap and Edwards of this city went down to dress the wounds and set the broken bones.

The full details of the accident were learned from the younger brother who was with Chester at the time the almost fatal affair happened. The two boys were together at the top of the canyon, which is nearly a 1000 feet deep where the two rivers join, and Chester had stepped too close to the brink of the precipice, which was loose from the recent rains. A moment afterwards, the younger boy saw his brother slip down, clutch wildly at an overhanging rock which slipped from its place at his touch. Then both dropped in the canyon below. The rock, which weighed fifty or more pounds made its descent directly over the boy only a few feet from him, and the younger brother fully expected that Chester would be crushed to death when the perilous fall was ended at the bottom of the canyon. Peering far over the edge of the deep ravine, shuddering at the horrifying sight he was witnessing, the younger boy saw the brother strike a projecting ledge with terrific force. A shower of sand and stones obscured his vision for a moment, then he saw that the huge rock had gone clear of the ledge. Chester struck on his side, bounded up, then far out again into the air. Sixty feet below the boy was pitched onto a wider bench of soft earth where the sage brush and grass saved him from being mashed into a shapeless form. The rock which had followed him with imminent peril during the first 40 feet of his fall, rolled farther on and crashed down 100 feet into the rivers below.

The younger brother, when he saw Chester lying motionless a hundred feet below, ran back to the ranch, and secured the assistance of his father and uncle who descended the canyon and reached the unconscious boy. Two hours and a half were consumed in bearing him up the steep incline to the wagon waiting at the top. Then the drive to the Forest ranch was made as quickly as possible and the doctors summoned.

The boy remained unconscious until Monday when at times he regained his senses. The cuts and bruises and swollen condition of his body are such that the physicians have not as yet determined the extent of his internal injuries, if there be any. The broken bones, however, have been set and the wounds dressed and unless there are other complications which prove fatal, the boy will recover.

Wurzweiler & Thomson



ur Spring Stock of Merchandise will arrive as soon as teams can haul it in from Shaniko.

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None but Healthy Animals Killed, Which Insures Good Wholesome Meats.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

PRINEVILLE, ORE., March 16, 1904.

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Per C. L. WINNER
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Finest Bath Rooms in Central Oregon for Ladies or Gentlemen

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