

TAILORING

My Spring Samples have arrived, also Sample Suits made up. With five hundred styles of goods to select from a man can find the color and patterns of cloth he wants. Better still, he can order from any style in the line and be sure of securing ALL WOOL GOODS. Besides the low prices I offer you REAL TAILORING. It is worth while looking anyway.

GORMLEY THE TAILOR

THE BANISTERS.

What They Tell the Dwellers in New York's Tenements.

Many a gruesome bit of wisdom is gleaned by settlement workers. The other day a woman of philanthropic tendencies trudged miles looking for rooms for an unfortunate family that had to move. After she had made a selection that would fit their scant means the mother of the family went around to see the rooms before moving in.

"Oh," exclaimed that wise tenement dweller, "we'd be worse off here than where we are! This place is too unhealthy."

"How do you make that out?" asked the settlement worker. "It strikes me as being better than most houses of its class."

The woman pointed to the banisters, which ran up through the five flights of stairs to the roof in a ragged, broken line. "Collins," she said grimly, "That's what that means. Collins is terrible hard on banisters. There are too many deaths here to suit me."

And when the settlement worker learned that many tenement dwellers really do judge of the healthfulness of a house by the condition of the banisters she concluded that that place wouldn't suit her either.—New York Press.

WOMAN.

A Mystery That Keeps Man Eternally on the Guess.

"When woman has ceased to be a mystery she will cease to be of special interest to man," said one among the loveliest of her sex, and she is able to speak as one having authority, for she is comely and has been alive long enough to know whereof she speaks.

And, come to think of it, she is about right—she is right.

It isn't because woman makes of herself a mystery. She's a mystery in spite of herself. And nature alone, being man's superior on earth, seems to be playing woman so as to keep man ever guessing, for as soon as he has succeeded in figuring out one of her equations she hands him another, and so on, and on.

At first the young man thinks he knows all about all women, but by the

time his locks begin to whiten he is ready to concede that he doesn't even know all about one. Or do you know all about her?

To the middle they are all kissable, or nearly all, but as time passes the kissable list shortens and shortens until at last—well, you may answer for yourself, but no doubt it is quite short unless you belong to the promiscuous brotherhood.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Love of the Heroic.

Why is baseball the game of the summer instead of croquet, and football the game of the autumn instead of middleweight? It is the element of conflict, of struggle, that gives to the diamond and the gridiron their empire over the imagination. The whole man goes into baseball, whereas croquet cannot contain the entire personality of any except a very weak dilution of masculinity. The normal man likes a game that tries the player's thigh and sinew, eye and brain, heart and courage.

The fact of the matter is that nothing is more attractive to men than difficulty, hardship, danger. The call of the heroic is irresistible. A case in point is that of a man who left one position for another a few months ago. He turned his back on friends and a sure success to grapple with difficulties of a most unusual kind. His employers offered him everything they could give him to induce him to remain. But one thing they could not duplicate—the opportunity for a struggle such as tries men's souls. That was more to him than the material reward.—St. Louis Republic.

Tip to the Wayfarer.

"Well," demanded the stern faced woman as she leaned over the red handled broom, "what do you want?" "Lady," said the wayfarer with the long beard and matted chin, "I'm an actor by profession and in hard luck."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" "Why—er—I was thinking if you could spare me a quarter to get a shave and a hair cut I could get a job in the role of Virginia."

She eyed him disdainfully. "Oh, that's a poor excuse," she said, with a curl of her thin lip. "Go up to the town without a shave and a hair cut and get a job in the role of Rip

Van Winkle."

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog.—Chicago News.

Van Winkle.

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog.—Chicago News.

The Moon.

The moon's mean distance from the earth is 237,000 miles. When it is at the perigee—nearest point—it is 225,000 miles and when at the apogee—farthest point—more than 251,000 miles from the earth. The actual diameter is estimated at 2,153 miles, or a little less than three-elevenths of the earth's diameter. The moon's volume is therefore about one forty-ninth that of the earth, and its mass is one eighty-eighth of the earth's; consequently the force of gravity is so much less at its surface than it is at the earth's surface that a body weighing 1,000 pounds here would weigh on the moon only 153 pounds.

One Who Knew.

"Does any one in the class," asked the teacher, "know the origin of the corn laws?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the shaggy haired pupil. "They were written by John Bunton."—Chicago Tribune.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—Elliot.

Ancient Inkstands.

An inkstand that was probably in use 3,400 years ago is in a museum in Berlin. It is of Egyptian make and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty or somewhere about 1500 B. C., although its real age can only be judged of approximately. It is made of wood and has two compartments, an upper one provided with two holes, one for black and one for red ink and a lower one for holding reed pens. The black and the red inks are certainties, for some still remains, in a dry condition, within the receptacles. Another ancient inkstand is supposed to have been intended for the use of a schoolboy. It would certainly hold ink enough for a schoolboy's needs, for it has no fewer than four ink holes. Both inkstands were found at Thebes.

NITROGEN IODIDE.

A Wonderful Substance That a Mere Breath Would Explode.

"What would be the consequences of firing a barrelful of nitrogen iodide it would be impossible to say," declares a writer in the London Strand Magazine, "simply because the stuff is too awful to be made in such quantities."

"It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the truth, that the tread of a housefly is sufficient to explode this dangerous material. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come into contact with the explosive, when the jolt causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the air."

"Another manner in which the peculiar property of this explosive can be demonstrated is by scattering a small quantity of the dry powder over a sheet of clean paper. It then resembles sherry pepper and only needs a few sharp breaths of the manipulator—just sufficient to make them roll—to cause each speck to ignite and explode, meantime giving off a long, thin column of dense purple smoke. If a barrelful of nitrogen iodide could be made it would have to be kept moist to prevent danger. By comparison gunpowder is a mild, innocent, inoffensive material."

STILTON CHEESE.

It Differs in the Making From the Ordinary Cheese.

Stilton cheeses differ from ordinary cheeses in the method of manufacture. Each Stilton is made in a circular mold, or vat, two feet deep and about nine inches in diameter, perforated at the sides and bottom. When the milk has been turned into curd by means of rennet it is transferred into the vat, which is lined with a coarse woven cloth, with a ladle. When a thin layer of curd covers the bottom of the mold a little dry salt is sprinkled over it. This is supposed to create the blue mold often found in Stiltons. Then more curd is added in layers until the vat is full. The whey gradually drains through the cloth and out of the holes into the pan in which the vat stands. After the curd has stood for twenty-four hours a tin disk is laid on the top and a weight applied to hasten the expulsion of the whey. When quite firm, the cheese is removed from the vat and placed on a shelf to dry. After some days the cloth is taken off and the cheese is left to ripen in a special room, the temperature of which never varies.—London Answers.

"Five Hundred!" score cards printed and for sale at the Journal office, 1 cent each.



Now is Your Time

To have WATCH REPAIRING done. I am just opening a repair shop at Elkins' Store, and I offer the service of years of experience. All work sent to me by mail or express will have my careful attention.

L. KAMSTRA

Prineville, Oregon

All work guaranteed.

W. A. BOOTH, Pres.

D. F. STEWART, Vice-Pres.

C. M. ELKINS, Cashier

STATE BANK NO. 188

CROOK COUNTY BANK

PRINEVILLE, OREGON

Capital Stock fully paid \$50,000.00

Surplus 5,000.00

Stockholders' Liability 25,000.00

Statement Rendered to State Bank Examiner January 31, 1910:

Assets		Liabilities	
Loans and Discounts	\$101,186.19	Capital stock	\$50,000.00
Overdrafts	2,429.51	Surplus	5,000.00
County and other warrants	2,251.50	Undivided profits	5,616.09
Real estate and fixtures	7,790.94	Deposits	30,964.15
Cash on hand and due from banks	69,022.94		
	\$175,180.94		\$175,180.94

The O'Neil Restaurant

MILLER BUILDING, PRINEVILLE, OREGON

First Class Meals 25c and Up

Fresh Oysters and Fish in Season

W. J. SMELZER, Proprietor

General Blacksmithing

HORSESHOEING, WOOD WORK, ETC.,

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE

WHEN IT IS DONE BY : : :

Robert Moore

Satisfaction Will Be Guaranteed

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

R

D

Why Pay Rent?

There's MONEY in owning Central Oregon Property.

There's NO MONEY in renting it.

Even if you borrowed \$1500.00 at 10 per cent IT WOULD BE CHEAPER than renting

Better still! BUY ON EASY TERMS and

Own Your Own Home

There are many opportunities for this in Prineville. We especially recommend

JOHNSON'S SUBDIVISION

A few lots and acres still left. Prices, city lots, 40x114, \$110 to \$125. One-acre tracts \$300 to \$400.

Now is the time

To see or write REALTY DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Box 1, PRINEVILLE, OREGON. Rooms 10, 11, 12, 13 Adamson Block

C

O