

**LOCAL MENTION**

Mrs. Shattuck and daughter arrived last evening from a visit to her parents near Portland.

Marshal Hooper, bookkeeper at the First National Bank, left Saturday for North Yakima, where he will go into the furniture business. Mrs. Hooper left today to join her husband.

Max Hofer, the popular young clerk at J. E. Stewart & Co.'s, left today to celebrate at Bend from there will go to Portland. He is going into business for himself in the near future.

H. C. Oliver, the traveling freight and passenger agent of the O-W. R. & N. Co., was in Prineville Monday. His company is going to start a refrigerator service on the Central Oregon branch. Two cars will leave Portland twice a week—Tuesdays and Thursdays—for this section of country. This move will be of great benefit to fruit shippers.

**Would Have Many Demonstration Farms**

Through the experimental work of the United States Department of Agriculture, and the various state experiment stations, it has been demonstrated that by the application of scientific methods of seed selection, preparation of land, and after cultivation, it is possible, practicable and profitable to secure yields of grain, vegetables and grasses, two or three times greater than the average farm yields.

The knowledge of what to do, how to do it, and results secured, has been carefully compiled and published in "Farmers Bulletins." Experience, however, shows that a very small percentage of farmers avail themselves of this valuable information.

One of the most successful methods, has been found to be the "Demonstration Farms." These farms are not "experimental farms" conducted by salaried men at public expense, but individual farms owned and operated by a private individual who, realizing the value of the application of scientific method in practical farm work, undertakes to operate his farm under the direction and with the advice and assistance of an expert.

The results of the work under these conditions became an object lesson to all the farmers in the locality. When a man is once shown what to do and how to do it no argument is necessary to convince him of the practical value of knowledge as applied to his business.

Communities and individuals can be reached and educated in this way that could not be influenced in any other way. For the above reasons we are endeavoring to get at least one farmer in each district reached by the O-W. R. & N. to undertake some line of crop production, animal husbandry, poultry or fruit raising, and carry out in detail the entire work along the lines approved by the best authorities and practiced by the most successful workers in any given line.

**Real Estate Transfers.**

Furnished by the J. H. Haner Abstract Company.

**DEEDS.**  
Chas. Altschul to Julia F. Miller, lot 10, blk 4, 2nd add Prineville, \$50.  
Alta D. Hatten to Geo. S. Geis, sec 9, 15-12, \$3000.  
Fred J. Bendix to Frank Lyons, sec 5, 15-12, \$1000.  
Oregon & Western Col. Co. to Wade Houston, sec 5, blk 5, Oregon & Western Add to Prineville, \$700.  
A. A. Green to J. A. Thompson, sec 25, 15-12, \$1.  
State of Oregon to Henry Albers, w 1/2 16-15-25, \$800.  
State of Oregon to Henry Albers, e 1/2 16-15-25, \$800.

**PATENTS.**  
Christian N. Sorenson, e 1/2 ne 1/4, nw 1/4 sec 7-14-11.  
Pearl O. Vanderpool, w 1/2 sw 1/4, s 1/2 nw 1/2, 12-15-18.  
Frank Paul, sec 10, ne 1/4, e 1/2 sec 33, sw 1/4 nw 1/2 34-12-11.  
Cora L. Bover, e 1/2 sw 1/2 22, e 1/2 nw 1/2 27-18-12.  
Guy Lafollette sec 10, sec 10, nw 1/4 sec 32-15-15, sw 1/4 nw 1/4 4-16-15.  
Cora Congleton w 1/2 nw 1/2 22-16-23.  
Sadie A. Niswonger 1/2 sw 1/4, nw 1/2 sec 24-19-11.

**Big Fire at Bend Last Night**

Word reached Prineville this morning that the entire postoffice block at Bend was wiped out by fire last evening. The fire spread to an adjoining block but was checked in time to save it.

**Another Mystery to be Solved**

While trying to locate a sheep trail last week in the Sparks lake and north Tumello country H. E. Vincent and C. C. Buchanan found a 32.40 Winchester rifle and other indications that look as though some hunter or traveler had lost his way or met with some accident, says the Sisters Herald. The rifle was found by a tree about four miles from the summit on the North Tumello. It was in good condition and apparently was a new rifle when left there. A few feet from where it stood had been a campfire, which would show that it was probably some traveler or hunter who had lost his way and stopped to rest or camp for the night, and went for water or to look for food when some accident befel him so he was unable to get back to his rifle. There was still about four feet of snow at the point where the rifle was found except under the tree, where the ground was bare. A good rifle is the last thing a man will leave no matter what the circumstances are, so it is not likely that it was left by sheepmen or some one who simply forgot it. From all appearances it had been there for several months, probably since last fall.

**Heart to Heart Talks.**

By EDWIN A. NYE.

**SMALL HINGES.**

A little runt of a boy came shyly forward to meet Mrs. Jones, who, tired with her shopping, sat down on a stool in the toweling department of the big store.

Mrs. Jones owned a large hotel and was buying supplies.

It was the boy's first day at the counter. He had just been promoted from the stock room, where he had made good.

"What is this bolt of toweling worth—hotel rates?"

The stripling's eyes bulged.

"I'll have to ask the head of the department. This is my first day selling goods. Please excuse me, madam, for just a moment."

Rushing to his senior, he eagerly made the inquiry.

"Are you sure she wants a whole bolt?" said the department head. "Tell her I'll be there in a moment and wait on her myself."

The boy's face fell. And—

"What was it? Something in the drooping face of the young salesman? Anyway, when the head clerk came forward, briskly rubbing his hands, Mrs. Jones said:

"Excuse me; this boy is waiting on me. If you will give him the prices we shall get along very well."

They did get along. And when the woman's bill was footed up it came to \$90. Ninety dollars! Wouldn't they stare when he turned in his little sales book on his first day's showing?

And this is the sequel:

Mrs. Jones became a regular customer of the boy, who was always attentive and obliging, and brought her friends to the counter.

Very soon the boy got a raise in salary and is now the head of the department. And he will go higher.

It was a little thing for a tired woman to do, but—

It was a big thing for the boy and gave him his first chance as a salesman.

The fact is—

Little things are the hinges on which big things turn.

Why not emulate the woman's thoughtfulness? You and I probably never will do any big things in our lives, but we can do little things in a big way.

Can we not?

A thoughtful hint, a kind word, a little boost—these are worth more than romps of paper read at the woman's club or banquet speeches on the "uplift."

**PEG LEGGED OPTIMISM.**

A friend sends us the story of John Goodwin, cripple.

In 1910 Goodwin moved on to a farm near West Point, Ga. It was a small farm and required much clearing to prepare it for crops. One day his brother, who was helping him, ac-

cidental shot Goodwin in the leg. Amputation became necessary, the limb being cut off just below the knee.

Goodwin was without money and had a family to support, but he did not give up hope.

In a few weeks he was hobbling about on crutches directing things. The neighbors kindly helped him out, and, crippled as he was, he succeeded in raising fourteen bales of cotton and some corn.

Then he got a peg leg.

He moved the next winter to a larger place, which was also a brush farm. He went vigorously to work clearing the land. In speaking of his work this indomitable cripple says:

"I did as much plowing as ever I did in one season—on my peg leg."

There's a picture for you—plowing on a peg leg!

Moreover, he says:

"I made sixteen bales of cotton and some corn, besides raising some fine shotes for my meat and lard. I may come out in debt some, but I am not lonesome."

Now—

One might suppose Goodwin would be satisfied with having cleared two farms in as many years, but in a recent letter he says:

"I have got new ground this year and am preparing it while it is too wet for anything else. I am going to raise more corn this year. I forgot to tell you about my hay. I cut and housed twenty big loads."

How is that for a cripple?

One cannot but wonder what Goodwin might be able to do with two good legs. And the optimism of the man is good to think about.

Some there are who besides being maimed in limb are lamed in mind, but not John Goodwin.

When he was shot in the leg he was not wounded in spirit.

You can cripple a man's body, but you can't make his mind go on crutches.

John Goodwin's leg lies moldering in the tomb, but his soul goes marching on.

**SUCCESSFUL SUCCESS.**

April 26 there died in the city of Chicago one of the very few successful men who have ever lived.

Reference is here made to the late Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the fine souled philanthropist, who lived ninety-two years.

Having accumulated a fortune of \$7,000,000 by real estate investments, he started when eighty years of age to give it away. He helped endow more than fifty small, struggling colleges, because he believed the small college afforded poor young people the best chance. He also gave largely to charity and for fifty years aided young men to get an education.

Dr. Pearsons gave away every dollar of his big fortune, reserving only a small life annuity to keep his soul and body together till death.

He was doubly successful.

Many men have known the satisfaction of making much money. Few have known both the joy and pride of the victor in making a fortune and the pride and joy of the philanthropist in giving every bit of it away. He was twice successful.

He lived a completed life.

Which is a rare accomplishment. Death when it comes to most men finds them with unfinished plans, or, if their plans are successfully worked out, there yet remains the problem of the successful administration of their affairs when they shall be dead. They "heap up riches knowing not who will gather it." They know the lawyers will gather some. And they fear lest the heirs may dissipate the remainder.

Dr. Pearsons was his own executor. He successfully administered his estate while living. And he had the pleasure in the disbursement of his wealth of seeing the good it would do. His money went where he wanted it to go and for the good of mankind.

Successful old man!

He went to the limit of benevolence. Other millionaires give away money, but—not all of it. Some of them cannot keep up with the natural increase and are in grave danger of "the disgrace of dying rich." Giving all, Dr. Pearsons, of all the rich men of his day, was the one successful giver.

Success?

Success is like a pyramid. Broad at the base, broad as the thronging millions who live their little day and win or fall. Towering upward, its form narrows and scattered along its

sides are the few who have been fairly successful. At its top—their bright figures lit up with the pure sunshine of merited fame—are the very few who have lived a completed and successful life.

Of these the gentle hearted nonagenarian who died in Chicago was one.

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**Statement of Resources and Liabilities of**

**The First National Bank**  
Of Prineville, Oregon

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts.....\$29,835.05	Capital Stock, paid in.....\$ 50,000.00
United States Bonds..... 32,500.00	Surplus fund, earned..... 50,000.00
Bank premises, etc..... 32,840.12	Undivided profits, earned..... 37,724.56
Cash & Due from banks..... 210,924.04	Circulation..... 8,500.00
	Deposits..... 265,099.63
	\$531,424.19
\$531,424.19	\$531,424.19

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Will Wurzwiler, Vice-President

T. M. Baldwin, Cashier  
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**CROOK COUNTY JOURNAL**

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