

STORIES OF WAR IN EUROPE THAT ARE FILLED WITH HEART INTEREST

How an Unnamed Officer Stiffened Courage of His Men—Mother's Letter Breaths of Heroism.

Russians Continually Bringing "Captured Kaisers" Into Camp— Priest Says Mass in Trenches.

CORRESPONDENTS at the front or marooned in obscure places while the great European conflict rages manage daily to get through the wary censors some little grimly humorous or tragic side lights of the war.

How an unnamed lieutenant colonel in the French army stiffened the courage of his men and his own when they were about to charge the enemy for the first time is told in the Paris Figaro. The colonel, wounded, but convalescent, is described as relating the anecdote on the train as follows:

"It was in the course of one of the numerous battles on our right wing. For the first time my regiment was about to go under fire. The moment was decisive; the regiment had its battle formation, and now it was necessary, over open ground, to march straight and resolutely at the enemy. Their fire was hot and already had produced ravages in our ranks. It was scouring. I had taken my position at the head of the regiment and given the order forward, but, separated from their base, my men hesitated. In vain I repeated the command. Then, returning toward them, I said:

"'What! You flinch? All you will gain out of this turnabout is death on the spot without having been of any use. Attention! Take my arm one of you, and all of you hold arms, and arm in arm, gun in hand, we'll advance. You'll find that's not so bad.'

"My word, the idea decided them, and arm in arm we started forward. They soon got warmed up, and for a time I was nearly forced to hold them back. Oh, the brave fellows!"

A woman who was listening said: "It was fortunate, colonel, that you yourself were not afraid."

"Not afraid!" exclaimed the colonel. "Oh, madam, if you knew what shivers went through me! But when I saw them hesitate I had to set an example. I was bluffing."

which the terrible news was broken to me. In my agony one consolation remains. For seventeen years I struggled for my son's life against many illnesses, only saving him from death by constant care. I am deeply proud to have succeeded in preserving him to die for his country."

Nearly Put One Over.

"The Germans are full of resources," writes an English correspondent, "and it is one of their favorite plans to lure the allied troops on to attack them by various devices, of which an indicated intention of surrendering is the most common. If this deception is successful a skillfully concealed machine gun turns a murderous fire upon those who have advanced either to attack or to accept surrender.

"The audacity of the enemy cannot be better illustrated than by a well authenticated statement of what took place last night in a trench held by a Gurkha regiment. A figure, silhouetted by the moonlight and wearing a complete Gurkha uniform, approached the end of the trench and delivered the message:

"'The Gurkhas are to move further up the trench. Another Gurkha contingent is advancing in support.'

"Puzzled by this announcement, the officer in command replied: 'Who are you? Where do you come from?' to which the only answer was, 'You are to move up and make room for other Gurkhas.'

"The English was good, but something excited the officer's suspicions. 'Answer, and answer quickly,' he said. 'If you are a Gurkha by what boat did you cross?'

"'This question, under the circumstances, was no easy one to answer, and the German (for such he was) turned and fled, but he had not gone five yards before he fell, riddled with bullets.

"If the officer had been deceived the trench, of course, would have swarmed with Germans almost before the Gurkhas had made room for them."

may have gone to God even as they wept. I could not see from where I was. There the music was the roar of cannon, the candles the burst of flame.

"For six days we have been under fire at the camp of Châlons. All day the shells fall, and at night we fall asleep on the ground, which is saturated with the rains. We have little to eat. We have fought so hard that of the thirty-three horses in my squadron only ten are left. The horses are so tired that they fall and are unable to rise again."

Unique Dinner Party.

A unique dinner party is reported in a soldier's letter from the front.

At a point where the German and French lines approached to within a few hundred yards from each other, apparently to the west of Rheims, the fighting stopped at about midnight, and the Germans were just going to their warm meal at the nearby field kitchen, when an officer was seen to mount the French entrenchment waving a flag of truce. A German officer went out to meet him. The Frenchman, who turned out to be the captain of a company, explained that his men were very hungry, having had nothing to eat for several days, and asked whether the Germans would not give them something.

"How many men have you?" he was asked. "About a hundred," was the answer. "All right; call out your men," said the German. The company thereupon laid aside their arms and came over to the Germans, where they sat down and ate their supper with their enemies. The captain is reported to have said that his men were so famished that they would not be able to continue fighting without something to eat.

That Finished 'Em.

A few of the many privileged persons who, obtaining passes through political influence, motor to the neighborhood of the battle line to view the fighting, to the great annoyance of the French general staff, received an effective rebuke a few days ago.

They had collected on a hill overlooking Soissons to watch the artillery duel that was going on across the river when a staff officer rode up and asked what they were doing there. All with one accord said they had come out to see whether they could be of any use in Red Cross work.

The staff officer at once sent them to the surgeon in command of the nearest field hospital with a message placing the whole party at his disposal. The surgeon rose to the occasion.

"It was most kind of you to come," he said. "You can be of the greatest service. Here are picks and spades. Will you kindly bury those dead horses?"

Not many of the horses were ever buried, but that corner of the field of battle was successfully cleared of speculators.

Improve Each Other's Aim.

An officer in a Bedfordshire regiment writes home:

"A battalion of the First division was entrenched within seventy yards of the Germans, and one witty fellow hoisted an improvised bullseye target above the trenches.

"The German snipers had single shots at it, and the hits were signaled up. There were great cheers from our fellows when they scored a bullseye.

"After a bit they put up a target, which our fellows potted at, and there were cheers and songs from both sides."

Bavarians Are Comedians.

The wild ways of the Bavarian soldiery provide the German army with most of its comedy. Intensely sentimental, at times insanely brave, at other times ingenuous as children and at all times effusive, they are at once the wonder and the delight of the more phlegmatic type of German.

Let some unheeded of and, by all the rules of war, preposterous thing be accomplished in the way of a sortie or a hand to hand encounter, and the explanation is not unlikely to be, "It was those d—d Bavarians!"

The adjective denotes endearment. Modern firearmsirk these men of the south. Their idea of a fight is a free for all. Roll up your sleeves and wade in. Fight with your hands if you can, and draw your long hunting knife from your bootleg if you must. The knives are carried in a sheath which is fastened inside the right boot. Fair observers say that the French would rather face 500 Prussians in a bayonet charge than 150 Bavarians shouting, "Darauf!" ("At it!" or "Go to it!") and coming forward with their knives drawn. The hoarse chorus of "Darauf!" is said to be no contemptible factor in the grim effect the mountain men produce.

Officers Hail Their Men.

When a German officer slows up his auto in the roadside to pass a small detachment of troops moving on foot he is more apt than not to give the men a hail and ask them if all goes well with them. If it is a sentry the officer is passing as he crosses the bridge at the foot of a village street he will pause and say, "Are you comfortably quartered in this town?" The sentry beams and in a dozen words gives the attitude of the population toward the troops.

In respect to this interchange of greetings and these solicitous inquiries the rapport between officers and men in the German army seems singularly close. There is no familiarity, but there is understanding.

A group of German officers passing a detachment of Bavarians made the usual inquiries: "How goes it with you? How do you like active service?" "Oh, this is fine!" replied the sergeant. "Now an honest man can fight without a policeman in the square to stop him!"

Fastidious Sandy.

News has come back to England of how the British soldiers taken prisoners are faring in Germany. There are 6,000 in a caserne at Doberitz.

Among them are some highlanders. It's getting to be cold weather in Doberitz, and a German officer, with the kindest of intentions, offered to provide them with trousers.

The Scots were indignant and rejected the gift.

"But why do you prefer petticoats?" the German asked of one of the highlanders.

"Because they never bag at the knees," replied Sandy.

"Is This the Kaiser?"

According to a dispatch from Petrograd to the London Daily News, the Russian soldiers pursuing the Germans in western Galicia are bringing "captured kaisers" into camp two or three times each day.

It is the belief of the czar's force that the war can be easily terminated by making a prisoner of Emperor William. For that reason nearly every German officer who wears a "kaiser" mustache and is caught by the Russians is taken to headquarters. "Is this he?" is the oft repeated query. The fact that the kaiser is still at liberty has not dampened the enthusiasm of the Russians.

Mass in the Trenches.

With their only candles the flames of bursting shells and their mighty hymns the roar of cannon, French artillerymen knelt in the trenches at Châlons, in the fiercest fighting along the Aisne, and worshiped at mass, said by a priest on an artillery caisson. When the priest had blessed his smoke and mud stained congregation he went back to tend the gun he had left to offer his prayers to God.

A description of this inspiring scene is contained in a letter received by Mr. Henri Didot at the French consulate in New York city from Baron de Coudenove, a lieutenant in an artillery regiment.

When the letter was sent from the battlefield the officer, who until the outbreak of the war was consul at Guernsey, England, had been on the battlefield six days without sleep or relief, and of the sixty-three horses in his company only ten were left alive.

"I have seen the most sublime and touching spectacle of my life," he wrote. "Nothing can equal it for daring, for that spirit which makes the Frenchman great. It was last Sunday. Shells fell incessantly everywhere about us, ravaging our tired ranks. Suddenly on to a caisson an artilleryman—dirty, unkempt—climbed. He was a priest, and there on that caisson he celebrated holy mass, a step away from cannons that were being fired every moment. The shock jarred the caisson until it shivered.

"Ah, how sublime! About the cannons that kept growling always kneel these soldiers, rendering homage to God under the fire of shells. Some

Letter For Every Soldier.

A well known member of the academy has written a "letter for the man who never gets one," to be distributed in the French trenches. In it he says: "Apparently there are very few among our soldiers who never receive any letters. But if there is such a one it is to him that I address this letter.

"I see you from here, my dear young fellow. I see your disappointment and your sadness when the quartermaster appears in sight with a number of letters in his hand and calls out first this name and that and deals out to eager hands envelopes which contain the good wishes of the family and a mother's kisses. Every one is grave, and every one listens for his name to be called out. Nothing for you.

"You fight, however, just as well as your comrades. And while you only do as well as they do you really do something more. The other soldiers are fighting for the homes of their ancestors and for the defense of their property. You have neither home nor ancestors nor property, and you fight with as much courage as those who are getting letters by every post.

"Don't be ashamed because no one has written to you. Be proud. Others have been born in a family whose position is made. You will have the satisfaction and the pride of making your own. They have received; you will give, and your part is by far the best.

"Once more, my son, courage and good luck. And let me send you a kiss, I, who have no son, and you, who have no father.

BRIEUX.
"French Academician."

"The Arm Doesn't Matter."

The Paris Matin gives details of the death in the Hospital de la Compassion at Compiegne of a son of Dr. von Puttkamer, former president of the reichstag. A short time before the German retreat from Compiegne a young noncommissioned officer of the Eighteenth dragons was brought to the hospital desperately wounded by a 75 millimeter shell.

A Modern Cornelia.

The Paris Temps reports from L'Information a letter from Mme. de S. of Paris, written on learning of the death of her son, seventeen years old, who volunteered despite ill health. The letter, which the Temps calls worthy of the Roman matron Cornelia, runs: "I thank you for the delicacy with

Eighth Grade Examinations

Information concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations to be held January 14 and 15, 1915:

Program for examinations—

Thursday—Arithmetic, writing, grammar, agriculture and spelling.

Friday—Physiology, history, geography, civil government and reading.

Note—Sections XVIII, XIX and XX of the "Rules for Conducting Eighth Grade Final Examinations" do not apply in Crook county, as no exemptions can be given for classroom work. All pupils must take examinations in all subjects.

Respectfully submitted,
J. E. MYERS,
Superintendent Crook County Schools.

Unlawful for Stock to Run at Large

Notice is hereby given that at an election duly called and held in Crook county, state of Oregon, on the 3rd day of November, 1914, a majority of all votes cast at said election were cast against stock running at large in Haystack, Kutehler and Metolius precincts.

Wherefore, from and after the 1st day of March, 1915, it shall be unlawful for stock to run at large within said Haystack, Kutehler and Metolius precincts, county of Crook and state of Oregon, under penalty of Ten (\$10.00) Dollars for the first offense, and Twenty (\$20.00) Dollars for each and every subsequent offense to be recovered from the owner of the stock in a civil action in the name of the state of Oregon before a justice of the peace in the district in which such owner or keeper or either of them may reside, and if there be no justice of the peace in such district, then before any justice of the peace in the county, and it shall be the duty of each constable in any justice of the peace district and of each road supervisor in any road district, to enforce the provisions of the law; and such penalty shall be for the benefit of, and when collected, paid into the common school fund of the county of Crook, state of Oregon, within 60 days after such animal is proved to be at large.

Dated at Prineville, Crook county, Oregon, this 15th day of December, A. D. 1914.
WARREN BROWN,
County Clerk.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued by the clerk of the circuit court of the county of Crook, state of Oregon, dated the 18th day of December, 1914, in a certain action in the circuit court for said county and state, wherein Charles A. Whitsett and Minnie M. Whitsett as defendants, recovered judgment against F. D. Parker, Minnie L. Parker, George Herren and Lulu G. Herren for the sum of Three Thousand and no hundredths dollars, with interest thereon from the 30th day of August, 1912, at 7 per cent, and costs and disbursements taxed at Twenty two and fifty hundredths dollars, and attorney's fee, Three Hundred dollars, on the 14th day of September, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that I will on the

23rd day of January, 1915,

at the north front door of the courthouse in Prineville, in said county, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit: the southeast quarter of section seventeen in township twelve south, and range thirteen east of the Willamette Meridian. (see 17, tp 12, r 13 east; W. M.) all in county of Crook, state of Oregon.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said F. D. Parker, Minnie L. Parker, George Herren, Lulu G. Herren, the above described land, and I will sell the same, or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Charles A. Whitsett and Minnie M. Whitsett against said above named defendants, with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

FRANK ELKINS, Sheriff.
Dated at Prineville, Ore., December 18, 1914. 12 24
By W. E. Van Allen, deputy.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Richard Meyers, deceased, with the clerk of the county court of the State of Oregon for Crook county, and the judge of said court has set Monday, the 4th day of January, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, as the time for hearing said final account and any objections that may be made thereto, and for making such order as may be just and proper.

Dated this 2nd day of December, 1914.
E. A. BCSSETT,
Administrator of the estate of Richard Meyers, deceased.

Notice of Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Burns, Ore.,
December 7, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Edward B. Clark of Paulina, Oregon, who on January 31, 1911, and February 13, 1912, respectively, made homestead entries Nos. 65128-06545 for $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. 1, sec. 1 and lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, section 30, township 17, south, range 24 east, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof to establish claim to the land above described before L. M. Miller, U. S. commissioner, at her office at Paulina, Oregon, on the 18th day of January, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas H. Brennan, Albert L. Simmons, Andro Hrivnak, and Charles J. Christensen, all of Paulina, Oregon.

WM. FARRER, Register.

\$50 Reward—Pocketbook Lost.

Between Prineville and Grizzly, Friday, December 11th, containing about \$125 cash; one check for \$19 payable to Dee & Co.; one note \$40; one county warrant for \$6.40. \$50 reward for its return to Henry Frohnhof, Grizzly, Ore., or Journal, Prineville, Ore. 12 17

The Journal, \$1.50 per year.

Millinery Special Sale

Being obliged to raise money I will sell my splendid assortment of trimmed hats at actual cost. Sale to begin Thursday and continue until the hats are all sold.

Mrs. Estes
The Milliner
PRINEVILLE, OREGON

IMPORTANT EVENTS

1914-15 AT
OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
WINTER SHORT COURSE—JAN. 4-30

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Home Economics, including Cooking, Home Nursing, Sanitation, Sewing, Dressmaking and Millinery.

Commerce, including Business Management, Rural Economics, Business Law, Office Training, Farm Accounting, etc.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON

Summons

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Crook county,

John Deere Plow Company of Portland, Oregon, a private corporation, plaintiff,

vs.

A. C. Sanford and Effa D. Sanford, his wife, Oliver E. Spinks and M. O. Spinks, his wife, and Marshall Wells Hardware Company, a private corporation, defendants,

To A. C. Sanford, Effa D. Sanford, Oliver E. Spinks and M. O. Spinks, defendants:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed in the above entitled suit and court on or before the 5th day of February, 1915, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in its complaint, to-wit: a judgment against defendant, A. C. Sanford, for the sum of \$600.00 with interest thereon from September 1, 1913, at the rate of ten per cent per annum; the further sum of \$576.04 with interest thereon from April 1, 1914, at the rate of eight per cent per annum; the further sum of \$200.00 attorney's fees and its costs and disbursements herein.

That the sheriff of Crook county, Oregon, sell according to law the real estate described in plaintiff's complaint to-wit: the southeast quarter of section Nine in township thirteen south, of range Thirteen east of Willamette Meridian in Crook county, Oregon, and that the proceeds of said sale be applied to the satisfaction of said judgment after paying the costs of making such sale.

That the defendants above named and each of them be forever barred and foreclosed of any right, title or equity of redemption in said premises or any part thereof.

That the plaintiff have a judgment against the defendant, A. C. Sanford, for any deficiency remaining after applying all the proceeds of said sale properly applicable to said judgment, and for such other relief as to the court may seem equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable W. L. Bradshaw, judge of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Crook county, made on the 10th day of December, 1914, which said order prescribes that this summons be published in the Crook County Journal, a weekly newspaper printed and published in Prineville, Crook county, Oregon, for a period of six consecutive weeks.

The date of the first publication of this summons is December 21st, 1914.
CAKE & CAKE and
M. R. ELLIOTT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Notice of Contest

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon,
December 17, 1914.

To heirs of Elvin M. McCubbins of James, Oregon, who gives care T. E. J. Duffy, Prineville, Oregon, as his postoffice address, did on Nov. 23, 1914, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry, serial No. 611784 made June 11, 1913, for $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. 1, sec. 9, w $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 16, ne $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 17 sec. 10, nw $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 15, township 17 south, range 18 east, Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that Elvin M. McCubbins, deceased, and the heirs of said Elvin M. McCubbins, have wholly abandoned said tract of land for over one year last past; that they have failed to reside upon, improve or cultivate said tract for over one year last past, as by law required since the said entry was made.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you. H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

Date of first publication Dec. 24, 1914.
" second " 31, 1914.
" third " Jan. 7, 1915.
" fourth " Jan. 14, 1915.

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