

THE CITY

Grover Price was in town from his ranch today.

T. R. Smith of Spray registered at the hotel on Sunday.

D. J. Evans was in town Saturday attending to business.

Husy Swigert was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Wm. DeArmond was a business visitor in town Saturday.

A. J. Noble and family were in Saturday from their ranch.

J. L. Sullivan was in town from Deschutes last Thursday.

Mrs. S. Hamilton is taking a vacation visiting at Antelope.

Barney Kidwell came up from his ranch on a business trip Friday.

C. W. Starr and family were business visitors in Prineville Saturday.

Ed Nelson of Post came in town Saturday to look after business here.

W. F. McCulley, a Lake View man, was a visitor in Prineville Thursday.

Mrs. Etta Belknap is receiving a visit from her Mother, Mrs. A. Dow.

J. E. Fuller and wife attended to business interests in the city Saturday.

Roy Rannels of Redmond was a business visitor in the County Seat today.

R. A. Ammons of Roberts was a business caller at the Journal office today.

E. A. Parker, a rancher of Roberts, spent Thursday and Friday in town.

Ralph Jordan, former county treasurer, arrived in Prineville Thursday from Corvallis.

Robert Douglas left on the Saturday evening train for a short business trip to Portland.

Edgar Barnes and family, of Culver, Oregon, spent the week end with his mother in this city.

Walter Elliott is making a business visit in Prineville today from his North Fork Crooked River ranch.

S. A. Prose and family, who now reside in Ashland, Oregon, arrived in town Thursday evening for a visit with friends in this vicinity.

Phillip Suetter of Portland, the contractor for the Prineville-Mitchell highway, is spending a number of days looking after the road work here.

Hilda McHaley, R. T. McHaley and Kenneth McHaley arrived from Prairie City on Saturday for a visit here. The latter is an old army friend of Asa W. Battles.

W. H. Lewis, connected with the Puget Sound Bridge and Dredging Company, returned Friday morning from Portland, where he has been on a business trip.

Earl Crain, who has been living in California, is spending a few weeks in Prineville, assisting in straightening up the affairs of his father, the late Frank L. Crain.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gordon Monday night, at the home of Mrs. Esther Morgan, in this city. Mrs. Gordon and the baby are getting along nicely.

Mrs. F. W. Furst, who has been living near the coast, arrived in Prineville Saturday evening, to be with her husband, who is connected with the Forest Service in the Ochoco Reserve.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Hobbs, who live at Powell Butte, are receiving announcements of the birth to them of a baby boy. Mrs. Hobbs was Miss Jessie Hartley before her marriage.

Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Gove, accompanied by their son Ansel, were in town this week from Fossil. Dr. Gove formerly practiced dentistry in Prineville and the family is well known here.

Mrs. Frances Clark, the efficient County School Superintendent for Harney County, is making a visit with friends here. Mrs. Clark is an old resident of Prineville. She is staying at the Prineville hotel.

M. R. Kirkpatrick, who has a position on the Ochoco Dam, returned Friday from Vancouver, B. C., where he has been on a business trip in connection with matters pertaining to the construction of the project.

Anna McCollough arrived home last night from the Rebekah Assembly which was held at Baker last week. She reports a wonderful time, and a very successful convention. She is district deputy from the local lodge.

Fred Tebbin, representing St. Paul Fire Insurance Company spent a number of days in town the last of the week. He has been adjusting the insurance on the Warren Yancey car, which was accidentally burned some time ago.

A traffic blockade is a new thing on country roads, but Wm. Trunkey was the cause of one last Sunday, when he blew out a tire on his Ford squarely in the center of the Mill Creek road in a narrow spot. The larger cars of Ted Carlson, Edgar Stewart, and Charles Ross had to cool their tires and wait until the Ford was able to withdraw to the side and let them pass.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

STRAYED—One black 7 year old mare 4 whit feet blaze face, brand on left shoulder with pear, and 1 year old black colt. 1 brown 6 yr. old mare, brand on left shoulder with wagon wrench, and 1 yr. old brown colt. If found, take up and notify F. E. Studebaker, Bend, 3214c.

FOR SALE—Two fine milch cows, fresh, call or see, J. H. Gray, 3014c.

Now turn to the Classified Ads

WSS NEWS NOTES WSS

CHOP SUEY

A Mere Man's View

"Clothes do not make the man," according to an old adage, but they go a long way toward making the woman is the opinion of a former Hartford boy, now in the city, who has been chagrined—if not shocked—by the modern tendency in feminine dress. He deprecates the feminine boycott of dry goods, and clings to the old ideas in woman's dress that were in vogue when he was a boy on the farm near Hartford. He is not alone in the view that scantiness of attire does not add to woman's charm, and he has dressed up his views in verse with a request that the Day Spring publish them. His rhythm may not be perfect, but he expresses a thought that is not amiss.

Ode To The Girl
(By One of the Boys.)

Little girl, you are so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy skirt?
Don't you wear no "pette" skirt?
Just your corset and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?
Little girl, you look so slight,
When I see you in the light,
With your skirt cut rather high,
Won't you catch cold and die?
Aren't you afraid to show your calf?
It must make the fellows laugh!
Little girl, what is the cause?
Why your clothes all made of gauze?
Don't you wear no undervest
When you go out fully dressed?
Do you like those peek-a-boos?
'Steard of normal underclothes?
Little girl, your 'spenders show
When the sunshine plays just so,
I can see your tinted flesh
Through your thinnest gown of mesh;
Is it modest, do you s'pose,
Not to wear no underclothes?
I can see right past your throat
To a region most remote;
'Taint my fault, now, don't suppose,
Why not wear some underclothes?
Little girl, your socks have shoals
Of those tiny little holes;
Why you want to show your limb
I do not know, is it a whim?
Do you want to catch the eye
Of each fellow passing by?
Little girl, where is the charm
In your long, uncovered arm?
And the "V" behind your neck—
Is it for the birds to peck?
Little girl, I tell you those
Are not as nice as underclothes.
Little girl, now listen here:
You would be just twice as dear
If you'd cover up your charms—
Neck, back, legs and both your arms.
I would take you to some shows
If you'd wear some underclothes;
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl "sans" underclothes.
Little girl, your mystery,
Loving charms and modesty
Are what makes us fellows keen
To possess a little queen.
S'pose I wore some harem pants,
Or no shirt like all my aunts,
Or a ringlet through my nose—
They'd arrest me, don't you s'pose?
I must wear a coat of mail,
Clothed from head to big toe nail;
I must cover up my form,
Even when the weather's warm—
Hartford Day Spring.

One citizen who has been looking around for 'cut' prices, says he has not found one that was even scratched.—Morrilton Unit.

"Our Advertising Rates"
Referring to an old citizen as a relic of antiquity, \$1.
Calling a new lawyer, "a legal light of which the profession should feel proud," \$2.25.
Calling a female, "a talented and refined lady, a valuable acquisition to society," \$1.85.
To call a man a "progressive citizen," when it is known that he is lazier than a government mule, \$1.75.
Referring to a deceased citizen as, "a man whose place will long remain unfilled" when it is known that he was the best poker player in town, \$2.25.
Extra rates are charged when the party is well.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Women used to go to Paris for styles; now they seem to have gone to Africa.—Geneva Republican.

Stuck on the Curve
"Have short skirts begun to come in style again?"
"I'll swear I cannot say since those tight sweaters have come into vogue, I've never given the matter a thought."
—Witchita Eagle.

If you smell gas or gasoline and look for it with a light, it foretells that you are about to start on a long journey.—Common Sense.

Stopped in Time
Little Willie who for some months had always ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more boys to send.
Not long afterwards he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see his twin brothers who had arrived during the night. Willie looked at the two babies critically and then remarked: "It's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."
—oo—

We read an article Sunday which said that "the progeny of a single fly during a summer often amounts to 1,427,694." Great guns! Just suppose it got married.—Winamate (Ind.) Democrat.

A farmer not far from Greenwood is said to be negotiating for the purchase of several mules. A neighbor of his, on hearing of the deal, asked him what he was going to do with the mules. He said he was going to cross them with his cows and thus put the kick into the milk.—Fox Lake Representative.

We learn that the midwives union of Chicago has advanced their fee to \$20. The pill peddlers of Aurora have boosted their price to \$5 a call, the grave diggers at Kewanee have

announced a raise of from \$8 to \$10 and not so deep, either. The undertakers of Galesburg advanced their price 199 per cent January 1, 1920, with a sliding scale with a monthly "skin". The purgatorial fee has advanced somewhat, and now they get us coming, going and gone.—Yates City Banner.

The Nature Faker of the Brimfield News says a sow in that country dropped 19 pigs and had but 15 faucets to care for them. If raised the others will be bottle pigs.—Avon Sentinel.

Red—Is that your dog growling so?
Greene—It sure is.
Red—What's he growling about?
Greene—Because meat is so high.—Yonkers Statesman.

"That Travels!"
An old bachelor over in the western end of the county had a cat of which he was very fond, but Jack

Sacrificed Homes

SEVEN ROOM HOME, ONE-HALF BLOCK FROM THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET, SURROUNDED ON THE WEST BY BEAUTIFUL SHADE TREES, HOUSE SETS IN CENTER OF BEAUTIFUL LAWN. FOUR FULL LOTS, SPLENDID GARAGE, CHICKEN HOUSES AND RUNS, STORE-ROOM AND WOOD SHED, SAWDUST PACKED PANTRY, ELECTRIC LIGHTS HOT AND COLD WATER AND BATH, CLEAN ALLEY IN REAR. THE PRICE OF THIS PROPERTY HAS BEEN CUT TO A POINT WHERE IT IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST INVESTMENTS IN PRINEVILLE. FOR 30 DAYS IT CAN BE BOUGHT FOR \$2,750—TERMS ON PART.

HERE IS ANOTHER EXCEPTIONAL BUY: FOUR ROOM HOME, FINE INTERIOR FINISHINGS, BUILT IN KITCHEN, WITH 12 LOTS, ALL FENCED. FINE LOCATION. LISTEN TO THIS; \$1,900; NOW LISTEN AGAIN, ONE THIRD CASH, BALANCE TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE. CAN YOU BEAT IT? I ASK YOU.

HERE IS STILL ANOTHER SNAP THAT WILL GO QUICK:—SIX ROOM HOUSE, HOT AND COLD WATER, NEWLY PAPERED AND PAINTED INSIDE. TWO FULL SIZE LOTS, ALL FENCED, ONE-HALF BLOCK FROM MAIN BUSINESS SECTION. OWNER HAS CUT THE PRICE TO THE BONE FOR A QUICK SALE. PAY ATTENTION, AS WE ARE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING; \$1,750. \$750 CASH, BALANCE \$15 PER MONTH. IF YOU REALLY WANT A SNAP WE FEEL THAT WE HAVE SAID ENOUGH. IF YOU THINK WE ARE PEDDLING HOT AIR, COME IN AND BE CONVINCED TO THE CONTRARY.

IF YOU WANT TO RENT YOUR HOUSE, LIST IT WITH THE OCHOCHO REALTY CO.

IF YOU HAVE ROOMS TO LET, THE OCHOCHO REALTY CO., CAN FILL THEM FOR YOU. 433 MAIN STREET.

HOUSES FOR SALE

We have a list of fine modern homes for sale—if you are looking for a home come to the Ochoco Realty Co.

We have over one hundred houses on our lists ranging in price from \$1,200 to \$10,000 and can get you just what you want. Our listings contain modern homes at half the price it would cost to build, drop in our office or call us by phone and we will be pleased to show you the best on the market for the least money.

WE WANT YOUR HOUSE ON OUR LIST, IF IT IS FOR SALE, WE CAN SELL IT; WHY?
THE OCHOCHO REALTY COMPANY KNOWS HOW!

Timber Wanted!

WE WANT 100 TIMBER CLAIMS, IN OR OUT OF THE GOVERNMENT RESERVE—WE HAVE A CLIENT WHO DESIRES 500,000,000 FEET OF GOOD PINE, MUST BE PRICED RIGHT AND SITUATED SO AS IT COULD BE POOLED WITH OTHER TIMBER—CLAIMS RUNNING 2,000,000 FEET OR MORE PREFERRED—GIVE FULL PARTICULARS AND LOCATION IN FIRST LETTER OR CALL AT OUR OFFICE, 433 MAIN STREET. PHONE 611.



611

433 Main St.

If you have anything to sell, we can turn it. If you want anything, we can get it for less

THE OCHOCHO REALTY CO. OF PRINEVILLE

We sell the earth from a town lot to a township

- BARGAIN COUNTER**
ONE—1,500 lb Trailer in the very best condition—Hook onto it and Jazz of home—\$75—it's a crime to let it go at this figure. Bargain Counter.
- FOR SALE**—A dandy young work team, will eat out of your hand. Come in quick or you lose.
- ONE—Fine building site in Bend for Prineville property.
- FOR SALE**—Young team, ages 4 and 6 years, weight about 2700, price, \$200 for the two.
- TWO**—Perfectly good Ford side lamps at a price that is honestly ruinous. Also Ford tail light.
- TWO**—5 acres fine fruit and berry land, adjoining County Seat, Columbia river with daily boat service and on the main line of North Bank Ry., to trade for Prineville or Powell Butte property, will assume difference.
- AN**—Ideal building site, 60x120 feet, close to schools and in a select neighborhood, cheap.

- SWAP COLUMN**
- WILL TRADE**—Good buggy and double harness, also gentle driving horse, what have you?
- IRRIGATED**—40 acre tract, close in, to trade for city property.
- FULL**—Blood Shire Stallion, registered, 8 years old, weighs 18-1900 pounds, will sell or trade. Reg. by Albert Moore & Son.
- Piano**—Player, just like new, with almost 30 music rolls, sell or trade
- 4**—Head of young cattle and one darn good milch cow, if interested, see us.
- ONE—Good seven room modern house to trade for cattle.
- ONE—Fine residence in Eugene for Prineville property—see us at once about this.
- FOR SALE**—One Buick 6, model D-45, 5 passenger, first class shape, can't be beat for a bargain, cheap.

It brings back joys of long ago
And tells of joys that are to be
And as you run its columns o'er
Your yesterdays come trooping back
You fancy you're at home once more,
And golden seems the letters black.

Its speech is one you understand,
It tells of griefs that you can share,
It brings you, in that foreign land,
Glad messages to banish care.
There, among scenes and faces
Strange,

The old home paper seems to be
The faithful friend that does not
change,
A friend that you are glad to see,
I know not just what heaven is like,
Nor just what joys beyond life's
tide

Await for me when death shall strike
And I shall reach the other side,
But this I know when I have gone
To dwell in realms divinely fair,
My soul will yearn to look upon
The old-home paper over there.

of antiquity, and down through the rise and fall of Babylon, the Crusades, the Dark Ages and the War of the Roses, somehow it was preserved finally, slightly revamped, it came into permanent use in Prineville. Today it is still in use and although the museum of history and Smithsonian Institution have made flattering offers for it, owing to the value it has as a relic, they have not been able to move it from us.

The Home Paper
It's like a smiling, friendly face,
Its like a voice you long have known
You see it in some distant place
And rush to claim it for your own.
The paper from your old home town
Has bridged the long and weary
miles
And with it you can settle down
Among familiar tears and smiles.
It speaks for every friend you know,
It tells of scenes you yearn to see;

spent so many evenings out that it distressed the old man. He sent the cat to a veterinarian. Jack was returned home, but immediately resumed the old plan of leaving home in the early cool of the evening and not returning until daylight in the morning. The owner called upon the veterinarian and explained Jack's actions. "Don't be alarmed, he'll be all right in a short time," said the doctor. "He's just making the rounds now breaking dates.—Springfield Stockman."

That Ting-A-Ling Thing
Noah landed the ark on Mount Ararat, and the boys all separated to go into the purebred stock game, and of course the first year, having to depend entirely upon range. They got widely scattered. This necessitated somekind of a telephone system and Noah invented one that answered the purpose admirably. The exact origin is deeply shrouded in the mists

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Greene—It sure is.
Red—What's he growling about?
Greene—Because meat is so high.—Yonkers Statesman.

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