

Happenings of Ten Years Ago

Little items from here and there taken from old files of the Crook County Journal

Dec. 15, 1910
First Basketball Game
 One of the fastest, most interesting basketball games ever played in Prineville was played last night at the club hall between the Fine Hairs and Rough Necks, each team representing a table at the Pickett boarding house. The Fine Hairs won the game by a score of eighteen to eleven. At no stage was the game slow or uninteresting. An oyster supper will be given by the losing team. The Fine Hairs were R. L. Brewster, A. B. Bowman, Max Hoffer, W. B. Morse, Mr. Pollard and Sam Price. Rough Necks, Geo. Nowell, Roy Lowther, Chas. Lowther, A. Bates and Aaron Hoffman.

(Jan. 15, 1911)
Shooting Scrape At Madras
 A. J. Weston and Bogue Harper, both former members of the Madras Police force met in Culp's Pool hall yesterday in Madras and engaged in a pistol duel. Weston has two ugly wounds and Harper two. Harper is thought fatally injured. Sheriff Balfour was notified of the affair by Mayor Turner of Madras, and Deputy Sheriff Bruce Balfour and attorney G. L. Brenier left for Madras yesterday afternoon.

(April 6, 1911)
 Randall R. Howard, son of Joe Howard of Lower Bridge won the \$1,000 cash prize offered by the Portland Commercial Club for the best article on Oregon appearing in any newspaper or Magazine published out side of the state during 1910. Mr. Howard won over a large number of competitors.

J. W. Stewart and Miss Ethel Horgan were married March 28th at the home of the brides parents, Rev. C. P. Bailey officiating.

(June 8, 1911)
 Volume 1, No. 1, of the Redmond Daily Spokesman has reached our exchange table. We hope the venture will prove as remunerative as it deserves. It is a good advertisement for Redmond.

(June 15, 1911.)
 The Redmond Daily Spokesman lasted quick, dying in four days. It

was a creditable sheet during its short career, and the regret is that local business would not keep up expenses in such a laudable enterprise.

(July 6, 1911.)
Little Bo-Peep Lost 200 Sheep
 J. R. Breeze lost 200 head of sheep between McKays last week. When the herder found out that he was 200 short he left the main band and hunted them up. Then when he tried to locate the main band, he couldn't do it. He dropped the 200 again and finally picked up the big bunch. Then he couldn't find the little bunch. The herder became so muddled that he didn't know whether he was going or coming. He stuck to the sheep, however, and they took him to John Demaris' place. Mr. Breeze says the sheep are branded and someone should find traces of them.

(Jan. 12, 1911.)
 Married, at the home of Joe Lister, January 6th, Frank Elkins and Miss Elvah M. Dobbs. Rev. C. P. Bailey performed the ceremony.

(Jan. 26, 1911.)
 The fire department was called out Sunday evening to quench a fire in Smeltzer's restaurant.

(Dec. 22, 1910.)
 Born, Monday, December 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. O'Neil, a girl.

(Dec. 22, 1910.)
 Ten cents a pound on foot was paid for a steer at the Union Stock Yards in Portland last Friday. It was the finest animal ever seen in the yard and came from Cascade Locks. It netted the owner \$183.00.

(Dec. 29, 1910.)
 A scoreless football game was played Monday between Bend and Prineville at Bend. The contest was hard fought. Prineville had a picked eleven with several college men in the lineup. The Prineville players were Thompson, Newell, Barnes, Quinn, Bechtell, Ellis, Brewster, Lowther, McCallister, Lister, and Coffin, with Hoffman, Koeser, Smith and Collins as Subs.

of a most peculiar accident which occurred in the home where she was employed as a domestic. She was taking a bath by the kitchen range and slipped on a cake of soap on the floor and sat on the stove. When she arose she was branded 'Majestic.'—Villa Grove News.

An editor works 365 days in a year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper, that's labor. Once in a while a subscriber pays a year in advance, that's capital. And once in a while some son of a sea cook of a dead beat takes the paper two years and then skips out without paying for it, that's anarchy.—Halifax Gazette.

A wife who spends her spare time in telling her husband in a loud voice that he is a jellyfish, cross-eyed, tumble-bug, wonders why her next door neighbors do not respect him.—Collinsville Courier.

What this country needs under present conditions is to sell more hoes and fewer auto wrenches.—Stoughton Daily Courier-Hub.

They are now making stinkings in Paris that retail for \$200 a pair. They ought to put a mileage guarantee on 'em when they cost so much.—Morrilton Unit.

They're Bitin' Now

The bloom is on the early pea, Blossoms bedeck the onion tree, All nature smiles, it is the time, For poets to burst forth into rime.

The robin digs the angle-worm, From out the crumbling dirt, The hens betray desires to set And father sheds his shirt.

Johnny is making "water-wheels." And darning up the "crick." Jennie complains to ma each day That winter Undies stick.

By these and sundry other signs, I have a slight suspicion, That one of these warm days I'll up An' go, —a fishin', —Pekin Times.

How's the Fig Leaf Market

The organizers of the overall club are somewhat discouraged now that the price of overalls has shot up to \$8 from \$2 per pair. Some one suggests that the next thing in order is to organize an Adam and Eve club.—Amboy News.

We failed to appreciate the compliment when a woman who has been married twice said in our presence recently that all the good men were dead, and they were not good when alive. It wasn't our better half, either who made that remark.

As we pulled the storm-collar of our dilapidated overcoat a little closer about us, and knelt and whispered good-bye to our expiring tomato plants Tuesday morning we couldn't help but reflect that this is one May that has done mighty good on little toward reducing the high cost of living.—McAlester Guardian.

The Whole Secret

Benny (having difficulty in teaching little sister to whistle)—"Aw just pucker up your face, and push."—The Furrow.

Our Best Farms This Week

80 ACRES—THREE ROOM BUNGALO, AND NECESSARY OUTBUILDINGS, 65 ACRES IN WHEAT, BALANCE RYE AND POTATOES, SPLENDID GARDEN, ALL EQUIPMENT GOES WITH THIS PLACE. EIGHT MILES FROM PRINEVILLE, ON SPLENDID ROAD. A GOING RANCH AT A PRICE TO MOVE QUICK. IT LAYS FINE, AND EVERY INCH OF IT RECEIVES IRRIGATING WATER. IF YOU WANT A SNAP, GRAB THIS AT ONCE. PRICE, \$65 PER ACRE, PART CASH.

Don't Overlook This One

100 ACRE RANCH, THREE MILES FROM PRINEVILLE, ON BEST OF FARMS, ALL UNDER THE DITCH AND CLEARED, THIS PLACE HAS THREE TAKE-OUTS. LIES BEST UNDER PROJECT, TO BE SACRIFICED AT \$60 PER ACRE. \$1,750 CASH, BALANCE TO SUIT. YOU WILL HAVE TO HURRY, AS THIS PLACE WILL GO QUICK.

Our Best Home This Week

FIVE ROOM BUNGALO, HEAVY CEMENT FOUNDATIONS, SIX FULL LOTS, WITH SHADE TREES SET OUT AND GROWING. IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A NICE, MODEST HOME, THIS WILL INTEREST YOU. THE PRICE HAS BEEN LOWERED FOR QUICK SALE. \$2,750, \$2,100 CASH, BALANCE TO SUIT. ACT QUICK.

IF YOU WANT A HOME, HERE IS THE GROUND TO BUILD IT ON.

LOT 60 x 122 FEET, CLOSE TO THE SCHOOL, PERFECTLY LEVEL. THERE IS NO RESIDENCE LOTS IN PRINEVILLE MORE DESIRABLY LOCATED NOR AT SUCH AN ATTRACTIVE FIGURE AS THESE LOTS AND WE CAN ARRANGE TERMS IF DESIRED ON PART OF PURCHASER'S PRICE. SEE US QUICK AS THE PRICE IS TO BE ADVANCED IN 30 DAYS—THIS IS THE OWNERS ORDERS.

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

IF YOU WANT ROOMS TO LET, THE OCHOCO 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.

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

BARGAIN COUNTER
 ONE—1,500 lb Trailer in the very best condition—Hoop onto it and Jazz of home—\$75—it's a crime to let it go at this figure.
 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, 2700, 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 tall 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.

THE OCHOCO REALTY CO. OF PRINEVILLE

We sell the earth from a town lot to a township

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 about this.
 FOR SALE—One Buick 6, model D-45, 5 passenger, first class shape, cant be beat for a bargain, cheap.

WSS NEWS NOTES WSS CHOP SUEY

MY AUTO 'TIS OF TREE

My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty, of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago; now you refuse to go, or won't, or can't. Through town and countryside you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved the gaudy hue, the nice white tires new, but you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks, for thee I grieve. Badly the top is worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume smells and wheeze as we pass by, I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, fatigue and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills, since thou were mine. Gone is my bank roll now no more 'twould choke, the cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me John—amen, I'd buy a car again and speed some more—Auto Links.

He Was Proprietor of the Town

Not long ago, the story runs, a traveling salesman visited a certain small town and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewelry. When the jewelry arrived it was not as represented, and the merchant consequently returned it. But the wholesale house nevertheless attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unbonored.

The wholesaler then wrote to the postmaster about the financial standing of the merchant and the postmaster replied laconically that it was O. K.

By return mail the wholesaler asked him to collect the account and they received the following reply.

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods. The undersigned is president and owner of the bank to which you sent your sight draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose services you sought, to obtain your nefarious business. If the undersigned were not also pastor of the church at this place he would tell you to go to hell."

There is a shocking shortage of paper, no doubt, but the shortage of ideas is even worse. Our opinion of good reporting is the old-fashioned Grigaby Junction style, thus:

"April the middle, Fit as a fiddle; "Ray Lounsbury has lost a horse." "Constable Sheely is hunting dogs" "The meat market will be open next week. The other one going." "Percy Montague is burned to work."

What is the use of a lot of introduction and headings when you can say it all in one line?—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Not A Maverick Now

A Tuscola girl is suing her employer for \$5,000 damages on account

A comp (outrageous lingo for a composer) newly arrived in our town and who is an artist with type, on Monday morning beheld, on the ground as he came to work, the still form of a robin which had made a bum guess and run into the snow storm and freezing weather of Easter Sunday. The comp stopped and contemplated the scene. "Pore little feller," he said, "You couldn't stand the cold. Here are lots of good folks around here who would have taken you in, had they known." then, as he walked away: "I would like to have shaken Morris with you, little pal." Mount Morris Index.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sense, Little Want Ads in the Journal, Make the world immense.

What "Pep" Is

Vigo, vitality, vim and punch— That's Pep! The courage to act on a sudden hunch That's Pep! The nerve to tackle the hardest thing With feet that climb and hands that cling That's Pep! A heart that never forgets to sing— That's Pep! Sand and grit in a concrete base— That's Pep! Friendly smile on an honest face— That's Pep! The spirit that helps when another's down, That's Pep! That knows how to scatter the blackest frown, That loves its neighbor and loves its town— That's Pep! To say "I will"—for you know that you can, That's Pep! To look for the best in every man—

That's Pep! To meet each thundering knockout blow. And come back with a laugh, because you know, You'll get the best of the whole darned show— THAT'S PEP —Grace G. Bostwick in Asheville Push. The English language is far too poor to suit the needs of dry goods merchants in Washington. A leading firm's spring announcement offers "unusualities in accessories of dress." Little Stories Of Success A man tells of an editor who started poor twenty years ago and has retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This was accomplished thru industry, economy, conscientious efforts to give full value, indomitable perseverance and the death of an

uncle who left the editor \$49,999.50 —Pella Chronicle. 20 Miles to the Gallon It is said a gentleman from town went to the country and saw tacked on a wayside house this legend, "Bilder fur sail" and entering, asked of the rural dispenser, "Is the cider hard?" "Sure," said he. "How hard is it?" "Well, my hired man, who ne was right pert, filled up on the st the other day and lit down the road yellin' 'Glory, Hallelujah, still in th' home of th' brave and land of th' free.'" Gimme a gallon," said the Belzonian.—Belzonian Banner. A Raving Repast Niles Star—"The evening was spent in music and games. A delightful supper was served."—Boston Transcript.