

**PRINEVILLE CITY RAILWAY**  
Time Table No. 3  
Effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday, February 20, 1920

Stations	West Bound			Mixed
	Motor	Motor	No. 1	
	No. 5	No. 3	No. 1	
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Lv. Prineville	7:40	4:45	5:15	
Lv. Wilton	7:55	5:00	5:30	
Lv. McCallister	8:10	5:15	5:45	
Lv. O'Neil	8:20	5:25	6:00	
Ar. Prineville Jct	8:35	5:45	6:20	

  

Stations	East Bound			Motor
	Mixed	Motor	No. 2	
	No. 2 <td>No. 4 <td>No. 6 <td></td> </td></td>	No. 4 <td>No. 6 <td></td> </td>	No. 6 <td></td>	
	A. M. <td>P. M. <td>P. M. <td></td> </td></td>	P. M. <td>P. M. <td></td> </td>	P. M. <td></td>	
Ar. Prineville	8:35	6:55	9:45	
Ar. Wilton	8:20	6:40	9:30	
Ar. McCallister	7:05	6:25	9:25	
Ar. O'Neil	7:55	6:15	9:15	
Lv. Prineville Jct	7:40	6:00	8:45	

**CROOK COUNTY JOURNAL**

**GUY LAFOLLETTE,**  
Editor and Publisher  
**MARTHA GILLETTE, Society Editor.**

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**COW WILL MARKET ALFALFA**

Alfalfa growers who find no market for their surplus hay may again try the dairy cow as the most promising channel. A good cow will turn one ton of alfalfa into 60 to 75 pounds butterfat, with a by-product of 1000 pounds of skim milk, which is excellent feed for calves, pigs and poultry, says E. B. Pitts, dairy extension specialist at O. A. C. Many growers had turned to the dairy cow before the war as the best permanent market channel for hay, but sold off their herds when hay prices soared and labor was so scarce. Professor Pitts thinks they might well consider now getting back into the dairying game, thereby building a permanent market for hay, saving handling and shipping costs, removing only a concentrated product for the farm, and receiving monthly liberal pay checks.

**THE FORD**

In some respects the Ford is the most marvelous machine the world has ever seen. It can go anywhere at any time, floundering through two feet of snow, ford any stream that isn't too deep to drown out the magseto, triumph over mud axle deep, jump fences and cavort over plowed ground at 15 miles an hour. It has been used with brilliant success in various kinds of hunting, including coyote coursing on the prairies of Colorado, where it can run all over the broncho, formerly in favor, since it never runs any risk of breaking a leg in a prairie dog hole. Educated Fords have been trained to shell corn, saw wood, pump water, churn, plow, and, in short, do anything required of them, except to figure out where the owner gets off at the present price of tires and gasoline, to say nothing of high-speed-fines.

**ECSTASY IN THE SALESROOM**

Ecstasy "Prospect" Finally Forced, in Self-Defense, to Rise to the Occasion Herself.

"But this is such a sweet little model, honey. Perfect on you. Look at the quality of this daveny, dearie. Now, honey, did you ever see such toes?"

There may have been heroes of grand opera who could make love with the fluency and intensity of a salesgirl drawing near to a sale, but no expert exists whose ardent can thus figure when the actual moment of decision between the higher and the lower comes, writes Marian Storm in the New York Evening Post.

"Lots of little girls that buy these little suits just leave off their little blouses and wear them like little one-piece dresses. Now, this little style, dearie, was made for you. Look, honey, not a wrinkle in back. Isn't it lovely on her?"—appeals to another enraptured creature—"Isn't she just the little girl to wear this little model? Of course, not every one can wear this little suit, dearie. It takes a figure, honey, just like you've got. I wear the same suit myself."

"Dearie, in two weeks you couldn't buy this little suit for half the price again. Isn't it lovely on her? I said, honey, when you came in: 'There's the girl that can wear that little special we got today.' Now turn around, dear. You won't have to do a thing to it. *Enchant*—just right, honey, sleeves—just right, honey."

"Sweetness," she urged, at passionate climax, "don't let a little chance like this go by! Dearie, if you only

**Married on Time**

By R. RAY BAKER

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As he walked through the gate and caught a glimpse of yellow curtains through a window of the vine-covered cottage, Robert Hannaford felt some—not a great deal, but some—of the weight lifted from his heavy heart. It had been a full month since he had seen Gloria Engel, a month of goodness, but with a flint of sadness. Many persons would not have seen anything sad about Robert being discarded by Angeline Valentine. In fact, some of his well-wishing friends had hinted to Robert that it would be better for him if he left the dashing, dark-haired film actress alone.

"She's just a vamp," one of these friends warned. "She's a vamp in the movies because she's just naturally one in real life. That's why she does so well in those parts. She'll get your heart in the hollow of her hand, and then she'll squeeze it and throw it away."

But Robert was infatuated. When he first saw Angeline she was spending a few weeks at Cedar Point to rest from her latest "million-dollar" production, and she certainly was a charming convalescent.

Robert was no unsophisticated country product. He was not a native of Cedar Point any more than Angeline was, but he had been spending summers there for the past few years as the guest of his aged uncle. Robert was head of a prosperous automobile parts plant in Indiana, but his fever drove him to the northern lake region during ragweed season.

While on his first visit to his uncle Robert met Gloria Engel, and her frank, wholesome, sunny nature completely won him. Nothing was definitely settled between them, but there was a tacit understanding that a partnership affair in which the Gospel played a part would be consummated in the near future. When he came north for the present summer Robert felt it was time to settle this partnership matter, for now he was in a financial position to support a wife as he felt one should be supported.

Then along came Angeline and spoiled it all. Robert deserted Gloria with no words of explanation and spent most of his time with the actress. They golfed, motored, swam and canoed. Yes, Robert was infatuated. In a way he was not responsible for his treatment of Gloria, for infatuation is a form of temporary insanity.

Then one night, at a private dinner, Robert announced he was to be married.

"Two weeks from today," he said, "will find me no longer a single man." "You sure do work fast," was the comment of one of his friends as they congratulated him. Some of these felicitations were not as hearty as they might have been, for Gloria was well liked by Robert's friends and several of them would have spoken words of censure for the way he had treated her, if they had voiced the sentiment that was in their minds.

The next day Robert went to the hotel to keep an engagement with Angeline. She was not there, but the clerk, with a plying grin, handed Robert a letter. It was brief:

"Robert, dear—I've gone back to work. We've had some nice times, but of course we were not serious—at least, I was not. Really, I never could marry you. I hope you won't feel too bad about this. You see, there's a man back home that I really love."

"ANGELINE."

For hours Robert walked on the beach, reading and re-reading this note. It seemed that the end of things had come.

"The fellows were right," he told himself. "She's a vamp, but I loved her. I wonder if it was genuine love, though?"

Dusk found him far down the beach. During the walk he had come to, as it were, from a period of sleep.

"I'm almost glad it happened," he said. "I'm going back to Gloria—if she'll have me."

Nevertheless Robert did not find it easy to shake off the depression that had come with the note from Angeline. It took considerable courage to approach Gloria's quaint little home, where she lived with her aunt, but it seemed he just must get consolation from some one.

Gloria admitted him and treated him as if nothing ever had come between them. Her smile was just the same, and she was as gracious as ever. That was like Gloria. It was returning good for evil, in a sense; and for that reason it hurt. It made Robert feel small and mean.

Naturally, his manner was constrained at first, but Gloria was so grand about it that he gradually un-learned, and before long they were in paths of conversation familiar to both.

As he sat and watched the sinking sun play about Gloria's yellow locks he said to himself:

"She's really the girl, after all. She has made me forget Angeline. Infatuation is one thing and love is entirely different."

He remained late at Gloria's home. Somehow he dreaded to get into his own company. Once away from Gloria's thoughts of the other girl were bound to return.

But at last he had to go. He stood at the door like a bashful boy who had just made his debut in feminine society.

"Gloria," he said hesitatingly, one hand on the door-knob, "I have been a pretty poor sort. I cannot expect you to forgive me; but you have been just grand. I want to apologize for what I have done, and—and Gloria—really I love you. I have all the time. Will—will you kiss me good-night?"

There were tears in Gloria's eyes as she reached up and placed an arm around his neck.

"Robert, dear, I love you, too. I suppose I am a little fool for letting you come back to me; but you are the only fellow I ever cared for. There's no use trying to deceive myself."

There was some further conversation on this rather interesting topic before Robert left the house that night. When he arrived at his uncle's cottage he found a telegram on the dresser, reading:

"Disregard my note. I really love you, Bob. I can't stand it to be without you. I thought I was flirting, but I really fell in love. Am ready to go ahead with the ceremony as planned."

"ANGELINE."

It was a week later that Tom Wilson met Robert and observed:

"I understand your wedding has been called off. I don't want to be curious, but I'd like to know for sure. You see, I'm thinking about getting you a present."

"Go ahead and get it," said Robert. "I will be married on time."

The church was so small that many of the guests were obliged to wait in front to get a glimpse of the bride and groom.

From the outside Rev. Jonathan Snooks' droning voice could be heard. As he pronounced the words that sealed the bargain some of the outdoor guests placed bags of rice within convenient reach. Resorters had made Cedar Point metropolitan in everything except marriages, and the community reserved the right to be provincial in that one particular.

The crowd in front of the door fell back presently, and the tall form of Robert Hannaford appeared, walking along the aisle. The rice throwers reached for ammunition.

Robert was smiling down at the bright eyes of the pretty miss walking beside him, clinging to his arm. Creeping through a stained-glass window, a ray from the sun lighted up the bride's curly yellow hair.

**STILL GOVERNED BY INSTINCT**

Unconscious Hereditary Actions Prove Mankind's Descent From Countless Ages of Savage Ancestors.

Deep down somewhere in the inner nature of all men and women, the instincts, habits, and forces still remain, which made up the life of our primal ancestors countless ages ago. We notice this frequently in the unconscious hereditary actions of the lower animals. Just as one instance, it is very common to see a dog turn round several times before lying down on a hearthrug, as if preparing a sleeping place in some long grass; that act has been quite unnecessary for many long centuries, yet the domesticated and highly intelligent animal even now retains this habit of its wild progenitors. It is also more than probable that the universal fondness for throwing stones so inherent in all boys is another dormant memory handed down from the far-away times of the Stone Age, when our primeval forebears used stones, either artificially-shaped or otherwise, as weapons of attack and defense, or for killing small game for food, etc. Girls never want to throw stones, and if they try they are not able to do so with an effect. This, I think, proves that the women of old never acquired the art, and we get a slight peep into their manner of life by this one fact. The men, no doubt, did all the fighting and hunting for food then, and it is the same today, amongst all races, both civilized and uncivilized. Some of our simplest daily habits date from the beginning of things.—F. W. P., in Birmingham Post.

**Sun's Rays Not Properly Valued.**  
The warmth of the sun on a tired body wracked with a city's nervous energy, the drawing up of seedling, and blossom to the light, throwing on lawn, orchard, garden and forest splashes of color and shade are blessings not to be despised. We should spend more time in the garden, and in the sun, for the same reason that we eat food to sustain life. The touch of the soil on our hands, and the warmth of the sun on the back, have a way of purging us of much that is harmful to our happiness. They remove the strange restrictions that society puts upon us, and leave us light-hearted. They help to make the crooked things straight and the rough places plain.—Thrift Magazine.

**Chinese Coal.**  
According to A. M. G. Grant, a consulting mining engineer who recently returned to Great Britain, 100,000 tons of coal have been shipped as an experiment from China to Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is said that the coal is "of excellent quality, and, imported in larger quantities, could be sold at cheaper rates than British." All of which is certainly strange!—Scientific American.

**The New Woman.**  
"For what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?" asked Mrs. Strongmind.  
"I married a new woman," answered the prisoner.  
"Impossible! You couldn't be put in jail for that!"  
"But I was! I married a new woman, and the old woman I already had kicked about it and had me put here for bigamy."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**INVOKED NAME OF HARVARD**

New Indignant Boston Woman Was Pacified by Assertion Which Some-what Overstepped Truth.

The burying ground on the Boston common has what is probably the most unusual stone in the city. It was set up "in memory of Mrs. Sally Morse (wife of Samuel Morse), who died July 25, 1780, of the cramp in her stomach, after about one hour's illness, aged twenty-six years and two months."

One day, relates the Detroit News, the door of the cemetery office in the city hall was flung open and a pompous matron entered and requested that the stone on the common be destroyed, because of the indecent and unlady-like inscription. The visitor waxed more insistent as the secretary pleaded a lack of authority to destroy anything. Finally the caller took a dramatic stand and demanded that some action be taken while she waited. The secretary happened to be a great admirer of George Washington, but he had work to do, and he saw one way out.

"Madam," he whispered impressively, "that stone is of great value. Harvard university has just been making an investigation and has pronounced that stone important evidence of the first authentic case of appendicitis. Madam," he continued, "that stone cannot be destroyed."

At the magic name of Harvard the visitor retreated, vanquished, and went forth to tell her friends of the "appendicitis stone," as it came to be called.

**Gulf Coast Sulphur Deposits.**  
At some remote time there must have been tremendous volcanic activity in the region which is today the gulf coast of Louisiana and Texas; for in those parts are found deposits of sulphur vastly exceeding in quantity any known elsewhere in the world. They are covered over by hundreds of feet of later sedimentary material, and to get at the sulphur deep wells have to be sunk. Superheated water is forced down the pipes to melt the sulphur, which is fetched to the surface by the power of compressed air. On cooling it is ready for shipment, being 90 per cent pure.

**English and American Speech.**  
It is said that it is harder for a Lincolnshire farmer to understand a Lancashire miner than it is for any two Americans from different sections of the United States to understand each other. The reasons advanced for the uniform standard in America are the wide use of text-books and the fact that our public schools are forced to devote much time to the teaching of English on account of the large number of foreigners in the schools. There are many provincialisms in our language, but most of them have been scattered over the whole country and are understood by all.—Exchange.

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1921  
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**Portland Cement**

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**X-Rays a Mummy**  
An English scientist has taken an X-ray picture of the hand of an Egyptian princess of the second dynasty (about 4500 B. C.), taken through the wrappings of her mummified remains, showing all the bones with great clearness, and a ring on the third finger.

**He's Probably Willing.**  
Should a bridegroom, in Korea stay in the house of his bride's family for more than three days after the wedding, he must live there for an entire year.

**Old Stuff.**  
An exchange predicts that artificial kisses will be the next modern invention. But that's old stuff—women have been using 'em on one another for years.

**Cleans Aluminum.**  
This is a surprising tip on cleaning aluminum, but it works. Try it. One may scour and scrub with no result. Put the dish on the stove, empty, and light the gas, but do not turn it up high. In a little while all the marks will vanish from the inside. Turn it upside down and put it back. In a little while the dish will be like new, you will find.

**Team Work.**  
Flattery would not go far if vanity did not meet her halfway.—Boston Transcript.

**How They Do It.**  
When a woman wants to call her husband down before company, she doesn't say a word, but just looks at him in a peculiar way.

**ARTISTIC MOUNTING**

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**A LITTLE OLD WANT AD SURE GETS THE RESULTS**

**The Telephone Company and Wages**

Salaries and wages constitute 72 percent of the expenses of this company. Out of every dollar spent by the telephone company, 72 cents is turned over to its employees in the form of compensation. It is our purpose to retain competent and experienced employees. An efficient and contented organization is the main factor in good service.

The deficit in earnings which we have experienced in Oregon has been largely augmented by necessary increases to our employees. It will be of interest to our Oregon patrons to know what our increased expense for salaries and wages in Oregon has been since 1916 as shown in one of the exhibits filed with the Public Service Commission in connection with our recent application for an increase in telephone rates.

Increase in wages of Plant employees present over 1916,	\$307,000
Increase in wages of Traffic (operating) employees present over 1916	681,000
Increase in wages of Commercial employees, present over 1916	98,000
<b>Total annual increase in wages</b>	<b>\$1,086,000</b>

Although these large increases in wages have been made they represent only approximately a 60 percent increase over pre-war wages, as compared with increases of over 100 percent in many trades and occupations requiring no greater skill or preparation on the part of the worker. We do not think our employees' wages should be reduced under present conditions or under conditions now possible to forecast.

**The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co.**