

**PRINEVILLE CITY RAILWAY**  
Time Table No. 5  
Effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday, February 26, 1920

Stations	West Bound		Mixed		Motor	
	No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. Prineville	7:15	4:45	5:15			
Lv. Wilton	7:55	5:25	5:25			
Lv. McCallister	8:10	5:15	5:45			
Lv. O'Neil	8:20	5:25	6:00			
Ar. Prineville Jct	8:10	5:45	6:20			

**CROOK COUNTY JOURNAL**  
**GUY LAFOLLETTE,**  
Editor and Publisher

Entered at the postoffice at Prineville, Oregon as second-class matter.

Price \$2.00 per year, payable strictly in advance. In case of change of address please notify us at once, giving both old and new address.

Foreign Advertising Representatives  
**THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION**

**LOOKS GOOD TO QUAYLE**  
"I wish to compliment you very highly on the special edition of the Crook County Journal of May 26th. If you have several extra copies and would care to have them distributed among middle western farmers who are to visit Oregon on the special train leaving Omaha July 15th, please send to Mr. J. R. Hearing, Yours Very Truly,  
**GEORGE QUAYLE,**  
General secretary, Oregon State Chamber of Commerce.

**WE THANK YOU JUDGE**  
"Accept our congratulations on the splendid edition of your paper. It is a credit to Central Oregon from a business as well as a mechanical standpoint.  
Yours Respectfully,  
**H. C. ELLIS,**  
U. S. Commissioner, Bend, Oregon.

**CORVALLIS GAZETTE-TIMES SAYS**  
The most laudable piece of newspaper enterprise that has come to our attention in Oregon is the effort of the Crook County Journal in its recent special Development Edition. It is a nine section paper of 3 pages to the section, and wealth, population and equipment compared. It beats anything ever gotten out by the Portland Dailies. The edition is a good advertisement for the Prineville country and the Ochoco project, not only because of the wealth of informative material contained in the paper, but that the citizens should make such an edition possible is in itself a most convincing

ing evidence of their enterprise and their faith in the community. So we doff our hats to Guy Lafollette who put it over, but wonder why in the world, somewhere in that big edition, he couldn't have found room enough to tell the rest of us how to pronounce "Ochoco."

**THE BEND BULLETIN**  
**PAUSES TO SAY—**  
We offer congratulations to the Crook County Journal on its 72 page edition descriptive of the resources of the country it serves. The Journal confesses that it is "Somewhat proud of the issue" and it has a right to be.

**FROM THE CONDON**  
**GLOBE-TIMES**  
The Crook County Journal recently issued a fine special edition of 72 pages, full of interesting special articles. The edition was liberally patronized by Crook County advertisers. The edition had a wide circulation, which can not fail to make known anew the advantages of Crook County.

**SELECTING A HUSBAND**  
The judge in a Chicago divorce court gives these rules for selecting a husband: Don't pick your husband by the way the tailor makes his clothes. Don't expect a good dancing partner to make a good husband. Don't think that a man who always has his fingernails polished will be useful as well as ornamental around the house. A man of this type may be all right, but it takes a hustler to bring home the bacon nowadays.

When you see a man who plugs at his work night and day, keep your eyes open, for he is likely to make an ideal husband. A good provider makes a happy home. The suitor whom most girls call a boob because he wears a three-buttoned coat and forgets to shine his shoes often turns out to be a Prince Charming in his home and devoted to his wife.

This represents how a man would select a husband. The girls have a way of their own, for many centuries it has worked well, altho of late years it seems to be slipping a little.

**Where "Pop" is Useless.**  
The business day is short in India. It seldom begins before 11 o'clock in the morning. There is a "riffin" or lunch period, probably two hours long, followed by an early closing. The American salesman, accustomed to jumping from town to town on fast trains, seeing customers early and late and sending daily orders to the "house," is hardly the one to tackle the deliberateness of India, where the "house" is best forgotten in the sale-talk and where the potency of the first person singular is undeniable.

**ADJOURNED?**

By ALICE BORDEN STEVENS

Don't carry, don't carry! Bob's crutch struck the stony ground and lifted, as in regular swing he slipped down the hill road in his own eccentric way, one shoulder lifted by the crutch, the other drooping with the bend of the well known.

"Have a ride?" The sweet voice rang above the clug of the engine as the automobile came to a sudden stop. "Going to the village? I'll give you a lift." She spoke in a careless, carelessly voice, as though every day she took in unknown cripples and landed them at unknown destinations.

"Sure!" he cried, deftly lifting himself through the door to the back seat of the touring car. Doris Berkeley didn't offer to help. She released the brakes and slid into the road again. "Where to, oh prince?" "Golf links," he replied.

"Golf! All right; here goes." The road was winding, now through woods and now along cliffs dipping to the river. The car ran with an occasional catch. "Break out of order! Can I help?" Bob Randall listened. "Knocking, isn't she? Oh, all right. I didn't mean to butt in; go on, please." Doris laughed. "I am sensitive about my driving, I suppose. I've had ill luck all day; now do you dare ride with me?"

"To the death," said Bob, more solemnly than he intended. Inwardly he was swearing at his wooden leg and luck generally; but he did know the value of a brave front, and used it. With all the hoosey in the world, had he a right to ask any woman to marry half a man? The dash and snap resolution that had made him a remarkable aviator gave him many a jolt as he limped through his days, by deciding on a future course sure to please his glorious spirit, only to find it impossible to his maimed body, however expert he might become in the use of makeshift limbs and tools. So, with his heart and soul insisting "Thou art the girl," his mind and will clamped down the lid of desire with the iron of fair play.

"There! It's jammed again! Oh—can you jump? You can't, of course!" Doris tugged at the wheel in despair but it would not move. "We're going over—I'm sorry—" and she held the wheel as the fence crashed with the impact.

The car pitched at right angles into the top of a tall sapling, and slid, jerked, buzzed, down its bending length to the beach beneath, stopping with the front wheels in the water. The slide of 20 feet was, thus broken, not more exciting than a good loop-the-loop at the park, but the girl felt the grip of responsibility before there was time for fear, and the man cursed his impotency to help as a man who was not a wreck—a thing—an idiot—might help. To be strong—and useless!—what a pain!


All was still. Doris unfolded from the bottom of the car where the drop landed her, and peeped over the seat. "What? Aren't you dead? Thank heaven, though I've little right to even speak of heaven, after risking your life this way. How could I guess it would get so? It did it this morning, and landed me in the ditch, but the garage man said it was all right now." "Turned it too hard, that's all."

Bob unscrambled the real and the artificial of his belongings and crept from the car. Holding by the back wheel, he handed her the crutch. "Can you vault? If you can, you won't get wet. I don't know how we will get out of this. He looked up the sheer face of the cliff, "but first, let's get out of the machine, anyway. Sure, you're all right?" "Why, they're alive!" "Not after that fall!" The voices came incredulously from above their heads.

Leaning over the rail, two scared faces took account of conditions below. "Can you walk?" "Sure!" called Bob, "if we had a chance." He looked up and down the rocky shore dubiously. "How is the car?" "It looks all right; wet, of course." "Well, wait, and we'll get ropes and things from the garage." When the climb was made with the aid of engines and pulleys and many strong arms and ingenious minds, two people rather shaken now that it was over, sat in the back seat, the girl smiling tremulously, but finding courage in the face of the man.

"Do you still want to go to the golf grounds," she said. "Well—under the circumstances—" "Say," broke in a gruff and practical voice, "that engine would go if it wasn't wet. As it is, we're going to tow you some; take the wheel, one of you!" "Meeting adjourned," whispered Bob, as he helped Doris over to the driver's seat. "There's to be a happy ending, isn't there?" She smiled and beamed a bit on his shoulder as she passed. "Yes—adjourned," she said, and he braced his good foot against the iron rail, and dreamed strong dreams as they went on their way. Perhaps there was still in him, after all, a power to serve.

**Needed Boiling Down.**  
Walter—Was the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?  
Diner—Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and boil it down a little.




**Me-o-my,**  
**how you'll take to a pipe—and P. A.!**

Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy'us jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert!

Because, a pipe packed with Prince Albert satisfies a man as he was never satisfied before—and keeps him satisfied! And, you can prove it! Why—P. A.'s flavor and fragrance and coolness and its freedom from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach!



Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome painted and foil lined tin humidors and in the round crystal glass humidors with a sponge moisture top.

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
the national joy smoke

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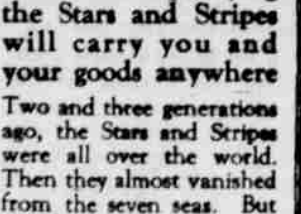
**World's Largest Petrified Forest.**  
The bureau of forestry says that the petrified forest of Arizona is considered the largest in existence, and may soon be put in a class with the national parks of the United States. There are petrified forests in Colorado and Nebraska, but none compares with the petrified forest of Arizona.

**Paint Also Helps.**  
Most people go to the expense of having cellar walls whitewashed every year or so, but few people feel that it is necessary to have any paint used in the cellar. However, it is a good idea to have cellar stairs treated to a coat or so of good floor paint. It prolongs their life and makes them easier to clean later.

**Where Australia Gets Its Name.**  
The name Australia is taken directly from the Latin word australis, meaning southern. Thus the smallest of the five continents is the south-land in name as well as in location.

**Number of Continents.**  
There are usually considered to be five large land areas entitled to the name of continent, North America, South America, Africa, Eurasia and Australia. Politically, Eurasia is subdivided into the two continents of Europe and Asia.

**Testing Glassware.**  
To toughen lamp chimneys and glassware immerse the article in a pot filled with cold water, to which some common salt has been added. Boil the water well and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way will be more apt to resist any sudden change of temperature.



**KEEP OUR SHIPS ON THE SEVEN SEAS**

**American ships, flying the Stars and Stripes will carry you and your goods anywhere**

Two and three generations ago, the Stars and Stripes were all over the world. Then they almost vanished from the seven seas. But today they are back again.

Big splendid steamers, American owned and operated, carrying passengers and goods, are crowding their way into all foreign harbors with the Stars and Stripes proudly fluttering from their masts.

American exporters, importers, travelers—all can help by shipping and sailing under the Stars and Stripes.

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Pacific Mail S. S. Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
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Ward Line, New York and Cuba Mail S. S. Co., 60 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.


**Free use of Shipping Board Plans**

Use of Shipping Board plans, picture films, four cents, free on request of any mayor, pastor, politician, or organization. A great educational picture of ships and the sea. Write for information to H. Lane, Director, Information Bureau, Room 911, 1119 "F" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**SHIPS FOR SALE**  
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Steel steamers, bulk oil and coal burners. Also wood steamers, wood hulls and ocean going type. Further information obtained by request.

**Forsailing of passenger and freight ships to all parts of the world and all other information, write any of the above lines or**

**U. S. SHIPPING BOARD**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.



**Facts**  
about your crankcase

Road dust, carbon, fine metal particles and other impurities accumulate in your crankcase oil from engine operation.

The gritty oil circulates through your engine, impairing its performance, and ultimately leads to rapid depreciation and repairs.

Automobile manufacturers recognize this danger, and in their Instruction Books, carefully advise regular draining and flushing of the crankcase.

These important instructions are often disregarded; cleaning the crankcase is a job generally disliked.

To meet this need, Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service has been established by first-class garages and other dealers, co-operating with the Standard Oil Company. These garages and dealers use Calol Flushing Oil, — the scientific agent that cleans out old oil, dirt, grit and other impurities, and does not impair the lubricating efficiency of fresh oil used.

The cleaned crankcase is refilled with the proper grade of Zerolene.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(California)

Look for—  
the garage or dealer displaying the sign shown here—it means "Better operation and longer engine life." A service promptly given at a nominal cost.

**for better operation—  
and longer engine life"**

**MODERN CRANKCASE CLEANING SERVICE**

We use CALOL FLUSHING OIL ZEROLENE



**Your Kitchen clean as a new pin**

**PEARL OIL**  
HEAT AND LIGHT

YOU can keep it that way when you use a good oil cookstove. No drudgery—no dirt. Just touch a match to the burner and you have clean intense cooking heat. To be sure of best results in your stove, use Pearl Oil—the uniform kerosene. Pearl Oil is clean burning and economical. It is refined and re-refined by a special process. Every drop is converted into real heat. Pearl Oil is for sale by dealers everywhere. Order by name—Pearl Oil.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(California)