

PRINEVILLE CITY RAILWAY
Time Table No. 5
Effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday, February 29, 1920

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

Stations	East Bound		
	Mixed No. 2	Motor No. 4	Motor No. 6
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Ar. Prineville	8:35	6:55	9:10
Ar. Wilton	8:20	6:40	9:30
Ar. McCallister	7:05	6:25	9:25
Ar. O'Neill	7:55	6:15	8:45
Lv. Prineville Jct	7:40	6:00	8:15

CROOK COUNTY JOURNAL
GUY LAFOLLETTE,
Editor and Publisher

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BOY SCOUTS CARING FOR SUGAR BEETS

The Boy Scouts are doing the thinning and weeding on the trial plots of sugar beets which are being raised on the Ochoa Project this year.

The beets are up and growing rapidly, and are being weeded and thinned this week.

The Scouts are under the care of Rev. Gallaher, and the boys are to be paid for their work by the Prineville Commercial Club.

O. A. C. MAN IN THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL

C. A. Thompson has been appointed as instructor in Smith-Hughes agricultural work in the high school at Prineville. June graduates of the college are having no difficulty in getting teaching positions. Twenty appointments made this week have been announced by the school of vocational education.

FARMERS WEEK DRAWS MANY

By Robert Osborn

Farmers and farmers wives, stockmen, boys' and girls' clubbers and many people who probably never saw a farm, were drawn to Corvallis last week by the magnet of Farmers' Week.

The town and campus of the college swarmed with the visitors from every part of the state. Agricultural agents, home demonstration agents,

farm lecturers, writers and the like were much in evidence and five days were crammed with lively instruction in every phase of rural life. For the farm wife there was every conceivable class, from the most approved method of boiling water to making the latest wrinkle in millinery's something-or-other.

Aside from the great value to the visitors in the scientific instruction received, the social side of farmers' week appeals. The association of these workers together for a few days could not but result in a helpful exchange of ideas and experience. One could see men "paling" together in knots about the campus and in the lobbies. Dormitories were thrown open to all and the brand new swimming pool at the gym received many a splash. Women chased classes from one building to another, talking for all the world like college girls about Prof. So and So, schedules and the new-fangled way of making it warm for hubby when he returns late at night.

Boys and girls clubbers, the clan that raise pigs, cows, chickens, gardens, and all of the good things on the farm, were much in evidence. These youngsters can be calculated on for certain as good citizens and are never found raising anything else but what they set out to do. Klamath county had the largest attendance of clubbers.

I saw Mr. Tucker, the Crook County agent, and I think the Journal might get an interesting story from him concerning his initiation into the secret society of "Bulls," the Shrine of Agricultural Agents.

The Pacific Coast Convention of Fire Chiefs was another event that interested Corvallis last week. A hundred or more intrepid fire fighters gathered to discuss the latest methods of prevention and control. Corvallis, by the way, has what is considered the best volunteer fire department in the United States.

The greatest tragedies I have seen in small towns all over the state have been the result of inadequate fire protection, and much discussion at the convention centered on this phase of the work.

The free tuberculosis clinic at Corvallis the 17th, was successful in reaching many patients. Twenty-nine were examined, 16 were found to have tuberculosis and nine were in immediate need of hospital treatment. This was a high percentage for the community and was an eye-opener to existing conditions. It is the plan of the Oregon Tuberculosis Association to hold a clinic in each county. Ask for yours when you want it.

WHERE BUNGLER DOES HARM

Always Makes a Mess of His Own Life and Too Frequently the Lives of Others.

Bunglers are frequently talkers above their ability to perform. To be sure they want to be rated well among their friends and frequently go to the limit in telling others what they are going to do. That's how George got into the hospital. It seems George and another colored chap did the gardening on a certain man's estate in the Middle West. One morning George didn't turn up. The master went to Sam and said: "Sam, where's George?" "In de hospital, sah." "In the hospital; how did that happen?" "Well, you see," replied Sam, "George is married and he's be'n telling me for a long time as how he's goin' to lick his wife, 'cause her naggin', and yistiddy she done hear him at it. Dat's all." And how many there are like him. They are going to turn the world upside down until they meet face to face with the facts.

After the bunglers get in their work it's impossible for anyone else to make a good job of it. They take perfectly good reputations and leave them pretty poor examples of what is good. No wood butcher ever made a bigger mess of good lumber than has many a bungler made of other people's lives. And these artists even bungle up their own lives. They get their heads full of notions that lead to folly. Like guns, they go off half-cocked and the damage can never be repaired. Careless of the facts, they frequently make assertions that are far from true and act according to what you expect of such creatures. Every effort added seems to add to the confusion.—Grit.

RIDE ON SUNBEAM EXPRESS

Journey That Would Be Remarkable for Speed and for Wonders Seen Along the Way.

Emile Belot, the French astronomer, suggests that, if one were able to straddle a light ray (which travels 186,000 miles a second) and thus voyage through space, observations along the route would be exceedingly interesting.

It would take only a little more than a second to reach the moon and in 4 minutes and 20 seconds one would arrive at the planet Mars. One would get as far as Jupiter in 35 minutes, to Saturn in 79 minutes, to Uranus in 2 1/2 hours and to Neptune in 4 hours.

On the way one would come across a great many comets without tails—nebulous bodies of spherical shape which are rarely seen from the earth.

It would take two years to get outside the sphere of the sun's attraction, and by that time our orb of day would look like nothing more important than a big star.

The star nearest to us, Alpha Centauri, would meanwhile be looming up, and the wayfarer through space might expect to arrive there in a little more than four years. By this time he would have journeyed 24,000,000,000 miles.

Painfully Thrilling Game.

The natives of the Philippine Islands have a game known as "slapping." It is played by two men. Both are nude, and after tossing a shell to determine who is "it," one of them, the "it" man, takes a seat on a log in such a manner as to expose his right thigh. He then lights a cigarette and endeavors to maintain an air of contemptuous indifference.

The other man steps back so as to get a good swing, and then slaps with his hand with every ounce of strength he can put into it. The report sounds like a pistol shot. A judge examines the spot where the blow fell. If a blood blister is shown—that is, if the blood can be seen just under the skin—the victim has no chance to come back at his antagonist. If it does not show, then he can swing at the other fellow.

The Characterless Derby.

The derby was as void of character as an iron pot, yet Mr. Howells wore it for a time. Can one fancy Mark Twain in a derby hat? Walt Whitman always wore a broad-brimmed, gray, soft-felt hat. One thinks of Lincoln with a stovepipe hat on, as he wore this in most of his pictures. Roosevelt liked a wide-brimmed felt hat, like that of the cowboys. While he was President I once saw him going to church with a shining silk hat on his head. The first time I saw Emerson he had on a stovepipe hat, one much the worse for wear. He probably never wore any other kind.—John Burroughs, in the Dearborn Independent.

Men Short in France.

The average height for men is 5 feet 5 inches, and for women is 5 feet 2 inches. The observation indicates that 85.10 per cent of the French people have chestnut hair. The blondes are next in order, forming only 12.32 per cent of the population. Pure black hair is found in 1.83 per cent—that is, slightly more frequently than red hair, which altogether was found in only 0.72 per cent of cases. Pure black hair, so rare in France, is the rule in certain Mediterranean countries (for instance, in definite regions of Spain).

His Great Talent.

"Blank's a great artist, isn't he?" "No." "But he gets big prices for his work." "Yes, he's a mighty good salesman."—Boston Transcript.



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 Neatsfoot oil is obtained from ox or cow heels by boiling them in water and skimming off the oil. The oil so obtained is kept gently heated by means of warm water until all the water has subsided from it, when the clear portion is poured off and, if necessary, filtered.

Parrot a Favorite Beneficiary.
 If all of the money that has been left to parrots in different countries could be gathered together it would make enough to support the average orphan asylum. In most cases these bequests come from unmarried ladies who have found solace and companionship with their favorite parrots.

Lake Keechelus—in the heart of the Cascades, Washington

Through the heart of the Cascades

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The Gasoline of Quality

ON the motor road from Seattle to Tacoma and the East, the motorist passes through many points of unusual scenic interest. Lake Keechelus is one of these. It is over six miles in length,—having the appearance of a great river, and is situated at an elevation of 3,000 feet in the very heart of the Cascade range. Motorists will find this region a most enchanting country dotted with beautiful lakes and mountains and huge fir, spruce and cedar trees measuring in some instances six to eight feet in diameter. And all along the route the motorist can get Red Crown Gasoline—the all-refinery motor fuel that insures quick starting, rapid acceleration and more power. Look for the Red Crown sign.

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