

CENTRAL OREGON NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

CRESCENT

CRESCENT, Dec. 20.—D. A. Jones came in Friday from his ranch west of Crescent. He took out a load of supplies to Hans Zimmerman who was in the first of the week.

Charles Thomas returned this week from a business trip to Bend.

Sidney Ingles and his wife have moved to Paulina Prairie where the former has a contract to clear land for Mr. Foss.

Miss Edna Woolridge left on Tuesday's stage, returning to her home in Bellingham, Wash., after a short visit with her sister, Mrs. C. W. Long.

E. G. Rourke and Earl Austin went to La Pine Wednesday repairing the telephone line en route.

Mrs. F. M. Cleaves and Mrs. C. W. Long entertained at the home of the former last Saturday afternoon, complimenting Miss Woolridge and Miss Thomas. Dainty refreshments were served to the following: Mesdames G. W. Anderson, W. O. Harriman, E. G. Rourke, Earl Austin, Charles Thomas, J. L. Ringo, Misses Edna Woolridge, Thomas, Dorothy Anderson, and Iona L. Applegate.

POWELL BUTTE

POWELL BUTTE, Dec. 22.—News has been received here of the death of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ellis of Newberg, Ore., formerly of this place. She died December 19.

J. I. Jones took his engine and wood sawing outfit to Redmond last week to work at the wood business.

Mrs. E. F. Archer and Mrs. Jack Patterson had a runaway a few days ago with a most happy ending. The team ran into a fence with the hack, breaking away from the rig, one of the horses running north to William Johnson's place and the other going home. Mrs. Patterson's baby was thrown some distance but was not injured, neither was Mrs. Archer nor Mrs. Patterson.

Singing school has been resumed at W. J. Galbraith's. The class meets every Sunday night.

The entertainment given at the Shepherd school last Saturday by Miss Helen Peery and pupils was a very pleasant affair, with good attendance.

C. E. McCoy is visiting his brother, W. N. McCoy.

J. E. Langdon, a veterinary surgeon, stopped over in Fremont for a few days and while here looked over J. B. Fox's horses.

Mr. Potter has his well completed. It is 247 feet deep, with 27 feet of water.

Mr. Crompton and Mr. Poe, who have been working on Mr. Potter's well, have returned to their home in Port Rock.

There will be several Christmas trees in Fremont this week.

Mr. Callahan, the school teacher, attended the teachers' institute at Lakeview this week.

FORT ROCK

FORT ROCK, Dec. 23.—C. M. Erdman arrived Saturday with an eight horse load of freight for the new store.

The Fort Rock blacksmith shop changed hands the first of the week with L. E. Penrose now at the forge, Linbaugh and Girton retiring.

B. F. Brandon left by stage Thursday for Portland where he will spend the winter with home folks.

Bids are out for a new star mail route from this office for the carrying of the mails to Conley and back three times a week.

Fred McNeef, who has been at Selah, Wash., the past few months,

blew in the other day and says that Fort Rock valley is good enough for him.

This valley has got the good roads spirit and as a result petitions are being circulated for the establishment of more and better roads.

Miss Hazel Bennick, who has been near Portland the past year, arrived home the first of the week.

A. S. Hawk of Fremont passed through this burg the first of the week with a bunch of Holstein cows.

Mrs. Frank A. Board of Sisk was a business visitor in this city Friday.

J. T. Rhoton was doing business in La Pine Thursday.

Rev. R. E. Storey and wife and Mrs. H. B. Dodd of this place attended the teachers' examination at Silver Lake last week.

Baseball is Business.

Professional baseball is a business and millions of dollars are invested in it by business men. They make fortunes out of it, but they pay their players higher salaries than 900 out of every 1,000 of them could earn at any other line of work during a similar number of months each year. From a baseball player nothing is required but that he be able to play a good game and keep in condition. Many stars in the old days were able to do little more than sign their names and read big print. A better educated class of men are in the game today, but they are getting more money for their services than they could earn if they followed any one of hundreds of different professions. And remember that many of them stepped right out of college into good paying baseball positions. Could they have done as well financially had they entered banks or tried their hands at the law or medicine?—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

Frederick and Joseph II.

During Frederick the Great's visit to Joseph II. of Austria at Neustadt he came into personal touch with some of those Austrian generals to whom he "had only spoken hitherto through the roar of cannon." When London entered to take his place at the table Frederick called out to him: "Come and sit near me, M. London. I much prefer you by my side to facing you." Frederick had several busts of the emperor at Sans Souci, and when he looked at them he would remark, "That is a young man on whom I must keep an eye." The Austrian sovereign was ambitious, and Frederick distrusted him. He put it this way: "The Emperor Joseph has a head. He is capable of much. It is a pity he always takes the second step before he has made the first."—"A Mystic on the Prussian Throne."

Spelling Reform Needed.

An old gentleman from the east was visiting his daughter in San Jose, Cal. Of course he pronounced the name according to the spelling, until they impressed it upon him that in Spanish J has the sound of H.

By and by he started to see a son in Watsonville. This town is on a branch line a mile or so from the junction at Pajaro, and as the electric cars from Pajaro to Watsonville passed directly by the son's house, the old gentleman's railway ticket was for Pajaro. He looked at it in a puzzled way, then threw it down in great disgust, exclaiming:

"Well, sir! They can tell me that 'J-o-o' spells 'Hoozy,' but they couldn't tell me that 'u-a-j-a-r-o' spells Watsonville!"—Exchange.

Steel Globes in Space.

If two solid balls of tempered steel, each the size of the earth and hard as the harveled face of armor plate, were taken in two Jovian hands, placed gently together in space and released what would happen? They would behave exactly as if they were liquid; they would coalesce like two great drops of water, and the highest prominence or mountain on the new globe could not have a height of 875 miles, because anything so high as that would break out under its own weight.—Hudson Maxim in Youth's Companion.

Break the Spell.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, remarking on President Lincoln's dry humor, said that on one occasion a delegation of negroes had waited on Mr. Lincoln and were evidently at a loss to know just what to say. The president waited awhile and then remarked:

"Well, all who are here seem to be present."

This self evident proposition broke the ice and removed the spell from the African jaw.

Would Be a Joke.

"When I die," remarked Cholly, "I think I'll leave my brain to some prominent surgeon."

"Don't do it," advised Algy. "These practical jokes are bad form—very bad form, old top."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Uncomfortable.

"She didn't speak to her husband for six months."

"My, it must have been very uncomfortable!"

Soothing.

"She—What was it the choir just sang? He—From the appearance of the congregation I think it must have been some kind of lullaby."

Marrying Her Debts.

It sounds strange to talk of marrying the wife's debts, but that was a common practice in England years ago. It was before the married women's property act of 1882. In our temple of law the husband and wife were one, and the husband was that one. Then if the bride owed any debts before marriage they devolved on the newly married husband, and he had to pay the piper. This led to some extraordinary farces being enacted. Women who were overloaded with debts actually got rid of them by marrying some poor bankrupt, imprisoned for debt. These men did not mind whether they were liable for hundreds or thousands, and the "wife" usually paid the "husband" a few pounds for the protection of his name, and then she would snap her fingers at her baffled creditors and enjoy set about incurring fresh debts. The law which settled and removed this sort of thing deserves a better title than the colloquial one of "a hax."—London Answers.

Careless!

A circus man tells a story illustrating how soft hearted and sympathetic some of the ringmasters are when the acrobats get hurt. The heroine of the story was a girl who did the four horse act, the six horse act, the trapeze and the flying bar, for all of which she received the princely remuneration of \$40 a week.

One day she fell forty feet from the trapeze and, landing precipitately and ill advised on her left wrist, broke the bone near the elbow. The ringmaster ran up and sympathized as follows, with certain profane remarks which are here excluded:

"What in thunder do you mean by falling out of that trapeze? I'm a son of a gun if some of you ginks don't try to put a crimp into this show every time we lift the tent!"—Popular Magazine.

Incompetent.

"Oh, Harold," said Mrs. Newlywed, "a strange man was here today, and he said he wished to read our gas meter."

"Well, did you let him in?"

"Mercy, no! He used very poor grammar, and I felt sure that he would not read it properly."—Judy's Library.

He Liked Them Cooked.

There was a Frenchman who hated the country as much as did Charles Lamb, but compressed his feelings into few words. This was Charles Mouse let, who lived on the Quai Voltaire, Paris. "It is," he said, referring to the country, "the place where the birds are raw."

A Marked Difference.

Hinkins—He looked like his brother, and I hit him. Walter—Couldn't you tell them apart? Hinkins—I couldn't find, but now there's a marked difference.—Exchange.

Employment.

To him that has no employment life in a little while will have no society, and when poverty is laid in the grave the funeral of comfort will soon follow.—Anon.

Reason For Gratitude.

"No you're friendly with Cranker, are you? Why, he tells me that he won't have a thing to do with you."

"That's just why I feel kindly toward the old crab."

Subtle Blunder.

A local paper giving the details of a wedding says: "Mrs. Mullins, the wife of our enterprising milkman, was being comingly attired in watered silk."

CHURCH NOTICES

Methodist Episcopal.

Rev. E. C. Newham, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. on Sunday. Choir practice Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Presbyterian.

There will be special services at the Star Theatre Sunday, Dec. 29, at 11 a. m., by Rev. Dr. Gorby, pastor. Subject, "The Old Year and the New." Sunday School at 10 a. m., Ross Farnham, Supt.

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THE POULTRY DOCTOR SAYS—

A small leak in the roof that lets water fall on droppings or a big splash on the floor while pigeons are taking their bath is often the start of a big epidemic of pox and cancer that cleans up the coop.

A fly knothole back of the roost that makes a draft through the window often causes the wind to whistle through a rooster's whiskers and makes him a target for roip microbes, and the rooster undertaker gets busy.

A little red mite that is allowed to go to raising numerous families behind that old style stationary nest soon begets a million, and these so rob the hen of blood that they cannot lay and prepares them for the tuberculosis germ to finish. A small quantity of strong disinfectant, placed in a drinking vessel because one fowl is sick, often makes a whole flock knock off laying and so upsets their digestion that they get clear off their feed and have to be doctored to get back.

A little bit of mold on each grain of corn will make a great big bit when a lot of that corn comes together in a hen's crop, and that mold will play hob with that hen's intricate intestinal works and will teach her owner humane methods unless John Bughouse is on the job.

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