

## Personal and Local

A. C. Lucas was here from Bend Monday.

Miss Irene McDonald of Youngs is visiting Mrs. J. C. Robinson in this city.

Born near Culver Saturday, March 25, 1911, to the wife of Frank Hunter, a daughter.

James Arkins, who has been away for the past eight months, returned to Madras Tuesday.

Oscar O. Wilson of Ashwood was in the city Monday and filed on a homestead claim in the Ashwood section.

Arthur Thompson, who has a homestead east of town, arrived Tuesday from Walla Walla, to look after his interests here.

Miss Daisy McCallister arrived from Portland last Saturday evening, being on her return from a visit to the Oregon metropolis.

James Rice was here Saturday to attend the meeting at which the organization of the Madras Wool Warehouse Company was effected.

Mrs. Mason Grant returned to her home the last of the week from The Dalles, where she had been visiting her mother, Mrs. James T. Robinson, who is there for medical attention.

John Moore, agent for the Buick autos for Crook county, the other day sold a four passenger car to F. W. McCaffrey of Redmond, who came to this city to make the purchase.

James Cram of Prineville, who operates a big sheep ranch on Crooked river above the county seat, was in the city yesterday after a shipment of supplies which he had ordered from Portland.

Chester W. Bourne, of Portland, who recently bought the Charles Baker homestead relinquishment on a tract near Pelton station on Agency Plains, is here and will take up his residence on the land.

George M. VanTine has purchased the Edward Sweeting lot on Main street, located just south of the McTaggart building, and will construct a building thereon and open a new moving picture theatre.

A. J. Passenger and E. W. VanValkenburg were here this week in the interests of promoting the building of the proposed new automobile road between Bend and Burns. They are connected with the Harney Valley Land Company.

The instruments for the new Madras band have been ordered and are expected to arrive shortly. The band will begin with 19 members, and under the direction of Professor F. Fine will shortly be delighting the people with good music.

C. A. Riddle, formerly employed on the Pioneer, returned to Madras last Saturday evening from Walla Walla, Wash., where he was employed during the last six months on the news staff of the Walla Walla Union, a morning daily. Mr. Riddle has resumed his old position in this office.

E. F. Morgan of Albany, Oregon, is here looking up the matter of securing dry farming land. Mr. Morgan represents a number of his Willamette valley friends and in case he finds something to his liking states that several of these other parties as well as himself will come here and invest.

W. H. Taylor, owner of Railroad Addition to Madras, who has been here for the past several weeks looking after business matters, departed this morning for Spokane. Mr. Taylor expresses himself as greatly pleased with the outlook for the future of Madras and her surrounding country, and while here became interested in several new enterprises.

H. L. and John Friday were in town Tuesday from their home on Trout creek.

Tillman Reuter arrived home from Portland Sunday evening. He states that it is very probable that he will take up the immigration work with the Hill development department.

W. P. Myers of Culver Junction was here Monday with a party of four newcomers whom he had located upon homestead tracts on the west side of the Deschutes. The entrymen were John, Lee, Clarence and Calvin Monical, who recently came from Colorado.

Scott E. Gordon, the civil engineer, left Tuesday morning for Portland upon the receipt of news of the death of his mother, which occurred in that city Monday. The remains will be taken to The Dalles for burial. Mrs. Gordon had been ill for some time.

Addison Bennett, the venerable editor of The Dalles, was in this city the first of the week and will "do" Central Oregon as a staff correspondent for the Portland Oregonian. Mr. Bennett has the facility of seeing things in his travels that some of the other writers of the day pass over and his letters are always full of valuable information and are entertaining to a high degree.

### Announcement

To the Ladies of Madras and Vicinity:

I will open about April 3, a complete stock of first-class Millinery Goods, ready for your inspection. Do not fail to see them. Mrs. Isa E. B. Crosby.

SEED OATS—We have some very fine seed oats for sale at Hay Creek. Call on or write to Hay Creek Land Co., Hay Creek Oregon. M 28

LOST—Or strayed one red, yearling Bull, strap around neck. Spotted gray and white jersey bull calf with bell on. Jersey red heifer with bell. Not by Mrs. LENA PEYENSKI. m 23 24

BARGAINS IN FARMS—See J. G. Fisch, Culver Junction. m 23 11

## OWL

RESTAURANT  
Opposite Post Office—New Management  
Come and see us. If we treat you right, tell your friends; if not, tell us. o o o o

Tables Reserved for Ladies  
Tierney & Lewis, Props.  
MADRAS, OREGON



Don't stand in your own light

Wear the best  
**Tailoring**  
Fred Kauffmann's made-to-measure garments are the best.  
Your Money Back Unless We Please You.  
**MADRAS TRADING COMPANY**  
MADRAS, OREGON

## The Scrap Book

### Thrifty Dame.

Sandy Davvit had been drowned in a sudden storm while attending his lobster boxes on the Scottish coast. When the gale fell some of his sorrowing comrades set out to recover the body. They found it right enough, but it was covered all over with lobsters. A bright idea struck one of the party. Why not sell the lobsters and hand over the proceeds to Davvit's widow? It would all help to "put him away decently." Agreed! So the party sold the lobsters for 30 shillings and later called with the money and the body at Davvit's house in the "row." Jamie Findlater headed the deputation and explained to the tearful widow exactly what had been done.

"We thought it best to sell the lobsters an' hand ye the money. Here ye are—30 shillins. Noo, what'll we dae wi' Davvit? Jist bring him in here, I suppose, puir fella!"  
Davvit's widow jingled the 30 shillings in her hand, had a longish look at the money and then slowly replied, "Dae ye no think, Jamie, that ye should gie him anither nicht at the lobster beds?"

Evil's Triumphs Are Her Loss.  
I watch the circle of the eternal years  
And read forever in the storied page  
One lengthened roll of blood and wrong  
and tears.

One onward step of truth from age to age.  
The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chain;  
The poet sings through narrow dungeon gates;  
Man's hope lies quenched; but, lo, with steadfast gain  
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates!  
Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack and cross  
Make up the groaning record of the past.  
But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,  
And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.  
—Lowell.

### Funny Every Way.

William Winter, the retired dramatic critic, is thought by some to write the worst hand of any man living. There may have been giants in the past, men like Horace Greeley, who surpassed him, but no one his equal remains.

Some years ago Mr. Winter was traveling in Scotland and, having had many amusing experiences, wrote an account of them to R. H. Stoddard, in New York. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast and, combining familiarity with the intuitions of the poet, managed to make it out and enjoyed several good laughs.

He glanced at Mrs. Stoddard and said: "It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?"  
"You know I can never read a word of his writing," answered Mrs. Stoddard.  
"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at it."

### Hard to Please.

Nobody outside the journalistic profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons. For instance, referring to the matter of his toilet, a paper announced, "Mr. Smudge will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk." This made Smudge furious, and he demanded a retraction, which appeared thus: "Mr. Smudge requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk." Oddly enough, this only enraged Smudge the more.

### He Consulted Bacon.

It was Andrew Jackson's habit to carry in his saddlebags when he attended court a copy of "Bacon's Abridgment" and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, and the unwrapping of the volume was a very solemn function as performed by Jackson, who was then only twenty-one years old. Colonel Avery during the trial which preceded the duel between himself and Jackson procured a piece of bacon the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court he slipped out the volume from its wrapping and substituted the bit of pork. At length Jackson had occasion to appeal to Lord Bacon. While still talking he raised the bearskin flap of his saddlebags, drew out the brown paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with decorous gravity and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly, "We will now see what Bacon says!" What wonder that the fiery young lawyer blazed with anger while the courtroom rang with laughter at his expense, and that he afterward challenged Colonel Avery.

### Modified the Order.

When the Infanta Eulalia and her consort, Antonio, were in New York in 1893 the Circulo Colon-Cervantes gave a grand ball in honor of the distinguished visitors. On the day before the entertainment took place a notice was posted at the Spanish club, giving directions as to how the men who were to attend the affair should dress. Those who went to Madison Square Garden early in the evening of May 26 saw a placard in the main entrance on which was written:  
"Dress orders revoked. Men wearing high shoes will be admitted if shirts can pass muster, but woolen mitts and linen dusters will be excluded."  
The notice created much merriment before it was removed. Its authorship was credited to Tom Ochiltree.

### GET HER PACKAGE.

She Really Had to Have It Because It Held Perishable Stuff.

With her pliant little face pressed close against the glass she rattled the door of the express office.

"Is there a package here for Mrs. Jack Brown?" she asked the clerk who hastened to let her in.  
The man hesitated. "I'll see if there is anything here," he said, "but we're not allowed to deliver on Sunday."

"I know," she said sweetly as she followed him to the back of the office. "I just want to be sure it's come. My husband wrote he had sent it."

The clerk looked through the pile of packages until he came to a large pasteboard box. "Is this the one?" he asked, laying it on the counter.

"That's it," she said as she looked at the address. Now that she actually had it in her hands she wasn't going home without it. "Can't you let me have it?" she begged. "I'll never tell."

He was a faithful employee, but a pair of big, innocent looking gray eyes were having its effect on him. "Is it perishable?" he asked, weakening.

She saw her cue and took it. "Yes," she said, "it is."  
"Then I'll have to let you keep it," he said, glad of a good excuse.

As she was walking triumphantly out of the office with the box under her arm she stopped and laughed. "It was so kind of you to let me have it," she said. "I'll have to tell you. It's a fur coat. But it is perishable," she added. "If a moth should get into that coat tonight it would be ruined before tomorrow morning."—National Monthly.

### Moral Courage.

He was the small son of a bishop and his mother was teaching him the meaning of courage.

"Supposing," she said, "there were twelve boys in one bedroom and eleven got into bed at once, while the other knelt down to say his prayers, that boy would show true courage."

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "I know something that would be more courageous than that! Supposing there were twelve bishops in one bedroom and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"

### She Saw Tom.

One night when a prominent actress was taking the part of the heroine in the old time melodrama "The Final Summons" she was called upon to enact a pathetic death scene as all good



WILL JONES

### RAISED HER ARM WEAKLY.

tragic heroines are. Just as she was about to drop on the sofa and expire she raised her arm weakly in the direction of the rear of the stage and cried, "Ah, I see Tom at last!"

The audience roared with laughter, and the startled actress, not knowing the cause, died quickly. When she arose after the curtain she discovered a large black cat in the middle of the stage. She had unconsciously pointed at it as she spoke her dying words.

### Bound to Please Him.

The man whose wife invariably buys a necktie for him experienced a pleasant shock on his latest birthday. It came in the form of a tie of modest tint and handsome pattern. It was very different from the tie he had been in the habit of receiving.

The man was greatly pleased, but he thought it wise to conceal his satisfaction. He put the tie away in the usual drawer to await a fitting opportunity. It came a few evenings after. He looked for the neat and modest adornment. It wasn't there.

His wife saw him as he mused up things.

"Are you hunting for your new tie, dear?" she said.

"Yes," he abruptly answered.

She laughed.

"I knew it didn't please you, dear," she said, "and so I exchanged it for this."

And she triumphantly held aloft a pale yellow monotony with red spots.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### He Preferred Quantity.

A visitor to a Maine fishing village—so the story goes—took an old fisherman to a speak easy for a drink.

"What kind of whiskey have you?" the visitor asked as they stumbled into the dark underground room that served the speak easy for a bar.

"Three kinds of whiskey, stranger," the proprietor answered—"15 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents."

"Well, give us the 15 cent, please," said the visitor.

The proprietor set a bottle and two glasses on the bar, but the old fisherman coughed and muttered humbly: "If it's all the same to you, sir, I'll ask you to make mine three of the nickel kind."

## Millinery

A New Line of Trimmed Hats, Also Sheet Hats  
Just in, Prices Right.

Now Is The Time to Buy Your Easter Hat

Mrs. A. W. Freeburg

## O'NEIL BROTHERS COMPANY

Wholesale liquor Dealers and Jobbers in Wines, Cigars, Sole Agents for Stonewall and McCoy Whiskies, Napa Soda Springs Mineral water. Distributors for Schlitz and Ranier Beers.

We also carry a strong line of Glassware, Bar Towels, Cards etc. specially adapted to the Saloon trade.

Orders by phone or mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

MADRAS, OREGON

## Madras Bakery

MACK & FRANK, Proprietors

Fresh Bread  
Daily  
Five Cents Per Loaf

Located  
Back of Lar  
kins Harness  
Shop

MADRAS, OREGON

## THREE CAR-LOAD

Of Furniture Arrived This Week

And we are now able to take care of the Trade. Call and see our new stock, something better than we ever had before and at better prices. Since we have a railroad we have shipped in high class furniture that could not be hauled by wagon.

LOUCKS BROS. Madras

## Automobile Stage Line

ALL NEW STUDEBAKER AUTOS

Shaniko, via Madras, To Bend

DAILY TRIPS EACH WAY

The Best Accommodations For All Passengers

FOR RATES APPLY AT STAGE OFFICE

Cornett Stage & Stable Co.

## BLACKSMITHING

WOOD AND IRON WORK

The best equipped shop in Central Oregon  
FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED

HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY

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MADRAS, OREGON

## Prince Corbe

BAY PERCHERON STALLION

Will make season the same as last year

TERMS: Single Service, \$5; Season, \$10; To Insure, \$15

For Sale

For Sale

One Bay Clydesdale Stallion, coming two years old.

One Black Percheron Stallion, coming two years old.

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