

# WHO WOULD BE A BACK NUMBER?

THE PROFESSIONAL MAN WHO DOES NOT READ THE NEWSPAPERS IS A BACK NUMBER.

TAKE THE LAWYER. The papers are constantly chronicling important trials or printing judicial opinions and decisions involving new and interesting points.

TAKE THE DOCTOR. Every new medical discovery, every interesting experiment, if sufficiently important, is reported in the press. It may not be told in technical language, but it gives a clew that may be followed up by the physician if he is so minded.

WITH ALL THE PROFESSIONS. These are but suggestions of the one hundred and one ways that the newspapers are useful to the professional man, whether he be engineer, chemist, physician, lawyer, minister or college president.

THIS NEWSPAPER KEEPS YOU UP TO DATE WITH THE WORLD AND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.



## Underwood Standard Typewriter POPULARITY

When the UNDERWOOD made its advent in the market fourteen years ago, as the original front stroke visible writing typewriter, it met with instant popular favor because it marked a distinct advance in the art of typewriter construction.

Typewriters representing the best achievements of the mechanical world up to that time have been displaced by the UNDERWOOD in the markets of the world until today its sales largely exceed those of any other make of machine. In the effort to offset the universal popularity and growth of the UNDERWOOD machine, all makers of "blind" writing machines have changed their models to visible writers in the last few years and visible writing has become the current talking point of its critics of yesterday.

The UNDERWOOD is designed on correct mechanical principles, is made of the best material and has fewer parts in its type bar mechanism than any other machine, and excels in point of durability, speed, accuracy, and ease of operation.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy."

68 SIXTH STREET  
Portland, Ore.

# The Scrap Book

**He Saw the Point.**  
Nat Goodwin was at the club with an English friend and became the center of an appreciative group. A cigar man offered the comedian a cigar, saying that it was a new production. "With each cigar, you understand," the promoter said. "I will give a coupon, and when you have smoked 3,000 of them you may bring the coupons to me and exchange them for a grand piano." Nat sniffed the cigar, pinched it gently and then replied, "If I smoked 3,000 of these cigars I think I would need a harp instead of a grand piano."

There was a burst of laughter, in which the Englishman did not join, but presently he exploded with merriment. "I see the point," he exclaimed. "Being an actor, you have to travel around the country a great deal, and a harp would be so much more convenient to carry."

**Haste Not, Rest Not.**  
Without haste, without rest,  
Blind the motto to thy breast.  
Bear it with thee as a spell,  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well.  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,  
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not, Let no reckless deed  
Mar for aye the spirit's speed.  
Ponder well and know the right,  
Forward then with all thy might!  
Haste not, Years cannot atone  
For one reckless action done.

Rest not, Time is sweeping by,  
Do and dare before you die.  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time.  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not; rest not; calmly wait.  
Meekly hear the storms of fate.  
Duty be thy polar guide.  
Do the right, whatever betide.  
Haste not; rest not, Conflicts past,  
Good shall crown thy work at last.  
—Schlier.

**Her Credit Was Crained.**  
A young country merchant who had something of a reputation for close figuring was especially attentive to the village schoolmarm. The young woman had a sweet tooth and was not at all retiring about making the fact known. Accordingly, she hinted to her admirer that a box of chocolates would be greatly appreciated on the occasion of his next visit. Later the suggestion was repeated and again duly heeded. The third time the subject was broached, however, the dispenser of sweets turned a deaf ear to the entreaty.

"I don't know about takin' that girl any more candy," he confided to a companion next day. "She's owin' me 60 cents for chocolates already."—Lippincott's.

**Jarred the Senator.**  
John Sharp Williams was sauntering up Pennsylvania avenue on his way from the capitol one afternoon when a friend introduced him to Major George A. Armes, who enjoys, among other distinctions, that of being the owner of the Appomattox battlefield in Virginia. It didn't take the major long to explain to the Mississippi senator a bill he had had introduced in congress for the purchase of the famous battlefield by the government for a national park. The Mississippi was much interested in the project.

"I am indeed delighted to meet you, Major—Major—I didn't quite catch the name," said the senator.  
"Major Armes," said the owner of Appomattox. "I'd be glad to have your support of my bill, and, as an old soldier with Grant, naturally I want to see the battlefield taken care of."  
"What?" cried Senator Williams.  
"Do you mean to tell me that a Yankee owns Appomattox? This is where I fall off the water wagon."—National Monthly.

**Slim Chances For Her.**  
A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside the cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady. "I hadn't heard o' that. Won't there be mor'n one day?"  
"No, my friend; only one day," was the reply.  
"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we're only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—National Monthly.

**He Found Him.**  
Allen Thurman of Columbus, O., and John J. Lentz, the former representative, went to a village about ten miles from Columbus one night to address a Democratic meeting. They drove over together in a buggy.  
Lentz was to talk first. The agreement was that each was to make a thirty minute speech and then they would come back to town together. Lentz is a long distance orator. He forgot about the thirty-minute agreement and talked for an hour without signs of stopping. Thurman got sorer and sorer as Lentz went along, and at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes he got up, left the hall, took the buggy and drove back to Columbus.  
In Columbus, ten miles away, he reported a little, thought he had been hasty and drove back to the village. As he stopped in front of the hall he asked a man:  
"Have you seen anything of John Lentz? I want to get him and drive him back to Columbus with me."  
"Well," said the man, "if you go up in the hall you'll find him. He's talking yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

# SMITHERS GOT A BUMP.

The Minister's Comment When He Heard How It Happened.

Within one minute of stepping out of the taxicab in front of his home Mr. Smithers received two separate and distinct shocks. The first was the size of the bill, and the second was the result of his argument with the chauffeur. Mr. Smithers used such language to the chauffeur before he paid the bill that the taxi man could not resist the temptation to swat Mr. Smithers just once before departing.

On either side of Mr. Smithers lived a gentleman of the cloth, and once during the frays with the chauffeur Mr. Smithers thought he heard some one spring a shade in the house next door, but before he had time to turn and see who it was the chauffeur landed with that swat. When Mr. Smithers regained his feet the only thing present which had not been there before was a lump rapidly rising in the center of his classic brow.

Next evening at a banquet he met his good neighbor on the east, the Rev. Mr. Havens, who greeted him cordially, but eyed his lump.

"Why, my dear friend," began the clergyman solicitously, "how did you meet with your painful injury?"

"Oh—eh—er—I had to go down into the cellar last night to see about something that went wrong with the turpentine. Beasty things, furnaces, you understand. Always getting out of kilter and making you go down into dark cellars—er—and poking round in the blackness." Then Mr. Smithers proceeded into many minute details of how he had hit his head against a projection, how it had felled him to the earth, how he had risen painfully and dragged himself upstairs, but how, in spite of all he could do, the lump had come out and asserted itself.

The minister listened. "Queer, isn't it," he remarked reminiscently, "how people get hurt? There was a woman I knew who came to church one Sunday morning with a wound upon her forehead, and when I inquired of her how her injury was received she hastened to assure me that it was nothing at all serious. 'I—I bit it,' said she."—New York Press.

**Lowell's Pun.**  
Once after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays James Russell Lowell concluded with the remark, "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first king of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

**The Young Member.**  
Grantley Berkeley in his "Recollections" notes one of the shortest parliamentary speeches on record. It was in the house of commons. Leonard Lippincott's.



"I AM BUT A YOUNG MEMBER."  
Charlton tried to make a maiden speech, and, rising in his place with a very bald head, known, too, as he was to everybody as one of the oldest stagers in all the ways of the world, he began with great affectation of inexperience and with an exceedingly mild voice, "Mr. Speaker, I am but a young member." On hearing this assertion from so crafty a man, possessing so venerable a pate, the entire house roared with laughter. Twice he stopped, and three times he commenced with these words, but it was useless. The house would not listen, and he never essayed to speak again.

**Out of the Battle.**  
There is in existence a very modest man who, though now peacefully employed, has in his day seen fighting in many parts of the globe. His friends know this and lose no opportunity to draw him out about his thrilling war adventures. But the veteran's modesty is such that his tales are more than likely to be colorless and disappointing. Once some of his friends cornered him and by artful subterfuges led the conversation straight up to a certain battle, in which, as they knew, the veteran had participated. In a moment of carelessness he allowed himself to be trapped into statements regarding that battle, whereupon, noting that he had warmed to the subject, one of his friends suddenly said, "You were in that battle, weren't you?" "Yes," confessed the veteran, much embarrassed. "Tell us about your experiences on that day," commanded one of the gathering. There was a breathless silence. The fighter saw there was no way out of it. "On that day," he began slowly, "at a conservative estimate—all leaned forward eagerly—"I ran twelve miles."

**POULTRY NOTES**  
BY  
C. M. BARNITZ  
RIVERSIDE, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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**DRY PICKING POULTRY.**  
Why do some dressed fowls lose that bright color, sweet fresh flavor and collapse so quick?

Because of a torn, broken, rubbed or scalded skin. A perfect dry skin is protection against bacteria, but once broken the flesh beneath is at the mercy of its environment and soon swarms.

A well bred, dry picked, whole skinned, air chilled bird in six months' cold storage changes but slightly, but a scalded fowl, with its destroyed skin structure, quickly gets slippery and deteriorates.

It pays to dry pick. The fowl looks, keeps, tastes and sells better and is so



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

AN EXPERT AT WORK.  
much more beautiful for food that all ought to pick this style, and it is so easy that after practice on a few adult fowls tender broilers may be picked quickly without tearing.

Provide a barrel for feathers, a bucket for blood and a regular killing or pocket knife.

Hang bird as in picture, take head in left hand, stretch neck, open mouth wide, insert knife and sever blood vessels on either side of neck, cutting toward base of brain. When bird bleeds freely press point of knife quickly into brain. The fowl at once draws wings close and as tremor passes through body pick fast, as feathers are then loose.

With head in one hand grasp large wing feathers firmly with other and

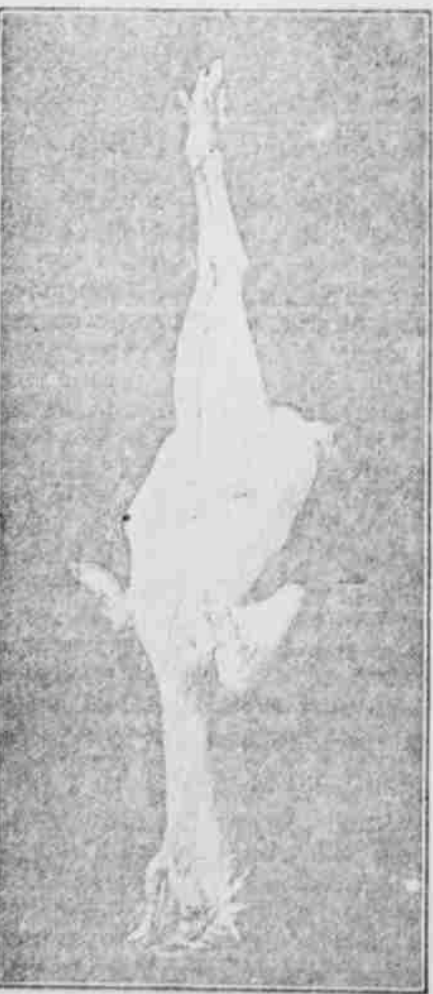


Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

**A DRY PICKED BROILER.**  
Withdraw; next tail feathers, then tender portions of body, such as breast, abdomen, back, wings, thighs and, last, pinfeathers.  
Grasp a small handful at a time from one section and pull in direction of least resistance.  
Many do not singe. A small quantity of alcohol ablaze in a dish is best for this, care being taken not to char or heat skin.  
Cold air is best for cooling. Water soaks the skin, adds weight and hastens decay.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST

**FOR SALE**—A house and four lots for less than cost on north side of Madras. The house is well built but not quite finished, the lots are 50x100. Must be sold at once. For information write Ora Van Tassel, Vanora, Ore. jy 20-4f

**FARM LOANS!!** Madras State Bank.

**FOR SALE**—At the Pioneer Office Legal Blanks of all kinds; Carbon and Typewriter paper, Installation Sale contracts, Notes and Receipts.

**MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS.** See Madras State Bank.

**TO LOAN**—Money on deeded land. Inquire of H. W. Turner.

**TO LOAN**—\$50,000.00 on farm lands. See Brenton Jones, Metolius, Ore.

New line of **DOLLS** just received at Mrs. Crosby's.

Just arrived at the Tum-A-Lum Lumber yard, a car load of old fashioned maple wood. Call and look it over before buying. Wm. Esselstyn, Manager. d28-4f

**FOR SALE**—S. C. Brown Leghorns, heavy layers; 600 farm raised. Trios, \$8.50; Cockerels, \$5.00; Eggs, \$2.00 per 15, \$9.00 per 100; Baby chicks, \$15.00 per 100. Primrose Poultry Plant, James Ireland, 414 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon. j11-4t-k

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5-panel doors, 15 sizes, \$1.30. Craftsman bungalow doors, \$1.60. Bungalow front doors, \$5 and \$6. Inside trim, 10 pcs. to a set, 80c.  
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Opened January 7th

From January 7th, 1912, the wonderful bridge of the Oregon Trunk Railway across the Columbia River at Celilo Falls will be in service and

TRAINS RUN THROUGH via

# Oregon Trunk Ry.

Between

## Central Oregon-Portland

FASTER TIME

Train leaving Madras 8:39 a. m., will arrive at Portland 6:30 p. m., instead of 6:00 p. m.; direct connection at Fallbridge with through train for Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago.

Leaving Portland 9:55 a. m., train will arrive at Madras 6:30 p. m., instead of 6:08 p. m.

Tickets sold through to points in the East, Northwest and California.

Details will be furnished on request.

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