

THE MADRAS PIONEER

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Thursday, April 4, 1912.

**Magical Influence of Universities
on the People of the West**

Are you a pessimist? Read
the studies of the people of the
interior states that E. A. Ross,
professor of sociology at the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin, is publish-
ing. They render it difficult if
not impossible to fail to become
an ardent and chronic optimist.

Mr. Ross' account of the state
universities and of their influ-
ence is epical in its sweep of
vision. He shows that the west-
ern idea that the higher educa-
tion that forms a sure means of
social progress is helping to
bring about a greater equality of
opportunity among Americans.
The states of the Mississippi
valley and also of the Pacific
coast are, through free and uni-
versal education, lengthening the
cords of democracy and at the
same time strengthening the
stakes of popular self-govern-
ment.

Professor Ross does not hesi-
tate to avow that "the state's
shouldering higher education as
a part of its duty to posterity
has enabled the middle west so
soon to overtake the east."

Watching the transformation
of the interior by the universi-
ties, looks to the keen-eyed pro-
fessor like the growth of a man-
go under the hands of a Hindu
juggler. Their influence on edu-
cation has been magical. High
schools have become able to have
graduates of colleges as their
teachers and principals and even
grammar schools are going large-
ly into the hands of the collegi-
ans. This change as a rule
works to the benefit of the
schools and their pupils.

The men and women who are
streaming from the 'varsities
and colleges of the interior have
raised the standards of their
communities perceptibly since
1890. Rural leadership is pas-
sing to an alert, progressive,
studying type molded in the
technical schools, as those of agri-
culture, and determined to keep
abreast of the world's progress.
As these educated men and wo-
men take hold of public affairs
they are securing social, political
and industrial reforms that 20
years ago seemed unattainable
before the millennium.

The western university is the
servant of American democracy.
—Spokesman-Review.

Let the Law Prevail

It is devoutly to be hoped that
the Multnomah authorities have
made no mistake in the capture
of the automobile murderer of
last Friday night. The press of
the country has been inclined to
be bitter in its remarks regarding
the lack of respect shown for the
Virginia law, as evidenced by the
recent Hillville tragedy. The
family feuds which have existed
in the Alleghany mountains of
Virginia, Kentucky, North Car-
olina and Tennessee are but the
result of traditions and instinct
that the simple people of those
isolated regions have known for
generations,—since the establish-
ment of the first homes there.
It has been their mode of living
since the beginning.

Terrible though that tragedy was
it was no worse than the murder
of two young men in the Portland
suburbs last week right under
the eyes of the law. The motive
of the Hillville tragedy was the
rescue of friends, or as the feud-
lists would say, the simple re-
venge on the law for interfering

with their own immemorable law
of self preservation and family
protection. The only apparent
motive of the Portland tragedy
was the mere chance that the
victims might have a few dollars
in their pockets. The Oregon
system and other progressive
measures to which we point with
pride, cannot bring credit to the
state when such local affairs as
the protection of citizens and pro-
perties from the whims and pas-
sions of ex-convicts and money-
mad fiends cannot be successfully
coped with.

Let us hope that the capture, con-
viction and punishment, as pro-
vided by law, shall be meted out
to the Oswego road murderer
with all the dispatch that the law
will permit of. We hope the con-
viction of the guilty party will
be clear and convincing, that the
judge who tries the case will see
that no technicalities shall pre-
vail to delay the operation of the
law, and that no governor will
feel it his duty to use his power
of pardon, or reprieve any sen-
tence which the trial court may
pass.

Now that April 2 has come and
passed, and the base ball season
is at hand, the box score will be
given first attention over politics
the Mexican rebellion, the south
pole and all other matters which
have been in daily use simply as
fillers since the close of the 1911
season.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere
thanks to our friends and neigh-
bors (especially Mrs. Lemon and
Dr. Ramsey) for their kindness
and hospitality shown us during
the illness in our home. Hope
they will remember that Christ
said, "In as much as ye have
done it unto the least of these
my brethren, ye have done it
unto me."

H. L. and L. Evans,
I. V. and D. Simbaugh.

**DEPUTY HAHN FACES
SERIOUS CHARGES**

**Metolius Saloon Man Defies Deputy
Sheriff to Interfere with Poker
Game**

Unqualified accusations that
deputy-sheriff Nick Hahn has
taken hush money from oper-
ators of poker games in Metolius,
and defying the deputy to inter-
fere with a game conducted in
the saloon in the opera house
building in Metolius, were the
developments of a raid conducted
last week by deputy Hahn and
two assistants. The raid fol-
lowed the movement on the part
of the Metolius Commercial Club
to prohibit gambling in the town.

Reports have been current for
several months that owners of
saloons in Metolius have paid
the deputy sheriff certain sums
of money as protection against ar-
rest, and late the charge has
been made so openly that the
people of Metolius feel that Hahn
must either take action toward
silencing the reports by prosecu-
tion of those responsible for
their circulation, or appear
guilty, says the Metolius Central
Oregonian, of the charges made
against him.

When a medicine must be given to
young children it should be pleasant
to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
is made from loaf sugar, and the roots
used in its preparation give it a flavor
similar to maple syrup, making it pleas-
ant to take. It has no superior for
colds, croup and whooping cough. For
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**WATCHED
LOVERS**

By JOHN W. JONES

It is said that love laughs at lock-
smiths. Verily love laughs at pretty
much all efforts to separate those he
would bring together. He laughs at
distance, at poverty, at homelessness, at
pride. In my case he laughed at watch-
fulness—that is, I managed to commu-
nicate with my love, who was watched
by her mother for the express purpose
of preventing my doing so.

Helen—my Helen—there is only one
Helen for me in the world—was an
heliess and was to be given only to a
husband who could match her fortune
with one of his own. Helen was at an
age where the feminine heart is easily
moved when I was thrown in her way.
I was young myself, too young to con-
sider her fortune. I was altogether ab-
sorbed in herself. It would not have
made any difference to me if she hadn't
a cent, and I don't suppose she stopped
to consider whether I was rich or poor.
The only spur for both of us was that
we were not expected to love each
other.

We were conscious of the fact that
Helen's mother did not leave us alone
together a moment. I suppose she re-
alized that her daughter, like most girls
of her age, was ready to fall in love
with the first young man with whom
she was brought into contact and the
mother did not propose to take any
chances. Circumstances placed me un-
der the same roof with them for a
week's vacation, and during that time
I was to be given no time to work up
a love affair.

Helen was the most obedient, dem-
ure, retiring creature in the world.
To look at her when her mother was
present—and she was always present—
one wouldn't suppose butter would
melt in her mouth. The first evening
we were together the three of us played
cards. The second evening—I was
out most of the day—the mother read
to us from—not a love story. Oh, no.
There was not a bit of love in the
story, nor was it in Helen's and my
glances—that is, we were unconscious
that it was. What was read to us
was a report of missionary work in
India.

By the time the third evening came
around the lady, not having noticed
any evidences of interest between her
daughter and me, was content to oc-
cupying herself with some sewing and
permitted us to talk to each other. I
took up a book from the table, near
which we all sat. It was a work called
"Letters to Young People." I
glanced over a few pages and spoke
of how helpful such a book would be
to so many growing into manhood and
womanhood, entering upon the most
critical period of their lives without
the valuable experience of their elders.
In a letter upon "Obedience" I left
the imprint of my thumbnail upon the
two words "sweet" and "heart" and,
handing the book to Helen, asked her
if she did not think the advice given
in the letter very well expressed. She
took the book and presently returned
it to me open at a letter on "Filial Re-
sponsibility." I looked for thumb-
nail marks and found them. They read,
"Am I really that to you?"

The good mother sat quietly over her
work, well content with the way she
was keeping two tender vines from
intertwining, while we were writing
our cipher love messages. They were
very short and very simple, nothing
like the protestations of lovers in
books, but there was in them the very
honey of love for us. However, we
dared not work our scheme long lest
the watcher's attention be excited. At
10 o'clock sharp Helen was ordered
up to bed and I, having no way to
amuse myself below, went to my
room.

I sat up till midnight writing on the
backs of my visiting cards I had
with me, in letters large enough to be
read across a room, love messages to
be used the next evening. When that
evening arrived and we assembled in
the library I said I felt dull and would
amuse myself with a book. I found
the best light behind the mother,
though I faced the daughter. We had
scarcely got comfortably settled be-
fore I whipped out my cards and held
one after another so that Helen could
see it. Her blushes soon frightened
me off, however, but not before I had
communicated the fact that I would
love her for ever and ever and if I lost
her I would perish.

I found seven days quite enough to
arrange an elopement. During this
time I had never been alone with the
girl a minute and had never spoken
a word of love to her. True, I had
once taken a fearful risk. When we
were passing out to dinner we drop-
ped behind her mother, and I seized
the opportunity to take a kiss. That
kiss, though hasty, was nectar for the
gods, the first sip of wine, the acme
of bliss.

Well, the upshot of it all was that
at the end of the week we were both
missing. We went to a clergyman,
were married and returned to my
wife's home. Her mother looked at us
in wonder. The first words she utter-
ed were, "How in the world did you do
the courting?"

She was obliged to make the best of
it. The marriage turned out no worse
and no better than the majority. But
that was luck.

Years after our marriage we con-
fessed to my mother-in-law how we
had begun our courtship by pressing
our thumb nails under the words to
make a message and continued it by
my exhibiting cards—behind her back—
with love words written on them.

Summons

In the Circuit Court of the
State of Oregon for Crook Coun-
ty.

Guy R. Crawford, plaintiff,
vs
Marie A. Crawford, defendant.

To Marie A. Crawford, Defend-
ant:

In the name of the State of
Oregon, you are hereby required
to appear and answer the com-
plaint filed against you in the
above entitled action on or be-
fore the 10th day of May, 1912,
and if you fail so to appear and
answer, the plaintiff will take
judgment against you for a de-
cree of this court dissolving the
bonds of matrimony now existing
between plaintiff and defendant,
and for such other and further
relief as the court may deem
just and equitable.

This summons is published by
order of the Honorable H. C. Ellis,
judge of County Court, of Crook
County, State of Oregon, made
this 21st day of March, 1912, and
prescribed that this summons be
published for six consecutive
weeks in the Madras Pioneer, a
weekly newspaper printed and
published in Madras, Crook Coun-
ty, Oregon.

The date of the first publica-
tion of this summons is the 28th
day of March, 1912.

Irving & Atkins,
Attorneys for plaintiff.

**N. J. SINNOTT
OF THE DALLES, OREGON**



Progressive Republican
Candidate

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