

THE MADRAS PIONEER

MADRAS, CROOK COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912

NO. 10

TUESDAY IT SNOWED IN THE CITY OF MADRAS

Strange to Say, the Weather Forecaster Failed to Predict Political Snowstorm Then.

The election of city officials which occurred Tuesday, was held at an early hour of the day. A few days before the date for the election to take place, an opposing faction was organized, and under the political name of "Greater Madras" the names of four councilmen and a number of voters were submitted and entered upon the ballot, which renewed interest in the approaching political situation and had a tendency, at one time, to inject an element of animosity in the community, but this feeling of temporary animosity disappeared, and friendship became the victor and supremacy.

During the few short hours preceding the time for the polls, there was much activity among the electioneers of both sides, and many amusing incidents occurred in connection therewith.

As a result of the victory recently won by equal suffrage, the voters had the opportunity to give their first vote in Oregon to Madras, and many ladies returned to the polls and voted according to their convictions. On account of the inclemency of the weather an automobile was engaged to visit the homes of all female voters and escort them to the voting place, and the mode of transportation was very convenient to the ladies, who appreciated the fact that they would not have to wade through the storm in order to

cast their vote. The result of the election proved a decided victory for the party nominated on the Citizens' platform, and although the Greater Madras party polled a larger vote than that predicted by many, they failed to win political honors this time.

The platform upon which the Greater Madras opponents were making office was excellent, and the approval of every one, those affiliated with the Citizens' faith could not, and were not disposed, to desert their party at the eleventh hour, and pressed forward, as a conquering army, on to victory.

Following is the official result of the election:

Mayor -	Vote for One
BRUCE, O. A.	98
Councilmen -	Vote for Four
BRUCE, F. W.	74
BRUCE, J. L.	69
BRUCE, S. R.	71
BRUCE, T. A.	64
BRUCE, W. C.	53
BRUCE, E. L.	54
BRUCE, G. V.	67
Recorder -	Vote for One
JACKSON, J. H.	83
Treasurer -	Vote for One
BRUCE, D. W.	101
Marshal -	Vote for One
BRUCE, W. GLEN	82
BRUCE, FRANK	69

Report of the Round Butte school for the month ending November, 26. Those neither present nor tardy: George Southman, Irene Southman, Nellie Jamison, Mabel Barklow, Rolland Gardner, Stella McGahan, Bert McGahan, Toyd McGahan, Mary McGahan.

Those on the Roll of Honor: Rolland Gardner, Irene Southman, Grace White, Stella McGahan, Mabel Jamison, Diagny McGahan, George Southman, Bert McGahan, Ralph Gardner, Nellie Barklow, Arleen McNemar, Mary White, Chester McGahan, Fritz Nelson, Hattie Teagarden, Teacher.

IMPORTANT LETTER FOUND ON STREETS OF MADRAS

Owner Can Have Same by Identifying Property and Paying for This Notice in The Madras Pioneer

A few days ago, while a representative of The Pioneer was leisurely "taking in the sights" of this city, and "blowing in" the large fortune recently bequeathed him by John D. Dollarfellow, the olive oil trillionaire, visiting the moving picture shows, the skating rink, shoot the chutes, merry go round, Ferris wheel, slide of life, penny arcade, dancing academy and numerous other places of amusement in Madras, he found a letter, belonging to some love sick but highly educated young man of this community.

The signature affixed to the epistle bears only the first name of the author, and as we have remained awake nights, anxiously awaiting the result of Sherlock Holmes' investigation, and have received no information that would lead us to believe that this world famous sleuth had found a crew leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of the writer, we have decided to give the matter world-wide publicity through the columns of this paper, whose circulation begins at Madras and extends to Hong Kong, China, thence to the City of Yockuphockupvonsmitzengugan, a dear old Irish town in Central Africa, with a Jewish name.

It is in strict violation of the policy of The Pioneer to publish the contents of any letter which we consider confidential, and we would rather attempt to perform the difficult task of getting rich under a Democratic administration than to break this rule which has been in effect ever since this paper was established by Julius Caesar. But sometimes, through force of circumstances, the publisher will, at the psychological moment, deviate from the custom handed down by his forefathers, and in so doing, often creates the impression that he is inconsistent. But, as we previously ejaculated, we absolutely and emphatically refuse to divulge the contents of the letter, which were as follows:

Madras, Oregon,
December 4, 1910.

My Dearest Honeybunch:

Your most welcome and loving letter was received a few moments ago. Please excuse delay in answering.

I have anxiously awaited a reply to the missive which I mailed to you an hour ago, and which I addressed to you at your new home in England. I was beginning to think that the 3 o'clock airship, due here at 2:30, had struck one of those horrible icebergs, and that my letter had perished with the rest of the souls.

I was so worried over the delay in the arrival of the mail that I was on the verge of hereditary insanity, and became a raving maniac. But, after I had almost gone crazy, my suspense was relieved by the delivery of your long looked for communication into my expectant hands.

And, kid, to show you how much I appreciate the "sweet stuff" that you are in the habit of peddling, I am going to tell of the social and other events that have occurred in Madras during the past week, and in which I participated.

Monday morning, at 5 p. m., the Friday Afternoon Card Club gave a bridge and progressive



THE above cup was awarded the Madras Commercial Club exhibit at the Pacific Northwest Land Products Show, held in Portland during the latter part of last month. This cup was the premium offered by the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company for the best collection and display of products from a district along that road. Grains, grasses, potatoes and a good accumulation of vegetables predominated in this entry. Some fruit was also exhibited. However, the principal part of the fruit display, which was collected on the Agency Plains, did not arrive in time to be used. The winning of this cup created surprise in Madras and the surrounding country, on account of the fact that other towns along the O-W. R. & N., which are much older and have better agricultural advantages than Madras enjoys, were strong competitors for the trophy. The wonderful work that has been accomplished in this section under dry farming conditions, is attracting the attention of homeseekers, not only in the Eastern states, but those living in foreign lands, and the day is not far distant when the Madras country will witness the influx of many industrious and desirable people from different sections of the globe.

whist party. And of course "Yours Truly" was invited. Without the honor of my presence the event would have been a dismal failure. You know this to be true, don't you, or you would not have snubbed me so often while issuing your invitations to pink teas last autumn.

Tuesday afternoon, at midnight, I attended a Democratic rally, at which meeting and time President Taft was renominated mayor of Madras by an unanimous majority of Socialists.

Wednesday night the Madras Dramatic Club dedicated their new opera house on Fifth Avenue opposite the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, which location was recently acquired by the above organization in consideration of \$200 per square foot. For the occasion the Dramatic Club had engaged a stock company, composed of Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Adams, Lillian Russell, Edna May, Louis James, Frederick Ward, and Nat Goodwin, to entertain the large audience. A few specialties, between acts, were presented, among which was the rendition of that pathetic ballad, by Richard Hose, entitled: "Darling I am Growing Ancient." The affair was really a tremendous and screaming success.

Thursday night, after suffering from the intense heat of the chilly afternoon, all of us kids over 25 years old, decided to go on a straw ride, and after appointing a committee to visit the alfalfa factory, east of town, and purchase the necessary amount of hay, we boarded the trolley car and took a trip to Deschutes beach, where every kid took a plunge in the surf. On our return home Fred Davis picked us

up in his new "Marathorn" racer, and we arrived in time to take part in the celebration of the discovery of Madras by Christopher Columbus in 1992.

Friday evening a masquerade ball was given in the blue room of the Warm Springs hotel, the new hostelry recently erected in Madras at a cost of \$100,000,000. The city's aristocracy turned out en masse at this function, and the members of our most exclusive social circle were prominent figures in the large attendance.

Saturday night I was arrested for walking in my sleep, and sentenced by Judge Jackson to wake up. I served my sentence. Sweetheart, during all these 90 years you and I have kept company, have you ever heard of such an unjust accusation against a young man of my propensity? The thought of it is enough to drive a man to marry. And, if I ever fall into disrepute again I will pop the question to you before night, and in the broad open daylight, by underground telegraphy. Imagine my consternation, after falling out of bed, when I realized that all that has happened didn't happen, but was only a dream, a trick of the mind while reposing upon my downy couch in blissful, peaceful slumber. I began to think something was radically wrong with my mental and physical faculties, and after a careful microscopical examination of my constitution by a physician, the quack diagnosed my case as non compass mentas, and advised me to take Bromo Seltzer.

Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I beg to remain, Ever yours and yours ever,
The Candy Kid.

NEW CITY OFFICIALS ATTEND AN ENJOYABLE "BANQUET"

Successful Candidates Are Feasted And Entertained at the Expense of Innocent Rabbit Hunters

After the counting of the election ballot including the first vote of the ladies of the town of Madras, Tuesday evening, and as a sort of sequel to the successful termination of the Citizens ticket, several of the successful candidates had what they called a spread; we would call it a "rub in" on the part of two of the principals by the engineer of the bunch; however a most elaborate supper was served with no expense spared to carry out every detail.

It seems that rabbit hunting on a Sunday afternoon has been a pleasant pastime for a few of the Madras young men, and as the story runs, three of our genial friends hiked themselves to a section of the country where the long eared tribe were most plentiful, Sunny Charles, Kerbaugh, and Higdon. They at last found a spot where the little bunnies had never heard the sound of artillery and their efforts were quite successful, as long as their aim was good. We are told that towards the last of the hunt the sights on the guns seemed to fade, as the setting sun and the frisky little hoppers would take up over the ridges as though several little boys were practicing with sling shots, imitating the Giant Goliath of the Bible times, their thoughts ever being on the returns from the sale of the spoils of the chase.

However quite a number of the frisky tribe were corrailed in some way, we are told that they were shot, but many looked as though somebody's big Foote had stepped on them. We can see the boys trailing in to their camp with great beads of perspiration standing out on their brows, as they were certainly loaded to the guards, and at the same time expressing themselves as being very weary of limb and very lank in the stomach, consequently the evening dinner was appreciated with the most heartiest thanks to those that prepared it. "But did it repose in its last resting place long, we are told that it did not in all cases."

Not being thankful for the bountiful returns of the hunt they decided that they would turn their toil into the coin of the realm, and likewise decided that the delicate little animals would be appreciated by many "swells" in Portland, and likewise decided to load the daily express in the morning, or if the regular train was not adequate, they would even charter a special train to transport the game to its destination.

Ah, but before they left, it required some skillful and expert carving on the part of those interested in preparing the delicacies for market, so at it they went, and about the first one Sunny Charles landed on and commenced to carve; well, if you have ever read Ben Kings verse of "How I fed the fishes all the way to old St. Joe, on Lake Michigan" you can appreciate how his feelings were along about that time; his voluminous dinner arose and he imagined it said, "what's that?" Possibly some one had said, here is that ten dollars that I owe, perhaps it was only a dream; Charles does not remember. The rest of the carvers, it is needless to say,

CROOK COUNTY'S EXHIBITS WILL REMAIN IN PORTLAND

Tillman Reuter Returns Home Highly Elated Over His Recent Success at Portland Land Show

The dry farming exhibits, with which Tillman Reuter, of Madras, won the majority of prizes at the land show in Lethbridge and the Madras exhibits at Portland this year, have been donated to the exhibits on continual display at the Portland Chamber of Commerce. With this exhibit Mr. Reuter will also allow to be displayed the six silver cups and other trophies that he has won with dry farming congresses in the United States and Canada in the past three years, and the cup and prizes won by the Madras exhibit at the Portland Land Show this year.

"This exhibit will do more good in the Chamber of Commerce, I believe," says Mr. Reuter, "than at my ranch near Madras, simply because more people will see it and will be given an ocular proof of the success that may be achieved in agriculture by the dry farming methods."

Mr. Reuter returned home Sunday evening after having installed this exhibit in the Portland Chamber of Commerce last week, and a few more samples of grain will be sent to be placed with this exhibit soon.

Mr. Reuter states that plans for next year's event already have been outlined. The suggestion has been advanced by many that the exhibition be held earlier in the season so that the best products of the local show can be collected and sent to the exhibitions in the East.

thought of home and the little one, and the girl I left behind me in old Michigan, whose smiling countenance always appears in his visions, like a ghost in the wee small hours of the morning, and whose portrait he gazes upon, longing for the time when he may seal the sparkler on her finger, which carried his heart's desire with it from Madras only a few weeks since.

At last the train load reached its destination and it fell to the lot of the Vogel Produce Company to dispose of them and make returns to those who had worked so hard in several ways to create the wealth. But, be it as it may the total receipts were only \$8.50 with express charges and commission amounting to \$3.18 leaving a balance of \$5.32 which was duly returned to the shippers.

Despairing of the returns ever coming, which was so long in the minds of the bunch their faith had about departed. But, we might add that they finally came not known to the hunters however, and of course fell into the hands of a company of disbursing agents, and a turkey dinner was ordered, and the friends of the principals invited to partake of the bountiful feast.

Messrs Foote and Kerbaugh being the guests of honor, and whose surprise was manifest at the benevolence of the successful candidates at the City Election for their thoughtfulness, were more than surprised, when our genial friend, Mr. Siler, called the aggregation together and stated that he was delegated by the balance of the party to offer a vote of thanks to these gentlemen for their thoughtfulness of providing a stately dinner, by the sale of their rabbits, at this most appropriate time.

Thanks, boys; some people like rabbits; we like turkey better; especially when the expense is paid by the other fellow or at the other fellow's expense. Try your luck again; we may get hungry and the good samaritan act will certainly appreciate it.