

WORLDLY WISDOM AT THE CROOK COUNTY FAIR

THERE Was Everything Grown in the Ground, Including Fine Apples; Educational Displays; Wild West Shows and Indian Dancing



AN INTERESTED OBSERVER



A "PAID IN ADVANCE" PICTURE



A "BUCKAROO"



EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT

central part of the state. Every foot of the land has been taken up by homesteaders and probably two-thirds of it is now under cultivation. While grain-raising is the chief agricultural pursuit in this section, the orchards which for the most part are very young and just beginning to bear, are attracting a widespread local attention by their excellent yields. Apples, pears and prunes were also on exhibition, and are coming to the fore as possibilities of the future.

While the season, of course, prevented the display of berries, an interesting fact in connection with local berry raising was there called to attention. This is that the strawberries of the Deschutes country have been found to mature several weeks after the products of the great fruit districts are off the market. While strawberry raising is still very limited in Crook County, its devotees declare that when transportation furnishes an outlet to the markets, Central Oregon will enter the field on a considerable scale, when they maintain the local berries will find a large demand, inasmuch as they will enter a field practically without competition.

Early most remarkable among the products in the exhibition hall were some bunches of peanuts fresh dug from Crook County soil. Big husky peanuts they were, reminiscent of "Old Virginia," and so much larger than the customary "cents a bag" variety the children were eating, that one little fellow with the clover tops" were. An exhibit of walnuts also came in for a fair share of attention.

Another great economic possibility hitherto little considered, because of the lack of transportation, was suggested by an exhibit of bituminous coal. The specimens came in the property of a group of Prineville men, and was discovered three years ago, some 25 miles from the town. It is, so far as known, the only coal find yet made in the county. The owners declare that they have some 2,000 acres, underground which exist three or four known veins, and, of course, countless possibilities in the way of further discoveries. Under the land is at least one vein of anthracite of good quality, while it is expected that further development of the property will bring others to light.

Grains, both from the irrigated and dry farming districts, occupied the most prominent place among the exhibits, with vegetables, notably potatoes, a close second. Wheat—of which more than 1,000,000 bushels were produced last year in the county—rye and barley of all kinds made a display the equal of that which could be produced in any county in the state, while the clover, alfalfa, vetch and grain in the sheaf gave conclusive evidence of the richness and productive ability of the soil. A particularly notable feature of the grains and grasses was the remarkable state of preservation of color and condition. Despite the fact that many of the exhibits had remained in the fields for several weeks, in almost every instance the bright original colors were retained. This absence of bleaching and deterioration is due, say the experts, to the dry and equable character of the climate.

The work of the ladies of the county was appropriately evinced by the usual displays of sewing, embroidery and perhaps even more attractively, at least as concerned the inner man, by appetizing displays of pastries and tempting concoctions from the kitchen.

Not only were the ladies represented, but the school children came to the fore in decided fashion, through the medium of their industrial exhibits. It happened

that the annual institute of the teachers of the county coincided in time and place with the fair. In connection with this institute was held the school children's exhibition. This feature of competitive exhibition of the pupils' handiwork is an innovation, having been first tried in Yamhill County five years ago, under the auspices of the State University; the result being that in that county there are 1,600 school gardens today. So it was that the Crook County youngsters had on view everything they might or might not be expected to be proficient in the making or raising of, from onions and rabbit traps to knitting work, maps and brown bread. There were the laborious and wonderfully well-constructed products of the primary departments, drawings, compositions, cakes, and a thousand and one other articles, useful and ornamental, all commingled in a wonderful fashion. In connection with the educational side of the county's activity, by the way, the mention of a couple of characteristic facts may prove of interest. On the menu of the banquet with which the institute closed appeared views of the past and present in Prineville school history. One picture, marked "1867" showed the tiny cabin, constructed from hand-hewn timbers, wherein the first school was held, while the other pictured the substantial brick high school building of today. On the western side of the county, at Bend, is a similarly striking instance of educational development, the new \$700,000 school building standing in gashot of the log cabin which eight years ago accommodated the four pupils of the first school, whose numbers have now increased to almost 250 since 1901. Today in Crook County there are 66 organized school districts, whose certificates admit their graduates to the State University without the necessity of examination.

So much for the industrial and educational features of the fair, the most characteristic event of its kind in Central Oregon. What were its attractions that brought the fun-seekers from every corner of the county and drew a "cow county" and from beyond? Firstly, they were as sly as they were multitudinous, and as entirely attractive to the unaccustomed man of the city as to him of the ranch and the saddle. Everybody was out for a good time. What was even more satisfactory, everyone succeeded in having it. Given a live town and a county fair in full blast, races galore, teachers' institute to lead the affair an educational flavor, a session of the Circuit Court, and a grand jury sitting to supply a desirable uncertainty as to developments, and an evangelistic meeting to cap the climax, and the amateur production must meet the wants of the most fastidious.

The fun began, in a mild way, the evening before the actual opening of festivities, when some one's horse went bucking down the street, climbed on the sidewalk in front of "Billy King's store," and there of his neck-breaking gymnastics. On Tuesday afternoon the fair proper was opened with an address from J. H. Ackerman, State Superintendent of Education, who had much to say concerning the vast possibilities of Central Oregon's future. Then there were races, as on every afternoon of the week, judging of livestock and exhibits, parade of the animals, entered, and all the customary events of a large fair. But it was in the unusual features that Prineville's week of festivities surpassed. In the bronco-riding contests, the Indian races and the general air of care-free enjoyment that seemed to accompany the "buckaroo" who had flocked in from the ranches and ranges, while the picturesque contrast of cow ponies, automobiles, gaily clad squaws and white-clo-

lar city visitors awakened a lively interest in the fairgoers themselves. But if the cosmopolitan character and appearance of the sightseers gave the impression that the affair was to be perhaps enlivened by any disorder, good-natured or otherwise, a brief experience about the grounds and in the city was disillusionment enough. Indeed, the gathering smacked more of Sunday school procedure than any mischievous which the environment might have hinted. A prime factor in the production of this condition of affairs is probably that the county is now "dry," both in the letter and in the spirit of the law—a spiritless law, it might be called. Secondly, this year, for the first time, the hardest kind of access were put down on the conduct of the fair itself. Pool-selling and boot-making were banished from the track-side, and even the hitherto unattacked near-beer, prime beverage in a land of legal drought, was pointed upon by the abstaining powers that were and placed upon a stern taboo within the gates of the fair grounds.

A wild bronco race was scheduled as one of the attractions, wherein was to be given a taste of the ways of the old days, which are now about to receive their death blow at the hands of the building railroads. I'm an old-time bronco-twister, from of the Western plains; My trade is cinching saddles and pulling bridle reins; Although I work for wages, my pay I get in gold. And I'm bound to follow the lone cow trail until I am too old.

Such is a characteristic ditty of the days of the open range, or rather, a verse from one of the hundreds, chosen perhaps because it requires no expurgating. The three horses entered in this bronco race were hitherto unridden youngsters, whose chief equine asset was supposed to be their distaste for saddles and riders. These hopefully unknown "broncos" were led out on the track in front of the grandstand, where the initial steps in their proposed riding were accomplished. First, each "buckaroo," aided by the assisters, the rules of the contest allowed him, threw his "tux tail." This feat developed into a far more difficult task than the tugging of a rope, for it quickly became apparent that the broncos' pet aversion was the ropes with which the "buckeroos" endeavored to encircle their legs. Even after a leg or two had been caught in the noose and secured more or less permanently, the horses put up the liveliest kind of fight, wildly rushing, rearing and dragging about the fence, a couple crashed their heads on the fence, and one or two more piled up in a marvelous melee of horns, riders, shawls, ribbons and dust. When everything had been picked up and put to rights, the horses caught and everyone properly soothed, it developed that, purse or no purse, there would be no more racing that day amongst the Indian 400. The crowd seemed of the opinion that the unlooked-for exhibition had already more than made up for the canceled race, which was duplicated without mishap, on the final day of the fair.

The next Indian offering was a dance—a "song and dance." It the curious dancing chant which accompanied the equally curious foot movements can be classified as singing. Also, to be exact, the performance was in no wise "deferred," but liberally paid for, and the outcome only of merriment. One of the disadvantages of civilizing the red man, it seems, is the resultant intensifying of his pecuniary wants: No Indian, for instance, after he has benefited by an extensive acquaintance with his white brethren, will permit the photographer to snap him, unless a satisfactory fee is forthcoming, and

always in advance of the picture making.

But the dance, imagine a brass band minus all the instruments but the drum, combined with a funeral dirge side hitting of the feet upon the part of the alleged dancers, and all this accomplished by an incessant, vibrant wailing.

The old men, led by one of their number who was blind, knelt about the drum, beating it in time with their slow and mournful chant. Behind them were their old squaws grouped as a sort of chorus to lend volume to the noise making. As the drum beat out the time and the quaint song rose and fell in slow cadence, the dancers, picked from among the younger women, executed the dance. That is, they stood in line and shuffled by slow side steps in a circle about the musicians and their blind leader.

Then one of the braves, unbravely clad in overalls and sundry other entirely picturesque articles of white material, gave a sort of shuffling jig dance, with a lot of jingling bells fastened to his legs and feet.

"See the kid hunt leather" (hold the saddle). "Scratch the blamed cayuse. Give him the spur, there, you bronco twister." "Say," the voice of the speaker is deep laden with pity. "The fellow there by the fence couldn't ride in a carriage unless he was tied in."

"Oh, bronco!" You ought to do well—all yer need to ride a bucking bronco is a weak mind and a strong back."

But the bucking is not of the hardest, and lest the exhibition become too regularly tame, the onlookers take a hand at the ponies with rope ends and waving coats, to excite further efforts.

DANGER PURELY IMAGINARY

Officeholding by Women Not Likely to Deplete the Human Race.

PORTLAND, Oct. 27.—(To the Editor.)—As a refreshing and appreciated variation from the Cook-Perry controversy and the Mayvair scramble in New York comes the following statement by Miss M. Langley of the Oregon Suffrage League, an organization for women, that as a whole, women are unqualified to accept the duties resulting from the ballot. The reason urged for this is that the duties of a woman who discharges her maternal public life are inconsistent with those required of women who discharge their duties as voters. The public eye and at the same time maintain a home as it should be," she asserts. The basis of Miss Langley's fears is that, should she obtain the mental equality of the sexes, she deems that women have a physical ability to do "double duty." But this is evidently a perfectly groundless alarm. There are enough women in every county who are not bearing children, and who, even at the present rate of providing for the public, would be able to perform two public positions where only one is provided before. And they are not of what are sometimes called the lower classes, either. Indeed, the children in the main come from the so-called middle classes, generally too busy to care for a "public career" and who would leave no many patriotic sisters perfectly free to devote much of their time to the well-known biblical injunction as to disarm every apprehension concerning the welfare of society and the race. Neither is Miss Langley's conclusion that the great number of divorces granted by our courts is the direct result of the wives' partaking of public duties well taken. Far from it. Indeed, not one wife in a thousand who has succeeded in severing the bonds which tied her to an "animal" as the fair lawyers of Forest Grove designate all husbands, ever gave a single thought to a "public career." About every other reason which the ingenuity of woman could contrive has been assigned as a basis for divorce, but the one pointed out is an entire stranger to the court records. No doubt most of them are abundantly justified, but the wall never arises that the frantic man has interfered with the laborer's application for entrance into a "public career."

These few remarks are not intended as a plea for equal suffrage, but merely constitute an effort to illustrate how easy it is for people to magnify unreal dangers and to create out of them the most real alarms. Miss Langley boasts that she is an old maid and without giving any credit whatever to the universal jurisdiction and starting power of one Dan Cupid, added and abetted by the insistent young men of Washington County, intimates that she will remain one. Of course, in this, as well as in her other allegations, she has made an evident error in her complaint, to which she is liable at any time to interpose a demurrer and ask for a more pertinent and more accurate statement of facts. It is just as easy to say that so bright a young woman will in the course of time become as successful a member of a splendid family as it seems sure she will adorn the profession she has so recently joined. T. T. GIBBY.

LITTLE SUFFERER FROM ECZEMA

Grew Worse in Spite of Six Months of Ablest Treatment—Sleep Terribly Broken—Face, Head and Hands Mashed of Dreadful Humour.

A SINGLE SET OF CUTICURA CURED HIM

"I feel it my duty to let you know with what success I have used the Cuticura Remedies. When our baby was seven weeks he was afflicted with what we thought was heat but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor, who said he was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison, but only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours in the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing. Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited seven months to see if it would return but it never has and today his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little one's suffering and also their pocket-books. John Leason, 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Nov. 2 and 17, 1908."

Cuticura comfort for all who suffer from facial eruptions such as acne (pimples) and blackheads, nose rosacea, facial eczema, ringworm, tetter, redness, roughness and oily perspiration is found in gentle ointments with Cuticura followed by warm baths with Cuticura Soap. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants, children and adults, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap are priceless. (Cuticura Soap 25c., Cuticura Ointment 50c., and Cuticura Remedies 50c.) For more information, send for our free book "Cuticura Remedy for Eczema," or write for it free of charge to the Cuticura Manufacturing Co., P. O. Box 2626, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.