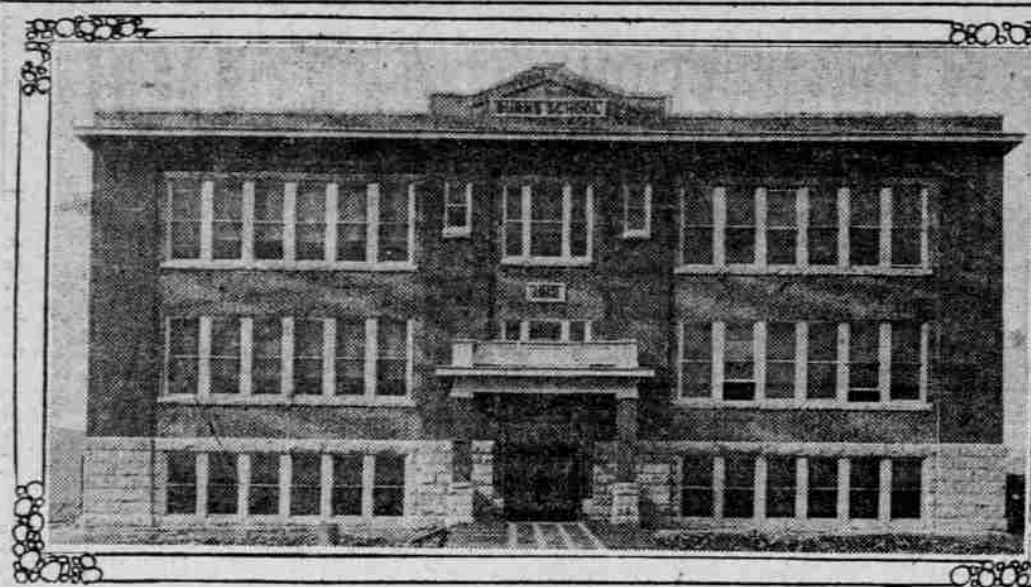
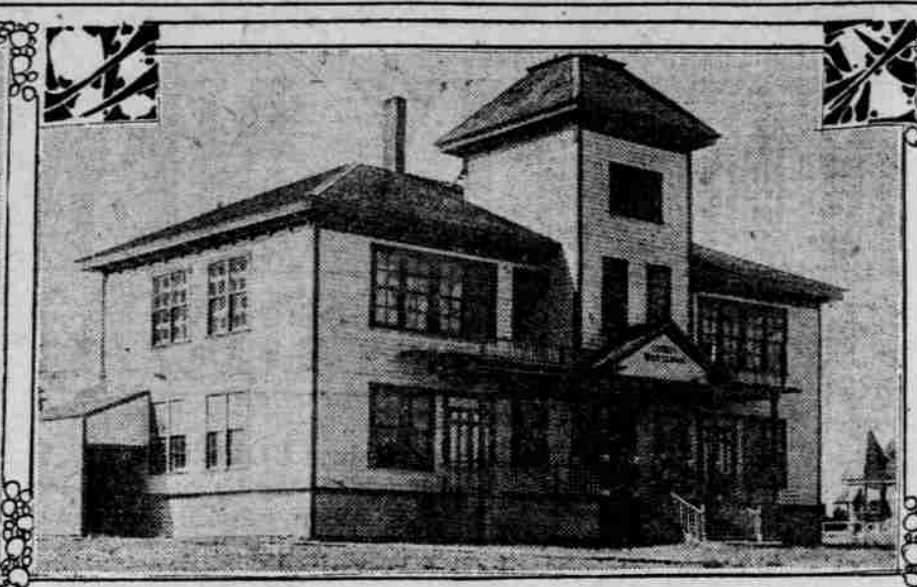


RANCH MEN AND WOMEN TRAVEL 150 MILES TO SCHOOL

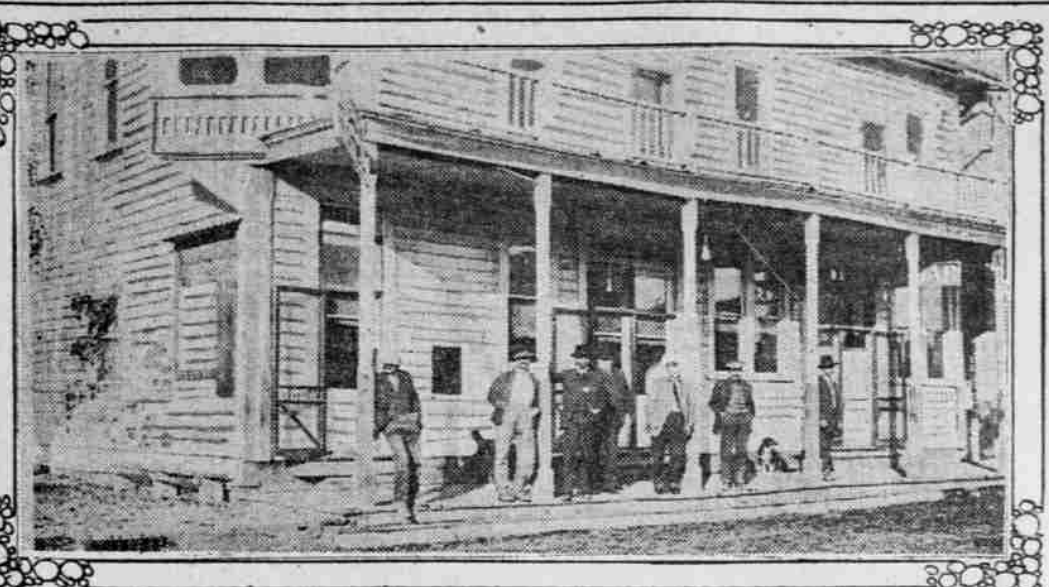
Four Hundred Folk of Far-Away Corners of Harney and Adjacent Counties Flock to Burns to Pass Week Taking Oregon Agricultural College Short Course.



New Public School



County High School, Where Domestic Science Classes are Held



Burns Hotel



Group of Instructors, Dean Calvin, Mrs. Dolman, Miss Cowgill, Prof. Hyslop, Prof. Pitts, Mr. Seedy, Mr. Breithaupt, Mr. Fleming, Judge Thompson, of Burns, and L. E. Hibbard of Burns



Group of Men Attending Short Course



Women Attending Short Course



Hogs on Dry Farm Homestead

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE.

BURNS, Ore., Feb. 28.—(Special.)—The most curious school in all the world has just closed its session at Burns, over in Harney County, the Oregon Agricultural College Short Course. It lasted one week and it drew its students—nearly 200 men and almost as many women—from a radius of 150 miles. One hundred and fifty miles, mind you, to be traveled in the dead of winter, through snow and against biting winds, drawn by horses! At no place in all the world has this spectacle ever been seen before, and, I believe, it may never be seen quite the same again. For railroads and electric cars will, before many more winter sessions become history, change the face of the great inland empire, change the greatest pioneering now going on on the face of the earth into modern rural life of the highest order. It has been a privilege to "attend school" the past week in Harney County.

Business is Appalling.
You see, everything about it is so tremendously big; so unthinkable, appallingly big. We've all heard the figure over and over again; we've heard that Harney could swallow several states and not choke; we've been told it's the center of the most enormous area of land traversed by a railroad in the United States; we've seen many statements about its millions of acres of arable land, but we get used to the sound of mere numbers, and they cease to make an impression. A million acres, a thousand—it's all the same to our blunted ears.

The way to really get an impression of the thing is to come right into it. And the only way you can get in is to ride in, over 150 miles from the railroad at Bend. You travel mile after mile and mile after mile, over a road as smooth as glass; over a vast flat country whose far-reaching hills maddeningly recede; you never gain on them for a single instant, and you begin to wonder if these people have put up a job on you—if you're really doing a sort of treadmill stunt; traveling, traveling, mile after mile, hour after hour, under the same blue sky, over the same level land, and never getting anywhere.

It Is Intoxicating.
And all the time the sun shines gloriously, birds fly up from sagebrush and grease wood in an ecstasy of song and motion; saucy jackrabbits dodge the car and the nippy air tingles your skin and arouses you with its tonic life and enthusiasm, for whatever it is or is to be.

Small cabins of upright boards at vast intervals tell of the homestead and neat new school buildings tell of his quality.
All day long you do this. Traveling all day, every hour with a good car, a careful, minute-saving driver with never an accident or moment's delay, you may get into Burns by nightfall. And all day you've just seen country and still more country, till your eyes ache with country.

And you know the instructors in the Short Course are coming over by the same route, and the students are on the road, making their way to school from north, south, east and west, along the splendid natural roads of the ranchers' paradise.

Travel is by Day and Night.
They are traveling day and night, many of them, to be there on time, traveling with teams and farm wagons, or horseback, against the wind and the sun, miles and miles and miles, from way down in Catlow Valley, 100 miles to the south, where 300 families are homesteading; or from Wild Horse Valley, 25 miles southeast; from Bear Valley, 75 miles north, and from many more valleys with exciting names which I cannot take time to tell about. They're on the road to school.

It costs something for these men and women to pack up and prepare to be away from home for a whole week in the dead of winter when there's stock



Prof. Pitts, Mr. Seedy and Others Judging Livestock

grounds was rigged up with a cooking stove and supplies as a sort of bachelor's quarters. Here the single men bunked, cooked their meals and exchanged notes between classes.

Discussions waxed warm over soils, alkali treatment, dry farming and irrigation, while potatoes were peeled, bread was made and coffee boiled. These ranchers can get up a meal that is as tasty as a woman's ever evolved, and while they're doing it the range of their talk bespeaks the wide scope of their information. I tell you, it takes intelligence to be a dry farmer, and the broad scientific knowledge these young men display would put to shame the narrow little circle in which the average city clerk or employe revolves. The dry farmer digs out and proves his knowledge, it hasn't been handed him altogether ready made.

Classes are Divided.
The school was divided, the sessions for the men, under the instruction of Professor George Hyslop and Professor E. B. Pitts, of the Oregon Agricultural College, were held in the Times-Democrat building. Those for the women, under the direction of Dean Calvin and Mrs. Dolman, of the Agricultural College, were in the county High School auditorium.

The work for the men is pre-eminently practical, based on the actual conditions which they are facing on their own ranches in Harney County. You see it's a Harney County school, though ranchers in Baker, Lake and Malheur counties heard about it and came too and were made welcome. They have, under the able, direct and practical guidance of Professor Hyslop, a course in soils. They are taught just how to judge soils, to treat soils, to maintain and improve their fertility, to handle alkali.

They have another course in crops, and the things to be learned about the possibilities of rye, wheat, barley and oats on dry land make a tenderfoot just itch to throw off his coat and go at it. They are given a course in tillage practices that makes you feel positively sorry for a drop of water that imagined it could get away. The conservation of moisture is really simple when you see it demonstrated in the little glass tubes.

Stock-Testing is Taught.
Then Professor Pitts gives a course in stock-testing and milk-testing that is going to insure a straight-up-grade product in the livestock dating from the first "short course." And there all is instruction in farm machinery, poultry and kindred subjects.

Not a phase of dry farming seems to have gotten away from the instructors, and if it had, the students would have recaptured it, for this isn't a to-be-expected body, they're all come-backers. They all want to know. The instant the opportunity is given questions are fired in rapid succession.

Each rancher has his peculiar problem. He's been tackling it alone till he knows it up one side and down the other, and he's here to get light on that very matter. And he gets it. He hears the experiences of other ranchers, as well, and he's jubilant, for he's got the answer. He's going home to handle that north pasture just a little differently this year, and he'll show old north pasture a thing or two.

Is there anything more exhilarating than to put your finger on just why you failed last time? I guess not. Specially when it makes a difference between success and failure in the cron off a hundred or so acres. It was a notebook body, and the

notebooks filled up fast, for no man who has gone over 100 miles to school in the dead of winter is going to lose his benefits.

The women are learning just as vital things, for what's the use raising a potato if you can't get it properly baked? They have lessons in cooking that give them all sorts of suggestions as to tasty, wholesome dishes that can be made of the materials at hand. Carrot pudding, and I tell you carrot pudding is delicious! Dried fruit sherbets frozen in the snow that is so plentiful in every door yard. Then

they are taught all the simple emergency remedies, cures for colds, nose-bleeds, snake bites, sun stroke, etc.

They are instructed in easier ways of sewing, told of ready-made buttons, holes, simple and cheap trimmings and home dressmaking generally, all of which suggests an abeyance of farm drudgery, a simplifying of the farmer's wife's routine. And in between beating eggs and sewing on lace and demonstrating "sweats" for pneumonia falls that delightful philosophy from the lips of Dean Calvin that must sink in like fertile seed and produce an im-

proved crop of temperaments and dispositions.

Think how rare such suggestions are in the life of the dry farmer's wife! She has no clubs or social centers or parent-teachers' meetings from which to draw inspiration and suggestion. Many of these students have not been in town since last year's short course.

L. B. Breithaupt and J. R. Fleming, from the experimental station, are in attendance at all the sessions, ready with practical suggestions at every turn. Both young men are Agricultural College graduates, and are now making good in a practical demonstration of scientific farming in Harney County.

Truly the spirit over in this big country is as big as the country itself; man has been matched up to the elements and has not been found wanting.

may not survive long and they don't care to lose any time.
Maurice looked upon California as a veritable El Dorado where the golden showers would be continued. His dancing and that of his wife was appreciated and the pair got no end of applause at every exhibition but the classes of pupils ready to pay \$20 per hour for private instructions did not come up to expectations.

The Douglas Cranes got here first and took the cream of the business, leaving rather the milk for the eminent Maurice and his wife. The Cranes charged \$10 and did such a rushing business that when Maurice arrived, a great many persons had mastered the art of tango sufficiently to circulate over a dance floor without serious consequences. All that these novices needed was to watch Maurice and his wife in action and then go home and practice the steps, thus saving \$20, and so, Maurice departed rather gloomily, considering the brilliancy of his engagements here.

BRITON'S LOVE OF ROD AND GUN IS SHOWN BY LORD IN CALIFORNIA

Though Elements Prevented Trip to Southern Part of State, Stories of the Rivers and Mountains Never Failed to Interest English Nobleman and His American Wife, More Even Than Social Affairs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—(Special.)—Lord and Lady Decies have yet to visit Southern California and all its glories. This, however, is not so much the fault of the English nobleman and his wife as of the elements that have been sadly against them for some time. Only the first of this week they started for Los Angeles in their private car. Santa Barbara was the farthest point south that they were able to touch, and after being marooned there no little time for the floods to subside, they returned as far north as San Jose and attempted to make their journey by the inside route.

Their scheme proved fruitless and reluctantly they had made their return to San Francisco. They finally determined to give up the trip and started on their return to the East.

The visitors made a decidedly favorable impression during their visit at Burlingame and the Hotel Del Monte. Both are very fond of outdoor sports. Decies is a true Briton in that respect and his young American wife is an apt pupil along those lines. While they enjoy the frivolities of the grand mode, they have a decided preference for athletics, books and travel.

At least that is the impression local society folk have of the talented tourists. They were told wondrous tales of fishing and hunting in California and Lord Decies seemed never to tire of them. From what he told of himself, the distinguished Briton is fond of the rod and gun, in addition to being a splendid cricketer and polo player.

Ned Greenway says he is tired of wielding the social scepter and is going to quit the role and retire. For several seasons past the social grand monarch has made a success of the back-slash and benedict's balls at the Fairmont, and they have been the choice gathering spot of the ultra fashionable. R. Y. Greenway has given it out that the social events are not to be continued.

Nor is he in a disgruntled mood. True, the modern dancing craze at the hotels greatly affected the attendance at the Greenway balls last winter, but that does not explain the czar's decision. He has had a fine social career for the past 30 years and is now willing to step aside and be a follower.

Greenway is to travel in Europe, but after next summer it is said that he will spend most of his time in San Francisco. It is hinted that he will

tract of land became a new residential section.

That was in the early '90s and thousands of dollars changed hands. The closing of the Bay District track ended the first and best part of racing in the state. Afterwards came Ingleside, Tanforan and Emeryville. The latter was closed by the state law of recent date, Lissak being a steward of the track at the time.

Williams was the master mind in the second and closing period of racing on this part of the continent and made a fortune, which he has retained.

There must be a good revenue in the big sightseeing or chugging cars. Just now there are 14 in San Francisco. One of the big companies has ten of them and is about to order a dozen more at some \$5000 apiece. The reason for going so large an order is said to be in preparation for the 1915 exposition.

Strange to relate, Los Angeles has but few of these rubberneck wagons, and they are not as large as those used here. This is explained on account of the competition for tourist travel by the electric road system around Los Angeles.

The ride through Golden Gate Park makes a steady demand for this equipment by visitors. From how on a ride to the exposition grounds will materially swell business. The last pleasant Sunday that San Francisco enjoyed, these big cars had an aggregate business of \$2000.

don't resort to harsh physics that irritating sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes hurt, your skin is yellow with dark rings under your eyes, your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile and constipated waste not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleansing up "inside." Don't continue being a bilious, constipated nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and

put into book form some of his experiences in society, and he is said to have a diary full of them, together with many clever and interesting stories of men and women, all of which are happy and good-natured.

Taking Greenway at his word, he retired with his supremacy unquestioned. No formidable opposition has loomed above the social horizon to dispute his leadership at the present time. This is worth nothing, for at times he has had opposition and always fought it with success.

It is said around the cafes and lobbies that Monsieur Maurice, the exponent of tango dancing, went away from San Francisco with anything but feelings of satisfaction at the financial results of his visit. These tango artists of our day have notions of their value that are only equalled by the prima donnas of grand opera. The tango stars realize that the dancing craze

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