



FORTY miles south of Grant's Pass, Southern Oregon, deep down in the bowels of Old Grayback—a timbered mountain of the Coast Range—are found the greatest limestone caves of the world. The caves are reached from Grant's Pass from the Kerby stage road, or by way of the beautiful and verdant Williams Valley. In either case the last few miles to the labyrinth must be made over a mountainous, wooded trail, through a primeval district that is but little changed from what it was a half-century ago, when the pioneer goldhunters flocked into the region from California. Nowhere can the tourist find anything more wonderful, more remarkable, more beautiful, than these limestone labyrinths in the heart of Old Grayback, yet they are comparatively unknown except to those who live and dwell near them. When they were first discovered they were known as "Josephine Caves," but in recent years they have grown to be called the "Great Oregon Caves."

A few years ago Elijah Davidson, a hunter, pursued a bear through the Southern Oregon mountains, and following it to its den, was led into the mouth of the "Great Oregon Caves." From this small opening into what was led Davidson found a multitude of narrow passages leading into the depths of the mountain. These many passages had the appearance of innumerable cells cut into the snow-white limestone and leading into unknown dungeons of darkness. The accident of Davidson marked the discovery of the caves, and while that was several years ago, they are as yet unexplored except to a shallow depth.

On the south side of Grayback Mountain the entrance to the caves is found. There are two entrances, one above the other, and about 200 feet apart. One from the lower entrance a stream of water issues and goes babbling down the canyon. The tinkling music of this brook, the whispering of the wind through the boughs of the tall pines that stand sentinel at the mouth of the caves, and the barking of the squirrels in the forest trees are the only sounds that break the primeval silence of the solitude that surrounds the labyrinth. Some enterprising party has built a small shed over the lower entrance, across the front wall of which is written in huge letters the words "Great Oregon Caves."

This together with the ladders that are found here and there on the inside, are about the only improvements about the caves. They lie just as Nature left them—the perfection of beauty, the wonder of the world.

The two entrances really lead to two distinct caves, though one of these, he is an adept at such work, can pass from one to the other in the interior. After employing a competent guide and supplying himself with a simple number of torches, or a good lantern, the explorer enters the lower cave and finds himself in a small hallway from which a countless number of narrow tunnels ramify into the unknown. Following one of these, he is led through passages hewn out of limestone. In many places these are so low and narrow as to be passed through only on hands and knees, and again they will open up wide and high enough to admit the passage of several carriages abreast. These tunnels lead to chambers, cells and caverns. A strong current of air comes through these tunnels, making it difficult to keep a torch lighted at times, and giving assurance of a corresponding opening on the other side of the mountain. This entrance to the caves, if there is such, has not been discovered as yet. The current of air may be explained by the fact that there has been found an opening to an unexplored cave in Del Norte county, Cal., 20 miles south, which may possibly be a distant entrance to the "Great Oregon Caves."

As the explorer penetrates further into the depths of the labyrinths, he believes himself entering the palace of an underworld monarch. The light of the torches reflects the glistening beauty of the walls, ceiling and columns of halls, chambers and caverns, all of limestone of purest white and the most beautiful brilliancy. But it is one expects before entering the caves to find the innumerable halls and caverns chiseled and shaped as the hand of man would have done them, he will be sadly disappointed, for there are no square chambers or halls in the caves. Irregularity is manifest everywhere throughout them, and in this particular they are unsurpassed. There are no parallel walls, and but few straight ones, but corners are everywhere. In every chamber are to be found beautiful views of stalactites pendant from the ceiling and standing out in bold relief against snow-white walls of limestone. In the light of the explorer's torch, the crystals on the walls and ceiling sparkle and glitter like so many diamonds.

In the "Great Oregon Caves" there are a number of interesting halls and chambers. These are to be found at distances of from one-half to one mile from the entrance, and are reached after much squeezing, climbing and slipping through

narrow passages, over tall boulders and down into gloomy depths that at first seem bottomless. If the guide accompanying the explorer has been in the caves several times before, he will have a name—and an appropriate one, too—for each and all of the various chambers and caverns. Who it was that first gave these names is not known, but they are good ones and should remain unchanged. There are the "Devil's Banquet Hall," the "Queen's Chamber," the "White Room," the "Drapery Room," the "Ghost's Chamber" and "Old Nick's Bedroom."

The "Devil's Banquet Hall" is found far back about three-fourths of a mile from the lower entrance. It is a large, circular hall, 120 feet across, with a domed ceiling that stands 20 feet from the floor at the highest point, and from which long and brilliant stalactites hang like extravagant floral decorations. On each side of the immense room and opposite each other are the two arched entrances to the great hall. Standing in one of these entrances and gazing across with uplifted torch, the explorer witnesses a sight he will never forget. Beautiful, yet awe-inspiring and almost gruesome, is the spectacle presented. Boulders of limestone and of all sizes and shapes are strewn over the floor in reckless confusion, as if His Majesty had been forced to abandon and flee from his banquet-place in dire haste. The dismal shadows from the flickering lights leap higher and yon about the walls and ceiling, and impart a ghastly, dance-like aspect to the scene. Multitudes of little streams trickle down the walls and fill the hall with rippling music, pleasant for devils, perhaps, but not at all such for superstitious explorers. As one looks and listens, he can easily imagine that the devil is holding his carnival in his favorite banquet hall. One can see the myriad little lumps as they caper hither and yon in and out of the many dark recesses of the great hall. The dancing devils, the tinkling music, the dull, distant roar as of an underground cataract, soon gives the explorer enough of the "Devil's Banquet Hall," and he makes his retreat, leaving the lumps to their eternal midnight dance and frolic.

The "Queen's Chamber" is another of the remarkable and beautiful rooms of the "Great Oregon Caves." This is a spacious hall, well worthy of the name given it. From the ceiling of this room, as in the other chambers of the cave, countless stalactites depend, and from the needle-point of each of these a single drop of water hangs and clings and glisters like a huge saltire diamond. The ceiling of the "Queen's Chamber," hung with its countless stalactites and their glittering points, reminds one of a huge Arctic glacier, thickly hung with snow-white icicles.

The walls of the "White Room" are hung with graceful festoons, arranged in all sorts of fantastic shapes. These are pure white, and are in rows one above the other from the foot of the wall up to where the ceiling forms an irregular dome above.

From an artistic point of view it would be hard for one to choose between the

"White Room" and the "Drapery Room," the next chamber of interest in the limestone palace. It is very much like the "White Room," save in the manner of the arrangement of its decorations. Here we find, instead of the regular rows of festoons, massive draperies, curtains and portieres. No artist could have arranged these draperies more tastefully than Nature here has done. So natural do they appear, one is almost tempted to draw aside the folds and see what is behind.

The "Ghost Chamber" derives its name from the presence of one especially large stalactite that looms up white and ghostly in the center of the room when the explorer first enters. Over the floor are strewn a confusion of boulders and stalagmites. In this room the dripping process from the stalactites seems to have been more rapid, for the chamber contains a number of solid columns reaching from the floor to the ceiling that have been formed by the ceaseless drip, drip, of the lime-impregnated water from the point of the stalactite above. Distance in the hours of illusion; Panchita Matthews would have simply been an echo of the claim that he hated.

She had scrawled only a few words, but they conveyed more than he cared to determine. To abandon his foolish wife had been easy, so free from legal impediment that he was uncomfortable from a sense of having missed the self-respect which is fortified by opposition. He read the sentences aloud. The appeal provoked him. Why couldn't he drop that part of his life entirely?

He tossed the letter into the wastebasket and took up a note that held far pleasanter suggestions. It ran:

My Dear Mr. Matthews—You were kind enough to ask if I would not go with you to that funny garden some time. Mamma thinks Thursday night would suit perfectly. If you will call for us as early as 8 o'clock we shall be ready.

I am curious to see the arrangements of the other half. Faithfully, EDITH TRIANNON.

Tuesday.

This note he dwelt over contentedly. It was Thursday evening, and he had a comfortable time in which to reach the house. As he dressed himself the knowledge that Edith Triannon was to visit with him in a place where the "other half" amused itself seemed to gently purify his own recollections.

The garden reeked with tobacco smoke under the glare of the calcium lights. Huddles of men and women chattered and laughed and shrieked with piercing appreciation of the performance. As things went on, the groups merged into one body of tumultuous satisfaction. The three, quite far up on one side, seemed left a little lalet of sedateness and

the abiding place of human beings, of a strange people who lived in the time of the Cave Dweller's Age. If this were true it would seem that there would be some relic left of such a people, but of this there is nothing.

It is too bad the "Great Oregon Caves" are so little known. They are as great, if not a greater natural wonder than the far-famed Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky.

They should be owned by the state and set aside as a public park. Better roads should be built to them, and some accommodations and conveniences prepared for the tourists who visit them. They are one of the important features that deserve to make Oregon the greatest state in the Union.

DENNIS H. STOVALL.
Grant's Pass, Oregon.

THEIR SEPARATE WAYS
BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

MAYNARD MATTHEWS brushed the cigarette ashes from his waistcoat and held the letter closer to the light. The angular script depressed him with its suggestions of former messengers. He did not like to be reminded too concretely of the days when he was blindly foolish. But he was thankful that she had not used his name in her signature. Panchita had sounded sweet in the hours of illusion; Panchita Matthews would have simply been an echo of the claim that he hated.

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and a woman in pink skirts was executing her preparatory steps. She might have once been graceful, perhaps pretty, but age and hard living were deep in every line of figure and face. Paint and make-up could cover but not conceal. The mechanical leer, the coy pose, the delicate sinuosity of her art were a blatant mockery. But the crowd accepted it cheerfully, if not with applause.

As she whirled into the full swing of her dance, Matthews felt an unutterable repulsion stirring within him. He felt a personal intent in the glances stammer, and the soft padding of her feet on the boards settled into a hateful rhythm. Suddenly he was aware that Edith Triannon was bending toward him; her breath was on his cheek as he heard her whisper softly: "Oh! how pitiful! she is an old woman!"

He looked at Edith with new adoration fresh in his eyes. The compassion seemed divine, and he was again beyond the reach of the dance, impregnable to the mockery of the dancing girl and the memories of his youth.

Yet the old sensation of insecurity returned when his companion once more bent toward him, this time to see the programme. He pointed to the place with his finger, and she read aloud: "The Spanish Sisters. But there is only one," she objected.

His answer was a gesture to the stage. Advancing into the glare of the footlights came a little girl dressed precisely as the other, except that her scanty clothes were blue. The childish form, the simple hands and innocent eyes met their first reception in a hush throughout the garden. The bedridden woman drew the little one to her side, and they made their bow. Then the band dashed into a jig and the ill-assorted pair started to dance. The eyes of the woman no longer rolled upon the spectators, and her lips no longer forced a mechanical leer, for all her attention was fixed upon the little one swinging by her side. So they stepped; the withered by the dewy, the hardened by the innocent; and while the soft brown eyes under the shaking curl took their cue from her, the woman's painted lips parted in a tender smile and an expression of utter affection mantled her face.

As these two rose and fell to the strains of clashing music, Edith Triannon's hand rested gently on Matthew's arm. Her swift intuition was unraveling the tangled knot of two lives. When she was sure, she broke from the impetuous lips. Her companion heard the words as in a dream: "They are mother and daughter!"

He gave no sign that he had caught her meaning, and sat dully watching the scene before him. Edith Triannon imperceptibly withdrew her hand from his arm and, though apparently unconscious of her act, accepted the omen of fate. They sat apart, and they both felt that between them irresistibly rolled the tide

of the man's past life, a tide impassable forever.

With a hasty excuse, Matthews rose and left them. When he returned in the dance paused its close, and the eager crowd waited to applaud. An usher pushed his way up the aisle bearing a huge bouquet. Reaching over the footlights, he held out the flowers to the little girl. The music died away, and with a glance at her mother she stepped gleefully forward and received them. In the hand-clapping that followed Edith Triannon watched the baby dancer, as she held out the bouquet to her mother. The latter smilingly shook her head; then, with a swift outstretching of the hand, plucked out of the heart of the flowers a slip of paper.

And as the mother in her tawdry finery, forgetful of the applauding crowd, read the message, her brown-eyed daughter buried her hot little face in the sweet-smelling flowers and watched her wonderingly.

The band repeated the opening strains of their dance, and mother and daughter of their dance through the figures again. The smile was gone from the woman's face, and under the paint Edith Triannon detected the weariness of one who has reached the goal. She turned to her companion with words on her lips. He was gazing with a new light in his eyes upon the child. Edith did not speak, but with quiet insistence she laid her hand on his arm.

When he turned around and met her eyes she smiled softly through her tears. "It is very near to us—the other half—lan't it?—sometimes?"

He threw back his head as a swimmer who gives up the struggle. He looked at her with purified adoration, then with an indication that only she could follow, and yielding her the final homage of simplicity, he turned his eyes to the stage and said: "I am going back to the other half—where I belong."

Not ignorant that he had interpreted her own attitude, but curious to know the moving impulse, she bent a little closer to him and asked lightly, though her eyes belied her voice: "Where do you go on your return . . . to the . . . to the . . . other half?"

His gaze rested quietly on the painted dancer and the tiny form by her side. He hesitated as for the possible expression. She was very near him in troubled sympathy. He was passing from her world, and she wanted almost with jealousy to know where his path led. He held her nearness, an undimmed purification of it he saw quite clearly the truth. "I am going to my little daughter."

They rose together, and Edith Triannon looked from the baby girl on the stage to the man by her side. With a woman's impulse, she bared her heart to him for one instant: "You must go. Good-bye. But . . . I can't be . . . jealous of your daughter."

They looked into each other's eyes for a triumphant moment, a mute farewell before they went their separate ways.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

PHILOSOPHER DOOLEY'S LETTER
WORK BY THE POOR AND SPORTS OF THE RICH AMOUNT TO THE SAME THING

"A HARD time th' rich have in livin' life," said Mr. Dooley. "I'd thrade with thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "Tis too much like hard wurruk. If I lever got hold iv a little mound iv th' money, divvie th' bit iv hardship wud I inflict on meself. I'd set on a large Turkish sofa an' hav' dancin' girls, dancin' an' a mandolin orchestra playin' to me. I wudn't move a step without bein' carrid. I'd go to bed with th' lark an' get up with th' night-watchman. If anny was suggested physical exercise to me, I'd give him \$40 to go away. I'd hire a priestlighter to do me fightin' fr me, a poststhreen to do me walkin', a jockey to do me ridin', an' a college professor to do me thinkin'. Here I'd set with a naygur fannin' me with osterich feathers, lookin' calmly out through me stashed glass window on th' rollin' mills, smokin' me good 5-cent seegar an' enjoyin' to know how bad ye mus' be feelin' ivry time ye think iv me hoodled wealth.

"But that ain't th' way it comes out, Hinnessy. Higgins, th' milyionaire, had th' same idee as me whin he was beginnin' to breed money with a dollar he owed an' a dollar he took fr m' some wan that wasn't there aj' th' time. Whin he was hammerin' hoops on a bar'l or drivin' pegs into a shoe, he'd stop wanst in a while to wipe th' sweat of his brow whin th' boss wasn't lookin' an' he'd say a man whed me around on a chair. But as his stable grows an' he herds large droves down to th' bank ivry week, he changes his mind, an' whin he's got enough to inlye life, as they say, he finds he's up against it. His throbbles has just begun. I know in his heart Higgins' idee iv luxury is enough buck-wheat cakes an' a cozy corner in a Turkish bath, but he can't layve it. He mus' be up an' at it. An' th' on'y things anny wan around him is to up an' doin' is th' things he used to get paid fr fr doin' whin he was a young man.

"Arly in th' mornin' Higgins has got to be out exerisin' a horse to keep th' horse in good health. Higgins has no business on a horse an' he knows it. He was built an' idyated fr a cooper an' th' horse don't fit him. Th' natchral way fr Higgins to ride a horse is to set well off an' hang onto th' ears. But he's got th' stable wrong an' he's made to set up straight an' be a good fellow an' meff th' horse half way. An' if th' horse don't run away with Higgins an' kill him, he's tol' it's not a good horse an' he ought to sell it. An', mind ye, he pays fr that though he can't help raymberin' th' man nex' dure fr m' him used to get tin dollars a week fr th' same job.

"Whin he was a young man, Higgins knowed a fellow that druv four horses fr a brewary. They paid him well, but he hated his job. He wud to come in at night an' whin his parents had made him a cooper an' Higgins pitied him, knowin' he couldn't get out a life insurance policy an' his wife was scared to death all th' time. Now that Higgins has got th' money, he's took th' brewary man's job with worse horses an' him barred fr drivin' with more th' in hand. An' does he get annything fr it? On th' contrary, Hinnessy, it sets him back a large forchune. An' he says he's havin' a good time, an' if th' brewary man come along an' felt sorry fr him, Higgins wudn't exactly know why.

"Higgins has to sail a yacht, raymberin' how he despised th' Swede sailors that used to loaf in th' zuloon near his house durin' th' Winter; he has to run an autyomobill which is th' same thing as drivin' a throlley car on a windy day without pay; he has to play golf, which is th' same thing as bein' a postman without a dacin' uniform; he has to play tennis which is another name fr th' same thing as bein' a bookmaker with th' chances again' ye; he has to go abroad which is th' same thing as bein'

an immigrant; he has to set up late which is th' same thing as bein' a dhruig clerk; an' he has to play cards with a man that knows how, which is th' same thing as bein' a sucker.

"He takes his good times hard, Hinnessy. A rich man at sport is a kind iv nounoun laborer. He don't get wages fr it an' he don't thrive as well as a milkman, ride as well as a stableboy, shoot as well as a policeman, or autyomobill as well as th' man that runs th' steam roller. It's a tough life. They're no rest fr th' rich an' weary. We'll be readin' in th' papers wan iv these days: 'Alonso Higgins, th' runner up in last year's championship, showed great improvement in this year's brick-layin' tournament at Newport an' won handily with about th' square feet to spare. He was nobly assisted by Regynald Van Stinyant, who acted as his hod carrier an' displayed all th' agility which won him so much applause arther in th' year.

"The Pickaways carried off all th' honors in th' sewer-diggin' contest yesterday. Th' showd wurruk iv Cassidy, th' baker, was specially noticeable. Th' colors iv th' Pickaways was red flannel under-shirts an' dark brown trousers.

"Raycreations iv rich men: Jawn W. Gates an' J. Pierpont Morgan ar're to have a five days' ghingin' contest at Narragansett Pier. George Gull is thrainin' fr th' autumn plumbin' simkanny. Mitchell Annoo is tore up in preparation fr th' contest in athreet layin' th' mink. Rich Spooria. Th' sledge teams is completed, but a few good tamperers an' wather men is needed."

"An' why not, Hinnessy? If 'tis fun to wurruk why not do some rare wurruk? If 'tis sport to run an autyomobill, why not run a loeymotive? If drivin' a horse in a cart is a game, why not thrive a delivery wagon an' carry things around? Sure, I s'pose th' rason a rich man can't understand why wages shud go higher is because th' rich can't see why anybody shud be paid fr annything so amusin' as wurruk. I bet ye Higgins is wonderin' at this moment why he was paid so much fr puttin' rings around a bar'l.

"No, sir, what's a rich man's raycreation is a poor man's wurruk. Th' poor ar-re th' on'y people that know how to inlye wealth. Me idee iv settin' things straight is to have th' rich who wurruk because they like it do th' wurruk fr th' poor who wud rather rest. I'll be happy th' day it was in th' Hanksberth's pushin' year's little go-cart up th' platform whin ye set in th' shade iv a three an' cheser him on his way. I'm sure he'd do it if ye called it a sport an' tol' him th' first man to th' dump wud be entitled to do it over again against stronger men nex' week. Wud ye give him a tin cup that he cud put his name on? Wud ye, Hinnessy? I'm sure ye wud."

"Why do they do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"'T' dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "unless it is that th' rich great object iv livin' man's life is to get tired enough to sleep. Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk iv ye're paid to do it, an' it's pleasure iv ye pay to be allowed to do it."

(Copyright, 1902.)

From "A Legend of Provence."

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife, Some pure ideal of a noble life? But that one's dream is not to see his hear The flutter of its wings, and feel it near, And just within our reach? It was, and yet We lost it in this daily far and free. And now live idle in a vague regret. But still our place is kept, and it will wait, Ready for us to fill it, soon or late; No star is ever lost we once have seen, No path is ever closed that we might have been. Since God, though only thought, has life and breath, God's dream always be redeemed from death; His life in its nature, is decay, And any hour can blot it all away; The hopes that lost in some far distance seem, May be the true life, and the true dream.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.