

Vining and Boys Return from Caves

Vining and the boys have returned from their two weeks' trip to Josephine Caves and the mountains. All were a tired but happy crew.

Upon leaving Ashland early in the morning on the first day of their trip they proceeded up the Butte trail to Mount Ashland and clear over to Red Mountain the first day. The trail was covered with snowbanks and small glaciers and the trip was rendered exceptionally hard by this condition.

The second day was one of the hardest of the whole trip, as the trail could not be found and they had to pick their way through the brush as best they could, and numerous scouting expeditions had to be made. That day, on account of getting on the wrong trail, they traveled 28 miles instead of 12, as they could have gone. However, the party pushed their tired and weary constitutions ahead and arrived at Squaw Lake by 8 o'clock in the evening of the second day. Here they rigged up a fine camp and enjoyed themselves to the full. Fine fishing was had, fly casting working fine, and many large trout were pulled out. Only part of the day was spent at Squaw Lake, and from there they proceeded through the mountains, reaching the Big Applegate the next night. Here they found the river a raging torrent on account of the heavy rains. This had to be forded, and the water was very cold and waist deep. They made camp along the Applegate that night.

The next day they proceeded toward the caves, arriving at Steamboat about noon. Steamboat is a big stock ranch in the mountains. From there they proceeded to Stevens, making camp there that night, the fourth night out.

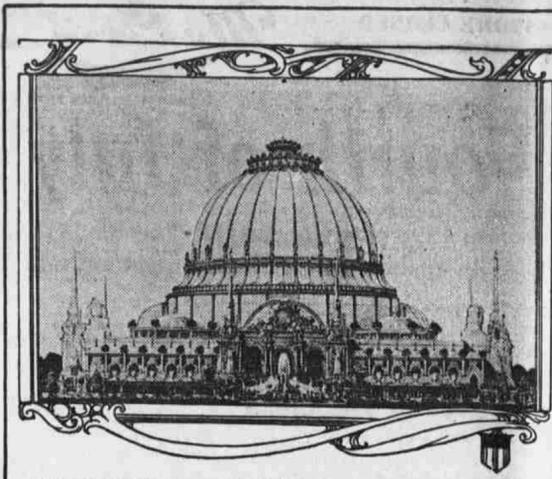
Going through the mountains they tried to get milk from the farmers, in fact inquired at three different houses, but they all said that they used condensed cream. This shows the progressiveness of the farmers in that locality. Upon being asked why they spent so little time with their farms they replied that all spare time was spent in prospecting.

Stevens is about nine miles from the caves and is at the end of the county road, and the next morning they took to the trail there, reaching the desired destination about noon of the fifth day, Monday. The trail is one of great beauty, according to Professor Vining, he has ever seen. It goes right through the heart of the hills and has beautiful trees and shrubs along the way, ferns and wild flowers growing in profusion. He says "The woods alone were worth the trip."

As they came in sight of the entrance of the caves, and also the big crowd of Grants Pass people, they were given a rousing cheer. Ashland was the best represented city present, next to Grants Pass. Vining and the boys were invited to dinner with the Grants Pass contingent. In regard to the dinner Vining says: "While the Grants Pass people outran us in numbers, the boys outran them in getting to the serving tables and in the amounts consumed, for their appetites were whetted by the hard climb to the caves. It was circulated among the big gathering present that there was one boy among the Ashland bunch that drank thirty-five cups of coffee, and the report was brought to me, which I could hardly believe, but upon investigation, by the questioning of the president of the Grants Pass Commercial Club and other prominent members, the first report was discredited, but it was found that twenty-three cups had been consumed. But it was the beans, delicious and filling, the boys of our party appreciated."

We quote from Professor Vining for the rest of the trip: "The Ashland boys rested the first afternoon at the caves, and in the evening joined in the big campfire gathering—a feature long to be remembered. Much singing took place around the campfire, the whole company joining, the ladies of Grants Pass proving themselves to be queens of music, for their young voices sounded sweet on the night air."

The Ashland contingent, upon being called upon, gave numerous high school songs and yells. The meeting then took the form of a booster meeting, Professor Vining being called upon first to make an address. He talked for a half hour, dwelling principally upon Ashland's awakening in the matter of the springs and the votin' got the bonds, showing what it meant to southern Oregon as a whole, then touching upon the other attractions of this part of the state, including Crater Lake and the Josephine county caves. His talk was followed by others by prominent men present. The substance of some of their statements were that they hoped in a short while the caves would be elec-



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COLOSSAL GLASS DOME FOR PALACE OF HORTICULTURE AT WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION.

THE photograph above shows the huge Palace of Horticulture at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. The building will be constructed almost entirely of glass. The huge dome will be 186 feet in height and 152 feet in diameter. At night colored searchlights placed within the building will play upon the inside of the dome, giving it the appearance of a magnificent soap bubble, iridescent with all the colors of the rainbow. The building will cover five acres.

trically lighted and a roadway be built to them from Grants Pass.

The caves are at present set aside as a so-called Oregon monument, and nothing can be done toward improving them. The movement is now on foot to have them placed in the forest reserve so improvements can be made. What improvements have been done have been through the Hearst's Magazine Company, who have done much exploiting of the caves.

"Tuesday morning the Ashlanders went through the caves in a private party, being joined by Miss Van Nice and her sister from this city. The government guide took the party through every part of the caves, the exploration taking about four hours."

Professor Vining stated: "In regard to the caves, lake and all the great scenic attractions, words are always inadequate, and they must be seen to be appreciated. One feature of the caves, whose beauty will ever remain in the memory of the party, was Paradise Lost, an exquisite domed chamber. The walls and ceilings of this beautiful chamber were composed of hundreds of tulip-shaped stalactites. The entire caves are a series of grottos and remind one of the home of sea nymphs and fairies. Joaquin Miller's Chapel is another little exquisite chamber and befittingly memorializes the great poet.

The trip through the caves is a tiresome one under present conditions, necessitating climbing innumerable ladders, wriggling through small passages and climbing over rocky ledges, but the view at the end of these pathways is always a sufficient reward for the effort expended. That further exploration and development will reveal new treasures cannot be doubted, and Oregon's Marble Halls will one day be recognized in all their grandeur and beauty."

"After two days' rest at the caves the party decided to leave their camp and directed their footsteps toward the summit of old Grayback, one of the towering peaks of this region. After a precipitous climb of six hours the party reached the plateau from which the peak rises, and here, following the direction obtained from guides at the caves, we were led astray into deep canyons and camped that night in Bear Glenn. From every evidence they chased a colony of bears out of this region and usurped their homes for the night.

"The next morning after a hazardous climb from the canyon we reached the summit of Grayback, and from there obtained as fine a mountain view as imagination could picture. On all sides of us were mountain peaks, while range after range blended in the lazy distance. Field-glasses brought familiar mountains within range of vision, and even smoke from Mount Lassen was thought to have been distinguished. At this point our greatest difficulty presented itself. Only one trail leads down through the precipitous canyon through O'Brien Gap, and the upper stretches of this trail were covered with snowbanks and glaciers from twenty to thirty feet deep. One day of exploration was spent here. After camping among the snowbanks, watching the sun set and rise over the mountain peaks, and in the early morning enjoying the novel view of the lower levels immersed in fogbanks, which gave an appearance of a vast ocean with mountain peaks as islands, rearing far above the seething cloud sea.

Even the gnawing boy appetites were forgotten in the grandeur of the view, and all rejoiced that we had ma-

rooned on the mountain in order to have seen this wonderful vision.

"The following day a new trail was cut by the party and they made their way down O'Brien Creek Pass and camped that night on Big Applegate. The following day the party hiked to Squaw Lake, fording Squaw Lake creek thirty-four times in all, until 'splash me' became an old story among boys and burros. Two days were spent at Squaw Lake, enjoying the boating, fishing and swimming, while blisters were given a chance to heal and tired muscles to relax. Lynn Mowat accomplished the feat of swimming Squaw Lake. Swimming was the feat every morning before breakfast and after supper. The boys had a great time exploring the old gold diggings in the region of Squaw Lake. At Squaw Lake they made a very comfortable camp, having tents and lots of grass for the horses."

"A new route was selected for Squaw Lake to Ashland, the party taking the lower trails, camping the last night out at the Little Applegate, which was greatly swollen by rains, so that it was waist deep. Every ford had its peculiar difficulties and funny instances. The first to be immersed was Fay Phillips, who suddenly disappeared in a deep hole and was later brought into camp from a point down stream by a native. The transportation problem should not be overlooked. It consisted of two distinct divisions: First was the Inter Burro Special, and so persistent was the urging needed that the boys kept up their pounding tactics even after they were asleep. The second division consisted of the Bernice Special, under the management of Messrs. Shinn, Mowat and McDaniels.

"The noted things of the meals were such as follows: Do-gods by Ranger Hubbard; Bannocks by Milton Biegel; Mulligan, Winters and Gordon; Gravies, Shinn and Mowat; Biscuits, Vining and Phillips."

AID THE KIDNEYS.

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Plant more flowers. Make it "Ashland the City Beautiful."

Make it "Ashland the Beautiful."

The People's Forum

Boosts for Normal.

Harvard, Ill., June 18, 1914.

Dear Mr. Editor: I read with pleasure the last issue (June 11) of your valuable paper, the Ashland Tidings.

The words, "Mineral Springs Bonds Carry," told the story. I had been looking forward to this issue with some anxiety. Having seen a number of health resorts, I have an opportunity to compare the scenery, the natural resources and climatic conditions with those of southern Oregon. I realize the advantage Ashland has. Ashland has done herself proud. She has shown the spirit of progress courses through her veins.

From a business standpoint no doubt it will be a great success. But Ashland has a greater future than that "where men get rich." She is destined to become known as a place where men and women regain their health.

Those who reside in the mild climatic conditions of southern Oregon cannot realize the benefit invalids will derive by being placed in such conditions.

I want to add a few words of thanks for those gentlemen who had the forethought to place those Normal school banners on their automobiles when Ashland was celebrating her victory.

It should be the shame of every man and woman in southern Oregon that the S. O. S. N. S. should be suspended from activity. A number of years ago I was a special student in that school. Since then I have attended a number of academic and technical schools and colleges and I am more than willing to write that in its field the curriculum of the S. O. S. N. S. was as broad, as thorough and exhaustive as that of any school or college I have had the pleasure of attending. The faculty of that institution were men and women of marked ability. The students were high in their ideals, pure in thought and progressive in spirit. After the lapse of years I unhesitatingly write that I never met a body of men and women whose moral standards were so lofty.

Today some of those men who were my fellow students are scientific farmers, some are attorneys, some are physicians, and some hold positions of public trust. Those fellow students are helping form the bulwarks of our nation. They are leaders in their respective communities. Much of their success depends on the thorough training they received in the S. O. S. N. S.

This generation will die and take its place among the dead. Future generations will take our places. They will be what we make them.

The S. O. S. N. S. was a mighty factor in shaping the destinies of many men and women who attended its excellent classes. A rising generation needs the same help.

Will the honored citizen of Oregon do his duty and help rear the future man and woman, or will he spend his time counting his money, raising fruit, cattle or hogs?

A box of fruit is worth \$2, a fat steer is worth \$75, a fat hog is worth \$50. An ignorant man is a blight in the community, but a progressive citizen has an immortal worth.

I hope the citizens will show the same enthusiasm and energy in this campaign for the S. O. S. N. S. they have shown in the mineral springs project.

When Ashland becomes a city of thirty-five thousand souls would not each one be proud to take his friends from New York, Maine, Ohio or Illinois out on the beautiful Boulevard or the Pacific Highway and say, "Fifteen years ago we had a state normal school in those unkept buildings you see out there. Several hundred students were enrolled, but political crooks held up our appropriations so one of the best educational institutions of the west died for want of support."

Our eastern friend asks: "But, Mr. Citizen, you have the initiative and referendum here, have not you?" "O, ye-ye-yes," answers Mr. Citizen. "But then you see the people of our country care more about raising peaches and thoroughbred bulldogs than they do about developing the intellects of their children. Children do not make money. They are only a blessing from Heaven, so don't amount to much. If they become criminals, outlaws or convicts we will make them build roads for us, or else we will hang them."

I know whereof I speak, and I want every citizen to know that men and women of ability and means will judge the community in which they sojourn by the educational institutions the citizens of that commonwealth maintain.

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"Supreme" Sodas are in great favor because they keep crisp longest.

Ashland has taken a great step forward, but she must take another. Hundreds of men and women will visit your city. They will look for every flaw. They will write their impressions to their eastern friends.

For example: "Spent three weeks in Ashland. Have regained my health. The springs are excellent. But the PEOPLE!—the PEOPLE! All they want is your money. They do nothing to induce one to live among them. They have splendid buildings for a state normal school, but let political crooks steal their appropriations and had not the energy to fight for it, so the buildings are going to ruin. Think Ashland would be the best place for our daughter to regain her health, but there is no place for her to brush up her normal work, so would advise you to meet me in Los Angeles."

"P. S.—In an hour's walk I saw some fine hogs some fine peaches, three bulldogs and five game cocks." Ashland and southern Oregon must have a state normal school, and must have it this fall.

Sincerely,
DR. F. R. GODDARD.

FLOUNCE ROCK ITEMS.

Miss Hazel Toney is staying at the Mansfield ranch this summer.

Lee Sutton has sold his interest in the Gray ranch and also his interest in the stock to his partner, Earl Ulrich. Mr. Sutton left for Medford Wednesday. We are sorry to see him leave.

Edmond Richardson has returned to his home in Medford.

Mr. Mooney of Red Blanket ranch went to Derby Monday for supplies.

Mr. Collins, the insurance man, was in this vicinity last week and did quite a lot of business.

Mrs. Dittsworth and Mrs. Peelor have been doing some painting at their respective homes.

Rev. Lindblad preached Tuesday night at the school house and left Wednesday on the stage to preach at Derby and Butte Falls.

Uriah and Robert Gordon spent several days last week visiting their sister, Mrs. R. B. Vincent.

Mrs. Phipps and son spent Sunday visiting Vaughns.

Paul and Pearl Peyton spent Sunday visiting Mr. Toney's.

Mr. Lewis passed Saturday with a bunch of 1,900 sheep. That is three bands that have gone up to the reserve.

The W. C. T. U. met Saturday at the home of Mrs. Erskine. The members went early and enjoyed a good luncheon. Mrs. Adams conducted the devotional exercises. Those present were: Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, Mrs. Kincaid, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Peyton, Misses Hope and Lillian Nye, Margery Erskine and Hazel Dittsworth.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

USEFUL SOUPS.

DINNER MENU.
Macaroni Soup.
Salmi Lamb.
Vegetable Salad.
Orange Shortcake.
Coffee.

USEFUL SOUPS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

that has an eye to the question of economy are the following:
Mutton Broth.—Take one pound neck of mutton (serag end), one small carrot, one turnip, one onion, one quart of water, one and one-half ounces of pearl barley and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Cut up the meat into small pieces, remove the fat and place the meat and bone in the stewpan with the cold water and one desertspoonful of salt. Let this come to the boil and skim well. Next add the vegetables, previously washed, peeled, and cut into very small dice, and the pearl barley, and boil gently for two hours. Cut meat into small pieces, return to the soup, cook, add parsley and serve.

An Italian Soup.
Macaroni Soup.—Prepare a stock with two pounds of gray beef, veal meat and bones or pieces of mutton free from fat, one carrot, one onion, one bay leaf, parsley, two cloves and two quarts of water. Boil gently for three hours, season, skim and strain. Blanch three ounces of macaroni, broken up rather small, and cook these in the prepared stock, together with one pint of tomato puree. The macaroni will require about thirty minutes to cook. Season carefully with salt and pepper and add two table-spoonfuls of grated cheese just before serving.

Celery Puree.—Wash and trim one or two heads of celery, remove the green leaves, if any, and cut the celery into slices. Boil in stock or salted water till tender, strain off liquor and set it aside for a soup.
Rub the cooked celery through a sieve. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, stir in half an ounce of flour and cook a little, add one gill of milk and stir till it boils, put in the celery puree, season to taste and cook.

Vegetable Soups.
Cauliflower Soup.—Take one cauliflower, one small onion, two ounces of crushed tapoca, one ounce of ground rice, one teaspoonful sugar, salt, pepper and nutmeg, one gill of cream, one and one-half pints of milk. Wash and trim the cauliflower, peel and blanch the onion, cook both in salted water until tender, drain (keep the water) and rub through a fine sieve and chop the onion finely. Bring one pint of the water in which the cauliflower has been cooked to the boil, stir in the crushed tapoca and a chopped onion, let simmer for twenty minutes, then stir in the ground rice, boil up the milk and add it to the soup and cook for a few minutes. Season to taste.

Anna Thompson

Patience is the honest man's revenge.
—Cyril Tournier.

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