J. M. BEAVER

Secretary Beaver Realty Company. Publisher of Everybody's Bible Study.

C. A. WESTER

Division engineer of the Southern Pacific. Is stationed at Dunsmuir.

WAGNER SPRINGS

Historic Spring Home of Oldest Resort in Southern Oregon.

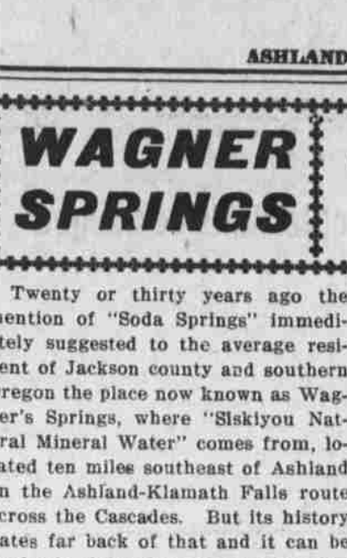
Twenty or thirty years ago the mention of "Soda Springs" immediately suggested to the average resident of Jackson county and southern Oregon the place now known as Wagner's Springs, where "Siskiyou Natural Mineral Water" comes from, located ten miles southeast of Ashland on the Ashland-Klamath Falls route across the Cascades. But its history dates far back of that and it can be modestly claimed for this spring that it is the historic mineral spring of this section of Oregon. For more than sixty years people have traveled to it and drank of its sparkling waters. Before the days of commercial bottling of this water hundreds of people from southern Oregon and other sections of Oregon and California made their annual summer pilgrimages to these springs, took a few weeks' course of treatment and returned to their homes as well satisfied with the results obtained in rejuvenated stomachs and kidneys as if they had made a trip to Carlsbad.

Tradition tells us that these springs were first discovered, as far as white men are concerned, along in the forties by one of the Applegate parties engaged in an exploration trip through southern Oregon and northern California, the party, it is related, camping over night at the springs. With the first real settlement of Rogue River Valley and the southern end of it in the vicinity of Ashland in the early fifties, the fame of the waters of these springs grew. There are several Oregon pioneers now residing in Ashland who recall the springs and partaking of the waters as early as 1853. At that early date settlers were yet few and far between throughout the entire Rogue River Valley, but the "soda springs above Ashland" were well known, and indeed practically the only known mineral springs in this section.

The United States patent to the land on which the Wagner Springs are located was issued in the name of Samuel D. Whitmore, who had located upon the property as a homestead presumably in 1859. The patent was dated in 1864, but in 1862 Whitmore had given a quitclaim deed to Matthew Caldwell, according to the records, and Caldwell located additional lands adjoining. Caldwell was a practicing physician at Phoenix, of first-class professional reputation. He removed to the springs, built the first hotel, and practiced medicine successfully, with the aid of the mineral waters, in which he had much faith. He lived at the place for a number of years, conducting a hotel and in a way a sanitarium, with a more or less widespread reputation. Later Dr. Caldwell died. His widow became Mrs. Courteney and removed back to Phoenix. The property reverted to his daughter, Mrs. Lillie Caldwell Blackwood, now living at Phoenix, who with her husband, the late R. T. Blackwood, resided upon the place, which now embraced some fifteen hundred acres or more of land. However, they leased the hotel and springs portion and for three years, beginning with 1875, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell (the latter of whom is now a resident of Ashland, Mrs. A. H. Russell), and their family conducted the resort, and the place held a high reputation for the culinary excellence of the hotel under their regime as well as for the mineral springs. They were followed by L. B. Tucker and family, and during their term the stage traffic across the mountains between Ashland and Klamath Falls was an important factor, Soda Springs being a station for both man and beast traversing the route.

In 1885 the Blackwoods sold the Soda Springs property to the late Jacob Wagner, who, retiring from a long term of service in the milling business in Ashland in impaired health, was attracted by the health-giving possibilities of the waters and always attributed a new lease of life in his own case to their liberal use. He made extensive improvements upon the hotel and the ranch in general, charge of which was after a short time assumed by J. M. Wagner, his son, who has ever since been the managing owner of the property.

Since early days visitors to the springs had carried away its waters in jugs and bottles to their homes, but it was under J. M. Wagner's direction that the commercial bottling of the water began. With up-to-date equipment and under the suggestive name he gave it, the fame of "Siskiyou Natural Mineral Water" became widespread and demands for it extended from Portland on the north to San Francisco on the south. He has recently been developing and has demonstrated successfully within a few weeks a new process of bottling the water without in the slightest impairing its medicinal or pleasant, potable qualities, that now promises to revolutionize the demand and sale for it.



C. B. LAMKIN

Real estate dealer. Widely known for his successful summer ranching of last year, when he harvested some 20,000 bushels of grain.

W. B. BEEBE

A. E. KINNEY

The pictures above are of W. B. Beebe and A. E. Kinney, owners of the big dry goods and men's furnishing store situated on the Plaza. As signers for quite a sum for springs development work they have engraved their names on the tablets of Ashland history.

C. B. LAMKIN

Real estate dealer. Widely known for his successful summer ranching of last year, when he harvested some 20,000 bushels of grain.

NEW VINING THEATRE.

Modern fireproof structure of concre te and steel, complete in appointment and one of the most beautiful an d harmonious in decoration in America.

Some Birds The Tourist May See About Ashland.

(By Jennie Faucett Greer.)

There are over 150 varieties of birds native to Oregon and some choice species which have been introduced.

Many of the commoner kinds are constant residents of southern Oregon. Some migrate from the Rogue Valley to the nearby mountains during the nesting season, returning in the fall to winter in the vicinity of town.

During the winter numbers of them seem to visit up and down the valley, doubtless influenced by weather and food supplies.

The majority of Oregon birds may seem to be nearly identical with their eastern cousins, the western variety being generally of larger size and darker color tone; but there are some species, especially charming to the bird lover, which are peculiar to the Pacific slope.

Many of those which seem at first glance to differ but little from the eastern bird of the same name will be found to vary in plumage much more upon closer acquaintance. Such birds are classed as western variety. Some mild afternoon in midwinter, with the sun shining softly through a haze of silvery atmosphere, take a stroll along one of Ashland's scenic streets, or, if fond of horseback riding, jog easily so as not to startle the birds.

The foothills east of town will be a panorama of varied shades of purple and tawny brown, with lights of pale misty blue and golden rose, capped with a liberal sprinkling of snow on Old Grizzly's peak. Each point of view will give a little different composition of the picture, all charming. When the eye is satisfied with the distant view, one looks for something of closer interest, and the bird lover looks for birds and wonders what specimens may be seen in this strange new country.

Near an apple or prune tree will surely be two or more robins, and the ears will be gladdened with the familiar cheery chirp, just like the old robin at home. Up in the tree tops catch sight of some brown birds the size of an English sparrow. They are richly trimmed with crimson on head, throat and rump. This is named variously Purple Finch, House Finch, Linnet or Cherry Bird. You hear another familiar cry, "Wick, wick." A Flicker; but as he swings past you catch a flash of scarlet, lining the wings. Western Red Shafted Flicker, not the eastern Golden Winged. As you near an almond tree there may be a variety of scolding and chattering. A dark blue, elegantly formed bird with long, erect crest will appear for a moment and dispute your right of way. Stellar's Jay, a royal brigand and a cheery good fellow too. His companion in mischief will likely be the Red Crowned Woodpecker, California or Carpenter Woodpecker.

Other birds that one will probably see on this winter day are Gambel's White Crowned Sparrow, Oregon Jimcos (black capped) in abundance, an occasional Towhee Bunting meking in the underbrush. You may catch a glimpse of a black head, black and white wings, white shirt front and russet red vest and a flash of red eyes. There is another Towhee here also (more abundant in California), however, a larger bird, more gentle, quite often seen in the road, a soft rich brown in color with a touch of red about the tail coverts; a dainty Winter Wren. Chickadees, black capped; red-breasted Nut-hatch; a diminutive gray Warbler sometimes; a crested Titmouse; Goldfinches in dull winter dress, and one of Oregon's grandest song birds, the western Meadow Lark, who sings winter and summer, rain or shine.

Of course the nature lover will take a "hike" up Ashland Canyon, starting in at the City Park. Here at the outset you may chance upon a strange, interesting creature, the Water Ousel. Yes, it is a bird. American Dipper is his other cognomen. He seems a mixture of snipe, wren and lark. He is a bird of the rushing current and foaming cascade, but sometimes in winter will condescend to visit the quiet pool in the City Park. He will be oftenest seen well up in the canyon standing on a rock at the edge of the stream. You may hear a merry song if your approach is quiet. On discovery he will dance and bob, flirt his tail, wink repeatedly and suddenly step off into the water out of sight, to reappear away down stream.

Later in the winter when the snow is deep in the mountains some morning the yard will be full of birds not like anything seen in the east. The size and shape of a Robin, the back, head and tail a general greenish slate color, throat and breast a rich orange, orange stripe on side of head, white and orange wing bars, and velvety black crescent on throat. A royal bird. This is the Varied Thrush, sometimes called Alaska Robin. He is quite shy at first, but gets tamer toward spring. Does not sing here. Has a liquid whistling call note, and a sort of wiry spiral vocal effort at times. His nesting place is in the far northern mountain regions. Said to sing in the summer.

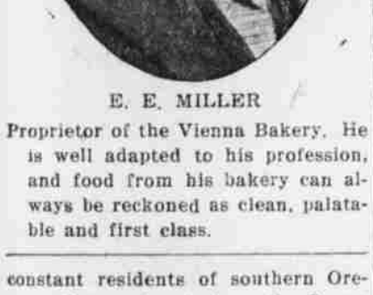
The western Evening Grosbeak also descend upon us in a flock some fine morning in late winter, but they do not remain long—are on their way to northern regions.

There are the summer birds yet, but that is another story. I will just mention a few migrants: Bullock's Oriole, Red Capped Tanager, Yellow Breasted Chat, Lazuli Bunting, Audubon's Warbler and several other Warblers, two Vireos, Kinglets, Wrens, Violet Green Swallow and others, and there are other birds yet. You will just have to come and find some for yourself, and bring a pair of field glasses, for some of the trees are so tall that when a small bird gets in the top you can only guess about him.

The sighing of the pines brings happiness and health.

J. N. DENNIS

Owner of the Ashland Feed Store and Grocery, where all fancy and staple articles in the food line are kept.

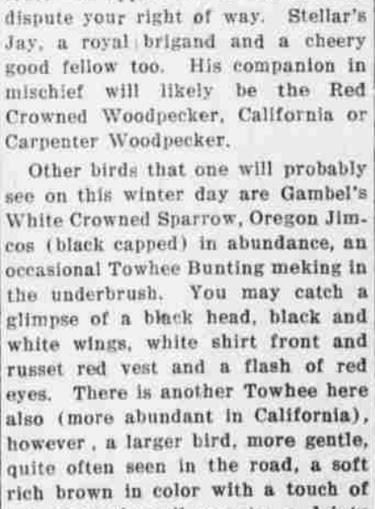


E. E. MILLER

Proprietor of the Vienna Bakery. He is well adapted to his profession, and food from his bakery can always be reckoned as clean, palatable and first class.

E. E. PHIPPS

Ex-merchant of Ashland, now an aspirant for appointment as postmaster. A bond signer for development work.

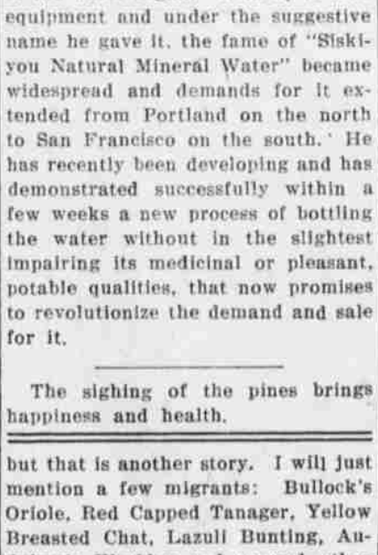


H. N. LOWE

Of the Cafeteria, a new and popular eating place in the Enders building on East Main. "Home style cookery" is his slogan.

E. N. BUTLER

Butler's Confectionery is a favorite place for Ashlanders to get refreshment and sweets, and no less of a favorite is its proprietor, who is vitally interested in everything benefical to Ashland.



J. S. JORDAN

Electrical contractor and agent for Indian motorcycles. Has an electrical supply shop at 207 East Main street.

An Ode To Oregon

Rev. H. A. Carnahan

(Parody on Dunroy's Nebraska.)

Fertile fruitlands, on slope and steep,
That far afield with fragrance scent the breeze;
While here and there are forests deep,
Of very tall and stately trees—
And this is—Oregon!

A canopy of bluest sky
That gladly smiles and smiles and smiles,
And winds that bend the golden grain
For many miles and miles and miles—
And this is—Oregon!

A stretch of hill and mountain land,
A city here, and there a town,
A chain of lakes, with waters grand,
Majestic rivers, flowing down—
And this is—Oregon!

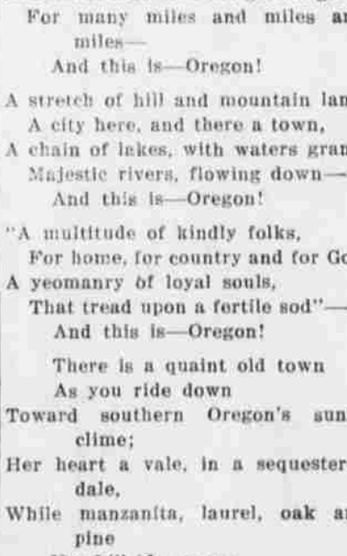
"A multitude of kindly folks,
For home, for country and for God,
A yeomanry of loyal souls,
That tread upon a fertile sod"—
And this is—Oregon!

There is a quaint old town
As you ride down
Toward southern Oregon's sunny clime;
Her heart a vale, in a sequestered dale,
While manzanita, laurel, oak and pine
Her hillsides crown.
As you glide through the beautiful Sis-ki-you,
She is the pride of the countryside,
This quaint old town—Ashland, Oregon!

Financially Ashland is one of the strongest communities of its size on the Pacific coast.

A. J. BIEGEL

Recently elected councilman from the third ward. Succeeds A. M. Beaver. Is the proprietor of a large and snappy hardware store on East Main street.



HARRY H. HOSLER

Owner of the Ewauna Cigar Store. Prominent in all sporting circles and is known all over the valley for his ability at landing fish from our mountain streams.