

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

MEDFORD OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

No. 152.

## The Marble Halls of Oregon Furnish Much of Interest

Medford Should Take Greater Interest in Marvel of Nature, Lying Within Easy Reach of This City—Only a Few From Medford Visit Caves Although They Are Really Worth While.

Through a lack of advertising Medford is passing up one of the most interesting natural scenes in the West, although it lies practically at her doorstep. The Marble Halls of Oregon, in Josephine county, but 48 miles from this city, are well worth a visit. Yet this season but eleven people have visited the caves from this city.

The trip is an easy one. Two hours in an automobile will put you at the head of Williams creek, a tributary of the Applegate. Horses can be secured there for traveling the 10 mile trail through forest and mountains. The entire trip can be made in a day, but a day and a half is better, and excellent accommodations can be secured from the farmers of upper Williams creek.

Medford should give heed to the natural wonder.

It was in 1874 that Elijah Davidson, out hunting in the mountains, followed his dogs on a fresh bent track to find them baying before a dark opening in which the wounded animal had taken refuge. From the cavern rushed a stream of limpid water through which Mr. Davidson had to wade to enter in. A few feet inside the bear was killed, but the discoverer had seen enough to fill him with wonder and curiosity, and as soon as neighbors could be enlisted in the expedition, the party returned.

The country being thinly settled, it was some time before the caves were sufficiently known to attract visitors from abroad. Then a party of San Francisco capitalists became interested and decided to develop them as a commercial enterprise. Men were hired to cut a trail over the mountains, others worked inside, enlarging small passages that they might be more easily traversed, a big hotel was planned and all was hustle and activity. The promoters themselves camped at the entrance, spending many hours daily in the caves. Cards whiled away the time and games for princely stakes were played in a chamber still known the "gamblers' hall." At the close of the summer the capitalists departed, with assurances that money would be sent to pay the workers, but the paymasters never appeared. It was a great disappointment to the sturdy mountaineers, and they still are talking of it, nearly every tourist hearing the story.

After several years had elapsed 2 young men built them a cabin and undertook to establish their residence there, so that by "squatting" they would be given a title to the claim when the government surveyed the land. Several bridges were constructed over the mountain streams, more work was done on the trail, but finally seeing that the survey was indefinite, they abandoned. But finally Uncle Sam recognized the caves as one of the scenic marvels of his domain and has withdrawn the spot from entry and by designating it a national park, he has provided for its future—a fitting sequel to its romantic history.

The Marble Halls of Oregon lie in the midst of the most picturesque mountain scenery imaginable. Descending into a little valley over rugged granite boulders, yet along a splendid mountain trail, the forest covered hills rising on every side, one comes to Cave creek, which bursts from the foot of a perpendicular granite wall 100 feet in height. Nature has draped the white facade with luxuriant green mosses, in beautiful contrast to its unworked portions. It is like a grand overture introducing the theatre of wonders to follow.

Entering a low passage by following the bed of the stream, one gradually ascends over rugged rocks to the upper levels, leaving the water below. A hundred feet and the real beauties begin to disclose themselves. The walls are of creamy whiteness while slender stalactites depend like icicles from the ceiling; stalagmites rise from the floor; fantastic formations of the same soft white abound on every hand. Darkness, absolute and unpenetrable, is but intensified by the candles as one moves through the large chambers. Silence as in a vacuum reigns—not a sign of life exists in air or water. Every stalactite has its drop of crystal liquid yet it never seems to fall, and the caves are in most places remarkably dry. The air is pure and fresh

the temperature remains at 60 degrees the year around. One of the first rooms is the "Queen's Palace." At the sides rising in tiers like the seats in an amphitheatre, are shelves draped with translucent stalactites, couches hung with fairy tapestry. It is a royal apartment in very truth.

Not so large as some of the others, but unique in its attractiveness, is "The Organ Loft." Down the center hangs a row of enormous stalactites of different lengths. Struck gently with a bit of stone, they send forth mellow sounds like deep toned bells, the pitch of the different pipes sometimes differing as much as two octaves, yet no two alike. These reverberating chimes give an indescribably weird and beautiful effect in the silent chambers.

"The Ghost Chamber" or "Dante's Inferno," as it is now known, is modeled on the grandest scale of all, though so irregular in its outline that dimensions convey but little meaning. Emerging into this great salon, one is startled by a gigantic shadowy outline lost in the obscurity of the further end. Unlike most of the other rooms, the "Ghost Chamber" is hollowed out of a brownish rock, and the stalactite formation only appears in one place, where it covers the wall like a crystallized waterfall, producing the spectacle effect that names the room. The dome is fully 100 feet in height, while the length of the room must be as much or more.

Scores of passages lead from the "Ghost Chamber" in every direction, yet a single one leads to the outer entrance gives an idea of the intricacy of the caverns and the danger in attempting to visit them alone. However huge black arrows have been painted inside so that had a man light he could eventually reach the surface. Without light however, he would certainly perish. It is stated that soon after the discovery of the place the complete skeleton of a bear was found in one of the inner rooms, and if brute instinct did not serve to liberate him from the terrible maze, there would be little hope for a human being.

"The Golden Stairs," a wonderful natural flight, lead out of the "Ghost Chamber" and ascends for many feet, sometimes through a passage so small that one crawls on his stomach, or stays behind if inclined to ebonpoint. Appropriately enough the "Golden Stairs" lead to "The Chapel," and here is a charming little lake of the coldest, clearest water, lying on one side of the room, where the wall and ceiling approach to within a foot of each other. Hollow stalactites, like clear glass beads, connect them, and where these have been broken away to allow visitors to drink the delicious water, the remaining fragments carry many a feminine tress as a reminder of fair visitors.

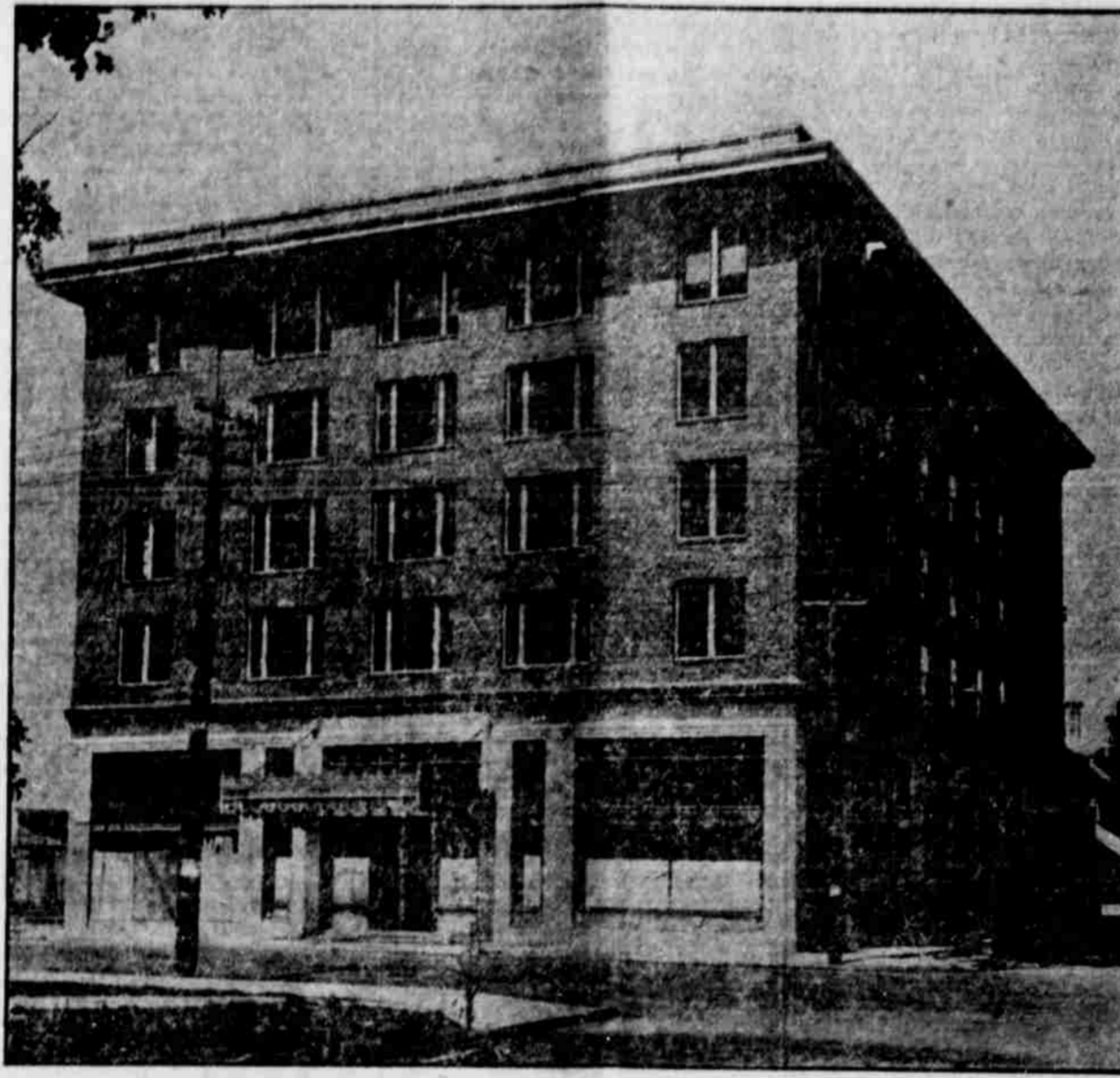
On and on, now climbing a ladder or descending by clinging to the rocks and stalactites, until the guide starts his charges by whispering "There must be some one else in the cave." Far, far below in a seemingly bottomless pit, glimmers a candle. It is but a stub left by the guide in the "Ghost Chamber," and we are on an upper level, near its dome, where a single misstep would mean a fatal accident.

Climax of beauty and grace is the "Pond Lily Room" most difficult of access, richest in its adornment. The ascent by long ladders and slippery walls is fraught with danger at every turn, yet the risk is well repaid. Covering the walls of this room as though carved in wax, are stalactites shaped as lily pods and blossoms white from the ceiling hang immense fluted chandeliers of the most delicate formations. Everything in the room is of dazzling whiteness and purity. As though this were not enough to enchant the beholder, dainty marine shells are found in the strata near the floor, presenting an interesting problem to the geologist. "Holy of Holies" this room has been called by later visitors, and certainly it does inspire reverence—somewhat lessened when the guide gives his version of the name as "Holiest of Holes."

Some of the names bestowed are almost as picturesque as the rooms themselves—"Old Nick's Bedroom," "Hell," "Dance Hall," "Garden of the Gods," "Camel's Back," "Joaquin Miller's Boudoir," and the "Shark's

(Continued on page 2.)

## Medford's Handsome New Hotel Building



### Public Will Be Given Chance to View the New Institution Tomorrow—Will Open Next Tuesday

Next Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock Medford's splendid new hotel "The Medford" will be opened for business. Following that, this city will have a hotel second to none in the state, and far surpassing any other like institution on the coast in the city size of this. The hotel complete, including the furnishings, will represent an investment of more than \$200,000. The money has been well spent and reflects credit to a great degree upon the men erecting the building.

Tomorrow the hotel building will be thrown open to inspection and doubtless the building will be crowded throughout the day. The hotel is well worth a visit and many a citizen will be surprised at the simple elegance to be found in the building. It is an important step in the development of Medford. No expense has been spared to make the hotel thoroughly modern and it is certain to reflect credit on the city.

The exterior of the building which overlooks the city park, is treated simply, good proportion and carefully planned ornament being relied upon to produce a simple elegance. The main street entrance to the lobby is sheltered by an elaborate marquee projecting the width of the sidewalk, and which is heavily ornamented and studded with electric lights.

The main floor contains a spacious lobby, men's lounging room grill room, office, dining rooms, and a kitchen. The feature of the lobby

(Continued on Page 6.)

## Short Talks on Proposed Road Bond Issue

There is a common tendency to cling to old ways and methods. Every new invention or discovery has to fight for its life, and every good thing has been condemned in its day and generation.

The reason men oppose progress is not that they hate progress, but that they love inertia and the old way of doing things; in other words they hate to get out of the rut. Change to the many is a very painful process.

Even as great a man as John Ruskins foresaw that the railroads would ruin England by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus ruining the farmer.

Thomas Jefferson tells us, in his autobiography of a neighbor of his who "was agin" the public schools, "because" he said, "when every one can read and write, no one will do any work."

We are advertising and advocating the bond issue of \$1,500,000. Good roads and prosperity.

Advertising is stating who you are, where you are and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service.

The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer, and he is a dead one—whether he knows it or not.

Over one hundred million dollars are spent in Europe every year by American tourists and the only advantage Europe has over the Pacific coast in climate, scenery or opportunities is good roads.

Twenty-five million dollars are spent every year in California by tourists, yet Jackson county surpasses California in climate, scenery, opportunities and everything—except good roads.

The farmers of Jackson county lose more than the bond interest would amount to every year, because of the delay, extra wear and tear on their wagons and horses in moving their produce to market, due to lack of 12 months-a-year good roads.

Several years ago, Medford opposed good roads and paving, but now Medford is the best paved and most prosperous city in Oregon and its citizens favor paving and good roads.

Ten men and several corporations pay the greater portion of Jackson county taxes; they all favor good roads; because it means greater prosperity and no increase in taxation, as good roads will double the market value of all taxable property.

In a few years it will be impossible to move the enormous fruit crops without good roads.

Medford's waterworks has made a pay roll of several hundred thousand dollars; Medford paving a still larger pay roll; the P. & E. railroad over one-half million dollars payroll; the Gold Ray Realty company and allied companies over one-half million dollars in payroll; the Rogue River Electric Company over a million dollars in payroll.

Other towns in Jackson county have had large payrolls.

Practically all of these improvements are completed and the payrolls have nearly ceased.

What is Medford and Jackson county going to—without payrolls—in the future? The expenditure of \$1,500,000 in good roads in Jackson county in the next three years, in addition to the benefits of good roads, would mean the most prosperous years in the history of Jackson county and would tide us over until the enormous fruit crops would continue the prosperity.

Get out of the rut; vote for the bond issue, good roads and prosperity.

## Eastern Editor Writes of This City for His Eastern Readers

Says Medford Presents One of Most Striking Examples of What Western Spirit, Enterprise and Well Directed Energy Can Do in Bringing About Results.

C. E. Wise, editor of the *Man-kato* (Minn.) *Daily Review*, who has been spending a couple of weeks in Medford, writes of the city as follows in his paper of Sept. 7:

This little city of Medford, in which I have been spending the past two weeks, presents in my humble judgment one of the most striking examples of what western spirit, enterprise and well directed energy can do, is doing, and will do in bringing about results in this country of so many wonderful accomplishments.

I am not jeopardizing my veracity in the least when I say that Medford is the most talked of city on the coast. That's saying a good deal, too, for the country is full of cities large and small, all striving for supremacy in this land of opportunity, some of which will no doubt take issue with me on that statement. In this case, I'm from Missouri, and will have to be shown to the contrary.

Medford is Their Slogan.

Now, reader, if you have never heard of Medford your delinquency is no fault of Medford citizens, for the burden of their song from morning until night and from night until morning is Medford, and it reverberates back and forth through the valleys and over the mountains, increasing in volume as it spreads over the great world beyond. Her people believe in Medford as thoroughly as they believe in their Bible. They know they have a good city and consider they are conferring a favor in making it known to the outside world.

Men, women and children vie with each other in singing praises of their little city, every note that issues from the throats of the birds, the fragrance sent forth by the beautiful roses that bloom here almost year around, the flavor of the different varieties of fruit that grows so abundantly on the productive soil roundabout, all team with that genuine enthusiasm that has made Medford what it is and will surely bring about the ultimate result for the city that is predicted for it.

Wideawake Patriotic People

Without going into these details it might have sufficed to say that Medford is filled with a lot of energetic wideawake, patriotic people, thoroughly loyal in every way to their city and her interests and being happy and prosperous and contented with their surroundings, their principal object in life is to set forth in the most glowing terms its many advantages so that others may enjoy the same pleasant conditions. The stranger who happens into their midst is welcomed with open arms and unless he be a confirmed and hardened globe trotter with nothing to do but just live, as soon as his lungs are saturated with this enthusiasm permeated atmosphere he becomes almost as rabid a boomer as the native Medfordite.

With such force at work and the many opportunities offered by the natural resources of the country surrounding the city it is not very strange that Medford made a gain of 393 1-3 per cent in population during the past ten years, the third largest made by any city in the United States. On my own responsibility I venture to say that 393 per cent of that gain has taken place within the last five years or less.

Changes Made in Five Years

Five years ago I dropped off the train at the Medford station and looking about me saw only an ordinary village with nothing of sufficient interest to attract but passing notice from the traveler. The business buildings were of the most ordinary character and in the main street the dust lay several inches deep. I was not sufficiently impressed to look over the residence portion of the town. Inquiry developed that the population was estimated at from 2500 to 3500 people. I thought 2000 would be a high figure.

There was an air of activity about the place, however, that was encouraging and promised better things. One enthusiastic citizen predicted that inside of five years the place would have 15,000 people, and that many wonderful things would happen in that period.

In the spring of 1909 I made my second trip to Medford and found that in the intervening three years things had been happening hereabouts. The spirit of the west had been at work and the landscape had

been transformed. Medford was on the map and no mistake, with every evidence of a healthy and coming appetite for fame. She had taken on many metropolitan airs and wore them gracefully. Substantial business blocks had been erected and were occupied by merchants with up-to-date stocks that would have been a credit to much larger city.

Had Population of 5,100.

And it was only claimed for the city then a population of 5,100 which I saw no reason to dispute. The residence district was building up rapidly and vacant houses were more scarce than hen's teeth. New settlers were coming in on every train, property values were advancing by leaps and bounds, and things were moving with a rapidity that took one's breath away. Yet with all these evidences of prosperity if Medford had any paved streets at that time I do not remember of seeing them. Besides her water supply was very limited, her hotel accommodations inadequate, and there were other shortcomings, not in keeping with the progress made along other lines.

Some Cold Facts and Figures

Two years have elapsed since then, I am again in the little city taking stock of my surroundings, and here is where I present a few cold facts and figures for the benefit of the man from Missouri. I find a most attractive little city, full of life and commercial activity, with many handsome and substantial modern business buildings, beautiful homes, paved street, sidewalks, etc., a splendid system of water works with an abundant supply of good water, and indeed all the accessories that go to make an up-to-date city with a great future in prospect.

The federal census of 1910 gave Medford an official population of 8,842, and the present estimate of 10,500 is considered conservative.

In 1910 eight and a half miles of street pavement was laid, and more than twelve miles is being put down this year, all asphalt. The astonishing thing about it is that this work and all that goes with it has been done without protest from the people who pay the bills. They are simply hungry for public improvements that will add beauty to their city and petition for them faster than the authorities can take care of them.

Within the last two years Medford has laid eighteen miles of cement sidewalks and thirteen miles of water mains at a cost of \$975,000, and the work is still going on.

Some of the Building Improvements.

A large majority of the Medford homes are bungalows very artistic in design and present a most attractive appearance in their setting among well kept lawns and beautiful flowers. No detail looking to the comfort and convenience of their occupants has been overlooked.

In 1910 alone there were 460 new residences built, besides many business houses, large and substantial structures, a \$75,000 natatorium and a \$50,000 passenger depot. Among the principal buildings this year are a five-story, 100-room brick hotel to cost \$125,000, now nearly ready for occupancy; a 50-room concrete hotel to cost about \$60,000; a hospital with additions to cost \$110,000, two public school buildings at \$33,000 each.

Ground has just been broken for a \$20,000 Carnegie library and a site has been purchased for a federal building to cost \$110,000.

Medford's Water Supply.

Medford's water supply comes from a lake twenty miles distant, is pure and abundant. A gas plant is located on the edge of town and electricity is furnished by a power plant on the Rogue river ten miles distant which supplies current to the entire valley.

A million dollar project further up the river is being developed and will generate 25,000 horse power when completed. There is an abundance of coal in the mountains five miles from the city, but wood is the principal fuel now used.

The city has four banks, a splendid public school system besides an academy for girls conducted by Catholic sisters. Almost every religious denomination as well as fraternal organization is represented here. Two companies furnish telephone service, there are three railroads and twenty-

(Continued on Page Two.)