

SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE MAKES ROGUE RIVER VALLEY A PARADISE WRITES DAVID SWING RICKER

Newspaper Writer Admits Lure and Charm of Valley—Says Roads Are Already the Best in Oregon—Praises Citizenship.

Orchards Surrounded by Eastern Culture—Good Fellowship Evident—Both Money and Enterprise.

(David Swing Ricker in the Portland Oregonian).

In making an estimate of the Rogue River valley it seems more like taking the measure of a friend than of the promise of a community or of fruit yielding fields, yet in no other valley would these city folks have been able to build their paradise nor in this valley would many folks have been able to build as well or as thoroughly as they. Money was a prime requisite to achievement. They had it. Enterprise and indefatigability were essential. They had both. Room in which to build was necessary.

Their paradise shelters 275,000 tillable acres and the rest of the valley outside of it and along the tributaries of the Rogue River shelters 125,000 more acres. In the Medford district alone there are 3000 acres of full bearing orchards; 4000 acres of orchards in part bearing; 35,000 acres of orchards between 2 years old and bearing; 30,000 acres of orchards under 3 years of age and 175,000 acres of unplanted orchard lands.

Paradise Is Extensive
The government report on the soil survey of the Medford area describes the area as covering 544 square miles or 348,160 acres. Included in these figures is a large section of the Applegate valley lying south and west of the Rogue River valley and separated from the main area by non-agricultural mountainous tracts.

It was over the Rogue River area that I looked that beautiful morning from the top of Ben Sheldon's hill—my first view of Oregon's vast pear producing region and it was then that I understood, being ignorant in matters of fruit culture, why tillers of the soil had come from everywhere to the place they call "paradise" to plant trees from which they expect to pluck their sustenance from now until their grandchildren take up their pruning knives. The government soil report catalogued 76 different kinds of soil in that valley that stretched out beneath me. And that's why they call the valley "paradise." And it's why I called it a little empire.

Products Are Varied
The valley produces now nearly everything that civilized men and women use to eat and the only things it is not capable of producing are the fruits which belong entirely to tropical climates. Of course pears are its chief output and the average acre yield from pears runs from \$350 to \$450, while one acre in the orchard of C. M. English last year yielded him a net profit, after every imaginable expense had been deducted, of \$2000.

It was a thousand figures such as these, and it was after Ben Sheldon had driven me over every foot of road in the valley, and I had talked with the farmers, one after another, that I discovered the folly of my conclusion that these men had been drawn to their paradise by the same desire to grow something that impelled the small boy to plant the peach stone. It wasn't the lure of the wide open spaces or the mountains, or the trees, or the smiling fields that had called them from the east. It was a less poetic lure, but one better understood by us who do not know how to prune or spray. It was the lure of the dollar. They would rather trust their trees to yield them 100 per cent on their investment than trust the stock exchange or law practice or something else to yield them 5 per cent. And they are getting their 100 per cent without losing their health getting it, or their happiness.

They have surrounded their orchards with their eastern culture. They're having a good time. They're making money hand over fist. And when they aren't doing anything else, they are reading "How to Prune," "Soil Culture," "When to Spray and How," and secretly laughing at the poor devils back home who are wearing out their brains and their nerves straining over desks and reading ticker tape.

All Believe in Good Roads
And the farmers of Jackson county believe in good roads—every last one of them believes in good roads. They believe in good roads a little more than they believe in anything else, except their wives and their orchards. About every house owner out of five in Jackson county owns an automobile. That's one good reason

why they believe in good roads. Another good reason is that they appreciate the economic value of good roads. And the result of their strong belief in good roads is that the private roads that run through the orchards of Rogue River valley are better than 90 per cent of the Pacific Highway from Portland to the Josephine county line north of Grants Pass.

From Grants Pass to Medford there was not a bad spot on the Pacific Highway. From Medford to Ashland the highway is rock-ballasted and well-surfaced. Yet, with their portion of the Pacific Highway considerably above the average maintained by the northern counties of Oregon, the county recently voted a bond issue of \$500,000 to build its link of the Pacific Highway from California to Josephine county, and the first spadeful of dirt, commemorating the beginning of this admirable project, was turned a few weeks ago by Samuel Hill, of Seattle, the leading good-roads apostle of the west.

Ashland Also Is Alive
Not all of Jackson county progressiveness nor all of Jackson county good road enthusiasm is crowded in Medford. Twelve miles south, lying in the valley where the foothills crowd together and reaching over some of them back into the shadows of the Siskiyou, is Ashland—a little city that might have been picked up back in New England and set down out here, quaint, picturesque and surrounded by hot springs wherein lies its hope of a larger and fuller tomorrow; and lithia springs that soon will be made to serve its people with free lithia water at street-corner fountains.

There's a new spirit in southern Oregon—a spirit that ought to spread over the state—the spirit of co-operation among the neighboring communities. Ben Sheldon, our host while we were in Medford and a Medford booster to the tips of his fingers and the hair on his head and the soles of his shoes, did not want us to leave Jackson county until we had seen Ashland. So he took us over to his neighboring city on the best section of the Pacific Highway now in Oregon, the main thoroughfare between Medford and Ashland, rock ballasted, 60 feet wide and which has been kept in relatively good condition for many years. It joins the asphalted main street of Medford with the asphalted main street of Ashland and passes through the towns of Phoenix and Talent—a trip no "Seeing Jackson County" travelers should fail to take.

Historic Phoenix Visited
Phoenix is a place of more than ordinary historic interest—the site of a former army post, where still stands the old log headquarters occupied by Grant and Sheridan during

their campaigns against the Rogue River and Modoc Indians. About a mile north of Ashland we passed the Jackson hot sulphur springs, similar in chemical constituency to those that have made Paso Robles, West Baden and Hot Springs, Ark., world famous. And as we entered the city limits of Ashland we passed onto their longest paved street—a sample of the type of roadway which is to be built along the way of the Pacific Highway the entire length of the county.

I wondered that first night we passed in the valley of the Rogue river—the night we slipped into the hotel and out of it—why strangers had told us as we crossed over the mountains that we were passing into paradise. And I wondered, too, why those who enter the valley seldom leave it or, if they do leave it, always hurry back. As we are spending our last night in the valley, we no longer wonder. We have felt the lure. It is trying to hold us back. We have analyzed it and we understand it.

Spirit of Valley Lures
Majestic as they are, snow-topped, pine-clad, purpling the valley's rim, standing shaggy and silhouetted against a sky into which the hinking sun has poured all the colors of the spectrum, it is not the mountains! Beautiful as it is in the lowering evening with lights twinkling here

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home." — Mrs. JOHN HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



WHITNEY GIVES BOND OF \$10,000 FOR TRIAL

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 28.—J. Parker Whitney, the millionaire accused by Miss Genevieve Hannan of transporting her for immoral purposes from city to city, across numerous state lines, in violation of the Mann federal white slave law, gave a \$10,000 bond before United States Commissioner Krull today to answer an indictment against him in Federal Judge Dooling's court next Saturday.

His securities were James McNab, brother of ex-United States District Attorney John L. McNab, and R. J.

WHITNEY GIVES BOND OF \$10,000 FOR TRIAL

McKenzie, the Canadian millionaire. "He is innocent and we can prove it before any jury they can get," said James P. Sweeney, Whitney's lawyer.

WHITE SOX AND GIANTS SAIL UPON LUSITANIA

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The liner Lusitania, with the Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants among its passengers, sailed from Liverpool for New York at 9:15 a. m. today.

Look! Look! Smoke Governor Johnson cigars, they're made in Medford, you'll like them.

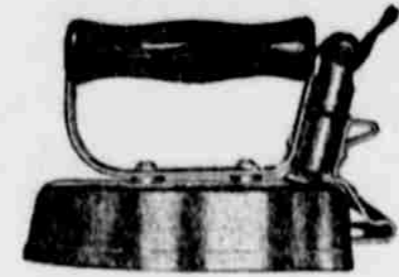
MEDFORD GOLFERS CHALLENGED BY EUGENE

There are good prospects of a match contest between golf teams of the Eugene and Medford Country clubs. The Eugene club has sent an invitation to the Medford club to send a team of five or six of its best golfers to play a series of games on the Eugene links some time in May. If the challenge is accepted the members of the Medford team will be guests of the Eugene club from the time they leave Medford till they arrive home again.

With Medford trade is Medford made.

Guaranteed Electric Irons

NOW \$2.50



This iron has the guaranteed Calorite unit and is offered at a lower price to clean out surplus stock on account of slight change of pattern.

The warm weather will soon be here and you will need one of these electric irons.

We will prepay parcel post on these to any point in Jackson or Josephine county and refund money if not satisfactory after one week's trial.

Special Exchange Proposition

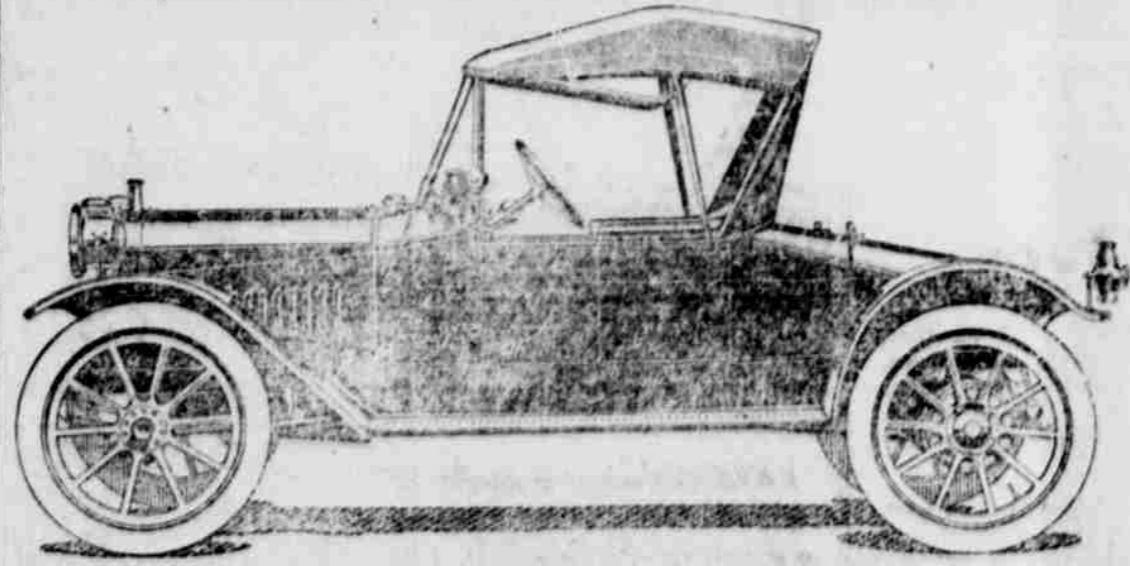
Your old electric, sad iron or gasoline iron and \$2.00 buys one of these new Guaranteed Electric Irons.

California-Oregon Power Company

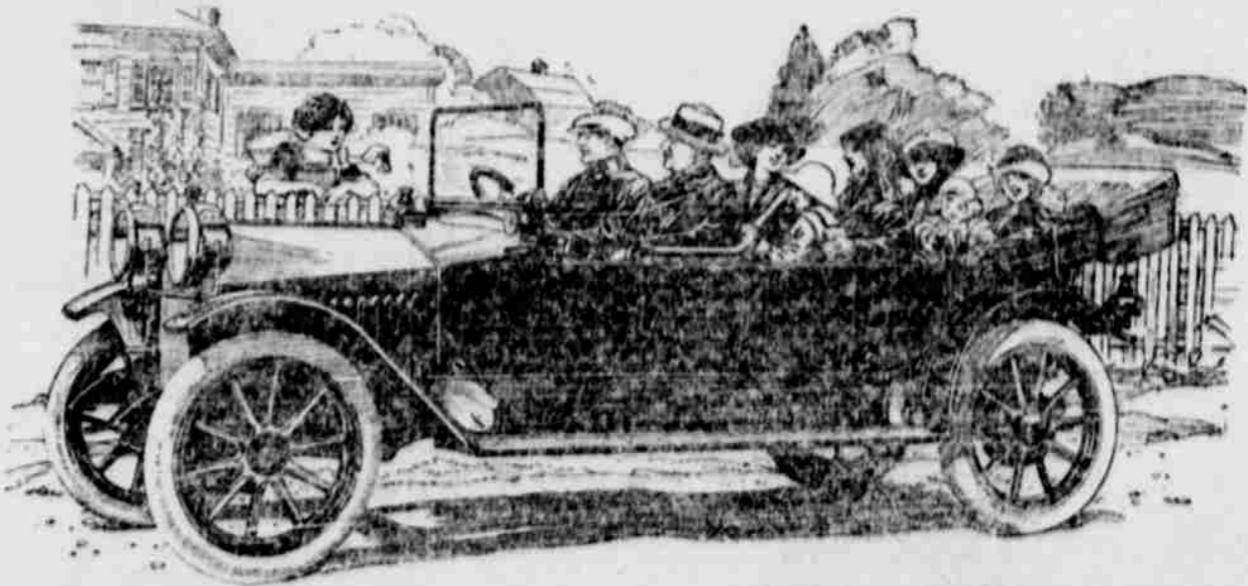
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Huppobile



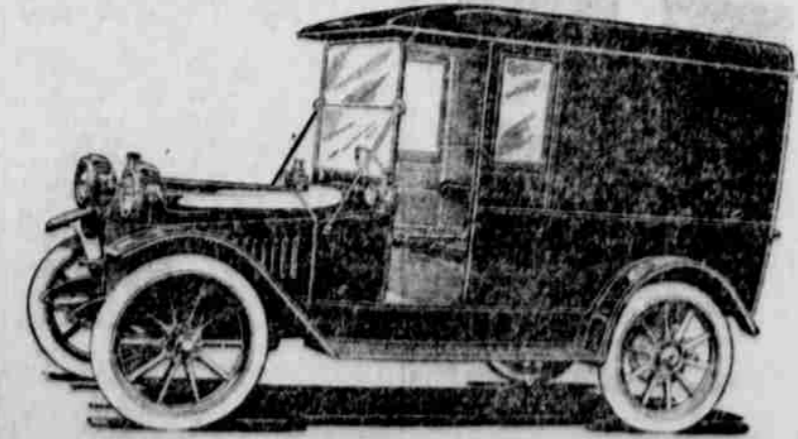
Hupp Roadster



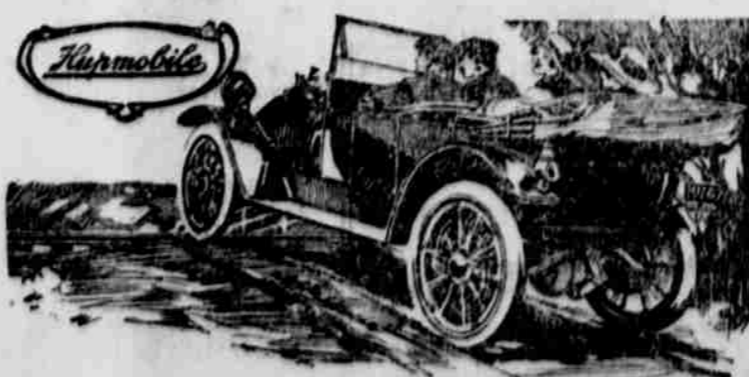
Hupp 6 Passenger

The Hupp is all the Go and Always Will Go. Only car for mountain roads.

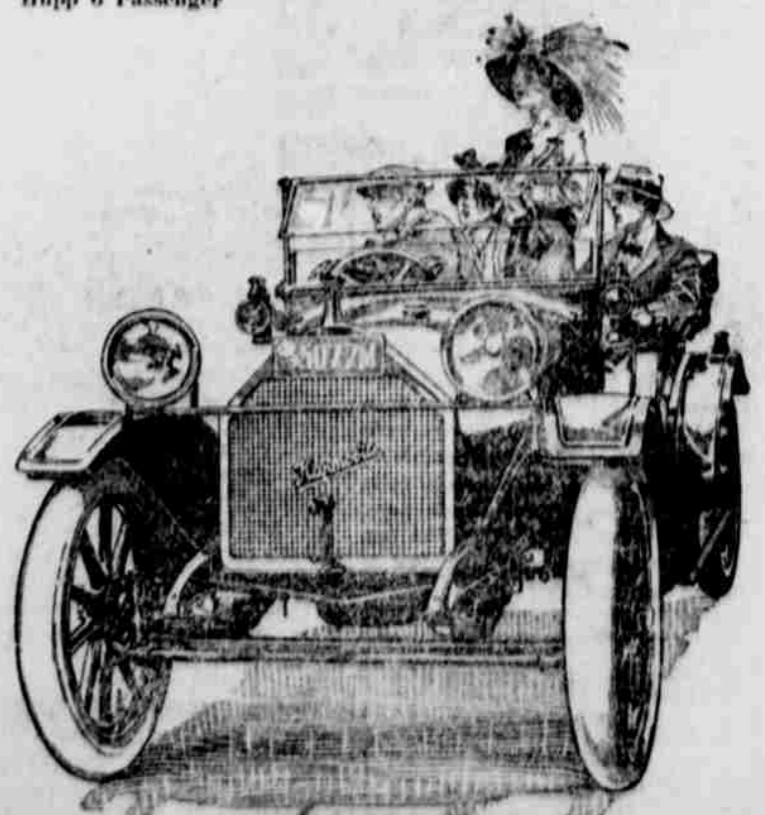
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Hupp Delivery Wagon



The Hupp 32



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