SOCIETY NEWS OF THE WEEK

By MOLLY BRUNK

"Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes—by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars—sunsets, rainbows; brothers and—sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

When Mrs. Wiggin wrote this **beautiful tribute she** unconsciously, perhaps, expresed the sentiments of every mother's daughter or son in the whole universe. It has been reprinted hundreds of times, and today when mother's day is celebrated throughout the land, will be recalled oftener than any other tribute that has ever been paid—"Mother." Every day is of course "mother's day" but only within recent years has she been noticed with one special day with special ceremonies all in her honor. Of course, to each of us there is only "one mother," who is essentially the best and sweetest "in all the wide world;" still, today when we pay homage to "that only one," the single white carnation, which we will wear in her honor, will be as a fragrant, silent tribute to motherhood of all time, from the slumberous-eyed "mothers in Israel," down to the present day.

All these lovely women who have lived and loved, have perhaps as great an influence upon us, however, as our own contemporary mothers, for it is comforting to think that back of us for age and age this company of loving women stand, the incense of whose love lends fragrance to the daily tasks that might otherwise become most monotonous indeed.

The exquisite memory of these women will linger for all years to come, and because they cannot come back to us it falls the duty of those living in the present day to fill their vacant place "and hold aloft the lamp of love and trust," and "bear it high life's round of petty cares above, and glorify the place where once they stood."

* *

Mrs. Fargo's Tribute—

The following tribute to "Mother" is from the pen of Mrs. W. F. Fargo, who, writing under the name of Ruth Fargo, is a contributor to some of the foremost magazines of the day. This little gem like all of Mrs. Fargo's writing is characterized by rare delicacy and charm of expression:

"Do you remember the time you fell down the railroad bank and tore your pinafore—and cried (how you cried!) and Mother came running looking so frightened and fluttery, and found you, all dirt and dishevelled and teary and picked you up and wiped your tears with her best 'broidered 'kerchief; and carried you in and rocked you to sleep sing'ng the crooning-est, cuddling-est, kissing-est kind of a song? The cookies in the oven burned crisp—and the fire went out. You were five then.

"Do you remember the time when you had the measles and the mumps so mixed they seemed both at once, and you had to stay in bed and take stranglingly noxious doses, and missed the May-day festival and the ball game? And mother sent away the nurse and sat by you (Mother wanted to stay home anyway!) and taught you the most wonderful game that you remember yet, and you forgot that you couldn't go—! You were 10 then.

"Do you remember when the teachers all "had it in" for you, and you flunked straight, and your head ached (your heart hadn't learned to ache then), and you had a falling out with your best chum, and a stone bruise on your heel, and the sorest hang-nail that ever was, and had to wear a garb you didn't like because father couldn't afford the one you did like—? And mother came in after you'd gone to bed, and tucked you in as though you were two, and— You were 15 then.

"Do you remember the day you graduated? The really and truly most wonderful day in the world? When wealth, and honor and fame waited just outside the gate? And a sweet-faced little woman sat at one side in the crowd and watched you, shining-eyed, quiet, happy, proud? You almost forgot to kiss her; you were so anxious about wealth, and honor, and fame. You were— Ah, how old were you then? The years that sauntered so slowly at first had already begun to prance and skip.

And then—and then—Do you remember—? By-and-by, the years, the runaway years, with bit in teeth, began bumping and bruising and plunging along, jerking you with them, unwilling, rebellious, tugging at the reins. You were busy, too busy to notice, to think about anybody much. You must needs saw at the bits of your headstrong team. Yet, somehow mother seemed always companionably near. Even when you forgot to write. Until one day—one awful, unbearable, unthinkable day! And you thought of the things you were going to do for mother—tomorrow—when your 'ship came in'. And your heart crumpled, and your throat swelled, and your eyelids scorched because of it; and the hours at night when you could not sleep ached with a never-before-known aching (your heart had at last learned to ache); and the smile seemed all gone from the sun. Mother had journeyed beyond. For the first time in all your life she had left you alone. ALONE!

"Perhaps you never could have lived through it all, never could have gone right on—just as usual—had not her whispering spirit come back to comfort her child—as is the dear way of mothers. 'There are many in need of the gifts you offer,' she seemed to say, ever so softly. 'Child, that which you would do for me do unto them'."

* *

Edwin Markham's Boyhood

Edwin Markham, who will deliver a lecture in the high school May 16, is the poet whom William Dean Howells, speaking of our living poets, calls "the first of the Americans."

Edwin Markham has had a picturesque career. He has been cowboy, plowboy, schoolman, editor, poet, critic; and he is now one of the best known figures on the American platform.

In his boyhood in California, he spent years in herding his mother's sheep on the Suisun hills, in the heart of the Coast range. He had only three months schooling in the year and he had to walk (or ride on his donkey) five miles to get that nibble at knowledge. His only books were Byron's poems, Pope's Iliad, Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, and Bullion's English grammar, and these he dug out from the bottom of an old cupboard where they had lain for years covered with dust and cobweb.

Whenever the young herdsman sallied forth in the morning with his sheep, he always slipped one of these precious volumes under his arm.

He was soon stationed on a high rock watching the nibbling and bleating herd, and the next moment his head would be buried in the pages of the volume. Frequently he would look up from his reading to find no sheep in sight, for the hungry flock had faded away into some neighboring canyon. Then there would be a thump of the boy's startled heart, and he would be up and off to find the wanderers.

A few years slipped by, and the sheep were exchanged for cattle and horses. So young Markham vaulted into a saddle on the back of a western broncho, and he was suddenly a full-fledged cowboy or vaquero. Now with lariat tied to his pommel, with broad sombrero and jingling spurs, the boy rode forth as the guardian of his mother's cattle range.

It was in Edwin Markham's early years that a man named William H. Hill came to teach for three months in the little school near the Suisun hills. This teacher took a deep interest in young Markham, told him of the great poets, recited Bryant's poem, "The Past," and Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," inspiring the romantic boy with a love for poetry, a love that never died. As one enchanted, the boy listened to the melodious and beautiful words; and at the close of that memorable term at school, he got permission from his mother to go out to seek work in order to earn money to buy the longed-for volume of the poets.

He found a neighbor who gave him 20 acres of wheat land to plow at $1 an acre. Ariel never danced with greater joy than did the spirit of young Markham as he plowed that 20-acre field. The days went by on golden feet; for all the time the boy's head was a hive of happy expectations. Every accomplished furrow carried him a little nearer to the paradise of his dreams, the paradise of books.

And so when the boy's mother came home from her journey to San Francisco to lay in the year's provisions, she brought him the books he longed for—Bryant's poems, Tennyson's poems, and a Webster's unabridged dictionary. These (with other volumes found in the old cupboard) helped to open the world of humanity and history to the boy's expanding imagination. They helped to quicken in his mind these social and humane ideals that he pleads for in all the eloquent pages he has given to the people.

* *

May Day Festivities—

The junior week-end festivities on the campus of Willamette university were among the most interesting and picturesque of any of the similar affairs that have been sponsored at the historical institution. Having the distinction of being the 14th queen, Miss Mary Notson filled the position with dignity and charm.

James Crawford, alumnus of the university, acted as master of ceremonies, the coronation following an address of welcome by President Carl Gregg Doney. The royal procession was most impressive. Led by the varsity quartet, chanting "All Hail the Queen!" Mildred Roberts followed as crown bearer, preceding the two maids, Miss Charlotte Croisan and Miss Sibyl McClure, who wore dainty frocks of orchid-tinted organdie. Queen Mary wore a particularly lovely gown, with long train borne by Robert [illegible] and [illegible] Bellinger. Following her were the senior girls of the university costumed in white and carrying baskets of spring blossoms.

Small maids, dancing pupils of Mrs. Ralph A. White, in picturesque fairy dances, entertained the royal group on [illegible] were [illegible] dance [illegible] of the [illegible]. Those taking part were Cynthia Delano, Mary Clark, [illegible], Nancy Thielsen, [illegible], [illegible] Brown, [illegible], Leone Geer, Janet Pingston, [illegible], Maxine Myers and Bertha Babcock.

The May morning breakfast was another attractive detail. Miss Mildred Clark and Miss Ruth Wise were in charge with the following girls assisting at the [illegible] table: Misses Margaret Power, Mary Elizabeth Hunt, Esther Parounagian, Winifred St. Clair, Ruth Smith, [illegible] Eako and Grace Brainard.

* *

Knew the Poets Family—

A most interesting letter has been received by Mrs. F. S. [illegible]ton, president of the Salem Arts league from Albert Walthers of Lebanon, in which he tells of his early acquaintance with the family of Edwin Markham, poet, philosopher, orator and intellectual leader. The letter follows:

"Am in receipt of a letter from M. A. Yothers of Medford, Or., in answer to some inquiries in regard to dates and places where Edwin Markham would lecture here in the Willamette valley and he suggested that I write you in regard to the Salem date and program. Said he was not sure that the lecture would be public. Being a pioneer, born near Silverton November, 1853, and all my life well acquainted with Mr. Markham's father, Samuel Markham, and several half brothers; also his brother Columbia Markham. I should like to hear the poet.

Well posted in the history of the donation land claims of the Markhams, situated on the Abiqua creek, five miles due east of Silverton; have been on many hunting and fishing trips with Uncle Samuel Markham when he was near 80 and I 18 to 20 years old; helped to care for both the son and Uncle Samuel in their last illness.

For my acts of kindness the old gentleman presented me with a Webster's unabridged dictionary, and am very proud that my actions merited such a gift from the oldest person that I had ever known up to that date, I think 1874. Think in my childhood may have seen all the different members of the Markham family, but Mrs. Markham with several children went to California about 1857, too early for my recollection. You will note from my brief sketch why I should be quite a bit interested in Mr. Markham's visit to his native state, from a social point of view, aside from his brilliant literary record. Am strictly grateful to the poets for the many beautiful expressions they have handed us and the shining lights they have set up along the pathway of life to lighten our burdens throughout the journey.

Let me hear soon if the lecture in Salem on the 16th inst. will be public; what's the subject, and how much the admission; quite a few people from here would have gone had he lectured in Albany, and some may decide to come to Salem, provided it is a public lecture.

* *

Sale of Tickets—

The Salem Arts league has issued tickets for the lecture to be given by Edwin Markham, and have placed them on sale at Patton's book store, the Commercial [illegible], the Capital drug store, the Monroe Gilbert studio and the Salem Electric company's store. Tickets for adults sell at $1, and for students at 50 cents.

The lecture will be given in the auditorium of the high school Monday evening, May 16, and will be illustrated with the poet's own works.

An informal reception will follow the lecture in the Monroe Gilbert studio.

* *

Drive Date Changed—

In order not to conflict with the date of the May meeting of the Salem Woman's club which falls on next Saturday, the drive for the Albertina Kerr Nursery home, sponsored by local women, has been postponed a week, the date to be Saturday, May 21. This announcement was made yesterday by Mrs. John J. Roberts, chairman and general executive.

Only a small amount was allowed at the recent Community Chest fund for the home and it is for this reason that a local tag day has been necessitated, other [illegible] to Oregon having [illegible] in a similar way. The money secured is to be used in furnishing the home. The new building was recently completed and furnishings are needed throughout.

The appeal of a little child has ever touched humanity's heart-strings, and the appeal in this instance should loosen purse strings as well, for although the home is located in Portland, a large per cent of the babies cared for are from other parts of the state.

Every year when the drive is made for maintenance of the home generous hearted Salem folk, who have not linked their warm-heartedness with the calendar, nor let it be a spasm of the Christmastide, have given quietly of their means. The present drive, however, is planned to make general the call for help, with everyone offered the opportunity to give something "unto the least of these."

Salem women, who have opened their hearts to the call of the little abandoned babies, and who are to give of their time and energies in making the drive a big success in the Capital City are: Mrs. Ben W. Olcott, Mrs. Thomas C. Smith, Jr., Mrs. John A. Carson, Mrs. Chester Cox, Mrs. Walter Spaulding, Mrs. W. E. Anderson, Mrs. Harry Hawkins, Mrs. Lloyd Farmer, Mrs. T. A. Roberts, Mrs. A. J. Rahn, Mrs. Claire Vibbert, Mrs. David W. Eyre and Mrs. William M. Hamilton, representing the Salem Woman's club.

* *

Origin of May Day—

In "ye olden" days it was the custom for all ranks of people to go a-Maying. Bourne tells us that in his time in the north of England both girls and boys were wont to rise a little after midnight on the morning of that day and go to some neighboring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees adorning them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. They returned home about the time of sunrise, making their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil.

A very singular English custom was observed in London as late as 1791, and that was of the women going into the fields on May morning to bathe their faces with the dew, believing it would make them beautiful.

"Some derive May from Maia," says an olden writer, "the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered sacrifices on the first day of it; and this seems to explain the custom which prevails on this day in Cambridge, of children having a figure dressed in a grotesque manner, called a May Lady, before which is set a table, on which are wines, etc. They also beg money, which is considered as an offering to the Maulkin; for their plea is 'pray remember the poor May Lady'."

The origin of May Day festivals is not known, but better judges have decided they were instituted in the Roman Floralia or from the Celtic La Beltine, and some say they are handed down from our Gothic ancesters. After the long winters, the northern nations had a custom of welcoming the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other. In honor of the ushering in this nappier season the Goths and Southern Swedes also, we are told, had a mock battle between summer and winter.

The month of May is superstitiously considered an unlucky time for marriages, the idea being transmitted to us by our Popish ancestors, borrowed by them from the ancients.

Scotland has peculiar customs all her own, as has also Ireland and Germany, the latter supposing the date to be a meeting time of the witches, who can do them no harm providing they have a certain thorne upon their doorpost.

The May Pole dance, the prettiest detail of May Day festivities has also an interesting history. They were formerly erected with great veneration and ceremony, brought by 20 or 40 yoke of oxen, each having a nosegay of flowers tied on the tips of its horns, drawing the long May pole covered with flowers and herbs, and sometimes painted with many colors, with all the townspeople following in a devout attitude. After it was set up, however, the people fell to banqueting and general merry-making for "The May pole is up, now give me the cup, I'll drink to the garlands around it." A puritanical writer was displeased with this custom, describing it thusly: "It was as the ancient heathen did, at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself."

* *

Miss Metschan as Queen—

Salem will take an especial interest in the Rose festival in Portland this year, owing to the fact that Miss Dorothy Metschan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Metschan, Jr., has been chosen rose queen. Miss Metschan's parents formerly resided in Salem, where the family is widely known, as indeed, it is throughout the state. Miss Metschan is a niece of Mrs. Frank Meredith and Mrs. L. F. Griffith.

The announcement of her election was made known Friday in Portland, by Mrs. Charles E. Runyon, chairman of the queen committee. Miss Metschan is at present attending Mills college in California. She was notified of her selection by telegraph, and wired back her acceptance.

It was announced that Miss Metschan had been chosen because she was young and charming and at the same time represented a prominent Oregon family. Members of the board expressed their satisfaction at the selection.

Mrs. Runyon stated that it was decided to select eight attendants for the queen but that these had not yet been picked. She also said that her committee had decided upon Laurelhurst park as the most suitable place for the coronation.

Miss Metschan will arrive in Portland May 11 and immediately afterwards various details relative to arrangements will be worked out with her.

* *

Mrs. Adams to Be Here—

The Salem Arts league made a very good discovery, and one that the whole city will profit by, when they brought Mrs. Carrie B. Adams to Salem as a speaker recently, for in the well-known composer was found a community song leader of the finest type.

Salem is to take advantage of the discovery, and has secured Mrs. Adams to direct the singing when the Salem Commercial club gives its second community reception on May 18, and which this time will take the nature of an old-time song fest.

Writing to a Salem friend following her appearance here, Mrs. Adams said: "If ever any one says that Salem folk are unresponsive, I shall tell them that I know better. I enjoyed every minute of my stay in Salem and the selection of the soloists was certainly the very best of all. They are all three singers."

* *

About Gardens—

At the meeting of the Salem Floral and Improvement Society in the auditorium of the Salem Commercial club Friday night, a most interesting discussion of various Salem gardens and their notable details was taken up, with a novel plan of "open gardens" suggested by Dr. H. J. Clements, one of the Capital city's most ardent advocates of a "more beautiful Salem."

Among the gardens commended were those of the following: Mrs. A. N. Bush, which displays some very fine azaleas; Col E. Hofer, an unusual collection of iris; Miss Isabelle Clark, old fashioned garden; Homer Smith, most interesting back yard planting; D. J. Fry, Sr., rock wall with barberry; Louis Lachmund, tulip bed.

Dr. Clements, not being able to be present at the meeting, sent the following letter to members: Members of the Floral Society:

"I take this opportunity to make a suggestion which, if followed, seems to me would both stimulate our interest and be mutually instructive to the many flower lovers of our community.

"Our annual feast of flowers is here, and the various gardens of Salem each have their treasures. Would it not be well for some committee of the society to locate some of the choicer things, list them on Saturdays in our newspapers, and arrange to have a series of "open gardens," say from three to five, on each Sunday afternoon, so that we may become mutually better acquainted and exchange ideas on floral matters.

"It is not necessary that a garden be large or have an extensive assortment; if it has but a single specimen of something especially choice in its line, it would be worth visiting. The specimens of Iris Susianna, by chance exhibited in a local show window, have attracted widespread interest. This iris, by the way, which was listed by a nursery of Europe under its present name in the first catalogue of irises of which we have any knowledge, published over 400 years ago, is now practically unobtainable from any dealer. Are there not other gardens exhibiting this and equally rare other treasures? If so, can we not learn where they are and arrange to visit them?

"It might be well to have special days on which certain flowers would be featured: thus, an iris day, a peony day, a rose day, a gladiolus day, and so forth, could profitably be arranged for our instruction and edification. The coming Sunday could well be a tulip day, and there are many exquisite clumps of these popular flowers now blooming in many of the gardens of Salem. Some of the nicest ones in out of the way places. Where are they?

"From present indications the writer will have a representative display of iris in bloom for the rest of the season, and hereby invites the members of the Salem Floral society and others interested in flowers to visit these gardens from three to five on the Sundays, May 15th, 22nd and 29th.

* *

Old and New May Days—

"In these days people cannot stop amid the sweep of twentieth century events to devote themselves to special rites on this spring day; there seems to be no time for it; and so as many other things of greater importance, the quaint old May day customs are last dying out."

Think of present day writers telling us such things! That is, however, just what they have done. Evidently they never resided in Oregon, for yesterday in numerous cities of this state have been revived customs that are glorified by their antiquity and enhanced in interest by a detail here and there eloquent of twentieth century originality. With ritual and ceremony as charming as that of the ancient Roman observances in honor of the Goddess Flora, or the historical celebration in Mediaeval Florence, students of Willamette university Friday made us live again in an enchanted land.

That "there is nothing new under the sun," has become an established fact, and while Friday we watched the modern festival of May day we were reminded of similar events which have been drawn upon to make the complete whole of this week's merrymaking. In the original ceremonies devoted to May day were elements of the ancient sun worship, while the May-pole and its attendant displays were relics of the nature worship of the East. To these were added diversions popular at various times. The climatic conditions undoubtedly had much to do with the celebrations, greater enthusiasm being developed in England than was found in more southern countries.

It was customary at one time to have a Lord of May as well as Queen of May, the language describing their ceremonies showing that period to have been long ago: "The King of May, Robin Hood, was to have a baldrick of blue tarantule silver embroidered. The May Queen, Maid Marion, was to be habited in watchet-colored tissue, and her two maids were to have white courtpies with a girdle of silver banegin; they were to have tobards, or snort jackets, with girdles of cloth of s'lver."

At evening when the bonfires were ablaze, the Queen of May, who had presided during the day, withdrew with her companions, the King of May being left to conduct the revels of the night.

"It is said," says Helen Philbrook Patten, "that in his younger days King Henry VIII delighted to rise with the sun on May morning and with a company from his court ride into the woods a-Maying. An old writer of the time tells us in very old English, and with reckless disregard for orthography of one of King Henry's May Days: 'The king and quene accompanyed with many lordes & ladies roade to the high grounde o shoters hil to take the open ayre, and as they passed by the way they espied a copany of til yomen clothed allin grene whodes & bowes & arrowes, to the number of ii. c.

"'Then one of them, which called himself Robyn Hood, came to the kyng, desyring him to se his men shoote — the kyng was cotent. Then he whistled & all the ii. c archesr shot and losed at once & then he whistled agayne & they likewise shot agayne, their arrows whistled by croft of the head, so that the noyes was straunge and great, and much pleased the kynge, and quene and all the company. All these archers were of the kynges garde and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the kyng. Then Robin Hood desyred the kyng and quene come into the green wood & to se how the outlawes live.

"'The king demaunded of ye quene her ladyes, if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlaws. Then the quene sayde, that if it pleased him, she was content; then the horns blewe tyl they came to the wood under shoters hil, and there was an arbor made of boowes with a hal and a great chamber and an inner chamber, very well made, and covered with flowers and swete herbes, whiche the kynge muche praysed.

"'Then said Robyn Hood, Sir Outlaws brekefastes very son, and therefore you must be content with such far as we use. Then the knge and quene sat downe, & were served with venyson and wyne by Robyn Hood and his men to their great contentacion'."

* *

Misses LaVerne and Constance Cantner went to Seattle Friday, where they will remain until Tuesday as the guests of their sister, Mrs. Blanche Thomas and their brother, Clifford W. Kantner.

(Continued on page 3)

ACCOMPANIST AND DIRECTOR FOR APOLLO CLUB

MISS RUTH BEDFORD who has served successfully as piano accompanist for the Apollo Club, and Rev. H. C. Aldrich, who has filled the position of director since the departure of John A. Todd.

The Apollo club completed its fourth season this week with the concert Wednesday night, featuring Mme. Irene Pavlaska, charming young mezzo-soprano.

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