

IN MEDFORD'S SOCIAL REALM

"Dramatics," both as a study and a pastime, has sprung into existence in Medford; a number of well-known young people are going in for it, and in the very near future will make their initial bow at the opera house, under the direction of Miss Talma-Zetta Henry and under the auspices of the library board at a "polite vaudeville" which will be given for the benefit of the library—one of the city's most worthy and pressing needs. There will be musical numbers, vocal and instrumental, by recognized local talent, comedy hits, a clever monologue or two by Miss Henry, and last of all on the program, a one-act play, farcical and cleverly absurd, for which a cast of seven Medford people are now briskly rehearsing. This entertainment will occur the very last of the month at the Medford opera house and cannot fail to secure exceptional interest and patronage. It will be distinctly a departure from the usual, and will make room upon its program for thoroughly varied and representative ability.

Mrs. John Barneburg and Mrs. G. L. Schermerhorn entertained at cards at the home of Mrs. Barneburg Wednesday afternoon. The house was prettily decorated with astors and nasturtiums. Miss Berry and Mrs. Rothermal assisted. There were three tables of bridge and five of five hundred. Mrs. Welch, McGowan, Boyden, Carey, Kentner, Heard, Trowbridge, Mundy, Budge, Foster, Purdin, O'Brien, Fitch of San Francisco, Pottenger, George Davis, E. B. Davis, Scott Davis, Rothermal, Goble, Daniels, Harmon, Merrick, Street, York, Antle, Houck, Blake, Holmes, McDowell; Misses Weeks, Berry, Heard, Ely and Suedicor.

A special meeting of the officers of St. Mark's Guild was held last week, at which time the dates of the Swastika dances, which are to be given this winter, were decided upon. The dances will be held in the hall of the new St. Mark's building. Following are the dates: November 22, December 29, January 26, February 14, April 20, May 1. The dances will be strictly invitational affairs and will be limited to 125 couples and all invitations will have to be presented at the door. The size of the new hall will be 45x80 feet, which will easily accommodate the number to whom invitations will be issued. A reception will be held in the new hall on its completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Green and son returned last week from an extended visit in Nevada.

Mrs. A. M. Carey entertained delightfully at her new home on King's road Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Fitch of San Francisco. The rooms were tastefully decorated with bowls of pink roses. Both bridge and five hundred were played. Early in the afternoon the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Purdin, served a dainty repast, after which the games were resumed. Mrs. Root received for the highest bridge score a beautiful vase; the prize for five hundred, a cut-glass nappie, went to Miss Gladys Heard, and the guest of honor, Mrs. Fitch, received a beautiful French hand-embroidered handkerchief.

During the afternoon delicious pineapple punch was passed. The invited guests were: Mesdames Kentner, Fitch, Budge, Harmon, Daniels, Root, W. H. Brown, La Claire, Perkins, Purdin, Heard, Foster, Holmes and Miss Gladys Heard.

The O. A. C. alumni and students gave an informal reception and dance at the Natatorium Tuesday evening. The hall was decorated in O. A. C. colors and about 100 were in attendance. During the evening a Jackson county O. A. C. club was formed and the officers elected were: President, S. B. Hall; vice-president, Miss Mattie Wells; secretary, Miss Bessie Herbert; treasurer, Ralph Billings.

The Men's club of the Presbyterian church held their first meeting of the season last Tuesday. Officers were elected for the coming year as follows: President, W. H. Watt; vice-president, Walter Frazier Brown; secretary and treasurer, G. R. Harrison, chairman of program committee, C. A. Weaver. The club will meet twice a month. It was decided to have the church parlors open every evening as a free reading room and a good list of periodicals and also to furnish a janitor.

Mrs. Perkins, assisted by her mother, Mrs. La Claire, gave a most enjoyable card party at her country home Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Daniels, having the highest score, carried off as prize a pair of handsome Arts and Crafts candle shades. The invited guests were: Mesdames Vogel, Rau, Harmon, Daniels, Budge, Carey, Folger, Luke, Lux, Handley, Sharp and Miss Folger.

Miss Lorena Belknap, daughter of Rev. L. F. Belknap, left for Forest Grove Wednesday morning, where she will attend the Pacific university.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bliss, on Cottage avenue, are entertaining their son, Mr. A. A. Bliss, and his bride, of Peoria, Ill.

Mr. C. Hafer and Mr. Ernest E. Hart of Council Bluffs, Ia., will arrive Tuesday for a short visit. Mr. Edgar Hafer left for Portland last week, where he will meet them.

Young Englishmen to Claim Billie Burke and Pauline Chase From American Stage.



BILLIE BURKE



PAULINE CHASE

It is reported that two of the most popular actresses on the American stage today, Miss Billie Burke and Miss Pauline Chase, are to wed young Englishmen within a few months. The young Londoners, who are about to embark for the United States, are Captain Frank Cary of an old Devonshire family and Nicholas Jervis Wood, better known as "Nikko" Wood. Both are said to have proposed to the stage favorites several times without success and were only recently accepted. They will be accompanied to this country by Viscount Torrington, who has been known as a racing partner of Tod Sloane, the jockey. Billie Burke is now playing in "Mrs. Dot," and Miss Chase became well known to theater goers as the pink pajama girl in "Liberty Bells."

The Wednesday Study club held a business meeting Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. I. Vawter. Mrs. Vawter resigned the presidency of the club and Mrs. Worrell was elected in her place. The remaining officers are Mrs. Tuttle, secretary, and Mrs. Alford, treasurer. The first regular meeting of the club will be held the first Wednesday in October.

The Ladies' Aid of the Christian church will hold an all-day session at the church Wednesday. All members are requested to attend.

The members of the Christian Endeavor society of the Christian church gave a very enjoyable mask party at the home of Miss Edna Merrill Wednesday evening. Some very unique costumes were worn and all spent a jolly evening. About 50 members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Roe, recently of Minneapolis, arrived in Medford last week. Mr. Roe is in partnership with Mr. Gray, who purchased the Van Dyke store. The new firm intend to enlarge the stock and have a thoroughly up-to-date store.

Miss Elizabeth Folger entertained informally Tuesday afternoon at her home on West Main street. Five hundred was played, after which light refreshments were served. The guests were: Misses Bess Kentner, Spier of Missouri, Davis, Merrick, Hutchinson, Emerick, Riddell, English and Treckler.

Mrs. Fitch of San Francisco, who has been the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. M. Purdin, left Thursday for her home. Her daughter, Miss Ely, accompanied her as far as Yreka, rejoining Saturday evening.

A county convention of the W. C. T. U. is being held at the Baptist church, September 17 and 18. There will be a union meeting of all the churches at the tabernacle Sunday evening, at which Mrs. Unruh, state president of the W. C. T. U., will speak.

The University of Oregon opens next Tuesday. Among the students who will attend from Medford this year are: Misses Josie Riley, Leola Eubank, Ruth Merrick, Aletha Emerick and Minnie Jackson; Messrs. Ernest Smith, H. Gerig and Vernon Vawter.

Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. H. Weeks of Oakland, Cal., who have been visiting at the home of Mr. Fred Weeks on Orange street, will leave soon. Mrs. Walker will visit in Seattle and Mrs. Weeks leaves for New York.

The alumni of the O. A. C. and the students now attending that college gave a reception Wednesday evening in the small hall of the Natatorium to the prospective students. The hall was decorated in the O. A. C. colors and about 100 were present.

Miss Beulah Warner left Wednesday for California, where she will teach mathematics in the high school at Oleander, Cal. She will visit with friends in San Francisco and Stockton before taking up her work.

Mr. Walter Merrick and Mr. Weston Rider leave this week for Corvallis, where they will attend the O. A. C. Miss Merrick will leave Monday for Eugene, where she will attend the University of Oregon.

Mrs. George Daggett and Miss Dorothy Daggett left Wednesday for the east. Miss Daggett will attend school in New York, and Mrs. Daggett, after a month's visit in Minneapolis, will return to Medford.

The Oregon Agricultural college will open next Friday. The students in attendance from Medford will be: Messrs. Fred and Virgil Stranz, Walter Merrick, Weston Rider, Harry Porter and E. Swarthout.

Mrs. Frances Gluck has purchased a home on Oakdale avenue and intends to make Medford her permanent home. She will take possession of the house as soon as it is finished.

Mr. Vernon Vawter and his guest, Mr. Howard Rigler, left for the north Sunday. They made a visit to Portland before returning to Eugene, where they will attend the university.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. C. Hafer, Mrs. Edgar Hafer and Messrs. Walter and Howard Dudley motored to the Enayrt ranch Saturday, where they will spend the week-end.

Mrs. C. I. Hutchison and daughter, Miss Fern, left last week for Portland, where they will spend the winter. Miss Hutchison will attend St. Helen's Hall and carry on her musical studies.

Miss Mildred Welch, who has been spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Hollis, left for her home in Portland last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hollis accompanied her and will spend some time in Portland.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Pickett returned Thursday from a trip to Klamath Falls, where the doctor was called professionally. They returned via Crater Lake.

Mrs. Dunlop entertained informally at cards Thursday. Her guests were Mesdames Hafer, Stokes and Charles Brown.

Dr. and Mrs. Cramer, who have been the guests of their son, Mr. George Cramer, left last week for their home in Minneapolis.

Rev. L. F. Belknap, pastor of the M. E. church, will leave Monday for Hillsboro, to attend the annual conference of that church.

Mrs. R. A. Johnson entertained the primary department of the Presbyterian Sunday school Saturday afternoon in the church parlors.

Dr. C. W. Cornelius, manager of the Cornelius hotel of Portland, and his sister, Miss T. I. Cornelius, are touring the valley.

Mrs. J. F. Reddy returned last week from a trip to California, where she put her little daughter, Eileen, in school.

Miss Bonnie Huston of Valley View, Tex., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Allen. Miss Huston will make an extended stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Owell entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanley at luncheon Tuesday at the Nash grille.

Miss Elizabeth Spier of Moberly, Mo., who has been the guest of Miss Bess Kentner, left for her home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson of Genesee street left last week for Hood River, where they will visit their daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Barber have taken the Enayrt house on Bartlett street, for the winter.

Mrs. Francesca Gluck has purchased a home on Oakdale avenue and will make this her permanent home.

Mrs. Birdie Smith and daughter returned Thursday from a two months' visit in Missouri.

A Summer in the Wilds of Southern Oregon

By "H. H. H." in the Chicgo Tribune

It was with a sigh of relief that I welcomed the chief's curt nod and his brief "that's all" on that Saturday night early in April. It had been a hard winter and the breeze that came up through the marts of a great city and in at the open window at my side had borne with it a breath of spring. Born and reared in the great open country, spring called to me, and I must perforce go. There was but little use to stay, for my work bore but little of its customary snap—and city editors had little need for copy without that qualification.

I had planned to spend Sunday in the hills, but when I entered my rooms, which I shared with Pitt, friend since boyhood, and found him deep in John Muir, I knew that instead of a Sunday in the country that it would be weeks, perhaps months. We had had the same experience in former years.

We wasted but little time in discussion, and still less in preparation. A descent was made upon bureaus of information and our decision, reached at midnight, was Southern Oregon. Time tables were consulted, suitcases packed, belongings stored away and we were off.

We left the train at Medford, and we were off.

We left the train at Medford, a

bustling little city lying in the heart of the Rogue River valley, famous for its apples and pears. Here we purchased our equipment, piled it upon the backs of two sturdy burros and were off. Putting the town behind us, we headed for Rogue river, eleven miles distant.

It was still early spring. Cloudless skies and sunshine made the days glorious, and the night, set with its myriad of swinging lights, or melowed by the silver of the full moon, was no less alluring. At first a touch of frost lingered in the air—the last good-bye of loitering winter.

We soon found that spring in the Rogue River valley does not mean the spring of the east, with its disagreeable thaw and its knee-deep slush. The spring we encountered was the gradual transition from the showery period of a mild season, called by force of habit winter, into the most delightful period of the year. We had come at a time when the hills were already wearing fresh hues of velvet green. Wild flowers were spending their perfume in the passing breeze. Almond trees were in bloom and buds of all kinds were swelling with new life.

The close of that first day will long stand out in our memory. First came a brilliant sunset, then a calm,

sweet night, in which we sank peacefully into unconsciousness in the horizon of the dreamland sea, only to wake at dawn and feel it a delight to be alive "when jocund day stands tiptoe on the mountain top," heralding a still more glorious noon.

It was still early in the day when we came to the Rogue, a stream of wild beauty, the most beautiful of the many beautiful rivers in Oregon. From its source amid the snowy sentinels of the Cascades, through inaccessible canyon, verdant valley, precipitous gorge and awesome palisades to where it spills its mad waters into the heaving sea, everywhere it charms the eye and fascinates the fancy.

The Rogue rises in one of the world's wonder spots, among scenic attractions few regions surpass. From its source to its mouth its torrents are precipitated vertically a mile and a half, wasting more power than Niagara. Its countless falls and cascades, its still, silent pools, its myriad rapids and riffles, are exquisitely framed by nature to delight the artist and appeal to the poet that, latent, lurks in each of us.

The upper Rogue tunefully tumbles and tears its way through an unfrequented wilderness. Floods of many centuries have cut and carved its bed in the solid lava that pour-

ed from the once majestic volcano, whose burned-out bowl is now filled by the blue waters of Crater Lake. Over and under and through this once river of molten rock dash the swirling waters, churned to a foaming frenzy. In a whirl of abandon, the stream in a continuous series of cascades plunges 600 feet in less than half a mile, and as it falters in its mad career, Mill creek, a turbulent tributary, leaps 300 feet to meet it.

Stately forests of pine and fir line the banks of the Rogue, and where the trees are missing the rocks are picturesquely painted in many colors. Where it pauses in its tumbling flight, verdure clad valleys widen and fields of green and fragrant orchards are replacing the tangled forests. But the shimmering, glistening, murmuring flood is never still, but always restless, racing toward the sea.

The lower Rogue is no less picturesque, wild and inaccessible than the upper stream. From Hell Gate to the ocean it dashes in a turmoil of trouble through a precipitous gorge. Huge palisades rear their rocky, barren heads hundreds of feet above, projecting over the narrow channel. Like a silver ribbon, the roaring river far below winds its tortuous, tumbling way until lost to view in

the purple haze of the distant mountains through which it hastens to the sea.

The Rogue has been called by experienced anglers the finest fly-fishing stream in America. The trout are the largest and are very gamey. It is not a fish hog's stream, but the angler who knows how can generally secure enough fish for his wants and have lots of excitement doing it. The fish rise freely to the fly—as freely as brook trout in a well-stocked stream, and one never knows whether the next fish will weigh one pound or twenty, or any weight between the two.

No sooner had we reached the Rogue than we made camp and unlimbered our fishing tackle, for although we knew that the early angler seldom meets with success in his quest for fish, this did not dampen our ardor or act as a drawback—we did not care. We were close to Mother Earth, breathing her elixir of life and had forgotten worries and troubles.

The true angler is always a lover of nature. To him she shows her choicest scenes and reveals her hidden secrets. He is usually a solitary, silent figure—nature is companion enough, and she is many voiced to those who listen, and every voice a harmony. And as early

anglers we beheld the miracle of spring—the old made new and the new created. We were in the workshop of the great alchemist. Fragile new things in green were pushing their way into life. The small, insignificant bud was becoming a cluster of leaves and blossoms. Brown and somber colors were being transformed into bright hues of myriad patterns. Wild flowers smiled from shady nooks and the melody of birds was heard above the murmur of the water tumbling over its winding way. The arch of the sky above, the bewildering beauty about and the sweet-scented odors of the season was enchanting, and we worked our way along the secluded bank of the stream, pushing our way through thickets of willow whose twigs wore the purple preceding foliage, trying to allure a stray trout before the real flies were able to wear their wings.

It was not long before we came to a place we fancied. A rocky formation extended from shore to shore, while the bottom was plentifully studded with big brown boulders. The water, perhaps ten feet deep, flowed swiftly over its stony bed and formed an ideal environment for steelhead trout. Of this we were convinced, but our inspection necessarily ended at the water's edge.

It was not long after we had begun casting that Pitt hooked his first, and the first lunge told us that it was one worth while. Out into the stream he waded, and as he floundered the fish began its first rush. Out and out he went, first 50, then 75, then 100 feet of line went whirring through the guides, while the reel fairly shrieked. Hurrying ashore, Pitt sprinted along the bank. The fish in midstream insisted on more line, a demand the empty reel could not supply, so Pitt was forced to run. On and on went the trout until the very end of the pool was reached. But as it struck the rapid beyond it paused. Here Pitt stopped. Not another foot would he give, even if the line parted.

His rod bent until it formed a half-circle. From the line came a warning hum, telling plainly that matters were approaching the limit. For an instant the strain lasted, then slowly, inch by inch, the fish yielded and allowed himself to be drawn into deeper water. But the truce was only for a moment. Suddenly the giant trout was all action. Up into the air he leaped, his glistering body with its broad scarlet stripe making a beautiful picture in the sunlight. Three-times he sprang. He twisted, turned, tried in a hun-

(Continued on Page 13.)