

Week's Happenings in Medford Society

The coming week will be a busy one, beginning with the Knights of Pythias convention Monday and Tuesday, the Southern Oregon fair the remainder of the week and numerous smaller affairs.

The past week has been well filled with the Shriner's convention, Mrs. Fred Hopkins' tea, the usual club meetings and the annual meet of the Rod and Gun club.

Quite an elaborate banquet was given the ladies of the visiting Shriners at the Medford Hotel Monday night, following a theater party, when about one hundred ladies were present. Mrs. C. R. Hutchinson was chairman of the committee in charge and her assistants were Mesdames A. E. Roames, Pickel, Vawter, H. C. Stoddard and Wes Green.

Rev. Belknap, who has been in charge of the Methodist Episcopal church for two years, has been transferred to Lebanon. He and his family expect to leave for that place very soon. Rev. E. O. Eldridge, formerly of Roseburg, will be the new pastor here and is expected to arrive this week.

Mrs. Wodson of Corning, Cal., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell at their country home. Mrs. Wodson lived here thirty-eight years and this is her first visit here since that time.

Rev. W. T. Goulder and family arrived in Medford Monday. Rev. Goulder has been assigned to the pastorate of the Methodist church, south, in this city.

Mrs. Carey entertained the Sewing Club at her home in Kings Highway Saturday at luncheon. Those present were Mrs. Budge, Mrs. Heard, Mrs. Danieles, Mrs. Purdin, Mrs. Root and Miss Heard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Janes left Wednesday for their home in Saginaw, Michigan, after spending the past two months with their sons, M. S. and W. C. Janes, at their Capitol Hill ranch, east of Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hamill entertained at dinner Wednesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Conro Fiero, Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, Mrs. Fiero and Miss McCormack.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carpenter leave Wednesday on their trip around the world. They will motor to California.

13 COLLEGIANS WORK WAY ACROSS OCEAN AS STEWARDS.



STUDENTS STEWARDS ABOARD THE ADRIATIC

University students, thirteen in number, served as stewards to work their way back to the United States on board the Adriatic, of the White Star line, which arrived at New York a few days ago. They went aboard for an educational jaunt. The plans of several to return enthroned in a cabin were thwarted by the strike in London. The students said they enjoyed their trip on the Adriatic. The captain said they were conscientious workers.

Miss Frances Heath entertained informally Thursday evening. Those present were: Misses Evelyn Carey, Orbie Natwick, Marjorie Ware, Mary Deuel, Messrs. Irvine White, Emerson Merrick, Tom Scantlin, Paul McDonald and Fredrick Heath.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sheasley and Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Shultz who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Garrison on North Grape street, left this week for their home in Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. E. B. Davis was hostess at luncheon Tuesday, given in honor of Mr. J. F. Treat, the Imperial Potentate of the Shriners. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Loomis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meeker have returned from a trip to Portland and Salem. Mr. Meeker was a delegate to the M. E. conference held at Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carpenter entertained at dinner Friday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Conro Fiero, Mrs. Miss Mable Burke.

Mrs. Luke entertained the Friday Bridge club with a bridge luncheon this week. Her guests were Mesdames Wm. Budge, Nye, Clarence Knight, Wakeman, Watt, Denniston, Hollis, English, Kentner, Lumsden and Merrick.

The state convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Medford next week, beginning October 5 and ending October 10.

Mrs. A. A. Holmes, who returned last Saturday from Portland, is convalescing from an operation she had to undergo while there.

Mrs. J. Vilas Beckman entertained at bridge Tuesday afternoon in honor of her niece, Mrs. Seamore.

Mrs. Keep sister of the Misses Burke, is a guest at the Medford Hotel.

Mr. H. Chandler Egan, who recently purchased the Bates orchard, is building a bungalow on his place.

Miss Lee Kentner entertained the Thursday Bridge Club this week.

The first fall meeting of the Greater Medford Club was held Wednesday afternoon at the club rooms. Owing to the resignation of several last June, another election was held. The officers of the club now are: Mrs. E. S. Parsons, Pres.; Mrs. J. M. Root, 1st Vice-President; Mrs. C. M. English, 2nd Vice-President; Mrs. E. B. Davis, Recording Secretary; Miss Fanny Haskins, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Elizabeth Putnam, Treasurer. No other business was transacted during the meeting.

The President will call a meeting of the executive committee this next week, when work for the coming year will be discussed. Later a special meeting of the club will be called.

Mr. and Mrs. Conro Fiero gave a farewell dinner Tuesday to Mr. Cass. Golden Glow and asters were used for decoration. The guests besides the honor guest were: Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. J. Vilas Beckwith, Mrs. Fiero, Miss Madge McCormack, Miss Seamore, Mr. Lincoln McCormack, Jr., Mr. Chandler Egan.

The wedding of Mrs. Emma Hobbs and Mr. Andrew Tackstrom was solemnized September 24th at the Presbyterian church, Rec. Shields officiating. Both bride and groom are very well known here, and will be at home to their friends after October 1st at 65 West Thirteenth street.

A most delightful recital was given by Miss Grace Brown Friday evening, which was very well attended and greatly enjoyed by all present.

Dr. and Mrs. Floyd M. White of Kamath Falls, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Angle, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Glaise entertained informally at dinner Wednesday evening for Mrs. E. S. Parsons, Miss Gertrude Tricheier, Mr. Tricheier.

Mrs. Stokes entertained a few friends with a bridge luncheon Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling of San Diego Cal., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Davis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Davis returned this week, from a trip to Seattle and other northern cities.

Rev. Adams of Eugene will preach at the Christian church Sunday.

WEALTHY ENGLISHMAN SEEKS RECONCILIATION WITH WIFE.



MR. HENRY WALTER, JR.



MRS. HENRY WALTER, JR.

Seeking a reconciliation with his wife of six months, Henry Walter, Jr., a wealthy Englishman and cousin of the late John Walter, owner of the London Times, and who has been made defendant in a divorce suit on the ground of barbarous treatment, is now in New York in an effort to see his wife. To avoid her husband Mrs. Walter left New York for parts unknown.

"There is some strange and mysterious influence at work to rob me of my wife," said Mr. Walter. "I would give all I possess if I could have a conversation of five minutes with her. I love her and I was certain that she loved me. I cannot account for a motive that would cause her to seek a divorce."

The lady of the Presbyterian church will serve dinner Wednesday and Thursday, October 4 and 5 in the storeroom formerly occupied by the Medford Furniture company. The dinner will be served from 11 to 2 o'clock. Price 50c.

Mr. Walter Merrick left Monday for Corvallis, for a visit with his former college friends, after which he leaves for New York.

Mrs. Morley, who has been the valet from an operation she had to undergo while there.

Miss Seamore, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Vilas Beckwith, left for home this week.

Mrs. E. S. Parsons entertained informally for a few friends Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Bert Redden of Portland is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redden.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones made the trip to Crater Lake this week.

The University of Oregon Glee club will probably visit Medford during their winter tour. Mr. Vernon Vawter of Medford has been a member of the club for two years and will have a prominent part on the program this year.

Mrs. E. E. Redfield of Glendale left for her home this week after visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Wilson.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Keese returned Sunday from a trip through Southern California. Mrs. Keese is greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Rothermel are receiving congratulation on the birth of a son September 25th.

The Colony Club gave a Bridge luncheon to its members in the club rooms Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bigham of San Francisco are visiting Mrs. Bigham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Pruitt.

To celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Scott Davis, Mrs. Davis gave him a surprise party Wednesday evening. 500 was played during the evening. Mr. McGowan winning the prize, a handsome deck of cards, after which a two course luncheon was served. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Boyden, Mr. and Mrs. McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum and Miss Weeks.

A delightfully informal tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hopkins, Sunday afternoon at Snowy Butte orchard. Mr. Galvini of Portland and Mr. H. P. Finley assisted in receiving. Madame Fiero poured coffee and Mr. Galvini assisted by Mrs. Washburn served Russian tea. About thirty friends called during the afternoon.

The Knights of Pythias will hold a convention here Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Monday afternoon the Pythian Sisters will entertain the out-of-town ladies with a reception.

The Knights will give a dance at the Natatorium Tuesday evening.

The Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. L. P. Black on East Main street Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. An interesting program will be given and all members are asked to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Dodge returned Sunday from their wedding trip to California and are living at the Hotel Medford until their new home on the Dodge ranch, on the Jacksonville road is completed.

Mr. Arthur Clark and family returned this week from an automobile trip to Crescent City.

Mr. Harold Carey returned last week to the University of Washington.

The Question Club will be entertained by Miss Fern Jerome next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wetzal returned last week from a visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennet formerly of Medford are now living in Bead, Ore.

Hon. W. S. Crowell returned this week from a visit at Newport.

Governor West and the Convicts

"Hello, penitentiary? This is West speaking. Send '3615' up to the capitol. I want to see him in my office." "But, Governor," came the troubled voice of the warden, "I've no guard to send now—they are all busy. I'll send him down this afternoon, when I can get some one to go with him." "No, you want. Tell him to get on the car and get off at the capitol." "Alone! Why, he's one of the termers. I don't dare do it, Governor." "I'll take the responsibility. Send him along," said the governor of Oregon.

So they called "3615" from the shoe shops, where he was at work helping to turn out the heavy black footwear that the 400-odd men in the Salem institution use, told him to clean up, and gave him his carfare for the trip into town. "I'm not going alone?" he asked of the warden in as surprised a tone as that official had used to the governor a few minutes before. "That's orders," said Warden Curtis.

And "3615" walked down the steps along the path where the roses and the brave hollyhocks try their best to overcome the grim background of the tarred red brick prison, on through the swinging iron gates that bar the jail-yard from the street and then, in due course of time and by the aid of the jerky little trolley that runs from the penitentiary into the city of Salem, he came to the capitol building. It had been eight years since he had seen the world outside the penitentiary. In that time he hadn't proved a model prisoner. He had worked hard, it's true; he had a natural aptitude for mechanics that easily gave him the lead in the shops. But he had also used his ingenuity

in trying to escape the barriers that man and the law had built around him, the last almost successfully. They caught him after he had made his way through the sewer and almost into Mill creek; caught him and brought him back to his work in the shop. Governor West knew "3615's" record when he sent for him. If he felt any personal gratification when that gentleman walked into his office half an hour or so after, he concealed it. He treated him as he might have any other acquaintance. "How'd you enjoy the trip?" he asked. His visitor eyed him for a minute—neither was much in the mood for joking—and replied that it was a novelty. "Now, you're in for life, a murderer," the governor said. "You have tried to get away before. Why didn't you this time? How do you know I didn't send for you to give you a chance to skip?"

No 3615 hesitated a minute or two before answering. "Well, I'll tell you, governor. I've tried it before. This would have been a pipe for sure. But it's the first time since I can remember that a man's trusted me. I couldn't throw you down." "All right," said West, "go out and see the town for an hour and then go back to the warden." He did. He went back to work and stayed with his job for a week when another summons came to call on the governor. He went, visited a while and went back to the penitentiary and to work again. The third time his curiosity was relieved. "I'll tell you what I want you to do," said the governor. "Our shoe shop is in a bad way. We make scarcely enough to supply the men in the prison. They're poor shoes at

doesn't matter so much. He had proved that one of the men regarded as most dangerous, as a drag upon society, had that in him which could be turned to the profit of himself and his state. He has been paroled, since, and is working honestly at the employment the governor secured for him. But, more important than that, he settled once for all, any fears Oregon's governor may have had concerning his "Honor System" at the State penitentiary. He was the prophet of the new order of things that has resulted in fifty per cent of the convicts of that state being trusted to go about their work outside the prison walls without a guard to watch them. If you ask Governor West what started the "Honor System," he'll probably tell you "the high cost of living." The cost of living has become a bromide when applied to most of the ills of the day, but as an excuse for instituting the "Honor System" in a penitentiary it is probably novel. But what really seems to have been a prompting reason—that and the innate interest in his fellow men that crops out occasionally in a public official. Oswald West was what the people of the border states call a "Canuck." He came to Oregon from Ontario as a boy—a poor boy—lived in Salem, the pretty little capital on the Willamette river, drove a butcher's wagon in the summer holidays, did all the odd jobs and hard work that fall to the lot of the usual small-town boy. When the state penitentiary was located at Salem he used to go up Mill creek and watch the guards leaning on their guns on the watch towers. Sometimes there would be an escape from the prison and the town, particularly the small-boy part of it, would shiver with excitement. The interest of a boy who grows up in a town where there is a large pris-

on centers about it as naturally as does that of the sea-coast boy about the ships and docks. Later young West—he's not thirty-eight yet—went into a bank at Salem, and his interest in human nature was developed at the paying teller's window. Nobody expects sentiment to incubate in a bank, which bears out the governor's statement that sentiment has played no part in his reforms, but the inside of the teller's window does give one a pretty fair insight into human nature. From the succession of faces at the window one learns to judge quickly whether a man's honest, or vicious, or weak; whether he's telling the truth; in short, whether he's to be trusted. And it is upon the knowledge he gained there that Governor West depends most when deciding which of the applicants for parole, pardon or aid, are honest in their claims and which are not. After serving a term as State Land Agent and Railroad Commissioner, West ran for the governorship last fall, was elected, and went into office in January. A man of extraordinary nerve-energy with apparently limitless capacity for work, and a disconcerting fondness for attending to the "unimportant" details himself, he soon had a number of departments headed by the ears. A short time after taking the oath of office the governor surprised the penitentiary officials by calling at 6 a. m. and requesting to have breakfast with the convicts. To have the governor ask the privilege of eating with the convicts, especially when he had sent no notice of his coming, and at breakfast of all meals, was regarded as a bit of harmless eccentricity—much as the people of the slums look upon the occasional dips beneath their surface, of a boarding-school miss. But he came again and again—he cultivated the habit of dropping in without saying anything beforehand and the word soon passed about among the men that the governor was their friend and was really holding out a hand to them. Governor West has an alibi that he has carefully prepared to demonstrate, that sentiment had nothing whatever to do with the "Honor System." The state appropriation for the penitentiary this year was no larger than formerly. There were more convicts, and the cost of living that cost of living to which the governor gives the credit for his system had increased to such an extent that it was apparently impossible to bring the necessary expenses within the appropriation. There was one way out of it—to make the penitentiary help support itself. Salem is the center for a number of state institutions. The Hospital for the Insane is a short mile from the prison. Nearby is the Asylum Farm, while a little further to the east and south are the Tuberculosis Sanitarium, the State Industrial School for Boys and the Home for Dependent Children. All are large, have considerable tillable ground, surrounding them, and house classes of inmates that it is difficult to make industrially valuable. Here, on the one hand, were hundreds of acres of rich Willamette Valley land awaiting crops, and on the other were hundreds of strong, active men shut up in a prison until their appointed time should expire. To bring these opposite poles together required engineering skill—the ability to judge accurately the possibilities within a man, to construct character, to gauge the stress of mind and soul,—but it has been carried out with surprising ease and success. Profiting by his visits to the penitentiary and his personal talks with the men, Governor West believed he saw a way whereby he could save the state money—a necessary thing to his system, because of the many Thomases to whom money and only money, talk authoritatively—and at the same time save at least a large part of the convicts to society. He went to the men with his plan and put it to them frankly. "Look here," he would tell a prisoner. "The state can't afford to keep you here at its expense any longer than necessary. You don't want to stay here, I'll make this bargain with you. I'll take you out of the prison and put you at work nearby. You will give me your word not to run away. I'll see that you are paid a certain amount for your work, enough so that you will be able to get to your home, or where you wish when you leave the penitentiary. You work faithfully and I'll parole you as soon as you show you deserve it." This argument was strong in its appeal to the men because the most wayward of them could see that to take the governor up on his bargain was a good thing for him. It meant that the convict would get his liberty—what he wanted. It meant the taxpayer would save money—what he wanted. It meant that Oswald West would be doing something for the "under dog,"—which is very probably what he wanted. Today you can take a trip over almost any road out of Salem and pass convicts at work without being able to tell them from the ordinary industrious farmhand to be met with in any countryside. There's no "prison look" about them. The hang-dog shift is lacking from their eyes. There is a healthy tan on their faces. The feeling of satisfaction that comes from a hard day's work out-of-doors is noticeable. The cleverest forger, the

By Jennings Sutor In the Pacific Monthly