

# MUSIC and DRAMA of the WEEK



Rehearsal for the Medford Orchestral club is set for next Friday evening, 7:30, at the high school.

Fellow citizens in the land of harmony: "To be or not to be"—that is indeed the question. What, do you ask? Ah! I knew them when club. We will have eligible members, and many of them. Last week did you not hear of Charles Wakefield Cadman and "our" Andrews brothers? It now develops that Dr. J. W. J. Marion, director of the Medford Orchestral club, used to go to Sunday school with Caroline White, the grand opera star.

The time of the next meeting of the musical department of the Greater Medford club will be Monday afternoon, May 5. The topic will be "Music in Our Public Schools." Miss Julia Fleider has charge of the program.

Mr. E. M. Kingsley of Los Angeles, lecturer, musician and interpreter of grand opera, was in the valley a short time last week. Mr. Kingsley was to have been heard in public at Medford, but for some reason arrangements could not be made at this time. Sunday evening a small company gathered at the Medford Conservatory and enjoyed the entertainment provided by Mr. Kingsley. Goethe's and Gounod's "Faust" was interpreted with the aid of stereopticon views and a singer. Mr. Kingsley brings out the highest thought in all of his lectures; he is, by the way, a cousin of Charles Kingsley, the poet.

After filling an engagement at Seattle Mr. Kingsley may return to our city.

Mrs. Haight of Medford sang in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, giving two numbers from the "Messiah" by request. The church was packed to overflowing. Mrs. Haight has a very rich contralto voice and her singing was a treat. A great many expressed a desire to hear her in a different style of music.—Ashland Record, Ashland, Ore.

The Medford Orchestral club will give its concert at the high school Friday evening, April 25th. The complete program will be published in next week's issue of musical notes. The club at present includes 20 members with hopes for more in the near future. There are no dues, no officers and no obligations except regular attendance as far as possible.

The members: First violin—Mrs. Bertha Daddysman, Mr. E. C. Root, Mr. Kunselman and Mr. Rowley. Second violin—Miss Ione Flynn, Miss Irene Sullivan, Mr. Stanley Haight, Dr. F. G. Carlow and Mr. Williams. Violin-cello—Mr. Maddox.

Double bass—Mr. Offut. Flute—Mr. C. R. Bowman, Mr. Charles Bruce Young. Clarinets—Mr. Lawrence Rukes, Mr. Frank Goodale. Cornets—Mr. George Dyar, Mr. E. C. Hossett. Trombone—Mr. Earl Bratney. Drums—Mr. H. A. Canaday. Piano—Miss Jennesse Butler. Director—Dr. J. W. J. Marion.

The editorial of the Medford Mail Tribune of last evening contained this sentence: "Never lose faith or become discouraged with your home town and county, if it is Oregon." That is indeed the spirit to apply to everything that concerns our city, our state, our country.

Courage and faith, coupled with activity, is manifested in progression. Mr. Business Man, isn't there a progression which does not primarily insure the impouring of dollars, and yet produces a very real, very important and necessary capital?

While it may seem from one viewpoint that conditions are discouraging, take another and closer look and one might see only a period of adjustment eventually terminating and producing better conditions than before the demoralization, so to speak. Perhaps because she does not hear so much street talk, perhaps because she may not know just how things stand or perhaps for her own strictly feminine reason, "just because," the woman takes the more hopeful view, and although not buying or selling real estate or building factories and starting pay rolls, endeavors to promote expansion and progression in those things, without which no community can achieve lasting prosperity. Those who know anything about women's civic clubs will understand what is meant.

All of which is a certain-raisers, as this article is supposed to be a report of the last meeting of the musical department of the Greater Medford club, which was a bang-up booster and get-together affair, exciting idioms.

The program was a distinct departure from the usual, the best thing about it being the atmosphere of mutual harmony and unity of thought and purpose. The subject, "American Music," presented by Mrs. Alan Brackinreed, was a strong appeal to join the "Made in America" movement in regard to the art. The feeling excited by Mrs. Brackinreed's very comprehensive article was one of excusable pride and amusement at the idea of our own musical resources; resources so rich, varied and plentiful. Quoting from the Burgomaster, "We got plenty, more as plenty, more as we could use." Among other points brought out by Mrs. Brackinreed was explanation of the philosophy of ragtime. Thanks to an article in the Literary Digest, we find we have a perfect right to enjoy popular music to our hearts'

content. Did not Mischa Elman return to his London home with a year's supply?

The soul of ragtime is syncopation, which a musical dictionary defines as "a change of rhythm so affected as to be agreeably confusing."

The notes in syncopated time seem to be rushing and tumbling in a passion to get there before each other. Ragtime is indeed the folk music of the United States. To get some place just a little ahead of "the other fellow" is our most noticeable characteristic. The younger talent of Medford was mostly used in the program for Monday afternoon. Miss Hance, Mrs. LaMar, Mr. Fish and Dr. Howard gave four quartet numbers and made a hit without half trying. Miss Gray seemed to have had an inspiration, her interpretation of the three MacDowell numbers were artistic and satisfying. Miss Caroline Andrews in the Cadman number sang with the expression one might expect from a woman of 35, hardly from a girl still enjoying school days. The remaining numbers were readings by Miss Minnie Jackson, a talented pupil of Mrs. Wilson, and selections by the Medford Orchestral club. Miss Jackson's encore was a clever child soliloquy by James Whitcomb Riley. Mrs. Isaacs introduced the orchestra in a short talk, disclosing its purpose and relation to expansion in music in our city. The program closed with the Star Spangled Banner, played by the orchestra, the audience rising and "joining in on the chorus."

## SOCIALIST STRIKE NETS \$800,000 DAILY LOSS

BRUSSELS, April 12.—Belgium stands a loss of \$800,000 every day the general strike lasts if as the socialists declare and hope fifty per cent of the industrial laborers quit their work Monday. This estimate is by the economists.

A feeling of great uneasiness prevails. The government and local authorities are completing their final preparations for emergencies. According to latest reports the walkout will be complete among the miners, metal workers, quarrymen and textile workers. The decision of the glass workers to join the strike brings consternation. Every furnace permitted to die down must be destroyed by dynamite and rebuilt.

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## BOOK REVIEW

Helen C. Gale. "The Promised Land" by Mary Antin. Pub. by Houghton Mifflin Co.

In his speech on immigration some years ago, Senator Beveridge said that America had become such a wonderful nation because "it is made up of the optimism of the old world." Mary Antin in a most interesting way, follows, step by step, the phrase of an old world optimist, who still has enough energy left, after generations of political and religious oppression, to desire to better his own life and that of his children. He comes to America—The Promised Land—where opportunity waits on ambition, and through the story one can see how some of America's best citizens are made.

It takes an illused, unhappy orphan to appreciate the kindness and advantages of a good home; and it takes the adopted child from a stifling old world government to appreciate the freedom and advantages of America. The native born American is woefully lacking in patriotism in comparison with these steerage products, who have fled from persecution, poverty and injustice to a country that ignores an inequality of men—that offers all of her best gifts to those who are willing to strive for them. We Americans are proud of our incomparable government, we may feel a thrill at the sight of our national emblem, we may look with pride back over the pages of our history, but do many of us feel—really feel—what this little Jewish girl felt when she first heard of George Washington and other heroes that fought for the freedom that we are enjoying today?

"What more could American give a child? Ah, much more! As I read how the patriots planned the revolution, and the women gave their sons to die in battle, and the heroes led to victory, and the rejoicing people set up the republic, it dawned on me gradually what was meant by 'My Country.' The people all desiring noble things, and striving for them together, defying their oppressors, giving their lives for each other—all this it was that made 'My Country.' I knew that one could say 'My Country' and feel it, as one felt God. The country was for all citizens and I was a citizen and when we stood up to sing 'America' I shouted the words with all my might. I was in very earnest proclaiming my love for my new found country."

In contrast for the expressed love she held for America, is the resentment that she harbors for Russia. "Even a child," she says, "would know how to hate the flag that we were forced on pain of severe penalties to hoist above our house tops in celebration of the advent of one of our oppressors." And as it was with the country and the flag, so it was with heroes of war. We hated the uniforms of the soldier to the last brass button. On the person of the gentle it was the symbol of tyranny, on the person of the Jew it was the emblem of shame."

The first half of this book by Mary Antin gives an interesting account of lives of the Jews who live "beyond the pale," in northern Russia. The

habits, the customs and the religion among these people are explained in detail.

To the ambitious little Jewish girl, thirsting for knowledge, who was denied an education in Russia, the public schools and libraries of America appealed more than any other thing in her adopted land. What cared she that her home in this wonderful new land was in the slums—she could get books to read, and learn the same things at school that the wealthiest girls in the land learned.

Her descriptions of the slums and the uninviting tenement that sheltered her, and the studies of the people who were her neighbors in these places are entirely different from the sordid pictures that we have had from other pens. And we realize that they are told by an "insider" and not by a mere spectator. She sees the conditions that exist, both from a hygienic and moral viewpoint, and in paying a high tribute to the Salvation Army and the settlement workers, she, who understands the need of these poor creatures of the tenement districts, gives some advice to these people who are earnestly trying to better conditions that is worthy of grave consideration. In a plea for more public play-grounds, she says, "The City Father provide soap and water for the slums in the form of excellent schools, kindergartens and branch libraries; they cleanse and discipline the children's minds, but their bodies they pitch into the gutter. . . . The body is the nursery of the soul. The instrument of our moral development. . . . We are certainly not taking the moral to heart when we try to make a hero out of the boy by such foreign appliances as grammar and algebra, while utterly despising the fittest instrument for his uplifting—the body's own body."

"The Promised Land" is surely an extraordinary book. At first it seems to be nothing more than the simple story of a Jewish girl who came to America. You read of her ideas, her life, her ambitions and her education and find them so entertaining that you do not fully realize until you have completed the story that you have been reading a most wonderful book.

Have you ever noticed that a foreign born person who has studied the English language, after he has overcome the tendency of his native accent, speaks a purer and better English than the native born Americans or English do? With an unconscious careful selection of words each thought in this book is expressed simply and forcefully—the result of knowing the value of common words. The authoress had something to tell, and she told it so well and without affection, that if one reads the first paragraph he will be curious to read more. "I was born, I have lived and I have been made over," is the first sentence in the introduction. Now doesn't it tempt you to follow the narration of the process of this human transformation?

Every good American who reads "The Promised Land" will gain a more impressive and respectful view of his native land by looking at it through the eyes of the enthusiastic, appreciative new citizen—the Jewish immigrant.

"Between Two Thieves" by Richard Dehan. Pub. by Stokes.

In 1854, during the Crimean war, Nicholas, the Tsar of Russia said of England, which was the ally of France, "Though Austria desert me and Prussia play the knave, I have three allies—Pestilence, Hunger and Cold—that have never yet failed to serve a Russian Tsar. As for England—between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her army contractor—she will yet climb her calvary with her cross on her shoulders. We shall see her crucified between two thieves." And this is the pith of the most remarkable story that has been written by a woman. (For Richard Dehan serves as a mask for Clothilde Graves) in many years.

The first five chapters of the book constitute a beautiful, delicate portrait of an old man—Hector Donoise. The rest of the book is made up of the past life and the reminiscences of this gentle, interesting invalid, and it has principally to do with the rise of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and the details of the Crimean war.

It is impossible to give the outline of this story in a limited space. For there are enough ideas and materials used in this book to divide up into several distinct stories. It is certainly not a "one idea" book. The main idea is carried out with the master mind of a man, and all the subordinate ideas are cared for with the distinctive love of detail that is peculiar to the feminine mind.

There is an intimate study of Louis Napoleon, an interesting version of life in the French capital during his reign, and there is a most vivid portrait of an intriguing French beauty—Henriette de Roux—who reminds us of some of Balzac's heroines. There on English soil we meet Mr. Thompson Jewell, the army contractor, who piled up untold wealth by selling spoiled food stuffs and rotten hay and other things of a like quality to the English army; also his son, the idol of the scheming old man, and a Josh Horotian, troupier, who is brought into the story with his troubles and joys to bring out in relief the misery and the cruelty endured by the common soldier during war. In "Ade Merling," the girl who gives up wealth and luxury to become a nurse and who did such noble work on the battlefields of Crimes, the reader recognizes Florence Nightingale.

Through the various well written chapters runs the thread of the beautiful romance of Hector Donoise. "Between Two Thieves" is a worthy successor of that other splendid book, "One Braver Thing," by the same author.

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"I have a lovely baby boy and you can tell every one that he is a 'Pinkham' baby."—Mrs. LOUIS FINEGAN, 22 Monroe St., Carlstadt, N. J.

"We are at last blessed with a sweet little baby girl."—Mrs. G. A. LA FERRIERE, Monticello, La.

"I have one of the finest baby girls you ever saw."—Mrs. C. E. GOODWIN, 1012 S. 6th St., Wilmington, N. C.

"My husband is the happiest man alive today."—Mrs. CLARA DANBARK, 207 Marlborough St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Now I have a nice baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. DESSIEVA COFFIN, No. 117 So. Gate St., Worcester, Mass.

"I have a fine strong baby daughter now."—Mrs. A. A. GUY, Deweyville, N. Y., Route 44.

"I have a big, fat, healthy boy."—Mrs. A. B. BROWN, R. F. D. No. 1, Baltimore, Ohio.

## To the Public

All banks in Medford will close at 12 o'clock noon Saturdays beginning April 19, 1913, until further notice.

- Farmers & Fruitgrowers Bank,
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- First National Bank,
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