

Society and Clubs

Edited by Iroa Fewell Edwards

Pioneer Visitor Is Honored At Party During Local Stay

Mrs. Matilda Parker, pioneer of 1854, now residing at Gold Hill, who has been a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Kellogg and family of North Riverside avenue for the past 10 days, returned to her home Wednesday evening.

While here she was given a pleasant surprise on Friday afternoon by a group of her friends, at the home of Mrs. John Solis, also of North Riverside avenue.

The program for the occasion consisted of Halloween stunts and "ye olden time" numbers, entered into with spirit by all members present.

An interesting feature of the assembly was when she was met at the door upon her arrival by the three pioneer sisters, Mrs. Mary Abbott of Ashland and Mrs. Sarah Oviatt and Clara Barkdull of Medford, known to her in her girlhood days as the Ferguson girls.

Mrs. Barkdull, then a miss of about 10 years, tells that she, hoping to be one of the party, had arrayed herself in her best Sunday dress and hair ribbons, adorning a breast pin she had borrowed for the occasion.

Present were Mesdames Matilda Parker, Mary Abbott, Sarah Oviatt, Clara Barkdull, Lettie Hall, Otto De Jernett, Emmitt Barkdull, Charles Hoover, A. E. Kellogg, Robert Hogue, Miss Anna O'Brian and the hostess, Mrs. John Solis.

The W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a reception for new members at their regular meeting, to be held Thursday, November 8, at 2:30, at the home of Mrs. Minnie Helms, 915 W. 10th street.

"Echoes of Convention" will be the topic for the program. Special musical numbers have been arranged. Resolutions are to be given by Mrs. English and others.

The Union has added nearly 30 names to its membership during the past few months, including several honorary members and Y. P. B. members.

A cordial invitation is extended to all Union members to attend next Thursday's meeting and new members are especially urged to come.

Devotionals will be taken by Mrs. Henry Burke and Russell Case, soloist, who are members of the evangelistic party at the Baptist church.

Thanks Are Extended The convention committees of the Women's Christian Temperance Union desire to extend their thanks to the Chamber of Commerce for the many ways in which they helped in the arrangements for the convention, especially the broadcasting privileges given our speaker by Mr. Banwell, to the Mail Tribune for the fine publicity given our convention sessions.

To Participate in Armistice Parade. Members of the Woman's Relief corps are requested to meet in the city park Monday, November 12, to take part in the Armistice day parade.

Dinner to Observe Wedding Anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Mead are entertaining as dinner today, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Mead's thirtieth wedding anniversary, which is November 5. The affair is being held at the N. A. Mead residence on Queen Anne avenue.

Mrs. F. P. Hansen

General Ore. Representative for Dr. Logan's Health Foundation Garments . . . A model for every figure . . . positively custom made. Mrs. Hansen has completed a 3 weeks course at the factory headquarters in Chicago.

105 Pioneer St. Ashland, Ore. Phone 181

AUTO GLASS

Fender, Body & Radiator Repair General Sheet Metal Light Structural Iron BRILL METAL WORKS 109 E. 8th St. Phone 418

"Big Hearted Herbert"



Here's "Big Hearted Herbert" (also known to screen audiences as Guy Kibbee) with his happy wife and daughter (Allie MacMahon and Patricia Ellis) who are at the Hietto theatre for today and Monday in the film version of the play that kept Broadway audiences howling for a full year.

The Andrews Opera Company

20 Years of Opera From a Rail Fence Circuit

Interesting History of Medford's Pioneer Musical Family in One Night Stands in the Middlewest Many Years Ago as Told by Ed Andrews to Charles Hyskell.

Crushed by the disaster we were pretty much disheartened during the spring and summer months. But the year was to bring another loss that hit deep into our hearts. While we were looking for a fall and winter tour into the Michigan peninsula region, my brother, Charlie, who had accepted the management, took the company's private car and went down through Iowa and Illinois to succeed a dramatic company to which he had loaned some money with a hope of putting it on its feet.

He was in Morrison, Ill. and late at night, after the performance, he got his railroad transportation and proceeded to his car down in the yards. On one of the tracks a fast freight was running northbound through the town, while Charlie walked south. The noise of the freight train prevented his hearing a passenger train that came from behind, on another track close beside him. He was struck and killed by the passenger train.

In the course of the next three years, although we continued to sing opera in the winter season, we developed the Lake Tetonka farm into a model livestock plant and added a string of brood mares with racing records. We wanted a farm that would give us a livelihood and a place we could call home.

That is to say, we "thought" that we wanted a farm. The fact was—brother of Maude S. He could trot the mile in 2:12 1/2, which was not so slow, for the world champion Allerton at that time had a record of only 2:09 1/2.

Once in a while we read a story in which appears an incongruous character that just does not seem to "belong." So it is with life in the row when men seriously assume roles for which they are untrained by temperament and training.

It was in that fashion the Andrews Opera Company tried the race-horse breeding business and, later, the ho-

tel business. After a year we found that the race horse business was a millionaire's game. Inasmuch as the opera business would not support it, we sold the horses and again concentrated on opera.

The era of the lean and skinny woman had not arrived in the middle 'nineties. Neither had sanitation diet got hold on the popular imagination and a man had few if any qualms about over eating. To these facts I attribute the absence of profit in a hotel we built at the farm, on the shore of Tetonka lake. In those days a hotel meal meant a lot of food—and the leisure in which to eat it.

The bicycle, for male and for female, held sway. At any hour the summer resort hotel's energetic guest might organize a wheeling party that would go out and "bike" all over the countryside; and then come back so hungry that force was necessary to prevent their storming the kitchen and gnawing the asbestos from off the hot water pipes.

Railway excursions to summer resorts of that period were both fashionable and feasible because the railroad men managed the railroads and could make excursion rates on an hour's notice. To our hotel at the lake shore the Minneapolis & St. Paul railway management built a spur from its main line and we gave open air opera. There were nights when we fed a thousand people in the hotel after the show. Speaking of the "rainy days" in the western show business, you might say those were a few of them.

With an improvised ship for a stage on the water and an audience of 5000 people seated on the sloping lakeshore we sang "Pinafore," illuminated with calcium lights from the hotel. So nicely was the thing adjusted to real-ism that when the second act opened, requiring moonlight, a full moon had risen over the lake, the calcium lights were cut off and Luna lit the scene. It was, to an unsophisticated generation, almost first-page stuff for the newspapers.

One day I went up to Minneapolis on business and was hailed by a member of an amateur opera society that was to put on "Pinafore." Their Dick Deadeye had been called away suddenly, the show was facing failure, and as a favor to local friends I substituted in the part. In this cast was a very earnest and lovely young girl playing the small part of Hobe. Her name was Olive Fremsted, who in later years became a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

At Lake Tetonka we soon proved that a hotel could not be run on musically artistic lines employing an

expensive pipe organist to play the Pignini's Chorus from "Tanhauser" as the last call for breakfast. We leased the hotel for a practical hotel man and thereafter it was our summer home and a place to assemble and rehearse our opera company for the next tour.

Everybody keeps acting natural but my right leg—or limb at an affair such as this—is sound asleep. Jab a pin into it. I won't flinch. Never mind. Here comes a gorgeous lady. The evening begins. Ever see such eyes? I'll think imaginary stuff from my sleeve. She wants to know if I'd mind phoning for her car. Takes me for the help. Earl Benham shall know about this. Adolphus Menou never had a better fitting evening suit. O. no! I suppose when I get through phoning she'll send me down to the corner for a paper or have me air the Peke.

Ten to one I wind up at dawn ridding up the place. I might begin tidying up a few ash trays just for practice. Everybody is moving to the terrace tables for a midnight repast. That is everybody but me. I still stand here. Old Standing Bull. Maybe the hat check boy might share his lunch. Isn't this a social career, dress up like Mrs. Astor's plush zebra and wung up spitting a sandwich with the hat boy? What is life but a drab dolor? That's from Montaigne, isn't it? Where was I? If anyone comes across a wandering mind, head it off. It's mine! Wait, I know where I am. Standing up against the wall at the party.

Generally they stand people against the wall to shoot them. I'm different. They stand me against the wall to let me starve to death. Look at them out there in the lambent moonlight. Jazz-trenzled puppets. Gorging, ailing and wenching. Glutton, glutton, whose got the—no, that isn't right. Not even a sprig of water criss passes my lips. How lacy the throat, how fevered the brow! Hark! Paul White-mann play something trembly. Nay, Miss Cornell, I'm perfectly all right. Just a bit fatigued. A hard day at the factory. Go on with your pleasures. Don't mind one of life's non-entities. Good of you to notice me. But nothing matters any more. Everything is over. I love to watch the young folk. It seems to be growing dark. . . . Voices so far, far away. . . . What strange pranks hunger plays!

I'd sneak up to the punch bowl for a snort, but I'd probably get a "What you here again?" look. The only fellow around the joint who hasn't snubbed me is the elevator man. Likely saving him for my exit. There's probably a cove down in the lobby right now waiting to hook me

the way they crowd around that Rudy Vallee. Crooners!

The host can be sure of one thing from now on. I've grown my last beard in his parlor. "Will you add your merry presence to my gathering?" That is the way he telegraphed. If he can find one glimmer of merit-

ment about me. I hope to choke. I hope to choke anyway, so far as that goes. That's what I'll do, gulp one of those prop sandwiches and put on a choking scene. Grow purple and gasp. I'm dying, Egypt, dying! And have some mug drench me with a crock of ice water. I've got to think up something dandier than that.

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ORIGINAL 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' ILL

WESTPHAM, Eng., Nov. 3.—(AP)—The original Alice in Wonderland, Mrs. Alice Hargreaves, is gravely ill at her home here.

In an old hilltop house in the Kentish village, far from the scenes of 72 years ago in Oxfordshire when Lewis Carroll told her of the Cheshire Cat and the Mad Hatter, Mrs. Hargreaves was being constantly attended by her sister and her son.

She was taken ill a few days ago, and her condition is causing great anxiety. She is 82 years old.

Air Tragedy NOTTINGHAM, Eng., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Two airforce fliers who set out to sprinkle confetti from a rented plane over the country church where a friend was being married, were burned to death in the crash of their plane today.

Michigan City, Ind., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Don M. Nixon, 54, newspaper publisher injured in an automobile accident Monday, died today.

Nottingham, Eng., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Two airforce fliers who set out to sprinkle confetti from a rented plane over the country church where a friend was being married, were burned to death in the crash of their plane today.

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NO ABRIDGEMENT RELIGIOUS VIEWS HEALING ART ACT

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 1.—Voters who believe in the prevention and cure of disease by spiritual means, said the Reverend Axel M. Green, secretary of the joint committee for the preservation of Oregon's hospital standards and workmen's compensation law, should not be misled by catch phrases in the healing arts amendment that is to be voted on November 6. The amendment will add nothing to the constitutional protection already in force in reference to the exercise of religion and of religious rights. The constitution of the United States provides that congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The constitution of Oregon provides that all men shall be secured in the natural right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences and that no law shall in any case ever control the free exercise and enjoyment of religious opinions. The healing arts amendment will add nothing to the force of these provisions if it is adopted, when it provides that no laws hereafter passed shall prohibit or circumscribe the practice of religion by persons or practitioners who endeavor to "prevent or cure disease or suffering by prayer or other spiritual means in accordance with the tenets of any church. The only purpose of introducing such a provision in the amendment seems to be to induce Christian Scientists and others who endeavor to heal by spiritual means to vote for its adoption. The chiropractic and naturopathic proponents of the amendment seem to hope by the Christian Science vote to win their own chiropractic and naturopathic ends.

Use Mail Tribune wants ads

To The VOTERS of Jackson County

We desire to call your attention to the HEALING ARTS CONSTITUTION AMENDMENT, which will appear on the ballot of the general election November 6th, 1934.

This Amendment Should Be Defeated By Voting (305 X No)

This legislation, if adopted, will destroy many of the fundamental principals of the BASIC SCIENCE LAW, which has been enacted by Oregon Legislature, and has raised the requirements of all persons requesting a license to practice any of the healing arts in the State of Oregon.

JACKSON COUNTY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

- R. G. Barkhill, M. D. W. H. Heckman, M. D. F. G. Swedenburg, M. D. D. M. Brover, M. D. Wm. W. P. Holl, M. D. C. T. Sweeney, M. D. W. G. Bishop, M. D. L. D. Inskeep, M. D. P. G. Thayer, M. D. R. W. Clancy, M. D. C. W. Lemery, M. D. B. C. Wilson, M. D. E. R. Burns, M. D. A. F. W. Kresse, M. D. H. A. Woods, M. D. D. H. Hindley, M. D. G. MacCracken, M. D. E. A. Woods, M. D. R. E. Green, M. D. F. J. Moffatt, M. D. J. C. Hayes, M. D. G. W. Gregg, M. D. F. P. Northcutt, M. D. M. H. B. Shaw, M. D. C. A. Haines, M. D. W. E. Roney, M. D. R. W. Stearns, M. D. H. M. Shaw, M. D. R. W. Sleeter, M. D. —Paid Adv.

Now Chevrolet adds the world's lowest-priced six-cylinder 4-door sedan to its line. This new and unusual value in an ideal family car brings 4-door Sedan ownership within reach of new thousands. Chevrolet—builder of the world's lowest-priced line of Sizes—now adds to that line the world's lowest-priced six-cylinder 4-door Sedan. The rich finish and trimly tailored lines of the Standard 4-door Sedan suggest a higher price. Roomy and convenient, it is a quality car throughout, with Body by Fisher, Fisher No Draft ventilation, the celebrated Chevrolet valve-in-head engine, weather-proof cable-controlled brakes, and a host of other fine features. And being a Chevrolet, it costs remarkably little to operate and maintain. We invite you to see this latest evidence of Chevrolet's ability to supply America with "Economical Transportation," today. CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH. Compare Chevrolet's low dollar price and easy C.M.A.C. terms—A General Motors Value. ONE RIDE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS. CHEVROLET ROGUE RIVER CHEVROLET, Inc. CHEVROLET CARS AND TRUCKS—COMPLETE SERVICE—GENUINE CHEVROLET PARTS 32 NO. RIVERSIDE E. A. CALKINS—H. D. BYINGTON—C. M. HURD PHONE 188