

News of the Clubs

CHAMINADE CLUB.

The Chaminaide Club will give its second annual concert Wednesday evening in the Masonic Opera House. This will mark the close of the most successful season in the history of the club, and will without doubt be the best musical program ever heard on Coos Bay, notwithstanding the fact that the concert given by the club last year was a musical event of special note.

The club was organized three years ago with Mrs. E. K. Sheldon as president and Miss Leona Shaw director, with a membership of nine. Since that time the club has grown until now there are eighteen members, and it is considered the best musical club in this section. The first year the club gave no concert, and at the end of the season several recitals were given at the home of Mrs. William Horsfall, Jr. A few invited guests were present at each of these. Last season was closed with the first concert given by the club. The money realized at this time was given to the San Francisco sufferers.

Mrs. Horsfall, the present director, has proved herself to be highly competent for the position and has been elected to act in the same capacity next season.

Following is the program to be given Wednesday evening:

Chaminate Club Concert, assisted by W. A. Toye and Charles S. Kaiser:

Program.

1. Piano Trio—Hungarian Lustspiel Overture....Keler Bela
Mrs. J. W. Bennett, Miss Clara Crawford, Miss Susie Eickworth.
 2. Chorus—"Rise Again, Glad Summer Sun".....Leslie
 3. "A Winter Lullaby"....De Koven
Miss Mary Brown.
 4. Polonaise in A.....Chopin
Mrs. J. W. Bennett.
 5. Chorus.
(a) "Absent"....Metcalf-Lynes
(b) "Annie Laurie"
Arr. Dudley Buck
 6. "Serenade"Tosti
Mrs. Charles Stauff.
 7. Euphonium Solo—Sixth Air
Varie, arr. Fr. Lax-De Beriot
Chas. S. Kaiser.
 8. Chorus.
(a) "Sleep Little Baby of Mine"Dennee-Smith
(b) "Legends"Mohring
(c) "My Lady Chlo,"
Clough-Leighter
 9. Andante in F.....Beethoven
Miss Clara Crawford.
 10. Recitative and Aria,
"My Heart Is Weary"
A. Goring Thomas
Mrs. Thos. Hall.
 11. Chorus—"List the Cherubic Host," "I Heard the Voice of Harpers"—Bass Solo, "Holy City".....Gaul
Soloist: W. A. Toye.
 12. "A May Morning".....Deza
Miss Evelyn Anderson.
 13. RigolettoVerdi-Liszt
Miss Susie Eickworth.
 14. Chorus—"Minnehaha"Loring
- Officers of the Chaminate Club.**
President, Mrs. J. W. Bennett.
Vice-President, Miss Susie Eickworth.
Secretary, Mrs. Chas. Stauff.
Treasurer, Miss Millie Johnson.
Director, Mrs. William Horsfall, Jr.
Accompanist, Mrs. J. W. Bennett.
- Members.**
Evelyn Anderson, Alice Hall, Maude C. Annin, Lydia E. Horsfall, Mira B. Bennett, Millie Johnson, Mary Brown, Ira Langworthy, Anne L. Coke, Jennie Montgomery, Clara M. Crawford, Bessie Savage, Susie Eickworth, Ruth Smith, Annie S. Flanagan, Clara Stauff, Agnes Gulovson, May Stauff.

FATHER DONNELLY'S MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

This day—Memorial Day—presents a spectacle unique in the history of the nations of the earth, for in all the world there is nothing like it. Other nations, as we ourselves, have erected shafts of marble and monuments of brass to the memory of their heroic dead; but what is done today in every city, and town, and cemetery, all over our glorious land, surpasses these things as the living surpasses the dead, for "We crown what God has taken, with what heaven gives." Today a grateful people, laden with the choicest gifts of genial spring, prompted by loving hearts, scatter with tender hands their sweet tributes of memory on the graves of their honored dead. With the poet, the nation seems to say:

What can the world show that is like unto this? And that this is so.

is truly meet and just; for of all the natural virtues, gratitude is one of the greatest, if not the greatest that can animate the heart of man.

New the debt of gratitude due to the dead of the civil war, whether their life's blood ebbed away on the battle field, or worn out with wounds and fatigues of patriotic strife, they have answered the last roll call during the years that have since elapsed, this debt is, I contend, almost estimable, for had the cause for which they fought failed, what would have been our standing among the nations of the earth today? We are proud of the fact that we are a great world power. We have become the wonder and admiration of the world. This glorious land has become the home of the oppressed and the liberty loving from all parts of the earth. Our government has, by the perfection of her fundamental law; by the grandeur of her administration; by the harmonious cooperation of her co-ordinate branches, set the standard of governmental perfection for the whole world. Any attempt then to undermine or destroy this condition, was to have invoked ruin and disaster on what has since become so great. To divide was to dishonor, to destroy, and when the attempt was made, GOD in his mercy to untold generations, provided the man, inspired the brain, and nerved the hand to avert such a terrible disaster. This man had said a few years before:—"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure half free and half slave. I do not expect the union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." From the steps of the nation's capitol this man, risen from the common people to the highest rank among the rulers of the earth, said: "I hold that in the contemplation of universal law, and of the constitution, the union of these states is perpetual, perpetuity is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. Let us continue then to execute all the express provisions of our national constitution, and the union will endure forever." He said to the south: "You have no vow registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have a most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. We must not be enemies, though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The chords of memory, stealing from every battlefield and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union, when again touched as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature." How beautiful and grand these closing words, but at what a cost their final realization. Four years of the most terrific war the world has ever seen. The red flame of defiance flashed across the southern sky. That voice of conciliation was not heard. Sumpter fell; South Carolina had shot to shreds the flag she had once revered; 75,000 men rushed to the front at the call of the president to meet death and defeat at first. Men had said, this will be a war to the death. One side or the other will fight 'till their blood is all let, and until their homes are all ruins. Oh cruel war with all your pomp and circumstance and glory, thou art a barbarous thing. Who can apologize for thee in thyself? Some one has said that thou art hell turned loose on earth. Among civilized nations thou art systematized savagery, but still thou art sometimes necessary, for the first law of life among individuals is self preservation, so it is among nations. Yet who is there, that while deploring war does not admire the army. The valor of the soldiers, the sagacity of the leaders, the justice and magnificence of the struggle; ALL this, men admire. I once heard a man say that war was a good thing, for it helped to take off a number of undesirable citizens. What an insult to the manhood and patriotism of a nation. No it is not the riff-raff, the rag-tag and the bob-tail of a nation that volunteers to do its battles; it is the honest sons of toil from the fields, from the industries of the town; from the counter, from the school, from every walk in life. The son of the soil marches proudly to the front with the son of a foreign land. All races and creeds, high and low, rich and poor, join gladly in the common cause, and as they set forth from their homes to the front, they are surrounded by mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who bid them godspeed to do and die, if necessary, for God and country. Four long years of bitter strife on land and sea—bravely they went to every bloody field—bravely they fought on gulf and stream—union at any cost was their watch word—unconditional surrender their terms. Fight it out on these lines if it takes years, their grim resolve. Fredricksburg, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Mobile Bay, The March to the Sea,

Fort Fisher, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, Petersburg, bear witness to their daring and heroic sacrifice. Sometimes in the very height of mad and disorganized retreat, a voice is heard, "Turn the other way boys, take up the flag." "Lift it out of the dust, let it wave as of yore, for that banner should blaze 'mid the lightning of war." And the day was won though the field was red. But at last "there came a gleam through the gloom," which burst forth into glorious effulgence at Appomatox where unconditional surrender crowned all their victories and practically ended one of the greatest wars, if not the greatest war of history. The union was pre-

served, slavery was blotted out. Old glory again floated in the breeze as the standard of a united people. How truly were realized the words of the immortal Lincoln—"Passion may have strained, but must not break the bonds of our affection." Thank God we are once more a reunited nation. Forty odd years have elapsed since the great surrender. Our grand leader was stricken down in the height of his glory, a martyr of the nation and of the cause, but his works live on and will continue to live as long as there is a manly man with a noble heart left to maintain the honor of that flag which symbolizes the union, one and inseparable, now and forever.

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