

WHAT SOCIETY IS DOING



CONTRIBUTIONS concerning social happenings, intended for publication in the society department of The Times, must be submitted to the editor not later than 6 o'clock p. m. Friday of each week. Exceptions will be allowed only in cases where events occur later than the time mentioned.)

THE MODEL WIFE.

I want a wife who will never scold,
Who is beautiful to see,
Who is young and sweet and will
never grow old,
And will always be true to me.

I want a wife who will hold her
tongue
When I want to be let alone,
Who will freely admit that my folks
are far
Superior to her own.

I want a wife who will never say,
"Oh, well, I told you so,"
When I make mistakes, as the wisest
may
As long as the streams flow.

I want a wife who will never sigh
Because she can't have the free-
dom I
May claim when I leave the narrow
path
And stray for awhile in forbidden
ways—

Who will patiently sit in a corner
alone
While I am receiving some other's
praise.

I want a wife as pure as the snow
And as fair as an angel, too;
Who will never object to the ways
I go
Or rail at the things I do.

I want a wife who can help me gain
The things most dear to me,
Who will always be primed and will
never complain,
Whatever her lot may be.

I want a wife who can cheer me
when
I am bruised in my battles with
other men,
Who will look upon me with a kind
of awe
And tell me dally I
Am the greatest man that she ever
saw
Or that lingers below the sky.

I want a wife who can give me aid,
Who can help me to soar and shine,
Who when I have won will sit meekly
down
And admit that the credit's mine.

I'll give you a paper of pins,
If that's the way that love begins,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

AND THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL, who turns the bright slate out like Ophelia, answers the proverbial "Yes!" For if love begins with little ostentation and the INTENTION for better things is implied, she takes the same chance that mother did and finds satisfaction from the "paper of pins."

But there is the other variety that wants the ILLUSIONS with that "paper of pins" and later ALLUSIONS as well, says Sophie Loeb. In fact, each pin must needs be jewel-set and larger than her neighbor's, Miss Butter-fly. And unless it is so her answer is: "I'll not accept your paper of pins."

But you will note some time she is a LOSER. The craving after jewels is a MANIA with many women. She is a veritable Cleopatra and the glitter of the gem makes her eyes SPARKLE with real (though I am sorry to say NOT EVERLASTING) luster.

Very often these self-same sparklers find their way to some little shops we perchance know about. But they have an INTEREST in you still. In fact, you PAY the interest.

Then there is the joy-party species that is continually looking for a GOOD TIME. Nothing else matters. To be OUT and walked upon incessantly—that is the thing. So she whispers her "yes" when he sings:

I'll give you a coach and four
With a black nigger to ride before,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

Heavens! the dear great, great, grandfather who wrote this verse did not know about the automobile with



its magneto that spells MAGNETISM to the twentieth century girl.

But, dear one, if that is your goal, know then that "accidents" are a part of the game. Go slowly and watch the wheel.

This brings us to the seeming universal quest, and here we find many daughters on the coat tails of Mammon. Verily, you will agree with me in this. It is the human war-cry and he FINDS the answer he seeks when he renders the solo (which occasionally renders him):

I will give you the keys of my chest,
That you may have money at your re-
quest.

If you will marry me.

Very, very often our sister wishes she had not heard that song. It does not ALWAYS bring the ANTICIPATED joy. But at the time she joyfully re-echoes the answer:

I will accept the keys of your chest!

Yet, Ssh! Sometimes she forgets the ELEVENTH commandment and gets "found out." Then he retaliates and cries:

Ah, marry, marry, now I see
She wants my money and she doesn't
want me.

And I'll not marry her.

But wise is he who bides his time, and, when he goes forth in the "quest of the GOLDEN girl," he finds not does. She has been waiting for him.

The GIVING is not all one-sided either. The JOY of giving is quite mutual. There are no SOLO parts, but it is a happy DUET in the key of B-NATURAL. The TIME is ripe. The PLACE is anywhere and the GIRL is his. The song is sung quite together from beginning to end and you, we, all know it has proven the best of all.

Sing it. It is the verse that NEVER
DIES:

That you and I may never part,
If you will marry me.

Miss Mamie Mahoney entertained a few friends last Monday night in honor of Miss Muriel Grissen of Minnville. Bridge was the game for the evening. The invited guests included the following: Miss Grissen, Misses Genevieve Sengstacken, May Bennett, Charlotte Murch, Daisy Rush, Agnes Hutchinson, Maude Painter, Laura Kruse, Elizabeth Kaufman, Cora Mae Montgomery, and Mrs. M. C. Maloney and Mrs. E. Mingus.

The wedding of Miss Mary Black and Carl A. Smedburg, which occurred Wednesday noon, was attended by only a few friends. The only guests invited outside the members of the family were Dr. and Mrs. E. Mingus and Miss Genevieve Sengstacken, Miss May Bennett and Miss Mamie Mahoney and her guest, Miss Grissen. The bride wore a gown of pink and white silk mulle and wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms. Miss Bennett played the wedding march from Lohengrin. The living room where the ceremony was performed was decorated in pink and white sweet peas, and in the dining room the decorations were pink roses. A wedding breakfast was served, Misses Sengstacken, Mahoney, Grissen and Bennett assisting in the dining room.

Ten MHe has attracted many during the past week. The weather has been fine at the lakes and the fishing has been excellent. Mrs. John S. Coke, Mrs. Henry Sengstacken, Mrs. J. W. Bennett and Mrs. McPherson have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Horton and Mrs. W. T. Merchant will come back Monday. Among others who have been at the lakes during the week were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Byler of North Bend, and Judge Tarpin of Empire.

J. S. Barton and Miss Florence Atkinson, who were recently married at Coquille, are both well known throughout the county. Regarding the wedding, the Coquille Herald says: A pretty home wedding was solemnized at eight o'clock on Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hazard, the contracting parties being Miss Florence Atkinson and Jesse S. Barton, manager of the Title Guarantee and Abstract

PERSONAL notices of visitors in the city, or of Coos Bay people who visit in other cities, together with notices of social affairs, are gladly received in the social department. Telephone 1331. Notices of club meetings will be published and secretaries are kindly requested to furnish same.

Company of Coquille, Archdeacon Horsfall of the Episcopal Church officiating. The bride was given away by her uncle, Isalah Hacker. She was dressed in white and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. The groom wore conventional black. The house was decorated in roses, carnations, white sweet peas and ferns. After the ceremony, a wedding supper was served. The couple received handsome gifts from their many friends. Those present were Mrs. R. V. B. Nicklin, mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hacker, Mrs. L. H. Hazard, Janie Lowe, Austin, Marjorie and Adriane Hazard.

Mrs. Harry Barnes entertained a number of her friends at her home in North Bend Thursday afternoon. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and cocoa were served. Those present were Misses Nora Hage, Amy Isaacs, Eva Thom, Lola Ritchie, Maud Acres, Irene Glazier of Seattle, Mary Gurnea, Hattie Hage, Ella Gurnea and Miss Barnes, Mesdames J. G. Kinney, K. L. Heap, Fred Glazier, Harry Barnes and Mrs. Ritchie.

The young ladies' class of the North Bend Methodist Sunday School gave a farewell party at the home of the Misses Hage Thursday night in honor of Miss Edith Cole, who will leave Saturday for her home in Flint, Michigan. Progressive flinch was the game of the evening. The reception room and parlors were decorated in ferns, and in the dining room the class colors were tastefully carried out in mounds of red and white sweet peas. A lunch consisting of hot biscuits, butter, honey, salad, olives, cake and coffee was served. Mr. W. A. Davenport, in behalf of the class, presented Miss Cole with a myrtle wood glove box, a token of their esteem. During her stay in North Bend Miss Cole has made many friends, both in the church and school circles, who regret very much her leaving. Those present were: Misses Hattie Van Zile, Helen Mende, Millicent Spears, Ella Gurnea, Lurona Helms, Maud Acres, Ida Huntley, Eva Thom, Irene Glazier of Seattle, Mary Gurnea, Iona Hutchins, Mildred Bliss, Lucy Packer, Katherine Mende, Hattie Hage, Edith Cole, Amy Isaacs and Nora Hage, Mesdames J. G. Kinney, Fred Glazier, Archie Gubser, Harry Barnes, F. W. Putnam and K. L. Heap, and Mr. W. A. Davenport.

A surprise party was given in honor of Chas. Lemmex last Friday evening, the occasion being his nineteenth birthday. All had a most enjoyable time. Refreshments were served at a late hour. Music and games were

(Continued on Page 8.)

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