

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S WORLD



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 OLD MAID'S LUCK

The French have a saying for her who confesses
To birthdays outnumbering twenty
and five;
'Tis that she is "binding St. Catherine's tresses"
(The French are the most polite nation alive!)

I've been "binding" those "tresses" of freedom unwary
For—no, you're too eager, I won't say from when;
But girls I once spoke of as contemporary
Seem now like my seniors by years at least ten.

For invalid husbands, or, worse, those grown stupid,
Frail children, economy, planning and care
(Surely marriage must give back some slight to Cupid)
Have wrinkled their faces and whitened their hair.

Whenever a dance or a porch party's pending,
A walk or a frolic, no matter which set,
Oh, straightway for me, the "old maid," they are sending;
The wives and more matrons they sometimes forget.

If I long for children I've only to borrow,
As I wish, a day or a week they are mine.
If today I should dine with a bore, why tomorrow
The prince of good fellows may ask me to dine.

Yes, be wives sad or happy, I am not afraid
To say it's good fortune to be an old maid!

What is love, that all the world Talks so much about it?
What is love that neither you Nor I can do without it?

LOVE IS A mystical, gossamer, golden thread of heaven's own weaving, so minute no human eye may behold it. At either end are powerful magnets, which draw two human hearts together, though the width of the world lies between them at birth.

Love is the sunshine of life, beautiful in its morning, most soul satisfying at life's noon, and dearest, tenderest, truest as life's sun fades into the gloaming. Love is that which is earthly of the soul which God has loaned to human beings, for the breath of heaven, the taint of earth is in it, says Laura Jean Libby. It is the root of the world's joys, and where its seed has been planted in rank soil is the source of its keenest, bitterest woes. It is the yearning for another heart to respond unto its own.

There is love—and love. One, the poppy which buds and blooms in an hour, and as quickly falls into decay. The other, the perennial rose whose beauty and perfume lasts forever.

Love hallows its object, never debases it. Love is the nectared cup which youth and maid sip with reveling delight in its newness and sweetness. Love is the draft which brings contentment to man and woman-kind, and recompenses for all life's pains.

Love is heaven's true messenger. It can transform the humblest cot, wherein are mated hearts into an earthly paradise. Love is what the object of its affection makes it. A tree whose branches reach joyously up toward heaven's sunshine, or a serious weed, poisoning the air upon which it feeds, a thing which brings death to those who fondle it.

Love is the treasure which comes free to all mankind, the oil of contentment which lubricates the heart, keeping it from wearing and rusting out.

Love levels all ranks, knows no rule to guide its selection of a mate, knows no counting in days or years as to the length of time love should

ripen until it reaches perfection. The glance of an eye, the touch of a hand, gives it birth. Love is a drowsy god, ever slumbering in the breast until it is awakened by its mate.

Love is the brightest jewel in the world's diadem. Implanted in every human heart is the craving for love, the realization of the attraction of another heart and that only the welding of these two hearts together can make life complete.

The depth of love is as boundless as the ocean's immeasurable depths, and love's bark is as easily wrecked as a toy sailboat sporting with a fickle wave.

Love is, in some breasts, gentle as a zephyr or the dew of heaven; in others, like a sirocco blast or a tornado, wrecking all within its path into ruin and chaos.

There are as many kinds of love as there are individuals; all things that bloom are not roses. The dead-heat of weeds put forth the most flaming blossoms. Love's attraction is not to be confounded with the attraction of a passion. They are as dissimilar as the lily and the weed, the white dove and the hawk. We can live our lives out without everything the world holds, except love; without love the heart would grow sour, hard, cold, and bitter.

Love is the birth of a soul which knows not content until it finds that other soul which heaven intended as its mate. Each unconsciously approaches the other, the one intuitively recognizing the other, and the search is over. No one is so great, so noble, so powerful in this world that he could successfully battle against love's entrance within the guarded fortress of his heart; and love cannot be ousted when it settles itself down for a life's tenancy.

There are as many counterfeits of love as there are diamonds rare, and there are countless ways of detecting the spurious from the genuine, saving the bankruptcy of a heart.

Love is the one thing in this great world that makes life worth living. Heaven pity those who strive to exist without it. When the heart is empty, life is lonely. All the wealth and honor the world can bestow cannot equal the priceless treasure of love.

The following from the Daily Gazette of Berkeley, Cal., concerning a former Coos Bay boy whose relatives still reside on the Bay will be of interest to his many friends here:

"At his new studio in Etna street last week Frank A. Wickman gave an opening recital, which was attended by nearly 100 guests and was a source of much enjoyment to the music-lovers and critics present. In planning his new home Mr. Wickman arranged for living rooms in the upper story and a music room more than 30 feet in length on the first floor. This apartment is finished in redwood paneling and the furniture is of Teak wood, rich rugs adding to the air of luxury and hospitality. Assisting the host in receiving and entertaining the guests was his friend, F. W. Newhall, who shares the new home with him, and among those who contributed to the varied and interesting program were several out-of-town musicians. Following are the numbers presented: Vocal solos, "The Cry of Rachael" (Salter) and "Helmweh" (Wolf); Miss Lena Frazee of Sacramento; piano solos, Sonata (Beethoven) and "Pastorale" (Scarlatti); Miss Hazel Lapham; vocal solos, aria from "Thais" (Massenet) and aria from "Louise" (Charpentier); Madame M. C. Couchot of Alameda; violin solos, Minuet (Beethoven) and Mazourka (Wienlawski), Franklin Carter; vocal solos, "Matinetti" (Tosti), and a group of children's songs (Carpenter); Thomas Dodson; recitations, Miss Hilma Butler; piano solos from Schuman, Grieg and Chamade, Frank Wickman."

The fruit shower and surprise tendered Rev. Hisey, the new pastor of the North Bend Methodist Episcopal church, and his wife a week ago Friday evening by the Ladies' Aid Society of that congregation was a most delightful affair. It took place at the parsonage on McPherson street. A varied program was enjoyed. Among those participating were Misses Iona Hutchins, Mary Levar, Winifred Woodbury, Doris Gubser, Gertrude Newkirk, Jane Woodbury, Gloria Putnam and Carrie Stevens and Mesdames W. Neilson, A. S. Hisey, M. L. Grout, F. W. Stevens, F. W. Putnam, D. Bascom,

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.

A. H. Smith, A. L. Gubser, H. Peterson, J. W. Russell, C. A. McKellips, C. Barrett, L. A. Woodbury, P. Miller, C. A. Nollner, W. C. Carr, W. H. Kibler, Geo. Witte, C. Oslund, C. Maxon, P. C. Levar, M. E. Everitt, J. E. Stevens, J. S. Newkirk, W. H. Chappell, E. A. Carr, Permillia Strauss, J. L. Stevens, H. G. Isaacs, W. H. Sheppard and Avid Johnson, and Messrs. M. E. Everitt, A. L. Gubser, W. M. Kibler, A. Hisey, H. Borchert, J. S. Taylor, C. A. Nollner, A. R. Knowlton, Geo. Witte, W. H. Sheppard, F. W. Putnam, F. W. Ayer, A. H. Smith, J. W. Russell, Wm. Pond.

Mrs. John A. Blatt and daughter, Miss Louise, arrived here from Lead, S. D., this week to join Mr. Blatt who has spent several months on the Bay. They will probably make their future home here.

The Ladies of St. Monica's Catholic church are planning to give a Thanksgiving Whist party at the Odd Fellows Hall on the evening of November 23. Whist will be played from 8 to 10 o'clock with five high prizes and five low prizes. From 10 to 12, dancing and music will be enjoyed. Preparations are now being made for the event which promises to be a most delightful affair.

P. M. Tully and wife have returned from Coquille where they have been spending a few months and are again making their home at The Chandler.

Mrs. J. Albert Matson, who has been suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism is reported improving.

Mrs. R. H. Browning and Rev. Browning's mother, Mrs. Browning of Portland, arrived here this week from Portland. Mrs. Browning will make an extended stay at the home of her son.

Mrs. F. A. Golden was hostess at a very pleasant bridge party at her beautiful home Edgewood in Ferndale last Saturday afternoon. The house was prettily decorated, autumn leaves coloring predominating. This was carried out in the place cards which were hand-painted autumn leaves. The prizes were won by Mrs. W. U. Douglas and Mrs. M. A. Sweetman. Refreshments were served, Misses Mary Kruse and Frances Golden serving.

Among those invited were: Mrs. J. A. Luse, Mrs. Otto Schetter, Mrs. W. J. Butler, Mrs. Arthur McKeown, Mrs. G. A. Bennett, Mrs. J. W. Bennett, Mrs. R. K. Booth, Mrs. Wm. Horsfall Jr., Mrs. J. S. Coke, Mrs. Herbert Lockhart, Mrs. Henry Sengstacken, Mrs. E. G. Perham, Mrs. Christine Kruse, Mrs. A. H. Powers, Mrs. Francis H. Clarke, Mrs. W. T. Merchant, Mrs. J. C. Merchant, Mrs. Albert Solig, Mrs. P. M. Wilbur, Mrs. F. E. Hague, Mrs. Eugene O'Connell, Mrs. C. M. Byler, Mrs. D. Y. Stafford, Mrs. Langford, Mrs. M.

(Continued on Page 8.)

Have You Tried BONANZA CREAMS & MARCELLIES APRICOTS

THEY ARE THE VERY LATEST IN DAINTY AND DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS AT STAFFORD'S. THERE IS AN INDIVIDUALITY ABOUT THESE DAINTIES THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOU.

TRY SOME THIS EVENING. Always something new at

Stafford's
TWO STORES
236 Front St.—146 Central Ave

REFLECTIONS OF A STRANGER.

Editor Times:
There comes to every promising young city a certain class of adventurers, uncertain as to object or plan, but with a vague idea that fortune will appear at the next turn of the road, and greet them as old friends. Many of these are idlers, drifting with the current; some have failed elsewhere because they lack the elements of success; others have exploited earlier fields successfully, and are looking for new exploitation, with no idea of establishment, or contribution to the permanent wealth of a community, but merely wanting to get away with a big unearned, increment and then look for new pastures.

Naturally, these people are the most unreasonably exacting. Nearly all are disappointed, and the men who are disappointed in unreasonable expectations always make the loudest and most doleful complaints. They do not hesitate to express their disgust to your face, nor to spend it along their route of travel, or to go back to the location they had sought to quit, and discourage better men from investigating your section, if they can.

The criticisms and jeers of such have been hurled at each succeeding development of the west ever since the Pilgrims first waded ashore. In fact, Columbus was discouraged in his original idea of discovering America.

Of course, you don't want drones in the hive. But this kind of a drone can make a lot of noise on the outside, and scare away some good bees who might be induced, otherwise, to "swarm" a little. That's what makes him worth noticing. If you pause in your work to listen to his plaints, let it be to make him respect you and your town, and educate him a little, if possible. There was a time when Seattle was no larger than Marshfield, but if you said anything unfavorable about the town to a Seattle man, he would give you a look you never forgot; and people came to have such an Almighty respect for what they had been wont to call "Seattle hot air" that they had to back up and call it "Seattle Spirit," and the phrase has gone all over the country to the everlasting glory and advertisement of Seattle.

Let none of this be construed to reflect upon or apply to the legitimate investor, or even "speculator," if you please, nor to the man who seeks to break away from an outgrown environment, and desires to better his condition by applying brains, industry, or capital, or all three, to the development of such opportunities as are offered in a new section. It is not so intended.

But I wish there might be included in every advertising pamphlet sent out by a western town, the following extract from a speech made by a bright western representative to the Farmers' Convention in Chicago last year:

"While our section has enormous resources awaiting development, and offers splendid opportunities, it is not the El Dorado of the venturesome, nor a paradise for the idle or shiftless. It offers no fortune to any man who has only means to purchase transportation to the west. The frontier has been wiped out for all time, and with it has passed the day of the adventurer. Fortune does not meet the shop clerk at the railway platform or the wharf. There are no free farms for the husbandman, (unless through Uncle Sam's Homestead bounty), nor are men employed to offer the wage of an expert mechanic to the ordinary laborer. The district offers opportunities to those who come with brain and brawn unimpaired; to those who have sufficient money to maintain them until they find the sphere for which they are fitted, instead of being forced to accept uncongenial employment because of lack of funds, and to those who can unflinchingly 'take a few hard knocks.' There are opportunities on all sides, and in their development lies the future of the country, whose hope is the contented settler. But for most the district is purely a business proposition of the highest order, which should commend itself to the home-seeker for what it is really worth. That is all it promises; that is all it offers."

STRANGER.

LAUGH! WELL I GUESS

you'd laugh too if you had just got your old suit back from the cleaners and it looked as good as new like mine does. No it's no secret, the work was done by the Marshfield Cleaning and Dye Works, Phone 270X, 186 So. Broadway. Ladies Garments a Specialty.



Little house-maid says its fun to take care of nice things

Mr. homelover;-
you have a good wife. give her some nice things for her home. she will think more of you.
and then it is such a comfortable feeling to know that your home beautiful when friends drop in. have a big store full of furniture and you can always feel sure you can get what you want in our store

yours truly,
GOING & HARVEY
Complete House Furnishers

Twin Bargains

- 22-ACRE RANCH, HALF BOTTOM, BALANCE LEVEL BENCH; EVERY FOOT CAN BE PLOUGHED. ALL CLEARED READY FOR PLOUGH. 1,000 FEET NAVIGABLE WATER FRONT. EXCELLENT LOCATION. 100 BEARING FRUIT TREES. \$2,500.00
- 25-ACRE RANCH, HALF BOTTOM, REST LEVEL BENCH. HOUSE AND BARN, LAND WELL IMPROVED AND PAYING GOOD RETURNS. GOOD ROAD. FINE ORCHARD AND GARDEN. GOOD WATER, EVERYTHING DESIRED AND DESIRABLE. \$5,000.00

IF YOU ARE AFTER A BONANZA TRIVS V NI NIBYH FARM YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER, FOR YOU WILL FIND NOTHING BETTER THAN THESE.

I. S. KAUFMAN & CO.

Pacific Monumental and Building Works
H. H. WILSON, Proprietor
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All kinds of monumental work promptly and artistically executed. Call at our works on South Broadway.

Eagles' Dance Hall NOW FOR RENT

Dancing Clubs and Others who desire particulars can see the secretary.