

Merry Christmas

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.)

CHRISTMAS GLEE.

Christmas chimes and bells are ringing.

And the little ones are singing,
Singing with a merry glee,
Before a brilliant lighted tree.

Old Kris Kringle lightly treads
Out to where his dog and sleds
Are loaded down with useful toys
For the little girls and boys.

A doll for little Mary Ann
And little Dorothy gets a fan
While Johnny secures a Teddy Bear
And Willie gets a little chair.

Billy Smith gets a train of cars
And an aeroplane that sails to Mars
Benny gets a brand new gun,
And all, they have, oh, so much fun.

Candy and popcorn for one and all
Young and old, slim and tall,
All enjoy the Christmas glee,
Remembering how it used to be.

Way back east on the farm,
Where pumpkin pie had such a
charm,
Apples and cider, I should say,
And then a ride in the old bob
sleigh.

This story would not lose its charm
If all little children were nice and
warm.

So let our little girls and boys
Learn to share their many toys.

That some less fortunate child may
say

I was so happy Christmas day
For Mary and Johnny came over and
said

Here, Willie, we'll share our doll
and sled.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Still sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Implores me, imploring you,
Some Will-o'-Wisp to help pursue;
Ah, hapless world, what will it do!
Implores me, imploring you,
For something new;

Thus wrote a wise soul, and since
astronomers show that the sun will
continue to shine down on us for
thirty million years longer, we shall
continue to hear the cry even unto
the third and fourth generation Sa-
lah!

But, hold! With the howl for
something new, the sage cries,
"There is nothing new under the
sun. It all resolves itself into the
similar old story that 'tomorrow
never comes.'"

But stop a minute! What is this
something new we sigh for, this
Will-o'-Wisp day? Is it madness?
asks Sophie Loeb. A philosopher
has said that every human being is
insane for at least five minutes of
every day. That is to say, totally
unfit to judge rightly within that
period. For some of us no doubt,
that is a small margin.

Perchance, then, it is during this
period that we wait for the new
thing.

Verily does one good wall deserve
another. And were Old Sol to stand
still at the command of a modern,
disappointed Joshua, who could find
nothing new, what a jolt it would
be.

Nothing ever stood still except
the Sphinx, and the old Sphinx is a
wise old owl that never sleeps and
takes everything as it comes. There
is the man who is continually on

can't rest in any one thing for any
given time. The new idea is the
thing! Sometimes he strikes the road
to success, but more often he strikes
a snag and then his bark needs some-
thing new to patch it up.

The woman whose clothespress is
filled and who is ever on the hunt
for the new fad, the new bauble, the
new bit of finery, never has anything
new, for nothing is new to her. She
is satiated with the newness.

And even a new admirer does not
last long, for her motto is "off with
the old, on with the new." And she
does not even wait up to see the
"old out and the new in," either.
She knows it will come quite as a
matter of course. He usually finds
he is it too.

Then continually are we on the
qui vive for a new amusement, a new
place to go. With caves and roof
gardens, verily soon will we seek the
airship as a place to dine out, or
rather dine up. Why, even the
twentieth century child considers
nothing new unless it is unusual. The
wonderful mechanism of the new
toy is daily discarded for something
of later design.

But let us not be seekers all the
time. Let us do something new, if
you will, every day. Doing some-
thing gets us everywhere some time.
It is the thing we do today that
counts. It is the only means of satis-
faction, the only safety valve in the
speedometer in the race for some-
thing new. It is the saving grace.

We can only appreciate the joy of
anything that comes to us in the
measure which we ourselves deal
out, something new for some one
else.

Our intentions are probably good,
and we may accept all with a future
view to giving. It is ever a case of
"seek, and ye shall find," but along
the way find something for some-
body. They may not be deluged with
the new thing.

For:

We shall do so much in the years
to come.

But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely
sum.

But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the
tear.

We shall plant a hope in the place
of fear.

We shall speak the words of love
and cheer.

But what did we speak today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-
and-by.

But what have we sown today?
We shall build large mansions tower-
ing so high.

But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask.

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 de-
partment. Telephone 1331. Notices
of club meetings will be pub-
lished and secretaries are kindly
requested to furnish same.

the search for a new venture, a new
experience, a new business. He
But here and now, do we do our
task?

Yes, this is the thing our soul must
ask.

"What have we done today?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Christmas meeting of the
Tuesday Night Whist club, which
was held at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. E. F. Morrissey Tuesday even-
ing proved one of the pleasantest
the members have ever spent. The
Morrissey home was beautifully de-
corated for the occasion, Christmas
bells suspended in the various rooms
with a background of green and
sparkling crystal on which were shed
the softened red lights. Thayer Gri-
mes was "Santa Claus" and so ef-
fective was his takeoff that very few
if any, knew his identity until it was
all over. Under a club rule, the
members were not permitted to ex-
pend more than fifty cents for any
one present and not a few were de-
cidedly humorous. Dr. Houseworth
got a box of pink pills and Frank
Parsons a mousetrap. Refreshments
were served following cards, the
evening's play resulting in Mr. and
Mrs. Dorsey Kretzer capturing the
prizes despite their handicap of ten.

The next Meeting, a week from next
Tuesday evening, will probably be
held at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Grimes.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Doric Chapter, Order of the East-
ern Star, will hold their annual in-
stallation of officers jointly with the
Masons next Tuesday night and a
big time is anticipated.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

On Monday afternoon of this
week the Progress club held an open
meeting at the home of Mrs. G. W.
Kaufman who was chairman for the
day. The large living room and din-
ing room were prettily decorated
with greens and chrysanthemums.
Each member was privileged to in-
vite a guest for the afternoon. Re-
sponses to roll call were Christmas
poems, some were original and clever.
Mrs. Ingram sang several beau-
tiful Christmas songs. A number of
interesting papers were read by the
different members, interspersed with
Christmas carols sung by seven lit-
tle girls, with organ accompaniment.
These little white robed singers who
added so much to the enjoyment of
the afternoon were Luella Douglas,
Emma Douglas, Adeva Wheeler, Ed-

na Bliven, Elsie Bliven, Agnes John-
son and Ethel Davis. At the conclu-
sion of the program the club ad-
journed until the 9th of January
when Mrs. J. Lando will be the hos-
tess.

Among the guests were Mrs. J. W.
Bennett, Mrs. E. K. Jones, Mrs. J. S.
Coke, Mrs. Herbert Lockhart, Mrs.
Wheeler, Mrs. J. T. McCormac, Miss
Maude Reed, Mrs. W. U. Douglas,
Miss Elizabeth Kaufman, Mrs. R. E.
Browning.

Some of the original poems were:

A time of joy and peace; good will
and pleasure

Christmas gives a glimpse of the
golden treasure

The earth would hold, without one
tear

If Christmas lasted all the year.
MRS. M. C. MALONEY.

Clouds there were, and deep and
dark.

And ages on had rolled;
Nor Aarons rod had strength of
spark

To lift the gloom they told.

On a morn the Shepherd's sight
In the east a gleam beheld

Seeing Him, the Light of Light
And man's ebon night dispelled.

MRS. J. M. UPTON.

An original rhyme about Christmas:
Now, 'twere easy indeed, 'twould
seem—

To make verses and rhymes without
number

Upon this dear old fashioned theme;

But I've pondered without cessation,
I have burned the midnight oil,
I have sought for inspiration

But success has not crowned my
toil.

I've tried Limerick and song and
Sonnet.

MRS. E. G. FLANAGAN.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The reception and banquet tender-
ed by the Marshfield high school stu-
dents last Saturday evening at the
high school in honor of the football
team was one of the most delightful
affairs the students have enjoyed in
a long time. The guests numbered
only the students and teachers. The
grandmarch was led by Chauncey
Clarke and Miss Nora Tower. Music
and games, the latter favoring of
the Christmas spirit, made the even-
ing pass merrily. Refreshments
were served.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Mrs. R. K. Booth, who has been
staying at the home of her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bennett while re-
cuperating from her recent illness,
has sufficiently recovered to return
to her own home in West Marshfield
this week.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

One of the most important holiday
functions on Coos Bay will be the
first annual ball of the Coos Bay
Motor Boat club to be given at Park
Pavilion in North Bend next Wed-
nesday evening, December 28. Over
two hundred and fifty invitations
have been issued in Marshfield and
North Bend. There will also be
cards for those who do not care to
dance. The decorations promise to
be something very elaborate and ap-
propriate, and are under the super-
vision of Prof. Grubbs. The music
will be of the very best. Geo. Wind-
sor and wife and P. L. Swearingen
having that in charge. The floor
committee is composed of the follow-
ing prominent men, Capt. Edgar
Simpson, Com. H. E. Burmester, C.
M. Byler, A. H. Powers, R. A. Wer-
nich, and W. E. Best. Mrs. H. E.
Burmester has the refreshments in
charge, and with her splendid com-
mittee of Mesdames Wernich, Brig-
ham, M. E. Everitt, Renne, and Miss
Lena Kruse will serve the
guests with refreshments. The pa-
tronesses are Mesdames Henry E.
Burmester, Michael G. Coleman,
Henry O'Mara, Charles C. Williams
and Ira Bennett Bartle. The patro-
nesses are Mesdames Burmester, M.
G. Coleman, H. O'Mara, C. Williams
and I. B. Bartle.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Roy A. Taylor, a son of Mr. and
Mrs. W. L. Taylor and Miss Myrtle
Ellis, a daughter of Mrs. C. F.
Burns, were married last week at
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after it is washed. It comes to you clean
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sack is uniform. That is why Olympic
makes the best bread, biscuits and pastry
—always.

H. W. PAINTER

Marshfield

Oregon

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The Place

and

The Girl

Right now, this evening to buy that
fancy box of Bon Bons, before they're
all gone.

At LEWIS CONFECTIONERY, 142
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Well, I guess we don't need to tell
you who she is.

All girls like nice candy, so you will make no mistake in mak-
ing her a present of a nice box.

These are classy goods, just FRESH from the CITY on the last
Plant, therefore strictly up-to-date.

(Continued on Page 8.)