



FORMAL SPRING OPENING

Monday, March 20th



THE spring awakening has come. The world of fashion is throbbing with life and enthusiasm. Easter—the great inaugural event of spring modes is only a few days away. Every woman, man and child desires to be in the fashion parade. It is a part of the Easter offering to appear dressed in a manner which will delight those whom you meet.

New Tailored Suits

Spring has developed many new features in Tailored Suits. Coats range from the 26-inch to the typical Eton jacket models. The jaunty Paul Poiret effects—sailor collars and side fastenings—are widely in evidence. The coats, if anything, are more mannish—some have Tuxedo revers and straight fronts. Skirts still keep to the close fitting lines. Materials are principally serges and Venetian. Colors: Navy, Tan, Black, etc. Prices \$12. to \$35

Pretty Gowns and Dresses

The splendor of Paris joining hands with all the simplicity and practical lines of American creators. Inspiration has come from the revolutionary period of French history. Many of the gowns and dresses show true Empire lines, with high bodices graceful tunics and flay drapery over Persian. Materials are pretty Messaline and Foulard silks, light weight wool shillies, and fine linens, lawns, etc. Prices of Silks \$10 to \$25. Light weight shillies, \$18 to \$25, and linens, lawns, etc., \$1.25 to \$15.

Women's Tailored Garments in Exclusive Designs for Easter

For this occasion we have brought to our store from all the fashion centers of the world, such an assemblage of original, exclusive and individual novelties as have the most elaborate conceptions, to the simplest ideas in woman's attire. Both European and American designers contribute to this splendid showing of tailored suits and coats, dresses and shirtwaists. Never before have we been so well prepared to meet the requirements of all. From the best to the cheapest garment in the store the same high standard of workmanship is in evidence. We invite early inspection whether you buy or not.

Myers' Store COOS Building **Marshfield**

Formal Spring Opening, Monday, March Twentieth

New Children's Apparel

A whole style-realm in itself where youthfulness reigns supreme. Smart, new Junior Tailored Suits, showing a hundred pretty arts to give grace and chic to girlish figures. Jaunty new Coats, charming evening and party frocks, down to the sturdy, washable dresses for every day and school wear. Junior Suits and Coats, \$3.50 to \$18; evening and party dresses, \$5.00 and up; wash dresses, 50c to \$7.50.

New Spring Waists

Our formal opening finds this store brimming over with almost every beautiful model and fabric in demand for spring. All the pretty, charming styles in Lingerie and Tailored Waists, from the cool, attractive models at 85c to the elegant hand-made Silk and Embroidered sorts at \$4.50, \$6.50, \$8.00 and \$10.00.

Dainty New Undermuslins

Gorgeous undermuslins of fine French designs and American manufacture, handsomely made and trimmed with rare embroideries and filmy laces. Pretty combinations, skirts corset covers, chemise and drawers, in single garments and matched sets, all reasonably priced.

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.

Day has lengthened into night,
Darkness supersedes the light.
Slowly down the path I go
Leading to my home below.

At the window watching there
Stands a child, so pure and fair,
How she laughs and cries with glee
When she catches sight of me!

From her now I try to hide,
But she's quickly at my side,
Then I clasp her to my breast
Where she loves to lie at rest.

Tales she tells me of the day
She has spent in childish play.
Soon she nods her little head,
Then I know it's time for bed.

Peacefully she lies asleep,
Angels o'er her vigils keep;
As I smooth her ruffled hair,
From my heart I breathe a prayer.

Thoughts of her give me new life,
Courage fresh to face the strife,
Care my dear shall never know
While I live—I love her so!

—Anonymous.

DO YOU know, my children you and I, ought to be very, very careful what we say to each other! Indeed we ought. You will doubtless be consumed with curiosity to know what has moved me to this surprising and serious reflection, and I assure you that it is only after a personal and somewhat painful contemplation of the consequences of some of our innocent chatter that I am impelled to advise you to caution. The why of this thushness is thus: People have such rawly sensitive consciences! Of course, you and I are not to blame for that. If, in the sweet ingenuousness of our hearts and the liting tripping of our tongues, we prattle away here together about people and things, it surely is not our indiscretion that brings the wince to unsuspected countenances or the pink flush in spots where we had least expected to find it. For as you know, girls, we are always very careful indeed not to mention any names, even among ourselves, nor to cast the glance of our eyes conspicuously toward any quarter, especially a guilty quarter! We are accordingly conscientious about that. So, really, the fault does not lie with us that certain persons have seen fit, time and again, to take to themselves the barby little things that we happen to say to each other. If you will believe me, my dears, I learn more things about people from denials than from accusations. And it would astonish you to know how quick certain individuals are to say

PERSONAL notices of visits 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.

that it is all a mistake. It is equally astonishing how promptly people recognize their friends as the subject of some of our piquant little tales. It is, indeed, nothing if not illuminating. And that is why I say we should be very, very careful. Who knows at what moment, with what innocent prattle, we may bring about the disclosure of hitherto unimagined frailties, of unsuspected indiscretions, or carefully concealed imprudencies? How can we tell at what moment we may call forth betrayals of a guilty conscience where we had always believed to be sweet innocence? And all because we have better taste, as has been evidenced in our midst, than to mention names and call a spade a spade and not a hammer. Of course, as I have said, you and I are not to blame if people prefer to assume what was not meant for them. It is only painful. One regrets sincerely. Because one really doesn't like to be robbed of all one's illusions. For that reason, if nothing else, we ought to be careful. If we must tell tales, let us tell nice tales. What? Oh, as to that, I grant you, we'll

soon run out. And nobody will take the trouble to listen. And they won't be true. And they won't be illustrative of human nature, because human nature isn't all nice, you know. And it really won't be worth while to tell them at all. And so, for my part, I don't know what we are going to do about it, unless we train people in the fine art of dissimulation and show them how not to give themselves away. What do you think?

THE HOSTESS HAD A PEEVE

And sneaking of giving things away. Penelope, I think that was the meanest kind of a mean joke that the friends of a certain popular girl played upon her sometime ago, on the occasion of an elaborately prepared luncheon to which she had invited them. This particular girl, as you know, has betrayed every evidence for some time of having been permanently appropriated with matrimonial intentions, by a certain tall and ardent admirer, and every one thought the announcement was about due. All of which, parenthetically, happened to be the case, and to that end a charmingly appointed luncheon was planned for an afternoon, when the glad tidings were to be divulged. The guests, however, were prepared for the surprise, and on being ushered into the luncheon room, immediately began peering about curiously, picking up this and that, and evidencing the keenest kind of interest in the appointments. "You're going to tell us this afternoon, aren't you?" "Where are the cupids?" "What a surprise!" "There must be some cards!" "I don't see any pierced hearts." "Of course it's an announcement." These and similar remarks were bandied about in great glee, until the hostess was overcome with a large and ostentatious peeve. "Since you're all so terribly clever," she announced, "I beg to inform you that there is no announcement to make. I shall not tell you a single thing, so there!"

And so the engagement of this particular maiden remains unannounced.

LENT AND STILL BRIDGE

"All the world is queer but me and thee," saith the Quaker, "and sometimes I think even thee is a little queer." Certainly there are some queer ways of observing our religious propensities, anyway. I am thinking particularly of the way certain feminine bridge players are partaking of the penitential season just now. I have been surprised to know that several bridge clubs have been successfully continued without interfering noticeably with Lenten services. A careful regard as to arrangements has permitted attendance at church in the morning without delaying one's arrival at a bridge luncheon immediately afterward. I received an invitation to a bridge party a few days ago, concerning which the hostess advised me to 'keep awfully still about it, you know,' because she was observing Lent.

Mrs. J. W. Bennett and Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Browning spent the early part of the week at Gardiner.

Mrs. M. C. Horton has issued invitations for a luncheon and sewing at her home next Wednesday afternoon, March 22.

Miss Nellie Tower was hostess at a very delightful miscellaneous shower Wednesday evening complimentary to Miss Bertha Kruse of North Bend whose marriage to Dr. Caphay of Portland takes place April 29. In the decorations, the wild currant predominated. In the dining room decorations, pale pink predominated in the color scheme. The place cards bore bride's pictures. Cards were the diversion. The "shower" was done up in a "medicine case" and was tied with pink ribbon with

(Continued on Page 8.)

Peanut Stick

Is the name of our newest confection. It is better than Peanut Brittle and if you liked Brittle you will love Peanut Stick.
We have several other kinds of Fine, Fresh Nut Candy.
Remember our candies are made in our own sunny, Sanitary factory right here in Marshfield by an expert candy maker. They are pure, wholesome and delicious.

FRESH DAILY
Always Something New at



TWO STORES.
236 Front St—146 Central Ave.

400 TRAP NESTED BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Our matings have produced standard-bred specimens of exhibition quality with records of 242,227,222 eggs in 365 days.

Baby Chicks and Eggs for Hatching
Book your orders now for spring delivery. A few cockerels from heavy laying stock for \$5.00.

Plymouth Place, Poultry Yards.
FRED. BACHMAN, Prop.,
Marshfield, Box 485, Phone 268

Bangor Poultry Yards CRYSTAL WHITE ORPINGTONS KELLERSTRASS STRAIN.

Eggs for sale \$2.50 and \$3.50 per setting of 15. The lay more—pay more kind. Also can furnish single comb. Brown Leghorn eggs at \$1.25 per 15. Pen is headed by son of Rooster that took first prize at State Fair in 1910. Call on or address Geo. M. Sells, North Bend, Or., Phone 431