

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.

FUTILE HASTE.

Three times a week she writes to me
And I must ever send replies,
Because she would be pained, you see,

If I proceeded otherwise:
She seems to have much time to waste,

O'er many sheets she spreads her scrawl,
And always winds up: "Yours in haste,"

Although she is not mine, at all.

She writes to me concerning those
Whom I have never met nor seen,
As, if, indeed, she might suppose
My interest in them was keen;
Oft has her crusty father chased
Me from his fair ancestral hall;
Yet her last words are "Yours in haste."

Though she may ne'er be mine at all.

It never serves to make me glad
To hear about her cousin Jane;
But yesterday, she wrote, her dad
Was stricken with the gout again;
I wish she might have cared to waste

A hundred sheets, and filled them all,
Ere she had written: "Yours in haste,"

And hurried to obey his call.

WE KNOW that a good dinner turneth away wrath.

For many a depression has lost its expression at a table of good cheer and good food.

It must have been a woman who first wrote "You can reach a man's heart through his stomach." She was a wise woman, says Sophie Loeb. She knew whereof she spoke. No doubt she was a wife. For her deduction breathes experience. It may be true that you cannot reach all the men all the time in a given way, but this way is given to being sanely safe.

Why, when we come to think of it, many, many of the important things originate at the festal board rather than in the strictly business office. There's a reason, unexpressed though it be. The inner man has a voice in all matters and frequently it is the still small voice that balances the scale in the way it should or should not go.

Therefore every wife knows that each of our lords of creation needs the stimulus of satisfying food at the right time in order to be the tranquil outer man she would have him. She knows that his view of her is measured times without number as to how he feels which may be the result of a bad dinner.

As Helen Rowland puts it, "One reason why a woman's beauty is so variable is that a man always looks at her straight through his digestion."

There is nothing so mars the serene tenor of a man's ways as to come home and wait for his dinner longer than the time he expects it. One of the things that jars on a man most is to arrive there and find the lady of the house "not at home."

No matter if he knows all about that afternoon bridge or the meeting of the philanthropic club—no matter how angelic a disposition he may have developed under the training of the "lady of the house," and he may not express it in so many words—yet for the moment he feels the disinterest in him.

A little woman who has found the hunting ground of happiness in the every day remarked recently, "I make it an invariable rule to arrive home before my husband, no matter where I am going. I may have the best maid possible, yet even if I take only a peep at the dinner to see that it is just right and that things may be ready I am satisfied quite for myself."

Some of the great tragedies that loom up before the public and have their airing in the divorce court originate in the culinary corner of the

home. If it were but known, the "canned dinners" and the hurriedly concocted meals that man has willy nilly fallen heir to in these mattress-club-shopping strenuous days have been the real co-respondents in the suit for separation.

Delicatessen food may be joyous feasts at times but their time is not all the time. For be it known, man, perchance, wants but little here below, but wants that little hot!

So no one may gainsay that this is a duty that must fall to the lot of every woman who wants to be a real wife and in the course of human events preserve the domestic peace of which she is part and parcel.

The woman who does the cooking, herself, the lady with the maid, the expounder of woman's rights, all, all must realize that here is the one thing which she dare not turn over to man, no matter how much she believes in the "side by side" era.

There are certain things for which our daughters of Eve by heritage are fitted, and this is one of them. And in the matter of looking after the meals, here is one case where every man will yield the palm to her and refer it to the "Missus."

There may be the exceptional (very exceptional) individual who has been accredited with cooking his wife's breakfast and carrying it up to her. But if the lady but knew it she will later have her "ups and downs" in keeping up the procedure.

The wise wife will see to it that he fares well in this matter of food. For, without the physical welfare, all other things fade.

WOMAN'S WAY.

It's always pleasant to hear a girl, when she comes home from a social whirl. She tells a tale of the gowns she saw, of the hats of silk and the hats of straw; and Mrs. Jinks was a dream in white, and Mrs. Wax was a perfect fright. Would people listen if I should tell of the rags men wore at a party swell? Old Col. Wiggs, as you know, was there, and he made a botch when he dyed his hair. And old Bill Boggs was another guest; he had spilled some egg on his canvas vest, and his trousers bagged in a frightful way, and he wore a hat that was much too gay. And Ezra Spink was among the crowd, with a cheap cravat that was far too loud, and his pantaloons were a total loss, and his whiskers looked like some Irish moss. Old Aaron Dingbat, the giddy flirt was there wrapped up in a cheap blue shirt, with a plate glass gem on his manly breast, and three buttons missing from off his vest. The host, who stood in cheap cowhide boots, regaled his guests with some bum cheroots, and searched out coats and our trouserloons, through a base-born fear that we swiped his spoons.

WALT MASON.

R. E. Shine and family passed through here this week en route to Coquille from Southern California where they have spent the winter. Mr. Shine will erect a fine residence at Coquille where he will make his home in the future.

The social season of the celebration of the anniversary of Odd Fellowship by the lodges of Coos county in North Bend Wednesday evening was one of the most delightful functions of the kind that has been held on Coos Bay in a long time. About eighty members of the Odd Fellows and Rebekah lodges of Marshfield were in attendance and the attendance at the evening session exceeded 150. The early part of the evening was devoted to a musical program, which was followed by cards. Mrs. I. Lando of Marshfield won the ladies first prize, C. M. Byler of North Bend, the gentleman's and the consolation prizes went to Mrs. J. A. Morse and W. S. Covey, Mrs. R. J. Coke losing the ladies' consolation prize on the cut. Refreshments were served and the balance of the evening devoted to dancing.

Miss Pearl Watkins left on the Breakwater. She will spend a few days with relatives in Portland, then leave for Seattle to visit her aged grandparents, thence to Boston, Mass., where she will enter the school of expression to take a three years course in dramatic art. That Miss

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 1341. Notices of club meetings will be published and secretaries are kindly requested to furnish same.

Watkins will have the opportunity to complete her education along the line in which she has displayed such a marked natural ability will be a source of gratification to her many friends and admirers in this section. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Watkins.

Mrs. F. M. Parsons is expected to return in a week or so from her extended trip. A sad feature of the trip was the receipt of the news of the death of her father while she was en route home. It was impossible for her to return east for the funeral but her grief will doubtless be somewhat mollified by the fact that she had the visit with him.

Miss Edith McGraw, who has been a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Nasburg for the past few weeks, left this week for her home at Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. J. T. McCormac entertained the Altar Guild of the Marshfield Episcopal church at her home Tuesday. Needle work and church affairs were taken up. Next Tuesday, Mrs. J. S. Coke will entertain the guild.

Mrs. W. F. Squire leaves soon for California where she will visit for several weeks.

Mrs. E. Mingus entertained the A. N. W. Club at her home in West Marshfield Thursday afternoon. Needle work was the principal diversion. Delicious refreshments were served, the hostess being assisted in serving by Mrs. R. K. Booth and Miss Jessie Chase. Besides the twenty-three club members present, Mrs. Mingus had as guests, Mrs. Norman Nelson of San Francisco, Mr. R. K. Booth and Miss Jessie Chase. The club will meet next Thursday afternoon with Mrs. M. C. Maloney.

Mrs. H. S. Tower is the hostess at one of a series of bridge parties which she is giving this afternoon.

Mrs. John Lafon is planning to leave in the near future for her old home in Kentucky where she will spend several months. She expected that her parents would be able to come here for the summer, but they had to change their plans so she will go back there. Mr. Lafon will spend his vacation there, probably.

Mrs. W. T. Merchant, who has been spending several weeks with relatives and friends in California, is expected home on the next Redonda.

The Progress club held a special meeting at the home of Mrs. M. C. Maloney last Monday to wind up the affairs of the Promenade ball which

(Continued on page 8.)

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