

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S WORLD



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.

FEMINE FOIBLES.

Can you tell me why a woman,
As she hurries to the door,
Stops to put a little powder on
her nose?
Oh, of course, it's only human—
I have heard that said before—
It explains the case entirely, I
suppose!
But whatever is the reason,
Anywhere you chance to
meet,
Whether in the mirrored par-
lor
Or upon the crowded street,
Even though she may be rush-
ing
To the boat with hurried
feet,
She will stop
To put some powder
On her nose!

You may think she's interested
In the merchant's window shows
But she's only putting powder
on her nose!
All these windows are invested
With a mirror back, you know.
For the merchant wots where
his persimmon grows;
At the afternoon reception you will
see each woman try
To preempt one set position; if you
follow up her eye
You will see a mirror near her, and
you know the reason why
When she puts
A little powder
On her nose!

That is all—for I am married, and I
dare not criticize,
Or make light of women's weals or
women's woes;
I'm a husband, worried, harried,
worn to half my normal size,
And I'm trembling now from
blanching cheeks to toes!
Yet I dare to call attention to the
Universal She,
Who before the powder puff is bend-
ing suppliant knee;
And I think that you who read this
will unflinchingly agree
That she needs
A little powder
On her nose!

OF COURSE, the thought of stand-
ing at the altar, crowned with
her wreath of orange blossoms,
with the Christmas bells ringing out
their peals of gladness, is dear to
the heart of every engaged girl, says
Laura Jean Libbey, but if she is
wise and finds herself of modest
means she will lay aside her prett-
y long and be wedded while the
June roses are budding.

Every bride looks her sweetest and
best in her dainty white frocks and
the pretty wreath of cornflowers
twined around her simple, girlish
leghorn hat. The matter of the
home-keeping in summer speaks elo-
quently in its favor.

The bride who must do her own
work should rejoice that there are
no heavy roasts and tiresome vege-
tables to worry over in their prepara-
tion.

Biscuits and Chops Suffice.

In summer a nicely broiled chop or
two answers all the requirements.
Hubby is very much in love and as
love is proverbially blind he will not
see if the chop is a little overdone.
Instead of being browned to a turn,
a plate of nice hot, crisp biscuits and
a good-sized dish of apple sauce will
put him in such jovial spirits she
need have no qualms over how little
of his money she expended on the
dinner putting a nice little sum away
for the inevitable "rainy day."

In summer, too, how delightfully
cool and inviting the living room can
be made to look with the breeze
blowing through the daintily-looped
white curtains and the pots of riot-
ously blooming geraniums on the sill.
There's no lamp to fill and put on
the table, no fire to keep up. Each
day seems the continuation of a de-

lightful picnic.

One cannot get far from nature as
to the eternal witness of mating as
in all other things. The birds choose
their mates in early spring. The
summer is one long sweet song to
them. Ere the snowflakes blow they
are tumbling their fledglings out of
the nest in the tender duty of teach-
ing them what their little flapping
wings are really meant for.

It has been said, too, by a cynic,
that love flourishes in summer, but
lies dormant in winter. There are
many who will take issue with him
in this libel against love, but who
is there who is quite willing to prove
or disprove it? When all is said and
done there is no time in the whole
year so sweet to wed in as summer,
delightful summer.

Despite the storm on Wednesday
night the Masonic Opera House held
an audience numbering several hun-
dred persons who had assembled, for
the concert given by the Chaminade
club. In order to enhance the bril-
liancy of this occasion, the club had
secured Mrs. Elfrida Heller Weinst-
ein, soprano, and Mrs. Delphine
Marx, contralto of Portland. What
this meant to the people of Marsh-
field was manifested by the hearty
response of the public and the rous-
ing enthusiasm called forth by the
art of Mrs. Marx and Mrs. Weinstein
as also by the praiseworthy efforts
of the members of the club.

The stage was most artistically
decorated with rhododendrons and red
huckleberry. Mrs. R. K. Booth was
chairman of the decorating commit-
tee. The program which follows was
varied and altogether well arrang-
ed:

Matthews, Chorus, "Waken Lords
and Ladies Gay (Sir Walter Scott).
Liszt—a. "Oh! Quand Je Dors."
Humperdinck, b. "Lullaby."
Tschalkowsky, c. "War Ich Nicht
Ein Halm—Mrs. Elfrida Heller Weinst-
ein.

Salter, a. "In the Garden."
Burlleigh, b. "Jean"
Schubert, c. "The Wanderer."
Mrs. Delphine Marx.

Warner, chorus, "Flowers, Awake!"
Strelzki, duo, "The Birds that
Sang in May—Mrs. Elfrida Heller
Weinstein, Mrs. Delphine Marx.
Salut-Saens, chorus, "My Heart at
Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and
Dalliah."

Verdi, Aria, "O, Don Fatale" from
"Don Carlos"—Mrs. Delphine Marx.
Wagner, Aria, "Dieu, Theure Hal-
le," from "Tannhauser"—Mrs. El-
frida Heller Weinstein.

Offenbach, chorus, "Barcarolle."
Mrs. William Horstall, Jr., solo
accompanist.
Mrs. Frederick E. Lefe, choral ac-
companist.

Beginning with Liszt's "Oh! Quand
Je Dors," Mrs. Weinstein displayed a
vocal purity, evenness of scale and
roundness of tone which gave her
singing the simple quality of perfec-
tion and it was all done so quietly
that few understood the real difficul-
ty of her numbers.

After each group of songs, she was
recalled and sang in her vivacious
manner the encores, "Day is Gone"
by Lang "Ecstasy" by Emmel, "Three
Little Chestnuts" and "Jest Her
Way"—all being of the lighter music,
and certainly captured her hearers.

Mrs. Delphine Marx was in glorious
voice, and at once won the audience
with her beautiful rich tones, and
finished phrasing. Mrs. Marx pos-
sesses to a marked extent the ability
of adapting her vocal color to the
sentiment expressed. She seemed to
change her mood with each song
given and after Schubert's "The Wan-
derer" the audience enthusiasm was
quite unbounded. She most graciously
responded with several songs.

Among them were "Noon and Night"
by Hawley "Summer" by Crosby, "If
I were you" and a dainty song with
French words, by Nevin. The artistry
that she displayed by her singing of
the aria "O, Don Fatale" from
Verdi's opera "Don Carlos" was re-
markable in so much that it is rather
unusual to hear a contralto so drama-
tic in temperament. Mrs. William
Horstall, Jr., aided in no small mea-
sure to the great artistic success of
Mrs. Marx and Mrs. Weinstein by
her discreet and exquisitely played
accompaniments.

The Chaminade club composed of

CONTRIBUTIONS concerning
social happenings, intended for
publication in the society depart-
ment of The Times, must be sub-
mitted 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.)

ladies of Marshfield, sang beautifully
under the direction of Mrs. William
Horstall, Jr. The tone quality of the
club is rich and refined, and the most
exacting could not ask for anything
more lovely than was disclosed by
the singing of "My Heart at thy
Sweet voice" an arrangement of the
aria by that name from Saint-Saens's
opera "Samson and Dalliah." The
club gave a delightful illustration of
unaccompanied singing in "Annie
Laurie" and "Believe me if All those
endearing young Chariots," which
were given in response to hearty ap-
plause. "Dinah Dolls" by Sherwood,
also was sung as an encore.

Mrs. Frederick E. Lefe's accompa-
niments for the chorus won much ap-
proval from the audience and her
command of the keyboard contribut-
ed in a marked degree to the success
of the ensemble work of the club.

The reception after the concert at
the J. V. Smeaton home was a most
delightful affair. The house was
beautifully decorated for the occa-
sion, lilacs, rhododendrons, and huck-
leberry being used in profusion after
the dainty refreshments were served
the guests enjoyed the impromptu
program that was rendered by local
soloist, the members of the club, Mrs.
Weinstein and Mrs. Marx.

It was well towards morning when
the revelers started home and all
voiced Mr. and Mrs. Smeaton a most
delightful host and hostess.

Those present at the reception
were: Miss Evelyn Anderson, Mr.
and Mrs. L. K. Ballinger, Mr. and
Mrs. R. K. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. W.
N. Ekblad, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Hor-
stall, Jr., Miss Esther Johnson, Mr.
and Mrs. J. T. Hall, Miss Edna Lar-
son, Mr. Carl Larson, Mr. and Mrs.
F. E. Lefe, Miss Clara Myren, Miss
Rose Myren, Mr. and Mrs. B. Ostlund,
Mrs. E. L. Robinson, Miss Ruth Al-
len, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stauff, Miss
May Stauff, Mr. and Mrs. M. A.
Sweetman, Mrs. C. H. Walter, Mr. F.
Walter, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Weinstein,
Mrs. Marx, Mr. Robert Swanton.

Mrs. Marx and Mrs. Weinstein left
by the Drain route at 5:00 Thursday
morning for Portland. Mrs. Marx
goes from there to Primeville, Oreg-
on, to sing in recital. It is to be
hoped that the Chaminade club may
feel able to secure these vocalists
again and thus give the Marshfield
people another treat in the art of
music.

These concerts are given for the
sole purpose of cultivating the mu-
sical taste of Coos Bay people. Owing
to the inclemency of the weather, the
proceeds of this concert will not de-
fract the expense incurred by the club.
But it is earnestly hoped that in fu-
ture work the Chaminade club may
meet with all the success financially
that it deserves.

The members of the chorus were
Miss Evelyn Anderson, Mrs. Robert
K. Booth, Miss Esther Johnson, Mrs.
J. T. Hall, Miss Clara Myren, Mrs.

(Continued on page 3.)

Candies You'll Enjoy

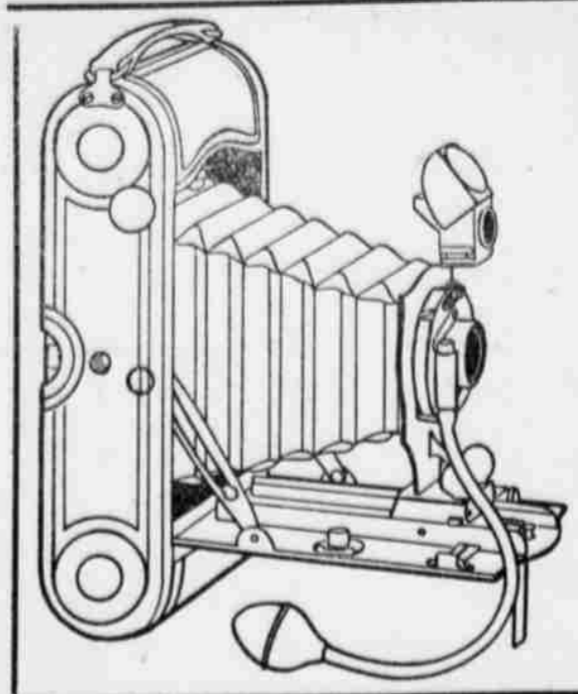
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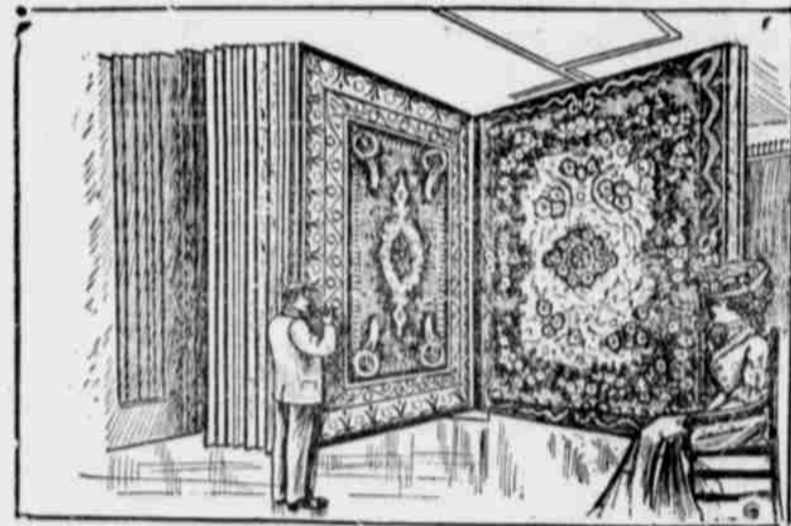
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taining to it.



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