

IN SOCIETY

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.)

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

MY CASTLE

You may tell in glowing language of your grand ancestral halls,
Where the glint of golden sunshine in its splendor never falls,
And recite to me the story of the greatness of your clan—
They who wore the royal purple better else than any man—
But the story will not turn me from the visions of my youth;
Gilded falsehoods cannot tempt me from the paths of righteous truth,
Rather than yon storied towers, oh, I would that you might see
My childhood's charming castle—home, sweet home—at mother's knee.
There I knelt beside my mother in the twilight's solemn hour,
As the vesper bells were tinkling from the village church's tower,
And repeated as she told me, "Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Softly then we'd pray together, "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
Then, with that fond love that mothers are the only ones who know,
Gently she would take and rock me in her dear arms to and fro.
No, the castle in your story could not be a home to me
When compared with childhood's castle—home, sweet home—at mother's knee.
Mother's love is not forgotten, though her counsils are denied;
Though I follow not the pathway that she taught me at her side,
Mother's kiss upon my forehead would alleviate all pain,
And the sun would shed its radiance over all the earth again.
In her arms I found a refuge from the dangers of the day,
And I wish that she were with me now to brush my cares away.
All the gifts that I might offer, I would gladly give to be
Once again in childhood's castle—home, sweet home—at mother's knee.
—JAS. A. POWER.

GIVE ear, my daughter, writes Helen Rowland, unto the litany of the Summer Girl, which she chanteth continuously, morn and night:
Oh, Lord, deliver me from the deadliness of the Summer resort, and from all the deadly things therein.
From the emptiness of moonlight evenings without a man, and the hollowness of life without a flirtation, now preserve me.
From the sentimental grafter and the platonic friends, oh, spare me!
For, the one seeketh after cheap flirtations, and collecteth kisses, as a woman doth trading stamps. And the other is as a wet powder-rag, which sticketh but avaieth nothing. Verily, verily a breakfast food without sugar and cream is not more insipid than one of these.
From college youths which are fresher than Spring asparagus, and more tender than Spring lamb, oh, deliver me!
From old bachelors, which are staler than last year's canned goods, and tougher than cold rarebits, oh, preserve me!
From the "phonograph" which repeateth the same old love tunes night after night, year after year, oh, set me free!
From the "impressionist" that cometh over Sunday, deliver me!
For, when he hath loved me with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his impudence, for an whole week-end, he shall depart; and the scorners shall delight in their "I-told-you-so's" and the whisperers say "She was but a temporary distraction!"
From the Summer widowed, that seeketh to return into flirtation by a by-path, oh, hide me! For lo, this is the "open season" for husbands; but I am not a consolation prize. Neither am I grafter, coveting other women's troubles.
From all gossip, and freckles, and tan, and sand-in-the-shoes, from the patronizing bride, and the youth that playeth rag-time; from the bathing-suit that shrinketh, and the nose that peeleth; from mosquitos, and cows and red ants; from hen-parties, and springless straw-rides, and manless dances, oh, deliver me!
Feed me with bon-bons, and stay me with novels! Lead me beside the full streams, where the fish are plentiful and the fishing worthy of the fishermallden; that I may, per-adventure, find one eligible, who shall rescue me from the Land of Innocuous Desuetude, and usher me into the kingdom of matrimony! Selah!

THE MISSING BRIDE

This month's devoted to the bride, and wedding bells make sweet refrain. Of all the knots that will be tied, I hope that none will break in twain. I see the destined damsels go, with blushing cheeks and eyes that shine; in vain I look for one I know, for Lillian Russell's not in

line. The bridegroom's shirt is full of starch, the bridegroom's shoes are much too small; they now take up the wedding march, and music vibrates through the hall; against the balcony I lean and view the throng with kindly stare; there's something lacking in the scene; for Lillian Russell isn't there. The pastor speaks the solemn words; the two are one—who shall divide? Ah, sweeter than the trill of birds the murmured pledges of the bride! And yet there's a discordant note in all the joyous burst of sound when we congratulations quote, for Lillian Russell's not around! Somehow it always seems to me, a wedding is a false alarm, if Lillian as the bride-to-be, does not invest it with her charm. It's like that good old Hamlet play when Hamlet isn't in the cast; so, Lillian, have a wedding day before this sunny June is past!

WALT MASON.

WEDDINGS

Coos Bay friends have been informed that the marriage of Miss May Stauff, a well known Coos Bay young woman who has been spending the past year with relatives in California, and Fred Cathedral, first assistant engineer on the Steamship Nann Smith, will be solemnized about July 10. Whether the ceremonies will be at the home of friends in San Francisco or at the home which the groom has already fitted up in Oakland has not been announced.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Eddy, a former teacher in the Marshfield schools and sister of Mrs. P. N. Flagg, to Irving Alger of Los Angeles, has been delayed by the sudden illness of Miss Eddy's mother, Mrs. A. H. Eddy, at Salem. Miss Eddy leaves overland Monday for Salem to attend her mother. The wedding which had been planned for early July will take place probably in August, dependent upon Mrs. Eddy's recovery.

The marriage of Miss Bronte Jennings and Robert Cravat of Portland take place July 3 at Remote, Oregon, in the same house in which Miss Jennings' mother was married thirty-three years ago. After the honeymoon, the young people will be at home to their friends at Ardenwall, a suburb of Portland, and will move into their new home when it is completed in August.

This evening at the Finnish hall, a big reception will be tendered following the marriage of Richard Jacobson and Ingrid Lowland, two well known Coos Bay young people. A large number have been invited.

Miss Linda McNeil was married to John D. Bishop at Corvallis, Oregon, June 26th. Miss McNeil is a sister of J. D. McNeil of this city, and is well known to many Coos Bay people, as she lived in Marshfield during the years of 1907 and 1908.

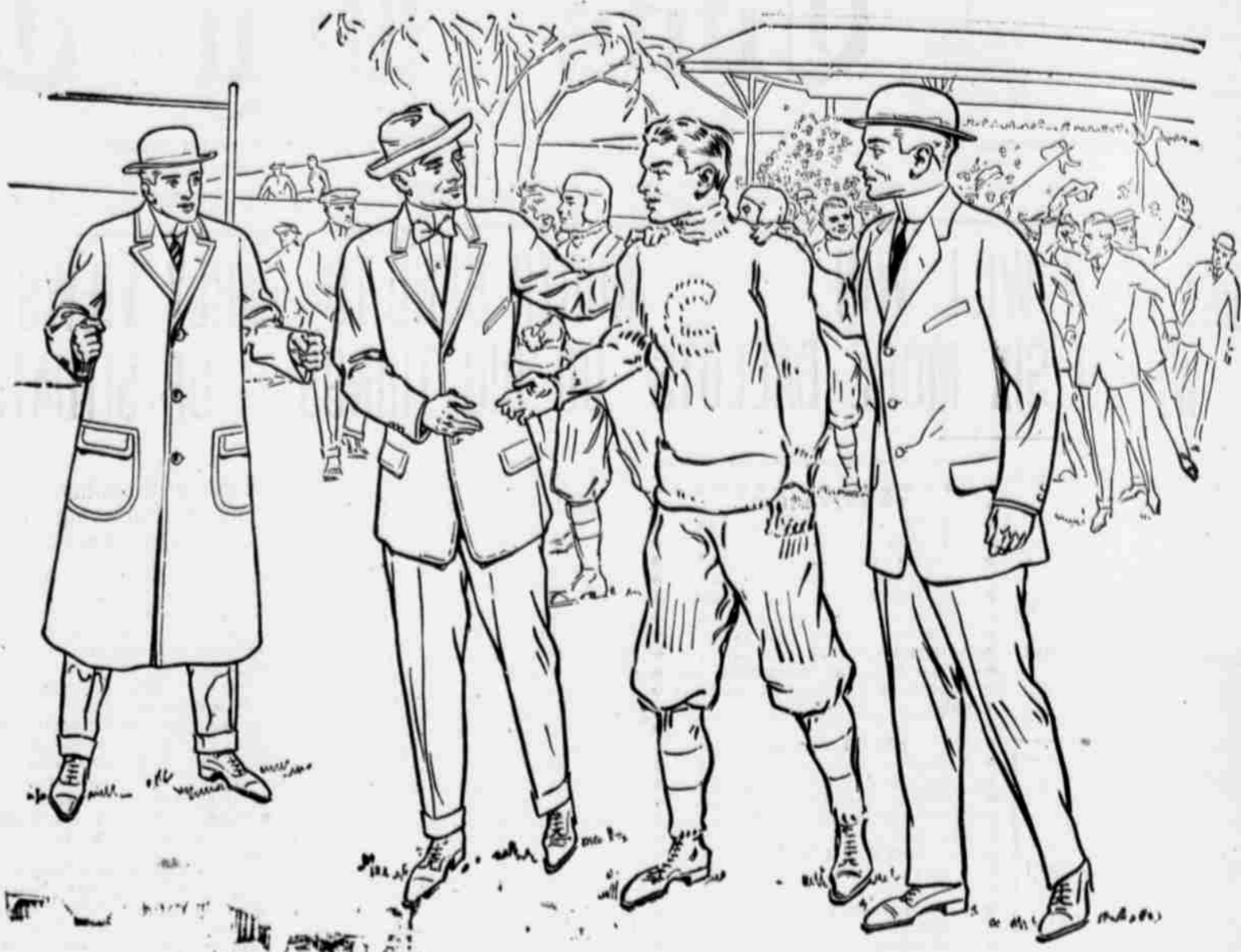
SMEATON BALL

The ball given Tuesday evening at the Finnish Hall by Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Smeaton was quite the prettiest and most delightful party of the year. About one hundred and fifty invitations were issued, many of which were represented in the brilliant assemblage that filled the ballroom. The stage at the end of the hall at which the orchestra was seated, was completely banked in Scotch broom, and cornucopias of fern and greens were hung about the walls, making a woodland background for the many beautiful dresses that graced the occasion. The hostess, Mrs. Smeaton, was gowned in corn-colored satin over which fell a drape of ecru lace. Mrs. Geo. F. Murch wore a handsome lavender and black gown, worn for the first time at her daughter's wedding. Mrs. Ward M. Blake wore a dainty gown of white with maribou edging and garlands of tiny pink and blue roses. Mrs. J. H. Flanagan's gown was black spangled net over apricot satin. Mrs. Herbert Lockhart wore a beautiful black bordered chiffon over cerise. Mrs. Wilson Kaufman wore a pink lace dress with slippers, gloves and fan of pink and pink roses. Mrs. A. H. Powers, Miss Genevieve Sengstacken, Miss Nora Tower and Miss Lucy Horton wore delicate white lingerie dresses. Following a delightful program of dances between which

(Continued on Page Three.)

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