

IN SOCIETY

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.

THE MODEST VIOLET.

"Persons dance too close together now for the modest violet." Gottlieb T. Barnett, New York florist, in lamenting the fact that the modern dances have destroyed the demand for corsage bouquets. —News Item.

(To the tune of old school song.)

Beside a Wall Flower at a ball,
A modest violet stood;
Her stalk was crushed, she blushed
for all
The violets of the wood.
Oh, she had been a simple flower,
And innocent her lot;
Yet she had danced for half an
hour,
The wicked "Turkey Trot."

And she had been a simple flower
Of sweet and gentle birth;
Had passed her youth in virtue's
bower.

In chaste and homely mirth;
But here, tonight, before the world,
Her heart had felt the lance;
For wildly, madly, she was hurled
In Texas Tommy dance.

She saw the tear drops gently fall
From out the Wall Flower's eyes;
"Oh, Wall Flower, dear," I heard
her call.

"I want to sympathize,
I feel with you the dance today
Is quite the devil's snare."
"I can't," I heard the Wall Flower
say.

"Can't dance the Grizzly Bear."

"But do not weep, pray, Wall Flower,
er, please?"

The violet sweetly said;
E'en as the frisky "Frisco Freeze"
Was danced by youth and maid,
"I can not dance, ah, woe is me!"
The Wall Flower's joy was gone;
"How can I show agility?
I have my corsets on."

The Violet blushed the shade of
plum,
And wept in vain regret;
"Vile, oh, let the world become;
It is not for Violet."
She wilted, withered on her stalk,
And dropped her blushing head;
The dance, the theme of deathless
talk.

At last had claimed its dead!

IF THE man whose attentions are without intentions, and who wins a woman's heart just to amuse himself with it for an hour, is entitled to the medal for the meanest man; if the meanest girl is the grafting girl who makes a young man spend more upon her than he can afford, even though he has to defraud others to get the money; what type of wife is the meanest wife?

I think it is the whining and complaining wife, says Dorothy Dix. I think it is the wife who sees her husband toiling like a slave for her, and who takes everyting that he gives her without thanks and reproaches him because it isn't more.

The wife who is flirtatious and fond of the admiration of other men must give her husband many a bad quarter of an hour, the wife who is wasteful and extravagant must be an aggravation to the man's soul as well as to his pocketbook; the high-tempered wife must make a husband regret that he belongs to that grade of society where it is not etiquette to use a club on the partner of your bosom; the wife who nags must reconcile the man who has got her to the brevity of life and make him long for the peace and quiet of the grave.

All of These, Though, Have Some Redeeming Virtue.

But all of these faulty wives have some redeeming virtue. The fascinator is as fascinating to her husband as she is to other men. The waster and the spend-thrift is sure to be easy-going and laughter-loving and generous natured. The high-tempered woman is almost invariably a real helpmate, full of energy, who works herself to death for her husband and children, whilst oftener than not the very source of a wife's nagging is her overdevotion to her husband and her ceaseless anxiety for him.

Therefore, a man may be occasionally green-eyed with jealousy, or harassed with bills, or tremble at the thought of the curtain lecture, and the questions he is due to face at home and yet find some savor in matrimony.

Not so he who has had the misfortune to espouse the daughter of the horse leech, who is forever crying: "More! More! More!" She is heartless, pitiless, conscienceless, with veins that run ice water instead of blood, and the only emotion she ever experiences is that of insatiable greed.

To her a husband is nothing but a money-making machine, valuable only in proportion to the dollars he can turn out. If he is sick and suffers she is furious, simply because his earning power is decreased. If he dies she is recon-

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 the events occurred later than the time mentioned.)

elled by the insurance or the prospect that opens up to her of marrying some other man who is an even better cash register.

This predatory wife is as relentless as any Apache for she tortures her husband to death by slow degrees. She starves his heart for affection and appreciation. She breaks his spirit by her reproaches. She saps his courage by making him feel that he is a failure. She robs him of all the reward of his toil by never being satisfied with the results.

Such a woman marries a man knowing his circumstances, knowing that he is poor, and that his wife will have the lot of a poor man's wife, and that she will have to dress plainly, and work and economize.

Nevertheless, instead of making the best of a situation into which she has gone of her own accord with her eyes wide open, she begins to fret, and whine, and complain.

The husband is doing his part. He is toiling like a dray horse from early morning until dewey eve; he is denying himself every little luxury and treat that he would like to have for the sake of his wife, and that she may have pleasures he does not dream of indulging himself in. He gives her the best of everything he has and really more than he can afford.

But when he comes home of an evening, weary and spent with his hard day's work, he finds a cross, disgruntled, dissatisfied wife, whose welcome is a flood of reproaches because she can't have what richer women have.

Instead of trying to make her little flat, or cottage comfortable, she finds a million faults with it, and says there is no use in trying to keep such a hole tidy. Instead of setting him down to a well-cooked meal of simple food, garnished by good cheer, she serves him delicatessen messes, or stringy meat, and says that is all that poor people can afford to have and that she could eat something if only she could go to fine restaurants, and have dainty food, served on flower-laden tables under the palms, as lucky women who have married successful men.

Worse still, she openly reproaches her husband because he isn't as successful and doesn't make as much money as some other man she knows, and she lets him see that she considers him a rank failure, and herself to be a martyr because she is his wife.

Could any fate on earth be more bitter than that of the man who is literally working himself into the grave for his family, and gives to them every cent he earns, beyond the bare necessities of his board and clothes, and who gets in return for all this heroic effort and sacrifice nothing but ingratitude and lack of appreciation from his wife, and is made to feel that he has dragged her down in the world?

The men who endure whining wives deserve to get the first-class Carnegie hero medal—or else to be sent to the institution for the incurable feeble minded. But the women who take the work of a man's hands and the devotion of his heart, and make no return for it except with complaints, are the meanest wives in the world. There is the sin of ingratitude and that's the blackest one on the calendar.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE

The Royal Auction Bridge members were entertained at a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. J. H. Milner, assisted by her sister, Miss Barnum, as hostess. After luncheon, which was served at 1:30, the afternoon was spent in cards, Mrs. Kreitzer winning first prize and Mrs. W. H. Dungan second.

The club will meet next Tuesday with Mrs. Fred Powers.

Mrs. Milner's guests Tuesday were: Substitutes—Mrs. W. S. Nicholson and Mrs. D. Y. Stafford. Members—Mrs. Dorsey Kreitzer, Mrs. A. L. Houseworth, Mrs. E. E. Straw, Mrs. W. H. Dungan, Mrs. Fred Powers, Mrs. Frank Hague, Mrs. R. K. Booth, Mrs. J. T. Hargis and Mrs. Wm. Scott.

CHILDREN'S PARTY

Misses Edith and Ethel Sumner of West Marshfield were pleasantly

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Announcement

We have just opened our stock of plate glass, window glass, art glass, mirrors, prismatic glass, etc., at 727 South Broadway, Marshfield.

While all of our stock has not arrived we are now prepared to take care of all ordinary orders.

We will be pleased to show you samples of our glass or to talk over any order you have in mind. We have made arrangements to supply you anything you need in the glass line—no matter how large or how small, how heavy, how ornamental or for what special purpose it is required.

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