

WHAT SOCIETY IS DOING



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 event occurred later than the time mentioned.)

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Somewhere she waits to make you win,
Your soul in her firm white hands,
Somewhere the gods have made for you
The woman who understands.

As the tide went out she found him,
Lashed to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
The wreck of his dreams in the air,
Found him and loved him and gathered
The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed uncharted seas—
The soul that had thought to win
And be free—
The soul of which she was part,
And there in the dusk she cried to the man:
"Win your battle—you can—you can."

Helping and loving and guiding—
Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding
Deep in her quiet breast—
This is the woman who kept him,
True to his standards lost,
When tossed in the storm and stress
And strife,
He thought himself through with
The game of life
And ready to pay the cost,
Watching and guarding and whispering still,
"Win—you can—and I know you will."

This is the story of ages—
This is the woman's way—
Wiser than seers or sages,
Lifting us day by day—
Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's pathway wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him—
Guardian, comrade and golden spur,
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief—
Your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—
The woman who understands.

It is probably that I was selected to speak music, because, not knowing one note from another, I have no prejudice on the subject.
All I can say is, that I know what I like, and to tell the truth, I like every kind, enjoy it all, from the hand organ to the orchestra.
Knowing nothing of the science of music, I am not always looking for defects, or listening for discords. As the young robin cheerfully swallows whatever comes, I

hear with gladness all that is played.
Music has been, I suppose, a gradual growth, subject to the law of evolution; as nearly everything, with the possible exception of theology, has been and is under this law.

Music may be divided into three kinds: First, the music of simple time, without any particular emphasis—and this may be called the music of the heels; second, music in which time is varied, in which there is the eager haste and the delicious delay, that is, the fast and slow, in accordance with our feelings, with our emotions—and this may be called music of the heart; third, the music that includes time and emphasis, the hastening and the delay, and sometimes in addition, that produces not only states of feeling, but states of thought. This may be called the music of the head—the music of the brain.

Music expresses feeling and thought, without language. It is below and before speech, and it is above and beyond all words. Beneath the waves is the sea—above the clouds is the sky.
Before man found a name any thought, or thing, he had hopes and fears and passions, and these were rudely expressed in tones.

Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that music was born of love. Had there never been any human affection, there never could have been uttered a strain of music. Possibly some mother, looking in the eye of her babe, gave the first melody to the enraptured air.

I am not saying that music was not produced before Wagner, but I am simply endeavoring to show the steps that have been taken. It was necessary that all the music should have been written, in order that the greatest might be produced. The same is true of the drama. Thousands and thousands prepared the way for the supreme dramatist, as millions paved the way for the supreme composer.

When I read Shakespeare, I am astonished that he has expressed so much with common words, to which he gives new meaning; and so when I hear Wagner, I exclaim: Is it possible that all this done with common air?

In Wagner's music there is a touch of chaos that suggests the infinite. The melodies seem strange and changing forms, like summer clouds, and weird harmonies come like sounds from the sea brought by fitful winds and others moan like waves on desolate shores, and mingled with these are shouts of joy, with sighs and sobs and ripples of laughter, and the wondrous voices of eternal love.

Wagner is the Shakespeare of music.
The funeral march of Siegfried is the funeral music for all the dead. Should all the gods die this music would be perfectly appropriate. It is elemental, universal, eternal.

The love music in Tristan and Isolde is, like Romeo and Juliet, an expression of the human heart for all time. So the love-duet in The Flying Dutchman has in it the consecration, the infinite self-denial of love. The whole heart is given, every note has wings, and rises and pulses like an eagle in the heaven of sound.

When I listen to the music of Wagner, I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine, with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the white-caps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange spasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued form.
Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and

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.

such is the difference between what we are and that which music suggests, that even in the case of joy we find some fears.

The music of Wagner has color, and when I hear the violins, the morning seems to slowly come. A horn puts a star above the horizon. The night, in the purple hum of the bass, wanders away like some enormous bee across wide fields of dead clover. The light grows whiter as the violins increase. Colors come from other instruments, and then the full orchestra floods the world with day.

Wagner seems not only to give us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The horns run riot; the drums and cymbals join in the general joy; the old bass viola are alive with passion; the cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine fury, and the notes rush out as eager for the air as pardoned prisoners, for the roads and fields.

The music of Wagner is filled with landscape. There are some strains like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory; not only for the present, but for prophecy.

Wagner was a sculptor, a painter, in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world, ceased. His music will instruct and refine for ever.

All that I know about the operas of Wagner I have learned from Anton Seldi. I believe that he is the noblest, tenderest and the most artistic interpreter of the great composer that has ever lived.—Ingersoll.

SURPRISE PARTY

Last Saturday evening the Sons of Norway gave a very delightful surprise party for John King, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Grandell in Bunker Hill, there being a very large number present. During the evening, several vocal and instrumental numbers were contributed for the entertainment of the guests. Games and conversation and music filled the hours until a late hour when refreshments were served.

Among those present were the following:
Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Knudsen, Mr. and Mrs. Axel Erick-



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BIRTHDAY PARTY
VerDean, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Harvey entertained five little friends Thursday afternoon the occasion being her fourth birthday. The children spent the time in games of various descriptions and late in the afternoon, the hostess' mother served the guests' dainty birthday refreshments, including the cake which was decorated with candies. Vera Dean's guests were Eleanor Schroeder, Ruth Galbraith, and John and William Elliott.

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY
Little Miss Louise Thomas was hostess at a children's party Thursday afternoon, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Thomas, in honor of her third birthday, the little guests all being accompanied by their mothers.
The hours were passed delightfully by the little tots in childish games, and late in the afternoon, Mrs. Thomas served a dainty birthday luncheon with the usual cake and appropriate number of candies in evidence. The children present were: Louise Peck, Barbara and Adelaide Laraway, Jane Sullivan, Helen and Warren Reid, Otis Rogers, Harry Gettins, Florence and Marion Kardell, Audrey Lyons, Evelyn Kennedy, Renauld Morrow, and Louise Thomas. The following ladies were also present: Mrs. C. R. Peck, Mrs. R. E. Laraway, Mrs. J. T. Sullivan, Mrs. W. A. Reid, Mrs. A. O. Rogers, Mrs. F. K. Gettins, Mrs. Wm. Kardell, Mrs. J. S. Lyons, Mrs. W. H. Kennedy, Mrs. R. W. Morrow, and Mrs. Thomas.

FOR MISS STACK

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. A. J. M. Robertson entertained at five tables of five hundred for the pleasure of Miss Frances Stack and in honor of her birthday. The home of the host and hostess presented a very pretty appearance arranged in the color scheme of green and yellow, with daffodils and greens predominating. The evening was spent delightfully in five hundred following which at a late hour the hostess, assisted by Mrs. J. E. Stack and Miss Helen Stack, served a dainty luncheon to the following guests: Misses Marjorie Cowan, Eva Dresser, Margaret Ann Volz, Irene, Margaret and Frances Stack, Frances Franse, Margaret Robertson and Messrs. Del Bengston, Walter Butler, Halbert Carlisle, Emmet and John Stack, Oren Burrows, V. A. Johnson, S. J. Leland, St. Pierris, J. E. Stack and A. J. M. Robertson.

GENERA CLUB

Mrs. Henry Ross entertained the Genera Club at her home Thursday afternoon at a delightful session of sewing and social chat and later served a delicious luncheon to special guests Mrs. J. O. Langworthy and the members, Mrs. George Gulovsen, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Mrs. Fred Smith and Mrs. Henry O'Mara, who will entertain the club at the next meeting in two weeks.

A. N. W. CLUB

Mrs. W. P. Murphy very pleasantly entertained the ladies of the A. N. W. Club and special guest Mrs. A. V. Bowlay and little daughter, Marian Nancy, of San Francisco, at her home on North Broadway, Thursday afternoon.

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noon. The time was taken up as usual in sewing and chat and late in the afternoon, the hostess served a dainty luncheon. The members out this week were: Mrs. F. E. Allen, Mrs. Olivia Edman, Mrs. Lily Friedberg, Mrs. J. T. Harrigan, Mrs. Frances Hazard, Mrs. Alexandra Lando, Mrs. Kate Lando, Mrs. E. Mings, Mrs. George F. Murch, Mrs. Mary McKnight, Mrs. C. F. McKnight, Mrs. Nancy Noble, Mrs. David Nelson, Mrs. E. O'Connell, Mrs. H. Quist, Mrs. Charles Stauff and Mrs. Annie Tower.
The club will meet again next Thursday with Mrs. Mary McKnight as hostess.

CHILDREN'S PARTY
On Wednesday afternoon, Carl Juth, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Juth, of Commercial avenue celebrated his ninth birthday with a delightful party, his guests including quite a number of his boy and girl friends who joined happily in a long afternoon of outdoor games and frolics. Toward evening the guests were summoned into the house where a tempting repast of ice cream, cakes, candies, etc., was spread on small tables, around which the party gathered and chatted while they partook of the dainties. The rooms were prettily arranged with greens and daffodils. Those at the party were Misses Margaret Stauff, Vera Albrecht, Helen Flanagan, Madge Stutsman, Ena McKeown and Masters Johnnie Butler, Joey McKeown, Wilder Immel, Melvin Johnson, Frederick Schetter, Albert Back, Ira and Richard Jones, Ross Knotts, George Kely, Herbert Lewis, Buster Sullivan and Carl Juth.

THIMBLE CLUB SHOWER

Mrs. W. Hendrix and little baby were given a delightful gift shower yesterday afternoon by the ladies of the North Bend Thimble Club at the home of Mrs. E. E. Riggs in North Bend. Both mother and baby were presented with many pretty and useful gifts among which was a baby book which the club presented to the new arrival. The Riggs' home was prettily decorated with greens and spring flowers. The regular business meeting was held, during which time, the retiring president, Mrs. George Mandigo and the past president, Mrs. A. H. Derbyshire, who was the first president of the club, were each presented with a gold thimble. Late in the afternoon, the hostess served a delicious luncheon. Special guests present were: Mrs. P. Peterson and Miss Goldie Riggs, and the members out were: Mrs. H. E. Burmester Mrs. M. G. Coleman and baby Mrs. A. H. Derbyshire, Mrs. M. E. Everett Mrs. F. E. Glazier, Mrs. J. H. Greves, Mrs. W. Hendrix and two babies, Mrs. S. S. Jennings, Mrs. Fred Kruse, Mrs. Jay Linden and baby, Mrs. George Mandigo, Mrs. J. G. Mullen, Mrs. A. E. Rose, Mrs. William Vaughan, Mrs. V. E. Watters, Mrs. C. S. Kaiser, and the hostess, Mrs. Riggs.
The club will meet again in two weeks with Mrs. Jay Linden.

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