

# We Want to Call Your Attention

## To Our Complete Line of CHRISTMAS GOODS

Our stock this season is larger and more complete than ever before.

And we are able to give the best values ever offered—as we took the opportunity last Spring of ordering direct from the factory.

### Our Holiday Line

Is too large to enumerate—but we have presents for everyone—old or young. All the latest books of fiction—and TOYS of every description—Fountain pens at all prices, from \$1 to \$15.00. Everything will be found here and we are always glad to help you in your selections. We especially wish the attention of those desirous of sending away presents to friends—And would like to fill their orders in time to insure arrival before Christmas.

# NORTON & HANSEN

FRONT STREET

### Two Good Policies



to have is one upon your Life and the other upon your Property. You are then protected in a double sense, and your family is also protected in case anything should happen to you, or the house burn down by accident. The cost of either Fire or Life Insurance is infinitesimal in comparison with its great blessings and the actual, substantial protection it affords to both you and your posterity.

For particulars see HENRY SENGSTACKEN, OF

### Title Guarantee & Abstract Co.

### Farmers Attention

For the following grass seed give us a trial.

- ORCHARD GRASS
- ITALIAN RYE
- RED CLOVER
- TIMOTHY

C. W. WOLCOTT  
THE FAMILY GROCER  
PHONE 971.

Front St. Marshfield.

THOMASON & HANSON

—DEALERS IN—  
'Hay Grain and Feed'  
Free Delivery Phone 1751

## Quality and Prices

Are the twin foundation stones on which our growing business is built?

- FIRST—The best meat that can be produced.
- SECOND—The lowest prices at which it can be sold.

HERE ARE A FEW FIGURES:

Beef, per lb..... 8 to 15c	Pork sausage, per lb..... 10c
Mutton, per lb. 10, 12½ and 15c.	Hamburger, per lb..... 10c
Veal, per lb. .10, 12½ and 15c.	Good Hams and Bacon, per pound..... 18 to 20c.
Corned beef, per lb. . . . 8 to 10c.	Pork, per lb. . . . 12½ and 15c.
	5 Pounds pall best lard, . . . 65c.

### The CITY MARKET

R. H. NOBLE

Phone 1941 FRONT AND 'C' STREETS, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

# Malthoid Roofing

Mr. A. L. Baird, Gen. Mgr. Princes Court Proprietary, Limited, Melbourne, writes as follows: "I have much pleasure in informing you that the Malthoid lining of our Chute Lake has proved, after three months' severe testing, highly successful, and, as far as I can judge, is entirely watertight, the only loss of water appearing to be from evaporation and splashing."

The Paraffine Paint Co. San Francisco California  
C. E. NICHOLSON, Local Distributor

## Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye.

### THEY KILLED THE GIRL.

Kathleen Sheehan, aged twenty-three, of New York city killed herself because her mates mimicked her speech.

Kathleen was a slip of a lass who came from the old sod recently and brought her mellifluous tongue with her. She broadened "meat" into "mate" and rolled her "rs" with a rich burr. Only ignorance would have failed to catch and admire the delightful accent.

The girl had a tender heart, the mobile temperament of her people and was timid and sensitive.

She first found employment at a dressmaker's. She chanced to say something about "woruck." The girls tittered, and one of them said, "You mean 'woyck,' don't you?" When Kathleen understood she was having fun poked at her she took it much to heart and left the place.

She engaged herself at a department store. Laughter greeted her utterances. The teasing wounded her spirit. She worked hard to learn the correct pronunciation of English, but her labor was mostly in vain. She could not easily twist her Limerick tongue.

Kathleen went to another shop only to endure similar torment. She brooded. Her once smiling face grew sad. One day she told her relatives she had insured her life.

"Why?" they asked.  
"I might die," she said, with a far-away look. "The money would be for you."

The last Sunday the poor lass dressed herself in her best clothes and went to a park. Here she stayed all day and all that night. She was debating the old, old query, "TO BE OR NOT TO BE?" What torture to the distraught brain and tender, sensitive soul! She was passing through her Gethsemane, poor child!

Monday morning at dawn she went to a clump of bushes and swallowed carbolic acid. A policeman found her writhing on the ground. In the ambulance on the way to the hospital she gasped:

"They'll never make fun av me again." Then she died.

No, no, lassie; they'll never make fun of you again. And if they only knew how they had hounded your poor little body into the grave most bitterly sorry would they be.

YOU SEE, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KILL A POOR GIRL. And your hisping brogue, Kathleen, will not trouble you in the kinder land where you have gone. They speak neither English nor dialects there. There is only one language in heaven—a language used too little on the earth.

It is the language of tenderness and love.

### WE DON'T KNOW MUCH.

It behooves the scientist to sing low these days. Heretofore he has been rather too dogmatic. If, for instance—Radium may be changed into helium then some of the "well settled principles of science" are knocked into smithereens. The discovery of radium itself was a hard blow.

Truth is a powerful wedge. It splits theory logs smack open. The prating of the sure enough who is certain of his conclusions is often made to sound like the puerile prattling of a child talking in the dark.

A learned professor—Haeckel—in his book "Riddle of the Universe" takes several kinds of kinks out of the boastful know-all.

He says we don't know much. And comes mighty near proving it. He says we play at putting up big things—high buildings, great bridges, huge engines and such. But he says we do not know even a little bit about how to prevent murder, suicide, theft and poverty.

He hits us hard there. We boast of our civilization and point to its indices—railroads, machines, news transmitters, etc.

Why, Diogenes made fun of that sort of "progress" 2,000 years ago. He got out his tub and rolled it through the streets of Athens and said, "That is all there is to your boasted progress"—simply making the wheels go round.

Haeckel says we don't know much about a man. We don't know where he got either his mind or his body. We don't know very much about how he can best use either body or mind.

We don't know very much about the proper relation of men to government. Our political economy stops short of the problem of distribution.

Haeckel says we know scarcely anything about the prevention of crime. Sin and suffering are problems as serious as in David's time.

He tells us it is the fault of our educational system that we do not know more. He says our education skips the really important things.

Maybe. Anyway we don't know much.

Mesdemoiselles LeMas and Lizette, direct from Paris, will appear at the Opera House FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, after act 2.

"Uncle Josh" will be in town FRIDAY.

"Uncle Josh" FRIDAY, December 11 at MASONIC Opera House.

## How a Wife Finds Out Secrets From Her Husband

"There, now, I've told you!" said the married man. "I know I should not have done so, but you've coaxed until I had to. Now you know all about it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I don't see why you shouldn't tell me," said his spouse.

"It wasn't my secret," said the man, sadly. "That's the point, as I told you. It's Brown's secret. He confided in me as a man of honor. He trusted me, and now I've betrayed his confidence."

"Nonsense!" said the woman. "If he expected you to keep things from your wife he ought to be ashamed of himself. If he keeps secrets from Mrs. Brown I've got my opinion of him. But what I don't understand—"

"I know. You don't understand," said the man. "You women never do. Certainly he expected when I said that I wouldn't tell a living soul that I would keep my word. He didn't think I was so weak that I would let you twist me around your little finger and worm the whole thing out of me."

"Why, how you do talk!" said the woman. "It isn't as if you had gone around telling everybody. That would be different."

"Would it?" said the married man. "Of course, it would," replied his wife. "I should hope it would. But it seems to me that you're making a great fuss about nothing."

"I know you don't consider it anything," said the man. "I have always been accustomed to regard a confidence as sacred, though. How do you suppose I'm going to look Brown in the face when I next meet him? What do you suppose that he will think of me when he learns that I've broken faith with him?"

"In the first place, I don't see how

he's going to learn anything of the kind," said the woman. "In the second place, you haven't told me a word of—"

"Do you think I can depend upon you not to say anything about it to any of your friends?" asked the man, anxiously.

"Do you suppose I'd dream of such a thing after you've told me not to mention it? But, for that matter, I don't see why—"

"You won't whisper it?"  
"No, of course, I won't, but—"  
"Not if Mrs. Jamleson comes around with a choice tid-bit of gossip and gets all swelled up over it?"

"You know I wouldn't. Now, Henry, I want you to stop talking a moment and let me get in a word. What I want to know is—"

"Of course, she'll say that she'll never breathe a word of it," said the man, disregarding her plea. "All the same, you mustn't trust her. Remember, now. Not a word of it, or a hint."

"I don't see what there is to be, so secret about," said the woman. "I won't say anything about it if you don't want me to, but it seems absurd. What would it matter, if anybody in the place knew it? It would not hurt anybody, so far as I can see. I should think Mr. Brown would tell everybody himself. It's to his advantage to have it known. It will advertise his business."

"I wonder!" said the married man, musingly.

"You wonder what?"  
"I wonder if that isn't the idea Brown had when he told me. I expect he knows had hard it is for me to keep anything from you."

"You're a mean old thing," said the woman. "I don't believe it's any secret at all, and I don't believe you would have told me if it had been."

—Chicago News.

## Place Criminals on Farms, Not In Jails.

By Professor C. R. HENDERSON of the University of Chicago.

WHEN THE DEVIL WANTS TO MAKE A MAN A CRIMINAL ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TO KEEP HIM IN IDLENESS AND LET HIM ASSOCIATE WITH CRIMINALS. WE MAY TALK ALL WE WANT TO ABOUT PROGRESSIVENESS, BUT WE HAVE LITTLE RIGHT TO BOAST AS LONG AS OUR JAILS ARE LEFT SO OLD FASHIONED AND BARBAROUS.

The jail is no place for serving a sentence. If the offense is felonious the man should be sent to the penitentiary, and if not he should be put out on a farm. Cooped up in the jail he does nothing but play cards and make the acquaintance of men who sooner or later drag him down. The farm has been tried successfully in Switzerland, in Holland and in Cleveland, O.

Industry in the lockup is a prime necessity. NOT ONLY SHOULD MEN AND WOMEN BE GIVEN EMPLOYMENT WHILE SERVING A SENTENCE, BUT THEY SHOULD ALSO BE KEPT BUSY BEFORE CONVICTION. Many of those arrested are poor and would be willing to earn money while waiting for their trial. In some cases men are confined in the county jail almost a year. With no employment to pass the time THIS BECOMES A PUNISHMENT THAT IS NEARLY INHUMAN.

All cells should be arranged so that every prisoner could have a separate compartment and that every one should have a window through which the rays of the sun came directly.

THE PROPOSITION IS NOT A MERE THEORY. IT HAS BEEN UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED IN EUROPE, AND WE HAVE IT IN SOME MEASURE HERE. WE TAKE THE KIND OF CARE OF OUR PIGS AND OTHER LIVE STOCK. WHY SHOULDN'T WE DO AS MUCH FOR OUR HUMAN BEINGS?

### SNAKE SERVES AS FUR PIECE

Dogs, cats and other quadrupeds are entirely too conventional as pets for Mrs. Maude Coleman; she likes snakes. She has liked them ever since she was a little girl. Residents in the vicinity of her home who did not know Mrs. Coleman and her strange fancy were surprised to see her calmly strolling down the street with a snake nearly nine feet long draped around her neck instead of the usual fur boa worn at this time of the year. Mrs. Coleman has had pet snakes in her home for years, but she has only one now. She is as fond of it as any one could be of a pet dog or cat. In her lifelong study and association with the reptiles Mrs. Coleman has discovered that they are affectionate and have a good memory for people, places and things.—Wilwaukee Sentinel.

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Steamer BREAKWATER sails from Coos Bay for Portland SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, at 12, NOON.

"Uncle Josh" FRIDAY, December 11 at MASONIC Opera House.

### NO TRACE OF THIEVES.

Portland Police Unable to Find Clue to Bank Robbers.  
(By Associated Press.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 9.—The police have been unable to find any clue to the bank robbers who secured \$16,500 from the Eastside bank the night before last.

The summer girl can't laugh in her sleeve because of the absence thereof, but she may make a hit with her funny-bone.

According to statistics recently issued by the executive committee of the Grape Growers' association for the first time California's wine production was greater than that of Germany last year. California produced 55,000,000 gallons of wine, while Germany produced only 50,180,000 gallons.

See "UNCLE JOSH" and enjoy a good laugh Friday.

WHEAT \$2.00 at Haines.

Two hours of solid fun. See "Uncle Josh" FRIDAY at MASONIC Opera House.

## Have You Tried the Want Ads?