

Santa Says



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WILL HELP YOU SOLVE THE QUESTION OF WHAT TO GIVE.

A FINE PAIR OF

SHOES or CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

WILL BE JUST THE THING.

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FRONT STREET.

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WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE

FRUIT CAKE

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CREAM CAKE

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MACAROONS AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH GRADE PASTRY.

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ZWEIBACH.

Coos Bay Bakery

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The best chance in Marshfield to get a suitable Xmas present. — AUG. FRIZEEN, 68 Central Ave. Marshfield, carries a full line of Fancy Candy boxes, Fancy Stationery, Souvenir Boxes of Cigars, and also the best tree trimmings. Pipes a specialty.

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We do all kinds of transfer work. Trunks and baggage a specialty. Good covered wagon, everything kept dry, meet all boats and trains daily. Good and prompt service guaranteed. Give us a trial.

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142 BROADWAY — OPPOSITE TIMES' OFFICE.

Women Suffer Agonies from Diseased Kidneys

And Most Women Do This Not Knowing the Real Cause of their Condition

These poor, suffering women have been led to believe that their misery of mind and body is entirely due to "ills of their sex." Usually the kidneys and bladder are responsible—or largely so. And in such cases, the kidneys and bladder are the organs, that need and must have attention.

Those torturing, enervating sick headaches, dragging pains in back, groin and limbs, bloating and swelling of the extremities, extreme nervousness or hysteria, listlessness and constant tired, worn-out feeling—are almost certain symptoms of disordered and diseased kidneys, bladder and liver.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have, in thousands of cases, been demonstrated as remarkably beneficial in all such conditions of female organism—affording the most prompt relief and permanent benefit.

As an illustration of what these Pills will do, Mrs. P. M. Bray of Columbus, Ga., writes that she was very ill with kidney trouble, and that she is now well—and that these Pills are what cured her.

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E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill., want every man and woman who have the least suspicion that they are afflicted with kidney and bladder diseases to at once write them, and a trial box of these Pills will be sent free, by return mail post-paid. Do it to-day.

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Two 50-foot lots in South Marshfield. Good Bay view, \$1,000.

6-Room house and 50-foot corner lot on graded street, \$1,450.

New house close in, and 50-foot lot. Good Bay view. Will pay 15 to 20 per cent interest on the investment. Price, \$1,300.

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I. S. KAUFMAN & CO.

(Across from Chamber of Commerce.)

LIPS THAT CARESS A STOGIE,
SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE
SMOKE A

DERBY

Cash For Hides

C. F. McGEORGE

178 Broadway South, Marshfield

FOR SALE—New "Home Comfort"

hotel range, good as new, cost \$150. Will sell at half price. See W. K. Wiseman, opposite Times'.

AN UP TO DATE SANTA CLAUS

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

PAUL FLETCHER was in the drawing room waiting for Lida to come. Lida lived with her brother, and every time Fletcher called to see her either the brother's wife or his children were in the room, so there was never a chance to say anything to her alone.

At last, however, his opportunity had come. It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Safford and the children had gone to her mother's for several days.

Now, with Lida left at home with the two servants and her brother not coming till evening, Fletcher could say to her those things he had been longing to say, but which he could not bring himself to write in a letter nor to declare before the assembled family.

At length, after what seemed a very long waiting, some one was coming. He stood up and looked eagerly toward the doorway. The portiere was thrust aside, and in walked Teddy—Teddy, who, in Fletcher's opinion, was the worst pill in the whole box as far as staying power and keen observation were concerned.

"Hello, Teddy," he said, not very cordially. "I thought you had gone to spend Christmas with your grandma."

"I didn't go," said Teddy.

"Do you expect a visit from Santa Claus tonight?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," wearily. "I'd just like to see him, though." His manner grew more animated.

"Why, what would you do?"

"I'd tell him what I think of him."

"And what is that?"

"Oh, that I think he's a fraud! Pretending he comes in a sleigh when the ground has been bare for a month! And reindeer too! Who does he think is going to believe that? Why doesn't he come on a bicycle?"

"His fur overcoat would be rather in the way," said Fletcher gravely. "And



SANTA CLAUS STOOD BEFORE HIM.

he's pretty old, too, and maybe does not know how to ride, and, besides, how would he bring the presents?"

"What's the use of presents, anyway? I never have anything that's any good."

"I think you have the blues today," said Fletcher, and then he did not speak again, though Teddy tried to draw him out.

He seemed to be in a brown study, and nothing roused him till Lida came in, and even then he did not say much and stayed only a short time.

It was in the evening that a card was brought to Teddy. On it was written "Santa Claus." Teddy's eyes sparkled. "Tell him to come in," he said grandly.

A moment later Santa Claus stood before him, a tall, fur clad figure with flowing hair and beard. Teddy shook hands and introduced the guest to his aunt.

"Did you find it good sleighing?" Teddy asked. "And how are the reindeer?"

"I did not come on runners, young man," said Santa Claus. "Perhaps you did not know that there is no snow on the ground."

"Bicycle?" asked Teddy.

"No, I came in a motor carriage."

"A motor carriage?" cried Teddy incredulously. Then he ran to the window and looked out. "It is, Aunt Lida," he said excitedly, coming back. "You can see it just as plain out under the electric light."

"I did not bring you any presents," said Santa Claus, "as I heard you did not care for them, but I would like to take you for a little ride, if your aunt will go too. I came early, for your aunt at the clock, so that I can get back and attend to the boys and girls who like to have presents."

"Of course we will go," said Teddy promptly. "I have never been in a motor carriage."

In a few moments the three were on their way, well protected from the cold, bracing air by an abundance of furs and wraps. There was no moon, but after the lighted streets of the town were past the stars shone down on them brightly.

Teddy was wild with delight, and his tongue ran on rapidly. At length there were occasional pauses, then longer ones interrupted by disjointed remarks. Finally there was total silence. Fletcher bent over so that he could see the child's face; then he looked at Lida and smiled.

They went on for a little in silence. Fletcher was trying to compose his speech.

"I don't know how to say it," he burst out desperately at length. "I keep forgetting how I look, and if I say it the way I want to it will be perfectly ridiculous. And yet I must say it, for I may never have another chance."

She was looking at him, her startled eyes dark and luminous in the starlight.

"Perhaps you do not need to say it," she said gently.

"Do you mean that you understand without my telling you?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she answered very low.

When they reached the house Fletcher took Teddy in his arms and carried him in. He laid him gently on the couch in the hall and turned away, thinking the child still slept.

"I can stop only a moment," Fletcher said. "Is it late?"

At that instant Teddy sat bolt upright, staring about him wildly. He caught sight of his father in an adjoining room.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and shrill. "Oh, papa, Santa Claus is kissing Aunt Lida!"—Boston Herald.

THAT CHRISTMAS PIE.

Confession of the Sinner Who Doctored the Mince-meat.

It had been our family custom to put brandy in all the mince pies and to put in at Christmas time a sufficient amount to enable the partakers thereof to detect that there was really something in it. It often went so far as to deserve the remark of my grandfather that we put mince pie in our brandy. With this as the family precedent, imagine the consternation when it was learned that Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, our new minister and an avowed teetotaler, had accepted mother's invitation to Christmas dinner. A vote was taken at the family table (we were a democratic household, and it was decided that out of respect to our guest the brandy would be omitted from the big mince pie.

Now, each of us in his heart of hearts felt that the pie would be improved if just a wee bit of brandy were added. So I, for one, resolved to do the deed. Accordingly I sought out the big stone crock in which reposed the mince-meat and poured in what I thought was a moderate quantity of brandy.

It's wonderful how true is the adage about great minds running in similar channels, for every other member of the family, including my father, surreptitiously did the same thing. Later we figured that the mince-meat must have been treated to high unto a quart. Mother reserved her brandy until Christmas day, when, before the pie was baked, she added a generous amount of the strong stuff.

With hearts as high as the flaky pie crust itself we all watched mother carve that pie and serve it.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, because of an expressed fondness for pie, was given a big portion.

No sooner had we tasted of the fine dish than we discovered that that pie was nothing short of a small sized distillery. It was brandied as no other pie had been since the birth of time. You can imagine the cold chills which went round the festive board as we watched the Rev. Jeremiah begin to eat. I believe I actually shivered as the first forkful went mouthward.

The first mouthful was followed by a second and the second by a third. Finally he had finished the whole portion, and he settled back in his chair. We saw he was a bit embarrassed and expected a real old fashioned temperance lecture right then and there.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins cleared his throat, and, turning to mother, said: "Ah—er—my good sister, permit me to compliment you upon the excellence of this pie. It has a most delicious flavor. I confess I never tasted anything like it. Would you think me overbold if I asked for another piece?"—New York Mail and Express.

Bear Up Gracefully.

Don't take the tone that you are "cut up" if some one for whom you have nothing gives you a present. The thing is not supposed to be a matter of bargaining. Preserve a decent gentleness of a Christmas spirit and repay the obligation, not by a tardy responding gift, but in some other way at some other time, if you want to.

A Polish Custom.

Peasant lads in the villages of Poland have a pretty Christmas custom which affords great delight not only to themselves, but to the other villagers. This is called the procession of the star. At Christmas time the boys make a large hollow star, two or three feet between points, lighted from the interior. This is carried aloft at the end of a pole or staff. It symbolizes the star of Bethlehem. The three wise men of the East—Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar—are impersonated by boys. Others in the party bear a little puppet show cabinet, in which are performed the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents appropriate to the occasion. From house to house around the village this procession trudges in the snow at night singing carols, and the villagers present the boys with small coins as Christmas gifts.

For the Iconoclast.

Don't let your little ones into the secret that Santa Claus is an impostor. Let them figure out for themselves how a fat man with a big pack can get into the parlor grate through the chimney of a modern house heated by steam. Imagination is a quality desirable to cultivate.

OUR CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS

I NEVER shall forget our Christmas dinner in a construction camp in the year 1900, said a former Coloradoan. We were building a reservoir out on the plains about ten miles east of Pueblo. We had 150 men on the job, all white men.

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man—450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant trouble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking their fists in the air and yelling with one steady, hoarse, prolonged yell. I went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax, crazy mad. I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkali plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran in behind the cook, tripped him and the minute he was down had a rope around him.

"Hang him, hang him!" they roared and started off with him to the meat pole.

In all my life I never was so scared as I was that day. I didn't care in the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet civilization rose up in me, and I knew I had to save him. I ran like a deer to get around the crowd and reach the meat pole first, and all the while I



BRANDISHING A MEAT AX.

ran I was cursing the cook. When they got to the meat pole they found me on a box facing them with a gun.

"What do you want?" they roared.

"Get quiet," said I.

Those in front called out, "Shut up!" When they were still I said: "Boys, I'm sorry this thing has happened. It's my fault for not watching this fool closer. But we can wash those turkeys and have a good dinner yet if some of you'll turn in and help me. They aren't hurt any. As for this scum of a cook, I don't care any more about him than you do. But I'm in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go ahead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to kill me first. Now go ahead."

I waited, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I said to the man that held the rope, "Untie him." He did it. "Get out of here," I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmas dinner. The men were still silent and sullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me if the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the cooking I'd ever seen my mother do, and thanked God when I found that one of the men could make pies and another soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we had the best dinner the camp could turn out, boiled turkey, boiled potatoes, canned squash, canned corn, canned peaches, dried apple pie, hot biscuit and coffee.—New York Press.

Kansas reports 2,000 babies short this year. All other crops were up to the average, however.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years a doctor pronounced it a local disease and pre-eribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They suffer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Sold by Druggists, 70c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.