



Two Stores Opposite Chandler Hotel Opposite Blanco Hotel

Santa Claus Headquarters

Two Stores Opposite Chandler Hotel Opposite Blanco Hotel

Our two stores this year are better supplied than ever with Christmas Gifts for all members of the family, and our 26 YEARS EXPERIENCE has given us a good many different ideas in suggesting gifts for him or her, or all members of the family. In order to save you a little time and worry we will suggest the following for all ages.

<p>Mother</p> <p>Books Stationery Bible Toilet Sets Hand Bags Umbrellas</p> 	<p>Father</p> <p>Books Cigars Ash Trays Shaving Sets Pipes Fountain Pens Military Brushes</p>	<p>Sister</p> <p>Books Stationery Work Box Umbrellas</p> 	<p>Brother</p> <p>Books Ash Trays Shaving Sets Pipes Fountain Pens Watches</p>	<p>The Baby</p> <p>Books Dolls Rattles Wagons Everything in the Toy line.</p> 	<p>Sweetheart</p> <p>Books Stationery Box Xmas Candy Toilet Sets Hand Bags</p>
--	--	--	---	--	---

Myrtle Wood Souvenirs Are Suitable for Any One

Your Holiday Shopping Is Not Complete Until You Have Visited the TOY DEALERS of Coos County

NORTON & HANSEN Stationery Company



OBSERVATIONS OF A "STROLLER."

GANDERONE'S FORECAST FOR DECEMBER

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Thought to steal another one,
But when, with bacon 40 cents,
He thought upon the consequence,
And what he probably would get
In case he landed in the net,
The lawyers he would have to hire
To save him from the butcher's fire,
The money Cudahy would spend
To push it to the bitter end,
The merciless concern of Swift
To see he was not set adrift,
The sum that Armour, if he fled,
Would offer for him live or dead,
And how the unforgiving Just
For vengeance would move the trust
To make example of him lest
Some other piper's son protest
Against pork chops at thirty flat,
And pickled pigs' feet selling at
Six-bits a dozen, souse a bit,
And sausage even close to it—
When Tom considered it, in brief,
And also how much more a thief
He would be this time than before,
He whely passed the butcher's door,
Rejoiced that self had stood the test,
And went on hoping for the best.

December is from the Latin decem, meaning ten. It was originally the tenth month of the year, but owing to the widespread unpreparedness for Christmas it has been shoved along from time to time, until it occurs now as far back as we have been able to get it. Caesar, who was in the habit of making each of his soldiers some kind of a present, even suggested pushing it further along still and having about fifteen months

In the year, but the Roman merchants protested that it was impossible to sell holiday goods except in very cold weather, and Brutus, Cassius and several other Roman business men finally stabbed him.

The custom of giving presents was originated by the Greeks, and they had such a faculty for getting the better of it when they exchanged presents with anyone that the expression "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts!" became historic. It was on a Christmas day when all the Greeks were showing what they had gotten and were laughing about it that Diogenes, who made a practice of critiquing the national faults in some amusing way, set out on his famous search for an honest man. The Persians one time resorted to arms in an effort to get their presents back, but they were badly defeated at the battle of Marathon, and no serious attempt to get presents back has ever been made from that time to this.

The colt will burrow in the stack, and the festive colt will arch his back and gambol at a fearful gait to make his ichor circulate. The bear will slumber in his bed and dream that Roosevelt is dead, and the Winter night will worry through with the wolf ki-yi-ing down the flue.

The wind will push against the door, and our old friend Boreas will roar and fill the winter night and fell with samples of his college yell. The price of eggs will feel imbued to beat the mark for altitude, and butter will cavort around about two miles above the ground.

O happy man that has his hold stocked up against the winter's cold, and has no urgent need to reckon how many storms may sweep his deck, Who has his scuppers bulging kraut

and all things ship-shape in and out, and all the products of his climate right at the port-holes all the time.

O happy day that fixed our pick upon this land and bade us stick our new-born colors in the ground and claim the country lying 'round! And cheers, moreover, one, two, three, for freedom's aborigine, who did not prove so awful stout but what we all could throw him out!

It is the place, and no mistake, for raising provender to bake, and giving freely of the least essential to a Christmas feast. A bug or so is on the job, and the weather frequently plays hob, but on the whole and in the sum we're dog-gone happy that we come.

On the 21st December the sun will cross the Tropic of Capricorn, which will give the trusts the ball on our five-yard line, one down to go. They will go over on the next play, and Mr. Rockefeller, who is playing greenback for the trusts this year, will kick goal. The feature of Christmas will be that Mr. Roosevelt won't have any. He isn't taking any chances of Santa Claus even handing him anything else this year.

Our Mr. Morgan will revert To hanging up his spacious shirt, And tying up the tail to pot Whatever Santa Claus has got. O woe is us! How tough it is To hang our stockings under his! But faith is hope, and hope is trust, And some fine day the tail will bust.

As many things have bust before, and bing! on the parlor floor will go the Christmas odds and ends with which his catch-em-all distends. The costly presents and the rare, and while we all grab here and there for

each his share of it the mirth of Santa Claus will fill the earth.

Those merry peals which rouse the dead will wake the echoes overhead, and laughter flavored with reproof reverberate around the roof. He never meant we should pervert the day with hanging up a shirt, nor ever thought, by any chance, of filling Rockefeller's pants.

A sockful each is all there is, and woe to him who takes for his a greater portion, hook or crook, than each originally took. For every person that descends to tying pants around the ends, and closing shirts around the base there is a reckoning to face.

The laws of Santa Claus are good, and in the end are what we would desire they were—that is to say that this is everybody's day. A single sock above the fire is all a body should require, and there before the glowing log nobody keen to be the hog.

In such a spirit was it said that all days are to get ahead except this one, which was designed for everyone to get behind. The merry holidays will come, and Santa, sliding on his tum, will belly buster to the grate, and do his best, at any rate.

What remains of Congress will exchange experiences at Washington during the month, and the man who sends Mr. Taft the biggest Christmas turkey will get a good outside job around the White House.

Then January will be here To cheer us now and then, And in the glad and new-born year We'll all swear off again.

Get what you want when you want it through The Times Want Ads.

Red WAGONS at MILNER'S.

HIS SEVEN STAGES.

- The seven stages of man:
- Listening wide-eyed to Santa Claus tales.
- Looking for Santa Claus.
- Disbelief in Santa Claus.
- Expecting gifts from relatives and friends.
- Making gifts.
- Sending Christmas cards.
- Playing Santa Claus.

Eleven Days to Xmas

DEC. 14

Have You Bought Mother's Present Yet?

NEWS OF BANDON.

Briefs of City-By-the-Sea As Told By The Recorder.

A quiet but very pretty wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, at 8 o'clock,

Wednesday evening, when B. P. Strauhal and Miss Edna Mills, two of Bandon's prominent young people were united in marriage, Rev. H. L. Grafous officiating.

IT RAINS.

It rains, 'tis just begun a summer's night,
It rains, the soft drops fall, the birds swing light.
"It rains."
The thirsty leaves and blades of grass
Reach eagerly for drops that pass
The chipmunk for its hole in flight
Chirps "Quick! it rains!"

It rains, the drops soon form in little rills,
It rains, the rills join rivers, the rivers fill.
It rains.
The rivers pour with angry rush—
Along the shore the tangled brush
Swing low their boughs, salute the hills
"Ah joy! It rains."

It rains, and so it always has
It rains, and may it never come to pass
(It rains.)
That Oregon, with all her wealth
Of clover fields, and all her health
Will crave more moisture for her grass.
It always rains.
MYRTLE INEZ COLLVER.

Save money by patronizing The Times advertisers.

Save money by patronizing The Times advertisers.

Have your calling cards printed at The Times office.