

COOS BAY TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

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An Independent Republican newspaper published every evening except Sunday, and Weekly by The Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY.

One year \$6.00 Per month .50 When paid strictly in advance the subscription price of the Coos Bay Times is \$5.00 per year or \$2.50 for six months.

WEEKLY.

One year \$1.50

Official Paper of Coos County.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

Address all communications to COOS BAY DAILY TIMES,

Marshfield :: :: :: Oregon

And in the wassail that suspends All matters burthensome, We'll drink a health to good old friends, And good friends yet to come. But first, before our mentor chimes The hour of jubilee, Let's drink a health to good old times, And good times yet to be! And you, oh, friends, from West and East, And other foreign parts, Come share the rapture of our feast. The love of loyal hearts. —ANONYMOUS. MERRY CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS DAY.

OF OLD the heathens celebrated on a certain day each year the harvest that had come to them. Before the earth had sunk into its annual sleep it had brought forth enough of food to tide man and beast over until once more, its rest being over, it would put out its spring blooms, bring back the migratory birds that they might again raise their broods and fill the air with joyous songs, which were songs of praise for the return of the warm sunshine, at the same time songs of hope for the harvest that was to be. The people on this day poured out oblations and offered sacrifices to Zeus, to Hera to Ceres, to Hermes—the light of the sun—to the Horae, to Pomone—to all the gods and goddesses who annually, in one or another capacity, had brought their harvests. The festival was carried on in games and races and feasting—it was a time of unalloyed gladness for the blessings that had come, for the blessings hoped for.

But still the gladness was earth-born, the hope was limited to this life. But at last there came a day, the events of which were to dissolve the myths of the ages; to broaden the visions of men to beyond the stars; to give to man a dignity only a little below that of the angels, and to expand the narrow hopes that before had been so limited, to one that held eternal life in its scope. The story as told in the New Testament is a simple one, but no other statement inscribed in the writings of men is so fraught with grandeur, with majesty; or with a promise so blinding in its splendor. The simple words, "Peace on earth and to man good will," in their fullness, meant that a time was to come when wars were to cease; the "Fear not!" was, too, a promise that there was to come a time when pain was to be banished and the grave itself was to lose its darkness, and its chill. The soft light that shone around the shepherds was a symbol of that time to come when the universa should all be lighted and in the souls of men there should no longer be any dark thought; and when man, all his baser nature eliminated, should stand forth celestial in stat-

ure and in life immortal. No wonder that the morning stars on that morning sang together, all their golden axes attuned to a sublime anthem; no wonder the sons of God shouted for joy.

So the harvest festivals with oblations and sacrifices to unsubstantial gods, ceased and in their place came our Christmas festival. It is next to the most sacred day of all the year; the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace; the coming of the Immanuel; the anniversary of the day when the longing of the ages gave way to a fixed belief; a belief the sweetest and highest and most ennobling that ever came to bless poor mortality; for it brought the wireless messages of man's immortality and the certain promise that beyond this there is another life; where, while the ages ebb and flow, the soul may go on exploring, with ever increasing knowledge, ever increasing joy in contemplating the immeasurable power and wisdom and mercy of Him who framed the universe and "from whose hand, the centuries fall like grains of sand," out of whose mind men sprang and that the intention all the time was that he was to be blessed.

We have a right to hail the day, to put lights in our windows to welcome its coming; to fire the jule log even as our ancestors did and with music, with organ and harp and choir and joy bells, to hail its coming; with feasts to welcome it; with humble exultation to rejoice in it, for the blessings that are ours, for the hopes that were kindled and the promises that heaven and earth, God's messengers and God's stars united in a praise service when it was given us.

MERRY CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS UNINCORPORATED.

IF ANY one thing more noticeable than another ushered in the Christmas of this year it was the appearance of so many warnings against extravagance. The holiday shoppers, we truly believe, were never before so cautioned, so advised. One can imagine the conscientious follower of these instructions attempting to tether the temptation to buy, attempting to quell the spirit of kindness and generosity which goes with the season—and then, just as the hopeless sinner plunges from grace for the last time, opening the purse to its widest stretch and making an orgy out of the pursuit of presents.

In one of the short stories of O. Henry, a wife had cut her hair and sold it in order to present her husband with a watch-chain. The man had sold his watch that he might give the one he loved the best of all, a set of tortoise-shell combs he had learned she admired. "Let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest." The wonder and beauty of Christmas giving are in the giving, not in the nature of the gift alone. Nor need it mean sacrifice, but only that it carry good will and warmth of heart. Some of us must give with thought of how hard Jimmie is upon shoes, with counting of pennies that Aunt Susan be remembered or ancient friend and comrade saluted, but still the dull edge of provident giving is eased with little flights of extravagance, little soarings upon the wings of opulence, Jimmie is to have a bicycle as well as shoes, Aunt Susan a richer present by a dollar and friend something other than a Christmas card.

It will be a stupid holiday when we reduce its affairs to a formula. Christmas is beautiful because it is so marvelously stored with the sweetness of humanity, so free from that part of us which is selfish and cold and suspicious.

MERRY CHRISTMAS CARNEGIE'S GIFT.

THERE is something attractively audacious about Andrew Carnegie's newest benefaction—his gift of \$10,000,000 for the furtherance of international peace. This man pits his wealth against the greatest curse of the world—war. He pits his wealth against the oldest and deepest rooted practices of nations. He pits his wealth against the most stupendous prejudice and selfishness. What could be more audacious? The question suggests itself, what will this new foundation accomplish? Of course, it cannot bring about international peace in one year, nor in ten, nor perhaps in twenty. There will be many to say that it can never bring it to pass. And yet, with the spending of \$500,000 every year and year after year, for the promotion of this propaganda the world over, and in time, no doubt, other hundreds of thousands, some progress must follow. As the constant dropping of water will wear the hardest stone away, so the constant dropping of these Carnegie dollars upon the obstacles

to world-wide peace may wear them away, too.

But the gift is worth while and the effort to establish international peace will surely be worth while. Andrew Carnegie can seek poverty, as he is reputed to seek it. In no better way than in the promotion of such splendid objects.

MERRY CHRISTMAS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

IT IS beautiful that the growing wealth of Coos Bay enables everybody to gratify a taste for better things.

It is beautiful that the Christmas season is a season of plenty and even superfluity.

But it is well to remember that good cheer is not after all a matter of dollars and cents, nor even of coming business and swelling bank accounts.

There were just as merry Christmas greetings in the old days when the stockings had but little, and that little represented sacrifice.

In fact the older ones will feel inclined to pity those who are growing up without knowing what sacrifice means.

Mere selfish possession signifies nothing to anybody. It never made a man better or richer in any real sense, nor is it related even remotely to the Christmas spirit.

It is splendid to receive on Christmas day in the morning, but here as everywhere it is more blessed to give. And in giving good cheer is the most precious of all gifts.

For it is true that the man who puts heart into another does better than he who fills his purse.

MERRY CHRISTMAS A CHAP TO SKIP.

The chap to skip on an ocean trip And the sort to leave behind, With his drivelling store of nautic lore, Is the garrulous, windy kind.

He can figure why, if you let him try— And you needn't ask, at that— How one can tell from the captain's belt The time and where you're at.

Both starboard, port, and a lot of that sort Of junk you'd fain forget. He always knows, and the way "who blows," And why the water's wet.

If you sight a speck from the hurricane deck, No matter what be your yew, You'll find him there in a neighboring chair And you've got to hear him through.

So you have to hark to the sea dog's bark, And you sing both small and low, That you learn by a look at the purser's book He hails from Kokomo.

MERRY CHRISTMAS THE ANNUAL DIRGE.

Has anybody here seen summer? Summer with the smiling skies? Does anybody sometimes think of it, With melancholy sighs? Has anybody filled the woodbox And wished for summer still? Well, never mind—no matter— But everybody will.

Has anybody here seen summer? Summer with the balmy air? Does anybody sometimes think of it With something of despair? Has anybody changed his clothes; yet And footed up the bill? Well, never mind—no matter— But everybody will.

Has anybody here seen summer? Summer of the simple life? Does anybody sometimes think of it When the rain cuts like a knife? Has anybody dressed of mornings Disconsolate and chill? Well, never mind—no matter— But everybody will.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And where the train that used to go When wound up by the magic key? Where chautauque that used to crow And flap his tin wings jocosely? To what strange land d'd Pierrot flee, In what domain does Crusoe fare, And Punch and Judy—where are ye? But what has become of the Teddy Bear?

ENVOY.

Time that art king, where may they be— In what dim attic, 'neath what stair— The toys that once belonged to me? But what has become of the Teddy Bear?

MERRY CHRISTMAS A Christmas Puzzle.

Why does the little girl—or big— Object to bearded faces Coming in contact with her own At countless times or places, When at this season of the year

Christmas Eve DEC. 24 A Merry Christmas to All Our Readers

Holiday Cash Clean-Up One-Fourth Off on All Broken Lines of Clothing \$8.50 SUITS \$6.35 \$10.00 SUITS \$7.50 \$12.00 SUITS \$9.00 \$16.00 SUITS \$12.00 \$18.00 SUITS \$13.50 \$20.00 SUITS \$15.00 \$25.00 SUITS \$18.75 Opposite Breakwater FIXUP North Front Street

Christmas Carols Thoughts, Wise, Foolish and Otherwise, Poems Without Rhyme Or Reason

'Twas the day before Christmas And all through the town The people were scurrying Like a mad whirling dervish. Now this way, now that Now fast and now slow Looking for presents Wherever they'd go.

MERRY CHRISTMAS DRIVEN TO A CORNER.

Serene upon a pile of wood Within our cellar dark and dim, I sit and read my cherished books By aid of one small tallow glim.

'Tis not from choice I dally here With mice and rodents—Heaven forbid! 'Tis the only place in all the house Where Christmas presents are new laid!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Alas, truly he's a happy man, Fate never prods him with repairs; He has a wife who doesn't want For Christmas—just a set of fairs.

Where are the horns we used to blow, And the brave drums we beat at three, The cardboard soldiers, row on row, The wooden knights, armed cap-a-pie.

Where are the friends of infancy The buxom dolls with flaxen hair, The wondrous blocks of A-B-C? But what has become of the Teddy Bear?

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Where are the horns we used to blow, And the brave drums we beat at three, The cardboard soldiers, row on row, The wooden knights, armed cap-a-pie.

She even sweetly pauses, Nor makes a murmur of complaint, At feeling Santa Claus's MERRY CHRISTMAS

"The last shall be first" never was written to apply to the eleventh hour Christmas shopper.

There's one time when a girl wishes she had big feet, and that's when she hangs up her stocking Christmas eve.

Some Coos Bay folks give on Christmas with the same glad spirit of the person who has bitten into a quinine pill by mistake.

Don't be a quinine-pill giver. Harness 'em up, Santa Claus. MERRY CHRISTMAS SIS IS WORRYING

Poor Sis is worried half to death, she's plainly ill at ease, And nothing that we do or say has any power to please; She tosses on her bed at night, she frets the hours away, And tells her tale of woe to friends a dozen times a day; She's got the notion that her beau on Christmas day will bring A leather hand bag, and, O, dear! she doesn't want the thing.

Of hand bags she has three or four, but just the other night She saw him looking at the one she carried. What a fright! It gave her when the horrid thought went flashing through her mind.

That he was planning then, to make a gift of such a kind! And all that night that thought came back, her restless brain to haunt it, "A hand bag he is going to give, and, dear knows, I don't want it."

Dad chuckles, mother simply smiles and murmurs: "It's too bad! But Sis still goes about the house a gloomy girl and sad; What Christmas hopes are left for her? How bitter is her woe, Her greatest expectation had, been centered 'round her beau And now she dreads on Christmas morn that he come and bring A leather hand bag, and, O, dear, she doesn't want the thing!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

GOOD EVENING.

The greatness of any century is to be measured finally by the individual characters of the men who live in it.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Take your CHRISTMAS DINNER at the CHANDLER hotel tomorrow from 5:30 to 7:30 o'clock in evening. Music by an orchestra of six pieces. Reserve tables by phone.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by oral applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by local application of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflated you have a rumbling sound or impaired hearing and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. In cases out of ten occasioned by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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J. W. BENNETT, Lawyer. Office over Flanagan & Bennett's Marshfield.

W. M. TURPEN, Architect. Over Chamber of Commerce. States Geological Survey, of the coal bearing formations of the area are limited to an area of 250 square miles, the original contents of which are placed by Mr. Campbell at 1,000,000 short tons.