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Condensed Statement

of the condition of **THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

The First National Bank

OF COOS BAY

at the Close of Business, Dec. 5, 1911.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts	\$229,329.87
Bonds, Warrants and Securities	73,161.50
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	81,472.94
Cash and Sight Exchange	141,131.98
Total	\$550,096.29
Liabilities.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	10,797.39
Circulation, outstanding	25,000.00
Deposits	414,298.90
Total	\$550,096.29

INTEREST PAID ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS.
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GENERAL CONTRACTOR

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

Flanagan & Bennett Bank

—of—

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

At the close of business, December 5, 1911.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts	\$422,312.68
Banking House	50,000.00
Cash and Exchanges	184,486.42
Total	\$656,799.10
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	58,531.57
Deposits	548,267.53
Total	\$656,799.10

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The CHRISTMAS BASKET

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"CHRISTMAS! Bah!" His sleep-filled eyes had cleared to the meaning of that merry peal of bells.

Whether to find more warmth or shut out the sound that roused him, he drew the warty blanket over his head and turned shivering to the wall. In either case the result was failure.

He should have known that the first Christmas bell heralds a chorus that swells higher and higher in a crescendo of added voices; that sandwiched between a canvas cot and a single blanket, near a paneless window but half eked out with castoff rags, offers a poor defense against an ideal Christmas morning.

In cold disgust, but wide awake, he cleared the snarl within his reach. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Newsboys, street cleaners, boot-blacks, the roundsman as he relieved his mate, paid cheery tribute to the day.

"Even the police," he growled. "Go to the devil! I'm a cynic."

His fingers trembling with cold, he drew the congress shoes (quite new) upon his feet and searched beneath the blanket for his coat, which, having done duty as a pillow through the night, had added creases to those of newness from the day before.

"I wonder," he chuckled mirthlessly, "if old Santa missed my stockin's. If it hadn't been so cold last night I'd sure put them on the mantel," looking about the room, "if there'd been one."

He drew a silver dollar from his pocket.

"I got my presents yesterday. Term shortened for good behavior, a new suit, hat and shoes and one silver dollar. I'd be a bloomin' sport if my hair was a bit longer. Them prison barbers ought to get about a bit and learn somethin' of the styles."

He held the coin close to his eye; it shut out the light. He held it at arm's length; the coin seemed smaller, but he could see daylight.

"I wish you was big enough to do that off there," he growled. "You got to be mighty close to shut things out."

He ambled out and to the street.

"Merry Christmas!" an ash man greeted.

"Naw!" He stamped through the side door of the first saloon. "Red eye!" The coin tinkled on the bar. "Put that away and be my guest."

The stranger, in a top hat and gray coat, seemed a bit the worse for a Christmas eve that had lengthened

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A HURRIED EXIT.

Into Christmas day, but his wallet was well filled.

"All right. Maybe it will grow if I nurse it." He looked with avid eye upon the stranger's well filled purse.

It was an awkward lurch as the glasses touched that sent the fiery liquor down the outside of a shining



"HOLIDAY MARKETIN', EH?"

shirt front. Distinctly different was the dexterity and grace with which a hand entered the stranger's pocket. That dollar grew to the tune of the wallet's contents.

Profuse apologies, a few pats of good fellowship, a hurried exit, and fortune had placed our friend beyond the squalor of last night's lodgings.

"Bosh!" he muttered as he hurried around corners, threaded a side street, then doubled back and took a fresh course.

"What's the use of a pick-pocket's tryin' to live straight? Who'd hire me? I ain't used to work anyhow. I s'pose there's no hope for an ex-convict. That's what the papers say anyhow. It's good stuff too. It's great to have the papers on your side. It makes slippin' back seem easier."

He trudged along, now and then casting wary glances to the rear. "Now, if there was any one who cared, anything to live for, I know I could make good. But I ain't got a soul. Nobody cares or depends on me, nobody."

Clang! Clang! Clang! A church bell high above changed the tenor of his musings. He sneered. "All ye who are heavily laden—I know the system. Bring your troubles here and shift 'em to some one else's shoulders, preferably the devil's, but shift 'em." He turned the corner. At the very door of the church, half buried in the snow, reposed a market basket.

"Holiday marketin', eh?" He picked it up. "Heavy." He peered through the door, but all was solemn dark within. "Doin' penance, I suppose. Well, here's a practical one for carelessness." With the basket on his arm he turned the nearest corner.

Our friend had a Christmas dinner. True, it was all uncooked. True, he had no home to take it to, no place to cook it. Rather a useless bit of petty larceny it would seem. But each to his trade. The crooked mind is ever one of expedients. He saw a restaurant.

"Sure! I'll get them to cook my dinner. There'll be some left over. Maybe they'll take it off my hands."

A plausible story bubbled forth. "So I want you to cook these things," opening the basket, "and I'll— He stole a glance at the contents. The lid fell shut. He stared stupidly at the attendant.

"All shall be cooked as monsieur wishes," with elaborate gesture as the waiter reached for the basket.

"I guess you ain't quite qualified to roast this—yet." Our friend mopped a perspiring brow with his disengaged hand. "Where's the nearest police station?"

"Three blocks up the street. And if monsieur will leave his basket while he is away"— But monsieur had bolted out the door, and for several moments a much perturbed waiter wondered why, while three blocks away a much perturbed man with a basket wondered how.

"Any story I'd tell 'em would sound fishy. Then there's my picture in the gallery. A record for good behavior

don't go very far. Great Scott! They'll find the pocketbook on me!"

That thought lent wings to his feet. The police station diminished in the distance. What to do with the basket that was now growing heavy on his arm—that was the question. No use going back to the church. It was left there with intention.

"I'm the devil, all right. Somebody's shifting the responsibility to my shoulders. The first time I've been near a church in years too. Well, I've got my lesson. Not again for me."

He thought of sitting down to work his problem out. Those were likely steps where that officer was passing. Hurrying to his goal, he passed the law. Their eyes met for an instant, long enough to thrill the basket man. The officer hesitated as if searching his memory. There was no hesitation from the man behind.

"You got me once," he muttered and raced up the first flight of stairs at hand, plunged into an entry and in his excitement pressed the private bell.

The officer turned back. There was no one in sight. Mustang over the resemblance, he rounded the corner of his beat.

Steps sounded on the stairs. The knob turned. Well, he could ask if



"WELL, YOU TAKE TO ME, DON'T YOU, YOUNG UN?"

they had any rooms to rent. That would explain his ringing of the bell. A sweet faced, white haired lady appeared in the doorway.

"Do you rent rooms?" he blurted.

"I do not." The little old lady drew herself up, her tone a trifle haughty. The man muttered an apology and turned away. The door moved toward the jamb. A wall, unmistakable in its origin, came from the basket. Three steps of the flight the man measured in a move.

"One moment, sir!" In the voice above authority spoke unquestionably. "Oh, ma'am, please!" That policeman had got on the light fingered one's nerves. In abject fear he turned.

"My poor man!" The kindly old lady saw only the humble pleading of a father to save his child from the inclemencies of the weather. In that moment her dear old mind had built a romance around this situation, of which the hero was the basket man.

She sought no explanation. Merely to do good on such a day was sufficient to her. Was not this the anniversary of a child who centuries before had not even a basket to lie in?

"Come in, my poor man, come in."

"But, ma'am—"

"Not a word, sir. I have a nice warm room that you are welcome to. If you are out of funds there is plenty to do about the house. As for the baby, my daughter has gone west with my little grandson. Your child comes into my house as a blessing."

"But, ma'am, you don't know"—stammering, but determined to explain.

"I do not seek to know," urging him in and toward the rear. "If you have been unfortunate and some day need to tell the story I will listen. Now you and your baby are my guests."

She withdrew and closed the door

Go to the Squirrel, Thou Sluggard!



The ant is not the only noise in the busy line. The squirrel is also some busy. The only way to get a picture of a squirrel is an instantaneous snap. He is too busy for a time exposure.

The squirrel has sense enough to LAY IN HIS WINTER SUPPLY EARLY. His motto is to get to the nut FIRST. That is the way he heads off the small boy. He beats him to it.

The belated Christmas shopper should paste this in his hat; also frame it and hang it on the wall:

Go to the squirrel, thou sluggard. Consider his ways and be wise.

The squirrel does his shopping early. Therefore he never gets left.

Go thou and do likewise. BUY THOSE CHRISTMAS THINGS TODAY.

on the poor sorrowful man and his blessed babe.

"Well, I'll be jinked!" The sorrowful man sank into a comfortable chair and chuckled. "Of all the"— An insistent wailing, accompanied by lusty kicks, heralded the final and complete awakening of the basket's contents.

"Let's see what's here." He threw back the lid and greeted the pink protesting face with a humorous twinkle of appreciation. "Well, you little brat"— Those hands, so deft at pocket picking, were gentler possibly than an honest man's. The babe was cooling on his shoulder.

"Well, you like to me, don't you, young un?" He held the bundle off at arm's length. The infant's efforts to snuggle back pleased him mightily. "There you are, you God's blessed darlin'."

In that restful position the babe cooed off to sleep again. The man sank into a rocking chair and swayed back and forth. He felt comfortable, placid, content. Something had touched a spot in his makeup that had never before been reached.

He was learning in a moment what years could not unlearn—a purpose in life, finding a something to live for, and all taught by a poor little abandoned baby.

"If any one," he thought, looking down at the smiling, unconscious face, "could abandon such as you and not leave hope behind, then there's a chance for both of us in this world. You'll be my hope, you poor, little—I don't know whether you're a boy or a girl; but, which ever, you'll be mine, and, so help me God, I'll be yours—and—and—there'll be a chance for both of us."

He sat quietly for a long time. The baby stirred, opened his eyes and still smiled. The man bent down, then hesitated. "I'm not worthy," he muttered. "but I will be—for the future." He kissed the little brow. His eyes were moist.

"Merry Christmas" he breathed, "and," dashing the tears from his eyes, "a happy New Year."

His Preference.

"I do not believe in kissing under the mistletoe," said Gladys Beautigirl. "Neither do I," promptly replied young Huggins. "Right here, wherever it happens to be, is good enough for me."

Thereupon he proceeded to prove it.

No Cigars This Christmas.

"What do you expect your wife to give you for a Christmas present?" "Nothing."

"Well, you seem to be happy over it."

"So I am. I've quit smoking."

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Lord, for the lonely heart I pray apart. Now for the son of sorrow Whom this tomorrow Rejoiceth not, O Lord, Hear my weak word.

For lives too bitter to be borne, For the tempted and the torn, For the prisoner in the cell, For the shame lip doth not tell, For the haggard suicide, Peace, peace, this Christmas tide!

Into the desert, tread By the long sick, O God; Into the patient gloom Of that small room Where lies the child of pain Of all neglected most, be fain To enter, healing and remain.

Now at the fall of day I bow and pray For those who cannot sleep A watch I keep, Oh, let the starving brain Be fed and fed again, At thy behest The tortured nerves find rest.

I see the vacant chair, Father of souls, prepare My poor thought's feeble power To plead this hour.

For the empty, aching home, Where the silent footsteps come, Where the unseen face looks on, Where the handclasp is not felt, Where the dearest eyes are gone, Where the portrait on the wall Stirs and struggles as to speak, Where the light breath from the hall Calls the color to the cheek, Where the voice breaks in the hymn When the sunset burneth dim, Where the late large tear will start, Frozen by the broken heart; Where the lesson is to learn How to live, to grieve, to yearn, How to bear and how to bow, Oh, the Christmas that is fled, Lord of living and of dead, Comfort thou!

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Christmas Once a Year. Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime As on the day when first they rung So merrily in olden time And far and wide their music flung, Shaking the tall gray ivied tower With all their deep, melodious power, They still proclaim to every ear, "Old Christmas comes but once a year!"

Then he came singing through the woods And plucked the holly bright and green, Pulled here and there the ivy buds; Was sometimes hidden, sometimes seen, Ha! buried 'neath the mistletoe, His long beard hung with flakes of snow, And still he ever caroled clear, "Old Christmas comes but once a year!"

What though upon his hoary head Has fallen many a winter's snow, His wreath is still as green and red As 'twas a thousand years ago, Again we're happy all day long, We smile and listen to the song, Its burden still remote or near, "Old Christmas comes but once a year!" —Joaquin Miller.

Among the Wise Sayings. If Christmas came more than once a year, say four times, the sheriff also would call around about that often. Yes?

Teaching the Public. Several cities have adopted the plan of labeling all trees on public property so that children and grownups, too, may become familiar with the different varieties which flourish in that locality.