THERE IS SOMETHING NEW IN MARSHFIELD FOR THIS SEASON

The Silk Scarfs

For Ladies at

From \$1.00 to \$2.00

They have just arrived and are something extra fine, both knitted and oven. You must see them to appreciate them.

Also a fine selection of other articles suitable for the season.

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Steamer Homer

A CHRISTMAS IN WAR.

"Fighting Bob" Evans' Story of the "Presents" to Fort Fisher.

"On Christmas morning." said Rear Admiral Evans, U. S. N., retired. "I thank God that he made three times as much water as land. No true sallor would exchange Christmas at sea for one on shore.

"Of all the Christmases spent at sea the one that rises before me most vividly is that of 1865, when the Federal army and the gunboat fleet were trying to capture Fort Fisher. The only presents we received, and they came fast and furious, were solid shot and shell from the guns of the enemy. But this didn't destroy our sense of humor The boys would write on each solid shot or she'l before placing it in the gun, 'Presented by,' and add the name of the vessel from which it happened | heard the tinkle of bells and went to to be fired. Mighty few hurled at the fort that day lacked this Christman greeting. All the gunners caught the spirit of the grim jest, for the fighting line is no place for serious faces.

"Despite the excitement of the fierce combat we managed to have the mastheads of all the ships trimmed with Christmas greens, even though the sailors had to risk their lives in going ashore to get them, and you may be assured the sentiment of the day was not wasted."

No nation provides more plentifully for the Christmas cheer of its sailors | children. Some than does Uncle Sam. Each of the battleship crews has a dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin ple and all the trimmings that go with it. The men are served in messes of twenty at 12 o'clock, and each man is allowed one suffer of grog as an appetizer in celebration of the occasion. The officers dine at 6 o'clock and,

as is the custom when spending the holiday at sea, are guests of the commanding officer.

UNDER THE



To be on the safe side this young gallant carries his mistietoe with him. Then he can hold it over the head of the girl he wants, as he has evidently done in this case.

Called on Doubtful Boy



was one of those boys who didn't believe in Santa Claus. He had been sitting in front of 0.1 the library fire on Christmas eve,

glancing new and then at the uncurtained window through which he could the snow falling. Suddenly he the window to look out. A little old man with the whitest of hair, the reddest of red checks and the merriest of brown eyes was driving up.

"Hello, hello, there!" he called Joe ran to the door.

"How d'ye do?" called the little old gentleman. Then he put his hand into his nocket and fished out a huge card. On it was printed "Mr. Santa Claus, Christmastown, North Pole.'

Then the old gentleman pulled out a book. Joe could see that in it was a list of names of

of them had black marks beside their names. "Know a boy named Joe Jingle?" asked the little old man. keeping his finger on a name beside which there was a very black mark. "Y-e-e-s." answered Joe. "He lives here." "Ah, indeed." chirped the little old gentleman. "I

hear that he is one of those Bann smart boys who "KNOW A BOY NAMED don't believe JOE JINGLE?" in Santa Claus.

He doesn't believe in me: What d'ye think of that? When I first began to make my Christmas, rounds many. many hundred years ago there wasn't a boy or giri in all the world who did not know me and believe in me, and 1 never forgot one single child., But after awhile the world grew so big. so many children were born into it, that it was very hard for me to get around to them all.

"By and by things got so had I had to get the fairles-only the good fairles, of course-to go about and make up a list of all the boys and girls in the world and to find out what they wanted for Christmas and if they believed in Santa Claus or not. I have all the names in this book here. Do you think Joe Jingle deserves anything for not belleving in me?"

"1-1 s'pose not." said poor Joe. "But if I promise to tell him about meeting you and prove to him that you're real p'r'aps you'll forgive him this time." Old Santa Claus shook his head sad-

"It always makes me feel very IV. bad to think anybody needs proof of me. A boy or girl ought to believe what their parents tell them about old Sonta Chaus."

"If 1-1 mean if Joe had only seen



OME: hurry up, my dears. Our friend St. Nicholas will soon be here to look over our latest Christmas toys. And you know what a busy man he is, never having a moment to spare this time of year.

So spoke the queen of cloud fairles to her many subjects.

Now, maybe you children do not know that these cloud fairles live up at the north pole in the clouds that are always full of snow. But always having lived there they never feel the coal and enjoy a frolle each morning on the great icebergs, to which they come down in sleighs drawn by rein deer. Cloud fairles, so it is said, make all the Christmas gifts Santa Claus gives to the little ones each Christmas eve.

The senson had been a busy one for the cloud fairles, for they had done their best to make up games and de sign toys that they might have many nice new ones for Santa Claus. Ile was to visit them any minute, the rea son the queen had for begging ber subjects to hurry with the work in hand.

"Yes, dear queen," answered a giri fairy, dancing on the silver edge of a cloud; "I have all the dolls on the south end of the rainbow, where his greatness St. Nicholas of All Lands may view them without a moment's deiny.

"And I have all the drums, bugles, borns, fifes and other musical toys placed to great advantage on the north end of the rainbow," said a gay fairy. flapping his wings as he sat on the point of a stray starlet that had got tangled in the clouds.

Just as the fairies censed speaking there came through the frosty air the sound of sleighbells and the tooting of a bugle.

"Ah, there he is now!" cried the queen. "Let's all go to greet him." In rushed four beautiful reindeer drawing a sleigh in which was seated



BANTA BOWING DEFORE THE QUEEN. Santa Claus. With a bound oid Santa was on a cloud, bowing low before the queen and kissing her hand. Then he gathered a dozen or more fairies in his arm and hugged them as a great hear would hug its cubs He laughed so loudly and so merrily that the icebergs began to melt. "Now," he cried joyously, "show me what you have made for my bosts of earth children. You know this time of year brings me millions of letters. and I must hurry to my postoffice and run through my mail."



"HREE whole silver dollars apiece!" said Margy to the

boy as they sat in the corner of the garret where the nut pile had been and gazed at their bard earned wealth. "It's like having money instead of nuts fall off the trees. How shall we ever spend it?"

"Spend it?" said the boy with a grand air. "Spend It? Why, that's ensy, My! I could spend it if all the nuts we picked up and sold were dollars. It takes a heap of money to buy Christmas gifts."

"Uncie Tom said he would take us to the city, so father and mother needn't know a thing." said Margy.

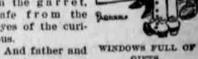
True to his word. Uncle Tom happened in that very evening and said in a curcless way to father:

"I'm going to town tomorrow, and if the children would like a trip I'll take them.

So, dressed in their best, with the precious money held tight in their purses, they went

to the city with Uncle Tom. What a day that was! Every shop window seemed full of gifts that would be just right for some one on the list. Two happy children went home that night and sneaked up the back stairs with their bundles. Later they stowed them away in an old chest of drawers in the garret. safe from the S. eyes of the curi-

ous



GIFTS. mother never

made a guess as to all the whispering that went on. Nor did they notice that the children were fairly bulging with secrets. Perhaps they were busy

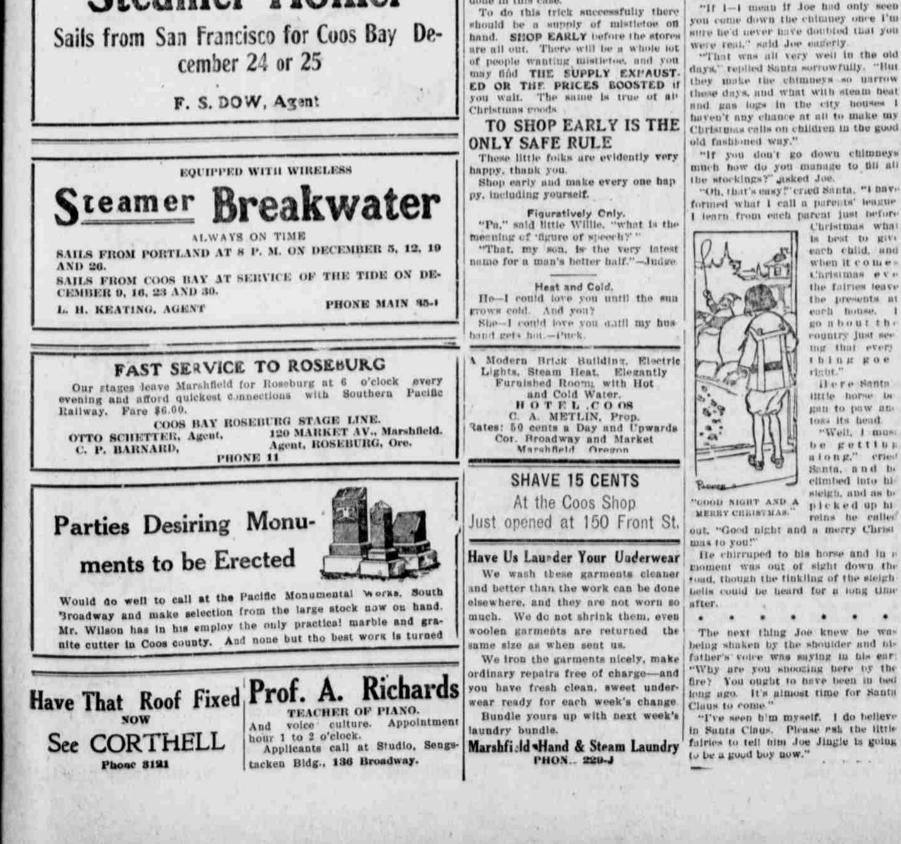
with a few on their own account. Christmas eve came. The boy said

carelessly: "Mother, why don't you and father hang up your stockings too?"

So four stockings were hung to the cover of the sitting room table-no, five, if you could call the baby's tiny sock a stocking.

When father had fallen asleep over his paper and mother was in the kitchen planning things Margy and the boy stole in with their gifts and poked them into the biggest stockings, and, oh, yes. Margy put a bundle in the boy's stocking, and the boy put one in Margy's, and then they stole out again and were off to bed so's not to have to walt so long' for morning.

The boy's eyes popped open about 5 o'clock of the dark morning, and he woke the whole house shouting "Merry Christmas!"



sure he'd never have doubted that you were real," said Joe enferty. "That was all very weil in the old days," replied Santa sorrowfully. "But they make the chimneys so narrow those days, and what with steam heat and gas logs in the city houses 1 haven't any chance at all to make my Christmas calls on children in the good old fashioned way." "If you don't go down chimneys much how do you manage to thi at the stockings?" asked Joe.

"Oh, that's easy !" cried Santa. "I navformed what I call a parents' league I learn from each parent just before

Christmas what in best to give each child, and when it come: Chrisimas eve the fairies leave the presents at each house, 1 go about the country just see ing that every thing goe rinut."

Here Santa little horse be gan to paw antoss its head. "Well, I musi

be gettiup along." eried Santa, and be climbed into histeigh, and as be picked up hi

reins he called out. "Good night and a merry Christ

moment was out of sight down the toad, though the tinkling of the sleighbells could be heard for a long time

The next thing Joe knew he was being shaken by the shoulder and his father's voice was saying in his car: "Why are you snoozing here by the fire? You ought to have been in bed long ago. It's almost time for Santa

"I've seen him myself. I do believe in Santa Cinus. Please esh the little fairies to tell him Joe Jingle is going to be a good boy now."

After looking at the Christmas toys Santa Claus said he was more than pleased. Then, giving his order for 10,000 bags full of the beautiful things. he told the queen that he must go.

"But before I go." he said, "I must beg you to be prompt in filling my order There can be no delay on Christmas, you know, my dear queen. That would mean to break the heart of some of my little ones, and that would never, never do. So farewell till earth's sundown on Christmas eve. I'll be here myself to get my toys."

After kissing again the queen's hand

the jolly old saint sprang into his sleigh. blew his bugie and was away on a breeze. As two fairies stood watching him one said to the other, "For one reason only

TO THE NORTHERN would I be an 1.IGUTS. earth child."

"And what is that reason, pray?" asked the fairy.

"That I might be in one of those houses on the earth and see old Santa Claus come down one of those chimneys with his pack on his back and then to watch him fill the family stockings with toys and bonbons. I'm sure it would be quite a treat."

"Oh, but it happens only once a get good and tonesome during the long walts between two Christmases, I'm thinking. But, come; let's fly over and brother?" asked Margy. play in the northern lights. They are very bright tonight."

"Don't be gone long," called the queen after them. "for you know there are 10.000 bags of toys to make for the earth children's Christmas day."

Every one husfled into clothes and swallowed breakfast. Then they went into the sitting room together, and father should and

> danced like a schoolboy when he found a cup and saucer that would hold a pint of coffee, to say nothing of the motto "Love the Giver" in gilt letters and a invish decoration of rosebuits ou its outstide.

flow mother innghed and kisked both the children when she found in her stocking a great apple that proved to be a pincushion and a

FATHER SHOUTED fovely Japanese AND DANCED. fan with red.

blue and green indies painted on it! It is not necessary to tell what the children did and said when the boy found a cocker spaniel puppy tied to his teg of the table and Margy opened a basket and found a sleepy Angora kitten blinking at her.

When every package was untied and the "olis" and "abs" were all used up, when mother had decked the mantel with her pincushion and fan and father had declared that neverno, never-again would be drink coffee out of any common little everyday cup, the boy and Margy sat on the hearth rug fondling their new pets. and the boy suid:

"I wouldn't go back to the old kind of Christmas for anything. Then it was just Santa Ciaus that did everything. Now it's the spirit of Santa illaus in me and you and father and mother and everybody. it's like havyear." replied the other fairy. "You'd ing a whole family of Santa Clauses." We'll earn our Christmas money every year after this, wou't we,

And the boy replied, "You bet we will!"

"I'm going to begin to save and think of ways of earning money right of," declared Margy.

"Same here," responded the boy.

