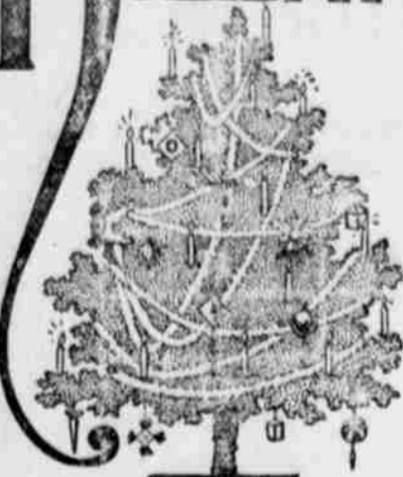


# MERRY CHRISTMAS

## HOLIDAY GIFTS



### McArthur's Pharmacy

No Frills. Just the same courteous attention you have always received.

Remember at McArthur's

Get that **Box of Cigars**

OR **BOX OF CANDY**

from **Storgard & Johnson**  
115 Front St., Marshfield

## Santa Claus' Best Suggestions

Would you like to choose **Something Very Special** for a Christmas present? Well, see the fine collection of Alaskan and Eskimo Ivory, Fur, and Souvenir goods at **T. A. SALING, Taxidermist** Cor. Alder and Front St. Mfid.

### HOLIDAY GOODS FOR ALL

AT

**PRENTISS & CO.'S**

A Box of **CIGARS** Is a very acceptable Xmas present to any man Get it at **Club Cigar Store** 331 Front Street



Buy Your **Christmas Cigars** At **Frizeen's**

### The Best Brand of Cigars

The kind your husband, sweetheart or brother **Smokes Every Day** That's the kind we sell for Christmas. If you come here you will get the every day kind. **HILLYER'S CIGAR STAND, Cor. Front and Central Ave.**

### GET YOUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY DINNER

AT **The Blanco Restaurant** WHERE ONLY THE BEST IS SERVED.

### A FANCY BOX OF CANDY

Strikes her fancy best of all when you are going to get it just remember that you call

**Club Cigar Store** 135 Front St. Marshfield

### Don't Go Elsewhere for Your Christmas Cigars

COME HERE, WE HAVE ALL THE POPULAR BRANDS. THE KIND HE SMOKES EVERY DAY. ASK US **BLANCO CIGAR STORE**

### THE FINEST OF PERFUMES

The kind that your friends uses the year around is the kind that sell every day. Come to this store for your **CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.** **The Ideal Pharmacy**

### Studies in Discontent

The Misrepresentation of Mike. (By Jack O'Connor)

RESENT the popular fallacies extant about the Irish character, not at all because I am an Irishman, but just as I would resent anyone seriously making the statement that the earth is flat, or that the moon is made of green cheese, or that King George the Fifth is the president of the United States. Any one of these utterances would be regarded as silly, but it is equally silly to state that all Irishmen are passionately fond of potatoes, or that most of them wear red whiskers and in moments of excitement say "Bogorrah!" Yet such barefaced misrepresentation as these are in some sense amusing by reason of their very extravagance, or ignorance—it is the misrepresentations of Irish character that sets my hands itching for a shillelah, though I am not positively what a shillelah is, or how to spell it, or what to do with it if I had it.

One of the habits of the Irish which is unfairly dealt with in this and other countries is the trick of exaggeration in ordinary speech. Thus an Irishman will tell you he has seen a trout as large as a whale, or that he has a boll on the back of his neck as big as a mountain. This is only the natural result of his sane and healthy objection to the commonplace. He realizes that to convey a vivid impression there is a need for vivid language. He is a believer in the importance of being earnest. An Englishman would measure the trout with a pocket rule, because he lacks the imagination to compare it with a whale. The Irishman will say, "I have eaten a pie as big as a church," and other Irishmen will understand that he has eaten a very large pie; the Englishman, and, I fear, some Americans, will proceed to argue that this is an impossibility since no pie was ever made as big as the smallest church, and if it were, no man ever made could possibly eat it.

For the purpose of conveying dramatic effect this kind of exaggeration far exceeds literal exactness. When I tell my friends that I have a boll on the back of my neck three-fourths of an inch in diameter no one will think very much of it, but when I make the statement that there is a boll on my neck as big as a Coos River hill they will at once infer that it must be the very devil of a boll. We do not laugh at the poets who say a woman's neck is like that of a swan, or her eyes are like stars, or her lips like a rose, yet any one of these comparisons is as grotesque as the comparison of a pie to a church or a boll to a Coos River hill.

An amazing belief of the present day is that England preceded Ireland

in the matter of civilization. The actual fact is that Ireland was the center of European learning when Englishmen were painting their bodies with blood and roasting human beings at their religious exercises. Later, when England began to wake up, mainly as the result of the teachings of missionaries from Ireland, the sons of the English savages were sent to Ireland to learn the rudiments of civilization. But see what happened. The Irish remained satisfied with their learning and rejected what may be termed the savage arts, such as war. The English captured Ireland by brute force and superior numbers and appropriated all the possessions of the Irish except their mother wit. This they left her as they had no use for it themselves. Then they argued something after this fashion: "We have conquered Ireland, which is a highly civilized country, therefore we are highly civilized." It was as though I should knock a professor of the Greek language on the head and then put an announcement in The Times that I was a qualified professor of Greek. Suppose a Mr. Brown was engaged to be married to Miss Jones and I, being stronger than Brown, should meet him on Front street and knock him down; then, according to the English style of reasoning, I should become the logical fiance of Miss Jones. This, I admit, would be a very sad thing for Miss Jones, but so was it a very sad thing for Ireland when England took possession of her by force of arms.

There is a widespread delusion that every Irishman is poetical and sentimental. I have never succeeded in detecting much sentiment about a Dublin policeman or an Irish political boss. The fact is that an Irishman likes poetry much as many Irishmen like potatoes, because both of these things are good, at least when they are well done. A sonnet is a beautiful thing when it is well written. A potato is a very beautiful thing when it is well cooked. The whole thing resolves itself into a question of good taste, and we will all agree that taste should be exercised whether the subject matter of it be poetry or potatoes, or Murders or Madrigals.

The Irish "bull," which has been the subject of English humor since the earliest times, is another example of the manner in which the Saxon utterly fails to comprehend the Celt. Take the story of the Irish sailor ordered to go on deck and see if the light in the fore-castle was burning. He called down the hatchway, "The light's here, but it's out." Nothing could be clearer than this, in spite of the apparent paradox. The Irish bull is simply the faculty of expressing a fact in the clearest and most concise manner, regardless of grammatical exactness. I mean no disrespect to the normal or high schools in comparing a "faculty" to a "bull." I feel certain timidity about writing of the Irishman as a lover, as I

have had no personal experience in this line, but after all a man need not necessarily be a confectioner to appreciate good candy, and we do not expect that in order to become a successful chiropodist I should have corns on all my toes. Therefore, perhaps, I may allude to an absurd untruth which is widely circulated about my unhappy countrymen. I allude to the fiction that an Irishman loves as he drinks, whatever is closest to hand. Statistics easily prove the falsity of this. Divorce is rarer in Ireland than in any country in the world. The Irishman tries to be agreeable to all women, as to all men. He finds that the easiest way. But it doesn't follow that he makes love to every woman he meets. It would be as sensible to say that because a man is respectful in all churches he is a believer in all creeds, or that because a man has traveled extensively he is a native of all the countries through which he has passed.

### GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD



Henry Drummond says, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Perhaps he is right in the abstract, but the greatest concrete thing I know is **A CHILD ON CHRISTMAS MORNING** greatest because most joyous, most appealing and most lovable. To be sure that you add to this joy. **SHOP EARLY** Then the gifts will go to the little ones, whatever happens to you. Make sure of the happiness of at least one child.

**DO IT NOW.** Try The Times' Want Ads.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEER

Do you think that you're in trouble, are you gloomy and foreboding? Have you griefs and tribulations, have you cares that are corroding? Is your brow becoming wrinkled, are your cheeks becoming hollow with the wear of your conviction that the worst is yet to follow? Well, I have to do my duty, even if I do offend you. And I very gladly do it if it's likely to amend you. You are foolish. It's a silly, senseless habit you are getting—Fretting.

Will it help you? There's the question. Does it make your trouble lighter? If you lose your sleep about it, does the prospect grow much brighter? Does the brooding till you're yellow greatly help the situation? Will stern facts become less stubborn upon saddened contemplation? Stuff and nonsense! It's just childish, all this fussing and this cranking. If you had the proper treatment, it would be a thorough spanking. I have got my own opinions of the idiots that borrow Sorrow.

I am blessed with some possessions. You might almost call me wealthy. And I freely made admission I'm invariably healthy. I have friends, a loving helpmate and sweet children, and I'm grateful. But if all were lost tomorrow I would not be mean and hateful. I am sure I'd bear it nobly, I would rise to the occasion, I would gladly face the music, with no weakness or evasion. I'd not nurse a grief or pet it; I would smilingly defy it—Try it.

—Kennett Harris.

### KNOWLEDGE.

I remember, I remember The fir trees, dark and high; I used to think their slender tops Were close against the sky; It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy To know I'm farther off from heaven Than when I was a boy. —Thomas Hood.

MAKE that BOY HAPPY with a FOOTBALL or PUNCHING bag. THE GUNNERY.

### PRICES FOR THIS WEEK

- REPEATING AIR GUNS ..... \$1.00
- 500 SHOT AIR GUNS ..... \$1.05
- 1000 SHOT AIR GUN ..... \$2.00
- DRESSED DOLLS AT COST—
- DOLL GO CARTS ..... 60c UP
- SALAD BOWLS ..... 30c UP
- CAKE PLATES ..... 30c UP

**Coos Bay Cash Store** G. N. BOLT, MGR.

### HOLIDAY BARGAINS

During Holiday week we will sell Potatoes for \$1.25 per hundred. and we will give \$1.00 worth of sugar free with every \$10.00 order of groceries and 50 cents worth of sugar free with a \$5.00 order of groceries.

THESE PRICES ARE ALL FOR CASH. **ANONA CASH GROCERY** BROADWAY AND CENTRAL.

## For Christmas



FRUIT CAKE Not as good BUT BETTER than any other. 50c THE POUND Also lots of other good things, PLUM PUDGING, PUMPKIN PIES and etc.

## Coos Bay Bakery

THE PLACE FOR "GOODIES"

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE TIMES' OFFICE.