

Santa Claus And His Flying Machine

IT was the night before Christmas, and it may have been because Marjorie's papa had been reading an article about a man who had a wonderful flying machine that all these strange things happened. Marjorie was sitting in the big easy chair in the corner, where the light from the lamp did not hurt her eyes and where she could listen for any sound of Santa Claus' reindeer on the snow outside when suddenly she felt the chair move. Then it was whirled around and out of the door into the street. Marjorie wondered what had happened, but Annabel, her biggest doll, who was in the chair with her, spoke up and said: "Don't be afraid. We are going to see Santa Claus. He's met with an accident. Didn't you know?"

"Indeed I did not," answered Marjorie. "Yes," replied Annabel, "I just got a wireless telegram asking me to come up to Castle Christmas. I was one of their favorite guests last year, and they would think it strange if I didn't call to offer sympathy. So, you see, as you were in the chair I just had to take you with me."

After what seemed a long time the chair came to a tall white building that looked as if it might have been built of great blocks of loaf sugar. It stood on top of a snow covered hill.

A cunning little brownie in buttons and a red and green uniform like holly opened the door for them.

"Mrs. Santa Claus says for you to please step right upstairs. They're expecting you," said the brownie.

When they reached the second floor a hearty voice called out. "Step right in!" and another voice said: "Now, be calm, Santa! You know, my dear, that you must not excite yourself."

In the center of the room stood a huge white bed. In the bed lay Santa Claus with covers to his chin.

Mrs. Santa was bending over him with a cup and spoon.

"It's his medicine time," she said, nodding to the doll and Marjorie. Santa made a very wry face.

After the medicine was down Mrs. Santa turned to the newcomers and said: "We've been waiting for you. The doctor says Santa must stay in bed for a month. He's sprained his ankle."

"Monkeying with that new flying machine young Chris coaxed me to buy in place of the reindeer," grumbled Santa. "Plague take it, I never had any trouble like this when I depended on Thunder and Blitzen and the rest of my dear old team."

"Well, Marjorie," said Mrs. Santa, "we thought you might be willing to take the gifts around for Mr. Santa this Christmas, seeing that he can't go himself. I don't want to let Chris go up in that horrid—I mean we—can't spare Christopher at present. I thought you might enjoy a ride in a flying machine. With a couple of brownies to run down the chimneys with the toys you can manage very well. The brownies do finely with some one to look after them, but they don't do to send out alone."

"Wife, I don't like this idea of the flying machine. Why can't Marjorie take out the reindeer? Maybe they are not so fast, but they are quite safe."

"Very well; I'll ring for the reindeer," agreed Mrs. Santa, touching a bell. Buttons came hurrying into the room.

"Harness the Christmas reindeer to the biggest sleigh and have all the toys put in it. This young lady will take them out for Santa Claus this Christmas."

Buttons looked dismayed. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's too late. Young Mr. Christopher, ma'am, had them toys all loaded into the new flying machine and he's just started off with them himself."

Mrs. Santa shrieked and fainted. Santa Claus jumped up and yelled, all the little brownies came rushing in and there was such confusion that Marjorie never could remember how she got away, but the next thing she knew she was opening her eyes in the big chair in the corner with Annabel clasped in her arm and mother saying:

"Come, dear; it's time to go to bed. Santa Claus will be around pretty soon."



A WILD RIDE.



A VERY SICK SANTA.

CHRISTMAS FOX HUNT IN AMERICA

WHEN the weather is favorable on Christmas day the members of many country clubs throughout the United States engage in a fox hunt. This is the modern survival of the ancient chase that used to furnish game for the great holiday feast.

Long ago in the middle ages before the day of markets, of storage houses or refrigerator cars the lord and vassals shared the traits of the lion and scorned to eat that which they did not kill. At daybreak on the morning of the holiday the chieftain summoned the men of his clan, and to horse they went in pursuit of the wild boar. Across hills and level stretches, through swamps and across frozen streams they galloped till they came up with the fierce prey.

In the battle that ensued the privilege of the most valorous feats, of undergoing the greatest danger and of finally administering the death stroke was intrusted to the noblest. Then the body of the boar was carried back by the vassals, the body roasted and the head garnished and decorated to take the place of honor in the center of some long table laid in the center of a baronial hall.

Far into morning of the next day would the roistering continue, and the poor gentleman who could drink only one bottle was destined to sad experiences in this bout of mighty bibblers.

The boar has passed from the earth. No longer does the lord kill his own Christmas feast, but in small measure he revives the joys of the holiday hunt by his pursuit of sly reynard. There are in the United States seventy first class clubs devoted to the sport of fox hunting. The season began at Thanksgiving day is at its height by Christmas, for then the air is crisp with frost, and the last of the crops that hunters might have damaged have been gathered into the barn and safely stored away.

For persons of wealth these are early risers who, at 7 o'clock in the morning, have gathered near the clubhouse. One comrade joins another, and a merry exchange of Christmas greetings recalls the holiday.

Trotting behind the huntsmen and the whippers-in come the hounds, now quiet and businesslike, but at the word of command ready to break into a very babble of dog noise. Horses, superb horses, strain eagerly at their bridles, anxious to bear their red coated riders off in the chase.

The master of the hounds gives his word of command, and across a cornfield the mad Christmas race starts. To the first fence comes the mad cavalcade. It is a high one. Over, under and through the bars scramble the dogs. Grandly on his horse the master takes the fence. Others follow, some not so gracefully. Some one falls, but the race goes on, all eager to reach that place where in front the hound is giving tongue.

There comes a ditch whose surface is only partly frozen, the middle having the water free. The leap is a bad one, with the footing covered with ice, but one after another the hunters put their steeds at it. Some slip and scramble, splashing seas of mud on their riders, but none cares. Too great is the joy of getting over without loss of time to worry over a couple of pounds of mud added to the weight of what the gallant horse must carry.

A level stretch is reached. The thoroughbreds are put to it to keep up with the dogs. Then come a wilder outburst of barking and the capture of a fox. The brush is taken and awarded to the lucky rider who was in at the death.

Then the party turns sedately back, the excitement of the day over. The dogs are returned to the kennel, the horses are carefully rubbed down, the participants in the hunt have their shower bath and are ready to dress for dinner after the most exciting and enjoyable start a Christmas day can well have.

Not only members of the clubs have taken part in this chase. The growing good will between farmer and hunter has turned the attention of the man of agriculture to the delights of this holiday ride. He has mounted his best horse and joined in the race. He, too, returns home to a hearty dinner to tell what a good time he had.

In less aristocratic clubs, such as the many organizations of farmers are in various parts of the country, the hunt is less ornate, but it results in more Christmas killings of foxes.

The wild, rough country of Virginia makes directly following behind the hounds a hazardous, if not impossible, performance. This gives rise to the distinctively American style of hunting, which is to let the hounds work much of the time alone, the hunter following only in spirit, catching a glimpse of the flying pack occasionally, or, guided by their musical baying, trying to catch up at the next station.

In Kentucky the Christmas hunt is held at night, on Christmas eve.

The fox hunt is an importation from England, where it still is the favorite sport of the elite at Christmas time. Virginia's early settlers first introduced the custom into the colonies, and General George Washington was one of the most famous of fox hunters. The colonial girl was educated to fox hunting as part of her accomplishments, and hundreds of the belles could take a five rail fence as easily as they cut a graceful figure in a minuet.

SANTA CLAUS IN WISE HUMOR.

By A. B. WILLIAMS.

THE idea came to me when I was sitting in the park with my wealthy little niece, Dorothy, her rich doll and its expensive white perambulator.

"Santa Claus needn't bring me anything; I can do without," said the self-sacrificing, elegantly dressed little mother, "but I hope he won't forget Claribel. She's been good."

"How would she like furs—muff and collar?"

"She's two 'plete sets now," Dorothy said, "one for days and light ones for evenings."

"And a watch," I suggested—"has Claribel a little gilt watch?"

My niece clapped her hands enthusiastically. Would I use any pull I might have with Santa Claus to secure a gold watch for Claribel?

"Does your doll hang up her stockings?"

"No, but she'd like to."

I rummaged through a drawer in which were kept odds and ends, seemingly useless, yet too good for the



DOROTHY AND CLARIBEL.

scrap basket. Yes, the needed had been saved—a pair of finger worn, but fresh, long wristed, last summer's white silk gloves. Secretly I cut a pattern from Claribel's pink stocking and measured also the doll's neck and waist. Using the pink sock as model, I made two pretty white silk stockings from the glove wrists, washed, pressed them, and handed one to Dorothy.

"Hang up this stocking of Claribel's with yours Christmas eve, and I've heard indirectly that Santa Claus will slip a gold watch into it."

I, happening to own two patent leather belts, cut the narrower one down to the width of the small buckle which fastened it, shortened it to the exact measure of the doll's waist, stuck holes with a big hatpin into the opposite ends, and into those holes the buckle prong fitted.

From the leather scraps I fashioned a little bag and, cutting a very narrow strip, sewed this to the bag and so attached it to the belt. A small square of white silk was next bound with pink ribbon and a pink O outlined in one corner. This little handkerchief was placed in the bag with just a corner protruding. The entire effect was successful.

At the drug store I got a round pill box, covered it with a confectioner's pretty label advertisement, lined it with lace paper and filled it with the smallest pill candies purchasable.

At the same store I procured a long, empty powder box, pasted a holly picture over its top, copied in fine letters the autograph of a well known florist, filled the box with tiny paper roses and in small writing worded on a miniature card: "Claribel, the American beauty, Kriss Kringle."

The bonbons contained a similar card, "From an Unknown Admirer."

I made two stocks, one tailor finished and one dressy. A doll's mirror, necklace and fan were removed from the conventional card and tied in separate packages. The chief present, the watch, an ingenious toy, with picture set in back and gilt chain—bought at very small cost—I placed in a dainty white jewel box, in which had been sent a small stock pin.

Finally, Christmas eve, Claribel's various presents, prettily wrapped and tied in different colored papers and ribbons, filled and overflowed the mate to the empty stocking which Dorothy had faithfully planned to the mantelshelf. The empty stocking she found later, mysteriously placed among the toys.

Not only Dorothy and Claribel, but the adults, enjoyed the unpacking of the doll stocking Christmas morning.

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FOR AN ELABORATE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

- Oysters on Half Shell.
- Celery.
- Radishes.
- Olives.
- Cream of Chicken Soup With Croutons.
- Boiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce.
- Parisienne Potatoes.
- Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.
- Cranberry Sauce.
- Mashed Potatoes, Mashed Turnips.
- Boiled Sweet Potatoes.
- Cauliflower, Cream Sauce.
- English Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce.
- Mince Pie.
- Pumpkin Pie.
- Mixed Cakes.
- Assorted Fruit.
- Assorted Nuts.
- Lays Raisins.
- Neapolitan Ice Cream.
- Toasted Crackers.
- Cheese.
- Coffee.

THE INDIANS' CHRISTMAS.

Little Redskins Not Slow to Get Acquainted With Santa.

From the time that Uncle Sam began to encourage the idea of schools for Indian children the teachers made much of Christmas, and the little redskins were quick to show interest in the Christmas tree.

The Christmas of the Brule Sioux Indians shows business management. In each village a committee of prominent braves is appointed, perhaps several weeks in advance of the momentous day, to make a canvass of the tribesmen and gather a fund to be expended in the purchase of a "heap big feast." The committee makes out a prospective menu as soon as the cash is in hand, and then, with true Yankee shrewdness, the specifications as to entables are submitted to the various traders in the vicinity for bids, the contract for this odd undertaking in Christmas entering being awarded, of course, to the lowest bidder.

The Sioux Indians generally have a Kriss Kringle, a member of the tribe, who disguises himself for the occasion and makes speeches and gives presents.

A representative illustration of the Indian Christmas celebration in the southwest can be seen any year in Pueblo or San Felipe, N. M. The holiday celebration is a curious mixture of Christian and pagan customs. The redskins there attend the mission church in the morning, feast at noon and later inaugurate a fantastic and ceremonial dance that continues for half a week.

AN APPETIZING MENU.

- Oysters.
- Mock Turtle Soup.
- Celery.
- Radishes.
- Boiled Whitefish.
- Sauce Hollandaise.
- Boiled Potatoes.
- Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.
- Boiled Onions.
- Stuffed Tomatoes.
- Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style.
- Mixed Salad.
- Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce.
- Camambert Cheese.
- Coffee.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

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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

Condensed Statement

of the condition of

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

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