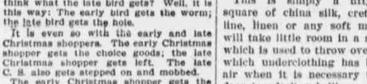


ther, not minding the noise, but looking all pleased, was standing up and holding out his hands to the big man in the snowed on clothes! For it was our father, our dear, loving father, who had come to us for Christmas and brought a big trunk full of Christmas gifts for everybody.

"I can see it all so well.

"The opening of that trunk took place in the warm rooms that my grandfather, too, might see. We, liberated imps, laughed and noised all

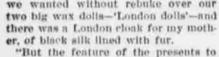


The early Christmas shopper gets the blessings of the cierks and the approval of a good conscience. The late C. S. gets the leavings and a

The edges of the square are either finished with a plain hem, hemstlitched

This is simply a fifty-four inch square of china silk, cretonne, sllkoline, linen or any soft material that will take little room in a suitcase and which is used to throw over a chair on which underclothing has been put to air when it is necessary to open the door to admit a bellboy, maid or any stranger who may knock.

TWO NEW CARS After 11 P. M. Phone Residence Phone .8-J. Will Make Trips to Coquille. A modern Brick . uilding, Electr Light, Steam Heat, Elegan Furnished Rooms with Hot a Cold Water. HOTEL COOS C. A. Metlin, Prop.



us after our dolls was the oranges my father had brought, carefully wrapped and packed warmly in the trunk for our sick grandfather.

"A smile that is very close to tears rises as I remember our gathering in admiring shence about those oranges. I can see my mother's beautiful hands as she carefully peeled and divided one into slim little sections, when we all solemnly took each one bit, the peel carefully saved to flavor things,

"This is what I see yet. But new feelings stirred in me even then and grew and went on growing as I learned later all that sudden, brief visit through the stormy winter weather meant."

Christmas Treasures.

I count my treasures o'er with care-A little toy that baby knew, A little sock of faded hue, little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this Christmas time My fittle one-my all to me-Bat robed in white upon my knee And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head. If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?' I said. And then he named the little toy, While in his round and truthful eyes

There came a look of glad surprise That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer He asked the boon with baby grace, And todding to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there. That night as lengthening shadows crept saw the white winged angels come With music to our humble hom And kiss my darling as he slept.

He must have heard that baby prayer, For in the morn, with glowing face. He toddled to the chimney place They came again one Christmastide, That angei host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden halr, A fittle loca of golden pair, The Christmas music on the air, A-watching for my baby boy. But if again that angel train And golden need come back for me To bear me to eternity My watching will not be in vain.

-Eugene Field

Undertaking Too Much. Do not go into Christmas so hard there is no hope of getting through. Curb your notions. Better give your friend a small centerplece this year than intend to give her a dozen plate and tumbler dollies which may reach her in 1915. Where there is a large list Christmas giving should be simple.

adelphia Record.



Opposite Magnes

Se.



Scenery Along

the Shasta Route.

Mt. Shasta-Shasta

Springs. See San Fran-

cisco, Lick Observatory,

Stanford University, Mt. Lowe,