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The homesite ideal, where the park like tract is being improved and beautified and the level, slightly 50x120 lots face on a graded street.

First Addition, located on the South Side, Marshfield's finest residence section, offers the homebuilder or the investor the highest values for the lowest price. Only \$300 each for your choice of these attractive homesites and we'll make the terms to suit your convenience.

Let us show you this property. You'll want your new home on the "South Side" where the new homes are being erected and developments are taking place. You'll want it in First Addition, the choice of the sheltered section, the homesite ideal.

Make selection now while you can obtain your choice at our low price and your terms.

We have a limited number of close in acre tracts. Rich bottom lands.

KATHRYN'S CHRISTMAS TRE

by DAISY WRIGHT FIELD

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ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven." Kathryn counted twice on her slim brown fingers, and each time she sighed a doleful sigh.

"Seven unlooked for guests coming to eat Christmas dinner with us and not a sign of any Christmas dinner or of the wherewithal to procure it. There isn't a thing but bacon and potatoes and turnips in the house unless it is an onion or two."

"You forget the squash, Kathryn," mildly interposed her brother Tom, with mock serious visage and dancing eyes.

Kathryn, fresh from boarding school, had attempted an elaborate and ultra-scientific garden the summer before with tangible results in the form of a single well grown squash, drought, ill management and various pests having played havoc with the other things.

Kathryn's dreams of a tidy income from the sale of fresh vegetables and of a possible prize at the fall fair vanished into thin air. But the squash was tenderly borne to the cellar by Tom and carefully guarded as a memento of Kathryn's brave if futile attempt to stave off the evil day when the dreaded mortgage, like a dark bird of prey, should swoop down and carry off the little home.

Kathryn was considered a very clever girl at boarding school and by all her legion friends at home. She could paint strange birds that a naturalist would have been at a loss to classify and flowers unknown to the science of botany, do fancy sewing and marvelous embroidery and write charming verse, though, alas, the editors were surprisingly obtuse to the latter fact! Besides which she was able to talk volubly in French and could rattle off some lively two steps and schottisches on the piano—if she had possessed such an instrument.

But none of these accomplishments were exchangeable for coin of the realm in the little country village on the outskirts of which they lived, and as they had only Tom's meager salary as a grocer's clerk to fall back on, it soon came to pass that shabby garments and the plainest of plain fare were the order of the day, in their household. Kathryn's fingers itched to help her brother bear the burden of support. She longed to add her mite to the family income, but as yet had not struck her "niche." She did not know quite enough to teach, and there was no vacancy in either of the two village dry goods stores.

On this Christmas eve there was less than a dollar in the house, and besides herself, her mother and Tom, they had received notice that seven guests would be with them for the Christmas holiday—distant relatives, who had standing invitations to "come up to our house for Christmas sometime," and who by a coincidence had chosen the same date to accept the invitation. There was Aunt Mattie and her twin boys, Cousin Wilbur and his new wife, Aunt Sue and Uncle Hiram—quite a tableful at any time, and certainly an enormous crowd to be provided with Christmas dainties with a fund of less than a dollar.

It began to look as if they must break their rigid rule never to go in debt, even for the necessities of life, and ask the village grocer to trust them, a very humiliating alternative.

After Tom's brilliant remark, which she had been expected to take as a rarely humorous hit, Kathryn gazed at him admiringly for a moment.

"You think you're funny, Tom Wrennet, but you're not," she told him. "Squash pie will be a grateful addition to our boiled potatoes and turnips and onions and other Christmas dainties. Surely no one can say that I blistered my fingers and freckled my nose in vain over that garden, since its one and lonely product is to feed the Christmas guest."

"Never mind, children," broke in their mother, laying down the letter that had just come from Aunt Mattie, announcing the arrival on the morning train of herself and her twin boys, "we can at least do our best to make our guests feel at home and try to enjoy their visit. It is hard not to be able to entertain them as they have us in the past, but what can't be cured, you know, must be endured."

"Mother's a brick!" exclaimed impulsive Tom. "And I move that we tender her a vote of thanks for her little Christmas speech." Whereupon he gave her a rousing kiss and a bear hug and went out into the yard and down into the cellar after the squash.

When he came up from the depths of the darksome cellar where Kathryn stood expectantly waiting, he dropped limply on to an upturned box near by and fanned himself weakly with his old hat. He opened his mouth twice in a vain and apparently desperate attempt to speak and then subsided into silence.

"Tom Wrennet," demanded his sister, giving him an impatient shake, "drop your nonsense and speak. What's the matter?"

"It's—it's gone!" gasped Tom, quite as if "it" had been a diamond necklace instead of a warty and plebeian vegetable.

"Gone?" echoed his sister incredulously. "Who would steal a squash? Light the lantern and come with me. It is never worth while to waste time

Tom obediently procured the lantern from the woodshed, and together they explored the cellar. She had spent a lot of time there when she had first returned from boarding school digging about with the vain hope of locating grandfather Kane's money. He had come to make his home with them a few weeks previous to his death from old age only the year before, and once they had caught him playing with a handful of gold pieces as a child would amuse itself with a lot of pebbles. He had quickly hidden them from sight, however, with his nervous, childish laugh, and though he sometimes babbled of his "treasure" and his "fortune" no one ever saw them again.

Once Kathryn had surprised him coming out of the cellar with a shovel in his hand, the damp earth still clinging to it, and he had slipped away guiltily. After his death she remembered the incident and surmised that he had buried his money in there for safe keeping. It could not be much, of course, not more than \$100 or so, but that would be a fortune to them in their present straitened circumstances, and she felt it no wrong to the dead man, who had been but little more than a child, to unearth the money and put it to good use, for it did no one any good in its hiding place.

But months of vain searching had dispelled the hope of ever finding it, if it had been concealed there, and now she gazed a little disdainfully at the deep holes and heaps of dirt which marked her former efforts. Suddenly she underwent a revulsion of feeling. The little excavations and corresponding mounds of earth seemed to her overwrought mind symbolical of her constant effort and constant failure to be of use to herself or those she loved.

"Oh, Tom!" she moaned, burying her face in his coat-sleeve and trying to smother her sobs. "I wish I could do something—anything—to help you. It's a shame you and Betty have to put off your wedding just because you have us to take care of, and me young



"MONEY!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

and strong. Just as soon as Christmas is over I am going to try to get a place to do common housework. I just can't stand for you to have to bear all the burden."

"Hush, little sister!" Tom drew her close, with big brotherly sympathy. "It hasn't quite come to that yet, and you mustn't think of leaving home. You are not strong enough for such work."

Drying her eyes as best she could she began looking around for the squash. She found it at last—it had only rolled into one of the holes that she had dug near the wall. Tom held the lantern near and she pulled it out of the hole, in doing which she dislodged the earth from the wall above and down came a rain of damp dirt. With it came a small glass jar which had evidently been imbedded in the wall.

With a wild cry Kathryn seized it and held it up to the light of the lantern.

"Money!" she gasped. "Gold pieces and greenbacks. Grandfather's fortune, Tom! Come upstairs, quick! Never mind the squash!"

A moment later she poured the money into her astonished mother's lap and was counting it over, trembling with joy and excitement.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," she counted as she had done earlier in the evening, only this time there was no frown on her face. "Seven hundred dollars—a hundred for each guest! Surely that ought to feed 'em! Was there ever such luck? Why, Tom, it will pay the mortgage and give you a nest egg in the bank, and we can have mince pie, and now you can marry Betty, and we can have her dinner tomorrow and a big fat turkey, and we won't have to go in debt, and we'll stuff the turkey with oysters and put a new carpet in Aunt Mattie's room, 'cause the old one's disgraceful and have plum pudding and cranberry sauce!"

And then she collapsed for want of breath and hid her face on Tom's shoulder and burst into tears. But moment later she looked up to smile triumphantly through her tears at say:

"There, now, Tom Wrennet! What if I hadn't raised that squash?"

STADDEN

ALL KINDS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK, Bromide Enlarging and Kodak Finishing.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos.

J. H. Milner, Plaintiff,

vs.
Sarah Baines, Charles Baines, James Baines, Thomas H. Baines, Henry A. Baines, Mrs. Charles Baines, Mrs. James Baines, Mrs. Thomas H. Baines, Charlotte Helen Baines Flanagan, Patrick J. Flanagan, Rose Baines Peterson and Louis Peterson, Defendants.

To Sarah Baines, Charles Baines, James Baines, Thomas H. Baines, Henry A. Baines, Mrs. Charles Baines, Mrs. James Baines, Mrs. Thomas H. Baines, Charlotte Helen Baines Flanagan, Patrick J. Flanagan, Rose Baines Peterson and Louis Peterson:

You and each of you are hereby notified that you are required to appear and answer the complaint now on file against you in the above entitled Court, in the above entitled suit, in which the said J. H. Milner is plaintiff and you are the defendants, on or before the 7th day of December, 1912, the same being the last day for answering prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear to answer on or before said date the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows, to-wit:

That the Court determine what sum is due upon the contract for the purchase of the hereinafter described real property and apply the amount deposited with the Clerk of this Court thereon, and direct said defendants to make, execute and deliver a warranty deed to said plaintiff for said lots seven, eight, nine and ten of block twenty-nine of Railroad Addition to Marshfield, Oregon, according to the plat thereof, of record and on file in the County Clerk's office of Coos County, Oregon, in accordance with the terms of the contract of sale described in the complaint, upon the plaintiff paying into Court whatever sum of money shall be due thereon; and also decree that upon failure, refusal or neglect of said defendants to make said deed, then in that event said decree be deemed and taken as equivalent thereto.

Second.—That plaintiff have judgment for his costs and disbursements against said defendants and each of them, and such further relief as to the Court shall seem meet and equitable.

Service of this summons is made by publication in pursuance of an order made by the Honorable John S. Coke, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County, dated the 26th day of October, 1912, directing the publication thereof in the Coos Bay Times, a newspaper published at Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon, once a week for a period of six consecutive weeks, commencing with the first publication of the summons on the 26th day of October, 1912.

W. U. DOUGLAS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
(First publication October 26; last publication Dec. 7, 1912.)

DON'T YOU DO IT



The chances are you would make a muddle of it anyway, and only succeed in spoiling your shirt. Besides, is it worth while to go to the trouble with practically no facilities at all, when we can save you the trouble for a very little outlay? We call for and deliver parcel when promised. Won't you give us a single trial?

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PHONE MAIN 57-J.

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W. K. Wiseman

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Bus. Phone 296-X; Res. Phone 166-J

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed qualified and acting executrix of the estate of David Roberts, deceased, has filed her final account in the said estate with the County Clerk of Coos County, Oregon. And the Court has appointed Monday, the 6th day of January, 1912, as the time for hearing objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1912.

JANE MORGAN,
Executrix of the estate of David Roberts, deceased.
(First publication November 23. Last Publication Dec. 23.)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

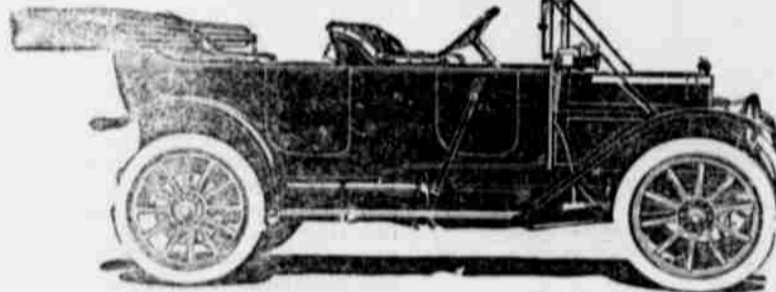
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Mary A. Peterson, deceased. Now all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified, with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the office of James T. Hall, Room 11, Eldorado Block, Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 23d day of October, 1912.

JULIUS NELSON,
Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Peterson, deceased.

Marshfield and North Bend Auto Line

GORST & KING, Proprietors.



LEAVE MARSHFIELD

7:15 A. M.
8:00 A. M.
8:45 A. M.
9:30 A. M.
10:15 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
11:45 A. M.
12:30 P. M.
1:15 P. M.
2:00 P. M.
2:45 P. M.
3:30 P. M.
4:15 P. M.
5:00 P. M.
5:45 P. M.
6:30 P. M.
7:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.
9:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.
11:30 P. M.
12:30 A. M.

LEAVE NORTH BEND.

7:00 A. M.
7:45 A. M.
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10:00 A. M.
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10:00 P. M.
11:00 P. M.
12:00 P. M.

Leave North Bend—Allen's News stand.

Leave Marshfield—Chandler and Bianco Hotels and Busy Corner.



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The past has proven that investments in small acre tracts near growing cities are the most profitable. The C. B. R. S. has such to offer. Chas. J. Brusche, Marshfield, Ore.

The Times Does Job Printing