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Coke Building

Owners.

Telephone 160-J

ALL FEED MAY LOOK ALIKE TO YOU

but not to your horses. Give them some of ours for a change and see how they will eat it much more greedily than they have been attacking their old fodder. Good feed means good feeding and as a horse owner you know that means better horses in every respect.

A. T. Haines

Phone 199J Waterfront, Mfld.

driving a steadily increasing fall of snow and sleet before it.

"Gee! Old Boreas is sending me some Christmas weather with all the frills," he soliloquized, making a run for the shelter of the cabin.

Claude had scarcely put the last of the mountain holly on the walls and built a cheerful big fire in the fireplace in the studio when the door burst open, letting in a dash of snow, in the midst of which stood a slender youth in a furry overcoat and cap, with huge goggles over his eyes.

"Well, can't you come in and shut the door?" demanded the artist impatiently as he stared at the apparition before him.

"I must look like I'm posing as old Santa, don't I?" laughed the boy. Then, with a start of recognition, "Claude Extrum, as I live and whistle!" Suiting the action to the word, he gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

The artist grew red and white by turns as he recognized the boy. It was the sixteen-year-old brother of Aldyce!

"Hal Banniers!" he cried. "Where did you drop from?"

"From the snow clouds," answered the youth, hugging the surprised artist. "This is some luck, all right, finding shelter, and just think of its being your mountain retreat. Aldyce is out there in the car. The machine broke down just below your cabin."

"Aldyce in the car out in this storm?" cried Claude, buttoning up his coat and rushing to the door.

"Yes. We were on our way to Frazier's, up Bear canyon," Hal shouted by explanation as he clung to the snow companion's arm through the snowy gale.

"The Fraziers are giving an old-fashioned Christmas eve party at their ranch house. You know Aldyce and Dell Frazier were great pals at school, so Aldyce was bound to go to the party. I was sure I knew the road there, but this snow came on so suddenly I was a little confused where the roads fork. Aldyce insisted this was the right way, so we came up the wrong canyon."

The artist paid scant heed to young Bannier's explanation. As they sturdily breasted the keen, snow-burdened wind toward the crippled car he was thinking what a strange prank fate had played on him. He had wanted to bury himself in his mountain cabin, sixty-five miles away from Aldyce, and here she was, snowbound at his door.

The wrecked automobile in the snow tempest looked like a red rock half buried in raging whitecaps near a stormy shore. In the back seat sat a girl veiled and clad in rich furs.

"Aldyce!" exclaimed Claude, opening the door wide enough to admit his head.

"We are uninvited guests," laughed the girl, giving him one of her small gloved hands. The girl was the more rational of the two, the young artist

being too confused to offer the customary courtesies of host.

"Come, Claude, why don't you ask us in? I'm getting cold," she reminded him. "Perhaps you want me to freeze stiff and stark out here so you can have a real model for a famous painting entitled 'Frozen in a Motorcar,'" she laughed lightly.

Without a word in reply she felt herself lifted in the man's strong arms.



"HELP! HELP!" SHE CRIED IN MOCK TERROR.

The next second he was hurrying her away to the cabin.

"Help, help!" she called in mock terror.

"Hal, bring the suit cases. The mountain brigand is carrying off your sister."

Claude Extrum deposited his guest in a great easy chair in front of the blazing pine log on the fireplace. Then he helped her remove her wraps. Presently she sat back quite at her ease, her handsomely shod feet on an improvised footstool, while her face glowed in the dancing firelight.

"What are you cooking, Claude, that smells so tartaric good?" demanded Hal, sniffing robustly as he found a place for the suit cases in an unoccupied corner of the studio.

"Not a Christmas turkey, you young gastronomer," answered Claude, his somberness leaving him under the merry mood of his two unexpected guests. "It's beans—pure, unadulterated beans," he added, with a tragic air.

"This is a regular bean soup evening," observed Aldyce. "I'm sure I shall enjoy it."

"I want the largest bowl in your china collection," ordered Hal, assisting the artist to sift flour for the bising. "Nature has endowed me with a big sized attachment for bean soup."

"The pot is full," said Claude, lifting the lid to give the boy a peep, "but if you advise an extension we might bring the wash boiler into service."

It was a merry meal to which they sat down as the early dusk of Christmas eve began to creep into the rustic studio. Hal declared the bean soup was nectar, and Aldyce herself pinned up her sleeves and made delicious coffee. But the reaction came to Claude

at the close of the feast. He suddenly pushed back his chair from the table and sat moodily staring into the crumbling embers on the hearth.

Aldyce regarded the young man's clouded countenance for a short time in silence, a mysterious twinkle in her dark eyes. Then she arose and walked over to the window.

"Hal," she called to her brother, who showed symptoms of dozing in his chair, "the snow has almost stopped. I want you to go out and see if the car is still properly covered."

With a yawn the young fellow obeyed, whistling merrily as he trudged down the canyon.

Quickly Aldyce opened her suit case, took out a long envelope and laid it before the artist.

"A Christmas gift for you," she said simply, the mysterious smile now lurking at the corners of her mouth. "Open it, Claude."

He obeyed and a crisp check for \$3,000 dropped into his hand. Then he read the accompanying note:

Dear Old Pal—The inclosed check is for your painting, "Rainbow Canyon in Summer," sold to the famous art collector, Mr. Stevens of New York. He wants the same scene in winter at your own price. He says to be prepared for some orders from his friends. Merry Christmas!

LAWRENCE.

"Aldyce, how did you learn I was here?" he asked, moving toward her.

"Lawrence told me. I was in the studio when Mr. Stevens bought your picture on exhibition there. He was so happy for you he let out your secret that you were coming here to bury yourself for the holidays," she replied.

"Then I planned—"

She hesitated, blushed, looking at him with laughing eyes.

"Dell Frazier's party," he finished boldly.

"How dare you insinuate that I fabricated that as an excuse to bring you the good news of your fortune?" she taunted him, assuming a tone of injury.

He sprang toward her. With a little cry of feigned fright she eluded him, but stopped under the hanging lamp, where a dangling spray of mistletoe touched her hair. Then he kissed her.

Packing the Present.

Tissue paper, excelsior or finely cut paper will prove the best material to fill in all space, making it impossible for the Christmas gift to be broken.

THE DOLL DOCTOR.

He's Almost as Busy as Dear Old Santa Claus.

Dolls have ever so many things happen to them. Sometimes little brothers break off their heads and sometimes their "mothers" let them fall and break an arm, a leg or a nose. Then their hair comes off, and a baldheaded dollie certainly is not beautiful. Altogether dolls have more accidents and diseases than really truly people.

And that is where the doll doctor comes in. Did you never hear of the doll doctor? Well, he is a very nice man who fixes up all the broken dollies and makes them as good as new.

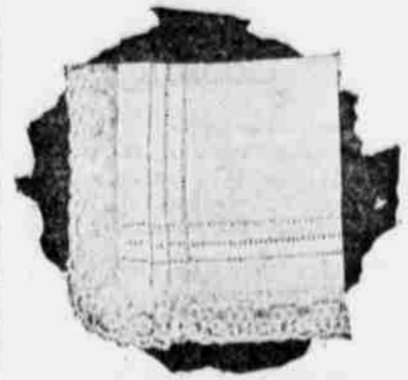
If you should ever visit the doll doctor you would find him with all sorts of battered, unaimed and disabled dolls around him, some with eyes gouged out, some with legs or arms gone, some with broken fingers and others with only paint scratched from their faces. The doctor looks after them all.

He is a very busy man—almost as busy as Santa Claus.

Very Useful Presents

One girl who believes in giving Christmas presents that can be used is making for several of her girl friends this year the daintiest possible flannel skirts.

Petticoats are supposedly out of favor, but the sensible girl knows bet-



HANDMADE HANDKERCHIEF.

ter than to discard flannels. She insists, however, that they take up as little room as may be.

The skirts being made fill that need. They are of fine white flannel as wide as can be bought and are cut from a circular pattern, so as to fit snugly around the hips. The tops and bottoms are bound with inch wide wash ribbon in a delicate color, and the placket and back seam are catstitched in a color to match.

To avoid extra bulk the skirt fastens with a button and buttonhole rather than with ribbon ties.

One skirt, for the best friend, has a line or two of small embroidered dots done in pink mercerized cotton just above the pink satin binding at the bottom.

Another useful gift is handkerchiefs, of which one can never have too great a supply. The one illustrated is of fine handkerchief linen finished with a narrow hem, above which at intervals are two rows of hemstitching, between which are rows of featherstitching. The handkerchief has an edge of pretty princess lace.

Novel Coat Hanger.

Now don't say that you are sick and tired of the sight of coat and skirt hangers. Probably you have seen and made a number of them, but have you ever turned out a coat hanger like the one pictured? It is covered, to be sure, with the regulation towered ribbon gathered along the edges of the frame,



PERFUMED COAT HANGER.

and the loop from which the useful contrivance hangs is wound with narrow ribbon. But just make a note of the four dainty little sachet bags that are attached to the loop with bunches of baby ribbon, and if the effect is not novel and pleasing then look up another trifle for your Christmas offering.

Shirt Waist Basket For Gift.

The new shirt waist baskets make a delightful present for maid or matron. They have taken the place of fabric covered boxes. The baskets have two trays placed one above the other, but so carefully fitted that the weight of the upper one does not in the least injure the freshness of whatever is placed in the lower one.

The first tray is designed for the best blouses, those that are most expensive to do up. This tray is first covered with a heavy white linen, then with a sheet of lavender scented cotton batting and finally with dotted swiss or embroidered muslin. Attached to the inner side of the tray are half a dozen little sheets or leaves of linen, one of which is laid over each freshly laundered blouse as it is placed in the basket.

The lower tray, which is several inches deeper than the upper one, is for the tailored waists and the different sort of outing skirts, and while it is sachet lined its covering is of lawn and the sheets are of the same substantial material.

Fillet Lace Covers.

Every woman is proud to own one or more soft cushion covers made from fine handkerchief linen and squares of fillet lace.

Nothing gives more distinction to a tea room couch than the addition of one of these cushions. Spreads for the bed can also be made of these lovely materials, which, if bought, would be quite beyond the average woman's pocketbook.

The fillet squares can be bought for little price. They show classic designs woven in solid, and often several different designs are used in the making of a bedspread. The work is done somewhat on the order of old fashioned patchwork, only it is much simpler.

Strips of linen are sewed between the squares. The work is done on the machine if you are a busy woman, but if there is time to spare do it by hand, rolling the edges.

AUTOMOBILES IN COOS COUNTY

Secretary of State's Reports Shows 140 Machines in This Section.

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 14.—Tables prepared by Secretary of State Olcott show that license fees aggregating the sum of \$41,898 have been taken in by the state since the passage of the new automobile law by the last legislature. They further show the total number of motor vehicles to be registered since the law went into effect to be 10,162.

Applications are now being received for licenses for the year 1913 and the secretary will begin issuing them soon.

Coos county has 140 licensed autos, distributed among the towns as follows:

- Bullards, 1.
- Bandon, 25.
- Coquille, 43.
- Empire, 1.
- Fairview, 2.
- Leo, 1.
- Marshfield, 39.
- Myrtle Point, 11.
- North Bend, 16.
- Norway, 1.

Curry county boasts of two machines, one owned at Harbor and one at Langlois.

M. L. CURRY IN FINE NEW SHOP

PURCHASES AUTO REPAIR DEPARTMENT AND MACHINE SHOP OF GEORGE GOODRUM'S GARAGE.

M. L. Curry, one of the best known auto experts on Coos Bay, has just purchased the machine shop and auto repair department of George Goodrum's garage and will conduct it. He has taken charge and has everything in readiness for service. In discussing the matter today, Mr. Curry said:

"I have purchased Mr. George Goodrum's repair shop, the same being located in the rear of his garage at Fourth and Central streets, Marshfield.

"With the equipment already in the shop and with the new line of tools I have added it makes it the only first-class garage shop on the Bay. It is partitioned off, thereby enabling me to give each job my undivided attention. I feel that when you pay for an hour's work, you are entitled to every minute of the same and I am sure that arrangement of my shop will convince you that you will get it. I am prepared to do any and all kinds of automobile and gas engine work, battery charging, magneto and electrical repair work. I have just installed a new steam vulcanizing plant, enabling me to repair any size hole in any size tube.

"My battery charging plant is the best to be had; upon the proper charging and care of a battery depends its life. The best is none too good.

"Mr. Goodrum having his garage modernized will enable you to run your car in at any time of the day or night for either garage or shop service. My shop is run independently, but at the same time you are at liberty to use the garage at any and all times. I would be pleased to have every auto owner and gas engine owner and in fact everyone interested in mechanics call and see. Seeing is believing. When in doubt as to the proper performance of your car or that "blankety-blank" carburetor, don't bother the neighbors about it, but phone 373-J and tell Curry your troubles."

United States Imported Them at Rate of \$1,000,000 a Day in October.

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.) WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The imports of luxuries into the United States in October, were probably the largest on record, exceeding a million dollars a day. The imports for the calendar year of 1912 are expected to reach \$250,000,000.

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PHONE MAIN 57-J Marshfield, Oregon.