

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THERE are but six more shopping days until Christmas. It is too late to shop early, but not too late to shop as early as you can.

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

(From Council Bluffs, Ia., Nonpareil) Advocates interested in municipal ownership of waterworks would find it profitable to investigate the facts in regard to the history and present situation of affairs in this line in Council Bluffs. This city has settled the question in favor of municipal ownership and the great majority of the citizens believe it has been settled right.

GOV. WEST'S WORK.

The Bandon Surf says: "To the student of sociology, Governor Oswald West presents a complex problem of more than ordinary interest. It would seem that in an over-zealous effort to rectify the existing order of things he has become engulfed in a maze of technicalities which only a man of profound learning and superior intelligence and a keen discernment of right and wrong could reasonably be trusted to effiliate in a judicial capacity. West is none of these. He is simply an ordinary self-made man such as we meet every day of our lives who has risen into prominence more through the intervention of luck than through being possessed of actual merit. He is neither educated nor polished, and possesses only an ordinary amount of intelligence and no horse sense whatever. He is an old school Oregonian, thoroughly saturated with those ancient moss-back ideas which kept the state of Oregon on the hummer for nearly two generations. He possesses an erroneous and exaggerated idea of moral ethics and an exalted opinion of himself, Dr. Leach and the inalienable rights of man, but his chief inconsistency consists in abridging other people's rights. As a moral crusader, he has pulled off more funny stunts and made a bigger boob of himself than any other chief executive living or dead. He has started much agitation and accomplished less than nothing. His methods are crude and violent, seldom satisfactory, and calculated for the grandstand. Oregon is a great state and has the resources and facilities for becoming a greater one if her affairs are properly managed, but if such irresponsibilities as Oswald West are allowed to tinker with twentieth century conditions it will either eventually go back to the Indians or become a "foolish fife." Oswald, like all things finite, has his limit, and when he plunges head over ears beyond it what are we going to do with him?"

BACKWARD GLANCES.

When a man grows old and his feet are cold, and his heart is much the same, then he oft looks back on his winding track, with something of grief and shame. "If we could again," sigh the ancient men, "but travel that sunlit ground, we would shun the breaks and the dire mistakes which in our past lives abound." The old men sit by the wall and twit themselves with the things they've done, but it's to no avail, for they're tired and frail, and their race is nearly run. The old men say, when the young that way are passing in joyous throngs: "Oh, youth, beware of the gin and snare," and the answer is heedless songs. For the young are bold and the pilgrims old are dotards, they big'ly say; they themselves must learn of the lights that burn to lead them in swamps astray. And the counsel sage of the man of age is idle as gusts of air; he talks in vain of the farers slain in the swamps of great despair. For the youth must break his own path and make his camp where he thinks it best; he must draw his weird till his silvered beard lies hoar on his withered breast.—Walt Mason.

V. V.'S EYES.

A man wrote a novel named "Queed," a volume most charming. Indeed; it was witty and sweet, and a hard one to beat, a book that all people might read. And the people they gladly upris, and purchased that volume of his, till the publisher smiled o'er the money they piled, and the booksellers murmured "Gee whiz!" Then the author, he said, through his hat: "I will write something better than that!" A book that's profound, with a moral so sound it will jar up the vile plutocrats! So he wrote, about Vivian's eyes, a book that's supposed to be wise; but it fills me with woe, for it's dreary and slow, and flar as any boarding house pies. I grumble and groan as I read, surprised that the author of "Queed,"—a book that's a peach—should rear up and preach, when humor's the stuff that we need. And here is a man that can make you laugh till your innards will ache; he slides tracks his gift in order to drift around in the ruck with his rake. He should be arrested and fined for using his wonderful mind to turn out a book, or a sermon, or a book that any old lard-been could find. Get back to your nose, gifted man! Preach your office, and don't let your pen nib write and show up the world as do you can!

HIS DAY OF REST.

Can be made a pleasure by getting out of one's hole. Learning to relax completely, avoid. "The Fair," on Central ave.

Festal Day In Dixie A Carnival of Cheer

SOMEHOW there is a charm about a Christmas down in Dixie peculiarly fascinating. It savors more of the old English holiday when the wassail bowl was filled to the brim, when the Yule log glowed and the bear's head was borne into the banquet. It was in the good old days before the war that the folks of the south observed this joyous season with prodigality more lavish and hospitality more extensive than were dreamed of even in the annals of Brucebridge Hall. Then came the true carnival of merriment. The old manor was ablaze with life and beauty. From the surrounding country all the belles and the beaux had gathered. Morning brought a meet at daybreak for the fox hunt, and nighttime called for "Old Uncle Ephraim," the plantation fiddler, whose reels were famous throughout the whole country. Feast followed feast, and the spirit of celebration extended from the master down to the field hands, each of whom received a jug filled with good whisky when he called for his Christmas rations.

But these are the days that have gone, and with their going departed many characteristics which made the Christmas time down south so distinctive. While the fate of war and changed conditions have curtailed the prodigality of former days, most of the ancient customs remain, and in many instances Christmas in the villages and the country is but a mild repetition of antebellum observances.

A few of the large country homes still have some of the old servants who were with the family in slavery days. If these old family darlies have been away during the year they always reappear with the approach of the Christmas holidays and assume duties about the household. The old "mummy," although her services have been engaged elsewhere during the rest of the year, reports to make the fruit cake for Christmas dinner.

She alone knows the culinary traditions of the family kitchen. The ingredients of this wonderful cake have been handed down from generation to generation, and the spice and the brandy and the citron and all such things are compounded according to the proportions laid down years and years ago.

These fruit cakes bear the family name, and some time, through the courtesy of the season and the exchange of compliments of the day, a slice of Grantland cake is on the same plate with a slice of Dubignon cake. Not infrequently these cakes are cooked a year in advance, by which time they are fully seasoned and settled, although the cracks in the icing and its yellow tint mar the beauty somewhat. Its cooking can be entrusted to no hands except those of the antebellum family cook or her descendants.

Not alone this old cook, but all branches of the service in vogue during the days of slavery are usually represented about Christmas time. The son of your father's and your grand father's coachman comes, and on rare days the old man himself hobbles to the house and splur out marvelous tales of the past. These old darlies are all presented with gifts, and for each of their children a present of some sort has been prepared. This feature generally comes in the southern home before the rest of the family has been attended to. In the meantime the children have been keeping eager watch at the door of the room where Santa Claus has made his visit. No one is allowed to enter this sacred precinct until the paterfamilias gives the signal, but before this signal is given every member of the household must be dressed and ready for breakfast and the morning prayers must have been said.

When everything is ready the children are allowed to rush in and examine the contents of their stockings. Some of the largest children still have implicit faith in the wonderful personality of old Santa Claus. Forged notes from the old fellow, admonishing them to make their behavior according to the precept of their mother, are eagerly read and compared. The interchange of presents among the older members of the family usually takes place at the breakfast table, but in most instances they are allowed to mingle with the specialties of old Santa Claus and are placed on the same holly tree from which his presents hang.

The hunt for the holly and the mistletoe, while not as exciting as the chase for the coo's head, is just as much a feature as that old English custom and equally enjoyable. Several days before Christmas eve a big wagon, filled with straw and brimming full of pretty girls and boys, too, is driven into the woods, where the search for the holly is carried on. It requires a most agile youngster to scale to the height where the mistletoe grows, and he is always sure of a generous reward of kisses from the girls below.

Christmas day is always quiet. Sometimes the boys and girls have been taught carols, which they sing at home or in the village chapel hard by. Night brings mirth and youthful jollity again when the darlies come once more and sing old songs or participate in outdoor games.

About it all there has been a quaint, old time flavor. Everybody is happy, and yet there is a tinge of sadness about it all, for the southern Christmas now is but a faint echo of days gone by.

The joys of Christmas.

The merry all, be merry all! With holly leaves the festive hall; Beyond the ring, the feast, the ball, To welcome merry Christmas.—W. B. Sweeney

NEWS OF NORTH BEND

Mrs. C. M. Byler was a Marshfield visitor yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodson, of South Coos River, visited at the home of Mrs. Chas. Jensen yesterday. Mrs. M. Morse, of Empire City, and daughter, Mrs. Roscoe Widner, were Marshfield visitors yesterday. J. V. Hodson of the Pacific grocery was a business visitor to Marshfield yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kern of North Bend Heights were Marshfield visitors yesterday. Mrs. Geo. E. Mandigo and Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Everitt were Marshfield shoppers yesterday.

Mrs. L. Ross and Mrs. W. E. Riggs, of Ross Inlet, were Marshfield shoppers yesterday. Mrs. Sarah Jordan of Eastside is spending the week as the guest of Mrs. Charles Levene of Coquille. E. E. Riggs is having an addition built to his residence. Mrs. Ira B. Bartle of Sherman avenue was a Marshfield shopper yesterday. Mrs. E. R. Hodson and daughters, Erma and Irene, of South Coos River, were visiting relatives here yesterday. Mrs. Robt. McCann was a Marshfield visitor yesterday.

LOCAL OVERFLOW.

Leave On Adeline.—Messrs. C. A. Smith, Arno Meehan and Brennan Smith will enjoy the Christmas holidays in Berkeley, Calif., with the members of their families. They will leave on the Adeline Smith toward the end of this week and will probably remain until after the new year.

Mrs. Sneddon Ill.—Mrs. Charles Sneddon became ill shortly after midnight at her home on South Seventh street from ptomaine poisoning, caused from eating some home-made pickles. Dr. Mings was called to attend her at 2 a. m., and this morning she was reported as feeling much better.

Moving Boathouses.—The boathouses and house boats which have been moored along the edge of the C. A. Smith property, and at the entrance of Mill Slough, are being moved this week to various points in the harbor, some being shifted over near the C. A. Smith mill, and others being taken to the lower harbor or to North Bend. The preparation for dock building and the fill by the dredge Seattle are creating quite a bustle along the waterfront.

MARTIN STECKEL, of Eastside, went to Coquille today to testify in the Leaton case.

Little Jack Horner and His Christmas Pie

With Variations In the Style of the Poets

By CALLY RYLAND

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pie, He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum And said, "What a good boy am I."

If Edgar Allan Poe Had Written It. See Jack Horner in his corner With his pie. Where's his ma? Will no one warn her? He will die!

With a thimble that is dotting While he's gloating, gloating, gloating, He is fishing for the floating Plum, oh, my! All his boast of being good, Careful of his daily food, Twinkles merrily within his saucy eye, eye, eye.

Robert Browning Might Have Done It. Pastry's all or nothing; it is not mere dough. Pounded and pulled and puzzled over, sir. For whiteness or for lightness—and this pie Was of the very stuff o' life, sir. None of your blundering bits of work, but infinitely eatable. Well, Horner sat there Ruminating "Twas Christmas, ruminating time.

You say, and you are right, sir. Lazily give and open mouthed he sat, Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips. Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it. When of a sudden—oh, the fellow's keen!—Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon Straightway he plunged it in the sweet. "Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a damp plum.

This Would Be Walt Whitman's Style. I sing the Christmas pie. The flour, the lard, the butter that compose it; The richness of its stuffing. A divine nimbus exhales from it. It attracts with force, undeniable attraction. I am drawn by its breath no less than Jack Horner, who holds it upon his knees.

I am one with the plum concealed in its mammoth vastness. I loosen myself, pass freely and am at the door of Horner's lips, smacking to taste its ingredients. But he does not know how to get at you, pie. He sits sleepily considering the pose of his head, his puffed out lips, betraying his gluttony. Presently a fine smile comes on to his face. He lunges into the pie with firm thumb. Its crust yields. He possesses himself of its richness. Oh, young men, I would not have you sit in a corner considering pie stuffings. Be bold. You—whoever you are—are allowed the eternal purports of a pie. (I loved a certain Christmas pie ardently, and it gave me indigestion. Yet out of that I have written this song.)

In the Great William Shakespeare's Style. "Sweet pastry, do not scorn me, do not gibe. And frown at me with crusty surliness. I know that in your flaky depths is hidden A mammoth plum, which, 'Ods my little life! I'll have it if I must swing for 't." Thus Jacques, Who, (O-reupon, with swashing stab of the thumb, Smote through the crispy lid, which erst held tight. And with triumphant shout, "'Ods bodikins. A good lad 't!" withdrew the sought-for plum.

Algernon Charles Swinburne's Style. Here where the world is quiet, Here upon Christmas day, With plums and a pie for diet, In a corner sat Horner. No feast was ever sweeter, No finger was ever fleetier. To yank a plum with glee to A mouth that gapes allway.

Santy and the Stork. "But, daddy, is there really, truly Santy?" "Well, I just guess yes—a regular corks he is too." "Is he nice?" "Is he? Well, I should say so! Isn't he, Mary?" "Humph! Very nice, as Santas go, but not very modest." "Is he handsome, daddy?" "Oh, as handsome as a picture—sparkling eyes, fine forehead, beautiful complexion—very handsome, isn't he, Mary?"

"Henry, it's perfectly dreadful the way you deceive that child. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're setting her a terrible example." "But, daddy, where does he live—away off somewhere?" "Oh, yes; very, very far." "Away off where the stork lives?" "The stork! Who's been telling you about the stork?" "Mama!"—Chicago Tribune.

Just Suppose

The merchants waited until the last minute before ordering their Christmas stocks, or suppose that the manufacturers waited until the last week before beginning the manufacture of Christmas goods. Merchant and manufacturer begin months ahead in order to have things ready for you. You should begin weeks ahead in order to have things ready for Santa Claus.

Months and months ago the presents were made that you will give to your loved ones this year. There is no reason for delaying the purchase, and by buying early you avoid trouble and bother.

Buy something today and a part of the load will be off your mind.

BY doing your Christmas shopping early you find complete stocks, clerks to wait on you and you are able to BUY exactly the articles you want without being unduly hurried or forced to encounter crowds. BY and bye conditions will be different. Stores will be crowded, clerks will be excited and shopping will be a trial.

The Royal TONIGHT

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAM TONIGHT IN VAUDEVILLE AND PICTURES.

THE HEAD HUNTERS—101 Bison, a two-reel feature.

LITTLE BUSTER—A good comedy.

THE BRUTE.

LOST IN THE NIGHT.

TOMORROW NIGHT—James K. Hackett in THE PRISONER OF ZENDA in five reels.

ADMISSION: Lower floor, 15c. Balcony 10c.

Times Want Ads Bring Results

PERSONAL NOTES

RAY B. DEMENT and wife of Myrtle Point are Marshfield visitors.

C. E. HULING was among the was among the visitors in the city yesterday.

C. E. HULING was among the visitors in the city today from Myrtle Point.

ATTORNEY H. L. HOY was among the passengers bound for Coquille on the morning train.

ALBERT MERCHANT and wife are here from Bullards to visit relatives and do their Christmas shopping.

F. L. GREENOUGH, of Bandon, who arrived here last evening, returned on the train this morning to the Valley.

MARSHAL CARTER returned last evening from a trip to the county seat in connection with one of the cases on trial.

LESLIE G. JOHNSON, of Myrtle Point, arrived here yesterday and is spending a few days looking up business acquaintances.

A. J. MENDEL is expected home tomorrow from Portland, where he has been on business and pleasure for a couple of weeks.

J. S. GRAY, the well known Gardiner pioneer, is a Marshfield business visitor and also renewing acquaintance with his many friends on the Bay.

JAMES LATTIN, of Bay Park, will soon go to Elmira, New York, to care for an invalid aunt. He expects to be gone a year but will return to Marshfield.

M. J. SLATSKY, Arthur Walker, J. S. Gray and Arthur Rosenbaum, formed a quartet of Gardiner citizens who arrived here last evening for a brief stay.

J. W. MILLER, a well known young rancher from near Coquille, returned home after taking in the Elks minstrel show here. He is

APPEAL MADE TO MARSHFIELD

Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce Urges Action Against Income Tax Reduction.

The Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce has received a letter from the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce body in an appeal to Congress to modify, or at least suspend for a period of two years, the new income tax law, on the ground that it forms a serious menace to the business welfare of the country.

The Indianapolis chamber forwarded a copy of a memorial which it has drawn up for presentation to the senators and congressmen, stating that the income tax law has been made particularly onerous, un-reasonable and impracticable in requiring deduction at the source of incomes. The memorial declares that this method of deduction is a strong blow to foreign investments in the United States and is disastrous to American securities, and has demoralized the foreign market for American bonds.

The Indianapolis body believes that a grave emergency in the affairs of the country exists, and asks that at least the provisions of the law be suspended until people have adjusted themselves to its principles. The appeal urges quick action in drawing the matter to the attention of Congress.

Secretary Motley has secured a copy of the Army and Navy Magazine, which contains all the provisions of the new law, including the income tax law.

quite a football enthusiast and is hoping that the Marshfield and Coquille independent teams will arrange a game at Coquille Christmas day. He says Coquille has some good material.

Get Your Gift for Him at The Smokehouse. That's where he buys his cigars and you will find his favorite brand here. SILVER CIGARETTE CASES. MEREISCHAUM PIPES. CIGAR CASES. Many beautiful and useful things that he will appreciate. Cigars in Christmas boxes. The Smokehouse. Central Ave. Chandler Bldg.

Order Your Christmas Candy from SARTER'S. WE ARE SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY FINE ASSORTMENT OF Christmas Boxes of Candy. FROM 25 CENTS TO \$12.00. Fine Fountain Drinks and Hot Tamales a Specialty.

The Parisian FASHION'S CENTER. IRVING BLOCK. SPECIAL SALE FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Men's Suits & Overcoats \$25.00 and \$27.50. WOMEN AND MISSES One-fourth to one-half off in different departments. Beautiful Suits. Coats. Furs. Hats, Waists, Gloves. Purses, Hand Bags. Hosiery, Underwear. Kimonos, Bath Robes. All well tailored of the best qualities and workmanship. Your choice \$20. That's all. Thursday, Friday and Saturday.