

COOS BAY TIMES

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BELGIAN FUND GROWS DAILY

Table listing contributions to the Belgian Fund with names and amounts, totaling \$68.95.

LEW PRICE was down today from his home at Sumner attending to some matters of business.

J. O. LANGWORTHY came down from Allegany this morning after visiting over Thanksgiving with Captain and Mrs. Herman Edwards.

until all the free oxygen in the air spaces is consumed by the respiratory processes of the plant. This direct absorption of oxygen is nearly but not quite, counterbalanced by the evolution of carbon dioxide, as a portion of the oxygen combines to form other by-products.

It is the presence of this carbon dioxide gas which is the principal preserving agent in the silage. The escape of this gas from the silo will immediately start decay.

DO IT NOW

Do what? Why, buy that Christmas present. You are going to buy it some time, and there is no reason for delay, while there are scores of reasons for acting at once.

A further reason is noted in the comfort early Christmas shopping means to clerks and delivery boys. They have heavy burdens during the holiday season.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE AT NIGHT

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

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IT seemed to Ruth as she flew for the dozenth time to her telephone that dreary afternoon of the day before Christmas that she had friends in the grim old city of which she had never known until then—true friends, even if they were humble and too poor to do more than telephone their good wishes.

This special message was from Ruth's proprietor. Could he call that evening? Ruth's "Of course not, Mr. Mayne," was firm. Could he take her out, then—a dinner somewhere, the theater? Just this once, for Christmas' sake? Ruth's refusal was transmitted by the telephone were all firm and relentless.

"It will never do for the proprietor to call upon his stenographer," she said, with a sorry little smile. "To be sure, there was a time—when he was her father's clerk—but times have changed."

Perhaps because it was Christmas eve, when memories, no matter how well behaved at other times and seasons, will walk abroad; perhaps because other things—such as love, joy, peace and good will—were thronging heaven and earth below; perhaps only because Ruth was tired and perplexed and lonely—whatever the reason—sitting there in her little window, looking down upon the street, with its throng of gay, good natured shoppers.



HER REFUSALS WERE FIRM AND RELENTLESS.

ed and lonely—whatever the reason—sitting there in her little window, looking down upon the street, with its throng of gay, good natured shoppers. Ruth did what she had sternly forbidden herself to do—she went back over the years which had made such changes in her life. There was her father's business disgrace, the loss of everything, followed by his death. Then came her own beginning in business. In spite of herself, Ruth smiled to think of what her old friends would say could they know what a capable little business woman necessity had made of her.

"Some time you will want me, Ruth," he had said. Above the rush and roar of the great city Ruth heard the words again just as she had heard them every day and every night since Jack had gone away. "I could urge you now, but I want you of your own free will, dear. And you will come some day. I do not even need to ask a promise—I know. What is ours does come to us, if we wait. I can wait."

That was three years ago. At first Ruth had half expected his return. But he never came. And he never sent her a word. Ruth was tired of watching the mails now. And her proud little head told her enger little heart that it was not fair to call Jack back just because life was hard and lonely and almost unbearable sometimes. So she toiled away until toil became work—work that she enjoyed. She had her little rooms by herself, her books, her pictures, enough to eat and wear. What more need any one ask? Nothing—except at Christmas. At Christmas, to a woman, love is a necessity.

That night, in the middle of the darkest hour, Ruth sat up straight in bed. She was absolutely sure that the telephone bell over her desk had just rung. All was still, so, after a minute of waiting, she lay down again, laughing to herself. The telephone had been so busy all day bringing her messages that she had heard it in her dreams. It could not really have rung. After a little she drowsed off, only to hear its shrill jingle again and again. It no longer awakened her. But in her dream she went to the telephone, took down the receiver and listened. Out of the darkness and distance a voice spoke—Jack's voice. "Merry Christmas" was its only message. But so strong and clear were the words that when Ruth finally awoke to a sunny Christmas morning, she still tingled to their memory. Perhaps, when one first awakes, the

heart has more control over one than the head. Anyhow, when Ruth sat up and looked out of her window at the already busy streets far below her, her heart was doing the talking.

"Jack is waiting for you—somewhere," it said. "And he belongs to you. Why not claim your own?" After a minute Ruth's heart spoke again. "What if you are poor? What if he is not rich? Can't two work together better than apart? Why not give Jack a Christmas gift? The only one he wants?"

Ruth did not give her hand time to argue with her heart. As soon as she was dressed she was at the telephone giving Jack's business number. After she had waited what seemed a long, long time her head did remind her.

"Why, of course," she said slowly, "he will be up country today." She was just about to hang up the receiver.

"Wait a minute," cried her heart. Hearts do know things, especially at Christmas. And then—

"Hello!" said a big, hearty voice out of the distance. "Oh, Jack!" cried Ruth. "Is it you, really you?"

"Yes, Ruth," said the voice. "Who else? You wanted—"

"To—wish you a merry Christmas, Jack," Ruth faltered. "Thanks. That all?"

"Yes," said Ruth, listening to her head. Then: "No—not quite, I—I wanted to hear your voice; that's all."

"Is it?" asked the voice Ruth wanted to hear. "You see, Jack," Ruth hurried on, "I dreamed about you last night. I—I thought you called me up, and—and it was only a dream."

"I came so near it," said the voice, "that I stood here by my phone for an hour. But it was late, and—well, Ruth, I wanted you to call me up this time."

"You're not in the country?" "Not yet. We go tonight."

"We?" "Mother and I. She's spending part of Christmas in the city. But we miss the snow and the sleighbells and the home folks."

"It sounds lovely," cried Ruth, "and so Christmasy. Give your mother my love, Jack, and wish her the merriest Christmas."

"She'll be glad to hear from you,



SITTING IN HER LITTLE WINDOW.

Ruth; we've been talking of you. Anything else?" "No."

"Sure, dear?" Ruth's eyes were so full of tears that, as she said afterward, she couldn't see to talk.

"Sure, dear?" asked the voice again. "That's all," she said bravely, "only—are you well?"

"Perfectly. And you?" "Oh, yes! Wasn't it strange I heard the bell when you didn't really ring up last night, Jack?"

"No," said Jack firmly. "Your heart heard mine, little girl. If only you would listen to it oftener."

"I can't always hear it," laughed Ruth. "My head is such a good talker."

"Time's up," said a strange voice somewhere.

"Goodby, Jack, dear!" cried Ruth. But there was no answer.

The next minute she again took down the receiver. "Get 3500 again; quick!" she said. "Hello!" said Jack's voice. "Is that you, Jack?"

"Of course. Something you forgot, dear?"

"No; I didn't forget. I wouldn't say it, but I must. Don't look at me, Jack, but listen. I'm listening to my heart now. There is something I want, Jack."

"Yes." "It's a big something. Guess. No; don't guess. Wait. It's you." Ruth hung up the receiver and ran to the chair by the window quite the other side of the room.

It was not quite a minute when the telephone bell rang shrilly. "Is this Miss Hazen?" said the operator's voice.

"Yes," said Ruth. "Message wasn't finished—wait."

"Hello!" came Jack's voice, big, strong, vibrant with happiness. "That you, Ruth?"

"Yes." "Coming," said the voice, "mother and I, to take you up state with us. Can you be ready in an hour?"

"Yes," said Ruth. "I've been ready always, Jack."

What came next must have surprised even that long suffering, much enduring wire. Sure it is that Ruth's cheeks flamed like red holly berries. And even before she ran to put her clothes in her suit case, to do her hair and to put on her one good gown, from above her bookcase she took a sprig of scarlet holly. With a red ribbon she tied it over the telephone. "If ever anything deserved a merry Christmas," she cried, "you do!"

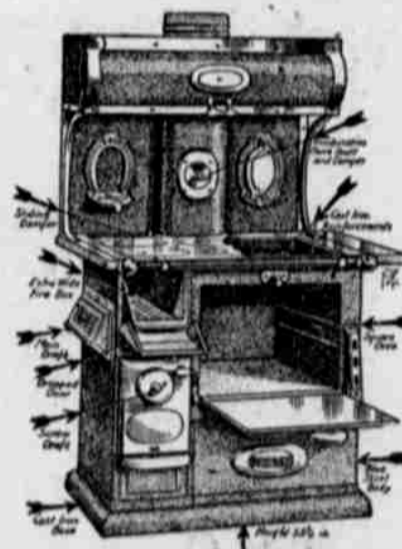
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