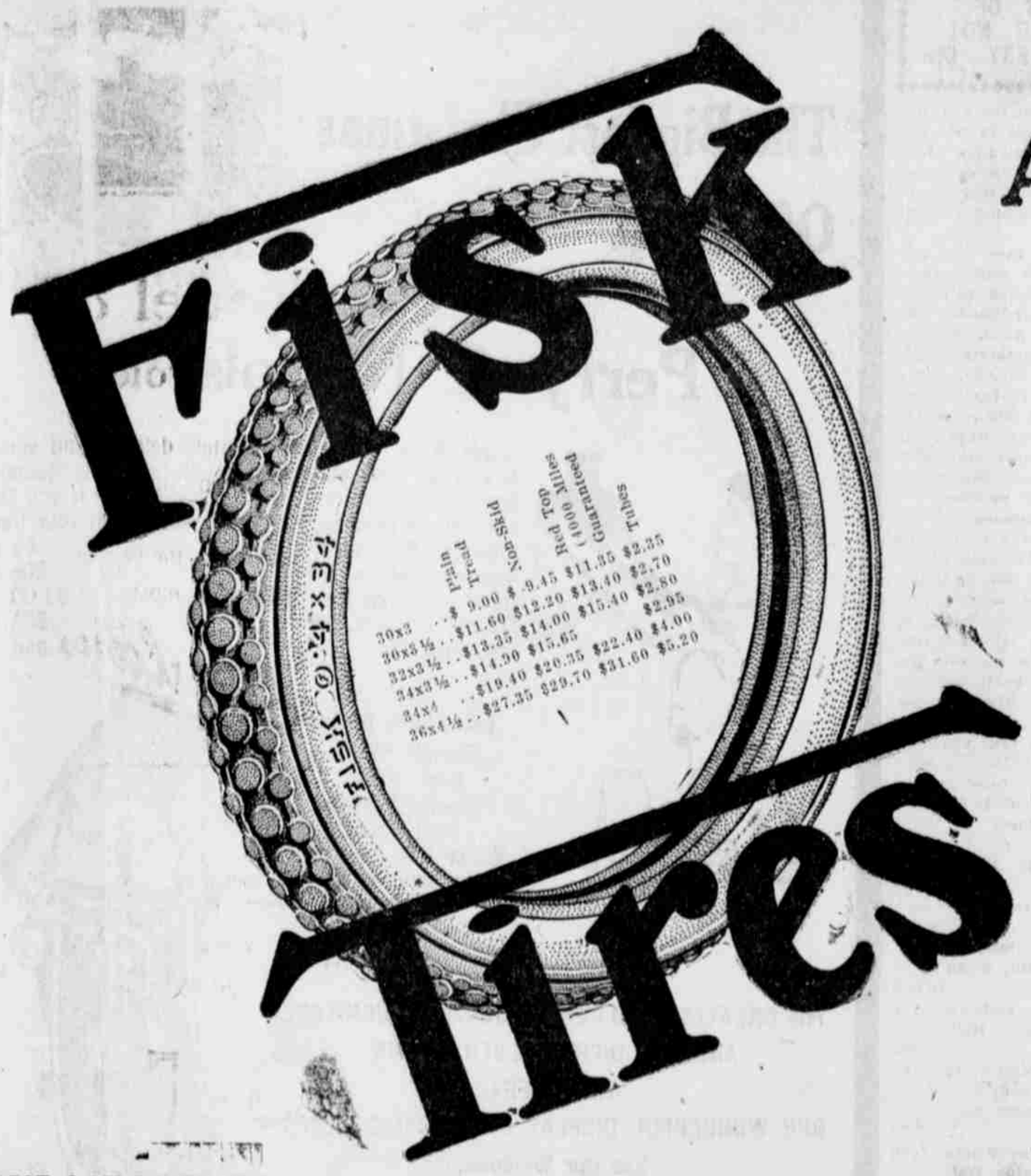

A Word of Appreciation

At the close of the 1915 automobile season we want to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of our really phenomenal business on FISK TIRES.

Nearly two years ago we made a careful investigation of the various makes of auto tires, to ascertain the one best suited to service on Coos County roads. After careful research, we chose FISK TIRES.

At the close of our second season as FISK distributors in Coos County, every autoist who has carefully investigated the merits of the various tires used in this section has adopted the FISK TIRE. Hundreds of FISK TIRES in service on the cars in Coos County have demonstrated all the claims made of their superiority—phenomenal mileage and absolute reliability.

We can promise the motoring public that due to improved factory methods recently adopted by the Fisk Rubber Company, the product has been greatly improved and next year's FISK TIRES will be better than ever.

We shall further perfect our FISK SERVICE and solicit a continuance of your business on the basis of greatest mileage per dollar and a continuance of the excellent treatment that THE GUNNERY always gives patrons.

Look over the low prices and remember FISK when you need another tire.

GORST & KING GARAGE,
North Bend Agents.
KIME & VON PEGERT,
Coquille Agents.
S. G. WHITSETT,
Bandon Agent.

"The Gunnery"

Fisk Distributors for Southwestern Oregon

ADJUSTMENTS MADE ON THE SPOT

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer
Blithe and bold,
Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold.
They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed,
And, oh, such a babble of gladness they made!

They gazed on the tree with its glory of light,
Its trinkets and baubles and ornaments bright.
They emptied their stockings and, dancing with glee,
Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song,
Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bonbons a throng.
And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys,
Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers;
They pulled off the wig that curled white round his ears;
They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist,
And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor,
Jumped on his legs, banged his head 'gainst the door,
Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim,
And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again rang their shout.
On, on went the wild, merry frolic and rout,
As they formed in battalions, while each bold brigade
Snowballed with the cotton from which he was made.

—Baltimore Sun.

The Christ Child.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood infoldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ Child
When for a sacred space
He nestles in our very homes,
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,
Yet who hath seen his face?

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

There are many beautiful stories associated with the origin of the first Christmas tree. One legend says that on the holy night all nature, even the animals and the trees, was rejoicing and that the cedars, instead of pointing their branches upward as pointed, slender trees, spread their branches wide to protect the mother and her new born child.

Plays on Christmas Eve.

A Christmas custom of ours and the one possessing the greatest antiquity is that of presenting plays the evening of the 24th of December. This was first noticed in the west of England. For several hundred years "St. George and the Dragon" was the most popular. The actors, always children, were fantastically dressed and decorated with ribbons, brightly colored paper and wooden swords. The theme was war and love. There were debate, battle, death and mimicry and a physician ever ready to restore the dead to life. This custom sprang from the ancient crusaders, consequently the feats of chivalry and the romantic extravagance of knight errantry that are preserved to this day in a modified degree.

Masking, which is practiced to some extent among Scotchmen, is derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when people disguised themselves and practiced tricks upon their neighbors. This is now but scantily indulged in, but such of it as exists has been preserved since the fifth or sixth century. The Survey of London mentions a splendid "mummerie" which was performed by the citizens in honor of Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince, in the year 1377.

We do not hear very much nowadays about the lord of misrule or the waits, but both are remembered. The former had license to do everything he could think of to keep up the jollity during the "twelve days," and the latter referred to wandering minstrels, who serenaded houses and waited until food and wine or, more acceptable, money was bestowed upon them.

Our games on Christmas night of cards, billiards, shuffleboard, musicians, dancing and the tales that are told of knights, ladies, lovers, queens, kings, giants, dwarfs, witches, fairies, goblins and the rest were played and indulged in so long ago that the remotest historian has been unable to ascertain the correct date of their beginning.

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL.

Prisoners For Debt Used Day to Tell of Their Unfortunate Condition.

The newspapers of a century ago afford ample evidence of the cruelty and futility of one of the laws of the day—namely, the punishment of debt by imprisonment, says Alice Morse Earle. It was an utterly hopeless task for any imprisoned for debt ever to expect to be released save by pardoning, and the sufferings of such prisoners was extreme, as they had no charity funds to draw upon to mitigate the woes and misery, the filth and horror of their surroundings. These unhappy men often chose the opening of the new year—a time of gladsome hope to the world in general—to appeal for aid in their utter forlornness, and in the newspapers at the close of the year appeals for help printed through the pity of the publisher of the news sheet, and in early January sometimes humble thanks for gifts from generous citizens. Here is an advertisement from the New York Gazette, January, 1751:

Thrice happy, whose tender Care
Relieves the poor Distrest.
When Troubles compass them around
The Lord shall give them Rest.

We, the poor Prisoners confined in the Gaol of the City of New York, do take this publick Opportunity of returning our most humble and hearty Thanks to our generous but unknown Benefactors for relieving us this severe Season when we were almost perish'd with Cold and Hunger, by sending two Quarters of Beef, one Cord of Wood, Twelve Shillings in Money and three dozen of Loaves of Bread, which was fairly and justly distributed between us. And that God Almighty may give them Health and Happiness in the present Life and Eternal Happiness in the next are the sincere wishes and Desires of THE POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONERS.

Strange New Year Celebration.

What probably is the strangest New Year's rite is held in the Cevennes mountains, in southern France. At the last evening mass of the old year the herds and flocks of the peasantry are gathered before the portico of the little stone church high up on the mountain side and are blessed by the priest and sprinkled with holy water by the acolyte, who follows him in order that this the sole wealth of the countryside may increase and prosper during the year to come. The sight at the holy hour is wonderful. As the church bell tolls above them the frightened animals bleat and bellow and try madly to escape. First the oxen are blessed, then the cows, next the sheep and lambs and finally the goats and pigs.—Chicago Tribune.

New Year's Day In March.

New Year's day used to fall in March, not in January, and there was a good deal of sense in this, for, even as the world's first year was supposed to have begun in the sprouting of leaf and grass, so each New Year's day was set for the season when Nature began to wake after her winter sleep.

Hymn For Christmas Morning.

Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night,
To the shepherds of Juden,
Watching in the early dawn!
Lo, they bear the joyful tidings—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!

Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high!"

And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

—Mrs. M. N. Meigs.

Not only in costly gifts or rich rare food lies Christmas joy or blessing. It lies—no one can tell another where it lies. The finding must be for one's self alone. I can only say to all little children, to all grownup children, to all who are looking back as well as to those who are looking forward, to them I can say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you each this happy Christmas time," and if you would be very sure to get its meaning best make a real Christmas for somebody who might not have it but for you.—Kate Langley Bosher.

A Christmas Song

Oh, Christmas is a jolly time,
When forests hang with snow,
And other forests bend with toys,
And lovely Yule logs glow!

And Christmas is a solemn time,
Because, beneath the Star,
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men, near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time
Come holiday and cheer,
For one who loves a little child
Hath Christmas all the year.

—Florence Evelyn Pratt.

Big Christmas Family Party.

When Sir Sydney Waterlow was lord mayor of London, in 1873, he decided to give a Christmas dinner at the Mansion House. Only near relatives were invited, yet covers were laid for no fewer than 186. The total was made up of Sir Sydney's father, four sons, four daughters, four brothers, six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins and one grandson. Lady Waterlow contributed her stepmother, four brothers and three sisters, twelve nephews and twelve nieces, and forty-one cousins, while a quota of other relations by marriage brought the total to the number named.

An Old Christmas Carol.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas day in the morning

He Knew All About It.

"Your shoestring's untied, ma'am," cried the little boy to the stout woman who was moving majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

The stout lady smilingly thanked him and drew back her skirt in acceptance of his offer. The small boy drew the string tight and smiled back at her.

"You see," he explained, "I know all about it. My mother's fat too."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Incomplete Expositions.

"Some of those old Roman triumphs must have been magnificent exhibitions."

"Yes," replied the Philadelphia citizen. "But none of them could be quite complete. Circumstances, you know, didn't permit them to borrow our Liberty bell."—Washington Star.

The Sentries' Christmas Dinner

Raymond P. Sanford, a robust and healthy undergraduate of Cornell, lived for scientific purposes on 85 cents a week, his food including buttermilk, lentils, peanuts, raisins, cabbage, peppers, oatmeal and apples.

"I thrive on this fare," Mr. Sanford said. "I admit, however, that to stick to it takes will power. I have to govern my sybaritic propensities. I must not imitate the young sentries.

"There was once a Christmas masquerade ball in a European palace, you know, and a squad of young sentries stood guard out in the snow.

"Well, as the ball progressed the conduct of a certain guest disguised as a Santa Claus astonished and perplexed everybody. This Santa Claus would dance with the prettiest women for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, hurrying to the buffet, he would drink a bottle of champagne and eat lobster salad, ices, caviar sandwiches, truffled turkey—everything in sight.

"The host, after several hours of such gluttonous and intemperate conduct on the part of the Santa Claus guest, conferred with his butler and to his amazement learned that the offender had by actual computation devoured forty sandwiches, sixty ices and eight quarts of lobster salad, while he had drunk thirty-one bottles of champagne and ninety glasses of punch.

"It seemed incredible! Yet there he was, as vigorous and fresh and sober as ever, now whispering compliments in a pretty matron's ear, now rushing to the buffet for more wine and more lobster.

"Puzzled and vexed, the host took Santa Claus by the arm and led him into a recess.

"'Show me your invitation card,' he said.

"'But Santa Claus, alas, had none.

"'Then unmask!'

"Dolefully the spurious guest obeyed.

"'Why, you're one of the sentries!'

"'Yes, sir.'

"He was indeed one of the sentries—one of the squad of sentries stationed outside in the snow.

"These young men had hired a cheap Santa Claus makeup and, donning it one by one, had each enjoyed a brief but delightful share of the Christmas festivities—the dancing and lobster and champagne in the ballroom."—Washington Star.

Home of Musical Fish.

Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which would be produced by a series of aeolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

Dixie's Noisy Christmas.

In lower latitudes, where the weather bureau makes even no pretense at supplying snow, says the New York Sun, the celebration of Christmas takes on a different manifestation. South of Washington Christmas has always been the day of great noise, the day set apart for the clamor of bells, the shrilling of trumpets, above all else the firecracker.

In the social conditions of the south before the revolution the day of noise and crash of gunpowder was the 5th of November, on which day all loyal subjects were adjured to "remember, remember the gunpowder treason and plot." The celebration of this noisy execration of Guy Fawkes by the loyal cavalier families of the south established a winter holiday of which noise was the predominant characteristic. After the southern colonies had joined equal hands with the northern in the long war, gunpowder treason was no longer the theme for celebration. But some celebration there must be to provide for the noise which had become a habit in the early winter. In the earlier times Christmas had been a day of sobriety out of doors, of lavish hospitality within.

What more natural, then, than to postpone the racket of gunpowder day until the next holiday in course and to give Christmas an outdoor element which it had never possessed?

Different Sorts of Christmas.

Each stage in our progress from the cradle to the grave has its different Christmas. Old age forgets itself, the ghosts which haunt its memories, and enters into the young creature's happiness with a relish second only to the child's. The grandmother no longer wishes sleds or hoops or gingerbread monkeys for herself, but she looks with love and wonder upon the little beings who respond so radiantly to these objects of domestic manufacture. Between these generations stand the parents, with their own lives of bustle and responsibility and desire, their own games and gewgaws to pursue, but yet with a beginning of the change from living for themselves to living in their young.—Norman Hapgood in Collier's.

It was in New York, or, rather, New Amsterdam, that Santa Claus made his first American appearance in something like the garb and manner now familiar to all of us. From the Netherlands the Knickerbockers brought with them the Christmas of love and sympathy in religion, of comradeship among neighbors and of festivity in the family.

TIMES WANT ADS GET RESULTS