

Do - Your - Christmas - Shopping - Early

What to Buy Him for Christmas

Here's a list of timely suggestions for a man's and young man's Christmas gifts. Men like useful presents from a man's store. You'll find just the things he would buy for himself in this list of useful articles. Our stocks, you'll find, are of the newest of merchandise. Make selections now.

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- JEWELRY—**
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Handkerchiefs in Christmas boxes, three, four and six to the box, at 75c per box. Plain, all linen, at 25c, 35c and 50c.
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Two-piece and union suits. Hanes, Glastonbury, Medlock's, Chalmers, Cooper's, P. Q. A.
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A choice selection of Argonauts, Monarch and Arrow shirts in beautiful madras and cords. A man can't have too many dress shirts. \$1., \$1.50, \$2., \$2.50, \$3.50.
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- UMBRELLAS—**
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- SUSPENDERS—**
Suspenders in good quality wools. Best makes, fine buckle mountings and tips, 50c to \$1.00 per pair.
- GLOVES—**
You can buy gloves here in makes such as you like, in tan, gray. Priced at \$1.50 and \$2.00.
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CHRISTMAS HYMNS

THE earliest Christmas hymn was undoubtedly the "Gloria in Excelsis," which was probably one of the hymns which the Christians were singing in church at Christmas in Nicomedia, when Diocletian, the emperor, ordered the church to be closed and the whole congregation, young and old, burned to death.

It is strange that while we know that Christmas and the Epiphany were celebrated by the singing of hymns, no ancient carols have come down to us.

There is an old carol dating from the fifteenth century which has the "Gloria in Excelsis" for a refrain. It begins:

A babe was born of a maid
To bring salvation unto us.
No more are we to sing afraid
Veni creator spiritus.

One of the best carols of the Elizabethan period is that by Robert Southwell, a Jesuit priest who was sent to convert England, but who was seized by her Protestant Majesty Elizabeth and imprisoned in the tower for three years, and then, after suffering the torture of the rack, was executed Feb. 2, 1594. It begins:

Behold, a simple, tender babe
In freezing winter night;
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight!

During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell the observance of Christmas was forbidden, and yet there is a Christmas carol from the Puritan pen of George Withers, who was enriched and promoted by Cromwell and thrown into prison by Charles. It begins:

As on the night before this happy morn'
A blessed angel unto shepherd told
The birth of Jesus Christ, the King of Kings,
Whom we should honor and adore.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln has given us the hymn beginning "Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn'!" James Montgomery, who was considered one of England's most eminent poets by no less an authority than Lord Byron, is the author of the carol beginning "Angels from the realms of glory." Montgomery was born of Moravian parents and dedicated to the ministry, but he took up newspaper work instead and became eminent in general literature as well as in poetry.

Paul Gerhardt, to whom we are indebted for the Easter hymn, "Jesus Lives," has also given us a spirited Christmas carol beginning "All my heart this night rejoices."

In the midst of the warlike strife between King Charles and his parliament in the year 1629 John Milton found both leisure and repose to write his hymn, "On the Morning of the Nativity," in which there are evidently references to the disturbed condition of things at that time—for example:

No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around.

Christmas Eve

The blacklog's flame has died away;
The embers into ashes drift.
Outside the snows are eddying, gray,
And piling fast in many a rift.
White robes is now the cedar tree
Where once the catbird nightly sang,
And from the eaves by two and three
The icicles like arrows hang.

The shadows on the somber wall
Flit, cross and dance amid the gloom,
And streaks of ghastly color fall
In changing hues about the room.
The spiders in the corners dim
Within their webs the closer cling,
And from the mantel's oak rift
A pair of children's stockings swing.

O'er field and forest, lane and road
Fast and still faster swirl the snows,
And in the barn left unglazed stowed
A drowsy rooster wags and crows.
The clock strikes twelve, and midnight wanes,
While winter skies stretch cold and drear.
Frost flowers blossom on the panes,
The snows float by and disappear.

And then across the roofless walls,
Borne by the winds that fall and rise,
A sound of many hurrying bells,
A sound that ebbs and peals and dies,
And next adown the chimney creeps
The children's saint in all the lands,
And, true to all the trysts he keeps
White bearded on the hearthstone stands.
—Ernest McGaffey in Ladies' Home Companion.

A Christmas School.
Some of the very best dolls are made in Sonneberg, Germany, which has an academy of design.

This school was established in 1851, and its model room contains many exquisite pieces of sculpture and rare old bronzes. Moulding dolls is no easy task, and it is remarkable what perfect figures the students of this school are able to turn out. Molds are made from the models and from these golden patterns the heads, arms and legs are turned out, a special machine being used for stamping the hands. The factories, especially the moulding room, are hot and filled with steam, and for this reason the big, burly Germans who knead the mixture wear as few clothes as possible while at work.

A TINY CHRISTMAS TREE.

One Mother Made Her Little Girl Very Happy With Miniature Plant.

A tiny fir tree, not over two and a half feet high, and of symmetrical shape, was chosen for my little girl's doll's Christmas tree, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. This was easily planted in a flowerpot and established upon a large table in the living room. Tiny candles were fastened upon the branches, a ten cent bunch of tinsel was sufficient for drapery and a further outlay for the small colored glass ornaments added to the gorgeously.

The main idea is to keep everything on a miniature scale while duplicating for the beloved doll children the gifts that usually fall to the small mother. So it was that tiny dolls were dressed; tiny fancy boxes were filled with tiny candles, others contained wee handkerchiefs embroidered with smallest of initials; here hung a hand mirror, there a nursing bottle, tiny fans, a lovely set of cups for the tea table, a small bird in a gilt cage, a new pet kitty, and so on. Ten cent stores yielded most of the treasures.

On the morning of Christmas my eight-year-old was shown her old dollies, each radiantly dressed, and was told that their tree was ready below stairs. The joy and delight at the sight were charming to behold and the blissful apportionment of gifts began. As each arriving playmate rolled in her new dolly "to show what I've got," envy and pride reflected upon the faces of the visitor and visited, only to be dispelled by "there is something on the tree for your dolly."

The First Christmas Tree.

St. Winifred, who was in the eighth century a missionary to the Scandinavians, is said to have set up the first Christmas tree in the home. He tried to show the people that the Druid priests had made them worshippers of trees only and not of a living God, and on Christmas eve he cut down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice. As it fell a young fir tree seemed to appear miraculously beyond it, and Winifred said to the people: "Here is a living tree with no stain of blood upon it that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadow of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and song and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home where the children are not gathered around a green fir tree to rejoice in the birth of Christ."

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve.
Of weather bleak and of winds about,
Never a flower, fold or fold
Of grace and beauty, tops the snow
Or breaks the bleak and bitter mood.

And yet 'tis warm, for the chill and gloom
Glow in love and with childhood's gleam:
And yet 'tis sweet with the rich perfume
Of sacrifice and charity.
Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmas Eve! It is warm and sweet,
A whole world's heart at a baby's feet.
—Wide Awake.

Two Yuletide Sentiments

Your kindness to a poor old lonely widow, or to a child without any one left to love him, your pony of flowers taken with your love to some one who is ill, your letter of kindly thought to parents who have just lost their darling daughter, your words of cheerful greeting to a tired serving maid, your honest hearted attempt to make things easier for mother at home—Christ said he would reckon these as gifts to himself.—Rev. Bernard J. Snell.

Christmas as It Should Be

When Christmas is made an occasion for sending expensive presents of all sorts and to all sorts of people simply as a compliance with the fashion of the hour, the most beautiful of festivals is made cheap and tawdry by gross misuse. The value of the present lies in the sincerity of the feeling which it represents, says Hamilton Wright Mable, and the expression, not only of regard, but also of respect for the recipient. When persons of moderate means make gifts entirely out of relation to their incomes and their usual way of living there is no real honor either in the sending or in the acceptance of the remembrance. The day which commemorates the birth of a little child in a manger ought to be kept holy by simplicity, sincerity, absence of pretension and the joy of the heart.

SANTA CLAUS? SURELY!

How Could Any One Doubt His Existence Who Knows the Facts?

Many years ago the New York Sun published the following editorial in answer to this question. It was written by Frank P. Church and has become one of the classics of modern Christmas literature.

We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth—is there a Santa Claus?
VIRGINIA O'HANLON,
115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man or even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Appropriate Christmas Favors.

No matter what the weather may be, the Christmas favors should carry out the idea of snow and cold weather. One of the daintiest favors for the Christmas dinner table is the snowball made of glistening white and surmounted by a sprig of holly. When these are augmented by the huge ball for the center, which is also made of paper and has a rich red ribbon draped across it and is trimmed with holly, the whole Christmas atmosphere is complete. Another appropriate placement is the funny snow man with his black stovepipe hat and beady eyes. He, too, can be made in a large size and used for the center piece. Then there are green baskets with holly perched jauntily on the handle, poinsettias and Santa Clauses. There is no lack of ingenuity in gay holiday favors.

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THE MEDICINAL MISTLETOE.

An "All-healer" of the Ancients—Myth Concerning the Parasite.

"A monster in botany, a dryad in mythology, a panacea in therapeutics and a perennial Yuletide symbol" is the traditional character assigned to the viscum album, "all-healer," or mistletoe, by Dr. John Knott in the New York Medical Journal. The mistletoe at Christmas is hailed by doctors as an old acquaintance, the legend of whose healing virtues is still potent in the practice of some of that respectable profession. For at least twenty centuries its air lodged rootlets have penetrated with the mystery of their origin the pages alike of folklore and of botanical and medical literature. Suspended green in wintry branches, the parasite was by its strange contrast of environment invested with awe and religious dignity by the Celtic Druids and outlived in fame among the western nations the lotus of the Egyptians. Vergil compared its mysterious leafage and fruitage to the Sibyl's "golden bough." The Sibyl of Scandinavia was wakened from Loki's iron sleep to prophesy the death by the mistletoe of the bright sun god Balder. Its flourishing amid the dead starkness of winter may account for the fatal qualities assigned to the evergreen by the northern nations, but also its wondrous vitality made it a symbol of resurrection, peace and healing. Pliny in Philonon Holland's quaint translation thus describes the herb in the quaint and ancient ceremony of the Druids:

"They call it in their language All-Healer for they have an opinion of it that it cures all maladies whatsoever, and when they are about to gather it, after they have well & duly prepared their sacrifices and festive cheer under the said tree, they bring thither two young bullocks, milk white, such as never drew in yoke at plow or wain, and whose heads were then and not before bound by the horn, which done, the priest, arched in a surplice or white vesture, climbeth up into the tree and with a golden hook or bill cutteth it off, and they beneath receive it in a white soldiers cassock or coat of arms. Then they fall to kill the beasts aforesaid for sacrifice, mumbling many orisons & praying devoutly; that it would please God to bless this gift of his to the good and benefit of all those to whom he had vouchsafed to give it. Now this persuasion they have of Mistletoe thus gathered, that what living creatures soever (otherwise barren) do drink of it, will presently become fruitful thereupon; also, that it is a sovereign counterpoison or singular remedy against all vermine. So vain and superstitious are many nations in the world and oftentimes in such frivolous and foolish things as these."

Sir Thomas Browne was a bit skeptical of its qualities as a panacea, and modern medical authorities almost universally scout its therapeutic pretensions. Strangely enough, the survival of its medicinal use in England is as a popular remedy in cases of cardiac trouble. "Affections of the heart, we doubt not, have been successfully treated by means of the mistletoe. But we venture a lay opinion that the patients were young, the plant was suspended above their heads and was efficacious only in the joyous Christmas season."

Quaint Yuletide Belief.

A quaint and strange superstition holds in the Alps to this day regarding Christmas. It is believed that cattle have the power of speech given them on that holy occasion, but that it is a sin for any one to eavesdrop upon them.

True Giving

Season your love gifts with judgment. The pains you take to divine the taste and desire of the dear one whose happiness you would enhance at this holy season are worth far more than the gift itself. These money cannot buy.

May I add to this friendly admonition an injunction to give to those from whom you do not hope to receive again? The founder of our faith cited as one test of his divine mission, "To the poor the gospel is preached." Now, if ever, the needy and the suffering are our brothers and sisters. The plain spoken apostle who was our Lord's near of kin puts this among the heart searching questions: "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food and one of you say unto him, 'Depart in peace! Be ye warmed and filled!' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body—what doth it profit?"

"Peace on earth, good will toward men" should be set to heart music and the daily life, throughout Christmas week at least, move in accordance with it. Let us accept as the prayer which consecrates us to the Christmas work the Quaker poet's inspired line: "Salvation from our selfishness."—Marion Harland.

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	Leave
Marshfield	North Bend
7:45 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
8:45 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
9:45 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
10:45 a.m.	10:15 a.m.
11:45 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.
1:45 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
2:45 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
4:45 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
5:45 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
6:45 p.m.	5:55 p.m.
7:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.

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