

The Parisian

FASHION'S CENTRE

9 More Shopping Days at the Closing Out Sale

Never again will you get such merchandise at the prices we are now making on these goods. Cost is lost sight of in our desire to close out. January 1st we close our doors for good and all. Many articles suitable for Christmas Gifts at half price and less.

The Paper From His Old Home Town



WHEN the evenin' shade is fallin' at the endin' o' the day
An' a feller rests from labor smokin' at his pipe o' clay
There's nothin' does him so much good, be fortune up or down,
As the little country paper from his ol' home town.

It ain't a thing o' beauty an' its print ain't always clean,
But it straightens out his temper when a feller's feelin' mean.
It takes the wrinkles off his face an' brushes off the frown,
That little country paper from his ol' home town.

It tells of all the parties an' the balls of Pumpkin Row,
'Bout who spent Sunday with his girl an' how the crops'll grow;
How it keeps a feller posted 'bout who is up an' who is down,
That little country paper from his ol' home town.

Now, I like to read the dailies an' the story papers, too,
An' at times the yaller novels an' some other trash—don't you?
But when I want some readin' that will brush away a frown
I want that little paper from my ol' home town.

—Selected

YOU MUST HAVE A FRIEND SOMEWHERE

who formerly lived on Coos Bay. Such a friend would appreciate more than anything else a year's subscription to the

COOS BAY TIMES

as a Christmas present. It will be a constant reminder to him throughout the year, of your kindness and thoughtfulness.

We will send him a Christmas card with your name and greetings and a statement that the paper has been paid for the coming year. Think it over and solve the Christmas present problem easily. Fill this out and mail or send it to Coos Bay Times:

To Publisher COOS BAY TIMES, Marshfield, Oregon:—

Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$5.00 for which send daily COOS BAY TIMES for one year to the following address:

Name
Street
City
State

with my compliments and a card notifying that the paper is paid for
Signed

Coos Bay Times Marshfield, Ore.

What Kind Do You Use?

What is the brand of your favorite soap, your favorite tea, baking powder, the garters you wear, the pieces on the talking machine?

You know the names well. They are advertised names. The goods give good service. You like them.

There are other kinds of advertised goods you will like equally well.

It will pay you to buy them because they have character.

Do you know them? Read the advertising columns of THE TIMES.

PARCEL POST YOUR LAUNDRY
We Pay Return Charges. Prompt and Efficient Service
COOS BAY STEAM LAUNDRY

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas Dinner at Bracebridge Hall

THE dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide mouthed chimney.

The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed around the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall.

A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple—"flagons, cups, chalices, goblets, basins and ewers"—the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude. Other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances. Those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard favored visage.

The parson said grace, which was not a short, familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Delfy in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle. He was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table.—Washington Irving.

"No Santa Claus!"

IF it be true, as some do say,
That there's no Santa Claus,
What is this spirit on the way
That never seems to pause
When Christmas chimes are sounding clear

Upon the frosty night
In spreading splendid gifts of cheer
In every mortal's night?

What is this sense of glow divine
That comes to you and me
When watching all that happy line
Of children round the tree?
Whence comes this mantling atmosphere,
So full of sweet release
That falls upon us once a year
And covers us with peace?

No Santa Claus? Oh, men of doubt,
Whence comes this sorry claim?
Would you so fair a spirit flout
For reasons of a name?

Dear Santa Claus is everywhere
Where hearts are true and kind,
And where there's love of man 'tis there
His presence rare we find.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

No Perfect Christmas Sermon.
Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot.

The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth, unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of that kingdom of God which the Saviour of men promises in the world and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.

The Christmas "Cenone"
The "Cenone," a Christmas custom of southern Italy, is also observed in Rome. It is an ancient festival of the lower classes and is held on Christmas eve. It is a fast-feast (if it may so be designated) whose object is a reunion of families in a spirit of devotion. It consists of a supper at which macaroni and fish are the principal dishes. No other is served into whose composition either meat, yolks of eggs, milk or butter enters. Because of the "Cenone" the streets are deserted and dull on Christmas eve. After midnight, in some sections noisy parades appear.

Mechanical Toys Are Not New.
In all ages of the world's history children have loved toys. History records the fact that figures of animals, such as horses, goats and dogs, were found among the toys made of pottery years before the Christian era. Even the mechanical toy is not a new invention, for in ancient Greece, where moving statuary astonished or amused both rich and poor, there was scarcely an Athenian house which did not possess a mechanical toy of some sort.

Odd Christmas Beliefs

INDIANS say that the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at 12 o'clock, when they believe the deer kneels.

Some of the Germans believe that those born on Christmas day have the power of seeing spirits and even commanding them.

A popular saying in Spain for Christmas day is, "The bird of dawn singeth all night long to frighten away all evil things."

In Roumania it is the custom to bless the Danube at Christmas, and a procession consisting of priests and people dressed to represent Biblical characters moves through the streets singing chants, and so to the banks of the river. The ice is broken and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Any one who can recover the cross is regarded as extremely fortunate and sure of good luck for the remainder of the year.

Christmas celebrations in Mexico begin Dec. 17 and continue until Dec. 24. Each night a festival is held, nine in all, an invitation being sent out to these "posadas." "Posada" means "inn," typifying the way the holy travelers, Joseph and Mary, sought in vain for rest and shelter.

On the Trail

I PEEKED around a bit last night.
I thought I'd like to get a sight
Of old man Santa Claus.
I come a-sneakin' down the stair
And hid behind the parlor chair,
As still as two small baby bears
With butter on their paws.

I sat, and sat, and sat, and sat,
All scrunched up like a Hottentot,
And skurriedly breathed at all,
'Twas awful dark and kind o' weird,
And as the hours disappeared
I felt myself a-gettin' scared
At noises in the hall.

And nen old Sandy hove in view,
He wore a shaggy coat and two
Big goggles on his eyes.
He wore a pair of motor mitts
As fuzzy as a pussy kit's
And wool cap like my mother knits
For daddykin's surprise.

He whispered once or twice, and nen
He cackled like a settin' hen
Or like a rooster does.
"He'll never know no now!" said he
While fixin' up the Christmas tree.
But old man Sandy can't fool me—
I knew just who he was!
—Carlyle Smith in Denver Republican.

A Christmas Church

GIVE me a snug little church,
Dressed for the holidays in
greens, wreaths of holly, long
hanging garlands of ground pine
and laurel, perhaps rather awkward,
but note the less lovingly, arranged
by interested church members, not by
a hired florist, and filling the building
with the breath of outdoors.

I want some trees on the pulpit and
high overhead a blazing star of fire,
shining out into the semi-twilight of
the building. I want to rise in the
starlight darkness of a properly
frosty Christmas morning and in every-
day clothes, wearing mittens, if I
choose, and my second best hat, walk
briskly through quiet streets to the
church and join the waiting congrega-
tion.

There won't be a crowd. There will
be no display. Only a few score of
those to whom Christmas means a
wonderful reality will be there. And
there will be congregational singing,
lots of it, and we'll run the gamut of
the hymns of the Nativity. We'll read
the appropriate Scripture responsively
and listen to the Christmas story told
once again by the kindly voice of the
unpretentious clergyman.—New York
Evening Post.

Turkey Not an Ancient Christmas Dish.
The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a manger, as were the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers. The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding, which dates from 1675. At the old Christmas feasts peacocks and cranes formed some of the dishes. Before being roasted the peacock was carefully skinned, and after leaving the oven the bird was re clothed with its old plumage.

Spanish Music at Christmas.
Weird music in the home is a part of the Christmas festivities in Spain. In northern Andalusia the people play the zambomba, a flowerpot perforated by a hollow reed, which whistled and rubbed with the finger gives out a hollow, scraping, monotonous sound. In southern Andalusia the pandero or tambourine is the chief instrument.



Tom Speedwell's Christmas

By Rev. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

THE last of the little stockings had been packed to its utmost capacity and hung upon the mantel.

Mary surveyed them with a smile of satisfaction and then went into the nursery to take her good night look at little Bob and Elsie.

When she returned there was in her great brown eyes the mysterious light of mother love.

She found her husband sitting near the fireplace and gazing absentmindedly at the flames.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think Elsie said when Bob asked her this afternoon what she wanted you to give her for Christmas?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She heaved the sweetest little sigh and replied, 'I wish papa would just give me his own self all day long.'"

"What did she mean by that?" he asked with a start.

"You dear old fellow," she answered, pushing his hair back from his forehead with her gentle hand, "you have



YOU NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO HAPPY.

not been yourself of late. Your business has worried you, and we hardly feel as if we see anything of you. Your body is here, but your mind is down at the store."

"You think Elsie has noticed it?"

"I do so."

"Jing! This won't do!"

"You dear old giant, I dreaded to tell you, for I know how hard it is."

"Bless your heart! Don't for heaven's sake let me fall into any habit which will darken those little children's lives nor yours," he said, kissing her.

An all day frolic began in the Speedwell home the minute those two little white nightgown figures stole into the room at sunrise.

Tom helped them empty their stockings and open their packages, and when they screamed with delight in their childish trebles he roared in his thunderous bass. He peeled their oranges, cracked their nuts, spun their tops, strapped on their skates, dressed their dollies and shot peas at their tin soldiers for four hours until dinner.

He seemed a little tired and drawn when he carved the turkey, but Mary gave him a look that put new heart into him, and after dinner he commenced again.

You never saw any one so happy as those little Speedwell young ones! They forgot all about their toys and just rolled and tumbled over their dear old daddy like little puddles over a great Newfoundland dog.

And when the day turned to twilight and the twilight faded into dark two tired children crept up into Tom's lap and laid their heads upon his heart.

Bob fell asleep with his eyes fixed upon his father's face, in a sort of mute adoration, and Elsie, patting his bearded cheek, said in tones so much like Mary's that they startled him:

"Papa, do you know which gift I like best of all?"

"Your dolly," he said, trying to appear unconscious.

"You," she answered gravely, and, trying heroically, but vainly, to keep awake so as to feast upon his love a little longer, she, too, fell asleep and dropped off upon the sea of Nod.

And there by the fireplace sat Mary, her big brown eyes full of tears.

How Not to Give

THE story is told of a woman with a great deal more money than mind and her selection of Santa Claus favors. This daughter of gold is busy twenty-four hours out of the day chasing happiness, though it is said she seldom catches up with it. Her idea of a Christmas gift is something that costs \$5. Never mind what the something is so long as it represents a Y.

Several years ago she was particularly rushed at the holiday season, so she gave less thought than usual to the disposal of the Christmas fives. She was passing a bookshop when a limp leather and gold copy of Omar's "Rubaiyat" caught her eye. Here was an inspiration. She would buy \$5 worth of oriental pessimistic philosophy, expressed in metrical form, for a friend who lived in a hall bedroom and hadn't a second shirt waist to her name.

Upon investigation Omar looked so good she decided to mass her Christmas suggestions and spend the hundred dollars in fives she set aside for gift purposes on Khayyam and his verses. One copy went to a widowed friend of her girlhood who lived on a farm in Maine and attended the little crossroads church twice on Sunday. Omar's verses in praise of wine and lovemaking were well calculated to shock this recipient. Another copy was mailed to a seamstress with three young robin mouths to feed and a net income of \$12 a week. The elevator man in the apartment house where the munificent giver lived drew one of the limp leathers. The remainder of the recipients were more or less appropriately selected.

Picture, if you will, the widow on the farm perusing the wine, women and song philosophy of the orient! Imagine the elevator man in the depths of his cage poring over "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou!" This year the \$100 would have gone for volumes of "Moonmadness," a sort of Egyptian and Parisian nightmare, had not a safe and sane salesman persuaded the donor to select boxes of writing paper in graduated sizes. This is at least useful, and who knows but another Yuletide will find the woman sending hand picked presents to her small army of the needy!

Ostrich Dinner For Christmas.

One baby ostrich, five months old and weighing over 100 pounds dressed, was served at a recent Y. M. C. A. Christmas dinner in Los Angeles, and 1,500 persons were served. Each of the babe's drumsticks weighed sixteen pounds. In cooking the bird 105 pounds of dressing were used. This was made up of fifty pounds of chestnuts, thirty pounds of butter, twenty-five pounds of onions, fifty pounds of bread, twenty-five heads of celery and one pound of mixed spices. A special oven six feet square, was arranged to roast the bird.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE



"Vow to me now,"
Said the innocent lover;

"Vow to me now,"
Boldly he glanced at the plant
just above her—
The mistletoe bough.

"Swear that you love
And will marry me, dear,
While up above
Christmas stars shine so clear.

Kiss me and vow,
Under the bough,
Always, forever, you'll cherish
me near."

Tender her kiss
As gayly she told him
Joy of her bliss
So close to unfold him

Under the spray,
Then she sent him away,
'Twas time for the next, so why,
why should he stay?

—Lurana Sheldon.



In the Christmas Shop

SHE was six if she was a day. She had a little fat back in a little black coat, and her wisps of red hair matched her red tang-o'-shanter. In her firm hand she held a struggling boy about a year younger, and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for the toys.

The Woman Who Saw had a like destination, and when the floor was reached they got out together. Children are not allowed unaccompanied by guardians in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum, that it would have been a bold floor-walker who dared to question her.

Nor evidently was it her first visit. The boy, still held in leash, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sleigh piled with toys.

There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long



THEY SAT DOWN BEFORE THE FASCINATING OLD FELLOW.

white beard, holding his big whip, and from his face the small boy did not turn.

Across the room was a creche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing—the infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robes, St. Joseph with his staff, the three kings resplendent.

The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus when the little girl whispered to the boy. He squirmed, struggled, but she was too much for him. She dislodged him from his seat, dragged him to the creche and with motherly Irish pety pressed him on his knees.

Reverently she described the holy group, then would lucite devotion from a more human motive. "See the cow, Denny. You mind the cow we used to see last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Denny. You mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Denny whined and pulled and pulled to be back again to his idol.

The little girl looked up and met the eyes of the Woman Who Saw. Her sigh was that given by every woman since the beginning for every man for whose soul she holds herself responsible.

"I'm afraid," she said, "Denny likes Santa Claus better than he likes God."
—New York Evening Sun.

Healing Virtue in Christmas Coins.

In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas morning offertory is a sovereign remedy for any ill that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in his house hies him to the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling, as the coin is called. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which on being taken home is hung round the ailing one's neck and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

Provide For Christmas.

Provide for Christmas eve that it do come
To feast thy neighbor good cheer to have
sing:
Good bread and drink, a fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, goose and good mustard
withal;
Beef, mutton, pork and shred pies of the
best;
Fig, veal, goose, capon and turkey well
drest;
Apples and nuts to throw about the hall,
That boys and girls may scramble for
them all.
Sing jolly carols, make the fiddlers play—
Let scrupulous fanatics keep away.
For oftentimes is seen no arrant knave
Than some who do counterfeit most to be
ETAVE.
—Poor Robin's Almanac, 1684.