

COOS BAY TIMES

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EUROPEAN WAR ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

DEC. 23, 1914

Russian troops trap and practically annihilate the Twenty-sixth Austrian brigade on the road to Cracow.

The French parliament voted \$1,700,000,000 credit to meet expenses of the war.

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

A girl and a gift that is duplicated are soon parted.

He who gives and gets away May live to get another day.

People who live in glass houses should not give telescopes.

A little turkey now and then Means money to the market men.

All is not gold that glitters on a bracelet or watch chain.

Absence of presents from her best young man makes the heart of the Coos Bay girl grow fonder of the other fellow.

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

THE community Christmas tree which Marshfield is to be favored with this Christmas, should prove a meritorious enrichment of communal social life.

The thoroughness with which the promoters will cover this section means that every poor family and every kiddie will be remembered.

It is an object worthy of support and encouragement.

OF COURSE THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

CHILDREN don't believe it if anyone tells you there isn't any Santa Claus. There is, there was, and there always will be.

This dear, loving, lovable man is the spirit of generosity and kindness and unselfishness. He is every person—rich and poor, big or small, man or woman, boy or girl—who likes people and tries to make them happy.

Santa Claus grows more generous and thoughtful every year. He doesn't overlook half so many poor and hungry and badly clothed people, as he used to.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaketh.—St. Luke, vi, 45.

THE DREAM OF THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

The little children of the world, in the cities and the dells, They walk the way to Christmas Day—they dream of the Christmas bells.

And the wind may wail Through the winter night, But out o' the dark Streams the Christmas Light.

In dream they go o'er the hills of snow to the land where the world's joy dwells; Hand in hand to the lovely land—to the chime of the Christmas bells.

Loud cries the wind Through the winter night, But bright through the dark Streams the Christmas Light.

Some Coos Bay people who do the hesitation waltz hesitate too long on their partner's feet.

THE MODERN VERSION

Forgive our debts as we Forgive our dentists.

I have a friend who never buys her Christmas junk too soon She says: "I wish the stores would sell their stuff till Christmas noon."

She's the same girl, you know of her who used to have a beau, She kept putting off the wedding till the poor man had to blow.

HUBBY'S DEDUCTION

Wife bought my Christmas gift today; I guess things every time, I know it was my gift because She asked me for a dime.

Coos Bay people who say sharp things get the reputation of being blunt.

Why don't we write a jingle On the joyous peace of Christmas? There are no words to rhyme with it From Alaska to the Isthmus.

MYSTERIOUS PACKAGES

Beneath the bed, Or in the shed; In hidden nook Or 'neath the book; Behind the clock, Or coat or frock— We know The Christmas Presents lay

And some are big And some are small And some are short, And some are tall, But we must not (Our parents say) E'en take A look 'til Christmas day.

WHY FORGET 'EM

When you count up the worries that enter some lives Do not stop 'Til you add in the husbands who go with their wives When they shop.

NEWS OF OREGON

CORVALLIS—J. D. Farrell, president of the O. R. and N. railroad will exhibit some of his fine horses during the farmers' week at the agricultural college.

COTTAGE GROVE—John J. Lane, a resident of Oregon since 1892, died at his home, aged 81 years.

BEAVERTON—Ross's saloon was entered by burglars and about \$200 worth of stock taken.

INDEPENDENCE—D. M. Mattison, who died after an illness of several years, was buried by the Elks.

SALEM—A cow testing association is being formed by some of the farmers.

FREEWATER—The little town of Vincent, seven miles west of Freewater, is to be known hereafter as Umapine, after an old Indian chief.

ROSEBURG—A delegation from the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Oregon held a meeting for the boys of the city.

EUGENE—Several of the large stores of the city have employed detectives to watch for shop lifters.

The Joy of Giving

There are many joys of living in this world of hopes and friends There are sympathy and kindness, which for sorrow make amends;

There is tenderness to sweeten, when the heart is smitten sore, There is humor which can brighten it when life becomes a bore;

There is wisdom, born of trouble—Gain may come from every loss;

There is courage which may guide us to the gold beneath the cross;

There are love and home and children, which can make the heart rejoice,

Though one meet a thousand failures in the calling of his choice—

There are countless joys of living, if we win or if we fall, But the simple joy of giving is the very best of all.

What were love and home and children, what were friends and hopes and dreams,

What were victories and triumphs, what were strategies and schemes,

What were struggle and achievement, what were riches, power or place,

What were any of the many fleeting phantoms that we chase, If we could not see the dancing eyes of little ones made glad,

Or the mother's calmer rapture, or the joyous girl or lad, Or the withered cheeks maderosy, or the wan cheeks made to smile,

Or the bitter one made tender, even for a little while, By some thoughtful gift or token, though the token be but small?—

Yes, the simple joy of giving, is the very best of all

CATCHING SANTA CLAUS by GOODLOE THOMAS



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I'll tell you something honest—I've seen Santa Claus; I stayed awake last night and saw him, so I did.

They sent me off to bed real early, just because

They had a party for my growed up sister, Sid.

But I peeked out, and there he was—old Santa—same

As in his pictures, fur and whiskers round his head

And eyes just like Jim Perry's, him they call Sid's "flame"—

I don't know why unless it's 'cause his hair is red.



He came, old Santa did, when no one saw but me, And I was scared to death to be so close to him,

And run to hide myself behind the Christmas tree,

And thanked my stars because the light in there was dim.

But, sakes alive, old Santa followed right in, too,

And made me tremble, for I thought, "He's on my track!"

Then Sid came in to fasten holly up, and, o-o-h,

If Santa didn't walk right up and kiss her—smack!

IUST then I sneezed, achoo!—I tried like everything

To keep it back—and Sid and Santa Claus they come

And pulled me out, and Santa said he'd never bring

His gifts to boys that stayed up late, while Sid stood dumb

And red till I began to cry, then said, oh, well,

She'd take me to my room and I could make believe

I dreamed it all, and I said, "Yes, and I won't tell

About that kiss I dreamed, to make Jim Perry/grieve."



SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS TREE.

This is a custom practiced by a Sunday school where the children are all of the wealthy class, but it is a plan that many schools may like to try.

The gifts are carefully wrapped and made just as "Christmasy" looking as possible. When the class roll is called responses are made by each class going forward and laying their offerings beside the tree.

Christmas carols and a short service follow, and the next day the presents are taken to the city mission or some special charity. Toys and books that are in perfectly good condition are accepted, but only such articles as may be offered without compunctions of conscience to one of God's little ones.

Letters to Santa Claus

WITH the approach of Christmas each year the Santa Claus Association of New York, which each Christmas tries to answer the requests of thousands of poor children who would otherwise receive no presents Christmas morning, receives hundreds of letters each day from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Below are a few of the hundreds of letters received by the association. The first is from a little girl in the Bronx:

Dear Santa Claus—Do you live far? Would you please come up my house Christmas day? I, Rose, ten years of age, wants a doll; John, seven, wants a engine; Alice, about five, wants a doll; Beatrice, just more than three, wants a set of dishes, and Andrew, not two yet, wants a Teddy bear.

P. S.—I hope to get what I ask for. I am very poor, and my father is not working. Your little friend, ROSE

This letter was received from a little girl whose home is on the west side not far from Times square:

Dear Santa Claus—I heard about your great kindness to poor children, and I hope you will be good to us. I have a little cripple sister and a baby sister and brother. My little cripple sister is only five, and my papa has been out of work all summer. I hope you will answer soon and won't forget us. Your little girl friend, HARRIET

A six-year-old lad whose home is in a distant part of Brooklyn sent this letter to the general postoffice. The letter was forwarded to the Santa Claus association:

Dear Santa—I want a nice small train, not a expensive one—one that's just strong and will last long time. This is all I want, and we can't afford nothing this winter. Yours truly, DONALD

This letter has been received from a child whose home is in a small town in the northern part of Ontario, Canada:

Dear Friend Santa Claus—I am a very little girl, not ten years old, and both my parents are very poor, and they said they couldn't bring me nothing this Christmas, and what I want is a pair of ice skates and, if you can spare them, also a pair of hockey boots. Your little friend, MABEL

Little Miss Mabel's seven-year-old sister, Ethel, also asked for a pair of skates and added that she would consider the gift "a very beautiful and likewise a precious one." Most of the letters are pathetic, of course, but the association also receives some very ludicrous requests.

Musical Christmas Tree Holder.

For the Christmas tree a holder which will certainly delight the children was placed on the market several years ago. The holder consists of a nickel plated base, containing a music box. The tree is held firmly by three strong prongs and screws. When wound up the music begins to play, and the Christmas tree slowly revolves. This makes a fine effect. The holder is simply constructed, and the tree can be fastened in it in little time. No matter how large or how small the case of the tree, the prongs can be quickly adjusted to hold it firmly in place. It is very desirable to have the Christmas tree stand firmly.

TIMES WANT ADS GET RESULTS



Don't Forget to Provide for Sunday We will be closed all day Saturday—Christmas Day Wolcotts Grocery Broadway and Market Phone 97

Order Your Christmas Cakes and Pastries from Coos Bay Bakery We will have a choice line of Christmas cakes, pies and pastries in addition to a full line of breads and other delicacies. Housewives, why go to the bother of baking, tiring yourself out, when you get even better goods from us at such reasonable prices? We are prepared to bake special orders. Coos Bay Bakery Marshfield North Bend

A SHIELD FROM SORROW When I have money in the bank I do not dread tomorrow; The dollars saved, one daily finds, Shield from a lot of sorrow. First National Bank of Coos Bay Marshfield, Oregon

A Christmas Suggestion... Something New: A Savings Account for the Baby. It will add Baby interest and grow large. If you are looking for a useful and practical Christmas Gift—one that will be long remembered—call on us and let us explain our Savings System to you. We give a handsome bank ABSOLUTELY FREE with every account opened with us while the account continues. Flanagan & Bennett Bank MARSHFIELD, OREGON