

# YULETIDE GREETINGS



## COOS BAY TIMES

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### EUROPEAN WAR ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

DEC. 25, 1914

The French begin the bombardment of the German forts at Metz. At Sheerness, England, the British airships drive a German aeroplane from the coast.

Siberian troops in a fierce battle annihilate seven Wurttemberg battalions who attempt to cross the river near Warsaw.

Budapest and Vienna prepare for a possible siege.

The German naval base at Cuxhaven is razed by the English.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE COOS BAY TIMES wishes every reader a "Merry Christmas."

It is just as easy to be merry with little as with much. In fact, we sometimes suspect that the most critical and dissatisfied this morning are those who have most.

There were Merry Christmases on Coos Bay when the main settlement was at Empire, and the leading citizens lived in slab shacks and log cabins.

Old timers can be found who will tell you that the merriest times ever seen on Coos Bay were in those days.

The whole secret of living is keeping up the illusions of childhood. Cities should recall the joys of village beginnings, and old people the warmth and good cheer of youth.

In any event let us all be merry and light-hearted on Christmas Day. It costs no more than doing the other thing, and it adds greatly to the comfort of others besides bringing its compensations to us.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

### CHRISTMAS DAY

HERE on Coos Bay beside the roaring seas, where the pounding rains and ravishing winds of the mid-winter season make for the highest vitality and the endless freshness of life and move every man, woman and child to the keenest appreciation of hardy hearty health and happiness, Christmas fits in admirably, and is welcomed and welcomed, on all sides, even to those to whom it means the least. The Coos Bay holidays are enjoyed to their most in spite of the abated lavishness which usually characterizes them in the way of gift-making and gift-taking; the ineffaceable charm of the season remains with its suggestion of kindness, friendliness, neighborliness, good-will and good cheer; for 48 hours, at least, the vexations and exacting demands of daily life are laid aside and the generations are knit in a common fold of love and contact, in fine expression of sentiment and the doing of grateful things. It is, as it always has been, the very brightest time of the year, and the dearest gleam of that brightness radiates from the faces and voices of the young; the little people know their special season and revel in it, and their joy is the joy of all about them.

No matter the stress of the times; no matter the stifling of generous purpose; no matter the demand practiced in a thousand ways at a time when demand seems unconscionable, the children about us know nothing of these things; their gifts are monuments of pleasure to them; they are not questioning the richness of their gifts, nor the meanness of their own.

they "look no gift horse in the mouth;" to them Christmas is Christmas, the supreme holiday of the year, and every touch of kindness welded them is sanctified by their unquestioning joy. And to this extent we may all measure the realization which falls to us. It is our best hope that no child on Coos Bay or in Coos County is passing this day without something where-with to remember it, and if there is, then we oldsters may charge back the omission exactly where it belongs.

Anyway, here's to everybody, big and little, at home and abroad!

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS—THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, who was great with child.

And so it was that while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them:

"Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—From the Gospel According to St. Luke.

IT IS more than nineteen centuries since the shepherds that watched their flocks by night upon the Judaeian hills heard the story. Through nineteen centuries it has never grown old.

None celebrated it then but the father and mother and the wondering shepherds who came in from the fields, and certain Wise Men who came from afar, guided by a great hope and a wonderful star, and who when they had seen the child each went away into his own country.

Now it is told all around the earth and from pole to pole, and the Festival of the Child is kept with rejoicing even by those who acknowledge not the mission of the Christ Child, because he stands for universal childhood and for the love of children, and for the hope of all fathers and mothers for their children. That is why it is the Story That Never Grows Old.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

### NEWS OF OREGON

GRANTS PASS—John McLean, a homesteader on Jones Creek who formerly lived in Roseburg was found dead in his cabin.

ALBANY—The Commercial Club has appointed representatives to attend the Oregon Irrigation Congress.

ROSEBURG—Miss Gertrude Rast who left Manila Nov. 6 will arrive in San Francisco on a steamer today which sets at rest the fear of relatives that some accident had befallen her.

FALLS CITY—A part of the dam belonging to the electric light plant was damaged by high water.

## 'Twas Not A Dream

CHRIST came to a world obsessed with the spirit of conquest. Military rule from above held human thought in subjugation. Liberty and justice were the puppets of caprice and humanity poured its life and its substance into the crucible, from which nothing came but the fame of a general, the slavery of a race, or the trappings and glory of a king. Under such a civilization He came, and, be it noted, He spoke to a war-ridden world, not from the door of a palace, the tent of a conqueror or the gilded throne of an emperor. Not thus, but in the open where His tired children lived out under the blazing stars, out over the gathered flocks and herds amidst

"The restful sighing  
Of the sleepers lying  
On the night's contented breast."

His message was not all His own, for then, as now, be assured those immortal words: "Peace on earth and good will to men" were but the expression of the hunger that since the beginning of human society has ever lain close to the hearts of those who make the sacrifices and reap the desolation that are the fruits of war.

It is proof of His divine spirit that He thus caught and sent ringing down the centuries that song that voices the underlying hunger of humanity, a song crooned at every cradle, that broods over every battle field, and which no oppressor has ever been able to silence. 'Twas a song that held in it; and will ever hold all inspiration toward freedom and justice, the spirit that builded the little republics that shine out upon the pages of ancient history like an oasis in the desert of a despot-ruled world. It gave to humanity Socrates, Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, Tolstoy, Gladstone, Parnell, and that unnumbered host, the champions of humanity. Peace and good will are the foundations of opportunity and so lie at the root of democratic freedom for of what use are governments, if they mean only the horrors wrought by war, and the race hatreds that are the capital of autocracy?

The certainty of the ultimate demolition of autocratic power was with the granting of the Magna Charta, so burned into the consciences of humanity, that thenceforth every throne was menaced and there emerged in the open upon the plains of the world the skirmishers and the advance guard of the yet unawakened hosts of democracy. They were derided as dreamers and visited with derision and with chains, with that loneliness that has beset the path of every independent thinker that has raised his voice against arbitrary power since human government began.

With the discovery of America came a new spirit into the world. Here the initiative and daring of the individual man, not satisfied with the conquest of a primitive world of nature, stormed the citadels of accepted doctrine and authority in government. Fighting steadily on they made a reality of the dream of the centuries, launching a nation that should substitute for race hatreds, race amalgamation; for arbitrary power, the doctrine of the equality of man, and to which, if war came, the gong should be sounded, not from the palaces to build the renown of a king, but from the ranks of the people, who give the lives and the treasure that are its inevitable toll.

Wars came, but not one had its origin in a desire for national aggrandisement. Let us thank God for that. The world had seen the legions of Rome traversing the highways of an empire at the bidding of a Cæsar aghast for conquest; it had seen the eagles of France screaming at the gates of the capitals of Europe, fired by the glory of dominion; it had seen the shining helmets of the Prussian lancers hanging in the palace of Versailles, because Bismarck chose to cement the unity of the German Empire by an appeal to the sword.

But never had it seen a war like unto that of 1861-65 for the preservation on our little globe the ideal of democracy, to settle the question whether, as Lincoln put it, a government so conceived must either be too strong for the liberties of the people, or too weak to maintain its own integrity.

Democracy triumphed, and then at once arose the question whether any people could maintain an animus, an outlook on life, foreign relations and internal development that should rise in spiritual tone to the high level that was our admitted goal.

Medievalism, jealous and corrupt, held in its grasp an island of the sea, lying almost in sight of our shores. The cries of an oppressed people were wafted upon the soft breezes of the Gulf to American ears and hearts. There could be but one result. A little sister republic rescued at great cost from tyrannic power and bidden to cultivate her garden in peace and take her place in the great sisterhood of American republics.

A nation of the Orient, great in history, but backward in development, was threatened with internal violence and crime. At the cost of millions to our government peace was restored, and our great blundering sister with the yellow skin was handed with our best wishes a full release for the treasure we had contributed to her restoration.

An archipelago in the Pacific swarming with natives in transition from wild to civilized manhood has been rescued from savagery and the world has listened in wonder to our declaration that the hundreds of millions we have spent in no wise control our ultimate and declared purpose to give to the Philippines organized, free self government.

A people on the southern border holding a land unmatched in riches and in opportunity for exploitation, has found our nation untempted by the jewel lying at its feet, and bent only on helping to establish an orderly free government for the people of Mexico.

And the nations of the old world, answering to the ancient devices of autocratic power, race hatred, suspicion and plans for territorial aggrandisement, are in the throes of a death struggle whose trail of human sacrifices, material desolation and aching hearts beggars description. And as these struggling nations pause to take breath we find them frantically appealing for the favorable judgment of a people recognized by all nations as proceeding along a path which they would so long to tread, and with an outlook on life and the functions of government that justify and bring to fruition all the so-called dreams, and give meaning to all the sacrifices of our patriots of the years gone by.

So that for which we labored is not a mere dream after all. Today it is the greatest fact in civilization. They are looking to us from the desolated fields and cities of the continent, from the confines of all oppressed peoples, from the stumbling chaos of the Orient, from the plains and forests of the Southern Hemisphere, from the bleak steppes of Russia, and best of all, from the chancelleries of Europe, broken down by the weight of traditions unsuited to the spirit of humanity soon to be enfranchised, and to fashion the future of the world upon the structure of our dream. We are the only ones who do not die in all the universe. The rest will go "with the spent candle and the butterfly."

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Leave	North
Marshfield	North
6:45 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
7:45 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
8:45 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
9:45 a.m.	10:15 a.m.
10:45 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
11:30 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
12:50 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
1:45 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
2:45 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
5:40 p.m.	5:55 p.m.
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