

# THE TIMES

A DAILY NEWSPAPER

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## 'THE TIMES'

*Sends greetings to all its readers,  
friends and supporters*

*Many happy returns of the Season*

### 'Immanuel—God with us.'

Christmas Day! What thoughts come rushing like a flood through our minds as we utter the words and realize that the day so named is actually once more with us! We go back in imagination more than a thousand years to that hill-side village in Palestine where a Mother laid her Babe in a manger for a bed. We can picture that scene, as scores of painters have loved to picture it, with the Madonna and her Child as the central figures, Joseph playing a secondary part. We can almost hear the song of angels; and our hearts if we have ourselves caught the true spirit of the festival, send back the echoing to the skies: "Glory to God in the highest, peace be on earth to men of good will." But it is just because, as a whole, we have not caught that spirit that we have been moved to write these lines. What does Christmas Day mean to us? We live in a land where the national day is associated with every religion's circles around the Nativity as its rallying point, phrase "a good time"; but that we ourselves belong to lands

where the birth of the Messiah is heralded forth year after year on this day with joy bells and carols, with festivities and the exchange of greetings such as are paid at no other time when all rancour and strife seem to come to an end as we stand in spirit around that manger; for who can harbour any but the feelings of kindness and love for his neighbour as we gaze at that heavenly group in the stable at Bethlehem! Well for us if we could catch this dominant note in our Christmas enjoyments. Alas, that it should be said, but a great many of our readers are aware of the fact that in the world at large Christmas has degenerated into a mere holiday. Only the change of one letter, but what a change! For it takes away the very essence of the festival. It converts a day for holy thoughts, holy aspirations, holy pleasures into a veritable carnival. The thing that is meant by the Nativity as its rallying point, phrase "a good time"; but that we ourselves belong to lands

is associated with revelry and the gratification of the coarsest and lowest of our passions. This paper is by no means a religious organ; yet we cannot write an article on the subject without bringing in some of the thoughts which the central idea of the day suggests to us. Christmas means the "Mass" (or Feast) of Christ. The majority of our readers have been born and brought up in Christian lands and under Christian influences, and we hope that they have still some regard for their early training. We would ask them a few plain questions. What sort of celebrations have you planned for to-day! Are they such that you would take them to the Bethlehem stable and invite Joseph and the Mother and her Child to join in them? Or are they such as would cause Him the same feelings as when He drove out the desecrators of the Temple from its precincts? We appeal to all our readers to honour the day on which we celebrate the birth of our Saviour. Let your motto be, *Immanuel—God with us*, in your pleasures as in your sorrows.

We wish you all  
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS—  
happy in the sense that there is and can be no happiness worthy of the name which is apart from the faith we profess and by which we ought to live.

### Greetings From The "Times" 1910.

Christmas of 1910 has come, and like the others of bye-gone years is to be celebrated in joy, merriment and thanksgiving. Throughout the civilized christian world to-day the benediction of "Peace on earth good will to men," is proclaimed, and from every christian heart goes forth a chorus of praise for the Divine-child that is now lying in the manger at Bethlehem.

What a glorious time it is for the angels of heaven! How they sing and blow their trumpets in exultation, and how anxious are the shepherds to see the great King of the Jews! To-day, we too, are anxious of the Great Messiah, for we know

Him to be our saviour, friend and brother—the one whose advent into this world of sin has brought solace and hope and comfort to the myriads of gentiles who now bow at His holy shrine.

May this Christmas bring an extra light to our readers, friends and supporters, and may we all join in the universal chorus of "Peace." We now take the opportunity of wishing one and all a *Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.*

### Current News.

Chicago, Ill. Dec 13.—Jack Johnson, heavy weight champion of the world, has agreed to fight the winner of the Langford-Jennette bout, scheduled to occur in Paris next February, in a twenty-five round battle to take place in France next April for a purse of \$25,000. Provided the money is posted in America and an American is chosen as referee.

A merry Christmas to All.

OUR CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

We have much pleasure this morning in publishing the successful papers in our Christmas competitions. The entries were not numerous, so the task of judging them was a light one. Several of the papers sent in were of a poor order, but some were distinctly good. The following were the winners: E. A. Pitt and J. W. Graham, who have awarded the prizes as follows:—

What sort of wife would you wed?

1st Prize, THOMAS H. SPENCE, Box 683, San José, C. R. 2nd, JAMES C. RICKETTS, 67, Port Limón, C. R.

For the best LOVE letter, the prize has been awarded to Thomas H. Spence, Box 683, San José, C. R. None of the others were of sufficient merit to justify the award of the second prize. Special mention must be made of two papers which, though of some merit, had to be disqualified owing to the fact that the writers belong to that sex which could not be expected to wed a Wife. We would recommend the writers—Miss McDonough and Miss Curtis—to try to do a little better on their competition for the sort of Husband (open to ladies only) you would wed.

Dear Miss.— A delicious impulse impels me to pour the over-flowing of my heart into yours and the knowledge gives me joy, that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing, so that you will be able to see me veiling the love I cherish for you. Your sweet memory entwines itself around my heart like a young and fragrant vine, that I cannot separate you from it, you have intused within me an atmosphere that only the rapture of love can produce, a love that calls forth the best and purest emotions. I have chosen you as the one real from among all others. The real purpose of revealing the true state of my heart is to ask your hand in marriage. By your continual kind treatment of me, I have cherished the pleasing belief that I am not indifferent to you. As regards my character and position you have nothing to fear. I have not ventured to express declaration of my feelings to you, without first asking your father's permission to do so, as I feel that the straightforward course is always the best, he has assured me that he has no objection to our union if the subject is agreeable to you.

Dear heart, I cannot see beyond the present, but I believe the future I can safely trust with you. The many excellent graces of which you are the happy possessor will enable you to adorn and cultivate all the heavenly charms to be found in the married life. Love in marriage cannot subsist unless it be mutual, and in the true wife, it need not only affection, but comradeship. If your heart leads you to accept my proposal, I shall deem myself the happy winner of the affections of so charming and delightful a companion.

Yours &c. PRO BONO PUBLICO. (291 words.) Thomas Spence.

Replying to the above question, I will say that I cannot look upon marriage in the light in which so many seem to regard it, merely as a convenient arrangement of Society. A true marriage is the union of two loving hearts, a true soul linked union of a man and woman.

Therefore in deciding 'What sort of Wife I would Wed', 'To love and cherish one another' would be my first thought. I would disregard all superfluous external accomplishments, fashionable family connections, wealth, beauty. I would look into her heart and mind and seek for all that goes to make up her character as a woman.

I would select a woman of retiring modesty, I would shun those ladies who seek to attract attention. I would shun and despise good looks and graceful bearing. I would seek for a woman that possesses beauty of soul, heart and life, she must not be of a grumbling, fault-finding, or scolding disposition. I would marry a woman whose soul blends with mine in appreciation and perfect trust. I would seek for a love that is capable of burning steady and brilliant flame, shedding a benign influence upon our union. I would marry a woman possessing that quality of love, of an elevating and refining character, that exalts all that is mean and base, a love that will rise superior to adversity, and worldly selfishness, a love that cannot be suppressed by misfortune, or be alienated by calumny, or bribed by temptation and in the language of Cicero she must possess that 'Virtue which is both the parent and guardian of friendship'. She must also be a Christian in the truest sense of the word, must be intelligent, and fond of good literature, continually storing her mind with useful knowledge the Bible being first place for her among all other books. She must be amiable, honest, truthful, possessing an independence of mind, prudent, benevolent and sincere, be able to practise economy without stinginess, she must value her reputation as a delightful legacy.

As the love of beauty and refinement belongs to every true woman, her dresses must be well chosen, and of graceful fabrics, neatly made and fitting her well. Good taste, harmony and good breeding must all be set the seal on her as a gentlewoman.

As all the utility, success and happiness of the married state depend upon the wisdom of the union I would marry a woman of pleasant temper, feminine tenderness, congenial spirits, tastes, habits, modes of thought and feeling, and of the same religion. Her voice must be capable of giving charm to my ear, her smiles must be rays of sunshine to my heart, her kiss the guardian of innocence, her arms a sheltering harbour of my safety, her bosom a bower of comfort, her influence an anchor to keep me steadfast.

In conclusion I would marry a woman with no past history to be ashamed of. (493 words) VERITAS. Thomas Spence. A wife in its real sense is the greatest blessing a man can get on earth, for it brings along with it, happiness on earth and

Heaven at last. Therefore a man must strive to get such a woman as is mention above.

In the first place, I would marry a woman who bears such qualities that would make a man happy in spiritual and temporal welfare. Such a woman who endeavours to live just according to her means; one who does not want what she cannot get in a real, good, honest way, one who is contented to live in the sphere of life where God has placed her. One who is contented with her lot, whatever it may be. Such a woman is one whom I would marry. Second, a woman who does not marry a man because he holds a good position or because he has a good house. In fact, one who does not marry a man on account of what he possesses, but would marry him because she loves him. In my opinion, such a woman any man should marry. Having such a woman for a wife you are bound to succeed in making a good and quite good home, also good children who themselves after a time will turn out to be good fathers and mothers. One should not marry a woman whose tendency is only for flashy dresses and the like, whose appearance is to be seen at any and every kind of entertainments. I would marry a woman who when I do anything out of place would speak to me in such a way that I would be ashamed of myself, repent and for that act such principles that would bring me into the path that led to a happy end. A virtuous and a trained woman only can achieve these ends. A trained woman is what every man should try to obtain although they are open to temptation yet out of 100, 75 is always to found faithful. Your children are better taught, your homes are better kept, peace and quietness are always to be found therein. On the other hand, I think all the failure of marriage is caused from an untrained woman, out of 100 of this class 100 can hardly be found that is good. For as they themselves are not trained, they cannot teach their children anything but what themselves possess. But when you marry a trained woman who will live up to what she is taught she has the power to strain a whole family. And if all the marriages that take place even in Limon, and the woman who married were trained and lived up to it, what an amount of success and happiness there would be in and around this town! In conclusion let me say that beauty does not make the man nor the woman. Neither fine speech or flashy dress. But a woman who bears such qualities as mentioned above is bound to make a good wife and is such a woman I would wed.

A Benefactor. James Ricketts. Marriage is too Much of a Joke. It is much more important that society should protect itself against evil marriages than against small pox or tuberculosis. The names of the fashionable have been before the public in nauseous divorces, if rich cannot bear and forbear; if they cannot endure and be chaste and faithful with all they have to help them, what is to become of those who are beset by the narrow financial margin today? Society ought to clean itself out from the top if it expects any information from the masses. The chief peril which besets the family today is not to be found in the imperfect legislation or inadequate social arrangements, but in the primitive natural desire, in the

The Nativity,

A Christmas Poem.

(BY REV. J. W. GRAHAM, M. A.)

Over the hills of Judea shimmered the moonlight clear, Soft was the breath of morning, daylight was drawing near. Nature was hushed in silence, save but a whisper heard Uttered by Bethlehem shepherds watching their flocks around. Bethlehem, cradle of David, nestled in slumber there; Chosen, by word prophetic, Israel's Ruler to bear. Thronged were her inns and hostels, crowded were street and pass;— Mary and Joseph, late coming, lodged with the ox and the ass! Suddenly down from the ether crashed forth a pean of praise; Hark to the voices of angels, lead to the anthem they raise! 'Glory to God in the highest, peace to men of good will!— Leader yet leader it rises, echoing through valley and hill. Up rose those shepherds affrighted, heavenward turning their gaze; 'Fear not, ye humble evangelists, fill not your hearts with amaze: Tidings, glad tidings we bring you; exult ye in this happy morn, Jesus the Son has been given, Jesus the Child is born! Glory to God in the highest; hark to the tidings we bring: Grave hath no longer a victim, Death hath been robbed of his sting; Send forth the heralds of conquest, lead let their voices proclaim Jesus your Saviour incarnate, praise to His holy Name! Haste ye to Bethlehem city, seek ye a stable,—no mote; There is a manger lowly, see Him Whom angels adore; See Him, the Godhead incarnate, Jesus, Immanuel, God is united with His people, vanquished are sin, death, and hell! Mystery of mysteries unfathomed! God! Whom no space can contain, Lies there, enthroned in an infant, subject to sorrow and pain: God the Omnipotent, powerless; God the Omnipresent, a Child; Reason with Faith in its conflict: God is with Man reconciled! Those Babylons are extended, beckoning to you and to this: 'Come unto Me, all ye labouring, gladly I'll set you free, Come with a child-like devotion, come with your griefs and your fears; Forthwith shall flee doubt and sorrow, banished shall be all your fears.' Yes, Lord, we bow at Thy cradle, led by the shepherds of old We see Thy flock keep an ever-early watch: Grant us the spirit of childhood,—innocence, purity, grace,— Then, when earth's trials are ended, give us in glory a place,

A Christmas Plea.

(BY A FRIEND.)

J. N. L. It's Christmas dark, and Christmas dear And the brightest day in one summer's year Then a happy Christmas to high and low, For I think the Christ-child would have it so.

Parisian Amusement Co. Programme.

Parisian Amusement Company Theatre Arracts Tonight.

- 1st. PART. 1. Date industry in Africa. Instructive. 2. The romance of the fisher girl. Sentimental story. 3. The artist is late. Comic. THE ENTIRE PASSIN PLAY 4. The Birth of Christ. 5. The Infance of Christ. 15 Minutes Intermisssion. 2nd. PART. 1. The Miracles. 2. The Passion. 3. The Resurrection. 4. A must! Sent rolled up in a snowball. Comic. 5. The Feast of Belshazzar. Interpretation of the writing on the wall by Daniel the Prophet.

—GOOD-NIGHT—

GRAND MATINEE to-day at 5.30 p. m. ADMISSIONS ADULTS.....C0.50 CHILDREN.....C0.25

Now friends who are far, and friends who are near, And you who are joyless, and you who are dear, And you who have lived through long weary years, And tased the cup of life's bitter tears, And you for whom life is one summer's day, With never a cloud to mar your day, Shall this Christmas be dark and drear, The brightest day in the long, long year? And your answer comes back not dark—ah, no, But bright, for the Christ-child would have it so. Then you who are blessed with the power to give, Remember the poor who in patience live—the outcast, the homeless, homeless and cold. Ah! such was their Maker in days of old, Oh; you for whom life is pleasant and sweet, Remember the wary, the poor tired feet— They whose days have been dark, and whose path-ways steep. Who have seen perchance that others may resp. Remember God's little ones,—hungry to-day, They stand with their outstretched hands and pray, And I think that the Christ-child stands, too, at your gate, And pleads with your hearts for this bitter fate. Then give, for the kindness you now bestow, On your Father's children in want and woe. Will thrill with gladness His angels on high, As they look on the earth from the starry sky. And I think they will hail you 'your Christmas mirth With a joy that surpasses their joys of earth.

Now a happy Christmas to high and low, For I think the Christ-child would have it so.