

### HOW A COOS BAY GIRL SPENT THE SUMMER IN BOSTON

LETTERS TO THE ONES AT HOME GIVE AN INTERESTING DIARY OF THE DAYS DOINGS IN THE NEW ENGLAND METROPOLIS.

May 31—O the noise of this place; all the circuses and big shows are just across the street; the railroads run down this street—they say it will cost millions to put them under ground—I wish they were now—

Coming away from my big, quiet, wild woods, this noise and rows of houses of brick and stone certainly get on my nerves. So I have secured a quiet lovely place, by the help of our secretary; the suite is airy, in a quiet street—a lovely lady to live near—and no other girls but just me. Oh, I do feel so rested to think I shall be relieved of all this noise.

Suite 3, 87 Gainsborough Street—That's where you'll find me when you call. It is certainly the place where I'll get quiet. Every day I thank God I have known the freedom of the mountains, the sea, and its winds, the trees and the beauty of the woods and also the quiet of them, and when my work is accomplished, I am coming back to them. I understand now why every one who has been West always comes back and in a few weeks I've come to appreciate the home land as I never could have done otherwise. We went out to Lexington today. We had to go out past Harvard, North Cambridge and North Cambridge Commons. Every house and public building was draped with flags in honor of the day. We saw no end of G. A. R. men in their uniforms. Between Cambridge and Lexington is a sort of farming country. All the houses are painted white with green shutters, and every farm has a name. But my goodness! How can they be farms with street cars running right in front of the door? We saw rocks all along the way marked with dates of Revolutionary times; old, old trees with signs on them telling when they were planted; we saw the old barn where Paul Revere stopped to change horses the night he took his famous ride.

Out at Lexington Commons there is a splendid bronze statue of a Minute Man and around its base are piled stacks of old cannon balls.

Out at "Lexington Park" there's an old buffalo with his hair all scratched off, a bedraggled looking pheasant, some bantam chickens, one little skinny black bear and a camel—and this majestic collection of "wild animals" was labeled "To the Zoo!"—Wow! I tried to get some pictures of them and the park, but couldn't. You just go look out doors and you'll see a prettier park than I saw today.

Coming back, we passed a Memorial day parade, headed by cops and followed by a lot of men dressed in the uniforms of Washington's soldiers and carrying ancient muskets—next the old G. A. R. men carrying flowers; it made us sad to watch them.

June 1—Last night after we had dinner after being out at Lexington, it was so late we couldn't see the Ringling show, so we took in the small attractions and this is what we saw, George:—First we rode on the merry-go-round where the horses go up and down instead of backward and forward; the Ferris wheel where we'd hang suspended up in the air while they took on other passengers; a sensation called the "Sea Roll" something like a merry-go-round only way up in the air and when in motion gives you the ocean roll all right—I had enough of that on the Breakwater, so didn't indulge;—There was the nigger's head stuck thru the canvas to be hit with baseballs if you could—3 throws for 5c and a cigar if you hit him—none of us smoked so we went on to see the animals they called "Pin Heads." One was four feet high and the young one about two feet. Some kind of Hindu freaks—heads straight up in the back with only a tuft of hair on top—no

forehead hardly but a large nose and mouth.

I think they couldn't talk but they made a kind of guttural noise. One of them was attracted by my red sailor dress and pointing its finger at me, it made a rush my way—the girls screamed and ran—I was scared stiff, then the thing stopped and laughed—the joke was on me I guess. The man sitting inside the ring with them grabbed it by the back of the neck and sat it in a chair—Oh! the way the thing looked at him, it would have killed him if it had the chance. There was the Hindu dwarf 4 feet tall with the child's body and the man's head. The three legged man pulled off his stocking to show us the real flesh of the third leg that grew out of the small of his back and to further prove it was the real thing he kicked a football clear across the tent. Then came the cutest thing I ever saw—a little woman 21 inches high dressed in an evening gown with diamond rings, pink feather fan, tiny slippers, bracelets and puffs in her hair—she looked just like a doll. She is a graduate of an Iowa high school. She sat in a tiny chair at a tiny table very indifferent to the crowd, reading a newspaper—she spoke once or twice and seemed very bright.

The snake charmer in a red dress wrapped "sarpints" around her neck; cute dogs doing fine tricks; a man writing with his feet; a bearded lady whom we took to be a man and a very dirty one at that; an Indian with a girl's body growing on his stomach—the baby arms and legs were there and he showed the crowd where it grew to him—Oh! it was simply awful—

June 2—This ends the third week of school and last night was our first recital—I had two parts and I guess I've improved some. I was told that "If I worked and preserved a proper degree of humility, I would surely amount to something"—A very nice way of saying "Don't get the swell-head" wasn't it? The motto here seems to be "Keep forever lastingly at it, and hard"—I work just as hard as I can but my strength isn't sufficient for half I wish to do. Oh, I do love the work! I certainly do! Every day I am getting more into the life and work of the place.

We were going home the other evening when there was the awfulest hallowing you ever heard and behind us came two or three hundred men students right down the middle of the

street singing and shouting enough to wake the dead. They stopped a man's auto, turned out the lights, tooted the horn and made a great display—it was great!

I have the juvenile part in "A Bit of Ivory," a play we are going to give at the next recital. As it's very hard it means a lot of work and something to learn and be gained by the practice.

(To be continued)

**TWENTY GREATEST WOMEN ARE NAMED.**

Mary Baker Eddy, Jane Addams, Mme. Curie, Mrs. Pankhurst and Bernhardt Among Selections.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—Illinois women members of the State Equal Rights Association recently announced a list of "the world's 20 greatest women", which they offer to compare with lists of men recently selected. The women are:

Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Baker Eddy, Frances E. Willard, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jane Addams, Ella Flagg Young, Emmeline Pankhurst, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, George Eliot, Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte Bronte, Marguerite Fuller, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Raymond Robins, Rev. Anna Howard Shaw and Mme. Curie.

It was explained that the list was drawn with an eye to those who had done the most for women. Carrie Nation and Lady Tennessee Claflin Cook also were suggested as entitled to a place.

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**Where the Locality Does Not Count.**

Wherever there are people suffering from kidney and bladder ailments, from backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, Foley Kidney Pills will help them. Belvidere, Ill., E. A. Kelly, an ex-engineer, says: "Three years ago my kidneys became so bad that I was compelled to give up my engine and quit. There was a severe aching pain over the hips, followed by an inflammation of the bladder, and always a thick sediment. Foley Kidney Pills made me a sound and well man. I can not say too much in their praise."—RED CROSS DRUG CO.

**BEAR KILLS DOG.**

Curry County Hunter Has Thrilling Experience with Big Game.

One of the most valuable varmint dogs in Curry County owned by W. R. Coy, of Euchre Creek, was killed by a bear a few days ago, and two others seriously hurt by the same bear. The bear was started in the Euchre creek mountains by Mr. Coy's bear team, consisting of three dogs. Before the chase had continued long, for other dogs belonging to a neighbor, were truned loose, making seven in all. The battle raged fast and furious for a short time. Before Mr. Coy could reach the scene, he realized that it was a battle to death, and he put forth every effort possible to rescue the perilous position of his faithful and trusted dogs. When only a few hundred yards from where the fight was in progress, the old bitch, the most valuable and savage one of the pack, came to him torn and bleeding, with her under jaw broken and helplessly dinging under her throat, and her windpipe torn loose from her neck. When the other two dogs of Coy's found their leader and parent was out of the fight, they also returned to their master, bruised and bleeding from many abrasions of the skin. Mr. Coy fondly took his faithful dog in his arms, and undertook to carry her home, but death soon relieved the faithful brute of her suffering. The loss of this dog is not only a loss to Mr. Coy, but is to every stockman of Curry county.—Gold Beach Globe.

In testing tungsten lamps for durability a French railroad uses a machine which subjects sample lamps to all sorts of jolts and jars, the breaking of a filament shutting off the motor which operates it.

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**WITH THE TOAST AND TEA**

A POOR STICK, HE.

He never drank, he never swore  
He never failed to do the job  
He never risked the dough he earned  
To speculate; he never turned  
His head to see a pretty girl,  
He never idly, like a churl,  
Laid off a little now and then,  
To sport a bit like other men.

He never stole, he never lied,  
He ne'er usurped nor occupied  
A place in line that might belong  
To someone else amid the throng  
He never got upon the ear  
Until the rest—with crush and jeer  
Had forged ahead and got the best  
That he had lost from being best.

He never weched, he never made  
An enemy because afraid  
He might be wrong, and that  
blame  
Would rest on him with all  
shame;  
He never made a wee mistake,  
Nor stirred the muck, with his  
rake;  
He never walked, he'd rather run  
He never, really, lived at all.

Dr. Pearson has found that  
and peppermint candy are good  
stitutes for tobacco. Some day  
one will discover that prunes are  
good substitute for something else.

Lots of typographical errors  
by a proof reader on a newspaper  
They're bound to and most of  
are really excusable. But the  
one that we ever heard of and  
really seemed inexcusable was  
a certain proof reader in reading  
article let a "e" go for an "o".  
was the article: "Mrs. Green  
went an operation for appendicitis  
few days ago. She is getting  
nicely and improving steadily.  
is certainly good news to her  
friends who hope to see her cut  
soon."

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