

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.

(Continued from last week)
 June 4—I went to Trinity church this morning: the building is wonderful—everything is carved and fused up in great shape; all the pews and woodwork are in dark walnut. The lights come from high chandeliers and altogether it is very old and impressive looking. There is a lot of ceremony about going in and sitting down. In a church full of empty pews, you stand nicely in a row 'til an usher comes and takes you to a seat, then you sit down and stand up a lot and then sit some more and they read prayers about a mile long out of a book. The little choir boys were what made a hit with me. There were about fifty of them and maybe twenty older men for the solo parts. They came marching in to the rolling notes of the great organ, and chanting a hymn, took their places. The great dome of the church echoes the sound so it seems as if there were singers above you and in the back of the church. The Rector is named Mann and is a wonderful speaker. I never heard such perfect enunciation.
 I want to tell you about Normbega Park, the great pleasure park of this city as the "Oaks" is for Portland. I saw the animals first; there were several coyotes shut up in a cage labeled "Timber Wolves." I thought that the biggest joke I ever heard of. Just then the keeper came along and we asked him if they were timber wolves and he said "yes;" then I asked him what coyotes looked like. He grinned, winked at us and said we "could see some 'coyotes' down the line." Well pretty soon we saw them and I never saw two animals so resembling each other as the "Timber Wolf" and Normbega's "coyote."
 I suppose that's the way they grow here, maybe. We saw the cage of monkeys and then went down to the river. This park is on Charles River and I never saw such a sight as when we came down to the boat houses. They all have Club rooms and restaurants up stairs and the canoes are kept underneath. Imagine a sunny day, a perfectly still, blue river winding in and out of a perfectly picturesque landscape of smooth green fields and nice little hills stuck on here and there with straight rows and gay club houses with their pennants flying, lining the river, and pretty artistic little stone bridges in the distance. Auto parties under the trees; on the river no end of canoes, green, white, pink, blue, lavender, purple, olive; pretty girls, sofa pillows, men in shirt sleeves, parasols; dreaming, laughing, talking, spooning, happy, chatting; gay canoes drawn up on the grass with people picnicing; canoes under overhanging branches, people reading; canoes floating along together filled with college men, carrying graphophones, making lovely music on the water. One couldn't drown if they wanted to, for with hundreds of people in front of you and behind you, there would be no chance. We had lunch on the grass by an old mill and then came back down the river as the lights were lit along the banks. It was just like fairy land.
 The great Bernhard comes on Saturday and I with a number of other pupils are to make up a mob to cry "Vive la France" in one of the scenes of "Madame X." It will be a great chance to study stage life behind the scenes.
 June 11—Last Wednesday night I saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with my little friend in the title role, at the Castle Square Theatre. It was very interesting and she made a hit; she is so simple, sweet and dear. She is twenty one year's old but she can nearly stand under my arm and her big black eyes and wee, childish face make her very fit for the juvenile parts she takes so well. I am managing to get in on enough! We accepted the invitation to attend the party given by the boys out at Military school at Wellesley on Thursday night. The young son of one of my friends was the one who wanted me to mask and as he was to represent a Paris doll, I got the idea of dressing like a boy doll. I got my costume from a shop down town where you can hire such things—it was a blue sailor suit with a blouse waist and knickerbockers and then I got a cute soft black hat from one of the girls, also a big sailor tie. I wore my pumps and my best pair of

69c stockings and did my switch in curls and my own hair in bangs and looked like I was most ten years old. The little town of Wellesley is about fifteen miles from Boston and Wellesley college is there. About 7:30 the auto came and the party was made up and we started on the drive over the fine road—all through this country they are oiled and like a hard wood floor, and as it was moonlight I had a fairly good idea of what the country was like. When we arrived at the dormitory of the school a pretty little vision in a white lace dress over pink with a big pink sash and yellow curls came down the steps three at a time—it was a boy!
 We were then ushered into a room where I dressed and they all nearly had a fit over the little boy that came out; then I took "Dolly" and we went down to the gym where the party was taking place. They had it all fixed up with flags, pennants and cosy corners and the orchestra was dressed in overalls andingham aprons. I met dozens of girls and boys and had the time of my life! We had an awful time as long as we were masked for the boy wasn't used to being a girl and wouldn't let me lead him, but afterward the fun began. Their banquet was great—they gave us salads, hot new potatoes, peas, beets, salmon croquets, bread, butter and tongue, ham, strawberries and cake, olives, punch and ice cream. Gee! The Coos Bay "Tommy" had a head ache when he ate all that stuff. And with the ride back to town thru the quaint New England country, the happy event closed.
 Saturday was a red letter day in the history of P. W.—Bernhardt's day—her last appearance before she sailed for Europe. We all went down to the Boston Theater at 12:30—this is the third largest theatre in the world—There we waited around amid hurrying "props" (property men, and sweating stage hands, and fuming orchestra leaders till the manager had time to tell us what to do. I didn't get to go on in the afternoon but stayed and watched the play from the wings. It was all in French and you had to guess from the actions and voice what it was all about.
 The first was "Joan Marie," a little sketch in which Bernhardt appeared with her leading young man of 28 years. When she came from her dressing room leaning on his arm all of the men around kissed her hand in their French way and she walked to the place where she was to make her entrance. When I first saw her I thought her horrible! I watched her talking and when she smiled, she was very pretty. In repose her face is ugly, beautiful, repulsive, fascinating—the strangest thing I ever saw. She wears a wig of beautiful golden red hair. She is about as tall as I and very thin. The acting was wonderful. They gave her an ovation at this matinee. In the evening she played "Madame X" and I got to go on as spectator in the scene where she is tried for murder. Such crowds as were! Such tumult for Bernhardt! She took fifteen curtain calls that night. There were some of the Harvard dramatic students there to "sup" and we met them. I met one member of Bernhardt's company—a young Frenchman with beautiful eyes and accent and a dream of a blue striped shirt. Horray for the United States and our men in the big country west of the Rockies—Oh! this is a long way from home—sometimes I can scarcely think it's me!
 (To be continued)
A HAPPY NEW YEAR— KANSAS CITY BANK FAILS
 American Union Trust Company Forced to Suspend.
 (By Associated Press to the Coos Bay Times.)
 KANSAS CITY, Dec. 30.—As a result of the order of the state banking department, the American Union Trust company of this city closed its doors today. The officers of the bank say the three thousand depositors will be paid in full. Its bills payable are said to aggregate \$493,000, the assets \$395,000 and the deposits total \$203,000.
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ENGLAND'S KING PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A ROYAL STOCK RAISER

CARRIES OFF FIRST PRIZES AT LIVE STOCK SHOW—ENGLISH PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO FISH IN FRESH WATER—OTHER FOREIGN GOSSIP.

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)
 LONDON, England, Jan. 1.—Should George V. lose his snug fitting crown he could make a good living as a stock raiser. At the annual Smithfield Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall the King was one of the heaviest prize winners.
 In the class for young Devon steers the royal farms at Windsor took first and third prizes and in the next class for Devon steers above two and not exceeding three years of age, the King gained first prize as well as the breed cup, won by Captain, a splendid animal weighing 1,582 pounds.
 With his Herefords the King took two seconds for the steer classes and a first with a heifer of that breed, Marmaduke, a handsome steer bred at Windsor, took first prize in the shorthorn class of young steers. In the class for Highland cattle the King pleased his Scottish subjects by capturing one first and two seconds. His Southdown sheep also gained a first prize for the crowned farmer.
 The Royal farmer was a keen contender for the ribbon offered for the best beast in the show and his prize winning steer Marmaduke was paraded before the judges in this competition, but the coveted trophy went to Village Lassie, a shorthorn belonging to W. T. Garne & Son of Aldworth, Gloucester.
 As the result of a recent decision in the House of Lords the English people have awakened to the fact that they have no fishing rights in the fresh water of their country. The situation has raised a storm of protest that is expected to result in remedial action by the present government.
 The decision was made as the result of appeals in cases concerning

the use of the waters of the River Wye and Lough Neagh.
 The "right" which the Wye fishermen believed they held was given to the warden in some early day, and the warden in owner had ever disputed, but the right to exclusive fishing. Now the supreme court of the land has declared that the right does not exist and the decision is so sweeping that it covers all of the streams and lakes of the United Kingdom.
 The National Memorial window to John Bunyan in the north transept of Westminster Abbey has been completed and it will be unveiled to the public on January 25. The memorial to the "inspired tinker" was designed by J. N. Cowper and executed at a cost of \$6,000, raised by subscriptions from admirers of "Pilgrim's Progress." The success of the project has been mainly due, however, to the Baptist community, on whose behalf the memorial will be handed over to the Dean and Chapter.
 The window, designed in two sections, illustrates scenes from Bunyan's immortal dream. It is illuminated by four lights in each section and a headlight above. The window is the first tribute of any importance in London to the memory of Bunyan, who lies buried in Bunhill Fields.
 London's system of tube railways will be increased by a diminutive underground railroad which will be used exclusively for the transport of mail matter.
 The tube as planned will be 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, providing space for two tracks of 2-foot gauge. Motor vans instead of locomotives with trailers will be used to admit of reversal without the necessity of loops or shunting. It is expected that the line will relieve the congestion of London traffic, which is increased by the large number of mail vans now in use.
 The new Lady Mayoress of the City of London is wroth at the condition in which she found the kitchen of the Mansion House and she threatens to call in the sanitary inspector

unless the Corporation takes immediate action to remedy matters. The Mayoress is the new Lord Mayor's daughter and in her social settlement work she has become an expert on sanitary subjects. She is using this knowledge as a lever to compel action by the slow-moving aldermen, who have always been decidedly averse to making any change in the ancient home of the Lord Mayors.
 There is no present intention to change the main structure of the Mansion House, but it is felt that domestic arrangements which were good enough for 1738 are scarcely sufficient for today.
 Over the fireplace in the kitchen is the following inscription: "Swear not; He not. Neither repeat old grievances. Whosoever eats or drinks in this hall with his hat on he shall forfeit sixpence or ride the wooden horse."
 The present police court room of the House was formerly the laundry and the "dirty linen" of the public is now washed where formerly the dirty linen of the Lord Mayor and his family was cleaned.
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND
 is a reliable family medicine. Give it to your children, and take it yourself if when you feel a cold coming on. It checks and cures coughs and colds and croup and prevents bronchitis and pneumonia.

ORDER IS DEFERRED.
 Saccharine Food Products Not Under Ban Yet.
 (By Associated Press to the Coos Bay Times.)
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30.—The Pure Food Board today postponed until February 1, the operation of its order prohibiting the use of saccharine food products. The postponement was made to allow the board more time to consider the matter.
A HAPPY NEW YEAR— NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS?
 Notice is hereby given that the annual licenses on dogs in the City of Marshfield are now due. The city ordinance provides as follows: "The owner or persons having in charge any dog kept or owned within the city of Marshfield shall on or before the first day of January in each year pay to the city recorder the sum of three dollars for each and every male dog; the sum of \$5.00 for each and every female dog. All dogs found within the city limits of the city of Marshfield without a license tag will be taken up by the city marshal and \$1.00 extra will be charged for same and if not paid then the dog will be killed. All licenses must be paid on or before January 31, 1912."
 J. W. CARTER, City Marshal.
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

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70 x 100 in West Marshfield,	2,000.00
50 feet on Broadway, solid ground	1,500.00
2 lots on Second street, near Golden	2,000.00
50 ft. in heart of business section	8,500.00

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