

COOS BAY TIMES

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SIX BEST BOOKS

IF YOU could have only six books, what six books would you choose? The recent effort of the president of Berea College to put six good books in every cabin in the mountains of Kentucky prompted this question two weeks ago.

For lack of space all the replies cannot be printed. But here are the first six lists that were received:

The Bible, Shakespeare in one volume, Webster's Dictionary, Emerson's Essays, Franklin's Autobiography, Aesop's fables.

The Bible, Shakespeare, Carlyle's "French Revolution," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," any good "Napoleon."

The Bible, Shakespeare, Webster's Blue Black Speller, a United States history, a primary geography, good pocket English Dictionary.

The Bible, Shakespeare, McGuffey's Fourth Reader, Wilson's Fifth Reader, Longfellow's Poems, Burns' or Moore's Poems.

The Bible, Emerson's Essays, a biography of Lincoln, Tennyson's Poems, "David Copperfield," a History of the World.

The Bible, Shakespeare, a dictionary, Emerson's Essays, Tennyson's Poems, the Journal of Sir Walter Scott.

Whether or not these may be of assistance to the wise editor who has proposed the plan of leading ignorant mountaineers up through good books is not the question.

Like a good many of my readers, I was anxious to know just how the state of taste stood, as to books. We hear much in these days about the decay of good taste in literature. Such statements are, in no small measure, justified. Much trash is printed and read. But, at the same time, the publishers say there is a steady demand for that which is not trash.

More of Dickens, Emerson, Cervantes and Carlyle is being sold than ever before. There is a steady hunger for (thirst for such writings. However the styles in novels may change, and however the prevalent form of short fiction may be dashed in our eyes to make them smart, these worth while writers are not neglected.

This is a good sign. So long as there is a large demand for such books, we need not lament the decadence of taste.

One person who answered the question as to the six best books with a list asked me to print my own.

If I could have only six books, these are the ones I would choose:

The Bible, Shakespeare, Emerson's Essays, Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," "Les Miserables."

But I hope it never may be necessary for me to select only six books.

There are six times six which seem to me indispensable as daily companions.

There are sixty times six which stand ready to serve my every need whim or mood.

To have to take along only six would be to leave behind whole rows which mean so much—each book in its way—as to make that parting a thing forever to be dreaded.

SALEM—Julian A. Mock, who was sent from Jackson county to serve a life term at the penitentiary for second degree murder has been pardoned by Governor Withycombe because he has tuberculosis.

EUGENE—Volna Bryant, a little boy, bumped his head against a ten-penny nail protruding from a fence post, causing it to penetrate his cheek, and it was necessary to file off the nail to release the child.

TILLAMOOK—The Tillamook Commercial Club was reorganized at a meeting when Fred C. Baker was elected president.

ALBANY—Twenty-six Portland people, six of whom were women filed on homesteads situated in eastern Linn county.

PORTLAND—W. K. Botsford and Arthur Serr, who gave the auto party which resulted in the serious injury of Miss Esther Lindberg, aged 19, have been held on four separate charges.

A Romance of Old Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago when Mexico was still a Spanish province there was a house party in one of the haciendas not far from the capital. The hostess was a young widow, and several of the young men guests were suitors for her hand. The lady, Senora Ysabel Cardona, had given her heart to one of them, Don Miguel Benarez, but he did not know it, and another, Antonio Coral, a recent arrival from Madrid, who claimed to be a grandee, was his rival.

One afternoon when the hostess and a number of her guests had been strolling over the hacienda, that Senora Ysabel might show them her fruits, upon passing up on to the veranda she missed a fan she had been carrying. It was a valuable article, being studded with jewels. A small party had arrived at the house, the others being strung along in the path they had come. Among those who were with the hostess was Antonio Coral.

"What will you give the finder of the fan?" he asked her.

"Anything I possess," "Yourself?"

Senora Ysabel looked at Benarez, who was also present, and with a spark in her eye and color in her cheeks replied:

"Yes." Away went all the men present to look for the fan except Benarez, who remained standing beside Dona Conchita Pollado, with whom he had been walking. Senora Ysabel looked at him, surprised that he did not enter the lists for her hand and, frowning, went into the house. After awhile those who had gone to search returned. Coral possessed the fan and had won the widow.

Evidently his being the finder instead of Benarez was a matter of great displeasure to Senora Ysabel Cardona. She gave no sign of not accepting the situation, but no one was sure whether she would engage herself to Coral or not. Coral certainly had reason to suppose that she would, for she at once began to treat him as a fiance, especially when Benarez was present.

During the evening a party of the men guests, including both Coral and Benarez, were in the billiard room. Coral asked Benarez if he would play a game with him.

"I play only with honorable men," was the reply.

For a few moments there was the stillness of death in the room. Every one present knew that the insult required resentment, and it was generally supposed that something underlay the affair. Then Coral left the room.

The next morning Senora Ysabel, who was troubled that one man should have won her hand when she wanted another, awoke very early and lay thinking what to do in the matter. Hearing men's voices under her window, she got out of bed and saw Benarez and another of her men guests leaving the house. The man with Benarez carried rapiers under his arm. It was evident that something was about to happen, the cause of which she did not understand. Hurriedly putting on her clothes, she went out into a corridor, where she met Dona Conchita Pollado, to whom she told what she had seen.

"I can explain that," said Dona Conchita, "but will do so later. Hurry after these men if you wish to prevent bloodshed."

The two women ran downstairs and, meeting one of the Indian servants, asked him which way the gentlemen had gone. He told them, and they followed as fast as they could to an open space inclosed by surrounding trees where a number of duels had been fought. There they found Benarez and Coral in their shirt sleeves, each holding a rapier, about to fight. On the ground were their seconds and several other of the men guests.

"Gentlemen," said the widow, "what right have you to mar my party in this way? What you are doing is an insult to me and all my other guests."

The two principals paused, but neither replied.

"I think," said Dona Conchita, "that I can explain it, and since the one other who should explain it seems not inclined to do so, I will tell what I know. Ysabel, when you took hold of a vine yesterday afternoon you dropped your fan. It fell into tall grass. Don Antonio presently picked it up and put it in his pocket. Walking home with Senor Benarez, I told him what I had seen."

The statement occasioned a marked surprise in all present. It seemed impossible that a grandee of Spain could have descended to so dishonorable an act. Coral turned pale and red by turns. Senora Cardona said to him: "What have you to say, Don Antonio, to the charge?"

"I cannot dispute the word of a lady," was the reply, uttered in a voice scarcely audible and with a bow so low that his face was invisible.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen. Senor Benarez, will you accompany me back to the house?"

Benarez tossed his rapier toward his second and, with the hostess, followed by the others, except Coral, left the ground. Coral took the fact that he was not invited to return as a dismissal and went his way.

The widow married Benarez, and it was learned afterward that Coral was not known in Madrid, but was a gambler from Cordova, which place he had been obliged to flee, having killed a man under criminal circumstances.

KIRK'S KOLUM

Edited by F. R. KIRK and Riley

THE WISE OLD JUDGE

A wise old judge he had a wife Who was president of her club, She thought her husband very small

She classed him as a dub, In fact she made him do the work While to the club she ran, The wise old judge he thought he was

A badly hen-pecked man.

A case of bigamy was called Before this wise old judge And when his wife heard of the case

She simply said "Oh fudge, You could bet your bottom stars, I'd send this dub where he belongs Behind the iron bars."

"Yes, yes, I know, remarked the judge

You women always know Right where all of these hen-pecked men

Had really ought to go, But my dear, as I'm the judge You can't decide the case."

Where as his wife flew in a rage

And slapped the judges face.

"I'll allow you" says his wife "That, you can't talk to me like that"

The judge says "I will leave the house,

Here George please bring my hat, And on the way to court that day The judge says on my life, I don't see why I married her She's not fit to be a wife.

For she's so big and coarse and strong

She should have been a man, I think I'll leave this Suffragette That's providing that I can, I would pity all the men today That had to come to court, If she was on the judges bench God help the poor old sport.

The judge strolled in the court house With his head a bending low, The thought he had within his head No one but him could know, The case of bigamy was called Before this judge so wise, The prisoner looked so small and weak

Who had three robust wives.

The judge looked at the prisoner Who was dark around the eyes, And says do you mean to tell the court

These three women are your wives, Yes, I'm guilty said the prisoner But have mercy on me please, I've had heaps of trouble on this earth

With women such as these.

The judge looked at the prisoner And the women standing there, Then ran his fingers o'er his head Where there ought to be some hair, I discharge the prisoner said the judge

Yes, I'm going to set him free, I got trouble enough with one wife God help this man with three.

ON THE ROAD TO CHORRERA. THREE horsemen galloped the dusty way While sun and moon were both in the sky. An old crone crouched in the cactus shade And craved an alms as they rode by. A friendless hag she seemed to be, But the queen of a bandit crew was she

ONE horseman tossed her a scanty dol, A scuffling couplet the second trotted, But the third, from his blue frank eyes and free.

No silence vouchsafed the beldam old, As toward the sunset and the sea, No evil fearing, rode the three.

A CURSE she gave for the pittance small, A gibe for the couplet's ribald word, But that which once had been her heart At signs of the silent horseman stirred, And safe through the ambush band they sped.

For the sake of the rider who would not heed.

—Arlo Bates.

THE TRAIL.

THE trails of the world are many, And all of the trails stretch far. Oh, I have chosen a lone trail, Lit up by a single star.

I follow through storm and sunshine, I follow through mist and rain, The trail skirts happy valleys Or scales grim hills of pain.

I follow the trail in silence, Up, up through the starlit dew, And ever I follow the same trail, And ever it leads to you.

—Maria Baehem Platt.

KEEP GOING UP.

One who climbs a steep hill seldom falls, however laborious the climbing may be, while the man who runs down a hill, easy though the path, often comes to grief.—Ekken.

My Cousin From America

By EUNICE BLAKE

The Von Muellers are one of the old families in Prussia. But there have been spendthrifts in the family, men who despised the making of money and who have had no other profession than the army, which, to say the least, is not lucrative. The original family estates were conferred on Otto von Mueller for military service.

One of my uncles, Caspar von Mueller, rather than be a poor aristocrat in Prussia chose to be a rich commoner in America. At any rate, he went there to attempt to make a fortune. He succeeded, and at the beginning of the twentieth century was the only rich one of the family. He was loyal to his relatives and entered upon a correspondence with my father, his brother, with a view to starting the family on a new career of prosperity by means of his great wealth. He had only one child, a son, and his plan was to marry him to one of the family in Prussia. Then the young man was to remove to the fatherland and by means of his wealth secure a position at the kaiser's court.

Our Von Muellers in Germany were quite pleased with the plan. The aristocracy and the commercial classes had been drawing closer together. The kaiser himself owned a pottery. Caspar von Mueller's millions, though acquired in trade, were not to be despised. To make a long story short, it was arranged that he should come over to Germany, and I, being the only girl Von Mueller of suitable age for him, it was hoped that a match might be arranged between him and me.

One evening a lot of us Von Muellers were sitting in a public garden listening to an orchestra and drinking wine or beer. Two young men came in and took seats at a table near us. They seemed to be English—at least they spoke the English language. The feeling against the English people was very strong, and even the language was irritating. But one of the young men opposite me was very handsome, and I could not help glancing at him occasionally. Whether or no he was encouraged by this or because he admired me, he gazed at me continually. Finally my brother Otto, a lieutenant in the army, noticed his eyes continually bent on me. Rising, Otto went to the table where the young man was sitting and said, "I will pig stick you," and threw a card on the table bearing his name and address.

This was equivalent to a challenge to fight. As soon as Otto returned to us I gave him a piece of my mind, telling him that I did not need him to protect me and he had no right to challenge a man simply for admiring me.

I did not know whether the stranger would fight, but I determined to prevent a meeting if possible. My cousin Gustav, a boy of fifteen, was of our party, and, Otto having left us, taking Gustav with me, I went to the table where the two strangers were sitting and said to the one who had been looking at me:

"I have a request to make of you, sir."

Rising and removing his hat, he asked to be informed what it was. I spoke in German, and he replied in the same language, though with a foreign accent.

"I have seen my brother challenge you. I beg that you will decline to fight."

"But your German men expect—"

"Never mind what our German men expect. You have the request of a German woman. It should be of greater import to you than the demand of any man."

He hesitated for a few moments, then said:

"Fraulein, I shall consider your request a command. I beg to offer an apology for looking so intently upon you. In the first place, I lost a sister a few years ago who greatly resembled you. In the second place, I admit that you excited my admiration the moment I looked at you."

"No apology is necessary. I thank you very much for granting my request."

As I was turning away to rejoin the party at our table he said:

"May I ask, fraulein, to be informed as to whom I have the honor to obey?"

"I am Bertha von Mueller."

He looked at me with an expression which I did not understand, but said nothing further.

The duel, of course, did not take place. My brother in speaking of it said contemptuously that the man was doubtless an Englishman and the English would not fight. A few days after the occurrence my father told me that my cousin had come from America and would call the next afternoon. Father hoped that I would make myself as agreeable as possible.

The next day when I went down into the drawing room to see my cousin I stood speechless with astonishment. He looked at me with an amused smile. He was the man who had admired me at the garden and whom I had prevented fighting my brother.

"Cousin Bertha," he said, "that was quite an episode, my meeting the girl I had come across the water to see, was it not?"

"Indeed it was!" I stammered.

I married my cousin, but instead of his remaining in Germany I went back with him to America. He said he did not care to remain where a man was liable to be pig stuck for admiring a woman. Besides, he preferred the activity of life in America.

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Sophie Hammer is to Appear With Choral Club

NEWS OF OREGON

PENDLETON—The Oregon Growers' Association has set for wool sales at different points the eastern part of the state.

HEAVERTON—Mrs. Day Gray, elected president of the Beaver Parent-Teachers' Association at its annual meeting.

BAKER—The pay of the Mar was raised from \$1,500 to \$2,000 year, the pay of commissioners increased and the managerial form government was rejected.

ONTARIO—The W. C. T. U. install a large public drinking fountain on one of the public streets.

SALEM—The prohibitionist Marlon county propose to permit a ticket, adopt a platform and delegates to the state convention.

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