

OLD ZEB WHITE

He Tells a Story About a Cantankerous Man

By M. QUAD

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"That was sum purty bad men around yere jest arter the wah," said Zeb White, the possum hunter of Tennessee, as he got his pipe alight one evening on the doorsteps. "Mebbe the wust critter of the lot was named Tom Smith. He didn't hev no famly, but jest sorter hung around at the co'ners. He was powerful on the brag, but he could fight fur all that, and bimeby everybody got skeered o' him. He went about with a chip on his shoulder and blood in his eye till sum men moved away to git cl'ar o' him. Fur sum reason he didn't bother me for a long time, but one day when I went down to the co'ners to sell sum possum pelts Tom was outer sorts and opened on me. He looks at me a long time with a glare in his eye. Then he throws down his hat and jumps on it and yells:

"Whoopee! Zeb White, behold the jumper from Jumpersville! I'll bet my rifle agin them possum pelts I kin out-jump yo' by six inches. If yo' ar' a man with legs under yo' cum out and try on me!"

"I seed he was tryin' to pick a quarrel," said Zeb, "and so I talked soft to him and tried to git away."

"I was in mighty pore health," explained Zeb, "and no match fur such a man, and so I had to crawlsh. Everybody said I orter shoot him down, but I couldn't shed blood that way. It hurts me to this day to remember that I went home like a whipped cur, leavin' that critter crou over me, but my mind was made up to tackle him as soon as I felt like a man ag'in. When I got home I was cryin', and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"Zeb, has the wah broke out ag'in?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I've bin bluffin'."

"D'ye mean that Tom Smith has croued over yo'?"

"That's jest what he has, and I'm so pesky weak in the knees that I had to git away from him."

"Jest backed yo' down, did he?"

"He did. It's the fust time in my life I ever crawlshed fur any human critter."

"Reckon it is, Zeb. I knows how yo' feel. But yo' couldn't help it. If yo' tackled him he'd hev broke yo' in two. I'll go right at it and nurse yo' up, and in fo' weeks yo'll be fiten to whop Tom Smith till he can't boot. If yo' hadn't, I'll put on yo' clothes and whop him myself."

"I felt better arter that," said Zeb, "though I couldn't get over the hurt to my feelin's. One evenin', about two weeks arter the fuss and when I was gainin' on it, but not feelin' much better, I was sittin' right yere when I cotched sight of a b'ar across the road yere them days, as nobody had been home to kill 'em off. About the time I cotched sight of the b'ar Tom Smith showed up. Tom saw me a-sittin' yere, and he stopped right by that tree and throwed down his hat and yelled, 'Zeb White, ar' that yo' a-sittin' thar?'"

"It ar'."

"Do yo' call yo'self a man?"

"Not a well man. If yo'll gin me fo' weeks mo' I'll run yo' outer the kentry."

"Waal," sighed the old man, "he talked that way till I got mad and riz up to go, but jest as I did so that b'ar waltzed across the road on his hind feet and fetched him a cuff which knocked him ten feet. Tom thought I'd got out thar without his seeln' me, and he was tickled to death as he riz up and went fur the b'er. We heard him sayin':

"Zeb White, I said yo' wasn't a man, but I take it all back. I didn't believe yo'd stand up to me, and my heart was nigh breakin'."

"I reckon Tom must hev bin half drunk not to know a b'ar from a man, but he thought it was me fur shore, and he soon had a surprise party on hand. The b'ar didn't seem hankerin' arter meat, but he did want sum fun. The b'ar knocked him down and rolled him about a dozen times, and he got many a good lick in on the b'ar, but at length the fust was over, and Tom Smith was a whopped man. He holled out that he'd got plenty, and I reckon it was the same with the b'ar, as he suddenly made off into the woods. When Tom got over betn' dazed he got up and said to me:

"Zeb White, I'm a-beggin' of yo' pardin. I thought yo' was a coward and didn't stand up to me, but yo've whopped me in a fair foun'!"

"Was he badly used up?" I asked, as the story seemed to be finished.

"He hadn't skassy a bit o' clothin' left on him," replied Zeb, "and he was bruised and bites and claw marks from head to heel. I reckon he might hev got well from them, but his heart was broke. He knowed I was in pore health, and when he realized that he'd bin whopped by a sick man he took to his bed and died in two weeks. He sot fur me the day he died, and an hour befo' he breathe his last he reached fur my hand and whispered:

"Zeb White, I can't make out how yo' did it, but yo' dun made me holier fur the first time in my life, and I'm prayin' for death to cum. I've kinder thought yo' might hev had buzzsaws fastened to yo' hands and feet, but that wouldn't be agin yo' and I hear no grudges. Goodby, Zeb. I hope to meet yo' in the fother land and her another time to see who of the best was?"

THE SONG SPARROW.

HE does not wear a Joseph's coat Of many colors, smart and gay; His suit is Quaker brown and gray.

With darker patches at the throat, And yet of all the well dressed throng

No one can sing so brave a song. It makes the pride of looks appear A vain and foolish thing to hear His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A LOFTY place he does not love.

But sits by choice and well at ease

In hedges and in little trees That stretch their slender arms above

The meadow brook, and there he sings

Till all the world with pleasure rings;

And so he tells in every ear That lowly homes to heaven are near

In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

—Henry J. Van Dyke.



TODAY'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges.

Cereal and Cream.

Omelet.

French Rolls. Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Pork and Beans.

Rolls.

Chocolate Milk Shake.

Sponge Cake.

DINNER.

Bouillon.

Corned Beef. Boiled Potatoes.

Creamed Cauliflower.

Stuffed Tomato Salad.

Bread Pudding.

French Rolls.

SIFT eight cupfuls of flour with four

tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve

compressed yeast cake in a little

lukewarm milk. Then add more milk,

making two cupfuls altogether, to the

flour, and add also four beaten eggs.

Mix well and let rise overnight. In

the morning knead and form into rolls

of any desired shape.

Chocolate Milk Shake.

Make chocolate sirup by mixing two

cupfuls of sugar with half a cupful of

cocoa and adding a cupful of boiling

water, stirring constantly. Boil for

five minutes, cool and add half a table-

spoonful of vanilla, if desired. Keep

in the refrigerator and use for milk

shakes. For each glassful use two ta-

blespoonfuls of the sirup, an egg if de-

sired, and fill the glass with milk. Mix

thoroughly with an egg beater or a

shaker. The egg can be omitted and a

quarter of a cupful of mineral water

can be substituted for some of the milk.

Bread Pudding.

Soak a cupful of breadcrumbs in two

cupfuls of milk for an hour. Then add

the beaten yolks of three eggs, sugar

to taste, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful

of vanilla and another cupful of milk.

Bake until firm in a pan of water in

the oven. Then spread with fresh rasp-

berries, crushed and sweetened, and

top with a meringue of the three egg

whites, beaten stiff and sweetened

with three tablespoonfuls of granu-

lated sugar. Brown and serve very

cold.

Anna Thompson.

Christian world has in this respect

faithfully followed the wishes of

Queen Marie Antoinette.—New York

American.

SO QUEER, SO VERY QUEER.

I WROTE some lines once on a time

In a wondrous, merry mood,

And thought, as usual, men would

say

They were exceedingly good.

They were so queer, so very queer,

I laughed as I would die;

Albeit, in the general way,

A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;

How kind it was of him

To mind a slender man like me,

He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer!" I exclaimed,

And in my humorous way

I added (as a trifling jest),

"There'll be the devil to pay!"

He took the paper, and I watched,

And saw him peep within.

At the first line he read his face

Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad

And shot from ear to ear.

He read the third, a chuckling noise

I now began to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;

The fifth, his waistband split;

The sixth, he burst five buttons off

And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes,

I watched that wretched man,

And since I never dare to write

As funny as I can,

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"WERE I A BUD?"

WHEN I a bud that fair would

blush,

Unto her cheeks I'd trace my

why

And learn the beauty of the

day.

White night was hushed in solemn gloom.

Were I a star I'd beam the low,

Light from out her eyes of blue

I caught the sparkle of the dew

And found the light I did not know.

Ah, were I love, I'd long to be

Within the depths of her dear heart;

And in the throng I did not know

I'd seek the great unknown!

—Robert Montgomery Smith.

THE COUNTRY BOY, THE CHORUS GIRL AND THE COUNTRY GIRL

A Paramount Feature

The three main characters in the photodramatization of Edger Selwyns "The Country Boy", presented under the direction of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., and to be offered on Thursday September 23 at the Grand are the "country boy" himself a chorus girl of the typical Broadway variety who imposes upon his innocence in the ways of the world, and the country girl, who is faithful to her love and finds the charity in her heart to forgive the errors of the "boy". But those three characters only vaguely suggest the outline of a story which is far more than a love narrative—a genuine and serious study of the effect which city life must have on many poor and ambitious young fellows who leave secluded homes and join the crushing throngs of New York city. A real Feature Film.

The Barkentine Northwest which has laid alongside a dock at Marshfield for five years has been pumped out and will be towed out to sea and allowed to drift upon the beach. The Northwest is forty years old.

The Port of Coquille river is planning to improve the river from Myrtle Point down the stream to a point half way between Rackleff Landing and the Roberts Landing. The port will apply to the war department for permission to carry on the work.

New Assignments

During the final session of the fiftieth annual conference of the Methodist Church South, which had been in progress here since last Wednesday morning, Bishop W. R. Lambuth last night announced the assignments of pastors for the ensuing year. They follow:

Willamette district, S. M. Cheek; Portland, H. J. Fenton; Corvallis, C. A. Rexroad; Tangent, W. T. Goulder; Peoria, J. B. Coan; Harrisburg and Junction City, N. C. Pierce; Franklin and Hendricks, I. N. Hughes. Roseburg circuit, A. J. Starmer; Roseburg station, C. H. Cleaves; Myrtle Creek, J. E. Walbeck; Grants Pass, G. A. Taggart; Medford, H. M. Branham; Williams circuit, F. M. Canfield; Coquille, H. M. Law; Bandon, C. U. Cross. The Myrtle Point and Teazle Creek churches are not yet supplied. H. M. Branham was appointed missionary secretary, and L. P. Law evangelist.

W. B. Smith was transferred to the East Columbia conference and will be stationed at Heppner. Other transfers included those of Arthur Thomas to the Pacific conference, and E. H. Mowre to the Los Angeles conference. Rev. Mowre had been a member of the Columbia conference for the past 12 years, and is one of the best known and most influential church workers in the Northwest. For several years he had held the title of elder, and was only removed from that position as a result of the time limit. He expects to leave for Los Angeles within the next week or ten days.

The business session has been very interesting and the attendance was exceptionally good. The reports of the visiting ministers were gratifying, indicating progress and success in the work of the church in all sections of the country. The visiting preachers are having a good time, and in many instances they regret that the time is drawing near when they must leave for their respective homes. It is interesting to hear the ministers joking each other, indicating as it does that they are a happy and jovial class of men.

E. H. Mowre, the retiring elder of this district, has been a member of the Columbia conference for 12 years. For eight years he was pastor of a church in Portland. During his residence there he built a magnificent church, which is considered one of the finest in the city of Portland. For the last four years he has been presiding elder of this district. He is one of Oregon's leading citizens and is a familiar figure in the towns and cities of the state. He has made a splendid presiding elder and his retirement is regretted by his many friends. He has a strong mind, a pleasant personality and is a good preacher. He will leave Oregon in a few days for California. On Friday morning, during a session of the conference, he was presented with a handsome gold pen and gold watch made by C. H. Cleaves, pastor of the local M. E. Church South. Mr. Mowre responded in a few words, filled with eloquence and cheering expressions. His sincere response evinced the love he has for his fellow man and especially the churchmen with whom he was so long associated. The presents given him by the conference was an attestation of the high esteem in which Mr. Mowre is held by his many friends here.

PORT ORFORD REPORT.

(From Port Orford Tribune.)

Born—At the Mercy hospital at North Bend Friday Sept. 10 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hughes of Sixes a son.

Carpenter J. W. Mackenzie fell from the trestle work on the Elk river bridge last week and was severely bruised. Dr. Robbins was called and found Mr. Mackenzie bruised so that he will be laid up a few weeks, but not seriously injured.

A fine baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Lutsey at Langlois Friday, September 10, 1915. The proud father is already planning on his retirement from the wrestling game in favor of the little chap whom he says has all the good points of a mat artist and that from the way he started in to boss things will surely brook no defeat.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sherrard, who have been camping on Elk river for some time past returned to their home at Bandon the first of the week.

A very sad death occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hutcheson near Port Orford last Sunday night when their little daughter Thelma, died with membranous croup. The child went to bed in the evening in her usual good health and did not live more than an hour after awakening her parents in the night with the croup. Dr. Robbins was called, but did not have time to reach the bed. Thelma Hazel Hutcheson was born Sept. 17, 1913, and was thus 1 year 11 months and 26 days of age at the time of her death.

Lacking accommodations in his old store to handle his growing business, Jas. S. Capps, proprietor of the Denmark Mercantile company, is putting up a new store building Mr. Capps is one of the enterprising and successful citizens of northern Curry. Within the past few years he has built on his farm at Denmark a residence and dairy barn, each of which are among the best of their kind in the county and by fair dealing and courteous treatment he is now building up an enviable trade in the general merchandise business.

John McKenzie started this morning for Myrtle Point with some sixty head of veal that had been bought in this section by a butcher by name of Stewart from Springfield, Ore. Forty of the calves had been raised by Mr. McKenzie and are a No. 1 veal, and the others were picked up from several different farms.

F. C. Hawkins started in his trip to San Francisco this morning, and with him as passengers were Mrs. Chas. Forty and family and Mrs. O. Leneve. Mrs. Forty will spend the winter in the city, while Mrs. Leneve will return this fall. Ames S. Johnston and family who are now visiting the fair will return to Port Orford with Mr. Hawkins.

Governor Withycombe is reported to have said that effort would be made to curb radicalism at the land grant conference to be held at Salem on the 16th, inst. and it is further reported that full and free discussion will not be permitted. This is further confirmation of the Recorder's suspicion that the machine is at work, and that the people's interests will not be conserved. Freedom of Speech in all parliamentary and advisory bodies is absolutely essential, and why go through the formality or the sham performance of trying to conserve public interest?

Martins Ferry, O.—Near the Riverside Bridge company's factory a houseboat, loaded with pretty young vacationists, was moored. But when the girls began to disport in the water every day, in garbs described as "close to nature," the workmen in the factory threw down their tools and spent their time in the windows and on the roofs of the building watching the antics of the fair bathers. Now the bridge company is suing to compel to girls to move their houseboat.

Dallas, Tex.—Tweet! Every time Miss Esther Hoffman, beautiful young society girl of this town, takes a step her pet canary sings. She carries the bird everywhere with her, dangling from her hand in a dainty cage.

Richmond, Mo.—Mrs. Catherine Roberts, 76 years old, was troubled with swollen gums. A few days later the edges of a new set of teeth, her third, appeared. Shortly she will have a complete set.

Cleveland, O.—"What's your name?" asked the street department timekeeper of a worker. "Wonder," the man replied. "Don't kid me, what's your name?" "I Wonder, I Wonder." The man's name was Hy Wonder.

Wymore's boys were granted \$1300 by the county court to settle their claim for damage for injury from dynamite caps carelessly left on the highway. One boy had three fingers shot off and the other boy had his eyes injured.

A Moose lodge was organized at Coquille last week with 55 members. Visiting Moose from Marshfield and Bandon were present to help direct affairs. The Coquille branch of the order is to be known as Ko-Keel lodge.

The Grand Jury last week failed to indict Charlamagne Tower for running away with his wife as well as W. J. Mitchell for contributing to the delinquency of Lolita Simpson, a minor.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning Inglebert R. Peterson and Clara Belle Snead of Bandon, were united in marriage by Rev. F. S. Shimian, of the Presbyterian church of this city—Coquille Sentinel.

Several weeks ago the Charm, while backing up at the local wharf, run into the bow of the Telegraph. Capt. Panter laid in a complaint through there was no damage done. In fact the jar was so light that deck hands failed to notice when the boats struck. At the investigation here Capt. Geo. Leneve was deprived of his license for 50 days. When the "Big Gun" of an inspector comes all the way from Portland to hear a case he usually has to do some stunt in order to hold down his position, to say nothing about showing his authority—Coquille Herald.

Material gains in the prospects for bumper wheat crops were disclosed by the Department of Agriculture's monthly estimates. Spring wheat September 1, is 322,000,000 bushels, a gain of 15,000,000 over August. The year's total production indicated 981,000,000 bushels. The corn forecast is 2,985,000,000 bushels.

J. G. Mullen states he has been advised by Geo. Lambeth and Lutsey of Langlois that they desire to pull off a wrestling match in North Bend soon and could arrange to do so during the Carnival if proper inducements are held out. The men are to wrestle somewhere and will do where ever the best inducements can be had—Coos Bay Harbor.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY ON FORECLOSURE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of the circuit court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Coos and to me directed on the 14th day of September, 1915, upon a judgment and decree duly rendered, entered of record and docketed in and by said Court on the 8th day of September, 1915 in a certain suit then in said Court pending, wherein J. H. Gould was plaintiff and C. M. Smith, Anna M. Smith, his wife, C. R. Wade, et al, were defendants in favor of plaintiff and against said defendants by which execution I am commanded to sell the property in said execution and hereinafter described to pay the sum due the plaintiff of Six hundred seventy-one and no-100 Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six percent per annum from the 8th day of September, 1915 until paid together with the costs and disbursements of said suit taxed at Seventy-seven and 70-100 Dollars and costs and expenses of said execution. I will on Saturday, the 23rd day of October, 1915 at the

hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day at the front door of the County Court House in Coquille, Coos county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendants, C. M. Smith, Anna M. Smith and C. R. Wade and all persons claiming under them subsequent to the plaintiff's mortgage lien in, of and to said real property, said mortgaged premises hereinbefore mentioned are described in said execution as follows, to-wit: All of lot five in block one in O'Neil's Addition to the town, (now city) of Bandon, Coos county, state of Oregon, as per plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Coos county, Oregon.

Said sale being made subject to redemption in the manner provided by law.

Dated this 15th day of September, 1915.

ALFRED JOHNSON, JR., Sheriff of Coos County, Oregon

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