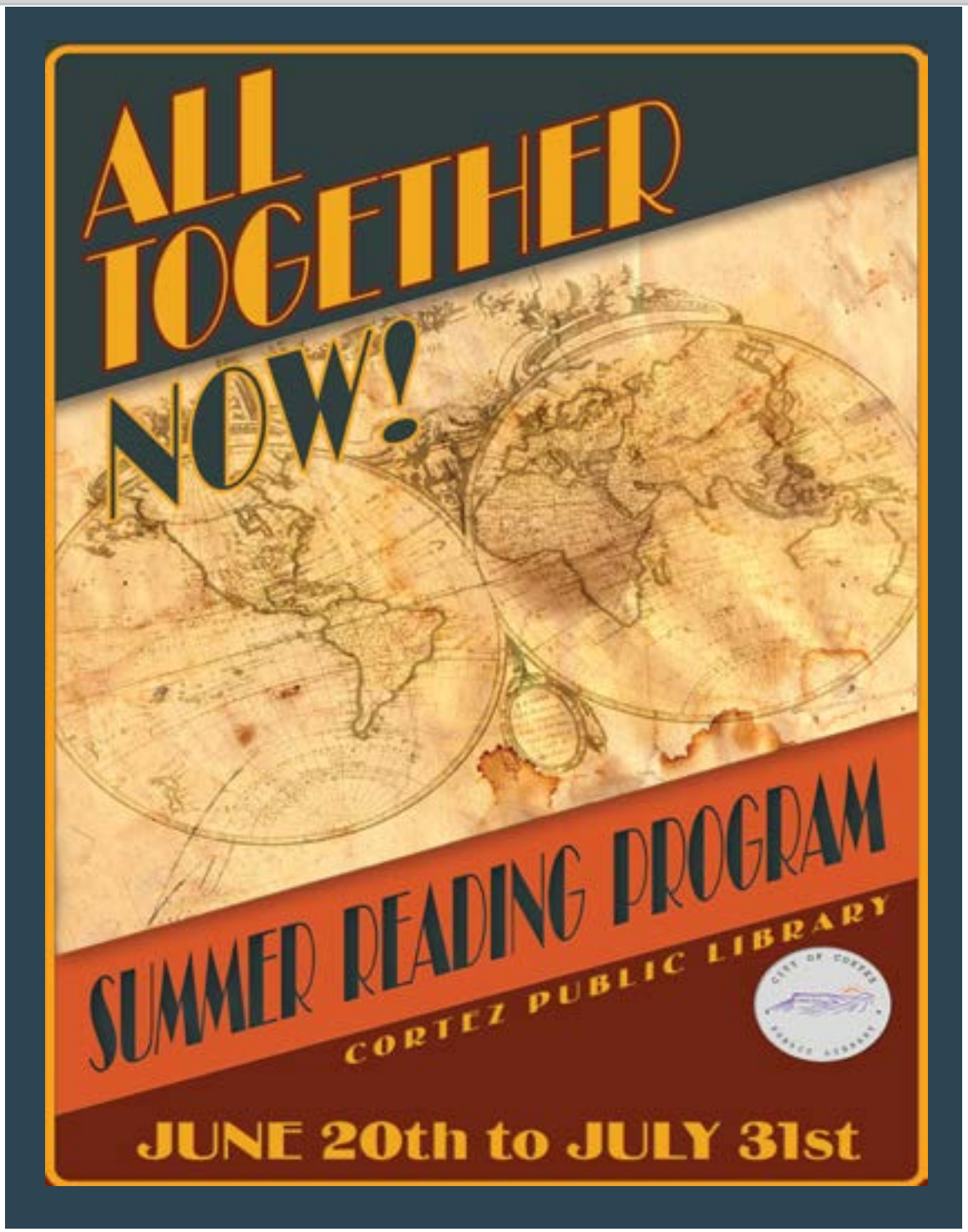
CPL

NEWSLETTER

JOURNEY

"Take a Trip with Us!"



JUNE 2023

The Adventures of JOURNEY

CORTEZ PUBLIC LIBRARY

NEWSLETTER

WE WANT YOUR FEEDBACK

We hope you are enjoying CPL's Newsletter. While still in its infancy stage, we are always looking for ways to improve on it and bring you the most current library information while keeping it an enjoyable read.

That's why your feedback is so important to us. The more information we receive the more Journey can become yours.

Please email us with any ideas, suggestions or information at...

vconti@cortezco.gov

DIRECTOR'S Message

Isabella Sharpensteen

Library Director

Summer is in full swing, and we're excited to share the latest happenings at your beloved public library! June is a month of warmth, relaxation, and endless possibilities. We have a host of exciting events and activities lined up just for you. So grab your library card and join us for a memorable June!

Our annual Summer Reading Program is here, and this year's theme is "All Together Now!" Join us on a literary journey filled with imagination, exploration, and discovery. Participants of all ages can sign up and track their reading progress to earn exciting rewards. From captivating story-times to engaging events, we have a plethora of activities planned for readers of all ages. Don't miss out on the chance to spark your imagination and embark on amazing adventures through the power of books!

Remember, even if you can't make it to the physical library, our online resources are available 24/7. From e-books and audiobooks to online data-bases and learning platforms, our virtual library is packed with knowledge and entertainment. Dive into a captivating story on your e-reader or explore a new hobby—all from the comfort of your own home. Visit our website or reach out to our friendly staff for assistance.

We can't wait to see you at the library this June! Remember, we're here to make your summer memorable with enriching experiences and the joy of reading. Visit us, connect with our vibrant community, and let the library be your gateway to a world of knowledge and imagination.

Wishing you a June filled with sunshine, laughter, and unforgettable stories!

THIS MONTH'S *Journey!*

The Lady, or the Tiger?

by Frank Stockton

IN THE very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon any thing, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable

conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished. Or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of tile accused person would be decided in the king's arena,--a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed -from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers' and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an measure, advanced to where the pair stood side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments or the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to wit-

ness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial.

Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after-years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that he, young man, might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an aesthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,--those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,--she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of tile fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a Rash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand,

and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and, with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands, as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eve of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the mutitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door,--the lady, or the tiger?

...the End!

The Lady, or the Tiger? was featured as ***The Short Story of the Day*** on Sun, Aug 19, 2018

Happenings AT THE LIBRARY

June Events...

June 20th - *'Begin Summer Reading Program'*

June 20th - *Author Talk with Curt Melliger* **4 - 6 PM**

June 22nd - *'Surviving Brigitte's Secrets' with Saskia Tepe* **4 - 5 PM**

June 24th - *'Teen Movie Night' featuring "Super Mario Brother's Movie"* **3:30 - 6PM**

June 29th - *'I Believe in Miracles' with Paula Weidenkopf Welsh* **5:30 - 6:30 PM**

"On Going Events"

- Manga Every Other Wednesday / 4-5pm
- Book Club 1st Thursday of the month / 5-6 pm
- Scratch Resumes in the Fall

CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

Summer Reading Program
story-time schedule begins Tuesday, June 20th;

TUESDAYS: 3-4 pm Story-time with craft
1st-4th grade

THURSDAYS: 11:00-11:30 am
Story-time with puppet, singing & movement
preschool/kinder

The New York Times Best Seller List

This Week	May 28, 2023 Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	HAPPY PLACE, by Emily Henry. (Berkley.) A former couple pretend to be together for the sake of their friends during their annual getaway in Maine.	1	3
2	THE MAKING OF ANOTHER MAJOR MOTION PICTURE MASTERPIECE, by Tom Hanks. (Knopf.) A World War II soldier's experiences inspire a comic book, which gets adapted into a superhero movie.	--	1
3	FOURTH WING, by Rebecca Yarros. (Red Tower.) Violet Sorrengail is urged by the commanding general, who also is her mother, to become a candidate for the elite dragon riders.	2	2
4	LESSONS IN CHEMISTRY, by Bonnie Garmus. (Doubleday.) A scientist and single mother living in California in the 1960s becomes a star on a TV cooking show.	5	53
5	QUEEN CHARLOTTE, by Julia Quinn and Shonda Rhimes. (Avon.) Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz weds King George III and contends with the politics of the court.	--	1
6	THE 23RD MIDNIGHT, by James Patterson and Maxine Paetro. (Little, Brown.) The 23rd book in the Women's Murder Club series. Lindsay Boxer tracks a copycat killer.	3	2
7	DEMON COPPERHEAD, by Barbara Kingsolver. (Harper.) A reimagining of Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield" set in the mountains of southern Appalachia.	--	28
8	THE COVENANT OF WATER, by Abraham Verghese. (Grove.) Three generations of a family living on South India's Malabar Coast suffer the loss of a family member by drowning.	4	2
9	SIMPLY LIES, by David Baldacci. (Grand Central.) A former detective becomes the prime suspect in a murder case involving a man with mob ties who was in witness protection.	7	4
10	HELLO BEAUTIFUL, by Ann Napolitano. (Dial.) In a homage to Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," a young man's dark past resurfaces as he gets to know the family of his college sweetheart.	9	9

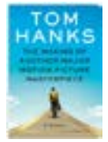
The New York Times Best Seller List

This Week	May 28, 2023 Non-Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	SPARE, by Prince Harry. (Random House.) The Duke of Sussex details his struggles with the royal family, loss of his mother, service in the British Army and marriage to Meghan Markle.	5	18
2	THE LIGHT WE CARRY, by Michelle Obama. (Crown.) The former first lady shares personal stories and the tools she uses to deal with difficult situations.	2	26
3	THE WAGER, by David Grann. (Doubleday.) The survivors of a shipwrecked British vessel on a secret mission during an imperial war with Spain have different accounts of events.	1	4
4	THE DADDY DIARIES, by Andy Cohen. (Holt.) The host and executive producer of "Watch What Happens Live" juggles fatherhood and his career.	--	1
5	OUTLIVE, by Peter Attia with Bill Gifford. (Harmony.) A look at recent scientific research on aging and longevity.	3	7
6	I'M GLAD MY MOM DIED, by Jennette McCurdy. (Simon & Schuster.) The actress and filmmaker describes her eating disorders and difficult relationship with her mother.	7	40
7	LOOK FOR ME THERE, by Luke Russert. (Harper Horizon.) The Emmy Award–winning journalist details how he grieved for his late father and sought to make his own way.	4	2
8	WALKING WITH SAM, by Andrew McCarthy. (Grand Central.) The actor and travel writer treks 500 miles across Spain's Camino de Santiago with his elder son.	--	1
9	GREENLIGHTS, by Matthew McConaughey. (Crown.) The Academy Award-winning actor shares snippets from the diaries he kept over 35 years.	9	93
10	LESSONS LEARNED AND CHERISHED, by Deborah Roberts. (Andscape.) Essays by celebrities about the teachers who impacted their lives.	6	2

FICTION

Happy Place
by Emily Henry

Harriet and Wyn have been the perfect couple since they met in college—they go together like salt and pepper, honey and tea, lobster and rolls. Except, now—for reasons they're still not discussing—they don't. They broke up six months ago. And still haven't told their best friends.



The Making of Another Major Motion Picture Masterpiece
by Tom Hanks, Robert Sikoryak (Illustrator)

From the Academy Award-winning actor and best-selling author: a novel about the making of a star-studded, multimillion-dollar superhero action film . . . and the humble comic books that inspired it. Funny, touching, and wonderfully thought-provoking, while also capturing the changes in America and American culture since World War II.

Fourth Wing
by Rebecca Yarros

Twenty-year-old Violet Sorrengail was supposed to enter the Scribe Quadrant, living a quiet life among books and history. Now, the commanding general—also known as her tough-as-talons mother—has ordered Violet to join the hundreds of candidates striving to become the elite of Navarre: dragon riders.

Lessons in Chemistry-
by Bonnie Garmus

Chemist Elizabeth Zott is not your average woman. In fact, Elizabeth Zott would be the first to point out that there is no such thing as an average woman. But it's the early 1960s and her all-male team at Hastings Research Institute takes a very unscientific view of equality. Except for one: Calvin Evans; the lonely, brilliant, Nobel-prize nominated grudge-holder who falls in love with—of all things—her mind. True chemistry results.

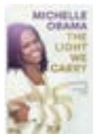
Queen Charlotte
by Julia Quinn · Shonda Rhimes

In 1761, on a sunny day in September, a King and Queen met for the very first time. They were married within hours. Born a German Princess, Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was beautiful, headstrong, and fiercely intelligent... not precisely the attributes the British Court had been seeking in a spouse for the young King George III. But her fire and independence were exactly what she needed, because George had secrets...

NON FICTION

Spare
by Prince Harry, J.R. Moehringer (Ghostwriter)

It was one of the most searing images of the twentieth century: two young boys, two princes, walking behind their mother's coffin as the world watched in sorrow—and horror. As Princess Diana was laid to rest, billions wondered what Prince William and Prince Harry must be thinking and feeling—and how their lives would play out from that point on.



The Light We Carry
by Michelle Obama

There may be no tidy solutions or pithy answers to life's big challenges, but Michelle Obama believes that we can all locate and lean on a set of tools to help us better navigate change and remain steady within flux. In The Light We Carry, she opens a frank and honest dialogue with readers, considering the questions many of us wrestle with:

The Wager: A Tale of Shipwreck, Mutiny and Murder
by David Grann

On January 28, 1742, a ramshackle vessel of patched-together wood and cloth washed up on the coast of Brazil. Inside were thirty emaciated men, barely alive, and they had an extraordinary tale to tell. They were survivors of His Majesty's Ship the Wager, a British vessel that had left England in 1740 on a secret mission during an imperial war with Spain.

The Daddy Diaries: The Year I Grew Up
by Andy Cohen

Andy Cohen has taken on the most important job of his life—father— and boy (and girl!) does he have a lot to say about it! One of Andy Cohen's most momentous years starts off with a hangover the morning after an epic New Year's Eve broadcast. But Andy doesn't have time to dwell on the drama, as his role as media mogul is now matched with the responsibilities, joys, and growing pains of parenthood.

Outlive: The Science and Art of Longevity
by Peter Attia MD, Bill Gifford (Contributor)

A groundbreaking manifesto on living better and longer that challenges the conventional medical thinking on aging and reveals a new approach to preventing chronic disease and extending long-term health, from a visionary physician and leading longevity expert.

LIBRARY OddS & Ends

1. Benjamin Franklin started up a lending library in 1731.

One of the oldest public libraries in the country opened in 1790 in Franklin, Massachusetts, where residents circulated books donated by Benjamin Franklin. The Founding Father once started his own lending library in 1731 in Philadelphia called the Library Company, but it required a subscription fee of 40 shillings.

2. The Library of Congress is the world's largest library.

The world's biggest library in terms of catalog depth is the Library of Congress (LOC), which has more than 173 million items. That record is a rebound from a calamity in 1814, when the then-14-year-old collection of 3000 volumes was destroyed after British troops burned the Capitol building, in which it was located.

3. Vermont is home to a library that stretches across the U.S. border to Canada.

4. The lions outside the New York Public Library's main location are known as Patience and Fortitude.

5. There's a library in Alaska that had a taxidermy collection.

At one point, patrons of the Alaska Resources Library and Information Services in Anchorage could borrow from the site's collection of taxidermy items, including animals, bones, and furs. Now all requests are handled through the Alaska Department of Fish and Game.

Quotes Corner

Can you name the authors of these 5 quotes?

1. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

2. That's one small step for a man, a giant leap for mankind.

3. The love of money is the root of all evil.

4. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

5. The truth will set you free.

Answers next month!

"Don't stop Believing" *...Journey*

CPL
Cortez Public Library
202 N Park, Street
Cortez, CO 81321
970.565.8117