

NORTH BEND 0; MARSHFIELD 8

(Continued From Page 1.)

also that Manager McKeown is going to give the Marshfield fans a team that they may be proud of.

The following is the official score, and it will probably be agreed that the scorer was as lenient as possible on errors.

Marshfield	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Goldie 2 b	3	0	1	0	3	1
Rutledge c	5	1	1	15	0	1
McKeown ss	5	1	1	2	0	0
Thelle p	5	1	0	2	1	1
McCutcheon 3 b	4	0	1	0	1	0
Bryan rf	1	1	0	0	0	0
Tower cf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Foyer of	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cowan cf	0	1	0	1	0	0
Dimmick lb	3	1	1	7	0	0
Johnson lb	2	1	0	0	0	0
Butler lf	1	0	1	0	0	0

Totals	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
North Bend	31	8	7	27	5	3
Wickman 3 b	3	0	1	1	0	2
Taylor cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Flanagan c	4	0	1	9	3	1
Keane ss	4	0	1	2	3	3
Wilson 1 b & p	4	0	0	8	0	0
Footo lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Felter rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
J. Gaffney 2 b	4	0	0	2	1	0
G. Gaffney p & 1 b4	0	1	1	3	0	0

Totals 35 0 4 23* 10 6

Summary—Two base hits: McCutcheon, Bryan; struck out: by Thelle, 14, by Gaffney, 7; by Wilson, 2. Left on bases: North Bend, 9; Marshfield, 9. Bases on balls: off Thelle, 1; off Gaffney, 8; off Wilson, 2. Passed balls: Flanagan, 2; hit by pitched ball: J. Gaffney. Umpire: Agnew. Time of game, 2:30. *Rutledge out; bunted 3rd strike.

Notes of the Game.

Jake Goldie says that he feels twenty years younger than he did forty-eight hours ago.

Agnew did fairly good work as umpire. A few of his decisions on balls and strikes were anything but in North Bend's favor as was his decision of safe for McKeown on first base.

The Marshfield players have been handicapped by lack of a practice ground, the local diamond being too wet until a few days ago. Manager McKeown has had the grounds put in good shape and with favorable weather the players will rapidly round into form.

Although Butler and Cowan got into the game late, they showed up well.

There was a large turnout of ladies, most of whom were better up on the game than some of the men.

Marshfield will send a big delegation to North Bend next Sunday.

The game was clean from start to finish and free from kicking. There was probably only one ground for a kick and that was when Flanagan's glove, likely inadvertently, interfered with McKeown's bat.

The broader the smile that Thelle wore, the more certain was the umpire to follow his delivery with "strike."

By the way, Thelle pronounces his name "Tiley."

Thelle and Rutledge are natives of northwestern Iowa.

"It has been years since I played ball, etc., etc." You can hear this and as much additional as you will stand to listen almost any place now.

BANDON WINS GAME.

Defeats Coquille at Bandon Sunday By Score of 8 to 2.

(Special to The Times.)

BANDON, Ore., June 8.—Bandon defeated Coquille here yesterday in a good game by a score of 8 to 2. The game was witnessed by over 500.

The Coquille team work was good considering the manner in which Bandon landed on Collier. Bandon had fourteen hits and Coquille four. Coquille's battery was Collier and Peralto and Bandon Hohn and Meyers.

Dr. Bert E. Schoonmaker has moved his dental offices to second floor of the new First Trust and Savings Bank building.

THE ALLIANCE WILL SAIL FROM COOS BAY FOR PORTLAND AT 8 O'CLOCK TUESDAY MORNING.

JENS HANSEN of Norton and Hansen, will go to Portland tomorrow on business.

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FERRY BOAT IS LAUNCHED

Craft to Ply Between Marshfield and Eastside Soon Ready For Service.

The new ferry boat which is to ply between Marshfield and Eastside has been launched by Captain Hans Reed. The machinery is still to be put in but this work will be rushed. The ferry boat has rudders at both ends so that it can be run back and forth without being turned around. Unless there is an unexpected delay, the ferry will be in operation on or before July 1.

"The Marshfield," Captain O'Kelly's new launch, has been launched by Arthur Matson and will soon be ready for service.

A. E. Seaman's new launch will soon be ready for service. The boat is about twenty-six feet long and will have a cabin. It will be driven by an eight-horse power gasoline engine and will be one of the trimmest crafts on the bay.

The J. H. Price Company of Bandon, have secured contracts for the construction of two tugs at their yards in Bandon. One is for the Gardiner Mill Company and the other for the Coquille Mill and Tug Company.

The Coquille Sentinel says: "A new boat of a carrying capacity of about 60 tons is soon to be placed on the run from Coos Bay to Eureka, touching regularly at Port Orford, Rogue River, Checo and Smith River. The boat is available and all necessary arrangements are being made to place steam power in her and put her in commission."

MANY ENJOY PARTY AT E. L. BESSEY HOME.

Celebrate Eighteenth Birthday of Warren Bessey at Parent's Residence.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bessey on South Coos River, Wednesday, June 3d, by a large number of their friends in honor of their son Warren's eighteenth birthday. After several hours were spent in games and music, a fine lunch was served of which the following guests partook:

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bessey, Miss Minnie Cutlip, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Guptill, Mrs. Capt. Simmie, Miss Mabel Simmie, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Goodwill, Warren G. Bessey, Miss Leah Rogers, Mr. Walter Christenson, Mrs. May McGann, Mr. John Krick, Miss May Cutlip, Miss Edna Ray, Mr. Lee Ray, Mr. Geo. McIntosh, Mrs. Ida Paterson, Miss Lizzie Parry, Wm. Cottell, Miss Ellen Sjogren, Master Alden Bessey, Master Ned Paterson and Miss Ruth Bessey.

CONDITION OF SICK AND INJURED

W. S. Harrington, the line foreman of the Gas and Electric Company who was severely injured a few weeks ago by falling about thirty feet from a pole in Ferndale is slowly recovering. It is believed that the internal injuries, especially to his heart, will not trouble him. The broken limb is also mending rapidly.

W. J. Butler who has been ill of the grip and a few other complications is able to be around and is recuperating quite rapidly.

The two-year old child of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Church is quite ill of bronchial pneumonia.

Cornelia Robertson, the six-year old daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. L. R. Robertson who has been seriously ill of scarlet fever is now rapidly recovering, much to the gratification of her numerous friends. Unless there is a setback, she will be well soon and the quarantine will be removed.

Mrs. L. J. Foster of South Marshfield, who has been quite ill is reported improving.

Miss Grace Wells, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis is recovering rapidly.

Alma Holl, the little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Holl, is reported quite ill.

MINER FALLS DEAD.

Supt. Kelsey Expires Suddenly In Curry County.

PORT ORFORD, Ore., June 8.—Mr. Kelsey, manager of the Red River Gold Mining Development Company, operating on Rogue river at Mule creek, dropped dead at the Mine of heart failure. He was a civil engineer and expert. His body was carried out to the railroad and shipped to his home for burial.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PICNIC

June 1st broke cloudy and damp, but this fact did not dampen the spirits of the pupils of the High School. Professor Golden did not think we would go, but, when summoned by telephone, said that he would be right up. We give "Barney" credit for being a fast horse, as he landed Mr. Golden at the dock in record time.

At last, all were there, the ropes were cast off and we started on our journey.

The boys gathered on the front deck, and soon songs as sweet as any warbled by the canary filled the air. While nearing our destination, we saw the M. F. Plant come in over the bar. Joe Williams was one of the passengers and he said, afterward that he would rather have been with us than feeding the fish from the Plant. At last, Charleston Bay hove in sight. The boat was run onto the sand, and we all jumped ashore.

The next thing to do was to take care of the launch. All lent eager hands to this task, and soon the merry-makers were scattered out between the bay and the hill like a caravan of camels. The camp was soon selected, then we settled down to enjoy ourselves. The first place of amusement was the beach. The tide was a little too high but we all managed to get wet.

It was now nearly one o'clock and we began to receive messages from our interior departments, and in response, left for camp. Lunch was spread on the sand and we were told to sit down on the ground and let our feet hang over. One of the boys had no fork, so he made one out of a piece of drift-wood. It looked like a potatoe fork, but it answered the purpose to perfection. It started to rain when lunch was nearly over and we were driven under the trees for shelter.

After lunch a council was held, and most of the party decided to visit the light-house. Eric Bolt was loaded with several bottles of soda water, when the start was made, but, strange to say, these were transferred to three or four ladies before the return. Someone wanted to sample the soda-water before starting and Miss Smith was given first chance. One of the boys brought her a tempting looking bottle of lemon but when she started to drink it, she gave a scream; then Marjory Cowan tried it. By that time the mischievous tempter was at a safe distance, doubled up with laughter, and other knowing ones were in the same fix. The girls were certainly handed a lemon, for the bottle had been filled with salt water.

On the way to the light-house, the boys in the lead went foraging on both sides of the road for salmon berries, consequently, when the main party came along no berries were to be found.

When we were about half way to the light-house it began to rain, driving us to shelter in an old barn, which one of the boys declared was his bungalow. We waited for the rain to cease, but as it did not cease we started on in the rain; but every cloud has a silver lining, and we were soon rewarded for our perseverance, by the cessation of the rain, and an outburst of sunshine.

The boys in advance stuck up signs telling us how much farther it was. One read something like this: "Private property. No trespassing. Cheer up, the light-house is only one mile away." Then came the following, "Cheer up, the light house is only one-fourth mile away and final exams tomorrow."

True to the sign board's prediction, we were soon at the light-house, but the keeper was not. One of the boys found that he was eating dinner, so we waited for his return. He was a "pleasant" sort of man, as the boys said, with lots of emphasis on the "pleasant." He had us all place our names in the register. Then he said that if we wanted to see the light, to stay, but if we didn't, to get out. The words and the scowl on his face caused us to hesitate a little; then he locked the door and we couldn't get out if we wanted to. He took us up into the tower in groups of eight people each, and let us view the light. If we touched the woodwork he growled, and we were afraid for a while that he would make us keep our feet off the floor.

As was stated before, some of the party had a few bottles of soda-water along, and as there was not enough to go round, it was necessary to get away from the crowd. They did this by degrees on the way back. First one walked ahead then another did the same thing. Soon they were all a little in advance of the crowd. Then, they started out at a good pace. At a turn in the

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road, they branched off into the woods and drank their soda-water undisturbed.

A very pretty sight was presented to view on the return. Three large steam schooners were going up the coast. They were heaving and pitching like bucking cayuses, causing us to think how much we would like to be aboard (?)

After arriving at camp we started in on the ice cream, of which there was an abundance. But with thirty-five hungry boys and girls after it, ice cream does not last long.

In the midst of our feast we espied the Alliance coming down the bay and we started on the run for the beach. It managed to rain just then so that we didn't enjoy seeing her cross over the bar as well as we might have. She pitched and rolled as if she had been celebrating. We pitied the passengers, — one of whom we thought was one of our school mates, but I suppose this did not relieve her suffering in the least.

As it was growing late we cleared up the lunch things and bade a last farewell to the camp. The farewell lasted longer than was expected, however, for some of the boys were not quite ready to go.

Soon all were aboard, the anchor was raised, and the homeward journey commenced.

Songs in plenty filled the air. The boys in the forward hold sang parodies on all the latest songs, while some of the girls gave a vocal concert from the roof of the engine-house.

An extra strong gust of wind happened along about this time and relieved one of the boys of his hat. It went sailing away like an airship, but soon fell to the water. The ship was put about and the hat was rescued from a watery grave by Ernest Harrington. Edwin Dolan declared that he heard some insects yelling, "Pull for the shore, lads," as the hat was lifted from the waves.

Bidding Mr. Golden and family good night at Dimmick's wharf, and parting with three of the boys a little later, we soon landed at Marshfield, a tired, wet, but happy group of picknickers, for the time not heeding the "exams" on the morrow.

QUICK DELIVERY

For convenience of Call patrons the Laundry office will be open Saturday evenings until 8 o'clock.

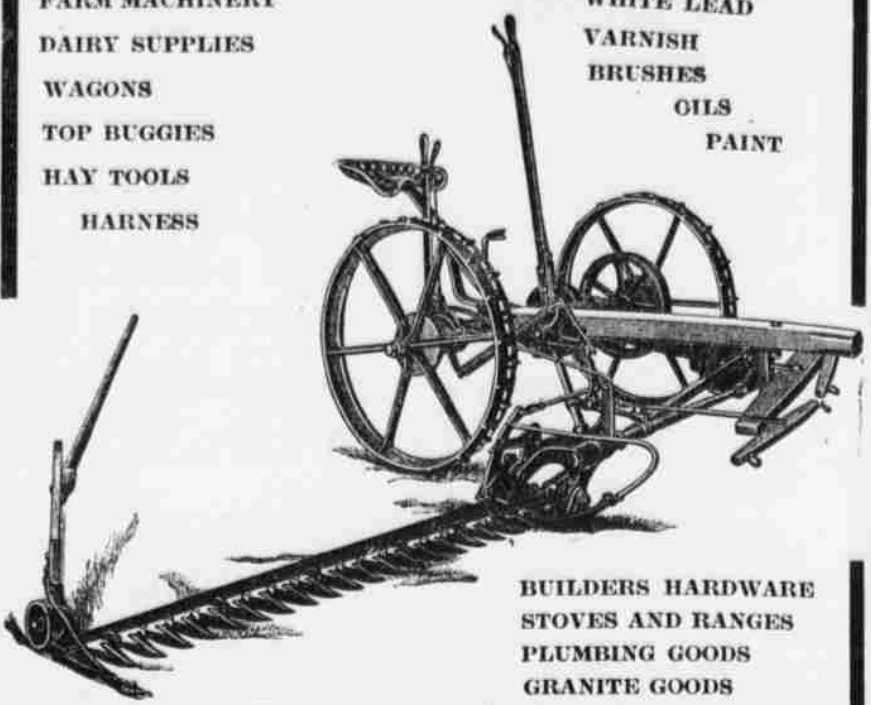
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