

Deer Hunting Season Opens August 1st

It is none too early to commence your preparations. We are prepared with a complete stock of

Guns and Ammunition

In guns we have the famous WINCHESTER, REMINGTON, SAVAGE, STANDARD.

In Cartridges we carry—SAVAGE, U. M. C., WINCHESTER and PETERS makes.

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Business Directory

Following is a list of Reliable Business Firms that it will Pay to Patronize.

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Marshfield, Ore., Phone 773

STADDEN

All kinds of photograph work, bromide enlarging and kodak finishing.

J. J. KOONTZ
Machine and Repair Shops
GENERAL MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Engine Work
At Holland's boat shop, Front street, Marshfield, Ore.

Have You Seen Our New Market?

We are now nicely located in our new shop and extend a cordial invitation to everyone to call. We handle only the

BEST MEATS
at reasonable prices.
When you want a juicy steak, a nice mutton chop, some tender lamb or good veal call us up by phone.
A trial order will convince you.

Enterprise Market

GEO. W. KING, Prop.
PHONE 52-J.

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Bring your dyeing, cleaning, pressing and repairing to us and be pleased. We are experts. Carpets and Rugs cleaned on your floor or at our shop. Phone 250X, Central avenue, near Second street—ROSS & PINEGOR, Proprietors.

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

Read the Times' Want Ads.

ALICE H

The Popular Picnic Boat.

Now makes regular schedule on the South Coos River run. Leaves Marshfield week days at 3 p. m. Arrives in Marshfield at 8:45 a. m. Sunday, leaves Marshfield at 8 a. m. Returns at 6 p. m.

LEVI SMITH, Master.

The Fourth was a success

And now we are going to—switch back to crockery again we have just received direct from factory.

Two new pattern Dinner ware, the finest in the land—See our window. 50 pieces set. \$8.00

Also remember we are closing out 5 stock patterns at less than cost.

Be prepared for the coming of the railroad.

COOS BAY CASH STORE

The Store That Saves You Money.
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CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS

Coos Bay Oil & Supply Co.
Marshfield, Ore. PHONE 302-J
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You Will Do Well to See
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and Co.**
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of our small cakes and specialties and you'll have a collection of as tempting and toothsome dainties as were ever set before a king. Don't be too late coming for yours, however. We can never seem to bake enough no matter how many extra we bake fresh daily.

Coos Bay Bakery

PHONE 111-L

Don't forget the Turkish Baths.
PHONE 214-J.

CASEY "CAME BACK"

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more; There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore; "Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat. And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that!"

His past fame was forgotten now—he was a hopeless shine; They called him "Strikeout Casey" from the mayor down the line; And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

He pondered on the days gone by when he had been their king; That when he sauntered to the plate they made the welkin ring; But now his nerve had vanished—for when he heard them hoot He "fanned" or "popped out" daily like some minor league recruit.

He soon began to sulk and loaf—his batting eye went lame; No home runs on the score card now were chalked against his name; The fans without exception gave the manager no peace, For one and all kept clamoring for Casey's quick release.

The Mudville squad began to slump—the team was in the air; Their playing went from bad to worse—nobody seemed to care; "Back to the woods with Casey" was the cry from Rooters' Row, "Get some one who can hit the ball and let the big dub go!"

The lane is long, some one has said, that never turns again; And fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men; And Casey smiled; his rugged face no longer wore a frown— The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville has assembled—ten thousand fans had come To see the twirler who had put old Casey on the bum; And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild; He doffed his hat in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball!"—the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began; But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan Who thought that Mudville had a chance, and with the setting sun Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "4 to 1"

The last half of the ninth came round with no change in the score; But when the bat man up hit Casey the crowd began to roar; The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on base—nobody—three runs to tie the game; A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville hall of fame; But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night When the fourth one "fouled to catcher" and the fifth "flew out to right."

A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place; His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed—his teeth were clenched in hate; He gave his cap a vicious "hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind and glory fades away; There were no wild and whooly cheers—no glad acclaim that day; They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored "Strike him out!" But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard their shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose—across the plate it sped; Another hiss—another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said; Zip! like a shot the second curve broke just below the knee; "Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud—but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot; But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot? A whack, a crack, and out through space the leather pellet flew— A blot against the distant sky—a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight The sphere sailed on—the blot grew dim—and then was lost to sight; Ten thousand hats were thrown in the air, ten thousand threw a fit— But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

O somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun; And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun; And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall; But Mudville's on a Joy Ride now, for Casey hit the ball!



IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

(Continued from page 2.)

Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Bessie Bradley, Wm. Wood, Milton Jackson, Mrs. A. H. Guernsey, Harold Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Deubner, who were married June 26 at San Francisco, came in by auto Monday and are the guests of Mr. Deubner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Deubner.

Mrs. Arthur McKeown and Mrs. Roy Wernich are planning to open the Bennett camp at the Maze, South Coos River about July 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hague and Miss Anna Russell will spend a month camping at the Maze going up next week.

Mrs. C. C. Going and three children returned Thursday from a two months' visit with relatives in Portland.

At nine o'clock the morning of 'the Fourth, Matson Brothers' new and commodious boat Wah Wasso blew her whistle at Ross' landing for passengers who were to celebrate at a picnic under the beautiful maples at Mrs. Carl Smedburg's about three miles from Sumner. A crowd of eighty passengers were gathered at different landings and people from Sumner, Marshfield and other places to the number of about 200 gathered at the grounds.

George Ross was appointed chairman of the day, and hastily improvised a program. Mrs. Roberts delivered the Declaration of Independence, being unsuccessful in finding an orator to deliver oration the gramophone was used instead and proved a very good substitute, six recitations were recited, two songs sung, our national air "America" and "Red, White and Blue" sung by people present and "Star Spangled Banner" sung by audience and played on gramophone.

A delicious and bounteous lunch was served at noon in the afternoon a baseball game played by men and boys present caused much merriment. Boys came off champions. Six recitations were recited with much credit due those who delivered them.

The courtesy and generosity of Matson Brothers who carried passengers to and from landing, was highly spoken of.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Byler and three children are at the Simpson cottage at Ten Mile for July and August.

A party of ten celebrated the Fourth under "Grandma" Bonebrake's large Chestnut tree in her orchard. They were "Grandma" Bonebrake, Mrs. Nellie Newland, Mrs. Byron Hodson, Ray Clyde and Virgil Hodson, Walter and James Wallace and Mrs. Higginson. A delicious lunch was served at noon. After dinner all went to the home of Will Higginson and enjoyed some of Edison's phonograph music and last but not least, ice-cream was served, called soup by one of the boys all said they had a good time and went home happy.

J. C. Doane and family, H. D. Wallace and family, C. H. Jackson and family, Frank and Guy Ross Roy and Grace Jones, Will Higginson and Mrs. Charles Cox of Allegany celebrated the glorious Fourth in Marshfield.

Franklin C. Birch and wife, Miss Lillian Merryman, Miss Hazel Merryman, Miss Gertrude Robinson and Nelson Goe returned Friday evening after a delightful outing of a week's duration in the mountains above Allegany.

The Coos Bay Motor Boat club will enjoy a cruise up Coos River tomorrow. It is planned to leave North Bend at 8 o'clock in the morning from the club's dock. In view of the fact that the cruise had not been decided upon at the last meeting of the club it is trusted that each member will inform the others about the affair when they learn of it. Although

the time is short the club directors are making some preparations for the event and it is assured that those who are present will enjoy a pleasant time.

The young people's society of the Lutheran church met Friday evening at the church hall and enjoyed a pleasant social session. After a short business meeting, refreshments were served and an hour or so spent in games. Arrangements were made for a launch ride and picnic on the evening of Saturday, August 5.

Those present at the social were: Ellen Ogren, Lucy Thorwald, Hilda Stenholm, Hannah Sanquist, Edna Asplund, Axel Anderson, Herman Erickson, Pete Erickson, Eric Edlund, E. Fredrickson, C. H. Fredelius, R. Hillstrom, Esther Johnson, Selma Johnson, Inez Johnson, A. King, Jake King, Lillian Pittman, J. A. Will, Lillian Thorwald, W. Asplund, May Preuss, Eddie Johnson, Rev. Bengtson, B. B. Ostlund and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Holmberg and baby returned Tuesday from a visit in Denver and Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Eldridge and two sons Wesley and Eugene and J. L. Bowman and daughters, Alice and Marian who have been visiting at the Anson Rogers farm on Coos River, will leave Monday via the Allegany-Drain auto route for their homes in Portland.

Otto W. Frederickson and Selma-Louisa Ross were married Saturday, July 1, at Marshfield, the Rev. B. F. Bengtson officiating. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Albert Anderson of North Bend where the couple will make their home.

The annual picnic of the Catholic Sunday school will take place tomorrow afternoon. The party will go up Coos River and enjoy a picnic supper.

LOVE A TERRIBLE THING.

I WENT out to the farthest meadow,
I lay down in the deepest shadow,
And I said unto the earth, "Hold me,"
And unto the night, "Oh, hold me!"
And I begged the little leaves to lean
Low and together for a safe screen.
Then to the stars I told my tale—
"That is my home light there in the vale,
"Oh, oh, I know that I shall return!
But let me be the first mill the unfeeling fern,
"For there is a flame that has blown too
near,
And there is a name that has grown too
dear,
And there is a fear."
And to the still hills and cool earth and
far sky I made moan:
"The heart in my bosom is not my own!
Oh, would I were free as the wind on the
wing!
Love is a terrible thing!"
—Century Magazine.

OPPORTUNITY.

I KNOW not what the future holds,
But this I know:
Youth is a guest, who on his way
Too soon will go.
ONCE gone we call to deafened ears,
All prayers are vain.
For tears of blood he will not come
Each once again.
THEN spread the board of life, with wine
And roses drest.
Drink deep and long, greet Joy and Love
While Youth is guest.
—Arthur Ketchum.

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or chronic rheumatism. All that is
needed is a free application of Cham-
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ideas will SHELLEY A. MOSE
Patent Attorney, Washington

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