

# Bradshaw - Kimball Co.

## MACHINISTS

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS  
OF GAS ENGINES.

You must furnish your own gas.  
We make a specialty of repairing air ships.

### LAUNDRY LIST

## Coos Bay Steam Laundry

(Not responsible for goods left here after 80 years)  
Laundry and Office, 237 Fifth St. North.  
Phone Main, 57-J.

*SPECIAL RATES on the following articles this week only:*

- Male Sox, 4c
- Female sox, empty, 5c
- Female sox filled, free.
- Bureau drawers, 10 cents a dozen.
- Union Suits, with one leg, 20c.
- Union Suits with four legs, 35c.
- Knight Shirts washed in the daytime, free of charge.

Why Don't You take a Bath, you old Slob.

### "I'm the Guy"

## TURKISH BATHS

392 Broadway

MARSHFIELD — NOT NEW YORK

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.  
(and then some.)

## HUGH McLAIN

## BEAVER HILL COAL

## Pioneer Grocery

### IVY CONDRON, Boss

Green Vegetables, and Green Clerks,  
Fresh Fruit and a Fresh Bookkeeper.

Try Some of Our Axle Grease.

(Guaranteed under the pure food law)

## REHFELD BROTHERS

Dealers in

## Cameras, Films and Photo-graphic Goods

Manufacturers of

## Myrtle Wood Novelties

Reserved Seats for the Elks' show on sale at the Izzy Bizzy  
Pill Factory, corner Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Tickets by  
the ounce, pound, ton or in carload lots.

## The BIG NOISE

Sounded Only Once in a Lifetime.

### A DEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Entered at Marshfield postoffice as the Worst class of Male matter.

Marshfield Lodge, B. P. O. E., No. 1160, are the guilty publishers, but no one can be found with nerve enough to be responsible for the contents.

### IDIOTICAL ROOMS

Next to the Hospital.

### A RUM BUNCH.

- Chief Noisemaker... John D. Goss
- Manipulator of the Muffler... M. C. Maloney
- Legal Editor... C. F. McKnight
- Logging Editor... A. H. Powers
- Children's Department... "Candy Kid" Stafford
- Household Department... Harry McKeown
- Ladies' Corner... Geo. Goodrum
- Label Editor... George Rotnor
- Medical Department... Doctor Harry Winkler
- Political Forecaster... Hugh McLain
- Fighting Editor... Ivy Condron
- Sporty Editor... L. A. Liljeqvist
- Sassiest Editor... Dr. J. J. Taggart
- Printer's Devil... Geo. S. Capps
- Office Boy... Col. Rosa
- Farm Department... Ray Dement
- Railroad Editor... J. Eug. Schilling
- I. W. W. Editor... Fred Powers
- Eastside Editor... R. J. Montgomery
- North Bend Editor... L. J. Simpson

We don't give any premiums as our paper is at a premium; nor do we give away pianos or dictionaries. Our readers are intelligent enough to read The Big Noise without a dictionary, and all subscribers with a copy of the paper in the house auto have enough Noise without a piano.

This paper is for sale or rent on all stages between here and Scottsburg.

### OUR REASON D'ETRE.

This heading is French for "Why We're Here." We're here, first, because we want to boost our advertisers, whom we have carefully selected from a long list of applicants and can therefore vouch for each and every one.

Secondly, we're here to boost our show, about which too much good cannot be said.

Third, we're here to boost the town and everything and everybody in it, except Us.

Fourth, and lastly, we're here because we're here, and we're mighty darned glad it's over with, and we hope you'll be, too.

This paper was published to inform, instruct and amuse, make glad and mad the various members mentioned herein, who cannot afford to buy books or visit the Marshfield free library.

The paper contains some information, bits of wisdom, and numerous scandalous lies and misrepresentations on our friends, who will have to stand for it.

We are not afraid of libel suits, gun men or Joe Bennett, and if somebody will defend us we will even defy W. U. Douglas.

Our circulation books are private property and we refuse to show them unless ordered to do so by the grand jury or Judge Coke.

All grammatical mistakes, typographical errors, incorrectly spelled words, wrong hunches and truthful items that have crept in inadvertently will be corrected in our next issue.

There will be no "mud" slinging in this paper. Only the very best quality of Coos River bottom soil will be used.

Much—in fact, very much—of the dope has been "cribbed" from high-priced "High Brows." In so doing, we have usurped the right of literary domain and drawn freely from divers sources. Therefore, lest we be accused of plagiarism, petty pilfering or literary larceny, acknowledgement is hereby made that much of this matter is not original, and if any of our friends should take exceptions to what we say ourselves or have stolen from others, they will find Frank Parsons on duty up to 4 a. m., but they can't find the editors of this sheet with a search warrant.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All persons attending The Big Noise are requested to keep their seats. At the conclusion of the last number on the program, there will be a serial story telling contest between W. R. Haines and Vic Johnson. The one putting the largest number to sleep before breakfast will be awarded the prize.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Before the paper goes to press, we wish to thank the members who have assisted us in getting ads, and the merchants who were progressive and far-seeing enough to recognize a first-class advertising medium when they saw it. What do you think about it? We even had to stop and convince some of our advertisers that one inch of space in The Big Noise is worth more than four inches in all the other papers. Funny, isn't it, how dull some people are? We also tried to convince some of the merchants who are not advertisers, but failed (we failed, not the merchants).

We also wish to express our deepest appreciation of the kindly assistance rendered us by those who are taking part in the show, from the biggest down to the littlest kiddies in the bunch. They have all worked hard and we are all very much indebted to them, as well as the mothers of the little ones, who have been to a great deal of trouble in accompanying the little tots down to the theater and waiting for them every afternoon. We thank you all.

### WITH THE BEER AND LIMBERGER

### GOOD MORNING.

"He who steals my purse gets something, but he who filches from me one gray hair robs me of that which is all I have, and makes me demned mad."—D. V. Stafford.

### NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

"There's a howler down below; I can hear him 'n't you know?" Cried the wife in the night. As she woke him from sleep in a fright.

But her sleepy husband said: "I will never leave this bed. For to stay up here I choose; Either way I'm bound to lose. Let the man below the stair Piifer all the silverware. If I rise to chase him out, And with gun put him to rout, That will give to you your chance, And you'll surely rob my pants Of the coin you know is there. Let him burgle, I don't care." —Frank Parsons.

The members of the Elks lodge request Carl Evertsen to recite the following: "Shoes and socks shocks Susan."

He burned the midnight oil, he said And studied with persistence, Became a dentist, then he led A hand to mouth existence. —W. A. Toye.

I've been kissing our cook While nobody was looking. Oh, you needn't be shocked, For my wife does the cooking. —A. T. Haines.

Give me a brook, a summer night, A shady nook by the moon's fair light.

A girl who's sweet and fair to see, And you can leave the rest to me. —Geo. Goodrum.

### A SHORT STORY.

(By E. D. McArthur.)

#### CHAPTER I.

Her father forbade him calling.

#### CHAPTER II.

She eloped with him.

#### CHAPTER III.

Now he's at her father's house all the time.

### THE AUTO VERSION.

There was a man in our town, Much wiser than his sires; He ran into a bramble bush And punctured both his tires. And when he found his tires were wrecked,

With all his might and main, He ran into a rubber plant And fixed 'em up again. —A. L. Houseworth.

### "Twas "YES."

I asked her if she would marry me; She shook her head with hair so brown; She shook her head, but, ah, you see, 'Twas not sideways, but up and down. —W. N. Ekblad.



### SPORTS AFIELD.

The Beal Lake Gun Club report great shooting on the preserves last Sunday. They brought in a record bag of seven mud hens, two coots and a crow.

Matson and Laise at the "Hot Stove Gun Club" in Snag Lake are just settling down for a good season. They expect to take their guns with them on the next trip.

Sunday services at the Glasgow Gun Club resulted in high scores for Russ Tower with three games lead over Ray Kaufman.

The members of the Macintosh Gun Club were to have a grand shoot last Sunday, but Tom Hall got lost on the way over. Otto Schetter was lost looking for Tom and no one was able to find the cabin.

R. A. Wernich has been discharged as chef for the Tsitcoos Club. The members were losing weight and money too fast.

Local sports are endeavoring to arrange a return match between Nick Hambone, the basement domon, and A. J. Braggart, the Beaver Hill Bruiser.

L. A. Liljeqvist is reported GOING into training.



LITTLE FATTY FLETCHER Singing "Listen to That Jungle Band."

# Ekblad & Son

## Hardware Dispensers

## TAKE A LOOK

We have just received a carload of

## Christofferson's Air Ships

We have engaged Jack Guyton as demonstrator.

## SEE US BEFORE YOU GO UP IN THE AIR

## Coos Bay Bakery

THE PLACE FOR

## "Goodies" for the Little Dears and Big Elks

We dough not charge for the holes in our doughnuts.

Phone, Three Aces-L.

## STANDARD OIL CO. (INCORPORATED)

## ...STAFFORD'S...

### "The Candy Kid"

Our Candy is just as sweet as the Girls in the Big Noise.

Try our new drink—"THE BIG NOISE" Sunday. (We have the police fixed.)

## HERMAN HILLYER

### "SMOKE UP"

MALE AND FEMALE CIGARS

We give a wrapper with each cigar. Christmas Pipes, Clay Pipes, Bag Pipes and Pipe Dreams.

We carry all the best papers, including the Jewish Observer, The Irish World and The Peruna News.

Don't fail to see that bum drama, "Why Don't You Take Her Off the Track."

Fred Painter—as Lenore, the leading lady. Archie Johnston—as Manrico, the leading man. Dan Keating—as Count de Lumbago, the villain. It is POSITIVELY the worst play ever written.