

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

VOL. 1.

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1915.—

No. 29.

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THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

Published Every Friday in the interests of Coos Bay in General and Central Avenue in particular.

Subscription Price.—Your good will, and membership in the Booster Club

OUR PLATFORM. One Street, One Flag, One Country, ... and One Wife at a time...

OUR RELIGION. To Do Good. OUR POLITICS. More Business.

Entered at the Postoffice as strictly First-Class matter; there is nothing Second-Class about Central Avenue.

OUR STAFF. Managing Editor.—"Nationally Advertised" Frank D. Cohan. Recreation Editor.—J. T. Harrigan. Musical Editor.—L. L. Thomas. Pioneer Editor.—Geo. E. Cook. Household Department.—Harry McKeown. Children's Department.—"Candy Kid" Stafford, Editor. Dairy Editor.—Ivy Condon. Financial Editor.—Dorsey Kreitzer. Garden Editor.—Ray Ollivant.

POETRY NUMBER. OWING to an unusual demand made upon our space this week by the poets in the grand rush to get into our special poetry number, considerable important news, including the latest war dispatches, has been crowded out of the Booster. Sherman says that "war is hell," but as some of this poetry is worse than war probably the war news will not be missed.

BOOSTER HEALTH HINTS. Never use a lighted match to see if your gasoline tank is empty. Never sing "God Save the King" at a German picnic.

COOS BAY SOCIAL CUSTOMS. "Do you always leave a card when you call?" asked one Central Avenue woman of another between numbers at the concert the other evening. "No," replied her friend, "sometimes it's an umbrella."

A DRY JOKE. "Did you ever see water when it was dry?" Fred Weaver asked Jay Doyle. "Sure," said Jay. "Where?" asked Weaver. "Under a dry dock," Jay said as he dodged a rotten apple.

BE A BOOSTER. Everything is going to the military methods. Charley Noble says that even some of his workmen are soldiering on the job. Frank Cohan says that Dave Stafford came in the other day and said war news was scarce because it was so "strictly censured."

"This an adage old but true That chickens come home to roost. And if you would prove the truth therein,

Why I would say, just boost. If your neighbor sulks and frowns When asked to lend a hand, Do not give up despairingly. They will not all turn you down.

For most grown ups, like children Have a very careless way, Of putting off the duties That should be done today; So you that are firm and loyal Be a booster through and through And then perhaps you will see What the rest of them will do.

For what is the use of living If we can't help things along. This old round world of ours Would not be worth a song. Yes, what is the use of living, If we always have to frown, So wake up and be a booster, Boost for your own home town. —FRANK D. COHAN.

WARBULLED WAR WITH WAR-JAWED WARSAW

By Ed. Meade. War was what William wanted When Willie went west ward way; With weighty weapons wound with wool,

With which Will was walloping why —out of— Wild-eyed, wicked warriors who were walking Warpaths weak with weary War-jaw,

While worsted worms, wiggled well With wornout, war-waged, wounded Warsaw.

Give me the land of pure delight That knows no boundary fence Where war dogs neither bark nor bite— And censors never cense. —E. CROSTHWAIT.

A Central Avenue man writes to the Booster to ask if shall put his wife's millinery bill into the overhead charges.

CENTRAL AVENUE JOTTINGS.

Have An Ammonia on Me.—A St. Louis man drank ammonia by mistake and lost his voice. Won't somebody buy a round of ammonia for some of these Coos Bay knockers.

Not a Typographical Error.—The Booster reporter was interviewing John D. Goss and spoke of one of his legal associates in the office as his law-partner, "you mean my jaw-partner," John corrected, and we let it go at that.

Musical Affairs.—Have you noticed Central Avenue is rapidly becoming the musical center as well as the commercial center of Coos Bay? Two way-up concerts this week and a band concert Sunday. Some culture on Central, all right, all right.

Will Show No Partiality.—Hugh McLain wishes to denounce the report that he will sell two cent stamps to democrats for one cent after he is postmaster. He says Tom Coke and Frank Golden will have to pay just as much as W. B. Curtis.

A Fine Concert.—Miss Rhoda Seat had nearly a theatrical to her concert Tuesday even if it did storm and we haven't heard so much applause at a musical affair for a coon's age. William Wallace Graham put a fine line of classical fiddling and he had a corking fiddle to fiddle it on, too.

Pulling Don't Help.—Dorsey Kreitzer has had rheumatiz in his knee for quite a spell back and can't walk even around his room without limping. Dorsey says it akes so at times that he can't keep from swearing, although he promised Mrs. K. he wouldn't. Dorsey says now if it was a tooth he could have the blame thing pulled and be done with it, but being as it is his leg that is out of the question.

Many Improvements.—Cook's Grocery is in the hands of carpenters this week undergoing a number of alterations and improvements that will add greatly to the interior appearance of the store. Mr. Cook's private office has been moved to a new balcony that has been built in the rear. George believes that there is nothing too good for his customers—besides he's city councilman now and believes in keeping up the dignity of the city.

OUR POET'S CORNER. BETCHA! This street we could improve, I say. Our progress would be ample, If we had less advice each day And much more good example. —GEO. E. COOK. SAD! "Oh, woe!" said a policeman named Carter, "Old Fate has picked me for a martyr. I arrested a gink Making counterfeit chink, And another man says he gave me the starter." —Jesse I. T-r-L.

MORE APPROPRIATE. "Some day I'll get a harp," said Dix. "And join the heavenly choir," But when he died and crossed the Styx They handed him a lyre. —H. J. McKEOWN.

THAT HELPS SOME. "Be like the rooster, son, I beg," Said wise old Mr. Loost. "And if you cannot lay an egg You can stand around and boost." —JAY DOYLE.

SPRING STYLES.—ETERNAL CHANGE Said she, "what lovely fashions dear! They do so change from year to year." "There's not much change that I can see In pocketbooks," responded he. "They're worn a little shorter, though, And lighter, than a year ago." —D. Y. STAFFORD.

Our idea of the height of grown-upness is to sit around a table, yourself drinking White Rock, while all the rest of the bunch are dredging into the highballs, and be compelled to listen to the woozy-woozy chatter that they get out of their systems.

Oh! See ED MEADE before you go, To view the moving picture show Gum and gum drops, chocolates, too, By Big Chief Pugsley and his crew.

While movies tickle bumps of joy, That craving taste you must destroy, Folk like to chew as well as look Ha! Ha! Yum! Yum!

Kandy Nook Lemanski's Theater. Central Avenue

PERSONAL MENTION.

Personal mention ain't what you might call so terrible plentiful this week as they might be if they were more plentiful. We have always noticed that items of this description are always scarcer when it rains and we presume that the reason is that there are not so many out when it rains because most Central Avenue people know enuff to go in out of the wet and as a result there is not very many personal mentions.

HUGH McLAIN, D. D., is the way he is signing his name these days, the tag standing for Deserving Democrat.

CHARLES VAN DUYN returned Thursday afternoon from the Elks dance which he attended Wednesday evening.

W. J. CONRAD who had a split nose from bumping into the windshield on Dr. Morrow's auto, has recovered his facial beauty.

JOE SCHILLING was over from Myrtle Point yesterday and he reported that there are several cases of aridity of the throat there. It seems to be contagious.

AL KOEHLER postcards from Detroit where he is dissipating a few weeks at the old home that he is having a perfectly lovely time—as if we didn't know that.

ROY MILLER besides being a first class dredge man is a bass singer, he hitting the low spots with eclaw. He is thinking of declaring a song zone on Central so Frank Hague and some of those would-be Front street vocalists can't butt in except at their peril. Go to it, we are all with you, Roy.

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TIPPERARY PERSIFLAGE.

(Dedicated to J. T. Harrigan by his friend (?) Henry Sengstacken.) The way is long, some people say, To Tipperary; But what care I how long the way To Tipperary? A million miles, or merely three, Would both be far too long for me; I have no wish to go and see Your Tipperary.

This song which people squawk and sing— This "Tipperary"— Makes me as sick as anything Of Tipperary.

But, folks who sing that blooming air: I wish that you could all be there With orange ribbons in your hair— In Tipperary!

STORY FOR THE DAY.

C. H. Dungan is responsible for the story that a Coos Bay girl who visited a ranch and watched one of the men milking a cow.

"Do you think you could do this?" the man asked her. "Yes, of course," the girl replied, "but how do you turn it off?"

A TRAGEDY IN TWO REELS. 'Twas on a cold and foggy night A girl stood in the street; Her pretty eyes were full of tears, And her shoes were full of feet! —GEO. SEELIG.

The night was dark, the way was long, The wind blew through his hair; The poet's heart was full of song, His pocket full of air. —GEO. R. ANDERSON.

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS. The rain that makes the slush and slop, helps on the May-time onion crop. I think of these things, now, by gee, since I make garden, don't you see?—Herman Hillyer.

Still waters, they say, run deep. We hear it o'er and o'er; The shallow ones, like shallow folk, Forever make a roar. —Anon.

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made by the Goodwin Film & Camera Co., a simple test is sufficient Load your camera with ANSCO FILM, set shutter at, say 1-25 of a second and your lens at the largest opening. Snap the entire roll on the same subject decreasing the lens opening for each successive exposure. Then load your camera with the film you wish to compare and expose it immediately on the same subject and in exactly the same way the ANSCO film was exposed. The result will tell the story.

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with us does not remain idle in the bank, but it is used for the development of home industry. Most individuals, firms and corporations need to borrow money at times to carry on their business, and it is largely your money that they borrow for this purpose. Money deposited in banks away from home does this community no good. Therefore, it is to your best interests to deposit your money where it will not only benefit you, but will aid home industry also. We welcome all depositors, large or small, and take sincere interest in their welfare. Open a checking or savings accounts in this bank.

First National Bank

Of Coos Bay

Central Avenue Marshfield, Oregon

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SUNDAY DINNER

— AT THE —

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