

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

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CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER
Published Every Friday in the Inter-
ests of Coos Bay in General and
Central Avenue in particular.

Entered at the Postoffice as strictly
First-Class matter; there is nothing
Second-Class about Central Avenue.
Subscription Price.—Your good will,
and membership in the Booster Club

OUR PLATFORM.
One Flag, One Country,
and One Wife at a time...
OUR RELIGION.
To Do Good.
OUR POLITICS.
More Business.

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS

STRIKING NAME
Alex Campbell, of the Standard Oil
was a Central Avenue visitor
week. Alex drove his car, for

which he has selected a very pretty
and appropriate name, which is
painted on the windshield in large
letters. He calls it the "Zerolene."

SMILE-A-WHILE
The man who declaims and calls peo-
ple names
Is the champion of justice and
right.

But the one who replies "Is just
trumping up lies
To keep up that old factional
fight."

SMILE-A-WHILE
Will Keep Up To Date.—Jim Kel-
lond says he will keep abreast of the
times with the "Smokehouse," and if
the proposed measure of the W. C. T.
U. goes into effect a back door en-
trance will be provided, so those who
want a quiet puff or a chew can
screen their vices from the public
eye.

SMILE-A-WHILE
If your Dollar is hid away
Get it out for Dollar Day.

MUSIC ON CENTRAL AVENUE

CENTRAL AVENUE is pre-emi-
nently the home of music on
Coos Bay. Practically all the
concerts of the Coos Bay Band, as
well as of local and visiting artists,
in other lines, are given at the Ma-
sonic Theater, the Noble Theater or
the Finnish hall. An occasional im-
promptu by male voices in other
places is to be heard, but its dis-
cussion is without the scope of this
article.

Central Avenue is the residence
of most of the local artists and
teachers, and the Mecca of all. It
has the only music store in Marsh-
field, to say nothing of the music
dispensing picture show.

These forces labor assiduously for
the cultivation of the music art and
the education of the public taste.
They place before us the best in
musical literature. They take the
small lad when he goes into tem-
peramental ecstasies at the toot of
tin horn and the blare of the merry-
go-round and try to attune his soul
to the beauties of Chopin. They la-
bor to guide the young girls past
the ruinous reefs of the ragtime and
such mistakes as "The Maiden's
Prayer," out into the soul satisfy-
ing realms of that which is good.

They labor thanklessly, too often,
to be a devotee of art sounds good,
but it is no more free from the ills
of ingratitude, headache and bad
collections than other professions.
With all the effort and all the
good accomplished, (which it must
be admitted is great,) why, with
all this uplift in our midst, is the
public taste so low in matters mu-
sical? Why do the people languish
for the blast of the callope and the
minstrel band? Why can the travel-
ing dentist with the four key thing-
a-ma-jig on his auto get a bigger
crowd than the artist's recital? We
"pass" and can but draw what com-
fort we may from existing evidence
of our progress, such as it is. We
have got a long way ahead of the
time when the war whoop was the
sole solace of the human craving
for melody.

Our people are naturally music
loving. When the matter of approp-
riating a small sum for the Coos
Bay Band was brought before the
council, even its opponents shed
tears just like Clara Morris because
of the commands of duty, showing
that their passion for music had to
be torn from bleeding hearts in
the interest of more pressing needs.

An add offering a phonograph for
sale kept one man awake all night
answering phone calls. We modestly
concede the possibility that this
proved rather the value of Times
want adds than a longing for music,
but it is at least significant.

A merry-go-round went broke
because it had no organ, and the
children scorned even the rearing
steeds and the poetry of motion
because of the lack of musical ac-
companiment, while the band con-
certs were all the time drawing
fair crowds at prices of only a "jit-
ney" less.

Then there is the juvenile male
quartet, which has been conspicuous
on West Central Avenue recently.
Musically speaking, the impromptu
male quartet is merely a symptom.
There is no joy on earth equal to
that of a male quartet hearing itself
sing. It scorns pity, for itself or
others. It seeks no audience, yet
its harmonies go out to all within
hearing, that is to say, within the
city limits.

Its main objective, musically
speaking, is the barber shop chord.
This species of chord is nothing but

a harmonic group of tones with the
cramps. The highest musical enjoy-
ment is produced by the resolution
of discord into ultimate concord,
and the male quartet heightens this
enjoyment by hanging onto the bar-
ber shop chord until your misery
is complete, that relief may be the
more welcome. It follows the rule
"hot as patient can stand." Over-
sensitive persons lose the full mea-
sure of joy by fainting before relief
arrives otherwise.

The male quartet is never drunk.
If it were, it would be booked on
a charge of "drunk and disorderly."
Being only disorderly, it escapes ar-
rest, and its flood of harmony is
carried on the still night air, not
only to the young maiden, but also
to the sick, aged, and the weary
sleeper. Long may it rave. Things
might be worse. Coos Bay might
have a barrel organ.

SMILE-A-WHILE

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS

A Professional Opinion.—Gerald
Hunt says Ford's were in use in bi-
ble times, because it is written that
Elijah "went up on high."

SMILE-A-WHILE
Another Proposal.—Dave Stafford
says he favors absolute prohibition.
He would only have to change one
compartment in his soda fountain,
and he declares soft drinks are more
healthful anyway.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Wasn't Needed.—Dan Keating, the
Marshfield fire chief, has returned
from the fair. The expo has been
lucky about fires, but if they had
had one, the time to have it was
while Dan was right there.

SMILE-A-WHILE
A Real Pirate.—Three small boys
sauntering to school, saw "Rattle-
snake Jim" swing into Central Ave-
nue. "Oh lookie, fellers," said one,
excitedly, "what's that?" "Aw,"
said another, "that's jest one o' them
South Slough Pirates."

SMILE-A-WHILE
Winter Colds.—Colds are some-
what prevalent now, owing to the
fine weather, it is said. We need
rain. If you have a cold, do not ne-
glect to mention it, as nobody would
suspect it unless you'd did, and it
adds to the general feeling of gloom
to enlarge upon your troubles.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Want to be Understood.—The
Marshfield Bridge Club held its first
meeting for this season Thursday.
The club wishes it understood that
this meeting was in no sense intend-
ed to eclipse the Bridge Carnival now
being held in North Bend.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Easy Work.—The moving picture
man is here, and says he is going
to get pictures of the Noble Theater
and a logging train. He won't have
to move his machine to get them
both. Logging trains pass the the-
ater about every fifteen minutes.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Jitneys Come in Handy.—It's all
right to cuss the jitney, but they
come in mighty handy with Judge
Hammond and Harry McKeown when
their cars got stalled on the Coquille
road this week. Think of their hav-
ing had to wait for a C. B. R. & E.
train.

SMILE-A-WHILE
This Is Something Like It.—Henry
Sengstacken has shown the right
spirit. While others are talking
about dollar day, he has his money
up, right in the show window of his
office. Or is that merely stake mon-
ey, for a bet with Harrigan on the
outcome of the French drive?

SMILE-A-WHILE
Central Avenue Greets North Bend.
—Central Avenue sent a big repre-
sentation over to North Bend yester-
day to participate in the big parade
which opened the bridge carnival.
We are only too proud to accept
North Bend's invitation to "get into
the procession," and the Booster as-
sures her that we will try to outdo
her in hospitality to all her citizens
who will accept our courtesies on
"dollar day." See Booster ads for
complete program.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Woman on School Board.—The
Progress Club thinks there should
be a woman on the school board, be-
cause "women know what little chil-
dren need." A Central Avenue cynic
remarked that if little children got
more of what they "needed" at home
there would be less of it for school
authorities to worry about. The
Booster indignantly resents this re-
flection on Coos Bay parents. We
are for the suggestion of the Pro-
gress Club.

SMILE-A-WHILE
AFTER VACATION
Who steals my purse steals trash
That is no idle quip.
I have no ready cash—
I'm just back from my trip.
—Geo. Selig.

SMILE-A-WHILE
If your Dollar is hid away
Get it out for Dollar Day.

SMILE-A-WHILE

A Big Dollar.—Quite an excite-
ment was caused this week by the
display of a coin in Henry Seng-
stacken's window. Everyone admit-
ted it was a coin, but there was a
dispute as to the denomination. The
majority claimed it was a dollar,
and answered the objection that it
looked big by the claim that that
was only natural nowadays. An
attempt to find somebody who had
a dollar for comparison failed, and
an application for a call loan of a
dollar, with ten signers, was turned
down at the First National Bank.
When Ike Chandler saw the display
he hastened to place plate glass in-
surance on the building.

SMILE-A-WHILE
QUESTION FOR THE DAY
A solemn thought comes to my mind:
I put it up to you—
Suppose your eyeteeth all went blind
How could you see to chew?

SMILE-A-WHILE
HOW IT HAPPENED
Hoisted flagon
Awful jag on
Sees a dragon
Water wagon.

SMILE-A-WHILE
THE BOOSTER
The specialist may cure your cancer
Or corns made by your shoes,
For other things his cure may an-
swer
But The Booster cures the blues.

SMILE-A-WHILE
OF COURSE
"Struck a poor client today," re-
marked Bob Graves. "All he had
to offer as a fee was a watch with-
out any works in it."

"I suppose you took the case?"
interjected Hugh Barclay.

SMILE-A-WHILE

The Thoughtful Editor
EDITORS as a rule are kind heart-
ed and liberal. An exchange
tells of a subscriber who died
and left a fourteen years' subscrip-
tion unpaid. The editor appeared as
th lid of the coffin was being screw-
ed down and put in a linen duster,
a thermometer, a palm leaf fan and a
receipt for making ice.

SMILE-A-WHILE

A SUMMER RAG
(An incident at Summer Saturday,
October 2, 1915)
It was last Saturday night
That we took our music bag
And met at the Summer Hall just
right
Say! We had some rag.

We went in and all doors locked
Had a two step and waltz-tag.
We the windows and key-holes block-
ed
Say! We had some rag.

The loggers next door held their
breath
When we made that Hall floor sag
Guess they thought would cause
their death
Say! We had some rag.

We just worked it all so sly
And had a time we'd like to brag
It beat eating cake and pie
Say! We had some rag.

Our music was cornet, fiddle and
pianee
We had no time to lag
It was a time for eyes to see
Say! We had some rag.

We the fine haired bunch
Don't like to make our brag
But we fixed the managers hunch
And say! We had some rag.

The music was just drift away
So we across the floor did wag
We held out till most break of day
Say! We had some rag.

We never would before
In the public, rag
But behind the locked door
Say! We had some rag.

—Contributed

Quick Turnovers
THE modern merchant
I knows that the road
to success is QUICK
turnover of stock.
Fast selling goods mul-
tiply the chances for profit.
They keep the capital work-
ing.
When a good article is
advertised in THE COOS
BAY TIMES it enters the
"quick turnover" class.
Public interest is cen-
tered on it—demand is created
The wise retailers turn
this situation to their profit
by pushing the newspaper
advertised goods at the time
they are advertised.
They make new customers
and increase sales with no
extra expense to themselves.

TOBACCO MEN ORGANIZE
It is rumored that the retail to-
bacco dealers on Central Avenue are
perfecting an organization to fight
the proposed measure of the W. C. T.
U. to permit liquor only to non-
smokers. They say this application
of the law would absolutely abolish
smoking. This prohibition law is
designed to prohibit moon drinking,
and not smoking, they say.
"I never touch tobacco,"
Said little Robert Reed.
I'll never let it pass my lips.
That vow shall be my creed.
For I perceive it won't be long
If right the times I read,
Till they will not let booze be
By users of the weed,"
drunk
SMILE-A-WHILE
If your Dollar is hid away
Get it out for Dollar Day.
SMILE-A-WHILE
A Hard Job.—It must be pretty
hard for Wil Dungan to visit a sick
friend and not talk shop.

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS
C. E. GREEN of Chicago represent-
ing Armour & Co. of Chicago was
seen on our street today the guest
of Matt L. May, the Coos Bay rep-
resentative of his pop, and enter-
prising firm. Mr. Greene says the
only thing green about him is his
name and he looks it. He says
Central Avenue reminds him very
much of dear old State Street and
Michigan Avenue because its so dif-
ferent. We don't know what he
means by that word different.
SMILE-A-WHILE
If your Dollar is hid away
Get it out for Dollar Day.
SMILE-A-WHILE
REINCARNATION
When I was a doughnut
And you were a bun
On the spot where the Sphinx
stands now,
You staled on the shelf,
They exchanged me for pelf,
For I was more holy than thou.
—Ed Bargelt.

You Owe to Your Loved Ones
—Food that you know is fresh
as well as deliciously pure.
WE HAVE IT.
Special discount allowed on all cash orders bought on
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CASH ONLY
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CHESTS, CHAIRS, VENEER AND LUMBER IN THE ROUGH.
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Fire Insurance, Life and Accident Insurance, Surety Bonds, Etc.

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ADVERTISE IN THE BOOSTER

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Fire, Life and Ma-
ne insurance which
sures, see---
ENSTACKEN
the
Insurance Man
Good Smokes
Good Pool
Good Billiards
and
Good Fellows
are always found at
The Smokehouse
Central Avenue's popular meeting
place.

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Best California Hay
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Each One Good For A BARGAIN.
Agates cut, polished and mounted in gold filled
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\$1.25 and \$1.50 Scarf
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\$1.25 and \$1.50 Cuff
Buttons \$1.00
Solid gold children's
rings \$1.00
\$1.50 emblem buttons
..... \$1.00
\$1.50 child's bracelets,
..... \$1.00
Solid gold beauty
pins \$1.00
Friendship bracelet links
five (engraved) for \$1.00
Eye glasses and specta-
cle with best ground lens
..... \$1.00
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SUNDAY DINNER
— AT THE —
Chandler Hotel
The Hub of
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a Good Menu

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