

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

VOL. 1.

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1916

No. 69

Remington Typewriter Company

L. W. JACOBS, District Sales Agent

District Sales Agent Monroe Calculator

TYPEWRITERS OF ALL MAKES FOR SALE OR RENT
NEW OR SECOND HAND

Supplies :: :: :: :: Expert Repairing

OFFICE :: :: 73 Central Avenue

Buy Your Canned Goods Now



According to newspaper accounts the price of canned goods will be materially advanced before the new crops are available. The rush orders from the European war are said to be responsible. We anticipated a big demand for canned goods and laid in a big supply. Next week, we will have a special on canned goods that will save you money. Watch our window for exhibit and prices.

The Yellowstone is bringing us a fine supply of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

During the past few months, we have enjoyed a good trade but we want it to grow. We are endeavoring to give our patrons the best goods, and service that a good grocery can provide and our regular customers tell us we are succeeding. We would like and appreciate your business and are certain you will find it to your advantage to trade with us. If you are in doubt ask your neighbor, who is probably trading with us, or give us a few trial orders and let us convince you.

Sanitary Food Store

SERVICE FIRST

(Formerly Nasburg's Grocery.)

PHONE 213 SECOND AND CENTRAL

Bring Us Your Repair Work

If your watch isn't keeping good time, bring it in and we will clean it, regulate it, or make whatever repairs are necessary. Our charges are most reasonable and we guarantee our work.

If you have a precious stone that you want mounted or the mounting changed, we can do it. And if you need new jewelry for any purpose, we are prepared to serve you.

Wilson's Jewelry Store

We guarantee our repair work.

68 Central Avenue. OTIS H. WILSON, Prop.

Table and Kitchen Ware

Just glance at our window and notice the fine attractive China at the low prices, either by sets or separate pieces.

We have some fine aluminum cooking utensils that save work and money for the housewife.

Come in and let us show you the merits of our Kitchen ranges

Marshfield Hardware Co.

The best in the Hardware line.

Broadway and Central Avenue. Phone 31

DR. W. A. TOYE,

DENTIST

Hours 9 to 12; 1 to 5.

Room 204, Irving Bldg.

Central Avenue, Marshfield

DON'T BE A TITWAD

Pay up your back subscription to the Booster and thus fill a long felt want on our part.

NEWSPAPER ON HOT AIR AND COLD POTATOES

P. S. If we are not in, leave the money with our wife, next door.

Advertise in The Booster

Have you got anything to sell or swap? Do you want to buy anything?

THEN TRY AN AD WITH US
Biggest and only Newspaper on Central Avenue.

Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulation books open to nobody.

You'll Have to Take Our Word for It.

A Good Place

If you ask anyone on Coos Bay who knows the places for a good place to drop in to while away a few hours in the evening, the answer will be:

"THE SMOKEHOUSE"

Good billiard tables, good pool tables, comfortable seats; the best cigars, tobaccos and the late magazines.

Join the Good Fellows at

The Smokehouse

Central Avenue's popular meeting place.

When In Want

of Fire, Life and Marine insurance which insures, see—

SENSTACKEN
the
Insurance Man

THIS CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

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

Entered at the Postoffice as strictly First-Class matter; it is entitled Second-Class about Central Avenue. 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.

A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT

LAST Monday morning there was found under the door of the Booster office a mysterious looking piece of wrapping paper, upon which was scribbled in pencil a number of verses, with notes. No clue was given as to the author, but he was evidently an Englishman, since the ghosts to whom he ascribes his verse were those of British poets of fame. He seems also to be one more or less acquainted about town, and is not exactly a prohibitionist. The writing was hardly legible, but the copy proved, upon examination, sufficiently interesting to warrant the effort of deciphering it. We give it space in the Booster as a curiosity.

"On New Year's Eve, I to my couch, early, having in divers places refreshed myself to the honor of the passing of the old year. There lying asleep how long I know not, presently came in array before me numerous strange shapes, among whom nevertheless one now and then appeared whereof I knew vaguely. Straining in effort to discern clearly one among them, meseemeth to perceive the poet Clough, who, nevertheless, did yet bear resemblance to Dr. Toye, so strange was the vision. Whereupon, in ghostly trance, it delivered itself thus

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou bar-room jollity—
Little hast thou bested,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore roam,
When from the secret treasure depths at home
In mine own private store,
Laid in, in prospect of a season dry,
Spirits and malt galore
May yet be conjured forth, unseen,
Incessantly?
Why follow pleasure through the swinging door,
When the red wine is glowing,
And the Wurzburger flowing,
At home, and I know where there's more?

Amazed, I looked yet again, and lo, the form changed, and appeared like the ghost of the poet Byron, and yet not altogether, because of a certain similitude to mine host Harry McKeown, and as I looked, it spake:

There was a sound of devilry by night,
And Coos Bay's capital had gather'd then
Her proud, absorbent chivalry, and bright
The lights and flowing wine lit up brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its lugubrious swell,
Voices, with fragrant sighs, called back again
The Dear Old Oaken Bucket in the Well.

But hark—hark—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.
Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or Carter's heavy footfall on the street;
On with the prance,—let joy be unrefined;
No sleep till morn, when thirst and highballs meet
To chase the flying hours with all four feet—
But hark—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echoes would re-script.

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before—
Cheese it—It is—it is—the New Year's opening roar.
Ah—then and there was hurrying to and fro;
Mad final gulps, and murmurings of distress;
Noses all pale, which but an hour ago
Glow'd from the festive cocktail, or Swiss-S.

And there were sudden partings, such as press
Joy from convivial souls, and liquid sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If e'er should be renewed those old,

fond ties,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?
Yet again stood out from the ghostly throng one in form and visage like the poet Browning, yet not so much like him neither, as it by magic took other form of Colby Perry, yet withal one temperate and not given to bibulousness. Sighing it droned:

Oregon's dry;
Best to forget.
Pickled we fret;
Sober, we sigh.
Lawyer, so free,
Chuck thy opinion—
Drys have dominion,
Thirst, over thee.

Thirst if you will,
Day after day,
Hanker away,
Abstinent still,
Soul, art thou sore?
Silence, thou grumbler;
Nary a tumbler,
High-balls no more.

He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a twist and caper teach;
None can a juster, carol bawl
Or sweeter memories recall
When time hangs heavy on us all.
And though he calls to us no more
To lure us through the swinging door,
Yet still, by home lit fires, at least,
An honored guest from South or East,
He may lend lustre to our feast."

Again striving to be through with such ghastly company, I was yet held in spell by a fiery ghost, who bore no semblance to any old time bard, but was as like as life to The Poet of the Pacific. And though I did think it must be Shakespeare who would so discourse, notwithstanding that mighty genius could not have done it better, yet the lines were strange:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And years, so dry to public view,
May find
Bourbon in trunks, Old Crow in trav'lers' grips,
Cocktails in canes, and beer hid everywhere.

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
"Caching" of simples. Meager were his looks.
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone.
Noting this penury, to myself I said;
'An' if a man did need a highball now,
Whose sale would jug a man in Oregon,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

Here a quick spirit with the form of Frank Cohan appeared, as it would protest, with frowning looks, and the poet's speech fell into confusion, so that part of the verse was lost. Then thus:

Ere temperance, as it never will be moved,
Though wine should court it in a shape of Heaven,
So thirst, tho' but a radiant angel wept,
Would satiate itself on Dago Red, and—

Here the speech dissolved itself in mutterings, the Poet's figure gesticulating wildly toward California, as if it would escape thitherward. And with a mighty effort, I awoke, and behold, it was all a dream, as I had aforesaid divined. And anon the New Year dawned.

Oh wine—it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole—
To California praise be due—
She'll ship the stuff in future through
That stills my craving soul.

The sparkling glasses on the bar,
That had last night remained,
I dreamt that they were filled anew
And when I woke, it pained.
My lips were dry, my throat was hot,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And wakened as a ghost.
How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"'Tis he," quoth one, "this is the man;
I run him in; he's broke."
I harked again and knew it well;
It was Jack Carter spoke.
The other was Judge Butler's voice,
As then I vaguely knew.
Quote he: "some penance hath he done,
And ten days more will do."

Anon glides 'tint view the gentle Wordsworth, and yet I could not vouch to mine eyes that it was not Richard Jennings, who spake after that reasonable manner which is his wont:

Another year—another deadly blow—
Another mighty empire overthrown—
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to find in thirst a foe—
'Tis well—from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought—
That month by month our vintage must be bought;
That we must keep supplied, or else run low.

O dastard, whom such foretaste doth not cheer—
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who'll leave remaining blessings here,
Sane, reasonable, not a carping band;
Jealous of what is left to us most dear,
Condemning joys they do not understand—

Still striving to come out of my dream, another wierd figure beckoned me to harken unto him. His countenance strove to find a mean between the features of Sir Walter Scott and those of Dr. Dix, or to be one or other; 'twas passing strange. Mildly he intoned:

Mine host at Harry's festive board
Provided cheer to please a lord,
And tenderly took up the word:
"My friends, it is a thing forlorn
That hahn should hap John Barley-corn.

He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a twist and caper teach;
None can a juster, carol bawl
Or sweeter memories recall
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Another Loss.—Jay Doyle has moved his "Place" from Central Ave. to Commercial. We hate to lose Jay, but he says he can clean up anything that's brought to him just as well on Commercial as on Central. We intended to ask him if he could clean up our collections for us, but forgot it.

A Lapse of Attention.—We note with regret that Frank Cohan, with the other Marshfield druggists, closed his store at 2 p. m. last Saturday. We can't help suggesting in a friendly way that nowadays its only the young man who attends closely to his business that can hope for success.

Why Not?—Those very alluring ads of the banks about opening a savings account for \$1.00 are bound to have their wholesome effect. Since we sell goods to the English and lend them the money to pay for the goods, it appears that it would be just as practicable for the banks to issue savings account books for \$1.00, and lend the depositor the dollar. The Booster will agree to be the first depositor under this plan.

SMILE-A-WHILE

Fancy Greeting Cards and Oil Painted Local Views,
Calendars, Choice Myrtle Wood Novelties, Pictures,
Photo Supplies, Framing and Enlarging,
and Kodak Finishing

REHFELDS

Special Order Work a Specialty

Phone 275-J. 220 Central Avenue

For Good Insurance

CALL OR TELEPHONE MY OFFICE IN THE COKE BUILDING

E. I. Chandler

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Fireman's Fund Ins. Co.
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Aetna Life.
Aetna Accident & Liability.
London & Lancashire Indemnity Co.
Fidelity & Deposit Co.
Guardian Casualty & Guaranty Co.

Have You a Savings Account?

IF YOU HAVEN'T, YOUR ROAD TO COMPETENCE AND SUCCESS WILL BE HARD

START ONE WITH US TODAY

Avoid possible loss of money, mixups over receipts and other troubles in meeting your monthly accounts by paying your bills by check. Come in and open a savings account and do business in a business-like way.

The First National Bank OF COOS BAY

BE PREPARED to show PROSPERITY A JOYOUS RECEPTION and CONTINUOUS WELCOME. You can't entertain prosperity, anybody, or enjoy life properly yourself unless you have music in the home.

SEE US AT ONCE.

Thomas Music Company

Consolidation of Wiley B. Allen and W. R. Haines Music Stocks
93 Central Avenue.

PLAN TO TAKE

Sunday Dinner

— AT THE —

Chandler Hotel

The Hub of Central Avenue
A GOOD MENU

STATIONERY

—of—
QUALITY

We carry only the products of Eaton, Crane & Pike, specializing on their famous Highland Line—the kind you have seen advertised.

See us for monogrammed stationery and engraved cards.

"The Owl"

The Central Avenue Drug Store