

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

VOL. 1.

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1916

No. 71

Central Avenue's as dry today
As Sahara, in a way,
But the rain is with us yet
And the old street is still wet.

L. W. Jacobs
DISTRICT SALES AGENT

Remington Typewriter Company

Monroe Calculator

"The Mechanical Wizard"

TYPEWRITERS FOR RENT AND SALE—EXPERT REPAIRING

Phone 259-J :: :: :: 73 Central Ave.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

We have a good assortment of reasonable FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES—the choicest obtainable now.

Are you doing all your grocery trading with us?

If not, you had better begin. Ask your neighbor who is trading with us and let her tell you how satisfactory it is to trade at the Sanitary Food Store.

For tomorrow's market basket we have a few suggestions:

| | | |
|----------------|--------------|------------------|
| CABBAGE | CAULIFLOWER | GREEN PEPPERS |
| HEAD LETTUCE | CELERY | |
| SWEET POTATOES | PARSNIPS | CARROTS |
| BEETS | GREEN ONIONS | BRUSSELS SPROUTS |
| | PUMPKIN | SQUASH |
| | CRANBERRIES | |
| COOKING APPLES | ORANGES | PINEAPPLES |
| BANANAS | GRAPE FRUIT | |

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 pre-pared 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

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

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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.

DR. W. A. FOYE,
DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12; 1 to 5.
Room 204, Irving Bldg.
Central Avenue, Marshfield

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

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

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

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

JOHN HENRY GETS THE GRIP

SAY, did you ever put on the goggles and go joy riding with an attack of the grip?

It has all other forms of amusement flushed to a lullaby—take it from Uncle Hank.

As a Bad Boy the grip has every other disease slapped to a sobbing standstill.

It's dollars to pretzels that the grip germ is the brainiest little bug that was ever chased by a doctor.

I was sitting quietly at home reading Maeterlinck on Auction Bridge when suddenly I began to sneeze like a Russian regiment answering rollcall.

Friend wife was deep in the mysteries of Ibsen's latest achievement, "The Rise and Fall of the Hobbie Skirt," but she politely acknowledged my first sneeze with the customary "Gesundheit!"

Then she trailed along bravely with her responses for 10 or 15 minutes, but it was no use—I had more sneezes in my system than there are "Gesundheits!" in the entire German nation, including principalities, possession across the sea and the Musical Union.

"John," she ventured after a time, "you are getting a cold."

"I'm not getting it," I snuffed, "I have it now."

What a mean, contemptible little creature the grip germ must be. Absolutely without any of the finer instincts it sneaks into people's system disguised as an ordinary cold. It isn't on the level like appendicitis or inflammatory rheumatism, both of which are brave and fearless and will walk right up to you and kick you on the shins, big as you are.

Nobody ever knows just what makeup the grip germs will put on to break into the human system, but once they get a foothold in the epiglottis nothing can remove them except inward applications of dynamite.

The grip germ hates the idea of race suicide.

I discovered shortly after I had sneezed myself into a condition of pale blue profanity that a newly-married couple of grip germs had taken a notion to build a nest somewhere on the outskirts of my solar plexus, and two hours later they had almost 233 children attending the public school of my medusa oblongata, and every time school would let out for recess I would go up in the air and hit the ceiling with my Lina.

Before daylight came all these grip children had graduated from school and after tearing down the schoolhouse the whole bunch had married and had large families of their own, and all hands were out paddling their canoes on my alimentary canal.

By 9 o'clock that morning there must have been \$5,000,000 grip germs armed with self-loading revolvers all trying to shoot their initials over the walls of my interior department.

It was fierce!

When Doctor arrived on the scene I was carrying enough concealed weapons to start something in Mexico.

The good old pill pusher threw his saws behind the sofa, put his dip net on the mantelpiece, and took a fall out of my pulse.

"Ah!" he said, after he had noted that my tongue looked like a curry-comb.

"The same to you, Doc," I said. "Ah!" he said, looking hard at the wall.

"Say, Doc," I whispered, "there's no use to cut off my leg, because the germs will hide in my elbow."

"Do you feel shooting pains in the cerebellum near the apex of the cosmopolitan?" inquired the doctor.

"Surest thing you know," I said. "Have you a buzzing in the ears, and a confused sound like distant laughter in the panatella?"

"It's a cinch, Doc," I said. "Do you feel a roaring in the cornucopia, with a tickling sensation in the diagram?" he asked.

"Right again," I whispered. "Do the joints feel sore and pinched like a poolroom?" he asked.

"Right!" "Does your tongue feel rare and highpriced like a porterhouse steak at Hank Wells?" "Exactly!" "Do you feel a spasmodic fluttering in the concertina?"

itation in your hunger and does everything you eat taste like an impossible sandwich made by a ghostly baker from disappearing bread and phantom ham?"

"Keno!" "Does your nerve center tinkle tinkle like a breakfast bell in a kitchenless boarding house?"

"Right again!" "Have you a feeling that the germs have attacked your Adam's apple and that there won't be any core?"

"Yes!" "When you look at the wall paper does your brain do a sort of loop-the-loop and cause you to meld 100 aces or double pinnocle?"

"Yes, and 80 kings, too." "Do you feel a slight palpitation of the membrane of the colorado maduro and is there a confused murmur in your brain like the sound of a hard-working gas meter?"

"You've got me sized good and plenty, Doc!"

"Do you have insomnia, nightmare, loss of appetite, chills and fever and concealed respiration in the carolina perfects?"

"That's the idea, Doc!" "When you lie on your side do you have an impulse to turn over on your left side and when you turn over on your left side do you feel an impulse to jump out of bed and throw stones at a policeman?"

"There isn't anything you can mention, Doc, that I haven't got."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "then that settles it."

"Tell me the truth," I groaned. "What is it—bubonic plague?"

"You have something worse—you have the grip," Doc whispered gently. "You see, I tried hard to mention some symptom which you didn't have, but you had them all, and the grip is the only disease in the world which makes a specialty of having every symptom known to medical jurisprudence."

Then the doctor got busy with the pencil gag and left me enough prescriptions to keep the druggist in pocket money throughout the winter.

Then my relatives and friends began to drop in and annoy me with suggestions.

"Pop" Barclay sat at my bedside and after I had barked for him two or three times he decided I had inflammation of the lungs and was insistent that I tie a rubber band around my chest and rub myself with gasoline.

I told Pop I had no desire to become a human automobile, so he got mad and went home.

An hour later Uncle Louis had looked me over and concluded I had galloping asthma, compressed tonsillitis, chillblainous croup and incipient measles. He insisted that I take three grains of quinine, two grains of asperine, rub the back of my neck with benzine, soak my ankles in kerosene, then a little phenacetine, and a hot whiskey toddy every half hour before meals.

If I found it hard to take the toddy, he volunteered to run in every half hour and help me.

Then his wife, Aunt Jessica, blew in with a deduction she called est-nip tea. She brought it all the way from the Bronx in a thermos bottle, so I had to drink it or lose a perfectly respectable old aunt.

It tasted like a hmoleum cocktail—wewuw!

During the rest of the day every friend and relative I have in the world rushed in, suggested a sure cure, and then rushed out again.

Peaches tried them all on me, and I felt like the inside of a medicine chest.

To make matters worse, I drank some dogberry cordial, and it chased the catnip tea all over my concourse.

Then Peaches, being a student of natural history, insisted that I take some hoarhound, I suppose to bite the dogberry, but it didn't.

Blood will tell, so the hoarhound joined forces with the dogberry and chased the catnip up my family tree.

Suffering antiseptics! Everybody with a different remedy, from snake poison to soothing syrup—but it cured the grip.

Now all I have to do is to cure the medicine.

SMILE-A-WHILE
BOOSTER WANT ADS
WANTED—A boy who can open clams with a reference.

WANTED—A cow by an old lady with crumpled horns. Address "A" Booster.

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS

A Bad Storm.—Central Avenue was almost completely isolated last week.

Poultry Loss.—John Kronholm found a dead hen in his hen house toter morning but what caused her decease John doesn't know, as there wasn't any marks of violence on her. John thinks she died of general debility. If general debility is ketchin John is liable to lose more hens.

Couldn't Work Bob.—A man presented himself at the Noble Theater last night and insisted on going into the picture show at half price because he said he had only one eye. But Bob Marsden told him it would take twice as long to see the show as a man with two eyes and charged him double.

SMILE-A-WHILE
PERSONAL MENTION.
GEORGE SEELIG says the seat of war is the place where the standing army sits down.

A. E. NEFF says he's a lucky guy. He found a tray of diamonds the other day—in a pack of cards.

DR. A. L. HOUSEWORTH took a vacation this week, by having the grip, and as he isn't here to write anything about himself we won't mention him.

E. I. CHANDLER says: "There isn't much use in telling a Coos Bay girl you would die for her unless you carry a pretty heavy life insurance."

"DAD" WELCH, the well-known and popular night clerk at the Chandler, has decided not to buy an automobile. He is going to buy an overcoat as soon as possible.

DOC TOYE, after giving the matter much thought, says: "The gasoline makers are asking more for their product because they can get it. No other reasons are necessary."

W. C. LAIRD, our popular deputy sheriff from the county seat, made a visit in our midst the past week to collect some debts which some of our prominent citizens owes, but he didn't collect any. He said he didn't calculate you could collect anything with a vacuum cleaner just now.

WILSON KAUFMAN has been missed all week from his familiar places on Central Avenue. The ulcerated tooth proved more severe and serious than anticipated and he has been confined to his home for several days. Dave Stafford is very lonely and a movement is on foot to provide a proper reception when Mr. Kaufman returns to his desk where real estate orders, insurance policies, school matters and city warrants are waiting for him.

SMILE-A-WHILE
COULDN'T FOOL HER
Dorsey Kreitzer tells the story on a prominent Central Avenue business man, whose name is censored for obvious reasons. Dorsey was in the Smokehouse the other afternoon when this man went to the telephone and the following conversation ensued:

"Where are you telephoning from, dear?"

"From the office, dovey."

"No you are not. I can tell the difference between the click of a typewriter and the click of pool-balls."

The man thought the joke too good to keep and he told Dorsey and Dorsey told the Booster—and the Booster tolled the bell.

SMILE-A-WHILE
QUESTION FOR THE DAY
If Dr. Masson, the veterinary surgeon of Myrtle Point, is called to treat pigs, who cures bacon

HEALTH HINTS

If you must sneeze, first go to bed and twix the sheets insert your head

The Indian, when he had to spit, spat on himself, which settled it.

Wear rubbers, though your feet look worse, Less lovely is Will Dungan's hearse.

Don't yawn. Perchance within the gape, Some grip germs their course will shape.

A feed bag worn what time you cough May save another's taking off.

About the booze you need not cry, Now that Oregon has gone dry. —FRANK D. COHAN.

SMILE-A-WHILE
STRATEGY CHALLENGED
The Saturday Eve. Allbi of Pertland prints the following important news item about one of our well-known townsmen:

"L. J. Simpson, of North Bend, Ore., and A. W. Strouger, of here, went out hunting ducks in the snow, and put on nightgowns so as to blend with the landscape and

fool the ducks. The nightgowns had the effect of making them sleepy, and they had to talk to keep awake, and a farmer thought they were crazy and they didn't get any ducks."

SMILE-A-WHILE
SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES
—We have just received a full and complete line for Marshfield and rural schools —We guarantee to treat you right and to give you the right prices. —Children can buy here just the same as grownups. —We want your business and if right dealing, reasonable prices and good service will get it, you will soon be a patron of

MARSHFIELD NEWS CO. (Formerly Frizeen's) Gabrielson & Jarvis Central Ave. Marshfield

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The greatest, most stupendous, marvelous, overpowering, Closing Out, Selling Out, Going Out of business, Removal, Pre-inventory After-inventory, Remodeling, Reduction, Smoke Damage, Water Damage, Fire Damage, Red-Tag, Marked Up, Marked Down, Overstocked Sale. All combined in one grand offering of

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at prices so low you cannot afford to go without full protection on everything you own. Our office has been closed nights for 30 days preparing for this sale.

The Sale starts TOMORROW MORNING and will continue until further notice.

Phone and mail orders will receive prompt attention. We furnish Revenue Stamps with every Policy and make deliveries anywhere.

E. I. Chandler

Coke Building Marshfield

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

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Special Order Work a Specialty
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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

A GOOD MENU
The Hub of Central Avenue

TO GIVE YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR

—the best service, we use only THE BEST drugs and chemicals in our prescription work; namely, those made by the well-known firm of E. R. SQUIBB & SONS. They are favored by the most exacting physicians and discriminating pharmacists everywhere. —Tell your doctor you are taking his prescriptions to

"The Owl"

The Central Avenue Drug Store Stop and Look at Our Windows