

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1916.

No. 76

VOL. I.

A Good Counterfeit.—R. A. Corthell, the roof man, tore down Central Avenue on his bicycle the other day on a rush order to fix a roof after the rain had stopped. R. A. doesn't drive a six cylinder car, but he gives you just as much impression of both power and speed as if he did.

Depends on How You Mean It.—Stranger (inquiring of Al Myers.) "Can you tell me where I can get some work done on the installment plan?" Al—"Yes, you can get work done most anywhere on the installment plan; but if you mean you want to pay for it that way, it depends on what kind of work you mean."

THE CAUSE
We'd all have riches without end. We would all have coin to burn if money was as hard to spend as the blame stuff is to earn.
—Jake Hilstrom.

SMILE-A-WHILE
ARTHUR PECK, who is a little hard of hearing in the right ear, has heard the call of the people with the left ear and is going to run for the legislature, so it is said.
WALTER BUTLER made a trip to the big bridge on Washington's birthday and came in on the train with the big railway guns. Claude Thompson also hobnobbed with them all the way from Lakeside.

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

THE HAM BURGER

A mutt there was, and he took his trunk—
(Even as you and I)

To a home surrounded with weeds and junk—
And he lay inside in his lazy bunk,
While the yard looked mussy and brown and punk—
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the hours we waste, and the pep we waste—
And the Sundays we fool away,
When we ought to be out in the yard with a hoe,
Digging and making the green things grow
Where the tin cans hide in the hay.

A gink there was and his hours he spent—
(Even as you and I)

In figuring costs with a grim content,
While the flowers and grass to the bow-wows went—
But the gink must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the hours we loafed and the days we loafed,
And the excellent things we planned
That a tenant concludes he'd be "aisy" to do,
And the owners are mostly to lazy to do,
And the landlords all think they'd be crazy to do—
But would make the front yard look grand.

The ginks were lazy from heart to hide—
(Even as you and I)

They might have worked up quite a civic pride—
But it isn't on record they ever tried,
And they lived in weeds and in weeds they died,
(Even as you and I.)

It's a dogged shame, but we're not to blame,
(Though the means are right at hand)

That our town looks bare, when it might look swell,
And the strangers say that it looks like hell;
For, of course, they can't understand.

FEB.
Winter's tide is on the ebb;
Four more days, then raus 'mit Feb!
—Arthur Rehfeld.

THE SMOKEHOUSE MINSTRELS
Interlocutor, Jim Kellond. End Man, Gerald Hunt

End.—"People are wrong who think music has no practical value."
Int.—"That so, Mr. Hunt? What do you know about music, anyway?"
End.—"Why, didn't you know I was a singer?"

Int.—"No, I always thought you was a Wheeler & Wilson. What kind of a singer are you?"
End.—"Why, I'm a baritone singer."

Int.—"Well, what practical use have you found of your singing?"
End.—"Oh, it has pulled me out of many a tough place."

Int.—"I always thought the most practical plan was to stay out of that kind of places."
End.—"Oh, you don't understand me,—I mean out of difficulties."
Int.—"Oh—I see; what difficulties has your music pulled you out of, Mr. Hunt?"

End.—"Lots of them. For instance, a big gink jumped on to me one time—"
Int.—"He ought to if you were singing."
End.—"No, no, I wasn't singing, I wasn't doing anything."
Int.—"Oh, I see,—it was a policeman."
End.—"Aw, shucks, Mr. Kellond, wait till I get through."
Int.—"Can't do it. I got to go off shift in about three hours."
End.—"Well, I'll be short."
Int.—"You're always complaining about that."
End.—"Just listen to me, now. I say this big goof jumped me, had me down, and was pounding the life out of me. I couldn't handle him, and the only thing I could think of was to sing. Just as soon as I begun to sing he quit pounding me, and let me up right away."
Int.—"Must have been a crazy man, unless he wanted to get away."
End.—"No, he didn't, he shook hands and said he was satisfied if I was."
Int.—"Well, what did you sing?"
End.—"The first thing that came into my head—it was from the Oratorio called 'Elijah.'"
Int.—"Well, what was the name of the song?"
End.—"It was Enough."
SMILE-A-WHILE
TO COMPOSE HER

A very much excited woman came into The Booster office yesterday, and our quick witted young lady clerk ordered her taken to the composing room for a short time.

is the more necessary that we repair the ravages we have made.

We overheard a conversation between a couple of strangers the other day, and one of them told the other that he had hard work, in looking over the town, to decide whether he was looking at the abandoned site of an old cannery, or an iron foundry, or whether there had been something like the Johnstown flood sweep over the town. A Marshfield man who was passing stopped, and apologetically assured the new comers that the reason people didn't improve their yards here was that they were afraid the assessor would raise the taxes.

We don't believe this. We believe every Marshfield and Coos Bay citizen should awaken to the fact that nothing impresses people from the outside so much as to see homes well kept, smooth lawns, and flowers, and a general appearance indicating that people aren't about to let their place go for the mortgage.

No organization can accomplish this. It must be done by individual effort, by an individual realization that life is more pleasant amid tasteful surroundings, and a pride in the appearance of our homes and our town. Besides, we ought to do at least something that Congressman Hawley couldn't telegraph from Washington that he has accomplished personally.

We don't wish to withhold credit from those few who have already beautified their homes. There are many such places, but, unfortunately, they even accentuate the bareness of their surroundings.

Let everybody get busy, right away, and see what can be done to make his home look a little more attractive. Clean up the yard, and sow a little clover, or anything else that the knockers tell you "won't grow in this country." You'll be surprised at the results, and you'll be surprised what an interest it will inspire in you to get out in the yard on the fine spring days and dress things up. Of course, a lot of yaps will come and yell at you "Go to it,—that's the way I got my start," but Noah would never have built the ark if he had listened to those fellows.

SMILE-A-WHILE
WILSON KAUFMAN says there is no sense in people leaving their autos stand on the street all day.

SMILE-A-WHILE
What's the Matter, John?—There has been several nice warm spring-like days this week and not a line of poetry from J. T. Harrigan.

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Early Swatter.—A fool fly—the first of the season—flitted in front of Dr. Mingus Thurs. p. m. and was promptly swatted.

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Prosperity Pie.—Those are the days ye editor wishes he was working for someone else like Lem Schmitz or Billy Sullivan who got their wages raised by A. T. Haines this week.

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Up to Expectations.—Jim Brand says there is fully as much work in the City Attorney's office as he expected to find. He is digging into it with right good will, but says he did expect to "get Sundays off."

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At the Central School.—Teacher: "Who is the wisest man that ever lived?" Small boy (who has been attending some of the private instructions at the First National.) "Dorsey Krotzer."

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A Record Breaker.—George Gray, the Isthmus Inlet stump land king, was a Central Avenue visitor this week. George says he has nursed three broken ankles this winter. Pretty good for a two-legged man if they were all his own.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Quick Sales.—L. W. Jacobs (showing second hand typewriter to Harry Kimball) "Here is a machine in perfect condition that I will sell you for a song." Harry Kimball, (eagerly.) "All right, I'll take it. What do you want me to sing?"

SMILE-A-WHILE
Overheard on Central Avenue.—Stranger (stopping in front of Dr. Toy's residence.) "Why, here's a nice green, well kept lawn; these people must have an eye for beautiful surroundings." "No, I don't think so, judging from the general appearance of the city; I think perhaps they must keep a cow."

SMILE-A-WHILE
The longer you nurse babies and troubles the larger they grow.

FLY BACKWARDS, OH TIME IN THY FLIGHT

HERE'S a poem The Booster has received from Curry county. It is not so timely now as when it was written, having been delayed some time in the mails. However, it will find a sympathetic echo in other hearts, as the memory of the occasion that inspired it is still fresh. Here it is:

The poets may sing of the beautiful snow,
But I wish to God it would hurry and go,
The cattle are hungry, they shiver and bawl,
The Tom cats at night so loudly do squall
Our cupboards are empty, we've worn our last dud;
We long for the sight of old Oregon mud.

Backward, fly backward, oh! time in thy flight
And let the rain fall on us once more tonight;

The moss on our back is all dried up
We long for the sight of the sweet buttercup.

The snow is all right for the fellows back east,
But we don't need it here—not in the least.

All over Curry you hear the same cry
Send some rain down on us for the old state "is dry."

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IT HAPPENED IN THE SMOKEHOUSE

They were discussing national topics while watching Frank Harlocker and Walter Butler playing a game of pocket billiards at the Smokehouse

"We lent England and France half a billion dollars and never felt it," proudly remarked Fred Kelly.

"Could you stake me to a dollar till tomorrow, Fred?" asked Harry Bultmann.

"Me? Great Scott! If I had a dollar more than I need I'd have it framed and hang it up where I could look at it and see what money looks like."

SMILE-A-WHILE
SAID MATT L. MAY

"I'll write a nice suite Song," said Matt

"And sing it in the Key of F-flat."

SMILE-A-WHILE
Not Like Old Times.—L. J. Simpson, who visited Central Avenue the other day, says this new prohibition law is another of Coos Bay 'hoodoos' he spoke about in a speech one time. Of course, he says, one can still supply his friends at home, but he is getting tired of this "private popularity."

FOOL STUFF
A rhyme should have a point, that's true,
But this point I've forgotten;
And now that it is written you can see that it is rotten.
John Ferguson.

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Choice line of SCANDINAVIAN FICTION
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We deliver any magazine or periodical on date of issue

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These spring-like days develop an appetite for the good, green, growing things from the garden. We have a fine supply from which to make your selection, including the following:

CAULIFLOWER, LETTUCE, CRISP CELERY, SWEET POTATOES, CABBAGE, GREEN ONIONS, BEETS, PARSNIPS, CARROTS AND CRANBERRIES.

Home-grown, four-tier Baldwin apples, fresh pack, per box only **85c**

ORANGES
All sizes from 20 cents to 35 cents per dozen

LIBERTY OATS AND WHEAT FLAKES
Full-size packages, 30c.

CHOICE CURED MEATS
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NEWSPAPER ON HOT AIR AND COLD POTATOES
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DR. W. A. TOYE,
DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12; 1 to 5.
Room 204, Irving Bldg.
Central Avenue, Marshfield

Aw, Gwan!
What awful toppers harbors are,
They surely fear a drouth,
For you can always find a bar
Close by the harbor's mouth.
And you can always find a
Good Cigar
and a fine line of smoking and chewing tobacco at

The Smokehouse
Billiards — Magazines
Central Avenue's popular meeting place.
When In Want
of Fire, Life and Marine insurance which insures, see—
SENSTACKEN
the
Insurance Man

THE foregoing little gem of poetry was composed for us by Jack Carter, who has always been an ardent advocate of civic beauty, and whom we have asked to contribute helpful articles on the subject for The Booster, when not engaged in other criminal duties.

Its subtle satire ought to awaken a sense of shame in the breast of every Coos Bay citizen who thinks he is proud of his home town, as it shows him right up against the facts. We want to talk seriously to our readers this week, on this matter of beautifying the homes and vacant grounds in Marshfield.

Now that azure-eyed spring has dropped in on us, at least for a visit, we naturally think of those beauties of Nature with which she adorns herself so willingly if she is coaxed and admired just a little bit, in this favored section.

What could be lovelier than the colored pictures in the booklet issued some time ago by the Chamber of Commerce and the Southern Pacific? Ever see such beautiful stretches of soft green grass, such vistas of wooded dell and winding stream, such lovely flowers? These were obtained at great expense, and vast distances were traveled to get them, so that people would have an idea of what Marshfield, and North Bend and the other Coos Bay cities looked like. At least that's the idea they do get.

Can any of us deny that, when occasionally one of our friends happens along, full of Coos Bay advertising information, we feel a slight tendency to wish he didn't have to land right in Marshfield or North Bend?

Don't we feel a vague wish that we could take him, as the Germans do the newspaper correspondents, in an auto at night, and hustle him out to Mussel Reef, or Shore Acres, or up Coos River where they have to grow grass because the land is used for cows and not for people? Let him deny it who can.

Why should this be? No country on earth is easier to beautify than ours. No section naturally more beautiful; and for this reason the scars that we must first inflict on Nature when we begin to change the appearance of the landscape to accommodate our uses show uglier by contrast, and it

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E. I. Chandler
Coke Building Marshfield

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It simply means the result of financial success. Prosperity will come to you as you embrace your opportunities.
The opportunity to make a good investment will surely come.
Will you be ready for it? Save your money and keep it in the bank ready for that moment.
The First National Bank of Coos Bay
Safety Plus Service

MAKE GARDEN WHILE THE SUN SHINES
We have the rakes, the hoes, the spades and everything you will need to prepare the ground and care for your vegetables and flowers.
These little utensils make garden and lawn work a joy.
We will deliver them promptly.

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The best in the Hardware line.
Broadway and Central Avenue. Phone 31

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

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Sunday Dinner
— AT THE —
Chandler Hotel
The Hub of Central Avenue
A GOOD MENU

MAKE YOUR KODAK AUTOGRAPHIC
—The extra backs are in stock and range from \$2.50 to \$4.25.
—Know "the when, the how, and the where."
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"The Owl"
The KODAK STORE
The Central Avenue Drug Store
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