THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

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SLANG

Of course it's slang, we understand,
But it is good advice;
To make hay while the sun shines
and
You'll cut a lot of ice.
—J. T. SULLIVAN.

SMILE-A-WHILE

Dad Welch says no matter how many blades they throw in with a safety razor it isn't enough.

SMILE-A-WHILE

If a Coos Bay woman wouldn't believe a thing a man told her before marriage, there would be mighty few marriages but there wouldn't be any divorces.

SMILE-A-WHILE

An old Friend of Al Meyers dropped in to see him. "How are you getting along?" the old friend asked. "Well," said Al, "I'm not buying any radium."

SMILE-A-WHILE

HERE'S ONE MORE

"Another thing's certain,"
Said my friend, Joe,
"A corn on the cob
Is worth two on the toe."
—JOE WILLIAMS.

SMILE-A-WHILE

THERE ARE OTHERS

The hen said: "I've made up my
mind
To say this, and I'll say it:
Why is it that I never find
A blame thing where I lay it?"

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT

There is a young lady named Lizzie
Whose work at the switchboard is
dizzy,
She calls up her beau
And for three hours or so
Every line on the system is "busy."
JOHN FERGUSON.

SMILE-A-WHILE

WAIL OF THE THIRSTY

Pure water is the best of gifts,
Which man to man can bring,
But who am I that I should have
The best of everything
Let preachers revel at the pump
Prohis with the pond make free,
But whiskey, gin, or even beer
It good enough for me.
—HOW DRIAM.

SMILE-A-WHILE

SURE.

His expense account I saw him scan
I knew his heart must ache him.
Said he, "Clothes may not make the
man
But laundry bills may break him."

But not in Marshfield. A traveling man at the Chandler hotel yesterday remarked that he got better laundry work at the most reasonable price from the Coos Bay Steam Laundry than at any other town in his territory. Quick and satisfactory service and high grade work win the traveling man's praise.

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 JITNEY ORDINANCE

THE jitney ordinance is "up" again, after having taken the count. Just why it is so different from other ordinances in this respect, we don't know. Most ordinances are prepared by the City Attorney, thoroughly discussed by the Council, and then filed away for future reference, where they stay quiet, content just to be let alone. Once in a while, however, an ordinance gets right up in its coffin and refuses to be buried, like this one.

The Booster is in favor of this ordinance. We do not own an automobile, but we trust the carping public will not be mean enough to think that we would not be in favor of the ordinance if we did, for we intend to, as soon as all back Booster subscriptions are paid up.

Of course, there are two sides to it. If there were not, the Booster would not need to waste time in explaining the right one. We should not be too stubborn about hanging on to old fashioned notions of free and open competition in all lines. Central control and exclusion of unfair competition, which divides profit too much, are the modern ideas. We must protect those who have permanent investments, so they can pay their taxes, and so we can depend upon them not to quit their jobs some rainy night when we are late to dinner.

Still, we cannot help entertaining a phantom, heretical notion that it would be a fine thing if there were enough competition so we could get a seat in a jitney now and then instead of being arranged in a car like Armour's cold tongue. Maybe it's a good thing,—a man might not be so glad to get home, and spend the evening there, if he could ride back and forth comfortably.

Take a rush time, though, like six o'clock, or the awful jam of people from North Bend when Marshfield holds a celebration, (or vice versa), and it might not hurt the people's feelings to have a little competition on hand so that a passenger might occasionally occupy a sitting position, and the cars wouldn't look so much like a molasses cake in a country where they have flies.

Nevertheless, it is stated by the jitney operators that if this license is not imposed, it will permit outside competition to come in here at rush times, skim the cream off the business, and then cut out for home with the gate receipts, and quit damaging the streets. This is probably correct. Also those who do not pay assessments for street improvements directly should bear their share of the cost of improvement if they use the streets roughly. Someday we shall get far enough advanced to tax hobnailed boots, roller skates and parades. Emil Bandel forgot, inadvertently, to mention bicycles, (which he intended to do.) Livestock, unattached to vehicles, might also be taxed, but as they seem to prefer the nice green sod of lawns to the hard surfacing of streets, the damage they do is negligible. Also, Jack Carter has got some strong clues as to who these unmannerly beasts are, and as soon as he can piece the evidence together, the rough but sure hand of justice will fall on them in the proper quarter.

It is too much to hope that this ordinance will be passed in time to include the logging trucks now operating on the streets, but we do not wish to suggest anything that would take up too much of the councilmen's time, as some of them do not like to stay up late at night.

SMILE-A-WHILE

COLUMBUS AND THE PHONE

Here's one that Frank Cohan contributed this week:

Teacher—I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wick, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?

Sammy—Columbus—1492.

Teacher — Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?

Sammy—Yes'm, yes'm; but I always supposed it was his telephone number.

SMILE-A-WHILE

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION

Wilson Kaufman says he was over to Coquille the other day, and ran across a sign reading as follows:

Revival services tonight. . .
Subject, "Hell,—everybody welcome."

CITY BEAUTIFUL NOTES

We note with pleasure actual results this week from the Booster's city beautiful campaign, as follows:

Ben Chandler, of the First National Bank, has got busy making a regular beauty spot of the grounds of his South Marshfield home. The Booster shudders to think what Ben's place would have looked like if we hadn't started this campaign.

Ralph Williams is working all his spare time raking the moss off his lawn on Central Avenue. With luck and good weather, he will have the lawn in good shape for another crop of green moss next winter.

Mrs. Friedburg is entirely removing the wooden bulkhead in front of one of her Central Avenue houses, and is making a terraced slope to the street which will be a big improvement. Every little helps; it's the trimming up of the edges that puts "finish" on a place. Speed the bulkhead, welcome the green terrace, the town over.

Frank Cohan has been so busy selling sweet pea seeds that we haven't noticed him planting any in his Central Avenue yard, but maybe we are mistaken,—we can't believe he would neglect it entirely.

Dr. Toye has sprinkled his lawn with spots of white lime, achieving an artistic effect as of the sun shining through maple trees. He says, however, that it's good for the grass, and will bring it up so thick that it will have to be cut with a pruning knife.

SMILE-A-WHILE

LITTLE BEAUTY SPOTS OF MARSHFIELD

(Especially written by the Ash man)

SOME years ago, just before prices began to decline, the City purchased a parcel of ground on Fourth street, near Curtis, eventually to be used as a site for an imposing City Hall. They tried to impose said hall on the public last election (they tried it "to beat the band" some said) but the people voted "not yet."

As the site and surroundings were most unpleasant appearance, the city at once took steps to beautify them, so they would be on a par with the parks, and other property owned by the public.

They constructed a building, the design of which all the local architects modestly disclaim, which was completed all except the inside, and a coat of paint on the outside. Instead of covering the whole site with the building, they tastefully left a wide margin of grounds, which they adorned with various ornaments as they became available. Odds and ends of timber, barrel hoops, oil cans and other objects of loveliness were scattered about in profusion,—not piled up in rows, as the unimaginative mind would have ordered, but distributed with a sort of studied negligence which is the ne plus ultra of art.

As a result, what was once a barren waste now teems with evidences of development and utility, as well as loveliness.

The South Marshfield jitney drivers will be glad to point out this beauty spot to strangers not yet familiar enough with the local characteristics of city property to distinguish it readily.

SMILE-A-WHILE

THE SMOKEHOUSE MINSTRELS

End Man (C. F. McKnight.)—Funny thing happened the other day, you won't believe it.

Interlocutor (Fred McClees.)—Quite likely, Mr. Knight, but what was it?

End—Why Jess Terrel cut a man's hair and never said a word to him all the while.

Int.—That's funny, I thought they didn't employ barbers to shave dead men any more. Undertakers are equipped for that, nowadays.

End—But this wasn't a dead man.

Int.—Oh, I see, the fellow was stone deaf.

End.—No, he wasn't, either. If you'll wait till I get through I'll tell you about it. It was Al Glossop's hair that he cut, and and Al got in the first word and "ran out" before Terrel got a shot, as they say here at Gene's place.

SMILE-A-WHILE

STATE-D IN PUN

Arkansaw Idaho in the garden. I heard Alaska fellow how about the rope used about the hunter of Colorado, and he said old man Connecticut it from a clothes line belonging to Mississippi. Where has Oregon? That is easy—I heard him tell Kansas I was passing by that he is tryng to find out who Rhode Island in the steeplechase.

CENTRAL AVENUE SAYINGS

War Note.—J. Lee Brown says all these people who want the iron cross can have it. He'll stay at home, and be satisfied with the Red Cross.

SMILE-A-WHILE

War Note.—Jack Harrigan announces that hereafter he will not keep in stock any article made of German silver, and Harry Winkler declares he'll let all the "Irish Moss" trade go to his competitors rather than carry the stuff in stock.

SMILE-A-WHILE

Missing Opportunity.—The Booster Submarine editor arises to inquire where is L. J. Simpson? With a German raider reported in the Pacific, he cannot understand why the battle of Shore Acres cannot be duplicated, eclipsed or submerged.

SMILE-A-WHILE

Just Needed a Hint.—Harry Kimball (to Al Mendel.) "Al, do you now the shortest verse in the Bible?" Al—"Why I used to, but I don't think of it now." H. K.—"Why, you oughtn't to forget that, it's short,—only two words." A. M.—"Oh, yes, I know,—'Money Talks.'"

SMILE-A-WHILE

False Alarm.—One night this week Officer Brockmueller heard wierd sounds proceeding from the Russell building and put in a call for help. The force hastily assembled, except Officer Doane who could not be found, and had to be waited for. Finally, after some delay in securing an automobile to bring the officers from the City Hall, they arrived, and fearlessly entering the room from which the sounds appeared to come, found Art Rehfeld enjoying a little practice on his violin.

SMILE-A-WHILE

You Never Can Tell.—L. W. Jacobs, our popular and hard working typewriter magnate, went to Myrtle Point yesterday and sold a typewriter or rather the typewriter sold itself. He says he worked hard all day there without landing any business and went to the depot without even a good prospect. Just as the train came around the bend, a stranger came up and inquired if he sold them things, pointing to the machine. Lloyd admitted that he tried and was almost rendered speechless when the questioner told him he wanted one. The deal was closed without Lloyd even getting an opportunity to rehearse his lengthy remarks on the fine points of the machine.

SMILE-A-WHILE

School Suggestion—Dorsey Kreitzer, who has taken quite an interest in educational matters since his son, William, began to stump him by bringing home his arithmetic problems, says when he was a boy he went to country school in the summertime, and for a long time stood at the head of his class. He says there was a knot hole in the floor right where he stood, and that by sticking his big toe through the knot hole he could solve the toughest problems. One night, one of the other boys who was jealous, stole into the room and plugged up the knot hole, and after that he lost his place in the class. The board of education has taken up the proposition with a view of providing augur holes in the school room floors wherever it is found they may be useful.

FACT

My son, you cannot fool the fates
And make them hand out pelf,
But all things come to him who waits
When he waits on himself.
—ROY LAWHORNE.

SMILE-A-WHILE

REMARKS OF THE WATER FRONT PHILOSOPHER

Judgin' from the powerful sermon our parson preached last Sunday agin' wrongdoin' in general, an' bootleggin' in partic'lar. I gather that there's more joy in Heaven over one sinner that is sentenced than over an hundred just men that don't need no sentence.

LEW THOMAS is over his grip but is still ailing.

SMILE-A-WHILE

AL NEFF met with an accident the fore part of the week breaking his silence.

SMILE-A-WHILE

THE FILM

Flicker, flicker, little reel!
You exert a wide appeal,
As you run on schedule time
Every evening for a dime.
Robert Marsden, Jr.

SMILE-A-WHILE

Some Coos Bay men are afraid other men will steal their wives. And others are afraid they won't.

"Clean-up Time"

Get that old typewriter all thoroughly cleaned, adjusted perfectly, oiled and polished—make it like a new machine. Put on a new platen—the old one is hard and spoils the work. See me at once. Prices very reasonable. "PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP" will never be yours unless you keep your property in tip top shape.

L. W. JACOBS

Phone 259-J 83 Central Avenue Coos Bay

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We have just put in a stock of the famous McGraw Tires, made by the largest auto tire and tube factory in the world.—VALUES, MILEAGE AND SERVICE IS GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS AND US.—We will make adjustments on the spot.—Come in and let us show you.

Marshfield Hardware Co.

The best in the Hardware line.

Broadway and Central Avenue. Phone 31

Some Grocery Specials

Owing to the steamer service being a little off schedule, we will not be able to give you as large a selection of fresh vegetables for Saturday as usual, but we have some choice stuff.

TRY OUR LETTUCE—NICE BIG, CRISP, TENDER HEADS, FRESH FROM AUGUST CARLSON'S HOTHOUSE on Coos River.

In the meat line, don't forget that we carry the famous Beechnut Bacon in the large unsliced sides, and also Armour's and Swift's Hams and Bacon.

Our spiced minced Tuna in large cans at ten cents, our choice cheese and our cold boiled ham solve the problem of a hurry-up meal or lunch.

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SERVICE FIRST

(Formerly Nasburg's Grocery.)

PHONE 213 SECOND AND CENTRAL

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Why not build castles in the air?
For they are wonderfully fair,
And when complete cost not a cent,
You pay no taxes and no rent.
—And then every evening you could
come down to

The Smokehouse

and enjoy a game of billiards, a good cigar, and take a box of candy home to the girl.

Gene Crosthwait Jim Kellond
Fred McClees.

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Why do you say the town is dry?
Don't you know our fountain still is running,
Just give our soda water a try
And you'll never feel your head a-humming.

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Central Avenue and Front Street.

DON'T FORGET OUR LIGHT LUNCHES.

Here We Are---

Ready to boost and be boosted.—We feel right at home among the Central avenue boosters—we boost every thing on Coos Bay except prices.—Come in and see us in our new location.

BERTRAM'S JEWELRY STORE.

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Given Away FREE

Beautiful Myrtle Wood Chest in our window will be absolutely given away FREE to one of our customers. With every 50 cents worth of picture post cards, we will give a number entitling the holder to one chance on this beautiful chest. Only 150 numbers issued. You may be the lucky one.

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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.

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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.

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93 Central Avenue.

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— AT THE —

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