

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916.

NO. 82.

Special Prescription Service

"THE OWL" has always aimed at: "BETTER PRESCRIPTION SERVICE." We desire that our customers have the best possible. This is why "The Owl" is so popular with our physicians. They know and appreciate "Better Prescription Service."

...We are large users of Squibb's Chemicals and are known as "The Squibb Store," which stands for the best in prescription service.

Let us fill your prescriptions.

"THE OWL"
Frank D. Cohan.
"The Squibb Store" of Marshfield.

WHAT 'GENE' THOUGHT IF IT

Gene Crosthwaite is willing to admit that tobacco is everything bad that is said of it, but he writes this: Tobacco is a dirty weed,

I like it,
It satisfied no normal need,
I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean
It takes the hair right off your head,
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,

I like it.

SMILE-A-WHILE
In a back street in San Diego, Cal.,
Inhabited principally by sailors and
fishermen, the following sign may
be seen in a kitchen window: "Sailors'
vitals cooked here."

SMILE-A-WHILE

Jim Kellond says the ankle was
placed between the foot and the knee
to keep the calf from the corn.

SMILE-A-WHILE

In order to make a good front
some Coos Bay people put everything
on their backs.

SMILE-A-WHILE

The convenience and profit of
Times Want Ads will be demon-
strated by a trial.

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.

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

THE SIX HUNDRED

WHEN we wrote this poem in
advance, we supposed
there would be no less than
six hundred loyal and eager citizens
who would show up on the clean-up
brigade. When the brigade actually
showed up, we found we had
used too many cyphers. However,
we couldn't think of how to change
it, and preserve the rhyme, and be-
sides, six hundred are about as few
as you can use in a poem of this
nature if you want to put grandeur
into it, as we have done with the
help of one of our predecessors in
the poetry line.

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
All in the tin cans and musk
Charg'd the six hundred.
"Forward the light brigade,
Scoop up the cans," he said,
Into the heaps of debris
Plung'd the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade—"
Was there a man dismayed?
No, for the heroes knew
Filth must be plundered.
Their not to mind if eus a,
Their's but to hite the dust—
Clean the old town or bust,
Into the tangled mass
Lung'd the six hundred.

Microbes to right of them,
Microbes to left of them,
Microbes in front of them
Wriggled and wondered;
Boldly they faced the worms,
Cared not for fever germs,
Into the jaws of death,
Straight towards the hospital
Dashed the six hundred.

Flash'd all their weapons here,
Peevles and axes there,
Shovels flew everywhere,
Jabbing the junkheaps while
All the town wonder'd;
Plung'd through tobacco smoke,
Heaps into bonfires broke;
Pond bred mosquito
Reel'd from the clean-up stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they marched back again,
Tired six hundred.

Typhoid to right of them,
Typhoid to left of them,
Typhoid in front of them,
Perils unnumber'd;
Smeared up with mud and grime,
Doubt'd up with muck and slime,
They that had done their time
Came back to town again,
Back from their task sublime;
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade
Oh, the wild charge they made—
All the world wondered.
Honor the play they made—
Home from the North they stayed;
While the first train went through
They stay'd and worked,—did you?
Noble six hundred.

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IT WAS A BIG SUCCESS

CLEAN-UP day was one grand
success. It didn't draw its
grandeur from imposing num-
bers. But it didn't have to. The
flower of Coos Bay's citizenry was
on hand with all kinds of clean-up
weapons. The stalk, leaves and
other larger portions of Coos Bay's
citizenry left on the train for north-
ern points, or thought of something
they had "plumb forgot," that had
to be done on that very day. A
number of others showed their zeal
by dashing around the city in auto-
mobiles, as though they were so glad
the town was being cleaned up that
they just couldn't hold in. Jim Mont-
gomery did a graceful thing by hunt-
ing up a young lady friend that had
a camera, and cheering the boys up
by taking their pictures. Must have
some advertising idea up his sleeve
for the telephone company. Every
one seemed to be trying to do his
little share, some way, anyway.

At first it looked as if only the
captains were going to show up. It
seemed as if those who had not been
appointed to official positions were
peev'd about it, and weren't going
to respond. Before long, however,
recruits began to appear, and much
valuable time was spent in cheering
each new arrival, and trying unsuccess-
fully to conscript some citizens
who were trying to find a quiet
street to sneak down, and get by.

But those who were finally mo-
believed fell to and did the work of
twice their number. As a result,
the city looks today as if it were
bursting with civic pride, and the
smoke from the purifying fires is
still visible, while stretches of the
town that looked but yesterday like
there had been a railroad wreck:
close by present today smooth, clean
areas that are good for sore eyes.

We ought to follow up this suc-
cess by a steady, determined process
of keeping everlastingly at it, one
and all, to see that what is cleaned
is kept clean, and what wasn't "got
round to" is yet cleaned. A big start
has been made, and it will bring big
results, if we only keep it up.

SMILE-A-WHILE

THE RANDOM SHOT

ONCE upon a time, (this is not a
fairy story) there was a poet
of the name of Longfellow,
and he wrote a beautiful little poem
about an arrow and a song. The
gist of the poem is, or was, that the
arrow went "fluey," and was never
found again, but the song struck
into the heart of a friend and nestled
there unto eternity, or something,
once upon a time, a jingle rhymster
saw the Longfellow poem—and here
is what it inspired in him:

I shot an arrow into the air, it
fell to earth, I know not where; but
a neighbor said that it killed his
calf, and I had to pay him six and
a half. I bought some poison to
kill the rats, and a fellow swore that
it slayed his cats; and rather than
argue across the fence, I paid him
four dollars and fifty cents. One
night I set sailing a fire balloon,
and hoped it would soar till it
reached the moon; but the candle
fell on a farmer's straw, and he said
I must settle or go to law. And
that is the way with the random
shot, it never hits in the proper
spot; and the joke you spring, that
you think so smart, may leave a
wound in some fellow's heart.

Shades of Longfellow, but this
is going some, even for a parody
builder.

SMILE-A-WHILE

DRUG STORE PROFIT

Speaking of the big increase in
the price of drugs recently printed
in The Times Will Chandler the other
day in "The Owl," slipped me the
following while Frank Cohan wasn't
joking:

A very deaf old man went into
a drug store to have a prescription
filled.

"Seventy-five cents," said the
druggist as he wrapped up the bot-
tle.

The old gentleman took a well-
worn purse from his pocket, opened
it, and laid a nickel on the counter.

"I said seventy-five cents," yelled
the druggist.

"Well," said the old man, "didn't
I give you the five cents?"

"Dog-gone you!" said the druggist
as he swept the nickel into the
cash drawer. "I made two cents on
you anyway."

SMILE-A-WHILE

Worked at Home

A good many
citizens, thinking that their own
premises furnished the best field for
a beginning, worked quietly at home
Wednesday, in fact, they managed
to maintain a quietness even greater
than they are usually credited
with. It was good work, anyway.

CENTRAL AVENUE JOTTINGS

Fire Chief Helped.—Dan Keating,
firechief, helped the Central Avenue
clean-up gang. His advice as to
where to build fires was invaluable.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Came in Handy.—Ex-Mayor Allen
found use for all the executive
ability he had developed while mayor,
in directing the cleaning up of
South Marshfield. He had a good
efficient crew and they built as
many bonfires as anybody.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Shoulder to Shoulder.—A. K. Peck
and John C. Kendall showed up with
the Central Avenue cleaning gang
Wednesday and worked like a couple
of horses, thus giving tangible ex-
pression to their never flagging zeal
for the people's interest.

SMILE-A-WHILE
I roved an Abbi.—A lot of Coos
Bay citizens seemed to have the idea
that work is degrading. By going
out on the train Wednesday they
established an alibi so that in case
they were accused of having done
manual labor they could make out
a good case.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Knew It Ought to Be Done.—
Quite a number of people, observing
the clean-up gang on Central Ave-
nue, remarked how a number of
things might be done more easily
and effectively by the adoption of
better methods than the workers
were using. If you will notice such
people as these are never doing any
work themselves. They let other
folks do all the work, and then kick
at the way they do it.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Historic Ruins Destroyed.—One
citizen was said to be irate because
one of the clean-up gangs burned
down what little was left of a house
that was practically destroyed by
fire some time ago. The only reason
we can think of for anybody taking
exception to it is that this conti-
nent is a little short of ancient
ruins for the gaze of tourists. They
don't appreciate such things in this
country, though, anyway.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Ought to Have a Medal.—D. L.
Buckingham made a record in Fern-
dale Wednesday. He was foreman,
work gang, team and scrapers, time-
keeper and general manager all at
once. He made some showing, too.
He deserved the thanks of the com-
munity, especially of his section of
it; but he'll be lucky if somebody
doesn't sue him for damages for
removing firewood or other portable
valuables that was on property that
belonged to him.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Danger Averted.—There was
quite a good deal of doubt and con-
fusion in the minds of the down
town clean-up managers as to just
which buildings ought to be pulled
down and which ones ought to be
left standing. It was found in a
number of instances, just as the
committee started to fire or pull
down buildings, that they were oc-
cupied, and bringing good rent. No
arrests have been made today, so
evidently no serious mistakes crept
in.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Unusual Foresight.—One Coos
Bay citizen, who owns a lot has
an old shack standing on it which
looks like it ought to be pensioned
and retired, was approached by the
committee with a request that they
be allowed to set it afire. He stated
that he would gladly consent but
that he wanted to use the lumber
in it to build a garage. Here's fore-
sight for you. Everyone else has
thought for twenty years that this
house ought to be dispensed with but
the owner was longheaded enough
to foresee a demand for garages even
before they were invented, and will
now reap the reward of his fore-
sight. And yet some people wonder
why they don't get ahead.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Effectual Disguise.—A husky
looking citizen, in overalls and jump-
ers, quietly joined the Central Ave-
nue clean-ups Wednesday and went
to work. Quite a prominent citizen,
thinking some appreciation ought to
be shown, spoke to him courteously
and said: "I don't know you, but
you are all right, and we appreciate
your hooking in with us. Do you
live in Marshfield?" "Oh yes," an-
swered the mysterious worker, "I
live in that house right over there."
"Come off now," said the other,
"you don't either; that's Mayor Cop-
ple's house." "Well," answered the
unassuming stranger, "I may not
look it, but I'm Mayor Cople."
SMILE-A-WHILE

SMILE-A-WHILE
John Ferguson wants to know:
"Why are young ladies kissing each
other like an emblem of Christian-
ity?" Because they are doing unto
each other as they would men should
do unto them.

PERSONAL MENTION

J. ALBERT MATSON is able to be
around today.

SMILE-A-WHILE
GEORGE ROTNOR worked himself
nearly to death Wednesday.

SMILE-A-WHILE
FRANK HORTON worked himself
nearly to death Wednesday.

SMILE-A-WHILE
BEN FISHER pretty nearly ruined
his pitching arm Wednesday toss-
ing logs.

SMILE-A-WHILE
FRED K. GETTINS has both arms
tied up in bandages. Fred is
used to working with instruments.

SMILE-A-WHILE
DR. TOYE gave valuable assistance
in cleaning up the town. He took
charge of the North Lake dis-
trict, returning on the train at
four P. M.

SMILE-A-WHILE
JOHN MERCHANT proved himself
a mighty worker. He didn't get
in line till afternoon, and the rest
of the gang saw at once that if
they could only have had him in
the morning, they could have taken
turns at loafing.

SMILE-A-WHILE
JOHN KENDALL worked all fore-
noon, but as he was going to work
after lunch he met a poor chap
who was out of a job, and just

hadn't the heart to refuse to hire
him for the afternoon, sending
word to his gang boss to be sure
the man worked till six o'clock.

SMILE-A-WHILE
Fred McClees says there is a fel-
low up on his street who has fallen
out with his girl and the poor guy
is now able to save about \$2 a
week.

AN OFFICE CLEANUP

Is sometimes as necessary as a city cleanup—A
Clean Typewriter is one of the essentials to effi-
ciency.—That is our business. Let us call for and
clean yours. You will be pleased and surprised at
the work.

L. W. JACOBS
73 Central Avenue. Phone 259-J.

Oregon's Greatest Fishing Resort

Ten Mile Lake

YOU can find all the modern conven-
iences and comforts at the TEN
MILE HOTEL

E. E. SMITH, Mgr. Lakeside, Oregon

A FULL LINE OF

Choice Green Vegetables and Fresh Fruits

arrived today on the steamer Breakwater, bringing to this Store of
Service everything the market affords in crisp appetizing Garden
and Orchard Products. All the standard line of food products,
including the famous BEECH-NUT BRANDS may be found here at
all times.

Another shipment of the BASTENDORF POTATOES—the kind
that are large, dry and mealy. Also a new shipment of repacked

Fancy Yellow Newton
Apples . . \$1.25 per box

Sanitary Food Store

SERVICE FIRST
(Formerly Nasburg's Grocery.)
PHONE 213 SECOND AND CENTRAL

AUTOISTS—DON'T MISS THIS

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

Have You Noticed Our Newly Decorated Quarters?

It's sweet and very fragrant, too,
And cool and clean as morning dew;
You'll find no matter where you are;
The EL ROI-TAN is the best cigar.

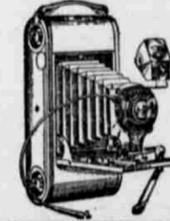
—We have, however, many others,
and among these choice weeds, you
are certain to find one that will
please your taste and just fit your
face.

—Your favorite periodical, also.
—A game of billiards if it pleases
you.

...THE... Smokehouse

Gene Crosthwaite Jim Kellond
Fred McClees.

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



If it isn't an ANSCO
it isn't the best—
\$2.00 to \$55.00
Films and Developing
REHFELD'S
220 Central Avenue Marshfield

Heavenly Hash and Angel Cake

Saturday and Sunday at
SARTER'S DEW DROP INN
Central Avenue Don't Forget the Light Lunches

You Want Good Insurance

That's the kind I write. Prompt adjustments of
all losses.
Fire, Life, Accident and Casualty.
—Have just added to my line one of the leading live-stock in-
surance companies in the United States.
E. I. Chandler
Coke Building Marshfield

Teach Your Children to Save Money—

It's the First Step in the
art of getting ahead. See
that they have a Savings
account IN THIS BANK

First National Bank

HOME OF THE SAVER
Marshfield, Oregon

BE PREPARED to show PROSPERITY A JOYOUS RECEPTION
and CONTINUOUS WELCOME. You can't entertain prosper-
ity, 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