

THE CENTRAL AVENUE BOOSTER

CENTRAL AVENUE, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916.

NO. 82.

Wouldn't You?

like to trade with a store that has no substitutes to offer you—where, when you ask for Castoria, for instance, you receive the old genuine Castoria—not some substitute made to deceive you. — If you like that kind of a drug store you will like to trade at "THE O.V.T." for that's the kind of a store that Frank D. Cohan has made of it.

The Central Ave. Drug Store
Frank D. Cohan
We Deliver Immediately.

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

OUR PLATFORM.
One Street, One Flag, One Country, ... and One Wife at a time...

OUR RELIGION.
To Do Good.

OUR POLITICS.
More Business.

AROUND ABOUT

An eastern editor says that a man in New York gets himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor replies that many men in that section had done the same by marrying one. A northern editor reports that quite a number of his acquaintance found trouble enough by barely promising to marry without going any farther. A southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

THE PASSING STAGE
(Composed by us in collaboration with several knights of the grin.)

How dear to my heart are the days of the stages
When fond recollections present them to view.
The trips into Florence and Drain, that took ages;
The scenes that we travel'd for days to go through.

The gallant ship "Gasco," the old "Jarvis Landing;"
The walk on the sand spit in morn's early dawn;
The old dead-ax wagon we waited for, standing
All cold in the mist till it carried us on.

Chorus:
The old dead ax wagon, the iron tired wagon,
The springless seat wagon that jolted us on.

How gaily we plung'd through the ford at the "Ten Mile"
And laughed at cold feet when the surf filled our shoes;
And clung to our seats and our baggage like men, while
We dashed through the torrent and scooped at the blues.

Then up on the beach, half the time in the water,
Towards Winchester Bay where the "Eva" lay moored
Where the stout hearted Jimmy From Gardiner had brought her
To take up the fares for the party we endured.

Chorus:
The staunch steamer Eva, the gallant ship Eva,
The fire-belching Eva that "glid" us along.

Then on up the river to Scottsburg's fair situs;
Where we tarried mid scenes that so often we saw;
And retired in the wild hope that nothing would bite us,
And thank'd a kind Heav'n for the nine foot sheet law.

Then up in the morning for fried eggs and bacon,
And back in the wagon and out on the road;
We fretted and stewed at the time we were makin',
And hoofed through the "cut-off" to lighten the load.

We lunched then at Elkton on welcome fried chicken
And climbed on the wagon to take the last lap;
And weariness grew, as our pace didn't quicken;
'Twas too public for tears, and too rough for a nap.

So, panting and thirsty and dusty and weary,
We pull'd up at last in the city of Drain;
And took a quick "wash" at the inn, and felt smeary,
And sighed with relief as we cut for the train.

Alas, for the days that have faded and vanish'd,
Their joys and their hardships in memory burn;
But now that the trials of staging are banish'd,
With joy to the pleasure of Pullmans we turn.

They've been long a-coming,—we've patiently waited
While long weary years of expectancy passed.
But now its our turn to be wildly elated,—
The dogged old railroad has got here at last.

Repeat wagon chorus softly, with sob effect.

PERSONAL MENTION

WILSON KAUFMAN says he has two umbrellas and several books that are keeping Lent.

FRANK LAISE who has been reading in "The Booster" that this is leap year says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy you had better be a little shy yourself."

JOHN C. KENDALL, the w. k. attorney and candidate, is a champion smoke ring blower. Arthur Peck, also a candidate, says it ain't always so, but, as a rule, a smoke-ring blower don't care much for useful labor.

She cannot sing the old songs she sang in days of yore; she cannot thump the keyboard now until her thumbs are sore. Alas! Upon the planny she never more will play; she failed in her installments and Lew Thomas took the thing away.

Generally speaking, the Coos Bay man who has a quarrel with the law is caught violating it.

MEAN REMARKS OF THE WATER FRONT OBSERVER

Politics
CENTRAL Avenue is th' popular place for candidates nowadays, bein' th' street where th' voters is thickest.

Th' flower of our manhood is offerin' itself at this time in th' people's service, bein' willin' to sacrifice itsa own fortunes to save th' County an' State from ruin.

As each candidate claims to hev th' right recipe, an' further claims thut th' recipe of his opponent ought by rights to hev a pizen label pasted on to it, an' as th' voters can't afford to make no mistakes in th' present perilous crisis, th' moment is tense.

You kin usually spot a candidate even in th' biggest crowd. Watch for a feller that looks like he'd just laid aside a first class grouch, temporarily an' took up entertainin' an' agreeable manners for th' time bein' an' bein' as he's left his grouch where he kin find it, seems to be enjoyin' th' change, altho' he gits bored sometimes.

A feller who's alwus agreeable wouldn't run strong, as he wouldn't be considered to hev enough "edge." But when a man who's most generally a crab comes out or his shell an' acts mannerly people feel complimented, an' maybe votes for him on th' strength of it.

What I can't get through my noggin is why so many candidates at this juncture thinks "fewer laws" is a good war whoop. I alwus thought we elected candidates on purpose to make laws for us, to take keer of different kinds of new devility as same wuz invented. I reckon if these chumpens or th' people wuz runnin' fer business manager or a sawmill their platform 'ud be "fewer logs."

SOME SHOE PHILOSOPHY
Harry Gordon, whose sole aim is to sell soles and save his own, hands The Booster editor the following as embrasing some of his philosophy:
How much a man is like old shoes. For instance, both a sole can lose. Both have been tanned, both are made tight,
By cobblers, both get left and right. Both need a mate to be complete. And both are made to go on feet. With shoes the last is first; with man
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended too—
When men wear out, they're men dead too.
They both need heeling, both re-soled.
And both in time turn all to mould. They both are trop upon, and both will tread on others, nothing loath. Both have their ties, and both incline.
When polished, on the world to shine.
They both peg out, so would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

Wanted His Money's Worth.
Lynn Lambeth took a man out to Roseburg the other day in his big car. Lynn is always in a rush to "get there," and drove at such a pace that the passenger was about a foot above the seat of the car a little more than half the time. After a few miles of this the passenger became nervous, and shouted out:
"Here, driver, just slow down a little bit, will you? I paid for this seat, and by jimminy I propose to ride in it."

Jesse Terrell had a little dog. He called the doggy Noodie. When asked his pedigree he said, "Oh, its just a Shamoodle."

(To J. T. Harrigan)
Now here is one spield
By my old friend Jack:
"A 'crick in the field
Is worth two in the back."

There was some snow, but its Lent!
Winter's went! Winter's went!
It's a little chilly, but all the same,
Spring has come! Spring has come!

—FRANK HARLOCKER
Generally speaking, the Coos Bay man who has a quarrel with the law is caught violating it.

CENTRAL AVENUE JOTTINGS

Better Than the Best.—Bob Marden, who has always shown "the best films on earth" at the Noble Theatre, says that he will be able to get much better films now that the railroad service is available.

Please Forget It.—George Anteger says the puns on his name which twist it into "Anarchy" or "Arnica" were all played out back in Peoria, and he hopes Marshfield jokers will please refrain, or invent something new.

A Good Sign.—Harry McKeown reports that lots more people are being entertained at the Chandler dining room the last few weeks. The fact that more people are eating regularly is one of the best indications of prosperity that we've noticed.

A Lost Opportunity.—Henry Diers, Coos Bay's official statistician, ought to have been engaged to keep track of the amount of garbage disposed of on clean up days, in the interest of the City Incinerator project. What has become of that, anyway?

Misquoted.—Harry Bultmann says he was not correctly quoted in his account of his recent trip. The newspapers played up the automobile accident, and his narrow escape therein, while what he really intended to complain about was the five he had to walk.

In Grave Danger.—Dave Stafford says it has been the ambition of his life for the past three years to get a little rest from business. Now that he has sold out, and has the coveted leisure, he don't know what to do with himself, and fears his character is being so undermined that he may be driven into politics.

An Increasing Evil.—A man in Myrtle Point is suing his wife for a divorce because she called him a fool. What are we coming to when such engaging frankness on the part of a wife, to say nothing of her mere experience of a wife's prerogative, is held by our courts to be ground for suing up a family

Vehicle Owners Threatened.—Jack Carter announces that all those who are delinquent in the payment of their vehicle tax are to be pinched "next week." If everybody Jack has ever threatened to pinch "next week" had been arrested and moderately fined, City warrants would now be at par. We should worry.

Don't Blame Him.—George Cook says he's getting almighty tired of these jokers referring to his two bungalows on Eighth Terrace as "Cookhouses." This is going a little too far, even in a section where the nomenclature of the lumber camps is common. Frank Horton says its a good lesson to one who has to live in the houses, indicating that he should own his own home.

Many Notables.—J. Albert Matson who does business on Front Street but lives on Central has been notified that he has been nominated as a member of the National Geographical Society which has headquarters in Washington, D. C. He has consented to become a member but does not know who proposed his name—or what for unless it was because he discovered

APRIL 4, J. P. MORGAN & CO. WROTE A CHECK FOR OVER \$70,000,000

The largest check ever drawn. If Gene Crosthwait could write a check for over seventy million dollars, the chances are he would make a present of his interest in THE SMOKEHOUSE to Jim Kellond and Fred McClees. But, as it is, he goes right on selling good cigars, and EL ROITAN is among the best.

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Central Avenue's Popular Meeting Place For Men.
Gene Crosthwait Jim Kellond Fred McClees.

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

a way to close Mill Slough. Albert need not get so cheasy. He is not the only one in town to be honored. Wilson Kaufman has been nominated to be a member of the Saturday Evening Post and Doc Toye is on the waiting list of the Ladies Home Journal.

Its an Ill Wind.—W. A. Ackerman employed considerable eloquence about two weeks ago in convincing the city council that a banner flung across the square at Central Avenue and Broadway, with his name on it, would give the city a metropolitan appearance. He didn't put up the banner, but he made it easy for the committee to get permission to put a similar one up for Evangelist Bruce Evans. Central Avenue seems to be a popular place for both religion and politics.

There is this to say for rich relatives. One sees very little of them.

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We will receive our first shipment of the Famous
Holsum and Tip Top Bread

This bread is sanitary, wrapped by special process and comes clean and untouched from one of the largest, best and most modern bakeries on the Pacific coast. It is made clean—sold clean and delivered clean.

Bread sold Monday afternoon is made fresh Monday morning. Let us have your order for this good bread scientifically made in a modern bake shop and sold and delivered in a sanitary manner.

Watch for the first shipment of "Holsum" and "Tip Top" bread. Fresh daily.

Sanitary Food Store
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PHONE 218 SECOND AND CENTRAL

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Coke Building Marshfield

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The Hub of Central Avenue
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