

TEND TO STARVE THE BRAIN

Writer Warns of Pernicious Effects That May Be Exercised by the Stiff Collar.

We are once more threatened with the stiff, tight, pre-war collar. Doctors have repeatedly warned parents against the dangers of allowing their sons to wear collars of this type.

It is pointed out that the wearing of high, stiff, tight collars retards the flow of blood to the brain, and thus starves the brain cells, says London Tit-Bits.

The result of this brain starvation is that the wearer becomes lethargic, and stupid and dull in his school work. His brain is not up to the tasks it is required to perform; he becomes indifferent to his studies, and will pore over his books in a semi-dazed manner. Often, too, he will take less interest in athletics, and this tends to reduce his vitality and mental activity.

Although the effect of wearing a high, stiff collar is not so noticeable in the case of an adult, it is not good for the general health, and also leads to colds.

The old-fashioned stiff collar with turned-down corners is still worn by Doctor Chamberlain, while for years Lloyd George has worn a kind of Gladstone collar, but without the gap at the throat.

Bernard Shaw has always denounced the starched collar as an abomination. Many other famous men, especially literary and artistic celebrities, have worn soft collars. Byron always wore a style of his own—soft, wide open.

JOYS ARE BUT TRANSITORY

Deflectable Perfumes Will Not Long Gladden the Prisoner in Cleveland County Jail.

Air of roses and sweet scents of Araby! There's an electric perfumer at the county jail. It casts all kinds of sweetness on the prison air. Just turn the button and the jail becomes a garden of roses or fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms.

The other day the atmosphere of the jail reflected the aroma of the forest cedar. It might have been Norway pine, sassafras, crab apple blossom, but it just happened that the perfumer was charged to dispense an aroma tinged with forest cedar.

The machine has possibilities, the sheriff believes. It might be employed to awaken the prisoners each morning with scents of violets and soothe them at breakfast with odors of ham, eggs, corn fritters, grapefruit and other viands not on the regular morning menu of coffee and butterless bread.

Oh, yes, indeed, the machine has possibilities. If it was charged with a few quarts of hooch confiscated in raids, why, the old jail would be one of the most popular breathing places in the county.

At night it could discharge the odor of pineapple or figs or dates, and any prisoner with a good sense of smell and a strong imagination could readily go to sleep and feel that he was in Hawaii.

But the perfumer is in jail only on trial.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Timber Far Ahead.

What of their timber assets in the national forests? They contain 563 billion feet of standing timber, or twenty-five per cent of the remaining timber in the United States, says the American Forestry Magazine. All told the national forests embrace seventeen per cent of all forest growing land in the United States. In addition to the many millions of acres containing forests of merchantable size, there are twenty million acres bearing young growing forests which are being protected against fire and other forms of devastation so that they will produce timber crops in the years ahead. The American Forestry association calls on the owners, the citizens, to protest against taking the control of these forests from the United States forest service.

Linotype Laughs.

C. D. Gibson of Life has a choice collection of newspaper misprints, some of which are screams. At a dinner in New York he quoted a number of them. One was about a bishop who was laid up with a cold. A newspaper reported that he was "confined to the house with a violent cold."

Another told of a "surgeon" being taken alive in the river and being sold for six cents a pound. But the most amusing one, he said, was clipped from a Vermont paper. This paper, wishing to say in praise of a very aged and distinguished citizen that he was "a noble old burgler proudly living in his native state," was made to say, according to Mr. Gibson, "John Green is a noble old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."—Boston Transcript.

Rural Development.

"I understand you are going to make some improvements on the old place?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Development is goin' along mighty fast an' I've got to keep up with it."

"What kind of improvements are you going to make?"

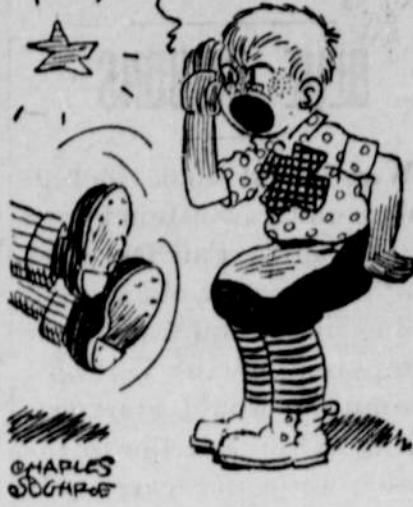
"I haven't made up my mind yet whether to put up a new barn or an apartment house."—Washington Star.

No Gold Coins for France.

For the first time in history not a single gold coin was struck at the French mint in 1920. The minting of silver, continued at the beginning of the year, was stopped when silver reached a record price on February 11.

MICKIE SAYS

DONT COME DASHIN' IN HERE, YA POOR PRUNE, EVRY TIME YA FIND A LETTER OUT OF PLACE IN TH' PAPER, FER WE AINT GOINTA BUST OUT INTO TEARS OVER IT! TH' ONLY FELLERS WHO NEVER MAKE NO MISTAKES ARE THEM WHO NEVER DO NUTHIN', LIKE YOU!



CHARLES SCHMIDT

They Never Did.

My most embarrassing moment occurred while dramatizing a Christmas play. I had the part of the mother of a large family presiding at the feast on Christmas day. It fell to me to carve the goose. Having rehearsed this part, I was anticipating no difficulty, so I started bravely out on the breast bone. Gently and slowly it slipped out of my grasp. I tried again with the same effect. As the titters from the audience increased, I became slightly confused.

At this opportune moment the father, sitting opposite, uttered his next lines, which were: "Did you ever see such a goose?"

With that the audience began to roar, and I gave it up in ignominious defeat.—Exchange.

To Study City Planning.

About thirty of the large cities of California, if the extension division of the University of California and the Real Estate association of that state carry through their joint plan, will have the benefit of a unique series of conferences on city planning that was begun nearly a year ago in Los Angeles, where the regional problems of the vicinity offered an especially fruitful basis for discussion. Another course, aided by local experts, was given in Oakland.

POSSIBLY SLIM WAS RIGHT

Come to Think of It, His Inamorata Hardly Displayed the Ardent Love He Had Looked For.

"Funny how a guy makes up his mind to enlist," remarked Slim, the company clerk, to a bunch of his buddies in the bunkhouse.

"What made you decide to take the big plunge?" asked a buddy.

"It was this way," explained Slim. "I had a little squabble with the girl, and I told her I was going to join the marines. Just to make it sound as if I meant business I wrote a letter to the nearest recruiting station, and before sealing the letter up I let her read it."

"Did she say anything?" asked the buddy.

"Not a word. So I went out and posted the letter. A little later I gets the answer back, saying I could enlist for two, three or four years, and I shows it to the girl. 'There you are,' says I, 'if you don't treat me different from now on, I'll go straight out and enlist for two years.'

"Two years," says she. "Two years! Ah, don't be a piker, Slim, why don't you make it four?"

"Come to think of it," concluded Slim, "I don't think that Jane was as bughouse about me as I calculated."—The Leatherneck.

CALLS FOR NERVE AND SKILL

Hunters of the Sword-Fish Find Their Prey Altogether "Worthy of Their Steel."

Sword-fish schooners are the fastest fishing boats under sail in the world. They have to be, for the sword-fish is a fast mover. He is a fighter, too. Often has he charged a ship and driven his "sword" through her stout planking. When a school of sword-fish is sighted, the spearman goes forward to the end of the bowsprit and gets into the "pulpit," an iron fitting at the end of the spar, where he stands to drive his lance into a fish. The line attached to the spear rushes out of the tub in which it is coiled, and the fish makes off, doubling his speed in a vain effort to escape.

A good-sized fish will often fetch as much as \$40; but it is a hard life, and it needs fine seamanship in the chase amid the huge seas of the Atlantic when bad weather prevails.

The sword-fish is widely distributed in the ocean, but is most common off the North American coast. Its average length is 7 feet, but some are 12 feet or 15 feet. The "sword" is used to spear its prey, such as cod, tunny and mackerel, and even to attack whales.

"Shooting" houses out of a "gun" is the latest wrinkle in concrete construction, writes Cleveland Gains in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The gun consists of a nozzle-like affair at the end of a 3-inch hose. Dry concrete is put into a container and water forced through it. The mixture is thus made at the last moment before it is applied.

In building the first of the houses in this fashion a one-sided framework of tar paper and chicken wire was erected. Iron reinforcing rods were placed against this and the concrete shot against it with the use of a gun. A wall two inches thick was "shot" in this way, allowed to dry, and the tar paper and chicken wire peeled off. The result was a solid concrete wall. Doors, windows and plumbing were put in place and the wall shot around them.

In similar fashion ceilings, floor, a fence around the yard and other parts of the house and yard were shot. Seats were shot into the wall at one place, decorative designs in another, and so on. The resulting house and yard was a complete home in one piece—a monolith.

The second house built with the gun employed wallboard in place of tar paper and chicken wire, with even better results.

FRENCH HOLD TO NEST EGGS

Almost Every Household Has Some Kind of Hoard Stowed Away for an Emergency.

To arrive at the undoubted financial strength of France you must first understand that in every country there are two kinds of fiscal life. One pertains to government income and expenditure, the other to what might be called private money—that is, the resources of the citizens. A country may be broke and at the same time have immense potential wealth.

This is precisely what is happening in France. Government finance is riding on a rocky road, but the great mass of the people still have their nest eggs. Thrift, as every one knows, is instinct with the French. Those who have had experience with French penuriousness maintain that the French make of thrift a vice.

Save for investment in government bonds the average French man or woman delights to keep his or her fortune in actual cash. During the war they risked death to go back to ruined firesides to dig up their precious hoards. The result is that France has more real gold and silver stowed away in stockings and old pots than any other country. Government financial crises may come and go, but this huge reservoir of savings—the bulwark of the nation—goes on forever.—Isaac G. Marcossin in the Saturday Evening Post.

They are About Gone

Those Fine Large Lots in

Central Addition

50 X 100 Feet

\$75. to 150.

on one-fourth cash, balance \$10. per month,

Act Quickly if You Want One

G. B. RICHMOND
Gen. Sales Agt., Vernonia

Better School Yards

Several towns in Illinois are entering contests for the best-kept school yards, and we can't help feeling a movement along this line would be a good thing for Vernonia and vicinity. As a general rule school trustees give attention solely to the building, and never consider that a little play equipment scattered here and there about the yard will not only enable the children to get the healthy exercise they need, but also make school life a little more pleasant for them. And a few flowers, that could be looked after by the girl pupils, would brighten both indoors and out. There is nothing more unsightly than a rubbish-strewn schoolyard, and a few things more unhealthy. So why isn't the Illinois suggestion a good one, and why can't we have a contest along this same line here in our county?

NOTICE

The firm of Dale & Hill, painters, has been dissolved, and I will continue in that line alone for a short time.

Drake, Jones & Myers, who have shops in Hood River, The Dalles and Salem, are going to build a shop 40 x 50 on my lot, and we will be able to handle any line of work. They are a noted firm from coast to coast, and at present have Mr. Enous, one of the best interior finishers on the coast.—E. B. Dale.

New Furniture Store

As noticed by an advertisement on another page of this issue, Mr. Rufus D. Blakely has located in Vernonia and will go in the furniture business. Mr. Blakely has many friends here who welcome him to Vernonia.

Plugging Out.

A Kentucky man seems to have found a relative of the city girl who thought it must be cold work harvesting the winter wheat.

The young woman of whom the Kentuckian tells is a native of Cincinnati, and was lately talking with him about tobacco and tobacco-raising.

"I should like ever so much to see a tobacco field," she said, "especially when it is just plugging out."—Way-side Tales.

Broadened Observation.

"A statesman has to be a profound student."

"No doubt about it," replied Senator Sorghum. "Time was when a good campaigner could get by if he kept his eye on the map of his own state. Now you've got to be an expert in the geography of the world."

World's Largest Reservoir.

In about two years London's reservoir at Littleton will be the largest artificial reservoir in the world. It will hold water to supply London for a month, or 6,500,000,000 gallons. Its surface will cover 800 acres.

It Begins to Look Brighter

While the hot, dry weather of late August and early September has resulted in some damage to the corn crop, there is still every indication that the nation will produce the 3,000,000,000 estimated by the Agricultural Department. With the exception of oats, which made a poor crop, and wheat, which is somewhat below the average, all crops are up to or close to the average and some, notably corn and potatoes, will be above average. With crops good and prices coming back, the American farmer seems to be assured of something closely approaching prosperity. The last two years have been discouraging for residents of rural districts, and a break in their luck will be welcome. Prices are now well above the pre-war level, and while there is no reason to expect a return to boom levels, there is likewise no reason to fear that the unprofitable prices of the readjustment period of 1920-21 will return.

Vernonia people do not need to be told that when money finds its way to the rural sections it quickly finds its way to town. And that's why news of big crops at good prices should interest everybody.

Nehalem Honey

W. C. Eichman brought us a generous sample of honey from his Nehalem ranch this week. To say that it is extra good is putting it mild.

Vernonia Brazing and Machine Works

Largest and best equipped shop in the valley. Bring in any kind of work; it isn't too large or too small for us.

Corner of Maple St. and Rose Ave. Vernonia, Oregon

Knowledge Begins Where Believing Stops

Many pains and aches are due to a wrenched spine or skeleton.

Don't tell the doctor where you are suffering. As a chiropractor he is trained to locate your weakness. Let him tell you.

A straight Chiropractor is one who adjusts the spine with his hands.

Dr. Breitling is both a straight Chiropractor and Spineologist, having had 15 years of active practice in Portland, Ore., and over 10,000 patients to his credit. He is an able man.

Also Specializes on Babies' and Children's Diseases

Graduate of Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Ia., Class of '07. 6th Floor Broadway Building, Bet. Broadway and Morrison Sts. Phones: Main 9508, East 2454.

Brickbats Never Made a Bouquet

How many times, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, have you said a kind word to the editor? How often have you stopped him on the street to commend him for an editorial or dropped him a note giving him your support in some fight he was making for the public good?

An editor doesn't seek any words of thanks. Probably if you did stop him and showered some kind words in his ear he would be as embarrassed as a 10-year-old schoolboy speaking his first piece. But at any rate it will sound good to him when he has time to think it over.

Instead of words of praise, here is what you generally hear:

"Why, that paper isn't worth half the price. It never has any news in it and what it does have is mostly all wrong."

Yet when that person wants to advertise a cake sale or a dance he or she sends the items to this same newspaper.

Then you hear that the editor is a crank, that he is biased and doesn't present news fairly, that he doesn't know how to run a paper, and so on and so on.

You have all heard these remarks or similar ones, but are they fair?

An editor, in the first place, is only a human being. He is dealing with human beings and it's sound logic that you can't please all the people all the time. At some time or another he has to print some news that is going to offend someone and make an enemy. The editor can't help that. People who get into trouble never think about the newspaper until they want their names kept out. Then they get mad at the editor because he prints the news.

It is true that an editor makes mistakes, and no one regrets more than he slips of the type, but again, he is human, and so is every man and woman who works for him.

Did you ever stop to think how many characters there are in a column of type? Well, there are thousands, and that means there are thousands of opportunities to make errors. And newspapers are generally printed amid great rush and confusion. A big story breaks. The facts must be learned and put into type. The mail must be caught. Everything is rush, rush, rush. And yet if a few types get tangled up the paper is criticized.

Take it right home to yourself. Can you sit down and write a letter—even a short one—without sometimes getting a word wrongly placed or misspelled? Be honest, be charitable and overlook a few mistakes when you see them in your home town paper.

No man tries harder to avoid mistakes than the editor. It's common sense that he would much prefer to have a perfect paper and avoid mistakes.

The next time you meet the editor—well, just remember he is a human being just like you are and that the Golden Rule works both ways.

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