

VERNONIA EAGLE

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PAUL S. ROBINSON.
EDITOR AND OWNER.

Editorials

Oscar W. Underwood who is out for the democratic nomination for President, is getting before the people in picture. We received a 9x12 likeness of Mr Underwood from the committee this week. He makes a nice a nice picture; is very good looking, but hardly handsome enough to influence us into voting for him or his Electors.

Columbia County is, at present, without an active "Central Committee", representing any political party. This condition will not longer exist, as the Republicans (and Columbia county is Republican) will soon launch a Club of energetic and loyal workers. The outcome will be an organized County Central Committee with Precinct Committees in the various cities. The first step, as the plans are, is to be a "Lincoln Club", to be organized on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, in St. Helens.

CONTROLLING CIVILIZATION

Modern life has built up, through a marvellous material development, a superb civilization. The triumphs of science and mechanical forces are amazing. But that civilization has gotten to a large extent out of control. It could be compared to some very superior and high-powered automobile which the driver can not steer, and which tears down the street bringing destruction and death to those who can't get out of its way.

The result of failure to control civilization is seen in the wars that have devastated the world and threaten to cause even greater losses. Also there are social strife, industrial conflict, class warfare, all equally destructive.

Men make wonderful discoveries in chemistry, for instance. Rightly handled this science should lighten the burdens of daily life. Yet by reason of our lack of control over these powers of science and civilization, men take these chemicals that should be used solely for human welfare, and suffocate human life with them and destroy cities.

The machinery and science of modern life have been compared with the story called "Frankenstein," the imaginative tale of a student who discovered the art of creating life artificially. He thereby creates a horrible yet pathetic monster, who murders his friend, and pursues his creator from land to land. Modern development, unless controlled, might likewise be a kind of Frankenstein, which turns and harasses its creators.

Yet in spite of this menace of uncontrolled material powers, great spiritual forces are being assembled to combat them. Our schools, colleges, churches, civic organizations, etc., are all agencies tending to produce a type of character that shall be able to rule these material agencies that have such fateful power for good or evil.

BIG THOUGHTS

Big thoughts are messengers of opportunity that come to people and communities. But there is not always mental room enough to float them. They are like some great ship which sails up a river, bringing with it new opportunities of commerce. But it may find the water too shallow for it to land, so that it has to go elsewhere to deliver its rich freightage.

Many young people, as they pursue the current year of school study, are

Why Mr. N. Windsor (R. L.) Put Up with Rats for Years

"Years ago I got some rat poison, which nearly killed our fine watch dog. We put up with rats until a friend told me about Rat-Snap. It surely kills rats, though house pets won't touch it." Rats dry up and leave no smell. Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by

The Vernonia Drug Co.

having big thoughts relative to education. Perhaps their teachers have told them what they might do if they would prepare more thoroughly for life. A big thought is signalling for entrance to the harbor of their minds. But as they reflect the difficulties and obstacles seem to grow. They would have to give up many pleasures and devote money and effort to get the education they needed.

Some of these young people are not perhaps fitted for the higher book education. Perhaps their families need the money they could earn.

In many cases a decision to quit school and go to work may represent self sacrifice. But in many other cases the trouble is merely that their mental channels are not deep enough for the big thought that seeks to enter.

So it is in the life of a city. Big thoughts come seeking entrance to the civic harbor. Practical suggestions are made, as to how a community might broaden its life, provide more advantages for its citizens, increase human welfare and enlightenment.

But over conservatism, too great frugality as to taxation, lack of willingness to give time and effort, are forms of silt that obstruct these channels of civic life, and make the community harbors too shallow for the great vessels of thought and action that seek to enter. Are our people in Vernonia keeping their mental channels well dredged, so that they can float all the great thoughts that ask to come in and land their freight in our lives?

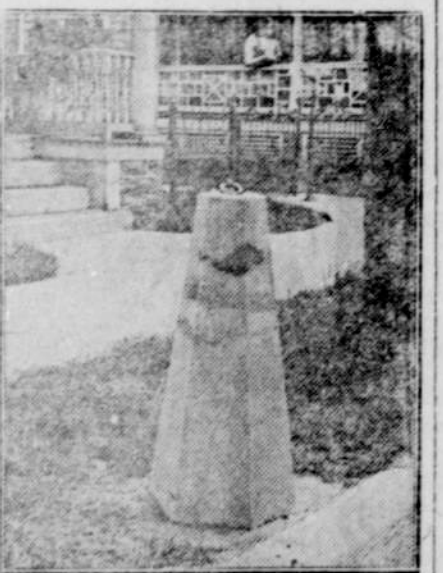
Such seemingly queer ways or "styles" they have in the big cities. In the Miller death-car case a married man's wife was "out riding" with another woman's husband. She is described as "a young woman, pretty, well groomed," and she is quoted as saying that she took occasional rides with the man, but that there was nothing wrong with it whatever. Oh, well; the queer part is that in little places like Vernonia and thousands of cities the good women don't make a practice of taking pleasure rides to the country with another woman's man. It always leads to trouble. It never fails.

Methuselah never tasted Listerine, ate no apple every day, never brushed his teeth while riding on a Pullman, never read the Saturday Evening Post, ate and slept when he pleased, chewed no Wrigley's after every meal, didn't see America first, ate no Borden's baby food, followed no daily dozen, and didn't look like an Arrow collar man. Yet he lived to the ripe old age of 900 years.

The Legislature should be made up entirely of newspaper men and preachers. If anybody can get along on \$6 a day without grumbling, they certainly can.

As we understand it, an usher is one who takes a leading part in a church or theater.

MODERN HITCHING POST



Although the motor has largely supplanted the horse, he still has his uses and competition from the automobile will never teach the horse as a class, to stand still without being tied. Here is a neat and sturdy hitching post that can't be dragged away. Moreover it is slightly and easily built by filling a form with concrete and inserting a hitching ring in the proper position.

TO BE BEST LIGHTED CITY

Abilene, Tex., Installing Street System That Will Rival That of Any Other Town.

Among towns of 15,000 population Abilene, Tex., lays claim to holding the laurel wreath as the best illuminated community in the Southwest, and perhaps in the whole United States. Resulting from a lively community movement, a street lighting system that will cost \$20,000 a year to operate is being put in, to maintain which the city will spend about 8 cents out of every taxed dollar.

The installation is to be of the white way type and the lighting units will number 350. The material will require five carloads to bring it to the city, one carload for the units, one for the 60,000 feet of cable, one for the iron posts for brackets and two for the 350 ornamental posts.

If you live in the Vernonia vicinity, won't you subscribe for your home paper, which is the Vernonia Eagle.

Job printing of any description done at the Eagle office.

Community Building

TOWN SEEKS TOURIST TRADE

Creede, Colo., Once Scene of Great Boom, Begins Struggle for Existence.

The story of the struggle of a small mining town in Colorado for existence has just been told by the Department of the Interior. It is of Creede, in the midst of the great mountain group called San Juan mountains, near the Rio Grande, just below the picturesque canyon of Willow Creek. The citizens of Creede are now doing their best to make their town a stopping place for tourists, to offset the decline in mining.

The first mining claims in the Creede district, as stated in a report by the Department of the Interior, through the geological survey, were located in 1883, but the great boom, which rivaled anything in the early history of other mining districts, did not begin until late in 1891, when perhaps 10,000 people rushed to the camp, a railroad was extended to it and the small amount of flat land available in the deep canyon was built up almost solidly. Early in the following year a disastrous fire destroyed most of the new city. The city was rebuilt, but the boom subsided almost as rapidly as it had grown.

It was in June, 1891, that two prospectors, Theodore Renninger and Julius Haas, grubstaked by two butchers of Del Norte, set out to prospect the Creede region. It is said that the search for their strayed burros led Renninger to the outcrop on the famous Last Chance claim. The poor surface indications led him to define his claim the "Last Chance." A short time later he sold his share in it for \$65,000, but by December, 1892, the mine had produced silver and other ore valued at nearly \$1,500,000.

After the great boom the district settled down to a more regular existence and has produced metals valued at more than \$40,000,000, about half of which was distributed as profits. The metal produced in largest quantity is silver, which makes up about two-thirds of the total value of the metallic output. Lead makes about one-fifth and gold about one-fifteenth.

Most of the metal mined was taken from a single vein which extends along a great fault or earthquake rift that is several miles long and cuts volcanic rocks. Many thousand years ago the rocks on one side of this fault were dropped down more than 1,500 feet. A mining tunnel follows this vein for about two miles. Some ore has been produced from other veins, most of which extend along faults.

VALUE OF CENTRAL CHURCH

Edifice in the Downtown District of Any City Is an Invitation Pleasing to the Stranger.

What stranger in a city has not welcomed the sight of a church, the sound of its music and worship, in the heart of the business district or near the hotel which had been made a temporary home? Both to the visitor in a city and to the resident there is an element of convenience and invitation about the downtown church that somehow sets it aside from all other places of its kind.

There is a peculiar flavor as well as usefulness about churches that stand in the midst of the busy, everyday scenes of the modern bustling city. Every visitor to lower Broadway, New York, knows the appeal of old Trinity, the coolness of its walls, the soothing power of its chimes in contrast to the grinding noise of the streets and the refuge the ancient edifice affords to one who would step aside for a moment from the crowded life of a metropolis.

Services of yet other kinds are afforded by institutions of the type of Tremont Temple in Boston. The downtown church has perhaps the easiest access to men and women who ordinarily would not be expected to concern themselves greatly about the affairs of religion.—Kansas City Times.

Town With Many Lakes.

Winter Haven, in Florida, suffers from an embarrassment of riches in the form of lakes. The town, which has about 2,000 people, is entirely surrounded by fresh-water bodies, large and small, and the avenues of escape into the country are few. If Winter Haven should ever get its army of lakes hooked up with canals, the "mariners" who attempt navigation therein can spend as much time on a continuous voyage as large ships require in crossing an ocean. An elaborate system of navigating charts would be required to avoid confusion and the annoying mistake of getting "into the wrong pew."

Religion as Needed.

The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repairs, so there was room for only half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the captain, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."

A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant," said the captain, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others in—they need it most."—The Continent.

WALLED GARDENS IN EAST

Park at Edge of Cliff in Brooklyn Is a Refuge for Stenographers and Others.

Brooklyn has a pleasant little nook for wayfarers that Manhattan well might envy. Leading from Borough hall and the financial district is Montague street, which becomes a thoroughfare of discreet old mansions for a few blocks before it jumps over a cliff into the East river. But at the edge of the cliff is a little cement park with a dozen or two benches and a high iron fence through which one looks down at the declivity and the fussy river traffic below.

On either side of this oasis are walled gardens that suggest convents and Nineteenth century romances and other subjects far removed from the time and the place. They furnish just a glimpse of trees and shrubbery, of wide spaces of greensward that to the city dweller seem vast. Above the walls two old mansions show proud and haughty windows.

Ships' officers and bronzed seamen come up from the docks and are swallowed by a tunnel through the cliff. Longshoremen scurry around on the docks. Puffing tugs and lumbering ferries dot the waters of the East river and the bay down below. Within easy sight is Governor's Island, while to the right Manhattan's skyline looms up, its towers glistening in the sun, shattering space with their whiteness.

It is a diverse collection of people that drifts to the benches of Montague street oasis. Here come well dressed women of the studio apartments with books or embroidery to while away a few hours outdoors. Stenographers and clerks from the office buildings around Borough hall slip away here to spend part of their noon hour, and earnest youths who look like students gather with books and discuss the weighty problems of the young. And here come idle men of the neighborhood—caretakers of some of the mansions, retired uncles and grandfathers, who just like to sit around and read.

A block or two of old mansions, some with drawn shades and others showing signs of habitation, another block or two of lesser mansions, some of which are now frankly apartment buildings or rooming houses, a block or two of just comfortable houses, quiet and discreet as is all this part of old Brooklyn, and you are in the Twentieth century again. Office buildings rise on either side of the street, the incredible tangle of traffic that is Brooklyn's downtown is ahead of you; three subways roar under foot. As you plunge into one of them you reflect that walled gardens have their advantages.—New York Sun and Globe.

Some Eagle subscriptions have expired, or will shortly. In accordance with postal regulations the paper will have to be discontinued after the time paid for has expired. Please don't allow us to take your name off. The paper is arranging some big improvements that will put the shop on an equal with any weekly in Oregon or the Northwest. Full particulars next week.

Talk prosperity.

Mrs. Crandall (Iowa) Tells How She Stopped Chicken Losses

"Last spring, rats killed all our baby chicks. With just one large package we killed swarms of rats. They won't get this year's hatches, I'll bet." Rat-Snap is guaranteed and sells for 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by

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