

Movies

THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW

"A bunch of boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon; The kid that handles the music box was hitting a jag-time tune, Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew, And watching his luck was his light-O-love, the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below, and into the din and the glare, There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks, dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave and scarcely the strength of a louse, Yet he tilted a polk of dust on the bar, and he called for drinks for the house.

There was none could place the stranger's face, though we searched our selves for a clue; But we drank his health, and the last to drink was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell; And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had lived in hell; With a face most hair, and a dreary stare of a dog whose day is done, As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the drops fell one by one.

Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering what he'd do, And I turned my head—and there watching him, was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering around the room, and he seemed in kind of a daze, Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his wandering gaze.

The rag-time kid was having a drink there was no one else on the stool, So the stranger stumbled across the room, and flops down there like a fool In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat, and I saw his sway Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands—My God! but that man could play.

Were you ever out in the Great alone when the moon was awful clear, And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a silence you most could hear; With only the howl of a timber wolf and you camped there in the cold, A half-dead thing in a stark dead world, clean mad for the muck called gold; While high overhead, green, yellow and red, the North Light swept in bars? Then you've a hunch, what the music meant—Hunger and night and the stars.



The High School Band Which Has Joined With the Town Band and Will Furnish Music This Summer

And hunger not of the belly kind; that's banished with bacon and beans, But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home and all that it means; For a fireside far from the cares that are, four walls and a roof above; But oh! so crumful of cozy joy, and crowned with a woman's love— A woman deared than all the world, and true as Heaven is true— (God! how gastly she looks through he rouge,—the lady that's known as Lou).

Then on a sudden the music changed, so soft that you scarce could hear; But you felt that your life had been looted clear of all that it once held dear; That someone had stolen the woman you loved; that her love was a devil's lie; That your guts were gone, and the best for you was to crawl away and die.

'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair, and it thrilled you through and through— "I guess I'll make it a spread Misere," said Dangerous Dan McGrew The music almost died away—then it burst like a pent-up flood; And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay", and my eyes were blind with blood.

The thought come back of an ancient wrong, and it stung like a frozen lash, And the lust awoke to kill, to kill— then the music stopped with a crash, And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most peculiar way; Then his lips went in a kind of grin, and he spoke, and his voice was calm, And "Boys" says he, "you don't know me and none of you care a damn; But I want to state, and my words are straight and I'll bet my poke they're true,

That one of you is a hound of hell—and that one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and two guns blazed in the dark, And the woman screamed, and the lights went up, and two men lay stiff and stark. Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was Dangerous Dan McGrew, While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are simple facts of the case, and I guess I ought to know. They say that the stranger was crazed with hooch, and I'm not denying it's so.

I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between us two— The woman that kissed him and pinched his poke—was the lady

that's known as Lou.

Shown at the Majestic Theatre on Sunday and Monday nights.

After the exercises of the 8th grade at St. Helens Friday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coyle and family and Miss Ruby Jessie motored to Rainier where they spent the night at Miss Jessie's home returning late Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Steel, Mrs. Chet Alexander, Miss Ruby Jessie and Mrs. Walter Coyle motored to Hillsboro where Mrs. Robert Nelson joined them going to Sheriada to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Coyle.

A few of the ball players and their friends were entertained at the Walter Coyle home Sunday evening. Refreshments were served and Music and songs were enjoyed.

We Are Still Doing Business In Our Old Warehouse

Next To the Cash Variety Store, While Our Stock Last

- 1 White Enamel Range . . . \$56.00
- 1 Box Cast Iron Heater . . . \$10.00
- 1 No. 22 Cast Lined Heater . . . \$13.00
- 3-4 Pound Dead Felt . . . \$1.80
- Paint Best Prepared . . . \$3.25 gal.
- Varnishes, Stains . . . 21c up
- Kalsomine . . . 48c pkg
- Handles-- All--Kinds --Hickory . . . 38c up
- Rim Locks . . . 53c
- Inside Locks . . . 78c
- 3x3 Door Hinges . . . 27c

Everything we have left going at cost. Take advantage of these prices

W. A. Arnold
Formerly Vernonia Hardware Co.

ROBERT PARKER MILES COMING

Great Dramatic Orator Brings Famous Lecture to Chautauqua—Opening Night.



It is a big jump from a \$2 factory job to personal acquaintance with kings, emperors, presidents, statesmen and the pope, but that is what Robert Parker Miles accomplished within a comparatively few years after landing in America as an emigrant lad with "fifty cents in his pocket, a hole in his shoe and the toothache." He is now one of the most talented and popular lecturers on the platform and is scheduled to deliver his famous classic, "Tallow Dips," here on the first night of Chautauqua.

Miles' career is spectacular and illustrates what heights can be attained by those who recognize the opportunities America affords and will accept them. Self educated, he finally reached the pastorate of a great church, leaving it at the insistence of a New York newspaper to widen the scope of his work by becoming religious editor and conducting a vice crusade. This he did with such success that he was sent on two world tours to study conditions and men in foreign countries. From these rich experiences, combined with an uncanny gift of words and great natural dramatic ability, he has fashioned one of the greatest verbal pictures of the world's great men ever presented. "I have a better and clearer vision of these men through hearing Dr. Miles than I obtained in many years of study," was the tribute of a great scholar after hearing "Tallow Dips."



ALWAYS INTERESTING

You can make your advertising always interesting and always sure to gain attention and increase results if you take advantage of the Vernonia Eagle's Service Department.

Realizing that the majority of our advertisers do not have the time nor the opportunity to prepare their advertising copy, we have, by securing the WNU Advertising Cut and Copy Service placed ourselves in a position to help you with this important work.

Having this Service at our command enables us to place before you each month aptly illustrated advertising that will attract attention to your message and bring results pleasing both to you and to us.

The new issue is just in.

Vernonia Eagle

Call and look over pictures and copy suggestions.