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Free This Friday and Saturday With a \$1. Purchase of Christmas Goods

Vernonia Drug Co.

The Vernonia Drug Store

MAKING VERNONIA GREAT

Every right-minded person will rejoice in a greater Vernonia. Our city may not be one of the biggest, but it can readily be one of the greatest cities in Oregon. This it can be by having aims and ideals that are supremely worthy and practical, together with a constant effort to exemplify the same.

First of all the real greatness of Vernonia must be on the inside rather than on the outside. Its true greatness must be determined by the thoughts, spirit and ideals of the citizens. In other words, greatness is a matter of the heart and character rather than mere outward appearances.

Take a lodge member, for example. If he is worthy the name and knows the first principle of real fraternity, he will respect and honor the person whose honest views differ from his. Indeed, his fellow lodgeman may be his most strenuous political opponent and still be his closest personal friend and brother. No reasonable person will be so thoughtless or impulsive as to contrast intellectual differences into personal opposition. But the man who lets politics sever his friendship with another does not know the A B C's of fraternity. He may repeat by heart his lodge or church ritual from cover to cover, but unless he has them in his heart and actions in daily living he has yet a long way to travel before he even begins to practice real fraternity and Christianity.

These ideas—fraternity and Christianity—put into practice are the ones that will make Vernonia great.

The persons who speak and stir the church because it stands for clean living and encourages citizens to be law-abiding, and who never enter the door of a church except as a demand or when the governor speaks therein, are casting their influence against, instead of for, the highest ideals of the community.

And the highest ideal possible for any community are those of Christ, and such are set forth most fully and effectively through the church, which is the only institution in the world which stands pre-eminently and exclusively for the building of human character by implanting therein the noblest ideals for Christian living. True, we can make Vernonia great only by practicing Christian fraternity in spirit and in life.

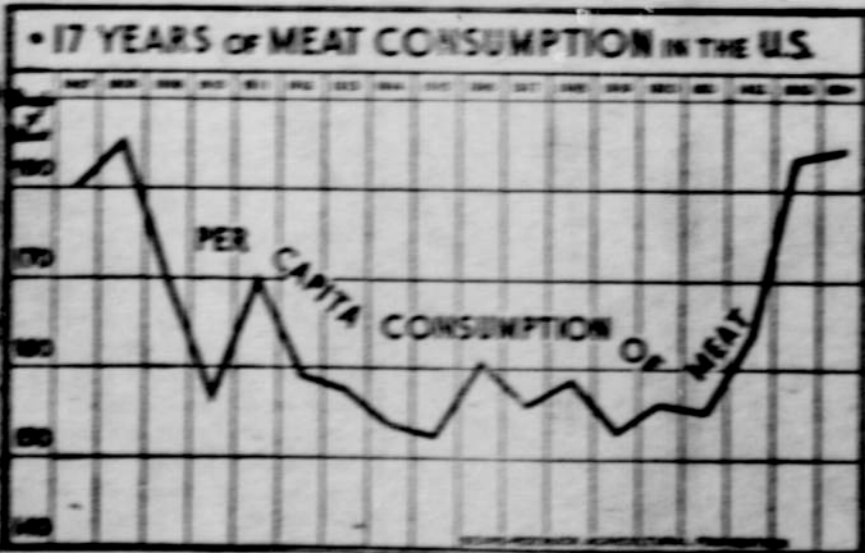
If this seems more like a sermon than merely a booster article, well and good. Let's put it into practice and practice what we preach.

W. A. Grossman,
Minister and Attorney

SHOULD SAY NOT

We have all due respect for the Christian Jeweler, one of them, if there are more there. He knows his business and he is a trader. He is reaching out after trade, and wanted the Eagle to give him or sell him our subscription list. Well, we didn't do it, although he says all other offices he knows of does it and, so he says, we have lots to learn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Davidson left Saturday for Kansas City for a several week's visit with relatives.



More meat and lard was consumed per capita in 1934 than in any other year since 1918. This increase in consumption was primarily in pork and lard. According to the Bureau of Business, Agricultural Foundation, in addition to providing the amount needed for domestic consumption, enough meat and lard was produced to export over two billion pounds, which is equivalent to about 25 pounds more per capita. As pork production is now being curtailed, the 1934 figure of meat consumption is not likely to be equaled in 1935.

FOR MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS

Continued From Another Page

Nothing's ready! I've just this hour started to do for you."

"We got down our addresses in verbatim at the railroad-of welcome from mother, our mother!"

"That's just it, mother, dear," I said. "We didn't want you to do all the thing alone. We've come to do for ourselves, and the letter that follows on Christmas Eve."

Well, at first mother simply wouldn't hear of it. We were to be company and just wait till she got the rooms we were to occupy and made up. She was so sure of herself, and we must stay. But we wouldn't budge. She grumbled we worked hard enough, each at our own particular kind of work, all the year, not to have to work when we came home.

We wouldn't listen. We had come for one thing. We longingly overhauled her in all her objections.

Now that that, we called father to front the bars and get him to handle mother up and take her off for a sleep. "I sleep, this!" "The ever heart of a sleep this and all the paper furniture in the hall waiting for the party to be dressed!" "Well, mother heart of a sleep this, and make just those conditions now. The heart of it from her two strong-minded daughters, her youngest and her oldest. Father caught our spirit at once and hustled her away. How nearly the bells jingled as they whirled away through the snow!"

Now for it! Marge and I turned up our skirts, draped ourselves in big aprons and waded towels about our heads, and fell to. It was hard work, but what a lot we made of it. And we had a good supper waiting for mother and father when they got back.

And every day that week we did the same. Father visited mother off in the sleigh to visit old friends in nearby towns, or just for the ride, and while they were gone we hustled.

By Christmas Eve the house was so shining and tidy as it would have been had mother been left to herself with it. And Marge had proved herself a marvelous cook, too. There were pies and cakes, and even tamales, and the ham with cloves. The turkey was dressed, too, and the stuffing made, and mother had not so much as yet her nose into the poultry door.

Then the family arrived. Three daughters, with their three husbands and several children apiece, and two brothers with their wives and offspring. And mother and father met them at the door, mother's arm



Father Whisked Mother Off in the Sleigh to Visit Friends.

tucked in father's, her hair freshly curled, her black silk vesting.

"Oh," cried brother-in-law Jim, "you're looking just like you did ten years ago!" Such bright eyes and pink cheeks I've never seen."

Marge and I in the darker background, nudged each other and giggled. All the others felt the same thing. It was true enough, too. This was a different mother from the rather weary old woman we were accustomed to meeting at holidays here in the open door.

Father spoke up: "You're dead right, children," he said. "Your mother looks like this all the year except at holiday time. Then she just slings getting ready for you and sort of gets worn out. This year was different. This year she went home with me instead."

Marge and I came forth from hiding. "Yes, and hereafter it always to be different," we grinned.

And how it paid! We'd gotten into the way of thinking mother was an old woman. Now we saw her as her neighbors and father saw her—healthy, bright-eyed, cheerful.

"Oh, it seems good to be cutting other's cooking," mumbled her that night, over Marge's apple tart. "But you see naughty children just the same. Marge and you shouldn't have me all right in my own house, too!" The reproach in her eyes, though mild indeed, was far as intent as Marge caught it, and quicker than I got up and ran around to mother at her place. There she leaned above her and gave her one of her old, impulsive, childish hugs. "Yes, mother dear, it's your own house. But you're our own mother. So 'twas her!"

"I'll take over later, of course, but I can't be certain to be there. I look forward to the annual clearing away with my jolly little sister, Marge, as to a justification. And the best part of it all is the second of those jingling sleighs as mother and father go whisking out of the yard.

A Fourth of July Santa Class

By Eleanor E. King
12129, Western Tennessee Times

IT WAS the great day of the Fourth of July, and Dorothy, like all the other seven children of the busy miller family was out bright and early. Dorothy had a great friend in the lady next door. So Dorothy had learned, and, by the way, kept it a well secret from the rest of the troop, that when his stomach growled loudly, if he were to go to next door he most always could get a piece of the best bread and jam, and perhaps run an errand or two for her to ease his conscience.

Dorothy, bright and early, had found his way over to Mrs. Miller's, as he called her. She was busy getting ready to go to a picnic.

"Don't see, Dorothy," she explained in answer to his questions. "This man who is coming with his car to take us out to his home where we are to have our picnic, is an old cousin of Mr. Miller's."

As they loaded the things into the car Dorothy trooped along and was in-



troduced to Mr. Miller. While they stood there Dorothy spied a balloon man coming down the street. As the noise of the horns grew nearer, Dorothy's eyes enlarged.

"Isn't that Whippet, though," Dorothy asked. "Yes."

"Wouldn't you like one, Dorothy?" suggested Mr. Miller, digging into his pocket. "Now, I'll tell you, Dorothy, if you know my name next year when I come after these folks at the Fourth, I'll buy you another balloon."

It was almost Christmas now, and Dorothy was once more in the Haskins kitchen, waiting preparations for another feast, but of a different sort. The most wonderful pies, cakes and puddings were being evolved. Suddenly, Dorothy burst forth:

"Yes, Mrs. Miller, do you remember what that man said?"

"No, Dorothy, what are you thinking about?"

"Do you suppose he will come back? You know he bought me a balloon, and said if I remembered his name he would buy me another when he came back."

"Of course he will," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Oh, I am so glad. My mother she just says I am silly when I ask her and says, 'I am too busy to be bothered with that. Run along, now.' And you know," Dorothy hastened to add, "I haven't forgotten his name either. It's Mr. Miller."

That night Mr. Miller dropped in for a minute at the Haskins'. Before his departure Mrs. Haskins had a moment of conversation with him alone. He said, "all right," leaving with the sweetest kind of a wink in his eyes.

Christmas Eve came. Dorothy and Mother Miller were doing their best to keep from looking sorrowful. They

never only saw well that they could never begin to give the children the number of things each wanted. The children had all gone to bed. Just Dorothy and Mother Miller were in the parlor sitting up a little, scroungily free when a knock, ever so gentle on the front door, attracted their attention.

"I am sorry to bother you at this hour, but I wanted to wait until I was sure Dorothy would be in bed. Perhaps you would feel better to know my name—Miller," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Miller after depositing his load on the table. "I've a tree outside here," and he hurried out to get it.

The next morning was never equaled in all the annals of the Miller family. Such excitement, such happiness. Dorothy, after his recovery from surprise and capture over his eyes, was so his happy mother as she was trying to get breakfast. Trusting at her steps, he said, "Yes, mother, that was I met on Fourth of July was Santa Claus, and his name is Mr. Miller."

organization has decided to postpone the meeting until the third Wednesday in January, which is the regular date for the meeting.

Watch for program is some following Eagle—E. White (Sec'y.)

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Church school from 9:45 to 10:45 Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Preaching services at 11:00 a. m., subject "The Good Samaritan", and at 7:30 p. m., subject: "The Hand That Blesses". Special music at all services.

The W. K. E. will hold their meeting on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 27, in the parlors of the church. Lunch will be served and the lecture remains will be on display and for sale. A good time awaits all who come.

The Christmas program committee and choir are at work getting the program ready for Christmas Eve.

RAIN COAT SALE

Only a few coats left. Sizes 36, 38 and 40. At \$1.98.
S. Wells
Merchant Tailor
Bridge Street
Vernonia, Ore.

Frank Schoggin, vice-president of the Oregon-American Lumber Co., has been spending the past ten days here from Kansas City headquarters.

E. E. Anderson who lives at Millview is working on a process to make commercial use out of the squeal in a regenerative radio set.

Fred W. Horstette, of Portland, a prominent sawmill designer was visiting Vernonia recently. Mr. Horstette was one of the designers of the Long-Bell mill at Longview.

Chas. S. Keith, president of the O.-A. Lumber company, was here early this week inspecting the big Vernonia plant.

Forrest Cobb, West Coast Manager of the Moore Dry Kiln Company was a recent business visitor to Vernonia.

C. H. Holbrook, of Carson, Louisiana, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Forrest Blunt at Millview.

Allen C. Hemphill, western sales manager of the O.-A. Lumber Co., was a recent visitor here from Portland headquarters.

Emmott & Culver

VERNONIA MEAT MARKET

All our Meats are Strictly Fresh, Raised and Killed in the Nehalem Valley

Specials For Saturday

LARD	Sugar Cured Bacon 6-8
Pure Open Kettle Rendered	at 25c lb.
5s	Weiners and Bologna
10c	at 18c
Bulk	Liver Sausage 18c lb.
Select roasts Beef 15c	Hamburger 15c lb.
Boils	Pure Pork Sausage 20c
Fresh Whipping Cream	Fresh Side Pork 22c lb.
at 35c Pint	Heavy Dry Salt Side 18c
	Select Steaks 25c lb.
	Leg Spring Lamb 25c

All Our Poultry will be fresh killed Saturday Morning

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS

The sewer system has been completed and accepted by the City. Assessments for the cost thereof have been levied by the City Council and are published elsewhere in this paper.

Under the Bancroft Act as adopted by the Charter of Vernonia you have ten days to pay cash or bond. Cash payments will be received by the City Treasurer at the Bank of Vernonia. Bonding Applications can be obtained from the Bank, City Recorder or City Engineer.

Assessments under \$25.00 must be paid in cash. Over \$25.00 can be bonded or can be paid in cash at the option of the owner. Assessments not paid or bonded will be collected by foreclosure proceedings against the property.

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