



BEN SAWYER always came down the back stairs the same way. New Year's morning was no exception. There was a rush, a clatter and a general tumbling noise—and Ben emerged into the kitchen.

His mother was just putting the last things on the table for breakfast. "Happy New Year, mother!" called Ben, disappearing into the dining room.

His mother, strange to say, did not reply.

Polly Sawyer, the youngest of the family, and Harry were standing around the dining room waiting for breakfast to be served.

"Mother's sort of queer this morning," whispered Polly to Ben. "She looks just the same, but there's a kind of difference about her. She hasn't said 'Happy New Year' to one of us."

Ben frowned and looked at his boots. "Oh, well, I guess she's a little tired after the party last night. Shouldn't blame her."

Ben really began to feel uncomfortable and he attempted a timid question.

"Mother, don't you feel well this morning?" he asked.

Mrs. Sawyer looked up, surprised.

"Why, yes, Ben. What made you ask?"

"You seem so—so sort of, well"—he floundered—"sort of quiet."

"Quiet?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

Harry and Polly looked at each other uneasily.

What was the matter with breakfast, anyhow?

"Yes," said Ben, "and you haven't wished one of us a Happy New Year."

"Dear, me, I forgot all about it. Well, I'll do it now. Happy New Year, Ben and Harry and Polly!"

But this was not at all what they wanted. She did not say it that way when she meant it. She shouted it up the stairs the first thing in the morning, to get ahead of everybody else.

The children felt strange and out of tune. Mother was always so jolly. It took all the fun out of things to have her this way.

"We had a fine party last night, didn't we?" asked Polly. "Every one said they never had a better time."

Ben looked hard at his mother. He was the oldest and, though careless and noisy, loved her very much. "It was because mother worked so hard to give it to us," he smiled. "Those little cakes were just the ticket, and the ice cream—oh, boy!"

The other children nodded. "Sure thing," mumbled Harry, looking as solemn as an owl.

Mrs. Sawyer glanced from one to another. "Children," she said, "I've got something to say to you New Year's morning. I think this is the best time, for it is the very beginning of the New Year."

"Yes, mother," they all agreed.

"It is the custom to say that we make new resolutions, but I wish we could make new faces."

"New faces!" exclaimed the children together.

"Yes—just that. But new faces are not made from the outside; the molding has to come from within. Faces are made by thoughts, and thoughts are our only tools. I worked for two days to make it a happy one for you and your friends. I grew very tired, but I did not mind that, if it gave you pleasure. You say you had a good time, but this morning is the first I have heard about it."

"Oh, mother!" they wailed, conscience-stricken.

"You take too much for granted, children. And if you don't begin to think a little about other people and what they are doing and feeling, you will grow up having very disagreeable faces. I want you all to try to have 'new faces' this year. Make your eyes see nice things about others; make your mouths say kind words whenever you can. Next New Year's morning I'd like to shout a 'Happy New Year,' and mean it. I want to see happy faces not because you have a good time, but because you have helped to 'shine up' the world for others."

"Yes, mother," replied all the children, and then they got up with one accord and ran around the table and kissed her.

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IT WAS New Year's Day and the snow began to fall in blustery fashion about the street corners of Milltown. At the Simmons Corner Grocery the morning business was rather dull and it was now ten o'clock, when Isaac, or "Ike" as he was familiarly called, sat in his dingy, dusty office, shut off by himself, looking over his past year's accounts. The young clerk, "Bill" Wilkins, was a little more idle than usual and he sat quietly on a cracker box, interested in the story of "Huck Finn," having a broad grin upon his round, mischievous face.

"Ike" Simmons, it was true, had a sour disposition, even to a sense of meanness, and sometimes if his friends greeted him kindly, to be obstinate and hateful he would think of some act of meanness to counteract goodness and generosity. If it were not for bargains "Ike's" trade would go on the decline, but he possessed a keen insight for business and often marked his goods some pennies below the selling price of his competitors. So, on New Year's morning, "Ike" Simmons was in no pleasant mood, and who would dare to wish him a "Happy New Year," and especially in a snow-storm and business dull?



All was quiet within the little grocery office and a great stack of papers was eagerly examined, when "Ike," with his specs laid up high on his brow, leaned over quietly onto his desk in a thinking way. In a few minutes he saw the trapdoor open and an arm with a revolver appeared. Then a face, with a handkerchief covering it, showed to the horror-stricken "Ike" Simmons. A real burglar sprang out! He took a heavy rope and bound "Ike" to the stool. "Now, old Sourhead," the burglar said, "I'm not here only for your money, but to flog you—you, who cares not for the pleasant things of life. You are ugly to your friends. Now I am going to beat you." And he thrashed "Ike" with a heavy rope, and the pain was awful. He knocked "Ike" from his stool.

There was a dull thud. The clerk ran into the office and found "Ike" Simmons struggling on the floor, surrounded by his books and papers. About the same time Lemuel Haskins came into the store and exclaimed: "A Happy New Year, Ike!" "Ike" scrambled up and looked amazedly about him. "Happy New Year, Lem, and many more." Both persons stood aghast! "Ike" Simmons was a transformed being. He had learned, in a brief dream, the lesson of the cost of being unkindly, when the real cost of being kind was nothing, and he kept the New Year happy, and other New Years following, with an increased business to bless his efforts.

The O.-A. company is constructing a dozen new homes to be occupied by families of mill workers. The "Milltown" addition to Vernonia is one of the prettiest arranged and neatest appearing residential districts to be claimed by any town of the northwest. And building never stops.

A DOZEN NEW HOMES

Service

"I keep six honest, serving men; (They taught me All I Know) Their names are WHAT and WHY and WHEN and HOW and WHERE and WHO"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

SEE THE VERNONIA TRADING CO FOR Dupont Explosives and Blasting Accessories Lime, Brick, Plaster, Cement FEED, GRAIN AND HAY At the Warehouse South of the Depot VERNONIA TRADING CO Wholesale and Retail

SUMMONS In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Columbia County. Bank of Vernonia, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. J. J. Edwards and Mary Edwards, his wife, Defendants. To J. J. Edwards and Mary Edwards, his wife, the above named DEFENDANTS: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or before the 31st day of January, 1925, said date being after the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons; and in the event you fail so to do, the Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in its complaint, to-wit: that the Plaintiff be decreed and declared to be the owner in fee simple, and in the actual possession of the following described parcel of real property situated in Columbia County, Oregon, to-wit: All of Lot numbered One, in Block Six, in the town, (now City) of Vernonia, in said County and State; And that you and each of you and all persons claiming by, through or under you, be forever barred and precluded from claiming or attempt-

Your Winter Clothing Needs The Time to Buy a Hat TAKE YOUR PICK FROM OUR COMPLETE STOCK OF QUALITY HEADWEAR. ALL THE NEW STYLES, SHAPES AND COLORS FROM WHICH TO SELECT. PETERSEN'S POPULAR PRICES A. W. PETERSEN

HARE, McAlear & Peters Attorneys for Plaintiff Resident Attorneys, State of Oregon Post Office Address, Shute Savings Bank Bldg. Hillsboro, Oregon. NOTICE OF COMPLETION Notice is hereby given that the City Engineer has filed with the Recorder a Certificate of Completion of the work in Improvement District Number One in the City of Vernonia, Oregon. Notice is hereby further given that the acceptance of said improvement will be considered by the Council on the 5th day of January, 1925, at the meeting of the Council to be held at 8 o'clock p. m. on said date, and that at any time prior to said date fixed for the hearing of the same, any owner of any interest in, or the agent of any property owner to be affected

ing to claim, asserting or attempting to assert any right, title or interest in or to said property, adverse to the interest and ownership of the Plaintiff therein and thereto; that the title of the Plaintiff in and to against all of your claims and demands. THIS SUMMONS is served upon you by order of the Honorable J. A. Eaking, Judge of the above entitled court, made, rendered and dated on the 12th day of December, 1924, which said order directs that said summons be published in the Vernonia Eagle for six consecutive and successive weeks, the date of the 1st publication thereof being Dec. 19, 1924, and the date of the last publication thereof being January 20th, 1925, and that you appear and answer said complaint on or before January 31st, 1925.

of said improvement, may file his objections to the acceptance of said work, and such objections will then be considered by the Council. Dated this 26th day of December, 1924. Ben S. Owens, Recorder.

NOTICE Piano Tuning, Repairing, Rebuilding All work guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. H. R. Brown, Piano Tuner Vernonia, Oregon P. O. Box 116

"from the Northwest's finest bakery" Butter-Nut the bread supreme IT IS NOT NATURAL for superior work to be done with inferior tools. You have a right to expect superior bread from a superior bakery. Indeed, there is just one natural reason for the existence of a superior bakery anywhere—and that is a dominating determination to make superior bread. Visitors are always welcome at the U. S. Bakery, East 11th to 12th and East Everett to flanders streets. We are glad to have people see our plant and see how Butter-Nut bread is made—and it is really interesting to go through this bakery equipped to make "75,000 quality loaves a day."