

VERNONIA EAGLE



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PAUL S. ROBINSON, EDITOR AND OWNER.

The Original Home Paper, Standing for Progress, Fair Play, Home Patronage, Law Enforcement, Good Schools and The Home Beautiful.

All Accounts Must Be Settled in Full Every 30 Days

Editorial

THE WOMAN DRIVER

No higher authority on motor car driving can be found than the traffic officers of our large cities, and they say that women drivers as a rule are far more careful than men. They may hurt the feelings of some Vernonia drivers who imagine they could give Barney Oldfield lessons, and they may reply that the women ought to be better drivers in view of their training in driving from the back seat. But the fact remains that our smart Alec drivers are found among men. Watch, the next time you get in dense traffic, how deliberately the women drivers move along. You will find out that it is the men who keep their horns blaring and who squeeze in and out of traffic as though they were driving a fire truck on a hurry run. It seems from reports made by traffic officers and published from time to time in the newspapers of our big cities that a mother's foot is as steady on the gas pedal as her hand is on the cradle.

THAT ANNUAL CALL

Nine-tenths of the year we fellows in towns like Vernonia work hard at our trade for a living, filling goods, carpentering, repairing, editing a paper or something just as laborious and confining. We thankfully buy our vegetables and our fruit at the grocery, and talk about the farmer's hard lot. But the other one-tenth of the year, when breezes begin to blow soft and the sun shines warm again, we turn like homesick children back to Mother Nature, and wish we could step into the farmer's shoes, regardless of how hard may be his task.

It is at this time of year that all of us want to get out and dig in the ground—to plant something, to watch something grow. In the big city tenement house the housewife digs in the hard-packed soil of a little wooden window box with a broken butcher knife and sets out the frail little geranium that has survived the winter's gas and smoke. Here in our town, where it is still possible for a good many to make garden, the call of the housewife to the plowman is heard—"Come and plow up my garden next." The smell of the warm, fresh earth is sweet to our nostrils—and once more we are thankful that we live away from the pushing, shoving, crowd-congested city.

There is more to planting something than reducing the cost of living. There is a joy that comes from watching that which your own hand has planted, of seeing it grow and mature and ripen for the table. So, no matter how cheaply you may feel that vegetables will sell this summer, dig in the ground a little and plant something. Ask any man who does it, and he will tell you we're right—and he'll also tell you it is the best remedy the world has to offer for "spring fever."

In the mass of matter I have read about Dorothy Ellington, one fact seems to me to be especially interesting. Dorothy is reported to have said: "Mother didn't understand me." Bunk! Dorothy's mother—and it has been the same with mothers of headstrong girls since the world began—did understand her daughter. It was the latter who did not understand her mother, nor did she care. The girl, had she stopped to think, would have realized that her own completely dominant selfishness was the cause of all the heart-aches, both her own and her mother's. The mother knew exactly where the bell-bent career of the girl would end. Selfish girls, however, at the end of their self-created trail of misery, have always offered the alibi, "My mother didn't understand me." They are the same kind of girls who, grown-up and having passed through domestic squalls, fall back on the old standby and say: "My husband never understood me." Poor dolls, of what wondrous clay they must think themselves made, to be so beyond the whole world's comprehension.—M. S. B.

The groniest gronch must at last acknowledge that business is good and growing better—and in Vernonia a decidedly favorable change has been noticed the past two weeks. It was coming all the time; it has arrived.

As "Mothers' Day" approaches every child from five to fifty plans on a card, letter or gift for the dearest woman in the world.

We are glad when prosperity hits a brother editor. Art Steel, of the Clatskanie Chief is entitled to it. We see where the Chief is building a new fireproof office building. Sounds good.

The Longview Daily News got out their big Annual or "Anniversary Number" last week. One of the best descriptive newspapers we have ever read, and one that we actually read every page in every section. No city has yet made the record growth along every page in every section. Hence the News had abundance of good copy for the big edition. It was liberally illustrated with views of Longview industries, modern business houses and handsome homes.

The "Southern Oregon Spokesman" is one of the fastest growing newspapers of the West. Published at Grants Pass it embraces all of that territory between Roseburg and Medford, and caters to the vast agricultural interest of this fertile paradise as well as to the great and rich mineral deposits that country contains. We were recently privileged to visit the Spokesman office, and found a model shop with everyone busy.

It was Sunday; Editor Bede was "filling a pulpit" at a nearby church; the office door was locked to prowlers and delinquent subscribers, but the shades were up, and we peeped. The Cottage Grove Sentinel is the best equipped small town printing office in the world. Fact! Everybody knows it, and acknowledges it. The little city is busy and prosperous looking. And pretty girls—you tell 'em, Bede.

To raise more money to run the city of Vernonia the city council passed an ordinance making every person doing business there pay a license. It might have been worse. Had the city dads passed an income tax, it might have been more up-to-date, and Vernonia could have tooted its horn that it was the first city in the United States to pass a city income tax—Tillamook Headlight.

Governor Pierce when he stumped the state intimated that if the dear people would vote for him that he would reduce taxation 50 per cent. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The state tax has increased \$2,500,000 over the previous year. And a whole lot of voters almost yelled their heads off when Pierce told them he was going to reduce taxation.—Tillamook Herald.

"You have a splendid little city here." That is the comment of Paul Robinson, editor of the Vernonia Eagle, who passed through the city Monday. Mr. Robinson should know, for his business card says that he comes from the biggest little city in Oregon. His cards were printed, however, before he had seen Cottage Grove and he probably will now have new ones printed upon which that will be qualified.

A new "addition" is opening up in Rainier. With the new bridge talk Rainier is looking for quite a growth, in fact, she is growing now, sure, substantial and fast. No, Longview isn't hurting Rainier; only helping to make it.

O let me live in a town that shows The work of men that are on their toes; A town that is up and in the race With towns that know how to hit the pace; A town that's clean and alive with zest, Where boosters never stop to rest; Where the stranger finds the latch string out And every man is a cheerful scout; Where the streets and walks are in repair And flowers of fragrance scent the air; Where the homes built well through family pride Have a faith in God and man inside; Where the merchants all cooperate And no one has learned the song of hate; Where the schools maintain a standard high And the taxes do not mount the sky; Oh give me a town that's built like that.

And I don't care if I'm thin or fat, I'll enjoy myself at work and play Till the angel's call on judgment day; For that's the kind of a town for me And that's the town that MY TOWN Shall be.—Unknown.

Who Went In?

The Bible says they went into the Ark two by two doesn't it, auntie? "Yes, dear." "Well, who went in with you?"

Blodgett Expected to Stick



Alton Blodgett, rookie pitcher with the New York Yankees, is expected to get a permanent place on the pitching staff. He has performed excellently in the training camp.

SPOT MADE SACRED BY SAVIOR'S AGONY

Garden of Gethsemane Now Beautiful Spot.

The Garden of Gethsemane lies without the walls of Jerusalem. The way to it leads through the eastern gate, over the little stone bridge which spans the dried-up course of the brook Cedron, and up to the foot of the Mount of Olives. Here many a time Christ retreated with His disciples. Here He was found on that night after the Last Supper, when the soldiers, guided by the kiss of Judas, made Him their prisoner. And here come the thousands of pilgrims today, on their tour of the Holy land.

The Gethsemane they see is not that of the time of the Savior. The majestic olive trees of a thousand years ago still rear their heads in silent guardianship of the solemn spot. But a white wall encloses the garden square; tiny monuments of stone edge the path, each indicating a station on the way to the Cross; graveled walks run between dainty parterres, where wondrous flowers revel in colorful oriental profusion.

There they are in their little round stone-rimmed plats—the hyacinths and the lilies and the tulips and the jasmine flowers that grow so sweet and so sturdy in the warm sunshine that bathes the long slopes of the sacred mount. Their beauty and their fragrance make it almost a perpetual Easter there. The garden is now in the keeping of Franciscan monks, and it is they who have so transformed it.

To many the change seems incongruous. Pierre Loti, the French novelist, criticizes it severely in his book on Jerusalem. He objects to its daintiness.



Guardian Priest of the Garden of Gethsemane at Jerusalem.

modernity. The memories which make sacred the garden are sorrowful and scarcely to be symbolized by color and light.

But on the many who visit the place the setting makes no impression. To them, Gethsemane is the Garden of the Agony, whither the Savior retired to pray for strength in the last dread crisis before the end.

It is one of the few spots where Jesus trod which man still knows after nearly 1,900 long years. Birds twitter and sing all the long, warm day, and the gay flowers blush in all the colors of the rainbow, but there is a solemn, sanctified stillness everywhere which takes the reverent visitor back through the ages—always!

A Vernonia man isn't old until he starts in to tell what a whirlwind he was when in his younger days.

Mac Says

A Tourist asked a little girl how she sold the boxes of apples displayed on the stand. "We put the big ones on top." Bear in mind that anything you buy in DRUGS at the M & M PHARMACY is good all the way thru.

We don't put the "big ones on top." M. & M. Pharmacy Corner Across from Gilby Motor Co.

VERNONIA Population, 2000. High School and Standard Grade School. Pay Roll City—Mills, Logging, Farming, Dairying, Fruit, Vegetables P. A. & P. Ry. Town growing fast. On Inland Loop Highway Between Portland and Astoria. A Large Territory to Draw From. 49 Miles From Portland, 35 Miles From Forest Grove, 27 Miles From St. Helens. Many Opportunities in Vernonia. Best Hunting, Trapping and Fishing in the Northwest. An Industrial Center.

MONUMENTS

From now on you can purchase Monuments and Markers In both Marble and Granite For a great reduction in price, a saving to the purchaser of from 10 to 25 per cent Come and be convinced M. N. LEWIS & CO. Cor. 4th and Main Sts. Hillsboro, Oregon

Typewriters

Late Models For sale on easy terms or for rent. Vernonia Representative Wholesale Typewriter Co. G. C. Olsen Beall Electric Building

PATENTS Obtained. Send model or sketch and we will promptly send you a report. Our book on Patents and Trade-marks will be sent to you on request. D. SWIFT & CO. PATENT LAWYERS 305 Seventh St., Washington, D. C. Over 34 Years' Experience

Knowing Mistress: "If you want eggs to keep well they must be laid in a cool place." New Maid: "There, mum; fancy them hens thinking of a thing like that." We've noticed around Vernonia that the fellow who works hardest has the least bad luck.

A Trifling Mistake The wife of a man who had enlisted in the navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Bowers, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." The minister glanced over it hurriedly, and announced: "Peter Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

Where You Can Make Your Money Grow

You would not plant corn in a swamp or hay in your vegetable garden. Ofcourse not. You plant them where you'll get the greatest yield. Just so with money. For the greatest yield and safest, plant your money in a savings account in this strong bank—where money grows.

BANK OF VERNONIA Vernonia, Oregon

VERNONIA STEAM LAUNDRY

QUALITY WORK GUARANTEED A Vernonia Institution, Modern in Every Respect WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER Quick Service—Watch for Our Car

HOUSEWIVES ATTENTION!

SPRINGTIME IS HERE AND WITH IT COMES HOUSE CLEANING. LET US HELP YOU WITH YOUR CURTAINS, BLANKETS, FEATHER PILLOWS, WASHABLE RUGS AND ALL KINDS OF LAUNDRY WORK PROPERLY DONE

STATE LAUNDRY CO.

PHONES: EAST 0657-EAST 9387 VERNONIA, ORE. THE BROADWAY LINEN SUPPLY WILL SERVE YOU WITH THE BEST LINEN IN THE CITY —Same Phones—

Emmott & Culver

VERNONIA MEAT MARKET Choice selections of fresh killed Steer Beef. Fancy Veal and Grain Fed Hogs

Specials For Saturday

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Beef Boils, Choice Steaks, Pot Roasts, Fresh Hamburger, Pure Pork Sausage, Weiners and Bologna, PURE OPEN KETTLE RENDERED LARD, 10s, Bulk, Fresh Whipping Cream, Kipped Salmon, Fresh Dill Pickles.

We carry a large variety of Luncheon Meats