

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

A LARGE portion of our readers were born and brought up in the country, says the Democrat and Watchman of Circleville. No other building on the old farm was so delightfully familiar as the old barn, of varying types of construction.

It was the citadel for the farm crops, stock and supplies, essential in carrying on the work of the farm, and in the maintenance of the home and family.

On the old farm among the hills, where the writer was born and brought up, the log-barn, is the only building still standing. In days ago, a hundred swallow nests lined its rafters. In harvest time, its huge pens were fragrant with clover and timothy of the near-by meadows. In its nooks and corners, on rainy days and Sundays, we played hide-and-seek. Within its walls and secreted among its mows were hen's nests and fresh eggs galore. In lean-to sheds were stored the wagons, buggies and farm implements. And in stall and at stanchion, meek cows and patient horses munched contentedly from well-filled mangers. Verily, the old barn was a great institution. Some poet in the Farm Journal enshrines it in verse:

The ancient barn with its clapboards gray
Has for well-nigh fifty years
Sheltered its wealth of fragrant hay
And wealth of golden ears.

The swallows dart thro' the open door
Just the same as in years gone by,
When we rode around o'er the thrashing-floor,
And trod out the wheat and rye.

On rainy days oft a merry throng
Of children gathered here,
And with hunting eggs and games and song,
The gloom gave way to cheer.

In its lofty mows we often played,
In the days of long ago,
And peered 'neath the rafters half afraid,
Lest some goblin lurked below.

Hail! dear old barn, 'neath thy shelt'ring eaves
Sweet echoes dwell, and sing
To my list'ning ear and my heart receives
Fond memories of youth's glad spring.

THE SILLY SEASON

WE QUITE often run into a genuine case of silliness around here, and it may be that we are guilty of the same thing ourselves every now and then. But we do hope we're never going to be silly enough to declare that such catastrophes as recently visited the little city of Santa Barbara, California, was "a visitation from above," as we heard one Vernonia man assert shortly after it occurred.

We take no stock in "visitations" and if we did we would always believe that anything coming from above is bound to be good, instead of bad. We are living on a sphere that is peculiarly constructed and about which man doesn't know half as much as there is to be known. This old earth has a habit of doing peculiar things, and when we are not expecting it to do them. The earthquake at Santa Barbara was another of these pranks, the same as the tidal wave at Galveston some years ago, the terrible quake at Japan, the Dayton flood in 1913 and the tornado that made thousands homeless in Indiana and Illinois a few months ago.

These things are a part of nature's plan, they are something we cannot prevent, and they are just as apt to strike at one point as another. We see churches wiped out by fire and flood and tornado. So if it was "a visitation from above" why not the churches be spared? We take no stock in such silliness, and we are glad to know that a vast majority of our readers do not. We just go ahead with hearts saddened by such occurrences, with sympathy for those affected, and hopeful that our own community may be spared from such deplorable events.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

ONCE a farmer had 1800 bushels of wheat which he had sold, not to one grain merchant, but to 1800 different dealers, a bushel to each. A few of them paid cash, but far the greater number said they would pay later. A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this," he said, "my 1800 bushels of grain should have kept me until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and instead I have a vast number of accounts so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough."

So he posted a public notice and asked all who owed him to come and pay quickly. But few came. The rest said: "Mine is only a small matter, and I will pay you some other day." Though each account was very small,

when all were put together it meant a goodly sum to one man, and enough to enable him to pay his own bills and meet his needs. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so badly that he fell out of bed and awoke. Running to his granary he found the 1800 bushels of wheat still there.

And the moral is this: The next day he went to the publisher of his home-town paper and said: "Here, sir, is pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can count on me to pay you promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have his earnestly-earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."

HITS NAIL ON HEAD

IT ISN'T fair to imagine that all editors of big city papers do not know what they are talking about when they comment on conditions in our small towns. The editor of the New York Evening Post proves his wisdom of small towns and their people when he writes the following words, recently printed in the big New York paper:

"The small town does not live by the mere sufferance of the city. Nor does it run to the city for every good thing to eat, to hear, to wear. It is aware of books and abreast of fashions. It has churches, served by ministers who are compensated by the devotion of a flock for their relatively modest income. Moreover, that income is not always small when weighed in the balance with the cost of city life. One of the peculiar satisfactions to the small town dweller is the neighborhood consciousness—the knowledge that next-door neighbors and those beyond next-door will eagerly mobilize to help in time of need. The little town offers its own abundant compensation, best known to its own citizens."

ANY RECORDS HERE?

ARTHUR STEDMAN, of New York, recently came forward in the newspapers to declare that he has worn the same collar button 50 years, or longer than any other man ever possessed one. And he has started something. Now comes J. B. Williams, of Maryland, to state that he has lost his collar button for 54 years, and that record appears to stand. At least we haven't seen it disputed in the "collar button contests" now being space in hundreds of papers throughout the country. We've lost so many that keeping one a year would be a record for us, but it may be that someone in Vernonia has learned far better than we have the art of hanging onto them, keeping them from rolling away to an obscure place just at an inopportune moment. Therefore we are calling attention to the "collar button contest" in the hope that possibly someone around here can gain nationwide fame by displaying a collar button that has seen more than 54 years of service.

THE "JAY WALKER"

DON'T make the mistake of thinking that "jay walkers" are confined to the cities alone. And neither is it wise to believe that every time someone is run down and hurt or killed that it was the fault of the man who drove the car. You don't have to go any farther than Vernonia to find "jay walkers," people who cross the street or highway without looking carefully in all directions to see that danger is not near, people who cross from one side of the street to the other without using the regular crossing, or who change their mind and start back when they've reached the middle of the street. All of these are "jay walkers" of the worst type, and are to be found here the same as in the large city. The only difference is there are more of them in the city because there are more people there. But that doesn't mean that death beneath the wheels of an auto is any more pleasant one place than it is another. Watch your step!

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coyle and daughter Opal returned last week from an extended visit through Southern California—making side pleasure trips to old Mexico and adjacent points of interest. Walter says it is pretty hot down there during the days, but the nights are very pleasant.

Workers are busy with the paving jobs. Our main street is being paved and before the muddy season begins, we will be ready for a winter when we can cross the street without getting buried in clay and mud.

Many Vernonia people are on their vacation, some to the mountains and some to the seashore, while a few have wandered to other states. All will come home feeling there is no place like home after all.

Stores are disposing of summer goods in order to receive fall goods now being ordered. Where the days go it is hard to explain.

You will lose money if you don't follow the special prices found in our various advertisements.

We are all pleased to see our streets being paved.

Hotels are all doing a big business.

Soon be time for school again.

OUT OF DOORS IN OREGON VANISHING

HE HAS achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never failed to appreciate earth's beauties and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.—Oregon Sportsmen.

Don't Let 'Em "Gyp" You

Doesn't it cost you enough to operate your car as it is without letting "gyp" tire and accessory dealers lure you into their trap? When we sell you TIRES or TUBES we are not selling "seconds." Every one carries a mileage guarantee—and we are here to make good if the tires don't. If you buy from the cheap mail-order tire and accessory dealers you have to put up with what they send you.

YOU WOULDN'T BE SATISFIED WITH "SECONDS" IN SUGAR OR MEAT. WHY NOT BE AS PARTICULAR ABOUT THE MONEY YOU SPEND ON TIRES?

We'll Save You Money

on anything that goes on your auto—and we can save you money on repairs. We've a line of the BEST tires and accessories—the kind that are cheapest in the long run because they are BEST in the first-place. Don't tinker with your car and do something that will make a bigger bill later on—let an expert look after it and save both the life of the car and your money

VERNONIA BRAZING & MACHINE WORKS

OUT OF DOORS IN OREGON VANISHING

Out of Doors in Oregon is vanishing: Vanishing so fast that within a few years it will be gone.

Blackened, charred stumps will stand like tombstones in a grave yard of tin cans, cartons and polluted water courses, where once beautiful spots with shade and crystal streams which beckoned to the weary traveller to rest in nature's lap of luxury, were the glory of this state.

Where once you and I, as boys together, roamed the hills and streams, fishing and hunting, absorbing the character building atmosphere of the great university of outdoors, our boys and girls will find bleak and barren hills and fishless streams, devastated by the ruthless hand of the careless and un-restrained.

What is everybody's business is nobody's business and the business of conserving and perpetuating the beauty spots of Oregon, the camp grounds, the groves, the big trees, and the greatest wealth of all, the wonderful streams in their natural beauty which can never be matched by artificial means, has been relegated to nobody and nobody has attended to it.

It should be the business of every red blooded citizen of the state of Oregon, who loves the woods, the streams, the birds and the fish, and above all, the spots along the highway which afford special attractions for the tourists to enjoy the privilege of a few hours in a camp close to nature, and special effort should

be made to see that these are not desecrated and destroyed and the streams polluted.

Shall we permit the entire destruction and annihilation of the last of these wonder spots?

If Pythianism is to survive the storms of the times, it must be accomplished through service, and every Pythian can make it his special business to serve the state of Oregon by making it his individual business to assist in the preservation of the natural wealth and beauty of the hills and valleys and streams of Oregon.

If not for ourselves—for the generations that follow
J. J. KNIGHT,
McMinnville, Oregon.

New Band Manager

The band boys have secured the services of Mr. George Thayer to act as their business manager. Mr. Thayer is a band man of many years experience and is familiar with the problems confronting the average small town band. He will be able to render valuable services to the band and the city in helping to keep this worthy enterprise going on a business basis. When George talks band to you, listen to him, he knows what he is talking about.

Mr. D. Nickson, who is the first man you meet when you go to the big Inman-Poulsen camp, was in town Monday, long enough to keep the Eagle visiting him with a year's subscription.

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