



## VERNONIA EAGLE

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Paul Robinson, Editor and Owner

### Editorial

A lot of fat people can be narrow-minded.

What have you to place before the 6,000 eyes that read each issue of the Eagle. Newspaper advertising makes big stores out of little ones.

Any town that fails to advertise and keep up its trade territory falls an easy prey to the mail order houses.—Iowa Press Bulletin.

A lot of men scratch all their life for a fortune and by the time they get it—their children are just itching to get hold of it.

A Ford car at Baraboo, Wis., backed down hill and over a grade and lodged in the branches of a tree. Henry must have equipped the flivver with glands from one of his experimental airplanes.

When all is said and done, a boom has lined the pockets of a few and has left a lot of hapless suckers holding the sack. The community's reputation sags in the middle and, for a long time, threatens to crack. Only by the use of considerable hard toil and sweat is it brought back to standard. This hard labor, incidentally, is never performed by those grown rich during the boom period. They flit off to newer fields, leaving the regular resident, the substantial tax-paying sort of citizen, to pull the fat from the fire and restore order out of chaos.—Bend Press.

Sometimes it seems that this country is fairly loaded down with knotty problems—that it has so many things to set straight that it is making no progress at all.

But there is a ray of hope in the situation that we often forge about.

And that is the extreme youth of our nation.

One hundred years ago Chicago was a trading post and everything west of the Mississippi was a wilderness. Texas and California were under Mexican rule and towns like Detroit and Pittsburg were little more than military outposts. San Francisco was only a little Spanish mission, and several hundred people lived in Los Angeles. Astoria was only a trading station in the midst of a primeval wilderness.

These things considered, is it any wonder that there are some things wrong with our national life? So rapid a growth is bound to bring the rise of unwanted features. But it also implies a capacity in the national character, to meet any and all difficulties and, sooner or later, to find a way out of them.—Budget.

#### A DOLLAR DOWN

ROM a banker, whose position in his community permits him to watch the rise and fall of individual fortune, came the statement to a Forest Grove audience last week that the installment plan of buying is the greatest menace to economic stability confronting the people of the United States today.

"The dollar down, dollar a week" policy is a leech that saps the lifeblood of the economic structure, because it keeps the nose of the earner at a grindstone of despair, paying for non-essentials. It has proved to be a bad habit with a tight hold. And it is encouraged by a certain class of business people who find in it more than a normal margin of profit for themselves.

It would be a pleasant circumstance, and profitable to the consumer, if he could withstand temptation and withhold his purchase until there is cash on hand to pay the bill before it is contracted. Of course, there would be fewer automobiles on the junk heaps, less pretentious jewelry in the pawnshops and not so much flimsy silk in the wardrobe. There might be more fodder in the larder, more honesty in the heart and more pure wool on chilly spines.

The banker, who sees the rise and fall of fortune, speaks from experience. The only installment plan purchase your banker will recommend is the one you make when you buy a home with a strong door to bar the way of the "dollar down, dollar a week" salesman.—Forest Grove News-Times.

We rarely take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of thefts, robberies and murderous outrages. But these crimes are still looked upon as matters of news. It is not that evil is not mighty prevalent, but clamor thought must at once convince us that good is vastly more mighty and vastly more prevalent.

So great is the difference that in spite of the sensational crime news, so blazonly played up by scare heads in the newspapers, we have practically no fears for ourselves or for our children. So little, as a rule, do we actually suffer of wrong from our fellowmen, so little do we

suffer from the combined forces and efforts of all the intellect and power of the wicked, that in order to complain at all, we pour out our bitter wailings upon a petty twill tax or other that we feel to be unjust. Think what might be the conditions of the world today if evil were actually stronger and clever than good. What would become of our asylums, hospitals, lifesaving stations, schools, churches, and libraries? What would become of the respect for the aged, of reverence and homage to woman, and of the almost universal value placed upon sacred human life? In short, what would become of law and order, national and international, which protects not the feeblest state in its independence? The records of only the humblest subject or the citizen in his rights, but criminals establish the fact that the bad men of today were the bad boys of ten years ago. Our biggest job is to look after the children of today.

#### HARMLESS SUPERSTITION

MORE people are superstitious than one ordinarily might think. Many people say they are not superstitious when they are; they will not admit it, but, nevertheless, these same people will not walk under a ladder and they have a queer feeling whenever a black cat crosses their path—that is, many of them do.

Then, again, there are many people who are superstitious and do not know it; they are led this way and that way, unconsciously, by some little faith they can not account for in something they know nothing about.

well, after all, what harm is done? What would there be to Hallowe'en if it were not for superstition? What would there be to the average wedding if it were not for the little superstitions that the bride and the attendants have about it all—what would there be to a wedding, aside entirely from the sacredness of the ceremony, if it were not for these things.

The world gradually is outliving the superstitions that vexed it and caused much unhappiness, but there are some superstitions that we never want to outlive—the superstitions that make for joy and call for more than the kind that can do no harm.—Exchange.

#### SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

I N current history among high school students, 43 per cent was the general average of efficiency. Babe Ruth was thought to be the prodigal son of Ma Ferguson of Texas. Teapot Dome was thought to be a restaurant building in Washington and the photograph of President Coolidge was not recognized by a large proportion of those to whom the test was applied.

Where are we at and where are we going? "Don't our schools teach anything?" many are likely to ask. But let us apply the test to the older generation.

The Sentinel makes the statement, without any fear of successful contradiction, that there are some people in Oregon who do not know who is governor of the state, that a greater number do not know who is mayor of Portland, that 75 per cent of the voters of the state can not name the three congressmen and two senators, that 90 per cent can not name all the state officers, that 80 per cent of the voters of Lane county can not tell how many representatives and how many senators we have in the state legislature, that 80 per cent of the residents of Lane county can not name the legislators from this county, that 10 per cent of the residents of Cottage Grove do not know who is mayor of the city, that 50 per cent can not tell how many councilmen the city has and give their names, and that 100 per cent of the people of the state are unable to give the proportion that Governor Pierce has reduced taxation.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

#### FATHERS AND SONS

FATHERS and sons this week gather in groups to grow better acquainted and to realize in a special way the value and the strength of the tie that binds them together. Seated at banquet tables, fathers with pride, will introduce their sons to other fathers, wondering at the evident satisfaction of the other father in his offspring. The boys, too, swell with pride as they sit beside Dad and hear his man talk with other men. They are all men together, and it is a proud and happy time.

It is the custom of every successful business to take stock occasionally to make an inventory of the goods on hand, reckon the losses, mark off the books bad debts that clutter up the ledger, and start a new year with definite knowledge of the facts and new courage for the future.

Suppose, aside from the social features of the week, father and son sit down quietly to take some such accounting of affairs between them. To date, what has the son cost, and what does he show as profit on the investment? If time and money have gone in ways that have not produced satisfactory results, whose was the fault? If the father has not met his obligations, how can he make a settlement and re-establish his weakened credit with the son? If the son has accepted favors to which he was not entitled and for which has made scant return, how can he set himself right?

There will be failure to be reckoned on both sides. Perhaps the best part of such an accounting would be striking out of those losses from the books, and with mutual forbearance, a new confidence, and a fresh determination starting the partnership afresh.—Telegram.

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#### WHY SENATOR CARTWRIGHT CHANGED HIS OPINION

"I used to believe that the government ought to own everything and do everything, and that the people ought to own nothing, and do nothing, and that we would all be happy," declared former U. S. Senator George W. Cartwright in a recent address.

"But eighteen years in politics taught me one thing. The political brain cannot manage industry. The sooner the world understands that the better. The political brain seeks popularity or the other politician will beat him to it. The political brain gives suavity, smiles, handshakes and beautiful words.

"But it is a rare thing to find the man with the stern, unyielding firmness that brings success in business, who at the same time has the suavity and the handshake and the oily tongue that succeed in politics. The other business men will run him out. They are two different kinds of brain.

"I clung tenaciously to the thought that the government ought to own the railroads and the telegraphs and a few other things. Now I am cured of that. Under government management we had the worst service at the highest price in the history of the railroad business."

#### SAD—BUT TRUE.

Behold! The lodge lodgeth together and they eat. The club clubbeth together and they eat. The business men take counsel and they eat. The church has a social and they eat. The young people elec officers and they eat. And even when the missionary society meeteth together they eat. But this latter is in good cause because they "eat in remembrance" of the poor heathen who have not much to eat.

Behold! Hath a man's brains gone to his stomach and doth he no longer regard intellectual dainties that thou canst no longer call an assembly or get together a quorum or even a "baker's dozen" except thou hold up the baker's dainties as a bait? Be it true, that the day cometh, that, to get a crowd at prayer meeting the preacher must hold up a biscuit!

Yes, verily, thou hast heard of the child races of the world, but behold it is nigh thee even at the door. For as one calleth unto the child and sayeth, "Come hither, sweet little one, and I will give thee a stick of candy," even so must thou say to his grown-up papa and mama, "assemble ye together and we will serve refreshments," and lo, they come like sheep in a pen. Ain't it so? Ain't it so?

There are massive locomotives now being built that cost more than \$100,000 each and yet some fool driver of a Ford will think he can push one of them off at a crack.—Los Angeles Times.

Colonel Mitchell seems to be an expert at going up in the air. Wonder if he will ever land.