

TRUTHS THAT ARE NEVER TOLD

The motorist—I go about eight miles to a gallon of gas.
 The Proud Father—That kid o' mine is over a year old and has never said a word anybody could understand.
 The Prize Fighter—I was at my best as he knocked me out fair and square. He's a better man than I am.
 The Golfer—I never went around in less than 120 in my life.
 The Baseball Player—"Hey, Um-pire, you're wrong. That was a

strike, not a ball. What's the matter with your eyes."
 The Lady—I only paid \$2.50 for this hat.
 The Stenographer—I really can't spell, but I'll make an awful bluff at it.
 The Telephone Girl—I wasn't ringing your party. I haven't tried yet.
 The Secretary—Mr. Jones is supposed to be in conference, but he's really in there telling stories to a couple of friends.

CHRISTMAS EVE

CHRISTMAS baskets filled with holiday cheer. Money jingling gaily with no mercenary hardness about it. Sleigh bells tinkling in the clear, pure air. Shops afloat, and filled with people. People with countless bundles. Red ribbon, wreaths, Christmas cards selected at the last moment. Christmas greetings on every lip. Light in windows of houses. Trees decorated with tinsel and toys. Shadows dancing between the fireplace and the tree. Christmas decorations, never out of style, always lovely. Christmas plants, bunches of flowers, boxes of candy. All being bought, delivered or arriving. Doorbells ringing. Surprises. Friends remembering. Loyalties emphasized. Kindliness. Christmas Eve!—Mary Graham Bonner. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Be Yyyy

Oh, merchant, in thine hour of eee, If on this paper you should see, Take our advice, and now be yyy: Go straightway out and advertiii, You'll find the project of some uuu Neglect can offer no exqqq: Be wise at once, prolong your deaaa, A silent business soon dkkk.

The Lucky Letter "E"

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time. For some reason, he overlooked the fortunes of the letter, so we'll call his attention to the fact "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, and no heaven. It is the center of honesty makes love perfect, and without it there could be no editors, devils or news.

Musically Inclined.

She—Has your room mate an ear for music.
 He—Yes! And two hands, one mouth and a saxophone.
 Advice to readers "Watch Eagle Christmas ads the next few weeks.

Old Bill Hallons' Car Load of Toys

How Lonely Man on Christmas Eve Spree Brought Joy to Orphan.

By MARION R. REAGAN

OLD BILL HALLONS, who had a reputation for being the tightest man in the county, always broke away from his usual stinginess at Christmas time and made a practice of driving about on Christmas Eve distributing presents to people whom he had never seen before. He led a lonely life, and his Christmas Eve sprees were the biggest events in his life. He usually drove around the slum districts with a car full of toys and clothing and stopped indiscriminately in front of houses and flats, leaving a few packages on each doorstep. He never had accepted the proffers of hospitality and refused always to go inside. This Christmas Eve, however, he found himself in a peculiar predicament. He stopped in front of a battered old frame house, which he knew very well. It was the fourth year he had gone there with tops for the little boy. He had scarcely stepped out of the car when little Johnnie came running out of the house, half crying. "What's the matter, son?" he asked. "Oh, it's ma; it's ma. G'wan in an' look!" Hallons had no desire to go in and look, but the child was so insistent and so pathetic, with great tears



"Gee, is This Where Ya Live, Mister?" Asked Johnnie.

streaming down his cheeks that the old man followed him into the house. The "house" consisted of one room. In the greatest disorder. At the far side a woman was lying motionless in a small iron bed. Hallons knew at once she was dead. "Look here, Johnnie," he said, turning to the child, "you run out and get into the car outside. Your mother is very sick." Without a word the little fellow left and got into the machine. Hallons came out soon after and assured Johnnie that everything was all right, for that evening anyway. To himself, however, he was wondering what on earth he would do. He had the car stop at the undertaker's and made arrangements for the burial. He purposed saying nothing to Johnnie about it until after Christmas, but then—what to do with Johnnie? He did not care to put him in a home. He disliked institutions of any kind. "Do you have any relatives, son?" he asked suddenly. "Any aunts or cousins or anything?" "No," said Johnnie. "I have a grandmother in Ireland, but I've never seen her—why?" "Oh, I just wondered," he answered casually. They were in front of the big old Hallons house now. "Gee, is this where ya live, mister?" asked Johnnie, amazed and excited to think he was actually going to visit in such a mansion. Hallons assured him it was his house. "Gee whiz!" was all Johnnie could say to express his admiration. Inside, Hallons had a chance to see his new friend in a better light. He was extremely dirty and ragged. He had a sharp, intelligent little face with large, sparkling blue eyes. Hallons liked him at once. He ordered a light supper to be prepared and sent Johnnie upstairs with a servant to have him scrubbed. "Put him in a pair of my old pajamas when he's clean and send him down," ordered Hallons. That night after the supper had been eaten Johnnie snuggled up near the logfire in the drawing room, a delightful little figure almost lost in the spacious folds of his pajamas. His face shone with cleanliness. Old Hallons sat back in his comfortable, easy-chair watching the child. He was more pleased with the sight than with anything he had ever known before. "See here, Johnnie. "What would you like most to have for Christmas?" Hallons asked finally. Johnnie stretched himself out on the comfortable pillow in the attitude of one about to think over a serious proposition. "Well," he said at last. "I think I'd like a house like this—just like this. I want this fire and this pillow, too."

Hallons smiled. "Very good," he said, "all I'll ask is that you share it with me, but it is your home, little man, from this time on."

Professional Business Directory

LODGE NOTICES

Vernonia Lodge, No. 184 A. F. & A. M., meets at Grange Hall every Second and Fourth Thursday nights. Wm. Folger, Master. O. F. TIPTON, Sec. Visitors Welcome

DR. ELLA WIGHT DR. C. J. WIGHT CHIROPRACTORS Rheumatism Neuritis Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Troubles. Delayed Menstruation

DR. H. H. HURLEY Dentistry and X-Ray Evenings by Appointment Office over Halton's Store Vernonia, Oregon

M. D. COLE DENTIST Vernonia, Oregon

Lester Sheeley Attorney-at-Law Vernonia, Oregon

GEORGE H. SHINN President Columbia Co. Abstract Company St. Helens, Oregon

S. WELLS MERCHANT TAILOR Cleaning and Pressing Repairing and Alterations We Call for and Deliver Within City Limits Ridge Street MAIN 891 Vernonia, Oregon

Look! Listen! NEHALEM HOTEL Opp. Gilby Motor Co. on Bridge street and Grant Ave. Newly Furnished Throughout Modern and Convenient Catering to the traveling public. You will be cared for at the Nehalem Hotel Wm. Pringle, Prop. Vernonia

CURLEY'S TRANSFER COMPANY Local Hauling and all kinds of team work Office at Kavanagh Land Co. SPECIAL CARE WITH FURNITURE HAULING Phone 563 Res. Phone 658 Vernonia, Oregon

SEE THE VERNONIA TRADING COMPANY for HAY—GRAIN—FEED—POTATOES—WOOD—COAL—BRICKETS—SAND—GRAVEL—LIME—PLASTER—CEMENT—SULPHUR—LAND PLASTER—DRAIN TILE—DuPONT POWDER—BLASTING ACCESSORIES—STORAGE—

Here is what a Chrysler Four done in 110 hours. Covered 2,750 miles on 85 gallons of gas, 32.4 miles per gallon. Oil 11 quarts and 5 quarts of water. Your Vernonia Chrysler dealer wants to demonstrate the Chrysler. Stop in the Monkey Wrench Garage.—Adv 164

Working Man's Store Vernonia, Oregon

My new up-to-date Christmas goods are in and some fine presents at a low price for Men, Women and Children.

- Auto Robes, Pendleton Woolen Mills\$10.50
- Also some make in Bed Blankets\$6.00
- Pendleton All-Wool Shirts\$4.50
- Auto Driving Goves\$3.50
- Silk Stockings 50c
- Broad Cloth Shirts\$2.50
- Nifty Boxes of Handkerchiefs 50c
- Nectars in Christmas Boxes\$1.00
- Suspenders and Sleeve bands, in boxes50c
- Rubber Boots. for 4-6-8-10 year old boys\$2.25 to \$2.50
- Lady Rubber Boots\$3.00
- Men's Rubber Hip Boots\$6.50
- Men's Rubber Coats,\$5.25 to \$8.75
- Connally Dress Shoes\$5.75 to \$7.00
- Chippawa Work Shoes\$3.25 to \$5.95
- High Tops\$8.50 to \$10.50
- Loggers\$16.50
- The Famous Olson Loggers, hand made\$18.50
- Men's Slippers, army style\$1.10
- Men's Leather Slippers— Full line of Underwear, all wool\$5.50
- One-half wool\$3.50
- Army Briches, just in, new and best mateial\$4.50
- A few army shirts\$4.00
- Rubber Coat, for men\$5.25 to \$8.75
- Rubber Coats for Boys, 6 to 10\$3.25
- 11 to 16\$4.50
- Rubber Hats for men and boys\$1.00 to \$1.50

Anyone wanting boxes for sending off packages come in and get them all free

We Wish Everyone a Very Merry Christmas and A Most Prosperous NEW YEAR

Bank of Vernonia