

VERNONIA EAGLE

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Paul Robinson, Editor and Owner

Editorial

Starting in with a clean slate is by far the best policy, and with a little sacrifice we may all be able to pay the bills.

The Vernonia Eagle, now in its fourth year, represents a good town of 2000 inhabitants, halfway between Portland and Astoria, and its Christmas issue is largely devoted to telling about the town and its people, resources and opportunities. It is not hard to agree with the Eagle that "Vernonia is a city with a future that is bound to make history."—Oregonian

This is a year of politics in Oregon. Many new officers will be nominated this year, among them a State Governor and a United States Senator from Oregon. From various cities names are being mentioned and propoganda is being published in various newspapers. We don't believe in jumping at conclusions or boosting this and that man until a little investigating, at least, is made as to qualifications. Some good names have been mentioned, but in some cases politics alone have been responsible for the mentioning. It won't do a bit of harm to rest easy for awhile; it won't do a bit of harm to see how and what would-be candidate advocates and stands for

The holidays are over. The Gift Giving Season and the New Resolution Season are over, past, expired for a year. It is up to each of us to remember, only by the actions and sentiments practiced and lived up to from hence forth. The celebrations are over, the wishes of good cheer are expressed. Everybody had a good time. Locally it was no different than elsewhere—We had our parties and our song services; we had our dances and our night watches; we had our liquid cheer and, perhaps, our overindulgence, our women and men alike celebrated in the tune that they termed celebrating. No different than the old world celebrated from Pole to Pole. But the holidays are over. What are we going to do now. We are going to make 1926 the best year ever known; the best year for Vernonia ever known. It is easy done. Everything is in our favor; all conditions are visible to help us in the task. The mills are running full time, most of the camps are preparing to operate full time; the business men are optimistic and they are optimistic and they are stocking up with merchandise to meet the conditions anticipated. City improvements are all made or nearly finished. The winter months are mild—no winter—as compared with colder climates. Only one thing remains to make the year the best ever and that is the willingness, the belief, the start and the determination of each of us to work for the goal. Vernonia is starting in splendid shape. Let us all keep going. Let no pessimist mar the path. Let us all pull for a good year and we will have it. We believe it. Do you?

DOLLARS AND OTHER THINGS

A SHINY automobile pulls up in the driveway of a comfortable suburban residence. A neatly dressed middle-aged man of the successful business executive type steps out and enters the house.

His house is well furnished. There are easy chairs, tasteful hangings, a broad fireplace, an ample bookcase a radio of the latest design—everything that a man of fair means could buy to make his home attractive. And there are a comfy wife and a couple or three happy children.

And yet, if you follow the man into his home, evening after evening, you'd find a vague expression of dissatisfaction on his face. Nothing positive; just a sort of puzzled look, as though he had missed something and did not know how to find it.

It's a picture you could duplicate thousands of times over. A man succeeds in his life work, attains comparative wealth, has a devoted family and ample leisure—and yet is impelled to grope, mentally, for something without which his life won't be complete.

It is pathetic, and it is all too common. To reach the pinnacle you have set for yourself, only to find that it doesn't satisfy you—it means a real heartache.

And yet it seems to be almost inevitable, for many men in America. Why?

Perhaps it's because we in America have somehow put the emphasis on the wrong things. We have called for efficiency, for deeds, for great material achievements and have been content to let other things take a minor place. We have taught our youth, in our universities and in our homes, that dollars are wonderful and well worth the grabbing more to be sought after than anything else life can offer. We have allowed ourselves to become involved in the great maze of factories and railroads and skyscrapers that we have built, and have forgotten the things that the April winds say when it drifts over the fields in spring time.

For, after all, what does make life worth living? Is it money? Partly—but never entirely.

It's a subtle mixture really, this thing that gives satisfaction to life. It's composed, partly of a sense of honest work honestly done; partly of the love of wife and children and friends; and partly an ability to understand and appreciate the many varieties of beauty and truth which life is forever displaying before us if only we will take the pains to see them.

That is what we miss. We forget that there is a spirit, as well as a body; that bread alone never brought satisfaction; that happiness is a thing that can't be measured, but that depends on an indefinable sort of inner harmony with life.

Maybe, some day, we will learn not to place quite so much emphasis on purely material things. Not that money is unimportant—far from it; but it is not all-important.

And then, perhaps, we can stop groping blindly and pathetically for something that we seem to miss so much now.—Astoria Budget.

THE DOCTOR

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

THERE were a good many things requiring serious consideration before a doctor was summoned, when I was a boy. It was no easy trip over the miles of bottomless road which stretched out between our house and the village where he lived. He could not be summoned at a moment's notice; some one had to go for him, for there were no telephones in those days, and there was the horrible dread that he might have been called to some other bedside far in the opposite direction.

I shall never forget the day that we waited for the coming of old Doctor Morrison. Mother was sick—dreadfully sick, we knew, for mother never took to her bed for any slight indisposition. Father had no skill in the sick room. We simply sat around, waiting.

"Shan't I send for the doctor, Dorothy?" he asked early in the morning.

"No, I think I'll be better soon," she answered; but she got no better.

"You'd better go for the doctor, John," father said to my brother finally. "Your mother's very bad. Go your quickest."

John did not need to be told twice. He was galloping down the road at a furious speed almost before we knew it.

I looked at the hands of the clock which moved so slowly it seemed as if they must have stopped, and I measured the almost interminable time which must elapse before John could get to the doctor. I wandered out to the barn and climbed upon the roof to watch. Many a time, long before it was humanly possible for him to come, I thought I could detect a dark spot on the horizon, only to find that I was mistaken. I had almost given him up when Mary appeared at an upstairs window.

"He's coming," she shouted. "I can see him over by Frances' barn."

I rushed down the road to meet them, for now my eyes could recognize the figure of the old man bowling along over the prairie in his two wheeled sulk.

He was in the room shortly; he was standing over mother, he was pouring out something into a spoon and raising it to her head while she scolded him. "You'll be better soon," he said in a kindly, condescending voice, and I ran out of doors to hide my tears of joy.

When he left, I followed him silent and respectful to his sulk. He seemed like a god to me, simple old man that I am sure he was. He knew everything, he could do anything, he had made mother well. He gave me unbounded faith, and some way through all the years that have intervened, in spite of experiences innumerable which have revealed to me the limitations of medical science even at its best, that faith remains. Down deep in my consciousness there is still the belief of childhood that the doctor is all-powerful. So, infidel though I sometimes claim to be as to his effectiveness, in my heart I believe in him. (© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, was a gunsmith. He introduced standardized parts and division of labor in his New Haven gun shop.

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these chilly mornings



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STANDARD OIL COMPANY

AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN



Ogden B. Hammond, real estate broker and prominent in New Jersey politics, who has been named as the new American ambassador to Spain to succeed Alexander B. Moore. Mr. Hammond is fifty-six years old and a native of Kentucky. His father, Gen. John Henry Hammond, served on Sherman's staff during the Civil war.

INVENTORY SALE TIRES

30x3 1/2	U. S. Royal Cord	\$10.10
30x3 1/2	U. S. Royal Cord	16.20
30x3 1/2	Gates—Super-tread cord	16.90
30x3 1/2	Gates—Oversize cord	18.30
30x3 1/2	Gates Straight side cord	21.00
31x4	Gates super tread cord	24.95
31x4	U. S. Royal cord	24.50
31x4	G and J Cord	23.60
32x4	Gates super tread	28.50
32x4	G. and J cord	26.90
33x4	Gates super tread	29.40
33x4	G and J cord	27.80
34x4	G and J cord	28.80
34x4	Trojan cord	25.85
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ALSO ALL SIZES OF BALLOON TUBES

TUBES		Gray	Red
30x3 1/2		\$2.45	\$3.70
31x4		3.55	5.35
32x4		3.65	5.40
33x4		3.75	5.45
34x4		3.95	5.80
32x4 1/2		4.35	6.20
33x4 1/2		4.50	6.35
34x4 1/2		4.85	6.65
33x5			8.15

Inventory sale ONE WEEK ONLY

Alcohol, per gallon	\$1.25
S&M spot light, \$9.50 value, now	\$8.85
Kay Bee spot light, \$7.50 value, now	\$6.25
Petry cut outs, \$6.00 value, now	\$5.10

10 per cent reduction on all tire chains
Come in and look over our stock—all our prices are right. If you don't see what you want ask for it
VERNONIA BRAZING & MACHINE WORKS



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WHEN you buy across the counter in the stores of this town, you are using good business judgment. Why? There are many reasons, but one of the most important is this:

You can buy what you want at the price you wish to pay! You are not obliged to accept "something just as good," because you are in a position to compare values and make your own selections.

When you trade at home you are helping your friends to help you! And there is no finer thing in life than neighborly co-operation. It always pays—in happiness and satisfaction as well as dollars and cents.

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