

Locals

Dr. R. I. Hall is building a new garage.

Mrs. Albert Childs has been visiting in Portland recently.

Charles Ratkie is remodeling his home.

Miss Lillian Condit is attending Graceland college in Iowa.

Don't forget! Cream puffs and chocolate eclairs at the Vernonia Bakery on Saturdays.—adv.

Dan Steiner drove to Portland Monday to purchase fixtures for his new home.

The Lolita group of Camp Fire girls met at the home of Miss Catherine Malmsten Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley West of Portland were dinner guests with J. H. Sell Sunday.

Mrs. A. L. Edmonds of McNulty visited Mrs. P. B. Wiggins last Wednesday.

A special meeting of Nehalem Chapter O. E. S. will be held in the Grange hall Friday evening. Degrees will be exemplified.

Miss Flavel Cameron and son Donald of Washuena, Wash., spent the week end with her father, J. H. Sell.

Raymond Justice who had his leg crushed the fourth of July is getting along nicely now and is able to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGee and daughter of Weed, Calif., are spending a week with Mrs. H. V. Holcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. English and children from Texas, who have been visiting Mrs. English's mother, Mrs. M. J. Wall, have left to make their home in Medford, Ore.

Mrs. C. L. Hall, who has been in Portland for the past three months, has returned to Vernonia and will spend the winter with her son, Dr. R. I. Hall.

Miss Grace Sell, who has been staying with her father, J. H. Sell, this summer, left Sunday evening for Cheney, Wash., where she will enter the Washington state normal school.

The American Legion Auxiliary will hold an adjourned meeting next Monday night in the Legion hall for election of officers. No meeting was held last Monday for lack of a quorum.

For 5 years Dr. Luzader, eyesight specialist, has been making monthly visits to Vernonia. His next visit will be October 1, 2, office at Kullander's. Have your eyes examined.—adv.

K. A. McNeill has purchased the Brown building from Lewis Brown. It is now occupied by the Red and White store under the management of A. E. Adams. Mr. McNeill has not yet decided when he will move the drug store to the new location.

The Vernonia Bakery would like to get in touch with some high school boy who would like to earn a little money at odd times out of school hours. Prefer one who knows how to wash automobiles. Unless you are capable of doing a job thoroughly do not apply.—adv.

The following members of the local Knights of Pythias went to St. Helens to attend the district convention Tuesday evening. Emil Messing, N. Soden, A. J. Black, R. M. Aldrich, J. W. Brown, L. R. Gilchrist, Hanson, Nelson, F. E. Visnaw, Earl Smith, W. Van Doren, J. W. Aspland, F. Mills. They reported that splendid talks were given by Leslie Crouch of Portland, supreme vice chancellor, and Walter Gleason also of Portland, grand keeper of the record and seal. After the regular business a sumptuous banquet was served.

A large number of members and friends gathered in the Evangelical church Friday, September 8, to welcome the school teachers. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and boughs. A delightful hour was spent in chatting and getting acquainted. The Varsity orchestra played several selections and Misses Louise and Lois Malmsten several piano solos. Rev. G. W. Plumer gave the address of welcome which was responded to by E. Condit and Mrs. W. Hammack. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee were served by the members of the Women's Missionary society.

Do Your Kidneys Purify Your Blood?

If Bladder Weakness, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Burning or Itching Sensation, leg or groin pains make you feel old, tired, peevish, and worn out why not make the Cystex 48 Hour Test? Don't give up. Get Cystex today at any drug store. Put it to a 48 hour test. Money back if you don't soon feel like new, full of pep, sleep well, with pains alleviated. Try Cystex today. Only 60c at Mac's Pharmacy.

Food faddists abound throughout the land. One will throw up his (or her) hands in horror and say, "Do not eat white bread, it will shorten your life by ten years," (or perhaps kill you entirely); another will say that dark bread is injurious, it is irritating to the intestines; and still another will say something else, etc., etc. "Well, what kind of bread is one to eat or how is one to know what to eat?" you will say. For the enlightenment of those who are really interested and want to know the real facts, the Vernonia Bakery has for free distribution a small booklet under the caption of, "Facts About Bread." The statements making up this booklet are gathered from the books, pamphlets, speeches and articles of the best known authorities on nutrition. They form a solid front of scientifically proved facts about bread and its rightful place in the diet, and this book has been printed that it may place into the hands of the people honestly interested in correct eating the facts about bread. You will find this little booklet to be very highly interesting and instructive and at the Vernonia Bakery you may obtain a copy free for the asking.—adv.

The Eastern Star cooked food sale which was to have held Saturday, September 22, has been postponed until a later date.

Burford Wilkerson, who has spent the summer at a lookout station in Ochoco National forest about 110 miles east of Prineville, was home Monday and left Tuesday for Pacific university at Forest Grove to start his senior year. Ray Mills is also attending Pacific university.

Miss Pearl Krause, Miss Gladys Grant, Miss Beatrice Anderson and Miss Ruth Taylor spent the week end in Portland.

E. Salmonsens and A. Whittaker went to Vancouver, Wn., last Thursday to see the airplane being assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Dickson, Mrs. E. Belongia and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jacobson of the Inman-Poulsen camp were in town Saturday.

Lewis Blackburn recently purchased a Chevrolet coach and R. A. Simmons a Chevrolet sedan from the Gilby Motor company. Bert Crowley purchased a truck.

Mrs. J. Gerber of Portland spent a couple of days this week with her daughter Mrs. Frank Norris.

A. V. Mowe who was farming near Natal has moved to the Pleasant Hill district.

Poultry Culling Continuous Task

No one season of the year is the season for culling the poultry flock. Instead proper culling is a continuous process by which the practical poultryman watches for unprofitable fowls 365 days out of the year. This, at least, is the conclusion of H. E. Cosby, extension specialist in poultry husbandry, whose revised bulletin, "Culling the Poultry Flock," has just been issued by the Oregon extension service.

In addition to this continuous culling, one or more systematic examinations of the entire flock is made, usually from June to August inclusive. After this general culling, select breeding hens are chosen from those remaining, usually between the middle of September and the middle of October. "Culling begins at the time eggs are selected for incubation," points out Mr. Cosby. "Weak, malformed and undesirable chicks are culled when transferred from the incubator to the brooder. Chicks of low vitality are further eliminated as soon as discovered during the developing period, and pullets starting to lay a few months later than the average of the flock are next culled out. Culling is thus a continuous 365-day watching for unprofitable hens."

Mr. Crosby discusses the factors in culling such as vigor and health, yellow pigment in the skin molt, body changes, head and face, and temperament. He warns against depending on any one factor, however.

"It is not safe to judge a hen solely by any one of the indications mentioned," he says. Such procedure will result in untold errors. Only when all indications are supplied to each hen can intelligent judgement be passed.

Culling is an intelligent comparison between hens of the same flock having equal opportunity as far as housing, feeding and management are concerned. No one set of rules applies to all flocks."

Mollala—Commercial club endorses proposed Clarkes-Meadowbrook road.

NewPort—Roosevelt Highway ferry company improves landing.

Klamath Falls—Two miles of Miller Island highway to be surfaced by county.

Warrenton — Commercial clam canning season opens September 20. Future of industry here reported very bright.

THEIR MADE-OVER MOTHER

(By D. J. Walsh)

JESSY BAIN clipped her eyeglasses to her nose and read the letter slowly, twice. Color rose to her full, fair cheeks and she caught her breath sharply. Mrs. Darrin had invited them all to spend the following day with her at the Rexmere, where she was stopping for the summer. She would send the car after them at noon. That meant lunch, a delightful afternoon, dinner, an evening on the porch while the young folks were dancing. The girls, of course, would be wild to go. As for herself—but she must see what they said.

They came in presently, tennis rackets in their hands, eighteen and seventeen, respectively, slim, French bobbed, their charming faces touched up a bit with rouge, clad in delightful sports togs. Jessy's two daughters were attractive and popular. They were also expensive. In order to feed, clothe, educate them as they demanded Jessy found it necessary to economize strictly in other ways. The income which had seemed abundant when the girls were small shrank now with every succeeding year. Sometimes Jessy wondered if it would be better to sell her pretty home and go to live in an apartment. With the girls constantly at school or visiting and likely to be married soon she would not need so much room.

They read the letter, Peggy hanging upon Betty's shoulder. "Great!" they both cried. "That's fine in Mrs. Darrin. Must be she's asked us on Hal's account, huh, Bet?" Peg asked.

"That's it, of course—but, mother! I see she's asked you, too."

"I have known Mrs. Darrin for a long time, dears. When your father and Mr. Darrin were both living they used to be intimate friends," Jessy said, with a little quiver of the lips. "Well! Shall we go, Betty?" "Sure! I wouldn't miss it for anything," returned Betty. "Call up the Rexmere at once, mother."

"No," Jessy said with unusual firmness for her. "As she has written I prefer to reply in the same manner." She went to her desk and sat down. The girls left the room. She heard the porch hammock squeak. They were there—just outside the window.

To Jessy it promised more than merely being a treat to spend the day with her old friend. What a lot they would have to talk over! The girls would have a good time, too. Perhaps Hal Darrin might—She smiled happily as she dipped her pen. At that instant Peggy's voice came to her coldly, distinct.

"I wish mother wouldn't go. If she wears that old made-over black charmeuse I shall die."

Betty answered: "You'll have to make the best of it, Peg. You can't tell her to stay at home when the invitation is really hers. We're just thrown in on Hal's account. But that old black charmeuse is the limit. She's getting so fat, too! But we must be careful not to hurt the old dear's feelings."

"I'd rather stay home," grumbled Peggy. "Can't we back out at the last minute? Think now! Isn't there some way we won't have to appear at that princely hotel chaperoned by that old charmeuse?" They began to whisper.

Jessy dropped her pale face in her hands. She had received a shock. For the first time she had heard her daughter's opinions of her expressed in words. She did not blame them. She was herself at fault. She had brought them up to demand all, give little. If they were selfish she had made them so. If they were ashamed of her and her made-over clothes she deserved it. Her sacrifice, her limitation of self, had produced ungratifying results, but—She should have seen that they would.

Jessy, sitting there at her desk, had a very bad ten minutes—the worst perhaps she had ever known—and she had known many—since Tom died. At the end of that time she lifted her head, took up her pen and wrote with firm purpose, although with a slightly unsteady hand, an acceptance for herself and her daughters of Mrs. Darrin's invitation.

At the breakfast table next morning she said quietly that she was going downtown. When the Darrin car arrived the girls could direct the chauffeur to find her at Madam Louise's hat shop.

"Oh! You are going to get a new hat," Peggy cried. "Might I come with you, too, mother? I do so want a new hat myself."

"No," Jessy replied with unwonted firmness. "You can't have a new hat, Peggy. You have already had three this season and so has Betty. I have not had a new hat in two years." She tried not to see the cloud of pout that descended on her daughter's face.

An hour later she stood at the bank window drawing out money. It was money she had saved, bit by bit, against some unexpected need. Twice before she had been tempted to use it, once when the girls wanted to go with the Jensions for an outing at the seashore, once when she had been ill and the doctor had urged a short sea trip as a cure. Now actually she was going to use the money. It seemed a pity. Even when it was in her hands her purpose nearly failed. Then she remembered that she was wearing

the made-over charmeuse and what Peggy had said about it.

Just before noon when the street was crowded Mrs. Darrin's monogrammed limousine drew up before the small, Frenchy looking little shop whose windows bore one word only, "Louise." Peggy and Betty, fresh and expectant, looked out for mother in her new hat. "I wish she'd let us help her pick it out," sighed Peggy.

Coming toward them down the street was a lovely young woman stepping gracefully in the daintiest of shoes. Gray from head to foot, such gray, with a bunch of violets pinned in the correct place. Peggy gave a gasp, Betty gave a start, for the woman stopped as the chauffeur held open the door of the limousine and the smiling, yet wistful, eyes that looked out from under the charming hat brim were—mother's.

Not a word was said before the liveried chauffeur of Mrs. Darrin, Peggy and Betty were too well trained for that. But how they looked! Under other circumstances Jessy might have enjoyed their astonishment. Her purse was empty, she must begin to save again, and it was going to take a long, long time to replace what she had expended so lavishly, she could not say foolishly yet, for in some ways she had never felt so contented in her life.

Her progress across the broad veranda and through the crowded lobby of the Rexmere night had thrilled a vain woman. But it only embarrassed Jessy, and she was glad when at last she was safe in Mrs. Darrin's suite.

"Girls, your mother looks like your sister," Mrs. Darrin said. "How have you done it, Jessy, with all your cares and anxieties?" Then as Jessy smiled tremulously Mrs. Darrin hurried on: "My brother, Major Scott, is to lunch with us today. You remember him, Jessy? He married Helen Soule—she died a couple of years ago."

A wonderful luncheon. Hal was not there and Major Scott was the only man in the party. For the first time Peggy and Betty saw themselves set aside for another. And this other their mother!

"I bet she marries him," Peggy said to Betty as later they joined a gay boating party of young people. "Well—I don't blame her. We've been awful pills. And the major is nice—but he's got a strong jaw, Bet. He won't let anybody sass him. We'll have to watch our steps—and do you know I'm glad? Mother is a queen. I never realized it before. What a shame that she had to wear made-overs when she might have looked like that. I feel like a pig. I do really. Don't you, Bet?"

And Betty murmured soberly.

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