

MONEY TO BURN

BY PETER B. KYNE

W. N. U. SERVICE

"Nellie, my dear, you're a great comfort to me," he said very seriously, apropos of nothing. "I like to think that some day when my ship comes in— He checked himself, and after a pause added: "But then it will never come in until I sail in it, so what's the use dreaming until I know my dreams can come true?"



"I'd Get Into Business for Myself of Course," He Replied.

before the first rains. Wouldn't it be wonderful, Elmer, if your Uncle Hiram died leaving scads of money and left it all to you? You have never met him, have you, Elmer?"

"No, and I have never desired to."

"Elmer, if the unexpected should happen and you should receive a substantial sum from your uncle's estate, what would you do?"

He looked down at her very soberly and seemed about to answer her question without the hesitation which almost instantly he developed. He bit his lip and sighed.

"I'd get into business for myself, of course," he replied.

The girl nodded soberly and he had a vague suspicion that his answer had been a disappointment, for she withdrew her hand and said good night.

CHAPTER II

MRS. MATILDA BRAY, familiarly known in Pilarcitos as Old Lady Bray, who came on duty at seven o'clock a. m. to handle the night letters arriving at the Pilarcitos telegraph office, closed her key, sat back and read with interest the message she had just received for Elmer Clarke.

"Will wonders never cease!" the good soul murmured—and reached for the telephone. When it responded she asked to have Miss Nellie Cathcart called to the telephone. A long wait; then Miss Nellie said "Hello."

"Nellie! What do you suppose has happened? This is Mrs. Bray of the telegraph office, speaking. Elmer Clarke's uncle, Hiram Butterworth, died back in Iowa yesterday. You know that didn't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bray."

"Well, just this minute I took a night letter from a lawyer, directed to Elmer, of course, and Uncle Hiram's will has been opened and Elmer's been left a million dollars! Do you hear me, Nellie? A million dollars! Isn't it wonderful, Nellie?"

"I'm very happy at Elmer's good fortune, Mrs. Bray."

"Elmer's good fortune!" Old Lady Bray practically shrieked the words. "What about your good fortune?"

"Have you just received the message over the wire, Mrs. Bray?" Nellie Cathcart's voice was calm. "This very minute!"

"Well, then, Mrs. Bray, why not send the message to Elmer immediately and permit him to be the one to tell the world of his good fortune?"

"But I thought—why—I—I—I thought you'd want to know it first—"

"I fear you think too much about other people's business, dear Mrs. Bray." The telephone clicked; Nellie Cathcart had hung up.

"Miserable, ungrateful little cat," snarled Old Lady Bray, and immediately called Rev. Mr. Claude Goodfellow, pastor of the First Christian church, of whom Elmer Clarke's mother—now deceased—had been a member. To Mr. Goodfellow Old Lady Bray—in confidence this time—related the news of what she termed Elmer Clarke's windfall. Mr. Goodfellow promised to respect her confidence and immediately returned to the breakfast table and told his wife and eldest daughter.

Five minutes later his eldest daughter Alice telephoned Ansel Moody, president and sole owner of the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust & Savings bank. Mr. Moody was the treasurer of her father's church, and as a banker he would naturally

be interested in the prospect of a new account of such magnitude. Moreover, Miss Alice was Ansel Moody's bookkeeper and was aware that some months previous Elmer Clarke had approached her employer with a proposition to lend him five thousand dollars on his house and lot on C street. At the time old Ansel had turned a cold ear to the request and Elmer had left the bank disappointed and angry.

Now old Ansel told Alice she was a sharp girl and as she hung up the receiver she was affluster with the prospect of a salary raise.

Immediately upon hearing from Alice Goodfellow, Ansel Moody telephoned to Old Lady Bray and ordered her to withhold delivery of the telegram to Elmer Clarke for one hour. The banker was the telegraph company's principal customer and Old Lady Bray would have trembled for her position had she failed to obey his order.

At half past seven o'clock that morning Elmer Clarke left his home and set forth to the locus of his labors in Sam Haskins' Smoke Shoppe at the corner of Main and F streets. Elmer Clarke was Sam Haskins' principal assistant and for his services drew a stipend of forty dollars a week—a sum regarded in Pilarcitos as truly princely.

At the corner of C and Main streets Elmer paused before a vacant store. Above the portals a faded blue and gold sign informed whoever might have been interested sufficiently to wonder what local industry had on this spot taken root, withered and died, that once upon a time H. Wasservogel had here dispensed Choice Stall-Fed Meats.

Every morning of his life, en route to the Smoke Shoppe, Elmer Clarke was wont to pause before this dusty and forlorn arena of H. Wasservogel's despair and in his mind's eye make it over into Elmer Clarke's Smokerie, the Pilarcitos Sanitary Barber Shop and the Nonpareil Billiard and Pool Parlor. Elmer knew to the last tenpenny nail exactly how it could be done, provided he could borrow five thousand dollars on the lot and bungalow he had inherited from his mother. Five thousand, together with his savings, would enable him to transform the deserted butcher shop into something that would draw trade from Sam Haskins' Smoke Shoppe so fast that within a year the latter place would resemble the ruins of one of those Maya cities in the jungles of Yucatan.

"The trouble with H. Wasservogel," Elmer ruminated, "was that he had too much overhead. He could have got along with half the

space and subsidized the other half. If I—"

"Morning, Elmer," a cheerful voice hailed.

He turned and gazed into a countenance that somehow appeared vaguely familiar. After the second look he recognized Ansel Moody, whom he had seen every day for five years.

"Why, I didn't recognize you, Moody," Elmer replied flippantly and disrespectfully to the banker. He had been the first man in Pilarcitos to call old Ansel to his face anything but Mr. Moody. "No, sir, I didn't recognize you at first. You were smiling!"

"Ha-ha! Ha! Ha-ha!" old Ansel barked mirthlessly. "Still holdin' your little grudge, eh, Elmer?"

"I still feel the old pain," Elmer replied candidly. "You're a pawnbroker, not a banker. Most bankers lend some money on ability and integrity, but you want collateral worth fully 60 per cent more than the loan, and even then you require a responsible indorsement."

"Well, y'know, Elmer, us bankers ain't got all the say 'bout that," old Ansel soothed him. "We got to be careful. However, I been thinkin' your proposition over since you was in the bank last an' I've about come to the conclusion I'll take a chance on you, Elmer."

"Why, Mr. Moody!"

"The great man rumbled on. "I've come to the conclusion that if you was to set up a swell place of your own, Sam Haskins' trade would follow you, Elmer, like drunkards to a wrecked rum ship. Whenever you're ready, Elmer, come down to the bank an' see me. I'll give you a loan of five thousand on your property in C street an'—"

Old Ansel's face took on a harassed, questioning look. "You pretty sure you can git by on five thousand, Elmer? I wouldn't bite off more'n I could chew if I was you, startin' out, but—"

"Well, I really ought to have ten thousand. I have twenty-five hundred in your savings department."

"If you'll put that twenty-five hundred into the venture, by gravy that'll show confidence in your enterprise, Elmer, an' I'll give you an open credit of twenty-five hundred more. That's fair, ain't it?"

"More than fair, Mr. Moody. I'm afraid I was a little hasty with you that day, and this morning, but then—"

Old Ansel raised a deprecating hand. "Don't mention it, Elmer. A feller's bound to make mistakes. I've made 'em myself. Come see me when you're ready to shoot," and with a friendly wave of his hand he was off to open his little red-brick bank for the business of the day.

At the corner of Main and D streets Rev. Claude Goodfellow met Elmer, with a broad smile of brotherly love and appreciation.

He cut around Reverend Goodfellow and continued on his way. Before he had reached E street he had been accosted by four men and two women with whom he was not particularly well acquainted—certainly not friendly. And he could not help noticing that they had none out of their way to speak to him kindly and shake hands. They had never done that before, so Elmer wondered what he had that they wanted and eventually came to the conclusion that it must be his lawn mower. Elmer was the only householder in his block who owned a lawn mower which was kept in excellent running order.

Riverview

Mrs. Lee Hall

Mrs. J. P. McDonald is recovering from a sick spell, presumably the flu.

Mrs. Minnie Malmsten is on the sick list this week.

Lee Hall and Elvira Mills were in Waldport over the weekend.

Little Mickey Mills celebrated his third birthday Sunday at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hall.

Mildred Hawkins returned home here from Gaston Friday of last week.

Merle Cline motored to Aberdeen, Washington, Saturday, returning Sunday.

E. E. Mills was in Portland Monday.

Mrs. Clive McDonald and little daughter Gene were the guests of Mrs. E. E. Mills Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Gilchrist of Vernonia spent Friday evening of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McDonald.

Mrs. Sarah Spencer spent Monday at the Foust home in Vernonia.

BANKERS' ASSOCIATION AND Y.M.C.A. PUT ON THRIFT WEEK

National Thrift week will be observed again from January 17 to January 23, starting on the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, being sponsored in this state by the Oregon Bankers' association. A committee that is state wide, headed by W. O. Munsell of Portland, is co-operating in the furtherance of the various principles of thrift, including careful programs of working and saving, carrying life insurance, having a bank account, owning a home, making a will and being careful in making investments and sharing with others in a systematic way.

Members of the state-wide committee outside of Portland are as follows:

- Ernest Wendling, Astoria
- Sam H. Baker, Grants Pass
- Mrs. Chas. V. Blyden, Dallas
- E. M. Bubb, Klamath Falls
- J. A. Buchanan, Astoria
- Chas. L. Crumley, Corvallis
- Geo. R. Dickinson, Myrtle Point
- Rev. Floyd E. Dyer, Clatskanie
- Harold E. Eakin, Salem
- D. W. Eyre, Salem
- Chas. Fennell, Forest Grove
- F. F. Foster, Astoria
- Fred Fox, Union
- John Ferguson, Marshfield
- Leo Gallagher, Rainier
- M. G. Gunderson, Silverton
- W. A. Hall, Prineville
- Jas. Harding, Eugene
- G. A. Hartman, Pendleton
- Harold Herscher, Hood River
- Henry Howard, Eugene
- Joe F. Hackett, North Bend
- John R. Humphreys, Oregon City
- J. C. Irwin, Lebanon
- C. E. Ingalls, Corvallis
- R. A. Jackson, Arlington
- C. A. Kelly, Salem
- Roger Kimberling, Eugene
- L. C. McShane, Hubbard
- Arthur McPhillips, McMinnville
- F. L. Meyers, LaGrande
- Chas. S. Miller, Ontario
- W. E. Moore, Heppner
- A. M. Pace, Enterprise
- C. C. Prealey, Newport
- John F. Reischer, Condon
- N. M. Robertson, Seaside
- H. H. Rosenberg, Tillamook
- E. C. Sawyer, Bond
- S. S. Smith, Madras
- F. J. Toole, St. Helens
- Mathew Thompson, Ashland
- R. R. Turner, Dallas
- E. E. Webster, Baker
- Elmer W. Williams, Albany
- G. V. Wimberly, Roseburg

Watches in Havana Set When Old Gun Is Fired

Among the world's odd timepieces is that by which Havana sets its clocks and watches. Never has it lost a minute, run down or chimed the wrong hour. Nor has its face necessitated the periodic washing that all clocks seem to need.

In fact it really isn't a clock at all, but a battery of 21 old Spanish guns, mounted on the parapet of Cabanas fortress overlooking Havana harbor, one of which is fired nightly at nine o'clock, a custom that has prevailed for nearly four centuries.

Though Havana may bustle with activity throughout the day, hearing a thousand noises and sounds, it listens intently at nine o'clock for the rattle of one of the guns. The electric timepiece in the old fortress is controlled by the adjacent Observatorio Nacional. Each night a few seconds before nine o'clock a bugle sounds the approach of the hour, the gun is rammed and then fired on the dot.

Years ago, before Cuba won its independence, the Spanish fired the gun twice daily—at twelve o'clock noon and at nine, when the gates of the old city of Havana were closed for the night. However, after Cuba became its own master, it was felt needless—and a trifle expensive—to fire the gun at noon, when the city's natural noises drowned the boom of the gun. So the noon shot was discontinued, effecting a saving of \$7 a day at the time.

Close Acquaintance

Mrs. S— had gone down to her precinct voting place to vote. She noticed another woman also waiting.

"I've always voted a straight ticket before," Mrs. S— told the woman, "but this year I don't think I will, because I don't think much of Mr. — of that party. Do you know much about him?"

"Well, rather," replied the woman. "You see, I'm married to him!"

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Kerns of Sheridan, Oregon, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kerns this week.

Mrs. K. A. McNeill returned home Tuesday after spending a week with her parents in Seaside.

Mrs. H. Robinson's operation was postponed from Wednesday, January 14, to the following Tuesday. She is reported as getting along very nicely.

Attends Press Conference
Ray D. Fisher left Thursday to attend the state press conference at the University of Oregon Friday and Saturday.

Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

TAKEN UP—White 2 year Ayrshire heifer, left ear marked. Here all summer. Prove and pay all advertising. E. Feldt Seefeld. 243c

FOUND—Black driving glove, fits right hand. Owner pay for adv. Eagle office. tf.

WANTED

REAL ESTATE WANTED—If you want to sell your farm, improved or unimproved property—See or write T. B. Mills, Box 244, Vernonia, Ore. 262*

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room furnished house. L. A. Boeck. 252*

FOR RENT—2-room apartments, new, clean and quiet. Hot water; water, light and wood \$15 month. P. Hill. 875 Second St. 267f

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Baby chicks from pure Hanson W. L. Hens, mated to males from Hanson world winning blood line with dam's record of 260 to 314 eggs. Price \$14 per 100; \$130 per thousand. Branda's Poultry farm, Gaston, Oregon. One mile south of Dilley. 267f

DAY OLD—Baby chicks for sale. From the Hanson strain of Corvallis, Ore. Double pedigree S. C. White Leghorns from 260 and 337 egg parents. Price 15 and 20 cents. Phone or write your order to Mrs. Nannie B. Hall, Phone 774. Vernonia, Oregon, Mist Route. 244c

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<h3>FLOUR</h3> <p>Safeway Flour is milled from choice hard wheat. Every sack guaranteed.</p> <p>49 Pound Sack \$1.09</p>	<h3>Oranges</h3> <p>Small size navel oranges. Sweet and Juicy.</p> <p>2 Dozen 25c</p>
<h3>PANCAKE FLOUR</h3> <p>Sperry's prepared Pancake Flour.</p> <p>9 Pound bag 53c</p>	<h3>ROLLED OATS</h3> <p>Sperry's Regular Oats, quality well known.</p> <p>9 Pound Bag 43c</p>
<h3>COFFEE</h3> <p>MAXIMUM or SCHILLING'S</p> <p>1 Pound can 35c</p>	<h3>FIG BARS</h3> <p>WHOLE WHEAT or PLAIN</p> <p>2 Pounds 22c</p>
<h3>MATCHES</h3> <p>HIGHWAY—Non poisonous—6 box carton</p> <p>..... 14c</p>	<h3>CRUX</h3> <p>CRUX NUT MARGARINE</p> <p>3 Pounds 39c</p>
<h3>TOMATOES</h3> <p>SOLID PACK—3 No. 2 1/2 tins</p> <p>..... 44c</p>	<h3>CHEESE</h3> <p>FULL CREAM</p> <p>Per Pound 17c</p>
<h3>CORN</h3> <p>GOLDEN BANTAM</p> <p>3 No. 2 tins 39c</p>	<h3>Safeway Market Savings</h3>
<h3>PURE LARD</h3> <p>3 Pounds 45c</p>	<h3>HAMS</h3> <p>Sugar cured Eastern hams Half or Whole, Pound</p> <p>28c</p>
<h3>PORK ROASTS</h3> <p>Best shoulder cuts from young hogs.</p> <p>Pound 18c</p>	<p>Reasonable Orders Delivered Free. Phone 741</p>

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<h3>RUFFLED CURTAINS</h3> <p>To match your color scheme in your home.</p> <p>98c Pair</p>	<h3>CRETONE</h3> <p>In many fancy patterns.</p> <p>15c Yard</p>	<h3>RAIN COATS</h3> <p>Prices reduced to clean our stocks. Children's and women's coats—Come in and see our prices.</p> <p>98c Each</p>
<h3>MOZART RUGS</h3> <p>Rugs that will make your home beautiful.</p> <p>69c to \$1.39</p>	<h3>OVERCOATS</h3> <p>Men's overcoats at reduced prices. BUY NOW—</p> <p>\$12.75</p>	<h3>SHIRTS</h3> <p>Men's Broadcloth shirts in fast colors.</p> <p>98c Each</p>
<h3>CHILDREN'S COATS</h3> <p>All children's coats are reduced. BUY NOW—</p> <p>\$3.98</p>	<h3>LADIES' COATS</h3> <p>Reduced to clean our racks for Spring.</p> <p>\$9.90</p>	<h3>LADIES' DRESSES</h3> <p>Just a few left. Your choice at lowest prices in years.</p> <p>\$4.98 and \$6.90</p>