

The Boardman Mirror
Boardman, Oregon

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Mrs. Claire P. Harter, Local Editor

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SOME POOR BLIND FOLK HAVE NEVER SEEN A MIRACLE

THERE is an important distinction that many people overlook. God made the world; but He does not make your world.

He provides the raw materials and out of them every man selects what he wants and builds an individual world for himself.

The fool looks over the wealth of material provided, and selects a few plates of ham and eggs, a few pairs of trousers, a few dollar bills—and is satisfied.

The wise man builds his world out of wonderful sunsets, and thrilling experiences, and the song of the stars, and romance and miracles.

Nothing ever happens in the life of a fool.

A pitarose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

An electric light is simply an electric light; a telephone is only a telephone—nothing unusual at all.

But the wise man never ceases to wonder how a tiny speck of seed apparently dead and buried, can produce a yellow flower. He never lifts a telephone receiver or switches on an electric light without a certain feeling of awe.

And to think what a miracle it is this harnessing of electricity to the service of man!

Who, unless his sense of awe has grown blunt through constant familiarity, would believe it?

The sun, the center of our universe, goes down behind the western horizon. I touch a button, and presto! I have called it back—the room is flooded anew with light.

The thunder that men once called the voice of God, rolls out its mighty waves of sound, and the sound carries only a few score miles. But I—puny speck upon the face of the earth—I lift a little instrument; and behold, my whisper is heard a thousand miles away.

Prometheus stole fire from the gods and brought it down to earth. For that crime the gods, chained him to a lonely rock and sent a huge bird to feed upon his vitals. Each night the wound healed, and each day it was torn open again.

That was the punishment of the man who dared to wrest away the richest treasure of the gods.

But fire—the treasure of the gods—has almost disappeared out of our daily life; we scorn it.

Do we want heat? We press a button; and lo, heat, invisible, silent, all-pervasive, flows into our homes over a copper wire.

Do we need power? We have but to press another switch, and giants come to us over the same slender roadway. Clothed in invisible garments, they cleanse our homes, wash our clothes, crank our automobiles—do anything and everything that once taxed the strength of men and hurried women into unlovely old age.

Don't let your life become a prosaic affair; don't let familiarity with the marvels about you breed thoughtlessness and contempt.

Let the fool build his world out of mere food and drink and clothes; you fashion yours out of marvelous experiences; furnish and decorate it with miracles.

Exercise your mind in the wholesome activity of wonder; train your soul to reverent awe.

If you had stood with Moses on the shore of the Red Sea, and had seen it divide to let the children of Israel pass over, you would have had no difficulty in recognizing that as a miracle.

But every night when the sun goes down, man stands in a power-house in your city and the country for miles around are flooded with sunshine.

And you say to yourself casually: "Oh, I see the lights are on."

DRESS CENSORSHIP AND THE JACKASS

Isn't it about time that the women folks of this country put a stop to the antics of the mountebank who plays the tin Czar at Zion City, Ill.?

We refer to this "Overseer" Voliva person, grand mogul of the old Dowle church of fanatics who are in the majority at Zion City. Voliva, having the votes behind him, has made a lot of tomfool rules for the conduct of women. One is that women must always wear their dress sleeves down to the wrists. Another is that the dress must run clear up to the throat. The material in women's



Uncle John's Poem

What's the use of feelin' bitter, when yer schemelet fails to go? There's more virtue in a titter, than a barrel-full of woe. What's the use to act contrary, when agreement's all that pays? Heaven is gained by souls that's cheery—hell is full of grouchy javs. . . . What's the use of allers huntin' fer the shadders in yer path? . . . Ain't no happiness in gruntin'—Comfort never rhymes with wrath. . . . What's the use in bein' fearful of he fate that's on yer track? While tomorrow's smile is heeferful, what's the use in lookin' back?

"Live, an' learn, an' love, an' labor" makes a mighty weet quartet. . . . How it links ye with yer neighbor! How it helps ye to forget! Ain't no scripiter, maybe o it,—Ain't no mandate ner degree . . . but, somehow—the way I view it,—It looks mighty good to me!

clothes must not be in the slightest it gauzy.

A Mrs. Sarah Johnson, who is a perfectly respectable woman of Winthrop Harbor, Ill., stepped off the train at Zion City the other day. Her sleeves didn't quite come down to the wrists. Her waist didn't reach up to the middle of the throat and Voliva's chief of police thought that the dress goods might have been thicker. So he clapped her in, all so the folks couldn't see her.

This is a plain outrage. Another case of man harking back 2,000 years to the time when he had complete censorship over the female of the species. In our opinion Mrs. Johnson ought to plead not guilty to whatever charge this jackass of a oliva makes against her and then appeal from his decision to the highest court of the land. We think that here are plenty of women in the United States who will be glad to help her finance such an appeal.

Incidentally, we hear that Mrs. Johnson is the recipient of many letters of encouragement from her angry sisters in Illinois. If you think he has been martyred by the prison cell treatment, why not write her?

WHO GETS THE CHAMPAGNE?

We note the following sad complaint from France, told in a cable dispatch from Paris:

"That French grape growers and wine merchants are greatly disappointed at the slow increase of wine shipments to the United States since the war; that only 8,000 more bottles of champagne were shipped here during the first five months of this year than during the corresponding five months last year. The dispatch said that total shipments so far this year to the U. S. were only 55,000 bottles, indicating that we would take no more than 140,000 bottles of champagne this year."

Ahem! So some people in this country have been able to get 55,000 bottles of champagne in this strict prohibition year of 1921. Necessarily those 55,000 bottles of highly expensive wine had to go through the custom service of the same government that is supposed to enforce prohibition. Who are the people favored?

We suppose some doctor will remark that the champagne was for sickness. But how about the millions of bottles of wine that were in storage when prohibition went into effect? Is that all gone? And who consumed it? Moreover, if it is still in storage why add 55,000 to it in five months?

There has been a great deal said that prohibition is for the poor man and not for the rich man. It behooves our enforcing authorities to see to it that this law applies to everybody.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

We stand at the brink of the river
The battles and trials are won;
And rejoice that a wonderful nation
A century ago, was begun.

We rejoice that our lofty defenders
Pledged honor and fortune and life
And marshaled their noble commander

To enter the thick of the strife,
We honor the birth of our nation,
With banners and shoutings we raise

The flags that float over the river;
The emblems and signals of praise.

We look to another new nation
In which we as members may stand,

As nation to nation to settle
The trials of our beautiful land.

A league of which each of its members
Will guard all the treasures of man,
And marshal her noble defenders

To rally to justice again.—C.H.M.

WOODSON & SWECK
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Masonic Building
Heppner, Oregon.

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| 1921 | JULY | | | | | | | 1921 |
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the home of Mrs. H. C. Wolfe Wednesday, transacting the business of the society and a good social time was enjoyed. Practically all the members were present. Light refreshments were served.

The local lodge of Neighbors of Woodcraft are planning on some sort of doings for the Fourth. The matter will be taken up Friday evening at the regular meeting, and arrangements will be made for some kind of amusement or doings, either here in the groves or across the ferry at Patterson.

Quite a surprise party was given at Mrs. C. E. Knight's Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. E. H. Knight, the occasion being Mrs. Knight's birthday anniversary. A large crowd had been arranged for and a big feast prepared consisting of ice cream, cake and chicken sandwiches. All report having had a fine time.

Apricots are beginning to color, and a few scattering ripe ones can be found. The crop is not heavy, and the bulk of the crop has been sold in advance, if not oversold. The price this year is 7 cents per pound at the orchards, or \$2 per crate f. o. b. Irrigon. Dewberries and red raspberries are also ripe, and have been selling locally for a week or ten days. Mrs. C. E. Glasgow has the largest patch of the red berries, and they are the very best.

R. J. Curtin, travelling freight agent of the O.-W. R. & N., dropped off at Irrigon between trains Friday, and was shown about the project by the local agent. Mr. Curtin expressed very much surprise at finding so many different crops growing so nicely while not very visible from the train. He seemed particularly interested in the Irrigon melon crop of which he had so often heard. He promises us another visit later when the melons are ripe. We shall see that he is notified when they are ready to eat.

Mesdames W. O. King, L. V. Knutzner, and D. K. Mulkey motored to Irrigon from Boardman Monday for fruits now ripe, and made arrangements with the different parties for other fruits later. These ladies are all boosters for the North Morrow county fair, and we feel sure their exhibits of fruits and hand work will be among the leaders in the September show. The writer is boosting, too, and why not? We can beat the world for variety in the space we have. Quality never questioned.

Uncle John's Josh

HE WHO GETS THE MOST SATISFACTION IN LIFE GETS THE MOST SATISFACTION OUT OF LIFE TOO.



LEGISLATION

The "Freylinghuysen bill" compelling coal operators to submit production cost and selling price to the government, is before the senate. The operators seem destined to lose their fight to withhold this knowledge. It is established that coal mined for \$3 or \$4 costs the consumer from \$18 to \$20.

Bituminous coal which before the war cost \$150 a ton, costs at present as high as \$15 a ton. Congress is attempting government control of the mines.

BIG VICTORY FOR GOMPERS

Samuel Gompers won the election at the 41st annual convention of the A. F. of L., being elected president over John L. Lewis, head of the united mine workers of America.

William Randolph Hearst and the Lewis action in calling off the coal strike in 1915 were made the chief issues by Gompers.

The big issue of the Denver convention was the program headed by the railway unions putting the convention on record as standing for the most sweeping program of democracy ever proposed by organized labor.

IRRIGON NEWS ITEMS

Wm. N. Hatch, one of Boardman's prominent ranchers, motored up on Thursday with his son for cherries and other Irrigon fruits. He reports everything lovely down his way.

Dr. A. C. Froom arrived Thursday and is again camped in the shade on Eighth street. He has been doing considerable dental work for the Irrigon people, and expects to remain for several days this time.

The second cutting of alfalfa has started over the district on a number of the farms and by another week will be well under way by most of the farmers. The crop is unusually heavy and clean this time.

J. W. Warner has purchased the H. S. English estate consisting of ten acres adjoining Mr. Warner's ranch to the west. This makes a nice addition to his ranch. The deal was closed by W. R. Walpole, the local real estate dealer.

The Ladies' Aid society met at

R. N. Stanfield, President
Ralph A. Holte, Cashier

Frank Sloan, 1st Vice-President
M. R. Ling, 2nd Vice-President

Bank of Stanfield
CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.00

Four Per Cent Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

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Hours: 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Fresh Meat Delivered Every Wednesday

I will be in Boardman and on the Project every Wednesday with fresh meat. Watch for the Dodge delivery wagon, and when you hear the horn flag us. I have much territory to cover and can't tarry long, so watch for the Dodge on Wednesday.

J. L. CALKINS

The Only Restaurant in Pendleton Employing a full crew of white help.

THE FRENCH RESTAURANT
HOBBACH BROS., PROPS.
Elegant Furnished Rooms in Connection.

BOARDMAN:

The Hub of 33,000 fertile acres under U. S. Reclamation Service. The Gateway to the Great John Day with its 110,000 acres to be made abundantly productive by your governments unequalled engineering skill.

BOARDMAN:—A progressive town of progressive people in a wonderfully progressive community, where everybodys slogan is "DO IT," is situated 170 miles east of Portland, Ore., on the Columbia River, the Columbia Highway and the main line of the Union Pacific Transcontinental Railway.

Have you surveyed our community? If you dream of sunshine, flowers, fertile fields and a comfortable home, "DO IT."

BOARDMAN Townsite Co.

E. P. DODD, Pres.

City Lots for Sale at Proper Prices

Boardman is a New Town But Not a Boom Town

Ideally located on railroad and Columbia river, far enough away from any large town to naturally become the trading center of a wonderful growing country.