

**The Boardman Mirror**  
Boardman, Oregon

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Mrs. Claire P. Harter, Local Editor

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**HOMEY PHILOSOPHY**  
FOR 1922

"What is human conduct but the daily and hourly sale of our souls for trifles"—the foregoing is published broadcast as an epigram by the "clever" Bernard Shaw. A lie! Human people in the mass do not hourly, or daily, or even weekly, or yet even monthly, sell their souls. Because the human person loves comfort and entertainment and solaces himself sometimes with regrettable little vices and falls into error that flesh is heir to, it does not mean that he sells his soul. The soul is not so easily sold. And mark you, the soul that was made by God is not as easily lost as some people imagine, either.

**YESTERDAY OR TOMORROW**

The state of Oregon has just advertised to the world why she stands forty-first in the nation in point of development. An opportunity was presented whereby the state as a whole could unite on holding a World's Fair in 1925.

The object of the special session called by the governor was to provide means for the people to vote on the question in May. The fact that 14 senators decided to decide the question and promptly killed the fair should tend to take some of the stigma from the state as a whole.

By what rights did this self-anointed 14 take this world-infant to their bosoms and smother it with political verdigris?

If the plan submitted by the proponents of the fair did not meet your approval, why did you not caucus with them, if it took all winter, until you worked out a plan agreeable to all?

Did you not go to this session with that Oregon-Forty-first-in-the-Union spirit coursing in your veins?

Your lust for political gore prevented you from seeing Oregon, let us say in 35 position.

You left home with your political dirk whittened to scalp Chief Multnomah. Any thought of betterment to your state was remote in your being.

You were in a "pip" because the governor called you Christmas week.

Men are wont to wear their childhood on their cuffs, and in a passing world thin skins are broken showing empty voids.

The Oregon spirit showed itself when it demanded that if the fair be held in Portland, that Portland pay the bill.

You read in the rebel press where Portland is so deeply in the venture that she must carry on alone. Fine. We can now sit back without coat and clip the coupons as they pass.

The forty-first Oregon spirit of yesterdays, what of the tomorrows? "Cow Hamlets" and "Stick Villages" who gaze into the future with cataracted vision. A passing world is rubbing your stagnant shore. Is the pit you mill so bottomless that hope within you is dead? Do you not dare to step out into the coming three years and pledge your bit for this fair which means so much for all of Oregon? Does your pride rebel against the stigma of piker being scared on your brow? Do you



**Uncle John's Poem**

**LIVIN' FEREVER**

If fellers lived forever, and no one had to die, we wouldn't need to think about a home beyond the sky,—an' the dread of fire hereafter needn't worry us a bit, for there wouldn't be no habits that a feller had to quit. The money-sharks would get it all an' never leave a smell, for if misers lived forever, they couldn't go to hell,—an' I have a sneakin' notion, as I watch 'em multiply, that it ain't no disadvantage fer an ornery cuss to die. If people lived forever, an' a family gathered in, it would take a forty-acre field to hold a feller's kin, an' when it come to feedin' 'em, I haven't any doubt that one New Year's dinner would clean a feller out. I hope I'm not hard-hearted, nor prone to speakin' rough, but I think the plan of heaven an' hell is plenty good enough.

know that the southwestern states are a unit on a 75 million acre irrigation project headed by Herbert Hoover? Do you know that the state of Washington is a unit on its two million acre irrigation project? Do you know that Oregon projects are so "courtly" held and legally tied by the yesterdays that only the tomorrows are the hope of well wishers of a Greater Oregon?

Civilization is coated with a thin veneer of polish. Oregon, what is it to be, yesterdays or tomorrows?

Portland's "Red Top Boots", the fair dirked, may we expect to 1922 "Bull Dog" at St. Johns?

Will the summit of the Cascades be the boundary of a "Bakerized" new state? A Coos Bay jetty rammed by the port of Portland, the keystone of the Umatilla rapids dam jettisoned into the Pacific.

"Why Pussfoot?" If we are to remain children, let's cornice this card board house with rattles and all day suckers. If we are going to be men and carry on, let's get a fellowship clasp and look one another in the eye.

**NEW YORK NOT AN AMERICAN CITY**

To many of us living west of the Hudson river—westward to the Pacific—the city of New York has loomed up as a place of wonders, as a city of divers immensities and mysteries. All this has been impressed on our minds by plays, movie shows and stories in which, as a matter of fact, the thrills and cleverness of New York were almost entirely imaginative.

There used to be a popular song on the Bowery, once a filthy "joint" district in New York where everything went. It ran like this:

"The Bowery! The Bowery!

They say such things and they do strange things

On the Bowery! The Bowery!

I'll never go there any more."

The "Bowery" has gradually been lost, lost in the immensity of a new Bowery, which new Bowery is practically the whole city.

New York is no longer an American community. It has been flooded for a quarter of a century by certain elements from eastern and southern Europe; people who have no desire at all to learn American manners or American customs. Indeed, their set intention is to retain their own customs and manners. And inasmuch as there are millions of them in New York and vicinity they are steadily, irresistibly, forcing their ways, their customs and their ideas of morality and living on the people around them.

The only restraining influence is

the large Irish population of New York. Say what you will of Tammany Hall and its galaxy of bold Irish politicians, the absolute fact is that it is they who are keeping the metropolis from being turned over, body and soul, to these strange, unwashed, up-American elements from the less civilized sections of Europe.

**LOVE IN A DAIRY**

A very timely article appeared in last week's Oregonian on dairying. The article was headed "Love all Your Cows and Get More Milk." Mrs. Adda F. Howie of Milwaukee, Wis., is the fountain of information. She has been loving cows for 25 years and has made a wonderful success.

She says that every cow, whether it be humble or of royal birth, should have its own name. To address a cow in the plain cold terms of just plain cow will tend to interrupt the flow of milk. If you will but breeze out in the early morning dew with a cheery good morning Kate, how's the rest of the folk, Kate will immediately return you to the house for the second bucket. She says that music will not hurt any cow and possibly do it good. There is a question of doubt in that statement.

Did you ever hear song rising from a cow quartet, let us say in its time? The tenor has partly emitted high C when he is nearly choked to death by the business end of Kate's tail. The Swiss bass has a mouthful of yodels mixed up with a bottle fly. The second tenor's (Swedish birth) high C was to great a strain for the milking stool and he fell amidst the spoor. The baritone was hitting on all four when the cow he was milking made it five. To have music work properly you must be careful in its selection. You hear of Grand Opera singers being of humble birth. From what I have heard (I sing some) none ever humbled up from a cow shed.

Mrs. Howie says that neither lace or chintz curtains disturb hoary. Until we have windows to curtain this feature of extended love will have to wait. Mrs. Howie decries as being termed "queer" in presenting these love sonnets to the cow. She has been abroad twice studying dairying conditions and she is convinced the more love the more milk.

Mrs. Howie's theory is well proven. The entire universe at this very day is seeking the love of mankind, but the only time we say it with flowers is at the grave.

A milk brother rises and presents this hypothetical question: "If a cow in reaching with her rear right paddle for her left ear in passing brazes your left cheek and musses your composure should you speed up your love or cave in her fifth rib?" It is simply a matter of milk. It hinges on how your feelings are reached. If you cherish your fatted milk cheek, give your love the gas. If it depends on your instant temperament and your evening composure, loosen the rib.

What a wonderful subject is love, so easy to had, and so little used, May I live to see the day when this project is run on a love basis, especially cows.

One of the strongest arguments for Mrs. Howie's theory is the fact that up to the time of Mr. Volstead a dairy in Milwaukee would have to be run on love.

**MAKING OUR DEMOCRACY PROGRESS**

A democracy progresses or it becomes a poor democracy, like most of the South American republics. A democracy develops its benefits until ALL THE PEOPLE are benefited, or it is no democracy at all.

Since our republic was established, the general government has spent untold millions and billions of dollars in our cities where people are gathered in the mass. Carloads of money have gone for million dollar

postoffices, great harbor improvements and other projects benefiting that massed part of the population. Every year tens of millions are paid out to the employees of Uncle Sam who live and work in the cities.

Where the government spends five million dollars in a city of 100,000 people, how much does it spend on an agricultural county of 100,000 people and in which are located only a few small towns and villages?

ANSWER: So small an amount as to be absolutely absurd in comparison.

If it spent the one-hundredth part of that sum, or \$50,000, in such a country, that country thinks a miracle has happened.

The government ought to spend at least as much of the public taxes and of the receipts from its bonds where one 50 per cent of the total population lives as it spends where the other 50 per cent live. How?

To the mind of the editor, the FIRST NECESSITY IS THE PAVING AND SEWERING OF THE STREETS OF COMMUNITY CENTERS, the small towns of the nations. Paving, for the business prosperity, the convenience, the educational advantage and the comfort of the whole community, and to advance the civic solidarity of the whole community surrounding such towns. Sewering in centers, as a national health measure, the sewers to be extended to the farms in good time. Small towns cannot afford such projects; they will do well to keep them up after the improvements are established.

The government can and should afford it. And for every dollar Uncle Sam spends in such public improvements, he will increase the wealth of the nation \$10 up to even \$100.

A book could be written on the numerous advantages that would accrue to all the people of the United States—ALL OF THEM—from such extension of government attention to our villages and towns.

It is not a dream; it is plain progress, and this newspaper proposes to urge government enterprises from time to time in an effort to further democracy in this favored "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave."

**MEAT MAKING IS IMPORTANT BUT MEAT EATING MORE SO**

One of the greatest values of meat producing animals to the country is as salvagers of materials that would otherwise go to waste. The making of meat is not, as sometimes contended, a waste of food that might be used directly by humans with greater economy. Although animals, especially hogs, eat much corn and other grains that are used in one form or another by humans, they consume them along with large quantities of such coarse feeds as grass, hay, cornstalks, cereal by-products, straw, cottonseed meal, oil meal, fish meal, tankage, and silage. Without our great herds of live stock a considerable share of the plant products grown each year would be wasted, yet on such feeds as most of those mentioned a man would soon starve.

That is one side to the live stock question that is brought out in an exhibit devoted to meats.

On the other hand, meat will be shown as a food that "sticks to the ribs" and fulfills the demands of the laborer, the brain worker, and the athlete. Attention will be called to the fact that the most powerful nations in the world are what might be termed the meat eaters, and that while America has been rising to her present eminence she has been one of the greatest consumers of beef, pork, and mutton. But to get from the meat the essential elements for energy, growth, and repair it is not necessary to eat the most expensive cuts. The value of the cheaper cuts will be demonstrated, and ways will be shown for serving all sorts of meats in all kinds of appetizing forms.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, ORE., NOV. 19, 1921.

NOTICE is hereby given that Paul Partlow, of Boardman, Oregon, who on October 21, 1916, made Homestead Entry, No. 015627, for W 1/2 SW 1/4 NE 1/4, W 1/2 NW 1/4 SE 1/4, (being unit "D" Umatilla Project), Section 24, Township 4-North, Range 24-East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. G. Blayden, U. S. Commissioner, at Boardman, Oregon, on the 3rd day of January, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: Alonzo C. Partlow William A. Price, Ben Attery, W. W. Weston, all of Boardman, Oregon.

J. W. DONNELLY,  
42-46 Register.

Let us print those butter wrappers.

Now is the time to Subscribe for the Boardman Mirror

R. N. Stanfield, President Frank Sloan, 1st Vice-President  
Ralph A. Holte, Cashier M. R. Ling, 2nd Vice-President

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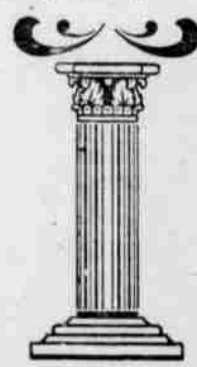
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