

The Boardman Mirror Boardman, Oregon

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

MARK A. CLEVELAND, Publisher

\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered as second-class matter Feb. 11, 1921, at the post office at Boardman, Ore., under act of Mar. 3, 1879.

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The Apotheosis of Hypocrisy

"The government goes right on ignoring the prohibition law on sea while making some ineffective efforts to enforce it on land," remarked August Busch, of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., when he arrived from Europe. Mr. Busch further stated that passengers on the George Washington discussed the buying of liquor from the government on board the ship and then inviting the government to arrest and prosecute them when they reached shore.

It would certainly be a nice legal question as to whether the government could use money from the United States Treasury to sell liquor on its ships at a profit and then prosecute a purchase for violation of the law.

It is true the government is in an awkward position. The Shipping Board is spending thousands of dollars to stimulate passenger traffic, but much of the money is wasted because a dry ship has a hard time to win travellers.

The majority of the people of the United States may be dry but they don't travel the ocean enough to back up an American Merchant Marine along lines of moral conduct.

Official dignitaries who publicly espouse prohibition have their cellars, the private room at the public banquet is a recognized factor at all "successful dinners." Even the offices of some of our Congressmen are said to be storehouses for booze.

Summed up, the country stands today the apotheosis of hypocrisy.

The American Merchant Marine seems to rest in the balance, but hypocrisy will sink the ships quicker than any restriction.

Let us have enforcement or repeal, one thing or the other.

Worse Than the War

In the past eighteen months there have died in the United States more than twice as many Americans, as a result of automobile accidents, as were killed by the war. Only 48,000 of our boys went west in the big conflict, while in the last year

and a half 91,000 Americans died as a result of motor car accidents.

The startling feature of these figures lies in a knowledge that the war is ended, while the motor car is with us to stay and to increase in use.

Despite the heavy toll it takes in human life nothing is going to stop its progress.

Consideration of the situation brings its importance home to the country even more than to the city because nearly seventy per cent of the automobiles manufactured in America are sold and used in towns of five thousand population and under and on the farms.

This means that preventable deaths in the country as a result of automobile activities is proportionately great, a situation so serious that it cries aloud that something be done to halt this yearly national disaster.

The Hen Calls for Help

Finally the food profiteers have looked horns with a real opposition. They face the inexorable persistence of the great American hen and panic reigns.

Some years ago the American hen still on the job. She gave warning that she might prove a dangerous enemy and bring about fair prices, but the shrewd profiteers countered, and when the hen laid in sufficient volume to feed the people the cold storage warehouse was conceived.

Instead of being distributed at prices governed by the law of supply and demand, eggs were stored, kept from the people, and doled out at uniformly high prices.

It appears, however, that the great American hen has been thinking.

The result is she has again come to the front with a production so bewildering that cold storage plants cannot take care of it.

True, in spite of this eggs in New York are selling from 60 to 75 cents a dozen.

But the bump is at hand.

If the hen gets a little support from the public and a little tiny egg strike be started, the backbone of the price extortion will be broken.

It is all very well to store eggs, but when it comes to erecting more and more great steel and concrete structures equipped with the expensive freezing plants to take care of them, then it may be thought better to sell the present stock at a fair price.

There are now 303,000,000 dozen eggs in storage—more than three dozen for every person in the United States.

And the great American hen is up" campaign.

Uncle John's Josh

YOU SHOULD MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES NOT SOW OATS WHILE THE MOON SHINES



Has the Nickle Smoke Passed Out?

The Connecticut tobacco growers propose to fix the price of their product. Contracts have been received by the Connecticut Valley Tobacco Association totaling more than 22,000 acres. The total stalk cut acreage of association members in Connecticut and Massachusetts is only 27,895, so that the acreage signed up more than assures the formation of a state-wide cooperative tobacco farmer's association by which the farmer will market their crops at a stipulated uniform price after the manner of the California fruit growers. The move has been long in arriving but it is here at last.

The result will undoubtedly prove favorable to the tobacco growers, but it may raise the price of the five cent cigar. Any added expense will naturally be passed along to the dear old ultimate consumer, but, weary as he is of exploitation, perhaps he will not mind, provided nothing is added to the freight by the middleman and the tobacco growers benefit by the move.

The nickle smoke, once so popular today is almost unknown among men even in ordinary circumstances, so any upward price will hit the poor alone, which would be regrettable. So far as the growers are concerned, they contend they have not received the worth of their product, the work and investment considered in any part of the country, though the price of the smoke has been steadily going upward.

About the time a fellow thinks he's a "big gun," somebody comes along and fires him.

Looks as if a lot of our girls are actively participating in the "paint up" campaign.

Punchettes

Perhaps the most important problem before the public today is the marriage problem.

There are more thunderings at the foundation of the home than ever before.

THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM
The world seems determined to destroy the home. It is using the automobile, the motion picture house, the dance hall, the pool room, the summer resorts, the Sabbath picnic, games, and amusements, and every other conceivable method to scatter the family, detract from the sobriety of the home and wreck the domestic foundation.

Many a girl marries for a meal ticket, including a theatre coupon.

When the day of scarcity of food comes and no amusement is furnished, she enters the divorce court, and there commits a crime against society and places a blot upon the name of womanhood.



Many a couple agrees before marriage to avoid the domestic responsibilities and live a life of freedom from care and domestic duty. Such an agreement is tantamount to premeditated social murder.

The blackest page of American history is the divorce page. To divorce one couple in every five marriages is a crime against society, home, and God.

Many divorces are sought by women because their husbands are cruel, or they fail to support them or they have deserted them.

Any man who deliberately practices cruelty against his wife and

fails to support his family, and finally deserts his wife and children ought to be arrested, tried and convicted and whipped in the public square for six months.

No couple should be allowed to marry unless each party to the contract could produce a certificate showing a sound, clean body and a sane mind for three preceding generations, and a spotless moral character.

No couple should be allowed to marry unless they could also show that they understand and are willing to assume and discharge the obligations that matrimony and a well-ordered home imposes upon a couple.

Parents are to blame for much of the present-day matrimonial looseness. They are too anxious to marry their daughters.

Awake, parents, and help us solve this all-important problem and thus save society from its present rotten tendency.

poem by UNCLE JOHN



I love the crispy mornin' air, about the hour of five, when the other birds is up to greet the sun. . . . There ain't no safer by-law for to keep a man alive, nor holds more satisfaction, when it's done. It don't take no alarm clock to yank me out of bed, when the honey-dew is whisperin' out of doors,—when the delicate machinery that's inside a feller's head, informs him that it's time to do the chores. . . . O, the meddlerlark, an' sapsuck, and the sassy little wren,—and the oriole, a-swingin' in her tree, has never claimed the credit of knowin' more than men, but that's the way the fact appears to be! So, I get up in the mornin' when the dawn begins to peep,—before the other neighbors is aware. There ain't no inspiration in an overplus of sleep, like there is in breathin' early mornin' air. . . . I can taste the spirit in it, that invigorates the soul, lots higher than a "bonded" liquor can. It produces exultation that is allers in control, yet, makes a common plug a superman! . . . When heaven uncorks her demijohn of early-mornin' booze, and passes it around afore it's light, a feller's conscience tells him it's the only sort to use, and his appetite confirms it that he's right!

EARLY RISING

When the day of scarcity of food comes and no amusement is furnished, she enters the divorce court, and there commits a crime against society and places a blot upon the name of womanhood.

HOMIE PHILOSOPHY for 1922

REMEMBER those hoop skirts—how quaint and winsome the girls looked, and then the skirts so tight they had to trip instead of walk? How fascinating they were as they pit-a-pat along. Soon came those long and sweeping lines, that all concealed yet half revealed the grace and beauty of the pretty miss, and then of evenings those majestic trains and that bewitching Princess gown, displaying every curve and undulation of the form divine—all so wonderful. Now, oh boy! they're prettier still, and tomorrow they'll be longer and still prettier. Styles change, but the ability to make styles always the best ever is the thing that counts.

WHY BOARDMAN?

Because the

Climate is Good,

People are

Sociable
Intelligent
Enterprising

Town is New and Growing

Location Well Chosen

Half way between The
Dalles and Pendleton
On O-W Railroad
On Columbia River

Soil Will Raise Anything

Water for Irrigation from
West Extension of
Umatilla Project

McKay Creek Dam

Will be built, assuring
more acreage under
water.

Boardman is a New Town But Not a Boom Town

Write Secretary of Commercial
Club