

THE BOARDMAN MIRROR

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BOARDMAN, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON,

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Warren motored to Hermiston last Thursday, where Mrs. Warren had two ulcerated teeth removed which had bothered her for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Mulkey and family were dinner guests at the Hereim home Sunday.

W. A. Goodwin suffered a painful accident one day last week when his car ran over his foot bruising it badly, but at this writing is getting along nicely.

Mrs. O. H. Warner received the sad news of the death of her sister, Mrs. I. Hunt, at Republic, Wash., on Friday. Her other sister, Mrs. Emma Sherman, was with Mrs. Hunt at the time of her death.

Mrs. J. Risley and son, Mrs. J. C. Ballenger and Maxine, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hereim and A. T. Jr. were Hermiston visitors last Monday, where A. T. Jr. and Mrs. Hereim had some dental work done.

The C.E. of Boardman gave a basket social at the church on Tuesday night. Not many local men were present but Umatilla was well represented, so all the baskets sold readily. A pleasing program of music and recitations was given before the baskets were sold, and everyone enjoyed the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Peterson of Castle Rock, and Mrs. Oscar Kosar of this place motored to Hermiston on Monday.

H. B. Norton arrived in town Wednesday after a long absence.

Dr. A. H. Johnston has moved to Heppner from Arlington and is now in partnership with Dr. McMurdo.

ANYONE WANTING TO TRADE irrigated lands for Kikkitt county, Washington, timber lands kindly write to H. M. Cox, Arlington, Oregon, describing the property offered.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Peterson of Castle Rock on Wednesday, Jan. 23.

Purely Ornamental

British Consul General Armstrong was talking at a New York reception about the popularity of the prince of Wales.

"When the prince," he said, "visits Balmoral, the royal estate in Scotland, he always wears the kilt. Two pretty lassies passed him on the road one day.

"Did you see his knees?" said one of the lassies afterward. "They were as pink and dimpled as a baby's. I wanted to kiss them, so I did."

"Hoot," said the other lassie; "they didn't look as if he prayed much."

Plenty of Capital.

"What would you like for your birthday?" asked mother.

"I want a small auto, a big doll, skates and candy."

"Why, I haven't got so much money to buy so many things."

Norma replied: "That's nothing. Papa's got a check book. There are a lot of pages in the book yet. We don't need money."

That Was That.

They had quarreled.

"Here are your letters," said the girl, "and here is your ring."

"Give me back my kisses," demanded the youth.

Not Wanted There.

"Do you know," said the conceited actress, "that I was offered \$4,000 a week to remain in New York?"

"Indeed!" remarked the candid listener. "And" was the offer made from Boston?"—Boston Transcript.

THE QUELLE—A good place to eat in Pendleton.

Potato Inspection Compulsory
Potato shippers have found it to advantage to arrange with the local inspector for a grading demonstration before sacking spuds for shipment.

By proclamation of the governor on July 20, shipment in carlot or otherwise in excess of ten tons must be inspected and certified as to U. S. grades, adopted by Oregon, before being shipped. Interested parties may obtain from the inspector or from the office of state market agent, Courthouse building, Portland, copies of grading rules. In it are explained in detail all necessary information, including method of stenciling sacks, definition of terms used in describing grades, and fees charged for certification. The purpose of the compulsory grading and inspection law is to increase the demand for Oregon potatoes at home and in other states by guaranteeing a standard, honest pack recognized as such by dealers and consumers throughout the country. For further information address R. F. Wilbur, State Inspector, Milton, Ore.

Increased Public Use of Wheat Offers Only Relief for Farmers



J. N. Darling in the New York Tribune—Copyright, 1923.

ANSWER TO APPEAL IS REMARKABLE

Oregon People Responding Well to Call For German Children's Aid.

Robert H. Strong, who was state chairman of the Hoover food campaign in Oregon in 1921 and who is acting in the same capacity for the present campaign to raise \$100,000 in Oregon for starving German children, reports a good response from all parts of Oregon. He says: "It is quite remarkable the response which Oregonians are making to the appeal for German children. Even before we have approached anyone for money, the subscriptions are coming in, both large and small amounts. It does not seem to make any difference to our people what nationality, race or creed that children belong to, they only have to be convinced that there is starvation, hunger and sickness, and the subscriptions come in."

"There is this interesting phase about this campaign, that all the expenses connected with it are being borne by certain individuals in the East and that one hundred cents of every dollar subscribed throughout the country will go toward the purchase of food.

"In Germany, the food will be distributed by the American Quakers through the medium of kitchens. We have received a copy of a typical menu which is being served to these children which represents one hot meal a day and costs 2 cents a meal."

STATE BEING ORGANIZED

Oregon to Help Save Starving German Children.

The American committee for relief of German children, state headquarters for which are in room 715 Corbett building, Portland, now has committees in various sections of the state, especially in the Willamette valley. Fully organized cities include Oregon City, Salem, Eugene, Ashland, Medford, Roseburg and others, and as rapidly as possible, other communities will be organized.

The state is asked by Major-General Henry T. Allen, well known because he was the American commander of troops on the Rhine during the occupation, to raise \$100,000, half in Portland and half out-state, and these committees will look after the work in their respective communities. There are 2,000,000 little ones facing starvation and American aid alone will save them, according to official advice.

WHAT POSY FETALS TELL

"Every Daisy in the Dell Knows the Secret, Knows It Well."

Probably most people have, at some period of their lives, plucked a daisy and, thinking of one of the opposite sex, picked the petals of the flower one by one, saying at the same time, "He loves me; he loves me not."

If the last petal picked coincides with "he loves me," all is well. If "he loves me not," all is wrong. There are several modifications of this superstition of daisy picking, but it seems to owe its origin to the Scandinavians, observes London Tit-Bits. The very name of the flower chosen for this incantation is significant of the origin of the superstition—day's eye, Anglo-Saxon, daiges eage—that is the sun; and looking at the daisy the reason of its being so named is apparent.

Freyja, the goddess of love in the old Scandinavian mythologies, and whose cult spread over northern Germany, had her home in the sun—and she thus became associated in the minds of her worshippers with the daisy—the flower sun. Therefore it was most fitting to consult the daisy upon matters of love.

The affairs of Freyja have long crumbled to dust, but young men and maidens still consult her symbolic flower to read the hearts of their loved ones, believing, in the words of the popular song, that "Every daisy in the dell knows the secret, knows it well."

Read the home paper.

Some Difference.

Young Herbert had not made up his mind which career to adorn with his shining presence. One thing he knew, and that was that he wanted a job that was going to bring him in a good salary.

A friend told him that there were quite a good lot of posts going at a certain college and instantly he was on the alert.

"What does the professor of Greek get?" he asked.

"Oh, about \$1,000 a year," was the answer.

"And the football coach?"

"Oh, about \$5,000."

"Rather a difference, what?"

"Well, did you ever see 50,000 people cheering a Greek oration?"

Potash in New Jersey.

The United States geological survey estimates that the New Jersey greensands, which are found in Salem, Camden and Burlington counties, contain more than 250,000,000 tons of potash that could be mined by open-pit methods. Used at the rate at which potash was formerly imported into this country, that quantity would supply the needs of the United States for nearly 1,000 years. Four companies have, it appears, undertaken to produce potash from greensands, and small quantities of the product have been made and sold, but the work is not yet on a commercial basis.

Resourceful.

Said the young wife to the shop assistant: "If this is an all-wool shirt, why is it labeled cotton?"

"To deceive the moths, madam," was the reply.

INCOME TAX IN NUTSHELL

WHY? Single persons who had net income of \$1,000 or more or gross income of \$5,000 or more, and married couples who had net income of \$2,000 or more or gross income of \$5,000 or more must file returns.

WHEN? The filing period is from January 1 to March 15, 1924.

WHERE? Collector of internal revenue for the district in which the person lives or has his principal place of business.

HOW? Instructions on Form 1040A and Form 1040; also the law and regulations.

WHAT. Four per cent normal tax on the first \$4,000 of net income in excess of the personal exemption and credits for dependents. Eight per cent normal tax on balance of net income. Surtax from 1 per cent to 50 per cent on net incomes over \$5,000 for the year 1923.

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths, in feelings, not in shadows on a dial; we should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—Phillip James Bailey.

Region of Caverns Near Trieste.

The Karst is a curious region of calcareous rocks in the neighborhood of Trieste. It has long been famous for its countless caverns, which are more numerous there, perhaps, than any other district of a similar area elsewhere in the world. The results of a careful exploration of these caves and abysses have been published by Boegan. The number included in the chart prepared by him is no less than 347. All of these have been explored and their exact position rigorously determined. Some are dry caverns, some are the underground channels of streams. Hundreds of other similar caves exist in the regions bordering on the Karst, in Carniola, Istria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Mother-in-Law Knew It All.

The country doctor was driving along a mountain road when a man came out of his house and hailed him.

"Say, doc, has the man up the creek got smallpox?"

"Well, I can't say just now—I'm not sure."

"My mother-in-law says it's smallpox."

"Really! Has your mother-in-law seen the case?"

"Naw."

"Well, has your mother-in-law ever seen a case of smallpox?"

"Naw. But that don't make no difference to my mother-in-law!"—Judge.

Has His Doubts.

He came in quietly and his wife asked: "Been playing poker again?"

"Yes."

"And what are you in?"

"Only the assurance that I am a good sport. I doubt if it is worth \$50 at that."

In Plunkville.

"What's the disturbance?"

"A man was seen going down Main street with a quart."

"Call out the militia."

Tuesday Evening Club



Copyright, W. H. U.

OLD HOSPITALITY RELIC OF THE PAST

Hostess Says, "Make Yourself at Home," and Leaves.

Suppose you had been brought up to have reverence for the spare room bed and never under any circumstances sit on it or mar its snowy counterpane by so much as a flung hat or coat—this to symbolize the place of honor which hospitality had in your home.

Hospitality spelled in big letters and meaning if necessary, and somehow it usually was necessary, a complete reversal of ordinary affairs and menus for the impression of the guest. How many in their youth have gone without even a modicum of cream in order that the week-end guest or guests might carelessly soak their corn flakes in thick, wasteful lusciousness! How many have eyed sorrowfully the last two still warm chocolate cup cakes reserved by an invisible flaming sword miraculously reflected in mother's eye, for the afternoon caller! How many have gone through these and greater adolescent self-denials only to grow up and attend a modern week-end house party.

Perhaps visitors of old were sometimes embarrassed by an excess of attention, conceivably "company" manners were not always calculated to make the guest comfortable or at home.

Some people have quiet tastes, but if there was a talk of show in town the guest must see it. And so entertaining was quite an art. Every minute planned for the ideal; the host most to be admired was the most tireless in getting up things and specializing in ingenious foods (or drinks) and elaborate disarrangement of ordinary living. The guest everyone wanted was a quiescent character, a sweet, gentle, impressionable soul. Today what have we? Where is the spare room of our childhood?

Most often the visitor spends an uncomfortable night in a let-down, tricky affair, apparently sprightly, that is not even visible in sober daylight. Breakfast is uncertain; the family being visited may like ham and eggs, with fruit and cereal, or they may only care for tea and toast. Take it or leave it, it makes no difference to them, and possibly they have forgotten to get enough butter for an extra person.

"Just make yourself at home," says your hostess after breakfast. "I've an appointment with my dressmaker. I knew you could take care of yourself. Magazines in the living room 'n' . . ." her voice trails off as she runs to catch the bus. Your host has probably gone to town, or somewhere else before you arose, but you just find that out.

Of course, you may be visiting more affluent folk. Then immediately you are put in the hands of awe-inspiring valet or maid. You are ushered into an immaculate, ultra-artistic but hotel-like room, you are served efficiently with staid indifference, but your relations with host and hostess are even more vague. Sometimes you don't see them for twelve hours, though your personal servant informs you, if you dare to ask, what is possible for the day.

You may take a walk next "about the grounds," ride horseback, motor, golf and later bridge or dance, but you'll have to suit yourself and choose the method of amusement and aggressively seek a playmate.

COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICE Every Sunday

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
Church Service 11:20 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m.
All are welcome.
REV. B. S. HUGHES, Pastor.

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