

THE BOARDMAN MIRROR

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Ezra Meeker



Ezra Meeker, noted pioneer, ninety-four years old, announced that he intended to file petitions as a candidate for representative from the Forty-seventh district in the state legislature of Washington. His purpose in seeking a seat was to support the Naches Pass highway project and oppose attempts to put through an application to build a state highway through Chinook pass.

Ezra Meeker was among the first few hundred to cross the continent by ox team, and was actually the last.

All any fisherman asks is that he be given a break as the fisherman in the summer resort ads.

It seems that utility experts come about as near agreeing as two alienists on opposite side at a murder trial.

Coach Is Wrestling Star



Omar Held, who assisted Jack Reynolds last year in turning out a 100-per-cent wrestling team at Indiana university. He has been named assistant coach of the Hoosiers for the coming season. Held was 175-pound Western Conference champion in 1922.

Father Sage Says

FATHER SAGE'S ADVICE to his young son, William: "An' when the time comes that ye start lookin' about ye fer a gal ter git hitched up with, remember that ye can't aim too high—fer the humblest little mouse of a woman will cause ye jest as much trouble an' will ask fer jest as much in the long run as the swellest-lookin' queen ye kin pick out."

EXPERIMENT STATION NOTES

By H. K. Dean

Cow Testing

In the Gooding, Idaho, cow testing association last year the highest producing cows averaged 596.1 pounds of butterfat, valued at \$226.88, while the ten lowest produced 136.2 pounds, worth \$63.65; a difference of 369.8 pounds or \$163.23. It cost \$78.95 to feed the high-producing cows and \$49.42 for the low producing. The good cows gave a return of \$147.93 above the feed cost while the poor ones returned \$23.23. Each pound of butterfat from the star boarders cost 29.7 cents for feed while from the high producers it cost only 15.6 cents. The real way to ascertain which are the 500 pound cows and which are the 136 pound ones is to use a milk scale and Babcock tester. There are enough poor cows in this district to make a cow testing association an exceedingly profitable institution.

ROMANCE OF RIBBON MATTER OF HISTORY

Colorful Adornments Worn in All Ages.

In all your rambles among the ribbon counters, did you ever consider the ancient romance of the "ribband"? Matching one's mood with ribbon is not a modern pastime. All through romantic history, ribbon, glittering and gleaming, winds its silky way.

Always the token of love, chivalry or power, the "ribband" of old has appeared now as a love-knot, carried by some knight as his lady's favor; now a rosette for a diminutive slipper; now a single streamer from a seal of a document of state.

When Queen Elizabeth took the throne ribbon first came into its own. Both belles and beaux of the period used it lavishly for their personal adornment. "Men of meane rank," writes a historian, "weare garters and shoe roses of more than five pounds apiece." As for the ladies, ribbon richly trimmed their headgears and formed sprinklings of rosettes and love-knots on their handsome gowns.

But in the reign of Louis XVI, the favored ribbons amounted to frenzy. Ladies ribbioned every garment, every accessory, and gave the ribbons such meaning titles as "attention," "mark of hope," "downcast eye," "sigh of Venus." Gentlemen wore hair ribbons.

The practical Scots, however, found a more useful mission for the ribbon. In Scotland, down until a quite recent date, the "snood" or "ribband" on the hair of a girl meant that she was unmarried.

The name "ribband" comes from the fact that, before the first ribbons were used in Europe, probably in the Sixteenth century, they were woven on the bands and borders of garments, and were narrow, like a rib. When they were first manufactured as separate trimmings, they were often of gilt, with threads of gold and silver interwoven. Consequently, they were expensive, and the English parliament passed an act reserving to nobility the right to wear them.

The "blue ribbon" and "red ribbon," which are often given today as marks of excellence, had their origin in England. The blue ribbon then designated that oldest order in England, the Order of the Garter; and the red ribbon stood for the next highest order, the Order of the Bath.

Another ribbon custom which originated in England is that of numbering ribbons. This numbering was governed by the thickness of the English penny, which was almost as large as our silver dollar.

So, you can indulge your ribbon fads and fancies with the assurance that you have historic precedent back of you, next time you make a trip to the ribbon counter.

Where They "Hook 'Em Out"



The picture shows Indians gaffing salmon for their winter fish supply near The Dalles, Oregon.

WHY WORRY?

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

"STRING" slouched into the office a few weeks ago and dropped into the chair in front of my desk, a crumpled and despondent heap. He had been exposed to chickenpox, his best girl was going to a dance with a Phi Gamma, and his quiz grade in philosophy 7 was 30. He was the picture of gloom and despair.

"I tell you," he said, after a few moments of ominous silence, "I'm worried."

There are few states of mind more useless and harmful than worry. Half the things we worry about never happen, and the other half right themselves if we go along cheerfully and do our work.

I was brought up in an atmosphere of worry—that is, I lived as a child on a farm—and I early got my fill of it and learned its futility. There was the worry of chinch bugs and cut worms, of early frost and hot winds, of drought and wet spells, of low prices and falling crops, of hog cholera and botis and glanders and foot rot, and a thousand and one diseases and disasters which seldom overtook us.

"We are going to have a fine crop of corn this year," I said to a complaining neighbor.

"Yes, but I'm worried for fear we won't get anything for it," was his cheerful reply. "When we have a crop we don't get anything for it, and when

prices are high we don't raise anything."

And I never remember a crop failure or a time when things did not turn out pretty satisfactorily, though few ever learned to give up worrying.

There are few things so useless as worrying. It will not win a girl's love or raise the price of potatoes; it will not get a man a job or make him immune from the hives. It helps no situation; it gets one nowhere; it is as gloomy and as uncertain a pleasure as the enjoyment of poor health.

There are few things which so inhibit and discourage progress or success as worry. It corrodes every pleasure; it destroys ambition; it is a foe to content; it robs a man of the will or of the desire to think or to work. When a man worries he must give all of his time to it.

The man who says he can't help worrying resigns himself to emotional slavery too easily. Worry is amenable to the will as is every other form of nervousness or hysteria. We encourage it by courting it and by yielding to it.

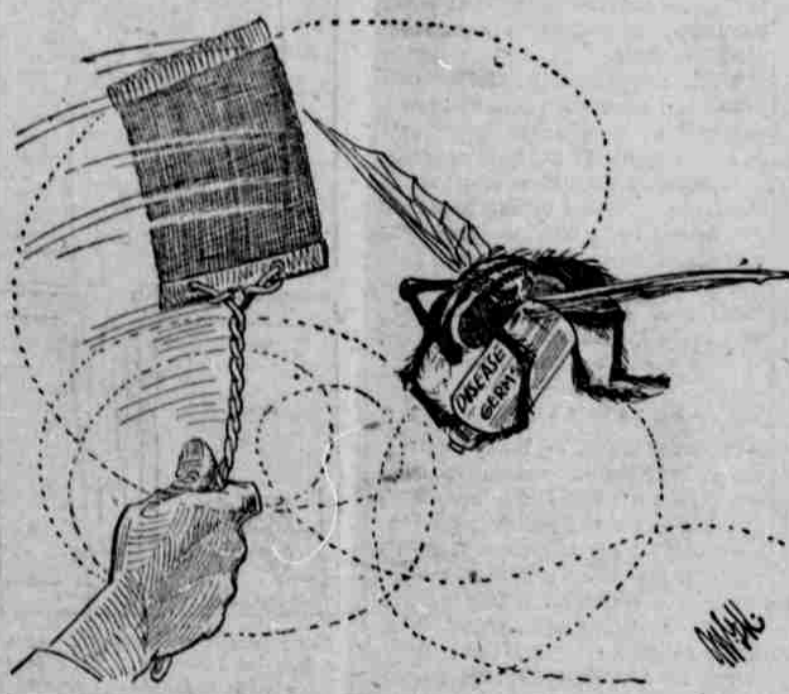
"String" told me the other day that he had a letter from his mother, telling him that he had had chickenpox when he was a child, so that there was no danger of contagion at this time; his instructor had misread his grade in philosophy—it was 93; and his best girl had just sent him a beautiful birthday cake with a heart in the center and with candles around it.

Why worry?

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People who live in wooden houses shouldn't throw cigarettes by the roadside.

War Declared!!!



Your Conversation

"Porter House"

In ante-Volstead days the "porter house," where porter and other malt liquors were sold, was quite a place for social gatherings. To offset competition, the proprietor of a certain New York "porter house" made his place a favorite by serving choice beef steaks, cut from behind the best ribs. This particular cut soon came to be known exclusively as "porter-house steak."

Practical Education

A practice house or model cottage is a part of the general equipment of home economics in all vocational schools of Oregon. Each girl has experience in all the fundamentals of the household—food preparation, house cleaning, laundry and sewing. The food-preparation classes give the actual experience of buying and preparing for a number of persons. The girls are taught the spending value of the dollar, principles of house decoration, child care and home nursing.

HERO'S BURIAL PLACE IS IN CHICAGO PARK

Pleasure Spot Holds Grave of David Kennison.

Many of the thousands of visitors to Lincoln park have discovered for themselves near the Wisconsin street entrance a granite boulder set with a bronze tablet designating the spot as approximately the burial place of David Kennison.

It has been seventy-two years since Kennison's death, when, at the age of one hundred fifteen years, three months and seventeen days, he was the last survivor of the Boston "tea party." Now his grave tablet with the inscription, is the only reminder of a life that was picturesque in more ways than one.

Kennison was an early settler in Chicago, as well as a veteran of the Revolutionary war and the War of 1812. He came here in 1845, when he was 109 years old. Since his fighting days he had been crushed by a falling tree and wounded by a cannon ball fired at a military review, and had only a pension of \$8 a month to maintain him. Nevertheless he started west looking for thrills and fortune.

For a year or so after coming to the young metropolis on the lake shore, Kennison worked as a day laborer. Then his fame as a "pounder" at the Boston "tea party" having spread, he obtained the post of lecturer at Mooney's museum, 73 West Lake street. Besides introducing Prater's Genuine Virginia minstrels and discussing the wax figures and other strange exhibits, he gave a lecture at each performance on the dumping of tea in Boston harbor.

Kennison was made manager of the museum in 1848 and he announced that to the public in the following manner:

"I have taken the museum in this city, which I was obliged to do in order to get a comfortable living, as my pension is so small it scarcely affords the comforts of life. If I live until the 17th of November, 1848, I shall be 112 years old, and I intend making a donation party on that day at the museum. I have fought in several battles for my country. All I ask of the generous public is to call at the museum on the 17th of November, which is my birthday, and donate to me what they think I deserve."

The aged patriot not only lived to be host at his donation party, but almost four years beyond then. His death occurred February 24, 1852. The funeral was held from the First Methodist church and the procession was the most imposing military turnout seen in Chicago up to that time. His body was buried in the cemetery that then was situated in the present park. After the cemetery had been moved the Illinois chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, and the Daughters of the American Revolution marked his grave with the boulder and tablet.—Chicago News.

Sleeveless Knicker Suit Is Ideal for Sportswoman



We were not all in favor of knicker suits some few years ago. However, that is ancient history, today the knicker suit is the ideal garb of the sportswoman. Every detail is planned for comfort with the style element accented. For midsummer the sleeveless kinds are liked best of all. Of course in this age when accessory counts so much in costume one exercises a discriminating taste in matter of blouse, tie, hosiery and other details. The strictly tailored and mannish affects are preferred. The picture illustrates the point. The knitted four-in-hand tie is considered very smart. The narrow patent leather belt is the finishing touch.

To harness the sun's heat so that it will be concentrated enough to melt diamonds, as a San Francisco says he can do, may be a scientific triumph, but it looks like a waste of diamonds.

Fashion's Vogue Brings the Ostrich Back Again



Ostrich has come back into fashion. Not only millinery reflects the revival of the ostrich vogue, but costuming throughout is lavishly garnished with ostrich fringe, tassels and other novelty effects. As a consequence of this favor for ostrich the old-fashioned ostrich boa is now new-fashioned.

Portrait effects through ostrich placements are part of the charm in millinery this season. The little roll-brimmed model in the picture says summer in its straw facing, while it bespeaks autumn in its black silk plush crown; therefore it is an ideal midseason type.

Father Sage Says

With all these bedtime stories comin' over th' radio, th' poor kids can't git no sleep a-tall.

SUCH IS LIFE

By **Van Zelm**

NO PRETTY 1s GOT OFF

