

# The Boardman Mirror

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## Time In on the Spring Wave

This, according to the calendar, is the first week of spring in the year 1925. The mercantile ads in this paper reflect their preparation to help you blossom out like the spring flowers in a new garb of freshness and sweetness. Spring is the time of year when all in life progresses, gets into action and sets about with enthusiasm toward the tasks of another busy year. Our Eastern Oregon farmers are in the midst of the spring work. Baling activity is getting underway. It is time to say goodbye to the stern rig of Old Man Winter and greet Miss Spring with a return smile of her own sunshine. Toss in your rags on Macintosh's Spring Song and tune in yourself with the spring song of Nature's optimism. It is a grand old world and after all there is no place as grand as home.

If we can do our part in making every tourist who comes to Oregon this summer, want to stay here for the rest of his natural life, it will be the best turn we can do for him, and will make money for all of us.

It's all right to investigate the antics of the wheat market, but what the farmer needs is a law permitting him to spank the cut-ups whenever they need it.

## Standing Alone

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

IT TAKES courage and strength to stand alone. Most of us find it easier to go with the crowd. The fact that the custom has become common is adequate reason for most people to follow it, whether the custom be smoking cigarettes or wearing a mechanical little gum Arable curl over the forehead. Women do not wear tight skirts and silk stockings in winter because these are more comfortable or sanitary, but because other women wear them. They are afraid to stand alone.

These are days of unrest and revolt, and there is very little doubt that drinking and gambling are pretty prevalent. When most young fellows offer an excuse for these irregularities it is mostly the illogical alibi that every one else is doing it, and that he should not be criticized since he is as good as the average.

"Isn't it wrong?" I ask. "Doesn't it injure you and your work?"

"Yes," he replies, "but—" He hasn't the courage to stand alone. He lacks the nerve to admit that he has principles that make it impossible for him to do some things and still keep faith with himself.

Franklin had been arrested for stealing from his employers' store, and he asked me to come and see him.

"Why did you do it?" I asked. He had been brought up well, he was in no particularly straitened circumstances, and he had always borne a good reputation.

"I could use the things," he answered, "and I knew some of the other fellows were doing it."

He was following the crowd, or thought he was. He had no strength to stand alone.

## TORNADO FORECAST IS NOT POSSIBLE

Washington, D. C.—One of nature's most deadly and costly frenzies—the tornado—will never be understood or investigated to the point where science can accurately forecast its beginning or its path, according to C. L. Mitchell, forecaster of the United States weather bureau here.

Mitchell said weather bureau experts were frustrated on all sides in their efforts adequately to acquaint themselves with the "whirls." The only information they can now obtain about tornadoes is by investigating and inspecting stricken areas.

"If we could be up in the sky," said Mitchell, "at the exact spot where a tornado was about to be conceived, there is a bare possibility that we might in time be able to make a fairly close forecast of tornadoes. But there is no other way we could."

Because of possible panics and riots the weather bureau does not even attempt to forecast tornadoes. The extent of the bureau's predictions of tornadoes now is limited to "unsettled disturbances."

## A Four-Leafed Clover

By RUBY DOUGLAS

SALLY ARLINGTON was not of a curious turn of mind, but her inquisitiveness had mastered her at last. "What in the world is that man looking for?" she asked of the matron of the babies' convalescent home.

The matron turned her eyes toward the rich, sloping lawn that rolled away from the porch toward the water below. She laughed at the question. "A four-leafed clover," she said.

"But he does it every time he comes up," persisted Sally. "I have watched him from our garden, and I've been consumed with curiosity."

"It's funny about him—poor chap," explained the matron. "His little girl has been here all summer convalescing after a winter's illness. She has no mother, and the father is all bound up in the little thing. The youngster has a notion that if her daddy could find a four-leafed clover and give it to her she could go home with him soon. Such a notion! We have all sorts of whims in our sick children."

Sally was watching the young man searching the thick clover patches. "He'll never find one there, but—do you suppose he'd like to look in our lawn?"

The matron was matter-of-fact. "Why not? Do you grow them?"

"No, not exactly; but there seems to be a good crop of them this year, as I find one very time I go across the lawn." Sally told her, "I'd gladly find one for him, but that isn't the point. You must find it yourself."

The man was coming toward the porch, his lack of success evident on his finely cut features.

"Is your little Eileen to be disappointed again?" asked the matron.

He nodded. "I'm a dub at this sort of thing, I fear. I never found one in my life."

The matron took the occasion to introduce him to Sally, and she laughed at his lack of luck.

"Would you like to try our garden?" she asked. "I've watched you more or less all summer, and if I'd known what you were doing—and why—I might have planted some so that you could not miss them," she joked.

The man looked at her. "Are you serious about having them in your lawn?" he asked eagerly. "That little of mine is obsessed on the subject."

"Perhaps it's a complex," ventured Sally.

"It's something feminine, anyway," the man told her.

After a few more words the pair of newly acquainted young people left the matron to her charges and went in search of a four-leafed clover.

True to her prediction, Sally picked up the extra-leafed clover inside of ten minutes, and the man sat looking at her with admiration. She handed it to him.

He took it. "But I must find one myself," he explained, not, however, offering to give her back the good-luck omen. Instead, he opened a tiny notebook and put it carefully within.

Eventually, and with Sally almost leading him to the spot where it grew, he found a clover with four leaves. The smile that wreathed his face was worth much to Sally. She had known the little Eileen ever since the home for convalescent babies had opened up in their neighborhood in the spring, and now she could see where the wee one had inherited her charming smile.

"I'll take it to Eileen at once, and then I must hurry back to town. It is quite a trip out here to the country, but since the youngster has no mother I have to do double duty, especially when she is ill," he said, sadly.

"I'll try to see much of her if it will help you," said Sally, generously.

"Will it?" asked the man, thankfully. "I shall never forget your kindness."

If the matron had been of a romantic turn of mind she might have noticed the added devotion of Sally Arlington to the little girl whose father had found her a clover.

"And you do think I may go home soon, Miss Sally?" asked the little one a few days after her receipt of the four-leafed clover.

"You are getting pink cheeks and your appetite is good, so I think it won't be long now, Eileen," consoled Sally.

"And the clover did it—I told daddy so," insisted the child.

Sally told the father what the little girl had said.

"I'd hate to tell you what I dare to hope the four-leafed clover has done for me," he said, earnestly. "I wish that I might picture the vision that has opened up to me since I folded that green charm within the leaves of my notebook," he went on, looking straight into her eyes.

Sally dropped hers under the spell of his earnestness.

"Why don't you? Why can't you tell me?" she asked.

The man was silent for so long that Sally wondered if she had insisted too much on his confidence.

"If I were sure that you would like to hear," he said. "I think I should tell you—here and now. It—it seems so soon. And there is so much to consider."

"May I tell you—that I love you?" Sally nodded like a child as she raised her big eyes to his.

"And—we'll talk about all the rest afterwards," he said.

They did not get to "all the rest" that day. There seemed to be so many ways of saying merely, "I love you."

"And my clover brought us all good luck, didn't it?" Sally asked when he was leaving that night.

## DEATH OF DEAD IN TORNADO OVER 800

Exact Number of Casualties Probably Will Never Be Known.

Chicago, Ill.—Casualty totals reported for the tornado which swept through southern Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Indiana after lashing eastern Missouri showed 638 killed in Illinois, 58 in Indiana, 34 in Tennessee, 22 in Missouri and 18 in Kentucky.

Murphyshoro, Ill., headed the list with 189 known dead. The exact toll of the storm, Red Cross officials admitted, probably never will be known. There were some victims actually annihilated in the wind terror. Others were removed to different towns. And there have been scores of visitors in the section who will not be missed for weeks.

Saturday and Sunday the gaunt, hollow eyed survivors in the storm area of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee stood solemnly by the yawning death pits in their last good-bye to wives, mothers, children, sweethearts, snapped into eternity in a twinkling by the awful force of the cyclone.

Everywhere in the five states which felt the death laden breath of the storm, the victims, many unidentified, were committed back to the earth from which they came—laid to rest separately, by twos, by threes and by dozens, in soldier dug graves. And simple white crosses, conjuring up a picture of other such symbols across the sea, stood forth to mark the trail of devastation.

The total property loss has not been compiled, but will likely be more than \$12,000,000 in Illinois alone. With some \$3,000,000 in Indiana and about a million each in Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, the property loss is likely to exceed \$18,000,000.

### 13 Killed in S. P. Train Collision.

New Orleans, La.—Thirteen persons were killed and five seriously injured Sunday when two Southern Pacific fast trains collided head on in a fog. The accident occurred near Richoe, La. The official report of the accident said that the eastbound train ran by a signal in a fog.

### Kid McCoy Is Found Guilty.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Kid McCoy, ex-pugilist, recently convicted of manslaughter in connection with the slaying of Mrs. Theresa Mors here last August, was convicted in superior court of three counts of assault growing out of a shooting affray in Mrs. Mors' antique shop the morning after her death.

### True Chivalry.

The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper: "Miss Beulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two,"—Arkansas Taxpayer.

### Community Church Service

Every Sunday

Sunday School ..... 10:30 a. m.  
 Church Service ..... 11:30 a. m.  
 Christian Endeavor ..... 7:30 p. m.

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