

The Boardman Mirror
Boardman, Oregon

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Mrs. Claire P. Harter, Local Editor

MARK A. CLEVELAND, Publisher

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|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Sun. | Mon. | Tue. | Wed. | Thu. | Fri. | Sat. |
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

A LESSON FROM NATURE

There was a time when it was considered worth while to be decently thoughtful of other people—decently courteous to individuals we know as well as to individuals in the mass that we don't know.

Today, the fashion appears to be careless of everybody else's feelings but our own and indignant of others who do not treat us as we refuse to treat them. Exhibitions of selfishness are common and "get there" regardless of the other fellow, by force if necessary, is the rule, especially among the young. One sex is as bad as the other, with exceptions of course.

In certain parts there is a wild bee, with a wild Latin name which we won't try to repeat, but which is familiar as the "bramble bee." After the farmer has sheared off the heads of brambles along comes the velvety "bramble" bee. She picks a likely stalk, digs out the pith down to the first knot, which stops her progress. Then she fills this tube clear to the top with cells, one at a time, placing a little honey in each cell and depositing an egg with the honey.

The egg in the cell at the bottom is laid first and you'd expect it to hatch first. But the only way out to the free air is through all the other cells. If the baby bee busted through she'd of course kill all the unhatched bees. So the amateur naturalist figures that nature reverses herself in this case, hatching the last egg laid first, and the first laid last.

Wrong! The first egg laid hatches first. The baby bee down there at the bottom of the tube at once attacks the wax wall above her and bores a hole through it to the cell above. Instantly she sees her baby sister or brother lying still asleep in its cocoon. Does she brutally rear through that cocoon in a wild, ruthless dash for the sunlight above?

She does not, my son!

She just calmly returns to her own cell, which is dark and without food, and stays there hours, sometimes a whole day, until she hears her sister moving about above. Then she joins the other and they bore through to the next cell. If that cocoon is still unhatched, they wait again. And so on to the top.

Here is a lesson in courtesy from Mother Nature herself. Boys and girls, nature is the most truthful teacher in the world. Don't forget that.

WHAT YA MEAN MONOTONY?

Well meaning, but densely ignorant, editorial writers ever now and then, bemoan the the routine, unexciting, unvaried life the farmer leads and wisely opine that what the rural people needs is more excitement, more hazard, mayhap, more varied interest.

The wise writers should accomplish a mess of farm chores before breakfast and after supper for a few weeks; they would discover that

Uncle Johns Josh

SPARE THE ROD AND SHOW THAT YOU HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO MANAGE A CHILD.



BACK FROM THE FIGHT -



RICKARD WOULD MATCH GIBBONS-CARPENTIER



Tommy Gibbons, 170-pound battler of St. Paul, Minn., is to be matched with Georges Carpentier for a big Labor Day bout in the ring at Jersey City, where Dempsey defeated the French champion, if Tex Rickard has his way. Willard is so hopelessly out of condition and so old that Rickard thinks a Dempsey-Willard return bout would be an imposition on the public, while if Gibbons whipped Carpentier—then a Dempsey-Gibbons match would be in the offing.

the rural vocations contain all the hazard and risk and excitement that is left in business today.

In the larger towns the days are about the same; you catch the same car, or crank the same flivver, morning and evening; you dodge just so many taxis and milk trucks, or miss just so many hesitating matrons with baby buggies.

But in the country it's different. If you milk a string of eight cows, the farm average, it is a gold letter day in the year that at least one bovine monster doesn't swat you in the eyes with her tail, or joggle the pail from between your legs, or bowl you over without warning.

When you feed the fool calves it is another rare day when one calf doesn't suddenly buck up and butt you half way across the shed, while his brother hunts the pail from your hands, and its half sister steps on your good foot; the other being out of commission because the axe slipped yesterday.

If you curry and feed the horses, or wind up the tractor, and you escape without at least a back fire, or a back kick, or nip from the mare who always has a grouch until noon you are again unusually blessed.

And through the long hours until bed time nature offers her various moods, many of them contrary. The sharp shinned hawk swoops down and with a swirl of feathers finishes the last broiler the owls had left. The digger squirrel, the mole, the field mouse and the Chinese phea-

sant—omnivorous hog of them all—clean out your sweet corn and excavate your potato patch and mow down your early peas and then sit around and sneer at the castor beans you planted to keep them out of the garden.

When you plow you will doubtless discover a wasp's nest, too late.

If you spray an apple tree, a protesting bee or two or twain or twenty will light on you and warm the corner where they light.

Hazard, interest, danger, the untimely arrival of the unexpected, thrills; do you desire these things in abundance? Then get you to the farm—any farm, anywhere.

From Uncle Johns.

THE STAYER

I've studied mankind from sun to sun, an' ravelled 'em all to bits, and I find, the man wuth dependin' on, is the feller that never quits. Most any chap in the common herd can bring a few things to pass, but he's apt to prove an unlucky bird, unless he can show some class. I've watched the boys as they sallied forth, to garner a share of fame, an' I've seen 'em collapse, an' come to earth, when trifles would queer their game. There's no reward fer the shifty guy that straddles in forty ways, with allers some bran new scheme to try, that promises better days. But the feller that marks his life-course well, an' studies his lessons by heart, will ring as clear as a weddin' bell, and win, from the very start. There ain't much room fer the soft-nosed boy, that juggles with artless wits. . . . But we bust-right out into songs of joy fer the feller that never quits.

From Uncle Johns.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Henry Albers, who was to have a new trial, has been stricken blind with a paralytic stroke.

L. Burbank has completed his investigation and experiment, and now announces that corn is evolved from grass.

President Harding has proposed disarmament to the principle nations. A meeting is to be called in the near future.

Lloyd George has telegraphed the following message to the Irish Republic: "I have received your acceptance to a conference, and will be happy to see you at any time."

A call has been sent out in Portland by the mayor, county commissioners and public welfare bureau for a food conference in the city on Monday. Twice as many families as at this time last year are calling on charity for relief, it is announced by the public welfare bureau.

R. N. Stanfield, President Frank Sloan, 1st Vice-President
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Fresh Meat Delivered Every Wednesday
I will be in Boardman and on the Project every Wednesday with fresh meat. Watch for the Dodge delivery wagon, and when you hear the horn flag us. I have much territory to cover and can't tarry long, so watch for the Dodge on Wednesday.
J. L. CALKINS

The Only Restaurant in Pendleton Employing a full crew of white help.
THE FRENCH RESTAURANT
HOBBACH BROS., PROPS.
Elegant Furnished Rooms in Connection.

BOARDMAN:

The Hub of 33,000 fertile acres under U. S. Reclamation Service. The Gateway to the Great John Day with its 110,000 acres to be made abundantly productive by your governments unequalled engineering skill.

BOARDMAN:—A progressive town of progressive people in a wonderfully progressive community, where everybodys slogan is "DO IT," is situated 170 miles east of Portland, Ore., on the Columbia River, the Columbia Highway and the main line of the Union Pacific Transcontinental Railway.

Have you surveyed our community? If you dream of sunshine, flowers, fertile fields and a comfortable home, "DO IT."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, ORE., July 1st, 1921.

NOTICE is hereby given that William Albert Price, of Boardman, Oregon, who, on August 2nd, 1916, made homestead entry, No. 016323, for W 1/2 SE 1/4 NW 1/4, W 1/2 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 (Unit B), section 20, township 4N, range 25E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. G. Blayden, U. S. Commissioner, at Boardman, Oregon, on the 12th day of August, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Sam Boardman, of Boardman, Ore.
W. N. Hatch, of Boardman, Ore.
Frank Partlow, of Boardman, Ore.
Paul Partlow, of Boardman, Ore.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK,
37-41 Register.

BULLETIN OF BOARDMAN COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICE

Every Sunday
Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
Church Service 11:30 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, every Thursday at 8 p. m.
All are welcome
J. W. HOOD, Pastor.

WOODSON & SWECK
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Masonic Building
Heppner, Oregon.

SAY SNOWFLAKE

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Arlington Made Bread

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The Arlington Bakery
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ARLINGTON OREGON

BOARDMAN
Townsite Co.

E. P. DODD, Pres.

City Lots for Sale at Proper Prices

Boardman is a New Town But Not a Boom Town

Ideally located on railroad and Columbia river, far enough away from any large town to naturally become the trading center of a wonderful growing country.