

The Boardman Mirror
Boardman, Oregon

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**TRANSPORTATION
AT ALL HAZARDS**

Whether the railroad difficulty is to be settled or not, it is to be hoped that both sides will have been chastened by the enormity of the calamity, threatened or actual.

Railroad transportation is the most important necessity there is in a wide land that holds one hundred and five millions of human beings. It is more important than food and the means of buying food because both depend on transportation so far as the mass of that one hundred and five million human beings is concerned.

This nation cannot endure a prolonged cessation of railroad operations, anyway not until air and motor transportation become more important and dependable. As a matter of fact it should not have to endure a shutdown of traffic for even a week or a day.

Here is a problem for thinkers and statesmen to solve: How to insure orderly and adequate transportation facilities no matter what happens in the way of human disagreement.

AMERICA'S ONE POET LAUREATE

America has one poet laureate, John G. Neihardt. John G. has made a national reputation as a singer of words, but having lived in Nebraska most of his life—although born in Illinois—the legislature of Nebraska only recently declared him the state's poet laureate by official resolution.

This new star in our bright firmament of national genius is—praise be!—not one of the blank verse tribe that is squeaking and shrieking its way through our present history. Read this verse from Neihardt's poem "Battle Cry":

"More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a man!"

A vivid picture, strong sense that thrills the very soul, a mighty prayer—all in eight lines, or less than 50 words. Compare that with some of the cheap drivel often put onto the market by many.

Neihardt is 40 and a comer. He is a product of the small town, Sharpsburg, Ill., and Bancroft, Neb. He will do greater and greater work and our best wish to him is that he shun the precincts of the big city and all that means to the literary genius.

HONEY PHILOSOPHY FOR 1921

How often do we say to another, "Well, you are welcome to your opinion!" And how often do we mean it? Not once! Under the skin we are peevish at the other fellow's opinion. Yet what a humdrum world this world would be if it were not that humans have different notions about things.

Incidentally, next time you say to a man, "You are welcome to your opinion," try to say it wholeheartedly and with an expression in your face that shows plainly that you really mean it. Then note how that fellow warms up to you. You'll convert many a man to your own opinion by doing that very thing.



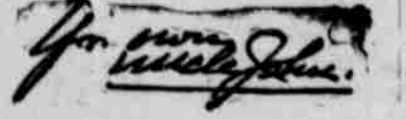
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

When things go wrong in your toilsome day, an' the whole world seems askew, don't tear up the house in a wreckless way—the trouble may be with—YOU!

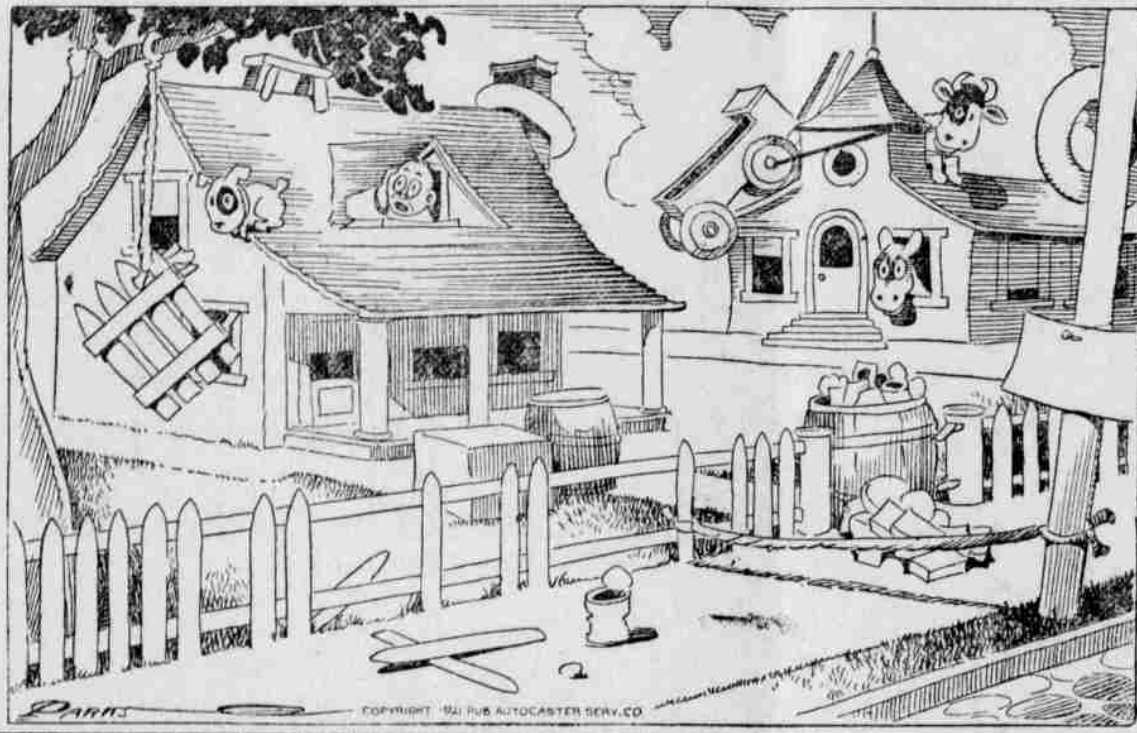
We build our houses, stone by stone, an' finish 'em, bit by bit—but we ortn't to swear at the buildin' none, when one of the blocks don't fit.

For you are a block in the mighty wall, that grows by the Master's hand. It's probable YOU don't fit at all—in the palace the Master planned.

This old world's apt to roll around in the way it was made to do. And, when yer grist ain't neerly ground, the man at the wheel is—YOU.



THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE



**COMMUNICATION AND REPRINT ON
HENS AND POULTRY RAISING**

One of our most beloved subscribers has asked us to publish the following article from the Portland Oregonian with the prelude written by a lady on the project, who is backward about signing her name, but is highly recommended by the aforesaid m. b. s. as a contributor of note to eastern papers. Her article will prove not only interesting and of great help to the poultry business, but will also mark the ladies' ability as a writer:

My Dear Editor,
I am enclosing a clipping which relates to the poultry industry. I would deem it a favor if you can spare some of your valuable space for a reprint.

The better part of my life was spent in the East, in the poultry business. I recently moved to this project with my husband, and we are planning on entering the poultry business on a large scale. You have ideal climate for the industry. We started in the East with a five-hen "Henery," and built it up to a 2000 business concern. Our new county agent is a strong advocate of the hen on the farm. When you come to town, bring something to sell. You do it with the hen.

While the future of the hen and her effort has wonderful prospects, I cannot paint as rosy a tomorrow for her, as the above article portrays. We did breed Orpington strain, from which the caponized cock dressed twelve pounds. But when the writer mentioned the possibility of the 368 1/2 pound hen, and the 17 pound, 2 ounce egg, unwomanlike it may sound, I will say that the writer is a prevaricator. The mind may mount to prospective heights, but some things are incomprehensible.

There is no question but that the race would be better off with less red meat and more eggs. To live 500 years even without pain or bodily ills, would be no inducement. All space would be littered and cluttered.

And how manlike the writer tells you of the transformation of the 150 pound woman to the 2000 pounder. Manlike with all the conceit and egotism of the sex, is now perfect; He will remain the 150 pounder! If sat on, I assure you his vanity will need a coat of varnish. And, my dear editor, can you name one of these "immortals," who can rustle the clothes for 300 children? He could not even furnish the "squares." The writer has overdone, overdrawn the possibility of white meat, and scientific thinking. But, neighbors, don't overlook the "hen on the farm." We so often strive for the big things and go "into the red" where the little things added together, put us on the right side of the ledger.

New York, Oct. 13.—W. E. D. Stokes, president of the Patehen Wilkes' Stock Farm, Inc., Lexington, Ky., has some modern ideas on eggs. Stokes says that eggs are among the foods that modern man has substituted for the raw rump steaks bit from the shanks of musk oxen 11 feet high, 50,000 years ago, but the palaeolithic Neanderthal. He says these fellows used to eat raw hunks of hairy mastodons and juicy slices from the tail of the sporting Diplodus. Moreover, he says that the critters who infested the Miocene age munched and munched and munched on the tender ribs from the sides of the young Tetrabelodus.

He rather inclines to the opinion that from our sabre-toothed ancestors who chewed up red meats and flung the bones of their victims yards

deep all over the floor of their stone-age caves, and who, while shedding hot tears before burying their grandfathers and grandmothers, tore out succulent tidbits from the corpse and ate them with feelings of love and reverence, we have acquired our hunger for the flesh pots of Egypt.

But, he says, as civilization advanced and American missionaries pushed their way into the heart of Africa, the natives gave up the old custom of eating red meats raw for the more agreeable custom of seizing on good fat sky pilots whom they tied to green poles and elevated on forked sticks over a roasting fire until properly done, whereupon they served them with native fruits and seasonings and then ate them up.

Thus by inference was established a preference for the paler white meats, the round-steak of a missionary being a shade between veal and chicken.

Now, he continues, it's 70 years since the red meat question was agitated throughout the country. On account of this agitation he believes that red meats have a tendency to foster cancer germs already in the human system.

To prove this he points to the fact that our hospital and cemetery records show that one in every seven has cancer, on which account scientists are telling the world to eat fish, poultry, fresh milk and eggs because they are white meat.

He says if we follow the laws of heredity as taught by poultrymen we would live to be 500 years old and even then would be in full possession of our mental and physical powers and there would be no ills, pains, or suffering in the world.

The world has got to be reduced to stock-farm standards if it would convert a Hottentot into a Lincoln, a Cecl or a Napoleon. If a hen by scientific breeding can be made to weigh 20 pounds instead of 1 1/2 pounds, and if she can be made to lay 300 eggs a year instead of 15, it follows that if the same principles be applied scientifically to the human family women who now weigh but 150 pounds can be made to weigh 2000 pounds, and instead of having 15 children in a given period they can have 300 children. Why not?

The musk oxen that used to stand 11 feet high while the palaeolithic Neanderthals bit chunks from their backs have been shrinking up something awful, while the hen has been developing from a pound and a half to 20 pounds. So, a woman weighing

2000 pounds would be about in the right proportion to a musk ox 11 feet high, and the New Jersey white hen specialists would seem to have it in their power to develop the 20-pound hen into a bird weighing 368 1/2 pounds, and laying eggs weighing 17 pounds two ounces each.

Stokes says the egg-producing hen of today is energetic, overscratching and nervous. She is an unnatural mother, who won't "set" because her whole nature has been perverted, and she is intent on doing one thing only—laying eggs. She eats grain, and as corn is today less than 50 cents a bushel, the best white eggs actually cost less than 12 cents a dozen to produce.

The White Leghorn hen is so high-strung and nervous that high fences are necessary to keep her from going crazy. Her flesh is stringy, tough and not fit for eating. Although she produces from 200 to 300 eggs a year, she rarely raises any offspring. The famous White Leghorn hen, Lady Englantine, with an egg record of 315 a year, produced only 12 growing chickens, and Lady Cornell, with a record of 285 eggs, never raised a single chick.

Intensive breeding and functional excitement have converted the white egg into a symbol of appalling truths and ridiculous nonsense so ludicrously and tragically compounded as to resemble this absurd and almost, if not quite, incoherent beich upon red meat in general and white eggs in particular.

Uncle John's John

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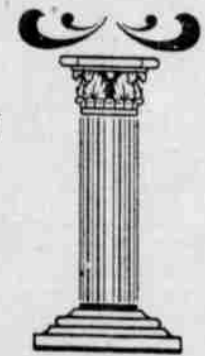
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