

## BOARDMAN UTELLUM

Editor  
Asst. Editor  
Joke Editor

### LET'S GO!

By Eliot Keen

The reason some fellows get on in the world,  
Get up, get the cash and get happy,  
Is really no secret; it's simple as play—  
Their method is this: "Make it Snappy!"  
They leap from the hay, and they jump for their pants;  
They swallow their coffee, too sweet,  
The yellow eyed daisies don't sprout in their tracks,  
No verdure grows under their feet,  
They rush and they hustle, they're pulsing with pep,  
They're hitting on high as they pass,  
And so, if you bring home the bacon, my boy,  
Just step on it. Give her the gas!

### WHAT A SOPH THINKS ABOUT.

It is hard to tell what a Sophomore thinks about because he doesn't think much. He saunters aimlessly about with nothing to do until a test is assigned in history, some memory work, book reports, and speeches in English and long lessons in his other subjects. Then he becomes real industrious and takes from three to five books home, to lay upon a shelf and get covered with dust. The next day he comes back to school in fluster and confusion. First he tries his geometry, arithmetic or Caesar, but gets disgusted with it, almost as much as the teacher is disgusted with him, slams his book down and starts to memorize the names of some of the leaders in history by making what he calls humorous phrases. After getting a few of them twisted beyond recognition he draws pictures until he is almost frightened at the ridiculous objects. His previous trips to Persia and Arabia makes him long for the bubbling fountains, so he kills a few more minutes at the hall oasis.

Passing to recitation he makes himself so conspicuous that the teacher looks around surprised because she thinks one of the sophomores has an inspiration and might accidentally have his lesson, but in vain. Being called on he stands up as if he were going to make a wonderful speech and begins to make excuses for not getting his speech. First he says he had so many other things to do and then he couldn't find any reference books that weren't in use. This is impossible because none of the other sophomores ever touch them and there are only five freshmen in the class and about a dozen reference books.—By a Freshman.

Mr. Crowder of Hermiston came down last Friday and took his wife for an over Sunday visit at Pendleton.

The total sum of money sent into the Near East relief, by the school, amounted to \$16.20.

The manual training boys are making a case for the apparatus in the science room.

### IRRIGON NEWS ITEMS

A big gang of men with trucks and equipment are here now to put on a filling on the Columbia highway. They expect to be here about two months and are camped in the park in tent houses.

Ralph Walpole has undergone an operation for appendicitis at Tacoma, Wash., but is reported doing nicely.

The farm bureau and card party Saturday evening was as usual a big success. Everybody had a good time.

C. C. Calkins, our county agent, and two speakers from the extension service will be with us Saturday evening, Feb. 24. R. V. Gunn will lecture on farm management and Mr. Bease on co-operative marketing. The meeting will be held in Wadsworth hall and a social hour will be enjoyed with refreshments served after the lecture. We are sure every farmer will find something good in this meeting and should turn out.

N. Seaman and son have just installed J. B. Colt's 200 light and cooking plant with lights in all rooms of the house, porch and cellar and three hole range. They expect to extend the system to chicken coop and other barn yard buildings later. These systems are highly recommended and appear to be working very satisfactory.

### IRRIGON SCHOOL NEWS

Russell McCoy and Earl Leach are back in school after a three weeks absence due to the mumps. Professor C. F. Grover left Friday morning for Heppner and returned Saturday afternoon. Mr. Grover acted as one of the judges in the Heppner-Hermiston debate.

The school was the recipient of several gifts on St. Valentine's day. Mr. Bray furnished a very pretty Valentine box for the primary room which was used in the distribution of their valentines and Mrs. Grover brought over a large container of delicious crisp popcorn balls which she gave to the pupils in the lower grades.

Mrs. Anna Eggeston and Miss Corrigan went to Hermiston Friday evening where Miss Corrigan acted as one of the judges in the Hermiston-Umatilla debate which was held that evening. Lyle Seaman took them in his machine and they were accompanied by Earl Stewart.

Mr. Wisdom has been in poor health for several days. Lyle Seaman was absent from school on Tuesday.

Miss Jewel Howard was absent from school on Tuesday.

### Abraham Lincoln.

Many monuments have been erected in honor of Lincoln, but no monument is really needed for nobody could ever forget him, the world's greatest man.

Many men are ranked as great because they were famous in war. Lincoln advocated peace, not because he was a coward but because he knew that universal peace would solve all problems for the world.

He was a great kindly man, calm in judgment and swift in thought. His ready sympathy and simple homely life made him a great favorite and hero in the eyes of his people. That a man so great in intellect and earnest in achievement should have been stricken down in the midst of his glory is one of the world's greatest sorrows. And yet his death only added to the glory of his life and increased the people's devotion for him. One of the great tributes to his memory is the poem, "O Captain, My Captain," by Walt Whitman.

Every child knows his story. The greatness of his purpose and kindness of his heart will long be remembered when the famous war heroes decorated for their bravery will be forgotten. And yet he was not lacking in the real sort of bravery.

### Jokes.

Mr. Brownell—(Upstairs)—"It is time for that young man to go home."

Ervin—"Your father is a crank."  
Mr.—(overhearing)—"Well, when you don't have a self-starter a crank comes in very handy."

Earl—"Pa, I think I want to get married."

Father—"What an idea, son."

Earl—"I want to marry Dorothy."  
Father—"Do you indeed! And do you think I'd let you get married?"

Earl—"Why shouldn't I? You married ma' didn't you?"

Kathryn went into a music store and asked for "The Maiden's Prayer". The salesman gave her a copy of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

Alfred—(drummer)—"I'm the fastest man in the world."  
Ada—(Violinist)—"How's that?"

Alfred—"Time flies, doesn't it?"  
Ada—"So they say."  
Alfred—"I beat time."

Mr. Reed—"What is an oyster?"  
Gene—"An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

Milo—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"  
Mary—"Oh! I would have to ask mother; this is so sudden."

Martin—"Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"  
Annie—"Yes, all of it."

Dorothy—"You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You didn't know her, did you?"

Milo—"No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

Herbert—"Are you married?"  
Andrew—"No, I got this black eye from Alfred."

Roy Simpson, colored laborer, had been working hard all day at lifting heavy beams, iron plates, etc. Just before quitting time he approached the boss and said: "Am you shosh you got me down on de payroll, boss?"

"Yes," replied the boss. "Here's your name. Simpson—Roy Simpson; isn't that right?"

"Yes, sah, Boss, dat's mah name all right, but ah thought you had me down as Samson."

## Indian Lodge Tales

By Ford C. Frick

### THE STORY OF THE COLUMBINE

MANY, many years ago, when the world was young, and the Chosen People lived in happiness in the shadow of the Great Peak which pointed the way to Heaven, there was born to the Chief of the Tribe a daughter.

This daughter grew to womanhood, and was much loved by all the members of the tribe, for she was the most beautiful girl in all the world. Her hair was as black as the clouds of night; her eyes as deep and as blue as the sky. Her skin was white—and not red like that of the Indians who knew her. Her voice was as soft as the south wind and as sweet as the voice of the birds that sang to her from the trees. And from all around, from near and far, came the warriors of the tribes to woo her and claim her for their wife.

As she grew older her fame spread, and even distant tribesmen came to look upon her and to love her. Her father's lodge was filled with precious gifts which they brought—bows and arrows, and skins and wampum and beads and war jackets and all the other precious things which they possessed.

But the maiden loved all the warriors alike, and none of them would she marry though they asked her many times; until finally there came to the tribe a Dakotah from the North, and when he had wooed the maiden for many moons, and she still refused him, he became angry. One night he crept to the chief's lodge, where the maiden was sleeping, and stole the maiden away and mounted on his horse and rode into the East.

When the tribesmen discovered what had happened, they mounted on their ponies and started in pursuit and for many days and many nights they continued the chase, until at last they came upon the warrior as he was crossing the Great River to the eastward. When the warrior saw that he was captured, he drew his knife from its sheath and plunged it into the maiden's heart, and so she died. And then the warrior himself fell upon the knife.

So the tribesmen, with sorrow and tears, carried the maiden home and laid her down at the door to her father's lodge, and the whole tribe wept and would not be comforted. Finally the Manitou, seeing their grief, appeared to the fathers of the tribe and to them he said:

"Grieve not my children, that your daughter is lost to you. For I am your father and I will look over you, and your daughter I will take with me to live in the Happy Hunting Ground where she can look down upon you and see you and love you. And as a token of my promise, I will leave with you a sign—by which you will know that the beautiful maiden is with me forever."

As he spoke he stooped to a stream and drew a gourd of water and this he sprinkled upon the dead body of the maiden; and when the water fell, there was a great cloud came down upon the earth, and from the cloud came two birds and these picked up the body of the maiden and flew away with it to the westward where was the summit of the great peak where lived the Manitou. And where the body had lain, there sprang up three flowers, and in their center they were blue as the eyes of the maiden who had gone, and at their outer edges they were as white and beautiful as her skin.

And all about other flowers sprang up, until the hills and the plains were dotted with them, and so was the columbine born. Now each Indian knows that the columbine is the flower of Manitou, telling his promise to the Indians, and they know, too, that it sprang from the spirit of the beautiful maiden who was killed by the fierce Dakotah.

Bank Dynamited; \$10,000 Is Stolen  
Lincoln, Neb. — Robbers blew the safe of the State bank of Oak, Neb., and escaped with \$10,000 in gold and Liberty bonds.

Now let us have the weather moderate a little so we can get to work again.

### Uncle John's Joke

WE HEAR THAT THE BIG MOVIE "DICTATOR" SAYS THEY WILL PRODUCE BETTER PICTURES . . . WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE'S A HAYS!



R. N. Stanfield, President  
Ralph A. Holte, Cashier

Frank Sloan, 1st Vice-President  
M. R. Ling, 2nd Vice-President

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