

**The Hermiston Herald**

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**Bees That Lay Eggs in Bricks and Wood**

Sometimes as you are looking at an old wall you will notice that the mortar between the bricks contains a number of deep pits. If you probe into various holes you will be startled eventually by the exit from one of them of a small, but very angry, bee. You have, in fact, disturbed the mason bee in his home. The hole in which he was lurking was made by his powerful jaws.

The female lays eggs in little receptacles at the bottom of the hole and places a store of food beside each egg. The hole is then sealed up with a mixture of clay and mortar, softened with the bee's saliva. The eggs are left to themselves, and when hatched the young bees eventually eat their way out into the open.

The cousin of the mason bee is called the carpenter bee. He burrows into woodwork, choosing generally the underside of the beam, to protect the hole from rain.

At the bottom of the hole an egg is laid. Then comes a partition of mud and wood chips; then another egg, and so on till the hole is filled. The carpenter then seals it securely and leaves the eggs to look after themselves, and when hatched the bees eat through each partition till they get out.

**Artist's Fee Too High Even for Profiteer**

One of the good stories about the famous painter, Meissonier, is in regard to his experience with a new-rich gentleman who had erected a private theater at his chateau. Meissonier was just then at the height of his fame and was spending months painting pictures and selling them for about \$200 a square inch.

The rich man conceived the idea that what his theater most needed was a drop curtain painted by the famous artist, so he went to the studio and proposed the matter to him.

"How large is the curtain to be?" asked the painter.

"It will be 30 feet high and 35 feet wide," was the reply.

"My friend," said Meissonier blandly, "it would take me 30 years to paint such a curtain, and it would cost you \$6,000,000."

**Counting the Cost**

"Don't fidget!" snapped mother. Little Bertha stopped toying with the lid of her chocolate box and endeavored to concentrate upon the movie. But it was a very dull affair, and her mind soon came wandering back to the box.

In two minutes her small fingers were busy again.

"Bertha, don't fidget!" repeated her mother.

Once again the child obeyed, but once more the production failed to hold her fingers away from the lid of the chocolate box.

"Now, Bertha," exclaimed her mother, "I warn you."

Bertha opened her eyes wide. When her mother spoke like that she was not to be disregarded. Glancing doubtfully at the dull screen and then at the tempting lid, she whispered:

"Would it be a hairbrush, mummy, or just your hand?"

**The Gift Appropriate**

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldenstie, after being conducted through the newly furnished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the new-rich Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary."

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied. "Josiah wanted to get her one of them escriptores, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers, even if it didn't cost quite so much."

**System Among Birds**

Warblers, kinglets, chickadees, nuthatches and creepers while working through the branches in quest of tiny insect prey, keep up an insistent hissing so that they need apply their sharp eyes only to the problem of catching game. Their ears tell them just where their nearest neighbor is located. In this way much confusion is avoided. A bird does not crowd upon his neighbor; he picks fresh territory to hunt and all the while he can keep in touch with his fellows.

**Only in the Willows**

A characteristic distinguishing the Willow family from practically all others is that both the pollen-bearing and the seed-producing flowers are arranged in drooping tassels, says "Tree Habits" from the American Nature association. Numerous other trees have their pollen-bearing flowers arranged in this fashion, but in no other family are the seed-producing flowers also grouped in this distinctive way.

**Perfectly Safe**

"I was afraid my sermon last Sunday would annoy some of my people, but it didn't," said the clergyman.

"What was your subject?" asked his friend.

"The Duplicity of the Average Man," and I spoke pretty plainly. "You couldn't tread on any corns that way. Every man considers himself above the average."

**Flames of Happiness That Need Never Die**

I always think of happiness as a flame. I always have, all my life. It's just a fancy of mine, but it's as clear as anything. Fire—a lighted fire throwing a gleam across the grayest day; an indistinguishable fire. Because, however it dies down, you can find embers at the heart of its ashes and build it up again with what you have. Almost without knowing it, at most in spite of yourself, you do just that. You take what you have: love, of course, if you are one of the lucky ones who have it, or friendship—anything that means happiness to you. Sometimes the fuel that comes to your hand is the joy you have in your own mind. In learning and thinking, in books and plays and music. Sometimes it's religion. Most people, after they're older, keep it burning with work, hard, clean work and the little things that make it crackle—jokes and nonsense and bits of singing and laughing. Now and then, of course, you pile it with the driftwood of your ambitions, and your dreams shoot up and up. It's a fire that costs you something, happiness; but you keep it going, as you keep life going. I suppose because it is instinct to preserve what's yours.—From "The Flames of Happiness," by Florence Ward.

**New Light on Newton's Discovery of Gravity**

Izaak Walton, the compleat angler, should not be confused with Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravity. Perhaps this little story which has never been told on them before, will keep them separate in the mind of the student.

Those two gentlemen were sitting on a river bank one day—Izaak fishing and Sir Isaac watching him. Suddenly an apple fell from an overhanging tree upon the head of the latter, evoking a sound which posterity is aware was far from hollow. After some language which virtually spoiled the fishing, Newton remarked to his companion:

"It has just struck me that it is very curious that apples do not fall upward. Why do you suppose that is not so?"

"For the same reason," laughed Walton raucously, "that the fish bites the worm and the worm doesn't bite the fish."

Thus at one and the same time Newton demonstrated becoming gravity, and Walton unseemly levity.—"F. D." in Kansas City Star.

**History Told by Coins**

Roman coins illustrate the religion, the architecture, the games and sports, historic events and, in a striking manner, the advent of Christianity. The early Constantine coins disclose the classic heathen gods; after his conversion the coins bear the symbol of the cross.

The diversity of this coin information was enhanced by the practice of sending the mint master along with Roman armies. Soldiers were paid in the field with money minted in the field, often from locally mined metals. In England's civil war Charles I, during his refuge in castles and forts struck off coins to pay his troops and defray his personal expenses. These are the "siege-pieces" referred to by collectors of English coins.

**All Accounted For**

The clergyman's daughter was a good, sweet soul. She was so interested in all the parishioners, and loved to know that they were comfortable and had all they wanted. More than one ill-natured person had been heard to call it nosiness, but no matter.

One morning she met little Tommy Gunter on his way home with a basket of groceries.

"Well, Tommy," she said, stopping and smiling at the little fellow, "and how are you all getting on?"

"Nicely, thank you, miss," answered Tommy, touching his cap respectfully. "mother, she's got rheumatism, I've got a boll and father's got a mouth in jail."—London Tit-Bits.

**Probably Windiest State**

The weather bureau says that the question of which is the windiest state in the Union has never been accurately determined, and it is probably impossible to make a positive statement. However, it is quite probable that Oklahoma, as a whole, is the windiest state in the Union. This is due to the fact that the winds are rather constant at moderately high velocities during the entire year in this state; in many other sections the wind may be a times average higher than Oklahoma; nevertheless, they are not so constant or cover so completely the entire state.

**Causes of Earthquakes**

It has been thought by some that the center of earthquakes and volcanic disturbances is always near the sea or other large supplies of water, and that the disturbances are direct, caused by the filtration of the water down to igneous matter, and the consequent generation of vast quantities of steam, which frees itself by explosion. Others have sought to explain earthquakes as part of the phenomenon of a planet cooling at the surface or the yielding of strata so as to all downward upon each other.

**Slippery Slope**

Greenboy—Of course I know marriage is a grave step.

Oldun—Step? My dear lad, it's more like a flight of steps and every one of 'em greased.—Pearson's Magazine.

**Pest Imported in 1888**

The cotton boll weevil was originally Mexican, having been found around Monclova, state of Coahuila, Mex. where as early as 1836 to 1862 it did such damage to cotton that cotton-growing there was abandoned. In 1888 the boll weevil crossed the Texas border into the United States. It encroached steadily from year to year until, in 1922, it infested practically the entire cotton-growing region of the United States. The only extensive uninfested territory lies in west and northwest Texas.

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- |  |                     |   |                     |
|--|---------------------|---|---------------------|
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| Nanki-Poo, his son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with Yum-Yum..... | Mr. Hugh Walker     | Petti-Sing.....   | Mrs. Arnold Gralapp |
| Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner of Titipu.....  | Mr. Raymond Crowder | Peep-Bo.....  | Mrs. Wilbur Illsley |
| Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else.....   | Mr. Wallace Poid    | Katisha an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo.....                       | Miss Lota Pierson   |
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