

The Athena Press.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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ATHENA, JUNE 30 1905

The request of the confederate veterans who were guests of a G. A. R. post in Chicago Tuesday evening for the return of the flags captured during the war should meet with a prompt and courteous response, says the Spokesman-Review. When congress acted favorably along the same lines in regard to the confederate flags in the possession of the war department at Washington a long step was taken in the direction of healing the old sores that even after the lapse of nearly half a century are still to some extent in evidence. The healing process has been greatly promoted in the last decade and much of the old southern rancor has disappeared. Any bitter sentiment that still remains is contained in the breasts of the old men who fought for the lost cause and to whom the capture of the flags was a painful accompaniment of defeat. But even these are few, and their requests should be granted.

Among the tramp printers are to be found some of the best workmen in the art preservative. Among them, too, are to be found some most worthless, and accomplished beats and grafters that any trade or craft can boast of. The Press office has of late been visited by numerous members of this "pauhand" element, who have by their numerous acts of ingratitude, just about sealed the lid of our generosity box. The disappearance of a few more "sticks," "bodkins" and "rules" will of necessity force us to close our free lunch department.

Another co operative plan has been organized that will be boosted along the same channel of other organizations co-operative—failure. Portland capitalists are behind the "co-operative Christian Federation" with a capital stock of \$50,000,000—when it is sold. The head of the movement is the Rev. H. S. Wallace, of Portland, who, in recognition of his services as founder of the federation, is to be president, the term of office being for his natural life.

People from country districts will do well to buy their goods at home prior to going to Portland. Prices are always high when big fairs or other entertainments are under way, and the country buyer is expected to "pay the freight."

The Freewater Times man occasionally hears the remark, "I wish I was out of this town." Then he says he feels like saying, "I wish you were,

for a man who stands on the street corners, chewing and spitting, telling obscene stories, cursing the town, finding fault with his grandmother because she was a woman, claiming that merchants are a lot of thieves, that the lawyers and newspaper men would skin a man to a finish, and a whole lot more, is a nuisance.

H. L. Graves, a stranger stopping at a hotel in Pendleton, recently sewed \$460 in \$10 bills in an undershirt, and forgetting it, sent the garment to a laundry. Remembering it the next day, he went to the laundry, found his bundle untouched, opened it, picked out his shirt and recovered the money. The laundry man is threatened with heart disease.

Wilhelm's Magazine, "The Coast," in its July number contains an excellent descriptive article on Athena and Umatilla county. Pertaining to the county the article deals with a vast amount of information relative to resources. Athena is "sized up" as being a good town, and from a descriptive standpoint is given a good boost by Mr. Wilhelm.

The rumor that General Nelson A. Miles is to marry a wealthy and distinguished widow has led the wicked paragraphers back east to circulate the report that the widow has gone to Europe to see if she can find some clothes that will match the gorgeous trousseau of her warrior groom.

The closing of the eye, the rest and the opening of it have been measured and are found to consume 395,000ths of a second. How swiftly intelligence can be conveyed to the soda fountain clerk!

The dam now being constructed by the government on the Salt river in Arizona is said to be the biggest in America. And Salt river has heard some pretty big damns before now, too.

Doolin, Doolin, Doolin, Dahline and Devlin are playing ball in the National league. And plenty of people who couldn't name the twelve apostles never get them mixed.

Editor Whitelaw Reid will pay \$27,500 more for house rent than he collects as salary, but a newspaper man does not mind trifling discrepancies like that.

OVERLOOKED A BET.

(Maverick.)

Bert Huffman has overlooked a big bet. Maverick admires Bert. Maverick thinks Bert is just what the doctor ordered. As an editor, Bert has all the rest of us sewed up in a sack. Bert, you know, before he began moulding public opinion in the 13-em columns of the Pendleton East Oregonian "fired a hog on Harriman's road," as Frank Spearman would say—in plain wuh-wah he was a locomotive stoker on the O. R. & N. between La Grande and Pendleton. He fired that hog so carefully that now he writes leaded breviter editorials on a roll top desk and satisfactorily adjusts all systems, social, political, financial, and so forth. Bert also writes poems. Some are good; others are better. Bert is making of the E. O. one of the best papers in the state.

But to revert. Bert recently overlooked a whole stack of yellows. He tailed and refused, as editor of the E. O., to present Pendleton's claims as a summer resort, in the hope of getting the Russ-Jap peace commission to sit there when the good old summer time begins to sizzle the fat from the diplomatic corps at Washington and boil

the mint juleps in the left wing of the White House. Chicago, where the cement sidewalks curl up at the edge at midday, has put in a bid; St. Paul, where old Sol gloats in a sort of steamy funk when he isn't busy melting down the lamp posts, steps to the fore as an ideal spot. Kansas City and Indianapolis have put up their hands, and Portland has shied a castor into the ring. Seattle, always warblous of Puget Sound's fine Italian climate, blows a loud bazoo, and even Everett, the Pittsburg of the west, butts in with big claims. And all the while Bert Huffman has been silent. Well, Well!

Pendleton has a whole lot to offer. She can guarantee the shaven Jap and the bewhiskered slay seven solid, undisturbed nights of sleep each week; she can pledge the thermometer not to elevate past 110; she can put up bonds that no dignified envoy will be obliged to stop the deal while he butters a squashed mosquito on his bald head, and she can offer as many daylight working hours as any summer resort on the map. She can indemnify herself against cyclones, waterspouts, earthquakes, red rains, anarchy and eavesdropping. She can produce climate warranted not to crack, fade, rip, ravel or run down at the heel. All these things, of course, Baker City can offer in larger quantities; but Baker City is too busy to be disturbed by a bunch of envoys who can't speak the Bakerian patois and who probably do not drink coyote cocktails. Pendleton, though, won't be busy till threshing time. And Bert Huffman never thought of all this! Fie on you, Bert Huffman!

COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

(Oregonian.)

For the past two weeks the air has been vocal with orations suited to the college commencement season. The country school house, the nucleus of all educational endeavor, the starting point in school life to which learned doctors of law and divinity and ministers of art and science look back with affection and reverence, and stately college halls from which students pass out, the study course completed, has alike been gay with flowers, resonant with music, and glowing with happiness and pleasure. The graduating exercises have taken as wide a range, within time-honored limits, as was possible, and gaily and music, present triumph and future anticipation, have ruled the whole. Many wise and some foolish things have been said upon these numerous occasions, but the trend and tone of all addresses have been uplifted and the effort everywhere has been toward higher ideals. In the older colleges the effort has been more elaborate, but the words spoken have not been more sincere than have those addressed to pupils passing out of the grammar schools into the high schools, or more scholarly and withal more practical than have those addressed to students who have gone out by hundreds and thousands from the smaller colleges of the land.

The public mind never at any other time rises so sympathetically to meet the ideals of youth, the ideals of justice, the ideals of right living, as when the young men and the young women of the community stand before it, prepared by the best instruction that the country has to give to assume the duties and responsibilities of life, each holding in his or her hand credentials in the form of a modest roll of paper or parchment which testifies to the industry, application and proficiency of the holder in the work prescribed. For this reason the lessons of the commencement season, trite though they may be, are lessons of value. The seeds of proven wisdom and accredited virtue that they sow fall not on stony ground, but literally upon good soil, where many of them, at least, take root and grow.

DIRECT PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

(C. E. S. Wood in Pacific Monthly.)
I aided this work so far as I could, doubtfully, but hopefully. I am still hopeful, still doubting. It is too soon to pronounce upon so radical a change, but it does seem as if all the evils of "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," hovers about this experiment. It has perhaps robbed the boss of some of his power in his pliant tool, the convention, and he has not yet so adapted himself to new conditions, as to organize and dictate the party candidates completely at the primaries. Meanwhile the "good citizen" is still content with being just "good" and leaves politics to the politicians. The consequence is that in the republican party (which holds the greatest chances for the prize) is a stampede of self-appointed candidates; and in the minority (democratic) party, men are reluctant to stand at all, and for many offices there are no candidates. I still believe this a move in the line of progress because it removes veils and secrecies, and just so long as politics brings plums, you will find plum hunters; and it is they, not the "good citizen," who will by work and organization capture the plum tree. The remedy is to either rob politics of its tremendous power over our property in taxes, contracts for improvements, franchise granting, etc., and bring it more and more to the basis of merely affording peace and protection; or else to have the very best men in the community hold office. This last seems a perpetual failure and never more so than in the nominations at the primaries. You may bring the trough of politics to the best people—but you cannot make them drink.

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