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Buy Your Groceries from Your Home Grocer

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SPECIAL RAILROAD RATES.
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THRILLING FIGHT WITH DEVIL FISH

A Vivid Account of Exciting Adventure in Alluring and Beautiful South Sea Islands.

The following from the pen of A. Mackenzie Meldrum, depicts an incident which took place during an adventurous cruise taken by him and one solo companion, in a small boat, the La Ventura, off the coast of Australia.

The trip was taken for the purpose of studying the geological formation of the adjacent islands. It was in the summer of 1906-7, on the eastern coast of Australia while we were studying the Great Barrier Reef and the islands adjacent, that we turned the prow of the La Ventura toward a dim speck on the distant horizon. On approaching closer we found an atoll of wonderful beauty. On closer examination we found that a break in the coral permitted an easy entrance to the lagoon. We entered and anchored, protected on all sides by walls of coral against which the rolling billows of the ocean spent their force in vain. The shore of this atoll was perhaps one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The water that gently lapped the coral strand was of a light turquoise color; shells of iridescent hue lay gleaming like pearls, while gigantic pelicans and graceful white orons with yellow crests walked about the water's edge, feeding upon the small crustacea. Pandanus, mangrove and cocconut palms fringed the springtide water line. Thousands of Torres Straits pigeons fattened and circled in the air, seemingly half alarmed and half inquisitive at our presence, for it is almost certain that never before had the presence of civilized man disturbed the felicity of their paradise.

If the shore was beautiful, the lagoon bottom was even more so. And for a time we divided our attention between gazing along the shore line and examining the sea bottom. Coral grew in many varieties, tinged with different colors. The little polyp—that master designer—had wrought some wondrous designs. I have seen the pagodas of the East, the temples of Asia, and the castles of the Rhine; but there they were all in miniature form, surrounded by groves of trees, vines and shrubbery of exquisite beauty. Fishes of brilliant hue and curious form swam in and out of these fairy-like creations of the deep. Gigantic clams lay half open on the bottom, revealing the rich beauty of their green, black, orange and purple orifices; numerous forms of crustacea crawled on the bottom of the lagoon, attacking and being in turn themselves assailed by the denizens of the deep.

There were evidently no sharks present, and I proposed to my companion that we have a swim—a luxury to us, even though we were upon the water every day, for so many were the sharks which kept alongside that we dared not even take a momentary plunge in the brine. My companion,

who was a tall, well built, manly young Australian, suggested that we examine the lagoon carefully before committing ourselves to the water. We lowered the dingy and taking the hydroscope we began an interesting examination; so much did we enjoy the flora and fauna of the deep that we had almost forgotten the prime object of our search, when suddenly the tall seaweed surrounding a deep hole began to sway to and fro and we saw a ponderous creature seemingly without shape or form striving to conceal itself within the darkness of that sub-aquatic cavern.

"A devil-fish!" gasped my companion, as he pulled away from the reach of its great tentacular arms. "A devil-fish," I repeated, as I sat down in the stern of the dingy, meditating its capture.

"You are not thinking of attacking that octopus, are you?" inquired my companion. I admitted that I was longing for a very thing, and we pulled alongside the La Ventura. Tying the painter to the poop rail, we sat down under the awning to plan the destruction of this member of the ditranoblasts. Many were the plans we devised, but some of them were impracticable, others necessitated too much risk. My companion, who was daring to a point of recklessness in adventure, proposed that we capture it as we had caught a very large shark a few weeks previous, by the common method of hook and bait. We used a large steel chain hook, about a foot long attached to three feet of steel chain, a very necessary precaution to prevent the shark when hooked from saving the line assunder with its three rows of formidable teeth. When the shark was hooked he would dispatch him with the rifle as he came to the surface. But for various reasons we deemed this method impracticable. We had almost given up in despair, when I thought of the awful methods employed by these cephalopoda in securing and devouring their prey.

Neither Alexander, Caesar nor Napoleon ever planned a conquest with greater zest than we planned the destruction of that sea monster. I unfolded my plans to my companion and his eyes sparkled as he thought of their fruition.

We produced a large bottle from the cabin which we filled with gunpowder, inserted a rubber fuse, cut a small notch in the cork and carefully made a water proof. Then we concealed the bottle in the crevice of a young goat. We hastily lashed a few planks together, making a small raft. All these things we took over to where the devil-fish lay. We located him with some difficulty, for he had cunningly drawn with his long arms all the seaweed within reach and to make his hiding more secure he had covered his retreat with a great cloud of black sepia; intuitively he led his long arms move with the motion of the seaweed and it was with great difficulty we were able to tell the one from the other. We anchored the raft immediately over the octopus and then put the bait containing the bottle on the edge of the raft a line was then fastened to the bait and one to the end of the fuse, a small piece of oily waste was knudled on the raft and we pulled away for a short distance; then we brought the end of the fuse into contact with the burning waste and with the other line we rolled the bait down the raft. Down it sank, and the great monster immediately encircled it with its deadly arms. We pulled still farther away, watching with intense excitement the result of our drastic plot.

An awful stillness pervaded the scene. Even the birds on the shore ceased their feeding, and craned their necks as if in expectation of the coming tragedy. A moment later a mass of bloody water with the mangled remains of the octopus was hurled into the air. We gave a lusty cheer of triumph and pulled for the scene of battle. Never was carnage more complete. The sea was literally dyed with blood and sepia. Large pieces of bleeding flesh and shattered strips of bone lay floating on the water; while the large tentacular arms though severed from the body squirmed like dying snakes. As the vertical rays of a tropical sun beat heavily down upon this battle field, a heavy, sickening odor seemed to rise which drove us from the scene of carnage.

We boarded the La Ventura, weighed anchor and steering our course in a northeasterly direction, we came to another island of enchanting beauty where we anchored for the night, determined on the morrow to explore its domain and replenish our larder from the flock of white goats we discovered with the aid of our glasses, feeding on the uplands.

A. Mackenzie Meldrum.

The Strength of Infants.

The myth of the infant Hercules who strangled two serpents in his cradle may not be a myth at all, but a fact. Modern science has proved that it is a possible feat. The newborn babe is relatively much stronger than a full grown man, according to the result of medical tests. The muscles of the forearm are surprisingly strong. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick or to the finger of a person can hold itself in the air for ten seconds and in the case of particularly strong infants for as long as half a minute. At four days old the child's strength has increased and the time is two and a half minutes for 98 per cent of babies. The maximum is attained at a fortnight. Few infants can hang on for more than one and a half minutes, though one exceptionally young Hercules remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he hung on with his left for fifteen seconds longer.

The Watch Below.

Those whose privilege it may be to inspect a liner or other large passenger ship will be wise to leave their watches at home, says the Sheffield Telegraph. This may sound strange. There is no fear of losing their watches, but they may find their watches lose, all the same, and very considerably too. In the engine room, where the electric dynamo is at work, the air is so powerfully charged with electricity as to affect any watch, even when carried in the pocket and not actually close to the dynamo. Engineers invariably leave their watches in their room, never, except by accident, carrying them to work.

An engineer wishing to demonstrate the wondrous power of the dynamo held an iron hammer in his hand some inches from it. The dynamo drew this hammer from his hand with a clang as a magnet would a needle. Doubtless many persons who have gone below at some time or other have subsequently wondered how their watches

while Rossetti's back was turned substituted the forgery for one of the genuine cups. At the end of the series of visits, therefore, Rossetti once more possessed the copies and the potter the genuine set, which he sold, I believe, to M. Tissot.

Morphine and Morality.

Morphine stands unequalled as a perpetrator of the moral sense. Whisky may disturb the imagination and judgment, causing many foolish and unwise actions to follow its use, but morphine strikes deeper and creates a person whom the father of lies must recognize as kindred to himself. Stories that are the creation of a disturbed brain, told in a manner to appear so intrinsically true that the stories become works of art, are what you will obtain from the habitual user of morphine or cocaine. I know of nothing that will appeal to one of these sufficiently to enable you to get an honest reply to any question of moment you may address to him. If you should receive a truthful reply it will be by accident.—North American Journal of Homoeopathy.

A Tale of Two Hairs.

Of the dandy D'Orsay's not very brilliant "wit" this is from Feinmoult's biography: "The company were lounging about the fireplace when a singularly fearless gentleman of the name of Powell crept up behind the count and, twitching suddenly a hair out of the back of his head, exclaimed: 'Excuse me, count; one solitary white hair!' D'Orsay contrived to conceal his annoyance, but bided his time. Very soon he found his chance and, approaching Mr. Powell, he deliberately plucked a hair from his head, exclaiming: 'Pardon, Pow—all: one solitary black hair!'"

Not His Air.

It was a very fashionable concert, and the artists were very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys, and one of the young things was heard to say clearly: "I wonder if that hair is his own?" The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, miss," he imparted pleasantly; "that is Schubert's."—Philadelphia Times.

A Friendly Tip.

"I'm going to keep on climbing until I reach the top of the ladder," said the candidate who had just been elected to a petty office.

"That's all right," rejoined the old politician, "but take my advice and keep an eye on the men at the bottom. They are the chaps who can upset the ladder."—Pittsburg Post.

A Straightforward Answer.

J. B. Lippincott once ventured to ask Ouida, the novelist, how she came to know so much about clubs, camp life, barracks, gambling houses and other places which are only visited by men. She placed her hands upon her knees and, looking straight at her questioner, said, "It is none of your business."

Good Sailing.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me? Village Belle—For the thirtieth time this hour I tell you I will not. Jack—Well, thirteen knots an hour ain't bad sailin' for a little craft like you.—London Tit Bits.

Exhausts the Stock.

Peck—I tell you it takes a lot of courage to propose. Heck—Yes, so much that many of you husbands never have any afterward.—Boston Transcript.

In politics what begins in fear ends in folly.—Coleridge.

ATHENA SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY

Three Full Courses, College Preparatory, Commercial and Teachers', Will be Taught.

The Athena public schools will open for the year's work, Monday, September 11th. Professor W. W. Wiley, principal, and part of the faculty have arrived in the city and all preparations for opening the school next Monday morning are under way.

The members of the board consider themselves fortunate in securing the services of Principal Wiley, and the selection of his assistants has been left almost wholly to him.

This year a new department has been added to the course, that of Vocal Music and Oral Expression. A full commercial course has been added to the work in the Commercial department.

The faculty of the Athena Public schools for the year 1911-12 follows: W. W. Wiley (Moosehead State Normal, Pacific University), Superintendent and teacher of history. Former superintendent of Newburg public schools and ex-County Superintendent of Tillamook county schools.

Frank L. Turner (Nebraska State University), assistant Superintendent and teacher of Mathematics and Science. Former principal Cove High school.

Miss Minnie Everett (Southern Kentucky Normal, Bowling Green University), teacher of English and Commercial branches.

Miss Katherine Romig (Pacific College), teacher of Vocal Music and Oral expression.

Miss Louise Hoefler (Minnesota State Normal), teacher of German and English subjects. For nine years past a grade teacher in the public schools of St. Peter, Minn.

Miss Evelyn Welland (Wisconsin Normal) teacher of Sixth and Seventh Grades.

Miss Helen Breen (North Dakota State Normal School), teacher of Fifth Grade.

Miss Velma M. Wilkinson, teacher of Third and Fourth Grades.

Miss Alice D. Pratt (South Dakota State Normal and Chicago Kindergarten Institute), teacher of First and Second Grades.

The following courses have been outlined by Professor Wiley and given out in the Press for publication:
College Preparatory Course.
First Semester—Latin, English, Algebra, Bookkeeping.
Second Semester—Latin, English, Algebra, Botany.
Third Semester—Latin, English, Algebra, Physiography.
Fourth Semester—Latin, English, Geometry, Physiography.
Fifth Semester—English, Geometry, Physics.
Seventh Semester—German, English, History, Chemistry.
Eighth Semester—German, English, History, Chemistry.
Commercial Course.
First Semester—Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, English, Algebra.
Second Semester—Bookkeeping, Com. Geography, English, Algebra.
Third Semester—Bookkeeping, Stenography, English, Correspondence.
Fourth Semester—Bookkeeping, Stenography, English, Geometry.
Fifth Semester—Com. Arith., Stenography, English, Geometry.
Sixth Semester—Com. Arith., Stenography, English, Orthography.
Seventh Semester—Economics, Office Methods, English, History.
Eighth Semester—Sociology, Office Methods, English, History.
Teacher's Course.
First Semester—English, Latin, Al-

gebra, Bookkeeping.
Second Semester—English, Latin, Algebra, Botany.
Third Semester—English, Latin, Physiography, Correspondence.
Fourth Semester—English, Latin, Physiography, Geometry.
Fifth Semester—English, Psychology, Physics, Geometry.
Sixth Semester—English, Pedagogy, Physics, Methods of Teaching.
Seventh Semester—English, Economics, History, Methods of Teaching.
Eighth Semester—English, Sociology, History, Practice of Teaching.
Each semester or term represents eighteen weeks of study with five recitations per week. Total number of semester credits required for graduation, 32.

STANDING IN VOTING CONTEST

Two Hundred Votes Given With Every Dollar Cash Purchase.

Interest is keen in the voting contest now being held at Fix & Radtke's store. The prize is a Krues piano, 200 votes being given with each \$1 cash purchase. Following is the standing of the candidates, up to last evening, although there are several names nominated that do not appear in this list, which will appear in the list to be published next Friday:

Gertie Booher	67,100
Bessie Walker	49,800
Pearl Coomans	48,800
Bertha Feigson	19,300
Hope McFerrin	17,200
Mamie Sheard	9,075
May Douglas	7,400
Enid Cartano	3,900
Mildred Stanton	3,300
Lights Grant	2,600
Mrs. Clara Douglass	1,700
Mary Bergovin	1,400
Coralyn Meldrum	1,550
Ada DeFreese	1,400
Mrs. Ernest Shrimp	1,200
Jeanette Miller	1,200
Dorothy Bullfinch	2,000
Annie Littlejohn	1,200
Hazel Brotherton	1,400
Dorothy Probstel	1,600
Ethel Kielder	1,600
Lela Lissaulen	1,600
Lula Barnes	1,100
Georgina Hansell	1,800
Gladys Smith	1,050
Lloyd McPherson	1,050
Hazel Dowd	1,800
Mrs. Marion Hansell	1,075
Kitty Gholson	1,400
Merna DePauw	3,300
Dorothy Willaby	2,100
Katherine Froome	1,000
Mrs. Joseph Clemens	1,000

Miller-Payne.

Mr. Leon Miller and Miss Virda Payne were united in marriage Wednesday forenoon, at 11:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Payne, in this city. Rev. Thomas Lawson of the M. E. church was the officiating clergyman and the wedding was attended by relatives of the contracting parties only. The bride and groom are well known in this city where they have numerous friends who wish them happiness and success in life. They will reside in Athena.

Red Elk on Warpath.

Red Elk, the well known Umatilla Indian, recently conferred with the Pendleton workmen who are engaged with development work on the Thorn Hollow springs, the county seat's prospective water supply. He deliberately drove the men from the springs, which the city of Pendleton had purchased from his mother, Wenix.

Wheeler Special Portrait Offer.

From now until October first, with every order of one dozen cabinet photos, we will give a large 8-in.x10-in. picture absolutely free of charge. Those taking advantage of this offer will never regret the move as we guarantee the finest and most up-to-date photographic work.

WHEELER'S STUDIO,
Pendleton, Oregon.

Better Results Less Labor

Walter A. Wood
Queen Cultivator
has an I-beam frame that makes it extra strong, rigid and light. The handles stay tight. Come and see them.

Walter A. Wood
Disc Harrows
are easy on men and horses. Easy on men because they do the work thoroughly, and easy on horses because very light in draft and without neck-weight. The gangs are flexible and have adjustable spring pressure on the inner ends.

Walter A. Wood Spring-Tooth Harrow—the only one with a relief spring on the adjusting bar.

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Hardware Dealer, Weston, Ore.

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The Freshest and most Choice the Market affords in

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