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### WONDERFUL WOOD.

There is Practically No Limit to the Life of Greenheart.  
A most wonderful wood is that of the tropical tree called greenheart. The tree belongs to the laurel family and is exported mainly from the island of Trinidad and British Guiana. The wood is so nearly indestructible that no limit to its life is known. It is used chiefly in ship and dock building. The wood is proof against the white ant on land and the teredo in salt water. A United States government report says:

Greenheart has been known to stand in wharves for over thirty years, and logs that have remained under water for a hundred years are in perfectly sound condition.  
Greenheart's extraordinary resistance to decay is probably owing to the presence of an alkaloid known as bibicine and also to certain resinous substances known as tyloses. The latter are reddish brown masses of living cells that grow in solid masses within little cavities that they often fill completely. As they grow with the tree they turn black and make the wood of the older trees black.  
As in all tropical trees, whose growth is continuous through the year, there are no annual growth rings. The trees probably do not reach maturity under 250 years. A greenheart tree is from sixty to a hundred feet in height. It is an evergreen without knots and has a broad, open crown. The wood weighs about seventy-five pounds to the cubic foot and resists a crushing force of 12,000 pounds to the square inch—Youth's Companion.

### CANOPIS ON THEIR HEADS.

People of Korea Wear the Largest Hats in the World.  
What would you think of a hat that was so large it would safely shelter your father, mother, sisters and yourself under it should a sudden rainstorm come up? The men of Korea like these enormous hats and would not feel properly dressed without them. These hats look like great flower pots set on a round table six feet across. The crowns are nine feet in height and three inches wide, much like a chimney on a one story house. How do you suppose these large, round head coverings are kept on? Under the brim is a small, closely fitting cap, held on by a padded string which ties under the ears. The material of these hats is bamboo, so finely split that it is like thread, and lastly they are varnished to keep out the sun and rain and the wind.  
You know that the Korean people always wear cotton clothing, so these big hats protect them far more than our hats possibly could. In the rainy season cones of oiled paper are attached to the big bamboo head coverings in the shape of funnels, so, I suppose, that the rain pours off of them just as water does off a duck's back. A Korean keeps his hat on when he should take it off. Soldiers wear black or brown felt hats decorated with red horse hair or peacock feathers, and hanging from the sides, over the ears and around their necks are oval balls of porcelain, amber and a queer kind of gum.—Sunbeam.

### The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. The most reputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillo. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpocket. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bajazet.—London Saturday Review.

### She Couldn't Hear Them.

"I was surprised to learn that that man is married."  
"How did you learn it? You may be mistaken."  
"No chance for a mistake. He says he is in favor of going back to the old skin plaster and having small bills for 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents."  
"But I don't see."  
"Bills don't rattle together."—Houston Post.

### RIGOROUS SCHOOLING.

He Carried to His Death the Lesson He Learned at Eton.  
Dr. Keate, the terrible head master of Eton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably and asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. "Cold?" roared Keate. "You must put up with cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school!"  
It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found) and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little sniveling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master.  
He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood, for fifteen years later, with the Third dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (30,000 of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Eton-

ian, who was scanning the hour, walls and the belching guns. "As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school!" he chuckled, and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobroon, which gave Lahore to England.—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic.

### CORRECTED BY A SENTRY.

The Incident Which Led to Coleridge Retiring From the Army.  
In his young days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, which he hoped would be ordered on foreign service, that he might end his blighted career on the tented field. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials, so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Private Silas Tompkins Cumberbatch.  
The regiment did not leave the country, and it was not long before his soul wearied of barrack life and its sullen absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion. One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry job two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation, which the other corrected. The first insisted on his correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong.  
While they disputed, the sentry suddenly presented arms and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation, name of the author and other circumstances. If his musket had spoken the hearers could not have been more astonished. The incident led to an inquiry, and the poet was restored to the bosom of his family.—Argonaut.

### Bavarian Distances.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance. This is merely an official expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the roads not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there.  
For instance, one asks, "How far is it to Oberammergau?"  
"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."  
Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means twenty-five minutes, "a good half hour" thirty minutes and "a big half hour" thirty-five minutes.

### Qualified to Paint Him.

Ambrose Patterson, the Australian painter, secured a commission once to paint a very lengthy and wealthy suburbanite. Patterson himself is a tank brush, shooting up beyond six foot one inch. He was rather proud of himself on having been given this commission, bearing in mind the great pressure of artists round every possible job in Australia. Eventually, however, the sitter explained, "I was a long time looking for a suitable artist," he said. "I'm six foot two and a 'arf, and till I struck you I hadn't seen a painter what 'ad enough 'light to do a full length of me."—Argonaut.

### A LIGHT IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

Use One of the Spark Plugs When You Have No Matches.  
Did you ever while making an automobile tour find yourself on a lonely country road, perhaps miles from the nearest house, and suddenly discover that you have no matches? If you were anxious to light the lamps or set a pipe for a smoke such a discovery would not prove at all conducive to the smoothness of your temper.  
There is a simple way in which any one may secure a light without the aid of matches. You may be anxious for a smoke or it may be getting dark and you want to light your lamp, but in any event you can secure the necessary light if you will follow these directions:  
Unscrew one of the spark plugs and let it lie on the cylinder head. Wrap a small wisp of waste around the end of any small stick of wood or if there is none handy wrap it around the end of a screwdriver or any other tool. Dip the waste in the gasoline until it is thoroughly soaked. Of course you should have only a very small piece of waste; otherwise the blaze will be too big for you to handle. After dipping this in the gasoline lay it close to the spark plug and turn the engine over until this plug sparks. This will ignite the waste and you will have a little torch sufficient for lighting your lamp. Even if there is a heavy rain or snow, you can secure a light in this manner sufficient for your needs.—Detroit Free Press.

### Fear of Old Military Service.

A prisoner's appeal to the court of criminal appeal for a longer sentence, although the first on record before that tribunal, is not altogether unparalleled at the assize, for offenders who have had the advantage of inside knowledge of the working of the prison acts have been known to ask the Judge to give them penal servitude instead of a short period of hard labor. They shrink from the more Spartan diet and severer restrictions that attach to the nominally lighter sentence. A century ago, when capital punishment was inflicted for many trivial crimes, a prisoner was sometimes given a choice—death or servitude in the army or navy. And the services in those days had such a terror for some criminals that many elected to be hanged instead of serving their country.—London Spectator.

### Government of Japan.

The government of Japan is not an absolute monarchy, the mikado being largely responsible to the parliament and, to a degree, to the people back of the parliament. Under the mikado is the house of peers, composed of the princes of the blood and the nobility and the representatives of the vested interests, and the house of representatives, which is made up of some 330 members, representing the masses of the people.—New York Journal.

### Little Mary was coloring pictures with her set of paints.

She used a tin that she called to please and exclaimed: "Oh, I didn't mean to do that! However, what's done is done and can't be undone—except shoe laces."—Chicago

### SOUND BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Use Your Ability and Take No Stock in the Law of Chance.  
Most men who have amounted to anything started with nothing but ability and determination, a combination which recognizes no man made limitations.

Any kind of work is better than idleness, which is directly responsible for most of the unhappiness in this world. Idleness is a dangerous thing. It may grow into a habit that might stick to you after you get back in harness, and the man who loafs on his job is only fooling himself.  
Eternal, intelligent effort is the price of commercial growth, and where there is no progression there is bound to be retrogression. Business is something like aeroplaning—to stop is to drop, and to drop is generally to bust.  
If I had an enemy and wanted to get even with him I could wish him nothing worse than to land in a soft job and get the loading habit. It would only be a question of time before he or the job petered out, and the longer he held on the worse off he'd be in the end, for there is a law of compensation which somehow or other makes us work in old age for the time we waste in youth or suffer if we can't make good.

Pin your faith to this law of compensation, but don't take any stock in the law of chance; there's no such thing. Waiting for something to turn up in the belief that things are bound to come your way eventually is throwing dice with fate. Many a good dog never got a decent bone until his teeth were gone.—Maurice Switzer in Leslie's.

### GOLF WITH ANY OLD CLUB.

He Was a Shy Man, Too, but Surprised the Clever Amateur.  
He was standing looking idly round him when I came forward to the starting tee at Blackhill golf course, a little dapper man, whom any one would have guessed could not play for nuts. Perhaps that latter idea is what caused me to ask if he meant to play a round. I should love to give somebody a proper whacking.  
"I would like a round," he said, almost shyly, "but I have no clubs." This was not a chance to be missed. I would let him use mine. How pleased he was in his simple way. Any old club would do for every shot.  
"Well, well," I crooned to myself; "if the man is out for a thorough drubbing I am the last to deny him it."  
He took a dirty ball from his pocket, made an easy sort of swipe at it, and I have never seen a ball so eager to get to the hole as that one was. His method of attack seemed to consist of one or two iron shots and a putt. I will vouch for it that he deliberately allowed me to win a hole or two. I have never felt so completely humiliated in all my life, yet he was quiet, inoffensive and almost shy.

### Mules and War.

Along all the frontiers of the world wherever there is a war there is a demand for the mule. Compared with him the much vaunted war horse is a vanishing fragment of the past. His strength, his sureness of foot, his wariness of eye, his ability to endure hardship and hard work on little food and with little care, have made him invaluable as a campaigner, whether in deserts or mountains. The mule has seen the camel and the elephant disappear from armies. He may see the horse vanish. He has seen the motorcycle and the motorcar come in. He may see the aeroplanes numbered by thousands. But it is not likely he will ever see himself superseded in his own line of work. There may be mules without war, but probably never a war without mules.—New York World.

### A Chip of the Old Block.

"Father," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study."  
"Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page.  
"Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I elected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take astronomy instead."  
The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply. Then she said:  
"None. You'll have to think up some better excuse for staying out at night!"—New York Globe.

### Tantalus.

Tantalus was a king of Lydia in Greek mythology and is represented by the poets as punished in hades with an insatiable thirst and placed up to the chin in a pool of water, which disappeared when he attempted to taste it, and other tantalizing punishments were inflicted for his sins.

### The Poor Man.

She—They say girls can't throw straight, but when a girl throws sly chances I notice she generally hits the mark. He (recently bitten)—Yes—the easy mark.—Boston Herald.

### Up to Us.

"The human race is dying out."  
"Let posterity worry over that."  
"How aggravating you are, Maltravers! There won't be any posterity."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Caution is the lower story of prudence.—Caryle.

### THE TOMB OF TUSITULA.

Samoa Natives Keep Stevenson's Grave Buried in Flowers.  
It was in December, 1894, that Stevenson died at Vaillima, near Apia, on the island of Upolu, in the Samoan group. Lovers of this quaint character—the modern who was an ancient, the ancient who was a modern, the contemporary who became a classic because he translated new things into thoughts for all time—will be glad to know that since then he has slept in a distant grave, but not in a neglected one. For the natives of that island keep his tomb on the lonely mountain-side fragrant with flowers. "The tomb of Tusitula," they call it—that was the great Scot's Samoan name.

Stevenson went to live in Samoa in 1887. He was a comparatively young man, but he had seen the vanities of the world, and, captivated by the climate, the scenery, and the kindly character of the natives, he at once determined to live out whatever space of life might remain to him in that fortunate island. And there he did live for seven years. Long ere he died he wrote his own epitaph, and that epitaph is graved on the brass tablet that was put there in 1895:

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse that you grave for me:  
"Here he lies where he longed to be,  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### TROGLODYTES OF TRIPOLI.

They Live Underground, Some of Them Never Seeing Daylight.

In the region of Gharlan, in the hinterland of Tripoli, there is an invisible town with 7,000 inhabitants. This city of the Troglodytes was visited by Miss Ethel Braun and is described by her in her book, "The New Tripoli."  
This city is excavated out of rock and earth. Its inhabitants live underground, some of them never coming to the surface. "The richer ones," writes Miss Braun, "are born in these dim dwellings, never leaving them until they are carried out to be buried." The rich families have, however, one reception room over the ground at a height of six or seven feet.

Describing the Troglodyte prison, Miss Braun tells of an Italian lady's experience while visiting the female prisoners.

"They had never seen a European woman before and asked her to take off her hat. No sooner had she done so that in a twinkling all her hairpins were pulled out, to be kept as souvenirs by the women, who looked upon them as most precious mementoes."

The friendly Troglodytes made Arab tea for Miss Braun, "and, as it is called, made with powdered tea and much, very much, sugar, so that it tastes just like slurrp," and they were very excited at the event of her visit.

### Caring for the Piano.

One of those popular fellows who can sit down at a piano and play accompaniments to songs, even when the "music" is not forthcoming, happened to be in a little village recently when a concert was almost stuck through the pianist disappointing at the last minute. Our friend, says the Glasgow News, came to the rescue and got the company out of its difficulty, but inwardly he applied to the instrument adjectives which would shock even George Bernard Shaw. After the performance the caretaker (a "lady") was covering up for the night, and the player mentioned to her that the piano was very much in need of attention, but she scouted the idea. "Why," said she, "I went over it myself this morning and scrubbed every part of it, keys and all."

### Her Candlestick Courtship.

The servant was discussing her latest love affair with a mistress, who was humane enough to be interested.  
"Well," said the mistress, "since you've been going out with him for months, I think it's quite time he took you to see his parents."  
"I've been telling him so, ma'am. Only last Sunday I said to him, 'Herbert, I'm not going to be courted in this candlestick way any longer.'"  
It was some time, says the Manchester Guardian, before the mistress' puzzled brain understood that "candlestick" and "candlestick" were synonymous.

### Love of the Forest.

The only way to love the forest is to stay in it until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and find your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere.—Gene Stratton Porter.

### Knew He Was Safe.

"You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night."  
"Yes. You see, my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment tomorrow night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Deduction.

Maude—How old is Grace? May—At least twenty-five. Maude—How do you know? May—I heard her say that no girl ought to marry before she was twenty-six.—Cleveland Leader.

### He that rises again quickly and continues the race is as if he had never fallen.—Molineux.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Donald N. McDonald, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that E. A. Dudley has been appointed executor of the last will and testament of Donald N. McDonald, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against his estate are hereby required to present them with proper vouchers as required by law to the said E. A. Dudley at his home in Athena, Oregon, or at the office of Will M. Peterson, attorney at law, Pendleton, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.  
Dated this 16th day of July, A. D. 1914. E. A. Dudley, Executor.  
By Will M. Peterson, Attorney.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Louis LaBrasche, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, that W. S. Ferguson has qualified as administrator of the estate of Louis LaBrasche, deceased, and all persons having claims against the estate are required to present them with proper vouchers as required by law, to said executor at his office in Athena, Ore., or to his attorney, Homer I. Watts, at his law office in Athena, Ore., within six months from the first publication of this notice.  
Dated this 10th day of July, 1914. Homer I. Watts, W. S. Ferguson, Attorney. Administrator.

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