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The Athena Press

Subscription Rates
One Copy, one year, \$1.50; for six months, 75c; for three months, 50c; payable in advance, and subscriptions are solicited on no other basis

Entered at the Post Office at Athena, Oregon, as Second-Class Mail Matter

VOLUME XXX.

ATHENA, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1918.

NUMBER 24

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GET ALONG WITHOUT SCENERY

In That, as in Many Other Ways, the Chinese Theater Seems Primitive in Our Eyes.

Scenery in China is conspicuous by its absence. Mountains, mountain passes, rivers, bridges, city walls, temples, graves, thrones, beds and other objects are represented by an arrangement of chairs, stools and benches, while the passage of rivers, horse riding, unlocking of doors and entering houses where not even a screen exists between the visitor and those he visits, the climbing of mountains, execution of criminals and numerous other actions are presented by pantomimic motions that are perfectly understood by the audience. Thus, a leper drinks wine, in which, unknown to himself, a venomous serpent has been soaked, feels an itching sensation and throws himself into an imaginary fish pond where, to the beating of gongs, he goes through the motions of washing and finds himself cured of that loathsome disease, to become a future chief graduate. Or a general sent on a distant expedition brandishes his whip, capers around the stage a few times amidst the clashing of cymbals, and then stops and informs his audience that he has arrived. Or a criminal who is to be hung, accompanied by the weird music from the two-stringed fiddle, will walk over to one side of the stage and stand under a bamboo pole with a rag tied to the top. He has been hung! All pain is represented by throwing the head back and gazing upward. Anger, by very hard breathing and staring eyes. Every movement of the hand or head, the positions in which the feet and arms are held, are all significant and these movements are perfectly understood by the Chinese, who will tell you, like the modern school of stage artists in the West, that scenery is an unnecessary bother.—From "The Chinese Theater," by Frank S. Williams in Asia Magazine.

MUSIC OF MARVELOUS POWER

More Moving Than Any Sounds of Earth Are Those Heard in Churches of Russia.

And what shall I say of the music of a Russian cathedral? There is no organ and there are no female voices. The chorus choir are composed of men carefully trained through a long series of years. The Russians have naturally rich, sonorous voices, and their sacred music is inexpressibly moving. At times soft and appealing, at others a weird minor strain, it not infrequently swells into a volume of almost overpowering majesty. I have heard church music in many parts of the world, but such music nowhere else. It voices the sadness and suffering, the implicit faith and the solemn mission of a great people. More truly than any other church music in the world, it is the expression of the deeper soul of a nation, elemental in its moods of storm and tenderness, of half-barbarous passion and of sublime aspiration. Every time we heard it we stood in silence and awe, conscious that the strings of our hearts were being strangely swept and feeling as if we were in wide spaces under the open sky and in the presence of a Mount Sinai from which issued alternately the crashing thunder, the blazing lightning, and then the murmuring of trees and brooks, and the still, small voice. Was this mere emotionalism? It may have been, but the mysterious joy still lingers in my memory.—Exchange.

WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH

Nobleman Evidently Had Some Idea That Great Muslim Was Giving Him the Worst of It.

Wienlawski had his humorous experiences, this even after he was quite widely known, writes Alexander Bloch in the New York Times. On one occasion he was asked by a wealthy British nobleman to state his terms for playing half an hour at his home. They came to an agreement, and on the evening of the musicale Wienlawski opened the program with Beethoven's "Romance in F."

He was playing his best and deeply engrossed in the music when he suddenly noticed out of the corner of his eye the host nervously looking at his watch. This happened several times before the "Romance" was finished.

At its close, as he was bowing his acknowledgments to rapturous applause, the British peer caught him by the sleeve and whispered in his ear:

"For heaven's sake, man, how much do you expect to get through in half an hour at this rate? Why do you play such slow pieces?"

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The question of the site of Eden has greatly agitated theologians; some placed it near Damascus, others in Armenia, some in the Caucasus, others at Holiath, near Babylon; others in Arabia, and some in Abyssinia. The Hindus refer it to Ceylon, one writer locates it at the North Pole, and a learned Swede asserts that it was in Sudermania. Several authorities concur in placing it in a peninsula formed by the main river of Eden, on the east side of it, below the confluence of the lesser rivers which emptied themselves into it, at about 27 degrees north latitude, now swallowed up by the Persian gulf, an event which may have happened at the universal deluge, 2384 B. C. Many, however, think that the whole story of Eden is a legend and that, accordingly, the man who tries to find its site is like the blind man who looks in a dark room for his black hat that is not there.

Snakes as Pest Destroyers.

Snakes are not our enemies, says Gayne K. Norton in American Forestry. They never attack except in self-defense. Of our 111 species only 17 are poisonous—two species of Elaps, coral snakes, and 15 species of crotaline snakes, the copperhead and moccasins, the dwarf and typical rattlesnakes. On the other hand, the help they render is valuable. The pests destroyed each year, especially rodents that injure crops and carry communicable diseases, roll up a large balance of good service in their favor.

Rodents are destroyers of farm products, cause loss by fire through gnawing matches and insulation from electric wires, and of human life through germ-carrying, particularly the bubonic plague.

Steel Is Easy to Cast.

The English have just invented a high-speed steel which is so strong that engines and guns and tools made of it can be worked more rapidly than those made of any of the other steels. The Popular Science Monthly magazine says that tools of this steel can be cast into shape, and casting is the quickest known way of making any tool.

There are few steels, however, which, by casting them, do not become brittle. "Cohaltecrom steel," as it is called, nevertheless can be made in this manner instead of having to be forged and rolled, two very much lengthier and more expensive processes.

MT. HERMON HOLY GROUND

Many Nations Have Built Their Temples on the Elevation of Which David Sang.

Mount Hermon, sacred mountain of Syria, rises, a silent sentinel, above the fruitful fields and vineyards of Lebanon and Damascus. Cut off from its range of the Antilibanus by the deep valley of Barada it has kept its lonely vigil through the ages. The Hebrews called it Hermit. According to legend the wicked angels in their fall from Paradise landed on Hermon and gave it its name.

Like a gray-haired giant the old mountain holds its white-crowned head above the clouds. At sunset these clouds turn to rose and gold, the mountain top flaming like a torch against the sky. As the sunlight fades the evening mists wrap old Hermon's head in veils of gray and white. "The white-haired old man of the mountain has donned his nightcap for the night," the people of the surrounding plains tell you.

The mountain's foot is covered with the green of oaks, poplars and dense brush with an occasional luxuriant vineyard. The vines of Damascus are famous throughout the Orient. The mountain springs keep the valleys well supplied with water. Higher up are the ruins of former temples, built centuries ago, their entrances facing the rising sun. In the old days the pious folks of the valley climbed the mountain side to worship on their holy ground. The temples are of various nations, including Greek, Roman and Hebrew.

David sang of Hermon and the cooling breath of the winds blowing from its icy summits. As the giver of all good things, of wine and cool water, of timber and olives and breezes in summer days, of tales of wonder and angels for the winter nights, the people of old looked to Hermon as a storehouse of treasure set up by a beneficent Deity.

RETURN TO WAGER OF BATTLE

Warfare of the Future Likely to Be Restricted to Comparatively Few Combatants.

A day, not far removed, may come when the embattled hosts of rival nations will give place to a wager of battle to decide the conflict. The battle will then be confined to the combatants alone without violent interference with the peaceful pursuits of noncombatants or destruction of their property.

First, however, we must evolve great engines of destruction, so perfect that a few skilled heroes will direct each one of them. These war machines will be so costly that only a few great powers will have the resources to construct and maintain them. Wise legislation and skillful systems of taxation will be necessary to organize the whole people for their support. A chosen few, picked from the whole nation, will man them, men in the full vigor of their strength, physically perfect to endure the terrible strain, and powerful of brain to meet and surmount every intricacy of mechanics and every difficulty of strategy.

Above all, these hero supermen must be of such unwavering character that they will, day and night, without surcease, devote their unflinching zeal to the great task of defending the civilization for which they contend. The evolution and the increasing economic burden of maintenance of this machinery will make war the luxury of the most powerful states and will cause the area of war constantly to recede. Small nations will no longer be able to maintain military establishments, and eventually the millions of men who now battle upon the field of honor will be replaced by a contest among a few men in control of stupendous machinery.—Elery C. Stovell in the Century Magazine.

WORRY OVER SMALL THINGS

Unfortunate Habit of Making Mountains Out of Molehills All Too Common With All.

"One of the foolishest things we mortals do," said Mr. Gratebar, "is to make mountains out of molehills.

"Half the worry and distress in the world comes from this unfortunate habit. It breeds distrust, creates hard feeling, breaks up friendships, makes discord in families, it makes misery all around, and all this in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand for just nothing.

"The commonest form of molehill is the spoken word. Somebody says something to us that we think is mean, or that we think is suspicious, or lacking in appreciation, or twitting or sarcastic, and right away we begin to brood over it, to let it rattle in us, to magnify it, to make a mountain of it.

"It is at least an even chance that the little thing of that sort that distresses us so was never meant that way at all. But suppose it was meant to be sharp. What of it? We are all human, and the best of us are liable to make little slips at times and say little thoughtless things that we ought not to.

"But why should we make mountains of such molehills, of things that would have been forgotten the next moment if we did not dwell on them, keep thinking of them and brood over them until finally we magnified them into great grievances?"

Self Education.

Some of the best educated men never went to college. One of the most eminent geologists never went to school. Many college and university graduates think they have acquired the sum of human knowledge and rest on their oars for the rest of their lives, while others with inferior advantages pass them in the pursuit of knowledge.

GRASSHOPPERS FLY TO SEA.

One of the best-informed men in the country, who became prominent in business and diplomacy, left school when sixteen years of age to enter the services of a firm of East India merchants in the old days of sailing vessels. He made many voyages round the Cape of Good Hope and devoted his time on shipboard to study. He read every word in one of the encyclopedias of that day and learned seven or eight languages. In this way he became the best-posted man whom the federal government could find in the United States for special diplomatic work. Whenever a subject arose in conversation with which he was unfamiliar he looked it up in some book of reference and he said he never forgot what he read about a matter that interested him at the time. His was a perfect system of self-education.—New York Commercial.

Fancies of Children.

The Spectator speaks of that "region into which the 'grownup' has no right of entry, and no key to turn the lock," the mind of the child, and then gives some instantaneous flashes of the child point of view, a point of view disconcertingly aloof and apart from that of "grownups." A child, on a torpedoed ship, when everyone was anxiously hoping that it would keep afloat, was heard to say, in a weary voice: "Oh, when will the ship go down?" A small boy who was being shown the bust of his grandfather, mounted on a little circular stand, asked his mother whether his grandfather had been a very wise man, and then added: "But was that all there was of him?" Perhaps the capping story is that of another little boy who, when told to make no remark on a guest's absent foot, exclaimed: "Oh, no, and when I get to heaven I will say nothing to John the Baptist about his head."

PET SAVED SOLDIER'S LIFE

Effective "First Aid" Rendered by Cat When Its Owner Was Wounded During Crimean War.

During the Crimean war a French soldier was leaving his native village with his corps, when a little cat came running after him. It would not go back, so he put it on his knapsack and carried it along. Day by day, writes Arthur Broadley in the Evangelical Messenger, she was perched up thus, and every night slept by his side.

One day a great battle was to be fought, so the soldier left pussy behind with a sick comrade. After he had gone about a mile on the way the cat came running up to him, so he took it on his back again. Muskets and cannon balls were now flying around. The soldier fell twice, but at last a dreadful wound laid him bleeding on the field.

The cat, instead of running away, jumped to the place where the blood was flowing, and began to lick the wound. The army doctor came, and the lad was carried to the hospital tent.

When he recovered consciousness he asked whether he would live or not, and the doctor said: "Yes, thanks to your pussy; she has used her tongue well and has stopped the flow of blood, otherwise you would have died."

He's Some Help.

Belle—Her husband is very good at figures, you know.
Benjamin—Really?
"Oh, yes. He's in a bank."
"Think of that!"
"She always takes him to her knitting club."
"What can he do at a knitting club?"
"He counts the stitches so she can talk."

Marching Orders.

Patience—What's become of that young man who used to call on you?
Patrice—You mean the one papa didn't like?
"That's the one."
"Oh, he's gone to be a soldier."
"What's he know about being a soldier, I'd like to know?"
"Oh, papa showed him how to march."

Sponge is a Germ Carrier.

Along with many other unsanitary toilet articles, the sponge is going out of fashion. But people may be still found who consider it indispensable. They have overlooked the fact that the sponge is porous and that every pore becomes a hiding place for untold colonies of germs. You cannot boil a sponge for any length of time, therefore you cannot insure its absolute hygienic cleanliness. As the germs multiply, a peculiar musty odor becomes noticeable.

When one bathes, many particles of dead skin are thrown from the body. If a sponge is used quantities of these

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