



ATHENA, OREGON, JULY 26, 1918

SQUEEZING THE HUN.

With Foch apparently ready to close the trap in the Soissons-Rheims salient, as the result of narrowing the pocket in which the Huns have been drawn from 37 miles in width down to 21 miles, it is possible that the allies are advancing within the circle of a glorious victory. Press dispatches of last evening and this morning indicate that American and French artillery of heavy bore is in stupendous action, throwing tons of metal and explosives in a crossfire which is spraying the two important concentration points of the enemy, and his narrow line of communication and possible withdrawal to the north is menaced by the terrible onslaughts being made on his flanks by all modern methods of warfare. The British have thrown fresh divisions into the vortex and with their French comrades yesterday advanced two miles at a point west of Rheims, which resulted in cutting the mouth of the pocket eight miles shorter. The Crown Prince is getting an awful mauling and a few days more of grueling will place the present battle on a par with the terrible losses he sustained in the battle of Verdun. Indications point to indecision on his part, whether to retreat to the Vesel river or throw into the conflict the masses of Hun reserves he has gathered behind his lines and fight it out. In either case, the allied command feels confident of successfully accomplishing his defeat but what they hope for is an overwhelming, crushing victory, and the news from the front portends that.

SILLY TO WORRY OVER PAST

Far Better to Get Busy as Possible in Planning Something Worth While in the Future.

"The woman who sits around disconsolately bemoaning the fact that what she considers her best years have vanished does not by any means deserve the sympathy she would like to receive.

Pray, who outside the home circle cares what one's years are, whether the bloom has faded from one's cheek or whether one's figure has lost or is losing its youthful lines?

The person who foolishly wastes good time in wishing that he or she could reclaim other days should try to forget self and immediately become bused with some wholesome task.

There are no fountains of perpetual youth to be found at any price in any clime. This fact was demonstrated long ago, and the person who sets out in search of those magic waters will return bitterly disappointed.

Time leaves its traces upon all of us, much as we would like to refute this charge. How senseless then to resort to artificial means, hoping that by so doing we shall eradicate the marks of passing years!

On the other hand, why not concentrate one's best thoughts upon the present, remembering that there are Cetera suspects more lovely and more brilliant than any that ever paint a June sky!

The woman past her first youth has, if she is blessed with good health plus will power, a work to do, and she should do it. Not one of us ever questions the age of any person who performs some worth-while task. Instead, we applaud the worker, meanwhile hoping earnestly that he or she shall long continue to serve or entertain.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ROUSED HIS ARTISTIC SENSE

After a Little Reflection Mr. Sniggaby Could See Beauty of Ornament He Had Condemned.

"Here's where patience ceases to be a virtue," said Sniggaby. "Look at this hat I'm wearing. It's three years old. I can't afford to buy a new one, and yet you go and pay \$37 for that brass thing to put on the mantelpiece. Darned if I'm going to stand for it."

"My dear! What shocking language! What if the neighbors should hear you?"

"I want 'em to hear me. I don't care who hears me. I've stood this as long as I'm going to stand it. You take that thing back tomorrow and see that it's taken off our bill. I'll never pay for it. Put that down where you won't forget it. The worm has turned. Right here's where I cross the Rubicon. I've stood for a lot of darned foolishness, but I'm

through. I've got right up to the limit and—"

"Heary, feel in your inside pocket."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Feel in your inside pocket. Yes! I should think you would look worried. I found a letter there last night. Who is Thomas Bickford, and what does he mean by debts of honor? Where have you been going every Saturday night? You told me you went to your club, and that gambling wasn't allowed there. Does Mr. Bickford—"

"Polly, the artistic qualities of that thing grow on a fellow. I'm beginning to like it. It sort of sets off the room. Please tell the maid to hurry up and serve dinner. I'm as hungry as a bear."—Dayton News.

TRAIN MIND TO REMEMBER

By the Proper Exercise of Will One Can Teach the Brain to Register Photographs.

A man who has a wonderful memory says in the American Magazine:

If you can train your right arm to deliver a good blow, you can train your memory to retain facts. There are just as many flabby-minded men in the world as there are flabby-bodied ones. Both kinds of flabbiness are due to laziness, the one mental, the other physical.

Above all, you must remember that the brain is a photographic machine—and you can make it take an enormous number of photographs. I don't contend that each man may eventually have as good a memory as his neighbor's, but I am firmly convinced that 99 men out of 100 can have better and more serviceable memories than they now have.

Teach your brain to register photographs of what you want it to retain. Be enthusiastic about it. Work at it every day while you are doing your other work. It isn't very hard. Most men use about 30 per cent of their available energy when they're working. Concentrate on what you are doing. Let it soak into you. Absorb it—and always absorb it with the conviction that it is going to stay absorbed.

There you have my recipe for a good memory: Determine to remember, don't worry, and learn how not to let your office worries and work go to bed with you at night—and, above all things, get into the open and give nature a chance. Fresh air and sunshine have as beneficial an effect on the memory as they do on the other parts of your general makeup.

ORIGIN OF ALPHABET LOST

Generally Accepted Theory Is That the Letters First Came Into Use Among the Egyptians.

The alphabet we use is a queer thing, when we come to think of it. In effect, it is made up of conventional signs.

Turn this page upside down, and you cannot read it. It might almost as well be printed in Russian characters or in Arabic.

Few subjects have enlisted on the part of language students more speculative thought than the origin of the alphabet. It is today a matter much in dispute.

There are those who aver that on papyrus almost as ancient as the early cave dwellers of southern Europe have been found inscribed characters representing the origin of some of our alphabetical letters of today.

But the theory most generally accepted at the present time is that the letters of our alphabet originated with the ancient Egyptians. They were, to begin with, "ideographs."

Take "S" for example. In form it represents a snake. The sound of the letter is the hissing of a snake. There you have it. What more could be demanded of a single letter in an alphabet? It is a whole picture.

"Q" is supposed to have been a knot in a string—the letter being originally a piece of sinew. "G" was a bow pulled taut. "C" was the hollowed hand, from which one drank—whence the sound of the letter. "L" was the crooked stick used in primitive times as a plow. "N" was a pickaxe. "V" was an ox yoke. "X" was a crossroads. "Y" was a tally—a primitive mode of counting. "Z" was the right hand upheld.

INSECT VICTIMS OF "BOOZE"

Scientists Familiar With Many Varieties That Indulge in a Sort of Bacchanalian Festival.

There would seem to be no particular reason for the human standpoint why the ivy should be called the plant of Bacchus, since no wine is made from its berries. Entomologists, however, have found that the ivy flowers provide a veritable bacchanalian festival for a number of insects. Men of science are wont to cully forth at night with lanterns to capture the intoxicated moths that crowd around the greenish blossoms. When the willow is in bloom they find a similar scene of dissipation around its yellow catkins.

The upping insect may be used to point a moral by the prohibitionist, since rum not infrequently leads to its ruin. There is a fly so addicted to wine that Linnaeus named it the "cellar fly," which appellation Kirby changed to the more appropriate one of the "cellar wine drinker." Kirby states that the larvae of this little fly, whose diet he could attest from his own observations, disdains to feed on anything but wine or beer, which, like Boniface in the play, it may be said both to eat and drink.

There are bees and flowers whose random meetings result in the same curious phenomenon. On the single dabbles and galliardias of the garden bees are often to be seen in the same maudlin state, and these bees are more frequently of the black and yellow banded kind. If you take such a bee off the galliardia, the insect will remain in your hand, indulging in quaint antics or simply trembling in every member. Presently, however, it will recover and fly off straight to another galliardia flower and in a very short time is again in its former state of imbecility. One may pick it up again and have a repetition of the performance.

WHAT YOUR DOLLARS DO

One Hundred Cents' Worth of Mercy and Relief for Every War Fund Dollar.

Your Red Cross dollars—every cent of every Red Cross dollar—actually relieves suffering—actually goes as you give it, for war relief. Not one cent of any contribution goes into Red Cross administration expenses—the overhead of War Fund administration is more than covered by the interest accruing from the banking of the funds. All relief work not pertaining to the war is amply covered by the normal revenues of the Red Cross through membership dues.

Your answer to humanity's cry—your donation to war relief—includes not only the care and restoration of the wounded. It is a mission of mercy to the famished, the homeless and helpless, the lame, the halt, and the blind—all the victims of war that appeal to the heart of mankind.

The relief of invalided soldiers, relief of the mutilated and blind, training of crippled soldiers for useful pursuits—relief service for the care and revival of soldiers on furlough from the front—relief of children throughout devastated territory—relief of dependent families of soldiers—relief to prisoners in Germany—relief among repatriated people returning to France—children's refugees and hospitals—these are among the divisions of organized work that carries practical aid to its every object in a wide field of activity. Its scope embraces Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Italy and Armenia—besides the great field of France.

Your donation makes this great mission of mercy your own.

The Red Cross carries 100 cents' worth of aid for every dollar donated.

LENT INSPIRATION TO ARTIST

How Glimt in Eye of Model Led Painter to Alter the Spirit of His Masterpiece.

"The Spirit of Seventy-six"—the famous drum and fife trio—came from the brush and genius of Archibald M. Willard.

The artist emerged from overalls and a Wellington, O., wagon shop. A picture called "Pluck No. 1," displayed in a Cleveland art dealer's window, attracted the attention of the discriminating and paved the way to a kind of partnership with James H. Ryder, through whose suggestion the "Seventy-six" picture was begun.

In its early stages this painting was called "Yankee Doodle" and it was first planned along serio-comic lines. "But one day," declares Mr. Willard, "I caught a glint in the eye of the old man who posed for the center figure, and in a flash it revealed itself to me what all this stood for, and I could go no further. The real picture pushed everything else aside and went ahead and painted itself."

The old man whose flashing eyes inspired this change of conception was the artist's father, Rev. Daniel Willard, a man of revolutionary stock.

Most curiously it was only by the merest switch of an inherited sentiment that this symbol was prevented from becoming a fanciful burlesque to live only for the brief day of its creation.—Everybody's Magazine.

Crow at Home on the Earth.

"I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the crow does," writes John Burroughs in "An Idyll of the Hairy Bee." "It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. 'All these acres are mine,' he says, 'and all these crops; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there and find life sweet and good wherever I am.'"

"The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk, but the crow is at home and trends the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid."

Opprobrious Epithets.

A correspondent informs us that a woman defendant in a Brittany police court has been fined 50 francs for calling another woman "an old tank." The offense presumably lay in the unusual, as in the case of the fishwife whom O'Connell silenced by calling a "paralelopped." Psychology has never yet solved the problem why a comparatively innocuous phrase may cause more offense than the vilest abuse. For instance, "mort aux vaches" does not strike the Englishman as so very terrible, yet, to tell a French gendarme of your desire for an increase in the mortality rate among cows is a surer way of asking for trouble than to slander the Pope in a Home Rule stronghold.—London Globe.

Some Old-Day Battles.

The great odds in numbers which the British army has had to face on the western front is no rare experience in its annals. Wellington has borne witness to that fact in his remarks that Talavera was the only battle in which he had a numerical superiority, owing to the presence of the Spaniards, who, while showing much personal gallantry, were badly led. At all his other battles he had fewer men than the enemy. "At Salamanca I had 40,000 men, and the French perhaps 45,000. At Vittoria I had 60,000 men against 70,000. At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me. I had 68,000 to 58,000; Napoleon had near 80,000. The whole army in the south of France under my command was considerably larger than the force of Soult at the battle of Toulouse, but in numbers actually employed in that battle I had less than he." All of which goes to show that strength and success do not necessarily lie with mere weight of numbers. There are other factors vastly more essential.—Christian Science Monitor.

Sensible Table Discourse.

Speaking of autobiographic recipes for domestic use, there's nothing better than Benjamin Franklin's description of how the table was managed by his father when he was a boy. "At this table he took care to have some sensible friend to converse with and he always started a useful topic of discourse which might improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to the proper conduct of life and no critical notice was ever taken of the victuals on the table—whether they were cooked well or ill, whether they were in season or out of season. Thus I was brought up to be quite indifferent as to the kind of food that was set before me and to this day if I am asked after dinner to tell what I have dined upon I am scarce able to tell."

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, Eva B. Beauchamp, Plaintiff, vs. Roy L. Beauchamp, Defendant.

To Roy L. Beauchamp, Defendant above named: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled suit, within six weeks of the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit, on or before Friday, the 23rd day of August 1918; and you will take notice that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint or otherwise plead thereto within said time, the plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the court for the relief prayed for and demanded in plaintiff's said complaint, namely, for a decree of the Court forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for other equitable relief.

This summons is published pursuant to an order made in this Cause by Honorable Charles H. Marsh, County Judge of Umatilla County in the absence of Circuit Judge G. W. Phelps from said county. The first publication of this summons will be made in the Athena Press on Friday the 13th day of July, 1918, and the last publication of this summons will be made on the 23rd day of August, 1918.

Dated at Pendleton, Oregon, this 10th day of July, 1918. Peterson & Bishop, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Post Office address, Freewater, Ore.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County. In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph Sheard, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the above entitled court administrator of the estate of Joseph Sheard, deceased, and that she has qualified as the law directs. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, with proper vouchers, to me at my home near Athena, Oregon, or to my attorney, Stephen A. Lowell, in Despain Block, Pendleton, Oregon, within 6 months from the date hereof. Dated July 1st, 1918. Lydia Sheard, Administratrix.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court for Umatilla County, Oregon. In the Matter of the Estate of Charles A. Barrett, Deceased: Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, have been appointed Executors of the Estate of Charles A. Barrett, deceased, by the above entitled Court, and as such executors, have qualified as required. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to us with proper vouchers at the office of Henry A. Barrett, executor, in the C. A. Barrett & Co. Implement Store, or to our attorney, Homer I. Watts, at his office in Athena, Oregon, within 6 months from the date hereof. Dated this 7th day of June, 1918. Jennie E. Barrett, Henry A. Barrett, Executors.

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Take advantage of it. You owe it to yourself and your country to make every minute count.

Use your car—passenger or commercial—to the limit.

Samuel P. Colt, president of the United States Rubber Company, helped awaken the country to the economic value of the automobile last fall. He said—

"Everything on wheels must be used and mobilized.

"The automobile is second to the railroads as an adjunct and supplementary to them in collecting and distributing merchandise.

"Owners should use their cars, both passenger and commercial, more and more."

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Use good tires—United States Tires. They last longest and carry you farthest at least cost.

There is a United States Tire for every car or truck—to guarantee uninterrupted service and greatest economy.

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Guy Cronk, Special Agent, Standard Oil Company, Athena, Oregon.