

Advertising
The Athena Press circulates in the homes of readers who reside in the heart of the Great Umatilla Wheat Belt, and they have money to spend

The Athena Press

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Higby Harris, Worth \$175,000 Is Bond Slacker; Hilbert and Peters Subscribed for Bonds

The Central Committee of the Umatilla County Patriotic Service League feels that it has occasion and ample warrant for presenting to the public the name of Higby Harris of Milton as one who has consistently and flagrantly failed in the support of his government at war. It believes that the word "slacker" was coined for just such men as he.

Mr. Harris has lived in Umatilla county many years and has grown wealthy here. He is generally credited with being the wealthiest citizen of the east end of the county. He is paying taxes under his own name on real property assessed at \$75,000 and personal property assessed at \$10,000. A very conservative estimate as to his wealth made by men in a position to judge places it at \$175,000.

Mr. Harris did not subscribe to the First or Second Liberty Loan. In the Third Loan, when an organization for rounding up delinquents was created, he subscribed \$8500. That was the amount of his subscription to the Fourth Loan also. He refused to subscribe for his rating of \$4000. He was notified to appear before this committee and make such explanation as he deemed might justify his refusal. He ignored the notice and the committee feels that it should hesitate no longer in exposing him to the citizenship of the county for the shirker that he is.

In the Second Red Cross War Fund campaign Mr. Harris is used to contribute a dollar and we have no record of his ever having made a donation to

a war fund. On the other hand we have received innumerable reports to the effect that he has thousands of dollars on deposit and has openly stated that he intends holding his money until after the war so that he will be in a position to buy land when values shrink.

We feel that Mr. Harris is in a position to stimulate his neighbors in patriotic undertakings and yet the committee believes that there is no man in the county whose example has been the cause of so much dissatisfaction. We hope there are few citizens in America who have given such niggardly support and who have manifested a spirit of such grudging patriotism. To Mr. Harris and to the county the committee wishes to say that it has not had its final say.

Besides Mr. Harris, the committee had summoned for hearing Mr. John H. Peters of Pendleton, Mr. Frank Hilbert of Ukiah and Mr. L. C. Rothrock of Pendleton. It is glad to announce that Mr. Peters has agreed to subscribe his full quota of \$4000 and that Mr. Hilbert authorized his banker to bring his subscription up to \$4000, his quota. Mr. Rothrock left for California before he received his notice to appear before the committee and will be granted a little more time to make his explanation if he so desires.

Central Loyalty Committee, Umatilla Co. Patriotic Service League.

Note.—Harris has come forward and taken his full quota of Liberty Bonds.

HERE'S ANOTHER FROG STORY

New Yorker's Experience Seems to Corroborate Tale Told by the Kaiser's Press Agent.

This is the time of the year when fish stories are permissible, so the Kaiser's press agent cannot be blamed for pulling that one about the frogs croaking in such deafening fashion that they enabled the Germans to bring up their batteries without being discovered by the allies. Hank Newman, who invented the famous "snapper" elixir, partly bears out the statement made by the Hun war correspondent. He knows all the habits of the Johnny Crapauds and he declares that they can make some noise when they begin to croak. "I don't know anything about those bloodthirsty frogs of the Chemin des Dames, however," explained Mr. Newman. "But down in Ozone Park, where I live, there is a frog pond, and hundreds of them live a quiet, peaceful life. In fact, the frogs down my way are musical, for they lull the native to sleep. There is one big fellow, however, who has a high pitched voice. I named him Caruso because he warbles louder than any in the flock. For some time Caruso and me were quite chummy. As soon as he heard my alarm clock go off at five in the morning, he would come to my window and sing a roundelay, which indicated that he was hungry. That was when I had daylight work. Now I'm on nights and don't get to bed until three in the morning. And for the past three weeks Caruso and his entire chorus made sleep impossible for me, so I found it necessary to move far from the frog pond."—New York Sun.

JUST SIMPLE COMMON SENSE

Really Nothing to Be Alarmed About When Speaker Uses Pretentious Word "Psychology."

One way to get an audience nowadays is to call the subject of one's talk "Psychology." A Harvard professor recently amazed a convention of clothing manufacturers and dealers by delivering an address upon this topic, in which he laid down several principles about the effect of clothing upon the wearer, and the surprise of his hearers was due to the discovery that what the learned man had dignified by a long word was nothing more than what more commonly passes for common sense. A good many of the things he said were already known to them, if they had stopped to think. When he placed them under the head of psychology they sat up and took notice, says the Oregonian.

He said, for example, that the well-dressed man is 10 per cent more efficient than the poorly dressed man. He said that clothes that do not fit prevent the wearer from doing his best. Cleanliness promotes self-respect. Self-respect is contagious, like confidence. The man who does not think well of himself is unlikely to win the good opinion of others. Comfortable clothing, made of good material, well brushed, was the foundation of the super-structure, he said. He was talking to hard-headed business men, and they believed him, because their own experience showed his statements to be true.

ITALY HAD FIRST PAWNSHOP

From That Country the System Gradually Spread Over the Rest of the Civilized World.

The French call them monts-de-piete, but no satisfactory explanation for this nomenclature is forthcoming. The establishment of municipal pawnshops in France was attended with more difficulty than was the case in other countries.

It is from Italy that the idea of municipal pawnshops spread over the rest of Europe. A municipal pawnshop was set up in Madrid in the year 1705, when a priest with very little capital opened up an "uncle." The system was tried at Avignon in 1877, but it was not until the year 1777 that Paris itself was provided with a mont-de-piete. The national assembly upset the monopoly and the business passed into private hands. The extortions of the pawnbrokers in time led, however, to a demand for the re-establishment of the governmental institutions. In 1806 Napoleon re-established the monopoly, regulating it by laws that are still in force. The interest charged amounts to about 7 per cent.

In Paris the mont-de-piete is in effect a department of the administration, but in the provinces it is a municipal monopoly.

Wrist Watches Afloat.

Wrist watches at sea, with their luminous dials, are at once a convenience, a safeguard and a peril. You can tell the time without tearing your clothes to pieces or going to a light. When you walk along the deck at night you can hold your forearm so that the dial glows in the sight of all who are passing along the deck and thus prevent collisions. If you don't play up your wrist watch, you are supposed to whistle "sweet and low" in the dark as you pass along. But if you are not passing along the deck, only lingering along the deck rail, and are fortunate in having one of the few women who are crossing as your companion in that lingering, your luminous dial at rest on the deck rail is apt to wreck the wonderful sense of seclusion that darkened decks give these war times. One heartless patrol a trip or two ago stepped to the rail and asked a dismayed subaltern not to have his wrist watch "quite so far around," whatever that meant, because it might be detected by a submarine.—Nelson Collins in the Century Magazine.

Hapless Claribel's Encounter.

The sun was slowly sinking in the usual place. Claribel Skippenhop, over whose youthful head scarce thirty-seven summers had lightly flown, sat in a regulation-size hammock, idly swinging her foot to the tune of "Keep the Home Lairs Squirming," played on a Hottentot harpique 42 miles away.

Suddenly a thought seized her. She tried to scream and break its hold. She succeeded in both. Probably one and fifteen eight-millionths of a cubic second was allowed to elapse between her scream and the time the thought was covering at her feet.

"Avant," she cried. "Don't you know this is my thoughtless day? Now, doggone it, I'll have a headache."

Then she went back to swing her foot and the hammock.

PROTECT THEM



YOU KNOW the fate of the children of Belgium and Northern France.

Protect your own children from a like fate.

Our soldiers are ready to fight for them - - to die for them - - to make the world a fit place for children to live in.

If you can't fight, support those who can.

Buy Fourth Liberty Bonds Any Bank Will Help You

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED THROUGH THE PATRIOTIC CO-OPERATION OF Standard Oil Company

COULD HEED CALL OF WILD

Being His Own Boss, This Lucky Man Listened to Appeal and Hied Him to Happiness.

A flock of geese, northward bound, honked wildly in their flight. His feet on his desk, his window open to the breezes of the morning, he heard the call. For an hour he sat amid the conflicting sounds of a great city hurrying about its work. But his thoughts were miles away. His eyes were dreamy. The spell of the wild was upon him.

He wandered in fertile fields awakening to renewed life. He beheld the meadows lush with grass. He sat beside wide flowing rivers and tiny brooks whose waters rushed in foamy splendor from hilly heights above. He wandered to wooded slopes, with trees a-bud and wild flowers peeping from beneath dead leaves. A peace was his which seldom came in his workaday existence in the land of pavement and beehive dwellings. He dreamed on. Brook trout in speckled splendor rose to his captivating hook. Camp fires lit the darkness of his dream night. The odor of burning pine wood and of sizzling trout and bacon filled his nostrils. He ate food such as his city chefs had never learned to cook, with an appetite his city stomach had long since lost. In a single hour he dreamed more happiness than had been his for a decade.

He closed his desk. Another hour found him grubbing in the recesses of the attic. By noon, clad in beautifully ancient garments, with a satchel in his hand and a fishing rod carefully incased in a waterproof cover under his arm, he was at the railroad station. A half hour later he was on his way to the wilds. And a smile such as he had not smiled in months graced his features.

Lucky man! He was his own boss.—Milwaukee Journal.

SPANISH INFLUENZA BECOMES EPIDEMIC

There are no cases of Spanish Influenza as yet reported in Athena. The nearest point where the epidemic is raging is at Walla Walla, where the schools, theatres and all meetings have been ordered closed and dispensed with until the contagion can be controlled. All schools, churches and public amusement places throughout the state are to be closed immediately upon the appearance of an outbreak of the epidemic in the community, according to instructions mailed by the State Board of Health to all city and county health officers in Oregon.

This is in direct line with the recent communication from Surgeon General Rupert Blue, instructing the board of health to mobilize all medical aid required in combating the influenza epidemic, with the aid of the Volunteers Medical Service corps.

Twenty-five deaths in Seattle and vicinity in the last 48 hours is the record of the influenza epidemic now sweeping through that section of the country. Eight deaths were in Seattle, seven at the University of Washington naval training station and ten at Bremerton.

Health Commissioner J. S. McBride announced that a serum for Spanish influenza, worked out by health officials and naval authorities at Bremerton, has proved a success. Then when the serum was ready for trial 3000 sailors were vaccinated with it. "Of these," said Dr. McBride, "only three have contracted Spanish influenza and these were in mild form."

FROM PALACE OF PHAROAH

University of Pennsylvania to Have Pillar That Once Adorned Ruler's Throne Room.

The first word in a long time from the Eckley B. Cox expedition to Egypt has been received at the University of Pennsylvania museum from Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, its leader. Doctor Fisher reported excellent success during the winter explorations at Denderah, the ancient capital of Egypt, up the Nile.

In April he returned to Memphis and continued his work of uncovering the palace of Merenptah, who is identified by many Biblical scholars as the Pharaoh of the Oppression, whose stubbornness brought on the plagues. If this is correct, the great hall and throne room of the palace, which has now been completely uncovered, was the scene of the appearance of Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, and where the signs and wonders were performed. The throne is said to be in good condition, but Egypt will not permit it to come to this country.

Fortunately, Doctor Fisher has worked over the pieces of the 12 colossal pillars which upheld the roof and has recovered enough to make one complete pillar, which will be brought to the university museum and set up. It will be the most notable specimen of Egyptian architecture in this country. The pillars were six feet in diameter, 80 feet high, covered with inscriptions and pictures inlaid with gold. Much of the paneling of the room and the lintels of the doors also were inlaid with gold, and these will be brought here.

The natives of Egypt, it is said, call the palace "The Temple of Moses," as they have an idea that in here he was reared.

LETTERS FROM OUR LADS "OVER THERE"

"U. S. S. Shawmut, Sept. 16, 1918. I'm still on deck, but sort of lonesome, there is nothing here to make a person feel any other way. The people are so different to ours, and everything is hundreds of years old. I don't go ashore very much for every time I go it either rains or does something else. Am going to send you a postcard picture of myself and some of my shipmates. I guess you can tell me from the rest for I am sure getting to be a big fellow. I only weigh 223, not bad for me. Well, that won't last long when I get back to handling wheat sacks again. You can show this to Grandma, and see what she thinks of her grandson.

"Send me some postcard pictures of the Round-Up. I can have a lot of fun with a lot of the boys here as they have never seen anything like that.

"Well Art, as far as I know, the war won't last much longer than this Fall. We have been doing great work and are going to keep it up till we get them all. That is the only way to end it, is to get them all. We go out among the subs, quite often but we are too fast for them, believe me. When a person gets out at sea and sees a torpedo coming at him, it sure makes him think of home.

"Will Shick.

"S. S. Shawmut, U. S. Naval Force in European Waters."

Floyd Studving Gas.

"A. P. O. No 731. August 26. "Was very glad to hear from you again and to know you and the rest of the kids around the 'petit village' are all o. k. I'm in an entirely different place than when I wrote you last. I'm in the Z. O. A. but not very close to the line. Am in a replacement Bn. I don't know if you will understand just what that is. There are men coming from hospitals all the time and we equip them and send them back to their organizations. Some come from the States as casuals and we send them where they are needed. Our old Co. is all over Europe, some on the line, and some in the S. O. S. I am studying 'gas' now and working with the gas officer. I hope to go to school before very long to complete the course. It is very interesting and also extremely important in this modern warfare.

You are very kind to think of sending me candy etc., but you know it is very difficult to do so now. We can only order by our Co. commander's permission and his signature on the order and then only such things as we are unable to purchase 'over here.' We can get just about everything one needs here, providing we have the fr. Parcels can be sent from Canada, so if you happen to be in Canada, you might send me a box of candy; (but please don't make a special trip just to do that).

Lieut. McFadden of Athena just came in this p. m. I made myself known and gave him my last copy of the Athena Press.

Corporal Frank F. Corporan, 1st Co. Replacement Battalion, 4th Army Corps.

Leonard King in England.

Miss Estelle Smith has received the following letter from her cousin, Leonard King, former Athena boy:

"Somewhere in England Aug. 23, '18 Dear Cousin: Arrived on this side in fine shape; had quite a nice trip as the water never got very rough at any time. Of course nearly every one contributed a little bit to the fish; however it didn't bother me very much. We are at a rest camp at present but will probably move on before long to our permanent quarters. I surely hope we will get settled soon. I feel like a regular tramp, we have been moving around so often. This is a fine camp. We have barracks to stop in and are only a little way from quite a good sized town. Everything here seems kind of queer of course. We passed through some fine looking farming country, mostly small farms. Nearly all the houses are of brick, and in the towns nearly all the houses join. There is hardly a foot of ground around here that isn't growing some kind of food stuffs. They have some pretty good horses here but work most of them single. When they work two, they put them tandem.

It is cool and nice, but we sure suffered with the heat before we left the States. We wore our overcoats a great deal on the ship. We have quite a bit of fun trying to figure out our change in English money. I suppose we will have more in France, soon.

Pvt. Leonard King, Co. K. 160th Inf.

Charles Quinlan, of the S. S. Robin, sends the following sea-song, composed by himself and shipmates, to his mother, in this city:

"The Tebo Mine Sweepers." "Birds of a feather flock together." Is an old proverb, 'tis said; But birds without feathers sweep away

HELEN C. HOERLE



Miss Helen C. Hoerle, who enlisted in the Naval Reserve as a cook, is the first woman enrolled in that branch of the service. Miss Hoerle will start a campaign for recruits for cooks for the navy and expects to land 500. She will instruct the recruits in the art of cooking at the United States Naval Reserve school.

The mines that the Huns have laid.

Built for a purpose with utmost care, Each to the other unknown; Till fashioned and finished, stem to stern, The flag of freedom was flown. Now merrily over the waves we ride The Lapwing and the Swallow. The Owl and the Robin, side by side, And six more soon to follow. The Tebo's Basin' we all were born, Designed with wondrous cunning, To clear the seas of the danger nest And keep our good ships running. Now o'er the ocean and thro' the bays The waters we'll freely sweep, And secure once more from shore to shore Clear paths o'er the boundless deep. The Lapwing, the Owl and the Robin O'er the deep waters now ride; Now joined by the swift, swift Swallow, Launched on this present tide. Birds of the old Todd Shipyard are we, William H. Todd, our founder; Designed for the good old U. S. A., To sweep foes mines far under. Doing our part in this great world war Always the right to maintain, Striving to prove to the world at large Our freedom to sail the main. Lapwing and Robin, Owl and Swallow, Good luck to you as you go On your errand of mercy and justice, To vanquish the common foe.

He Scraps the Hun.

Michael Ryan came down from Spokane to Athena for the sole purpose of scrapping the Hun. He did it by walking into the First National Bank Wednesday, and handing in his check for \$5,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. Only age and impaired physical condition holds Mike out of the trenches. At that, he says, he is going to take a swipe at a couple of slackers he knows of in Umatilla county, by seeing to it that they subscribe for their full quota of bonds. Mike is taking medical treatment in Spokane, and his address is Galax Hotel.

Drilled in Boxing.

Following out an order from the war department, every member of the S. A. T. C. at the Oregon Agricultural college will be drilled in boxing. As many as 300 men will box at one time 300 of them pitted against imaginary opponents only, and 100 against the real thing. Student instructors have been appointed as company leaders to give the raw men the rudiments of boxing. Wrestling will be done by those physically fitted for that type of athletics, 20 men working at one time.

"The Fool Hath Said."

This is a message from one who knows—Coningby Dawson—to those who do not realize. It is a message direct from the trenches in France by a soldier and writer to us behind the lines. He says: "Life has swung back to a primitive decision since the war commenced. The decision is the same for both men and nations. They can choose the world or achieve their own souls. They can cast mercenary lots for the ransom of a crucified righteousness or take up their martyrdom as disciples. Those men and nations who have been disciples together can scarcely fail to remain friends when the tragedy is ended. What the fool says in his heart at this present moment is not of any lasting importance."—Red Cross Magazine.