

# ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

There's no denying that as a conventional topic the trial marriage is a sure success.

People who need the advertising now merely have to offer Count Boni a job at a liberal salary.

That dentist who has been robbed four times in three years should hereafter go armed to the teeth.

George Bernard Shaw doesn't think much of the Ten Commandments, but it is too late now to change them.

If Kipling's critics don't soon stop he will be justified in once more writing something that is worth reading.

Fortunately for Eve, she is spared the pain of knowing that her diary has been excluded from the shelves of the Worcester public library.

A German singer committed suicide because a married American woman wouldn't marry him. Probably her husband wouldn't let her.

Mexico's richest man is going to give his money to people who need it, thus running the risk of being regarded as eccentric by other rich men.

These long evenings are being brightened and made profitable by the game of guessing what Mrs. Sage is really going to do with her money.

The Cuban army is reported to be getting restless again. Why not quiet that army for all time by setting up a free soup kitchen for it somewhere?

Let us have politics without prejudice, without selfishness, without graft, etc., please an exchange. And while we are at it, let us have the millenium.

There are times when it becomes a matter of wonder how this country has been able to grow so big and prosperous without taking the advice of the college professors.

Kind-hearted housewives should be warned that it is too early to feed every tramp that calls at the back door with the plea that he is a poor Standard Oil magnate out of a job.

There can be no further doubt that Mr. Harriman is of the opinion that much greater ability is required to run the railroads of this country than is needed to successfully run the country itself.

A negro was arrested, tried, convicted and executed, all within a space of two hours, in Texas a few days ago. Surely they can't bring up the law's delays as an excuse for lynching after this.

Persons who may have felt like asking Mrs. Russell Sage for enough money to get a start in life will do much better by saving the price of the postage stamp and making it the nucleus of a bank account.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is to be celebrated by the Cambridge Historical Society. A special bronze medal will be issued in honor of the event, copies of which it is hoped will be preserved in libraries and museums. Longfellow wrote many lines which will be preserved in the popular heart longer than the bronze will last. This is one of the reasons for celebrating the anniversary of his birth.

Most people have their weak spots. Few are roundly normal. Some slap their friends on the back, some whistle in public places, some keep barking dogs, some speak monologues and think they are "conversing" and so on, but there is some hope for a tendency or a habit that is not deliberately designed to be mischievous, such as the playing of pranks on newly married people. These jocular outbursts have undergone various "refinements" and they have now reached the point where a honeymoon voyage has been anticipated by a "bill of particulars" printed in circular form and distributed among the passengers of the ocean liner. The discouraging thing is that the propensity does not "refine" itself out of existence. It is, generally speaking, as perverse in its latter day manifestations as it was when the uncouth but equally well-meaning country folks surrounded the house of the bashful bride and groom on their wedding night and made the time hideous with the beating of pans and old copper boilers with what was called a "belling."

It would therefore seem well, from this point of view, to encourage early trial marriage, the relation to be entered into with a view to permanency, but with the privilege of breaking it if proved unsuccessful, and in the absence of offspring, without suffering any great degree of public condemnation. Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, a doctor of philosophy, for six years a lecturer on sociology in Barnard College, daughter of a rich banker and wife of a Congressman, proposes this "startling reform" in a book, "The Family," just issued. "Trial marriage" certainly sounds sensational. But as prosaic matter of fact, the commonness, cheapness and respectability of divorce has rendered all marriage "trial marriage." It is

difficult to imagine greater facility in the annulment of marriage than now obtains in most of the States. No "reform" is necessary to bring about precisely the condition, in effect, which Mrs. Parsons proposes. The reform is needed in the other direction. We need to get rid of the feeling that marriage is a mere experiment. Of course, all couples at the time of marriage expect to live happily ever after. Trial marriage could mean nothing to them at that time. People who do not feel, for the time at least, that they can take each other for life need no "trial" to prove they are not fitted. The absence of offspring during "trial" would be a powerful cause of failure in many marriages that might otherwise have been successful. But that would be nothing new. It is the case now and always has been. Until there are children to tie the heartstrings together there is no real trial of marriage. We are too apt to forget that most of the laws which operate toward successful marriage are provided by Nature. Human statutes provide for failure—and, alas! there are too many of them already.

The coroner who investigated the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Woodville, Ind., in which sixty-one lives were lost, made a report in which he fixes the blame in the most positive manner. He finds that the engineer of the first section of the passenger train did not properly give the required signals and note the responses to them. Consequently he is to be held to the grand jury for manslaughter. But beyond that the system by which the road was operated provided no check for any such individual neglect as that of which the engineer was guilty, and consequently part of the blame was placed by the coroner upon the road itself. There was a time when it would have been unreasonable to ask railroads to install elaborate systems for the safeguarding of their trains, because the traffic was too light to justify the financial burden, and so light indeed that the evil was not great. In those days when a wreck of this character occurred all the blame was properly to be attributed to the guilty employe. Now, on many of the roads which do the heaviest business, the burden has shifted so that it is a question whether the employe immediately at fault is more to blame or whether the greatest responsibility falls upon his superiors who left the door open to his carelessness. Before long a time will come when the great weight of the burden will be transferred to the shoulders of the railway administration. If indeed that time has not come already. It is purely a question of danger versus cash. The methods of making such accidents as that at Woodville impossible are well known. Some form of the block system, especially the form which uses the "staff" as an entrance key to each block, would reduce the ordinary employe's fallibility to a minimum. The Woodville accident is simply one more reason—or, better said, it is sixty-one more reasons—why the railroad companies should be required to spend the dollars which will save the lives.

**GOTHAM CITY OF BLONDES.**

Traveling Man Always Knows When He Is Nearing New York.

"I can always tell when I am getting into New York by the way the blondes begin to thicken," said the traveling man. "When I am away out in the country districts visiting the small towns the sight of a real blonde is rare. The hair of the majority of the country maids is dark, though I pass an occasional light-colored or red head on the streets. Their hair is often arranged becomingly, but never with a Marcel wave. Their complexion never has the steamed appearance of the city belle, but are fresh and wholesome.

"But day after day as I get nearer New York the lemon rind blonde begins to crop up. She boards the train bound for New York from the little town where she has probably been visiting relatives and her thoughts probably turn once more to the quick lunch and chewing gum and dignity, or to her place third from the right in the second row of the chorus.

"The dark haired sisters begin to melt away the closer the train gets to the city, so that by the time the outskirts of New York are sighted the dark crop has given away entirely to the peroxide fairy with the rippling Marcel wave and the adjustable waist line. I had heard about blonde being the proper thing in hair, but I thought it was a comic paper joke till I took to the road. One thing certain—New York is the city of blondes."—New York Press.

**Noses Indicate Temper.**

Women who have the long, straight, thin nose, extreme in all its outlines, are usually women of very timid, sweet dispositions.

Women who have little, short, fat noses, are generous, easy tempered and pleasant to live with, but not as a rule handsome.

The sweetest of American types is the nose that is just long enough but the least trifle broad for its length. It is not squat by any means. It suggests good health and good temper. It is the ideal judged from the American man's standpoint. Statistics show that the nice, full, sensible nose gets the husbands.

If the nose is thin and the nostrils fine and narrow it means that the woman has a poor air supply and that she is liable to suffer from lung troubles and all things that have their origin in the heart.—Pittsburg Press.

## GRANDFATHER.

How broad and deep was the fireplace old And the great hearthstone how wide! There was always room for the old man's chair

By the cozy chimney side, And all the children that cared to crowd At his knee in the evening tide.

Room for all of the homeless ones Who had nowhere else to go; They might bask at ease in the grateful warmth

And sun in the cheerful glow, For grandfather's heart was as wide and warm As the old fireplace, I know.

And he always found at his well-spread board Just room for another chair; There was always rest for another head On the pillow of his care; There was always place for another name In his trustful morning prayer.

Oh, crowded you grow with your jostling throngs! How narrow you grow, and small; How cold, like a shadow across the heart, Your selfishness seems to fall.

When I think of that fireplace warm and wide, And the welcome awaiting all,—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**In Upset Land**

I believe that none of you have parents so troublesome as mine. I am sure that it is not my fault, for I do everything in my power to make life easy and comfortable for them. But I don't ask you to take my opinion of them. I'll simply tell you my story, and you may judge for yourselves whether or not I am unjust. I don't intend to exaggerate, only to relate to you the events of an average day, so that you may understand what I have to go through with, about 365 times a year.

Take last Wednesday, for instance. Of course you know that our debating club meets Tuesday nights, and when a fellow has the affirmative of such a question as, "Resolved, That Circuses Ought to Be Furnished Free of Charge

to the Citizens and Paid for by the Government." It is something of a strain on the mind to make a good argument. Consequently I was late to breakfast next morning. Now, I don't say it is right to be late to breakfast as a regular thing, but I do say that there should be such a thing as justifiable tardiness, and that my case came under that head.

Well, what was the result? First, there was mother. She was crying bitterly when I came down.

"I do think," she said, between her sobs, "that you might have some consideration for your parents, Alphonso. Here it is half-past 10 o'clock and the parlor has to be dusted, the dishes to be washed, the baking to be done, and I don't know what!"

Then my father began. "And here I've been waiting an hour for you to say good-bye to me," he complained. "You know perfectly well that I ought to be at the office earlier than this!"

"I know it, father, dear," I replied soothingly. "But you needn't have waited for me."

"But I can't find any of my papers," he said in a most irritating whine. "Where did you leave them?" I asked calmly.

"I'm sure I don't remember," he said despairingly.

"If you would only be systematic—" I suggested as delicately as I could, but he interrupted me.

"There you go again!" he said, anything but politely, I must confess. "You are always telling me to be systematic and orderly, until I just hate the sound of those horrid words!"

"I did not! And you know I didn't. And you're telling a horrid—"

"Here I felt that I must interfere. 'Parents!' I said, firmly, 'no more of this disgraceful talk! Father, I'm ashamed of you! The idea of speaking so to your own wife. Mother, you should know better than to answer him when he says such things!'"

I finally bade him good-bye, called him back to get his papers, which he was leaving at home, and at last saw him off.

"Now," said my mother. "I hope we shall have a little rest! Men are so fussy about the house!"

"I think that is hardly a proper way to speak," I objected. "Don't say things that you might be sorry for. Suppose anything should happen to papa, how you would regret your careless, heartless words!"

"I didn't mean any harm," said my mother, beginning to whimper again.

"There, don't cry," I said, hastily. "You are so sensitive; the least thing sets you to fretting. Dry your eyes, and set about the housework!"

She took up the duster and went to work reluctantly enough. But as she went on she became interested and soon I heard her humming a little tune to herself as she went about the parlor polishing the what-nots and making all the little bric-a-brac as neat as pins.

"Now, I'll just get away to school before there's another trouble," I remarked, and I left the house comparatively cheerful, though a little vexed at the thoughtlessness of my parents. When I came home to luncheon, I found that the table was not even set.

"How is this, mother?" I asked. I was disturbed, but I resolved not to blame her unless she were really at fault.

"The cook has gone away," she replied, sitting with her apron to her eyes. "I had found my mother in the kitchen."

"Indeed!" I remarked. "Why was that?"

"It's her day out," said my mother disconsolately.

"Oh, is that all?" I exclaimed, much relieved. "I was afraid it was something serious."

"Is that all?" repeated my mother. "Yes; that's all. And it's enough, too!"

"It isn't polite to repeat my words over in that way," I reminded her, "but as I see you are not in a very

good temper I won't say anything more about that now. Can't you let me have some luncheon?"

"There isn't a thing in the house," she replied helplessly.

"Not a thing in the house!" I repeated in surprise.

"There!" my mother retorted, "who's repeating things now? You just said it wasn't polite!"

ingly, Johnny Quinn lets his father sit up until 11 o'clock."

"Indeed!" I said. "And would you like to look like Mr. Quinn?"

"What's the matter with Mr. Quinn?" asked my father, sulkily.

"Come, you must not use slang," I said. "You know very well that Mr. Quinn is thin and pale and anything but strong, while you are rosy and bright and ready for your work."

"But it's all work, and 'all work and no recreation' makes Jack's father a dull man—you know the proverb," said my father in a whining tone.

"Nonsense!" I answered, laughing. "Remember the other proverb: 'Early to bed now like a good business man father win the prize.' Come, father, go to bed now like a good business man and let me hear no more of these foolish Quinns. I do the best I can for mother and for you, and you must try to do me credit."

They seemed sorry for their ill-humor during the day and kissed me good-night affectionately.

After I had finished my problems I made up my mind to write out this account of my day's experience, so that other parents may see how much trouble they may thoughtlessly cause their children. I could not help thinking as I shut up the house and went to bed myself what a queer world it would be if children should act toward their parents with as little consideration as my parents show toward me.—Chicago Daily News.

**RIGHT KIND OF EXERCISE.**

Some Practical Advice that Everyone Should Have.

The kind of exercise that hits the mark is the kind a man likes for his own sake; and the kind a man likes for his own sake has something of the play spirit in it—the life and go of a good game. The good a man gets out of a good horseback ride in the park is something more than what comes simply from the activity of his muscular system or from the effect of the constant jolting upon the digestive organs. There is the stimulus to the whole system which comes from his filling his lungs with fresh, out-of-door air. There is the exhilaration of sunshine and blue sky and of the wind on the skin. There is the excitement of controlling a restive animal. All this makes the phenomenon a complex one—something much larger than the mere term exercise would imply. A man could sit on a mechanical horse in a gymnasium and be jolted all day without getting any of these larger effects.

The best forms of exercise will call the big muscles of the body into play—the muscles that do the work. This gives bulk effects. It reaches the whole system. Playing scales on the piano, though exhausting to oneself and others, does not belong to this class.

Exercise should not be too severe. Many ambitious people injure themselves through trying to accomplish too much along this line. Where the mind is already tired the body can only lose by a few moments of violent exertion. Exercise breaks down tissue, exhausts nerve energy. If any good is to be gained from it this body waste must be repaired. But when the system is already exhausted, it cannot afford an additional expenditure. A city man with a conscience is in danger of making too hard work of his exercise when he takes it at all.—World's Work.

**Seven Billions in Crops.**

For years the agricultural production of the United States has been steadily increasing and during the last three or four years this increase has been by leaps and bounds. Last year it was announced that our farms had yielded the almost unthinkable value of \$4,915,000,000 as compared with \$4,900,000,000 for 1904 and \$4,480,000,000 for 1903.

This enormous production has called forth many pessimistic statements. We have been repeatedly told that such a pace could not long be maintained; that diminished yields and agricultural depression must soon come. But the end is not yet.

Farm production was thought to have reached its highest point in 1905, but this year has far eclipsed all others and rolled up a total which now promises to reach the stupendous sum of \$7,000,000,000.—Farming.

**Misunderstood.**

He was in his first week at college, and when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain pen, he felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that in spite of his youth he was no high-school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper he wrote on it with many flourishes, in a large, bold hand, "Alma Mater, Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The clerk watched him with a smiler, and at last she spoke.

"Why don't you let her try it herself," she suggested, "and then if it doesn't suit, of course we'll change it?"

**The Sultan's Heir.**

Mehmed Rehad Effendi, the heir presumptive to the Turkish throne, awaits as a prisoner his turn to reign. The death of Adhbi Hamid would draw him from a jail to assume supreme power. For many years he has been shut up in his harem; he has seen no one but his wives, his slaves and his jailers. He has had no conversation, he has read nothing, books and company being interdicted. One of these days he may be Sultan; now he is in the depths of a tomb.—Figaro.

## OUR CLOTHES ARE MERCIFUL.

**They Hide Our Ugliness and Physical Shortcomings.**

Now, what's the consequence of the present universal lack of exercise? Mind you, I am not suggesting that somebody get up an actual Un-beauty show, but surely Mr. Comstock will not object if in our mind's eye we imagine all the men we know standing on pedestals and posing as the Apollo Belvidere, and all the women we know as the Venus de Medici. I think it would be right funny. Such wizened skinniness! Such shapeless bagginess!

"Oh, but," you protest, "we can't all be Apollos, and Venuses."

We aren't, if that's what you mean, but I'm not so sure that we couldn't be if we had been treated right.

Why aren't we all handsome, then? The main reason is that not one mother in a thousand knows her trade. An old Irishwoman, who raised five fine, big, strapping, honest sons, said to me one day:

"The Lord forgive me for speakin' disrespectful of Him, but I declare to you I donno what He's thinkin' of when he gives some women childer."

And that's about so. The doctors tell us that 90 per cent of our troubles we may blame our mothers for. And yet they're not so much to blame, either. The only way they had of getting a living was catching a husband. Once caught they had him for life. The catching was the main thing.

Ignorant they may be of their trade as mothers, and some say they are ignorant of their trade as wives, but nobody will accuse the women of being ignorant of the art and craft of catching husbands.

The start a wise mother can give is a lot, but it isn't everything. We are too busy to be good looking. It just about takes our time scuffling around for food and clothing and shelter.—Woman's Home Companion.

**CONVINCING THE ARABS.**

It is hard to make a nomadic Arab believe that a white man can by any possibility know anything about the desert—especially so to persuade him that the lines and letters on the traveler's map convey any accurate information which will guide him on his way. Interpretation of these mystic symbols, says the biographer of Henry Clay Trumbull, gained that famous mission worker something of the reputation of a magician when he went to find Kadesh-Barnes, the place where the people of Israel rebelled against Moses.

'Ayn Qadees was the modern name of the place he sought. When he asked his Arabs if they could lead him thither, they steadfastly maintained that they had never heard of it.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Trumbull, knowing what pride the Bedouin has in his knowledge of the desert, "the trouble is you don't know your own country as well as I know it. We ought to change places. You give me bakshish and I will show you the country."

"To-morrow morning we will go to 'Ayn Muwayleh. We will go past that. Then we will turn off from the track to the right. We will go down that way about one hour. There we will find one, two, three wells. Beyond them will be flags and rushes growing. Then a little farther on we shall find more wells. That is Qadees. You don't know it, but I do. Give me bakshish and I'll show it to you."

There was consternation among the Arabs. They discussed the matter excitedly. Then their spokesman came. "Mr. Trombool," he said, "I tell you now the true, honor bright. They tell me true now on the Koran. They know that place you tell them, but they no call it that name. They no call that Qadees. They call it Qasaymeh."

It flashed across Mr. Trumbull's mind that Bartlett, who had preceded him and whose map he was following, had been deceived by the Arabs.

"Very well," he said. "But do they know where Qadees is if this is not it?"

The spokesman knew—yes, indeed. What is more, he knew there was no use wasting time trying to fool a man who could describe the desert paths as this one could; so forthwith they turned from the main road, and over a most difficult trail made their way to a place which it was evident at a glance, was what Mr. Trumbull sought, the place of the Fountain of Judgment.

**Dick Wins.**

Two brothers, aged 9 and 10, respectively, pupils in a public school of Washington, were recently absent for a period of two weeks. When the elder of the boys returned to his class he brought a note from his father stating that the cause of the absence of his children was illness.

"Where's your brother, Dick?" asked the teacher. "Is he still sick?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the pupil, "he's still in bed with a broken arm."

"I'm sorry to hear it. How did it happen?"

"Well, it was this way, ma'am. You see, Dick and I were trying to see which could lean out of the second-story window the furthest, and Dick won."—Evening Wisconsin.

**Mean Fellow.**

"Of course, John," said his wife, "I'm obliged to you for this money, but it isn't enough to buy a real fur coat that—"

"Well," interrupted the brutal husband, "you'll have to make it go as far as you can."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

An author's brightness isn't always due to the burning of midnight oil.