

ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

Uneasy lies the head that runs a trust.

Somebody with a memory has wittily dubbed the new bottled spelling "joshbillingsgate."

What a man would call "enthusiasm" as applied to himself he dubs "gush" in others.

It's an easy matter to size up a man if his dog crawls under the house every time he sees him approaching.

In the case of that Philadelphia bank, too, the bank examiner found a rotten state of affairs—after it was all over.

The importance of the saying that "murder will out" is largely compromised by the probability that the murderer will get out.

A boy of 17 was married the other day to a girl of 16, with the consent of her guardian. The guardian ought to have a guardian.

In the latest French duel one of the antagonists missed and the other wouldn't shoot. They can do that well on almost any vaudeville stage.

A New York millionaire recently asked his typewriter to marry him and was refused. Perhaps she thought it would be easier to run his office than to try to keep a cook.

Philadelphia has a social organization which is trying to make it appear that a woman is a girl until she is 40. Julia Ward Howe is probably ready to admit that a woman of 40 is a mere child.

Canada is a good neighbor and a good customer. Sixty-one per cent of all the purchases which Canada made last year from other countries were from this nation, and they amounted to nearly two hundred million dollars.

A Philadelphia manicurist is to become the wife of a millionaire brewer. She says their romance began when they first held hands. It isn't always necessary, however, for a lady to be a manicurist in order to start a romance by holding hands.

A Georgia judge has decided that it is every man's duty to kiss his wife at least once a day, the best time being when he gets home at night. There are some mean men, though, who will prefer to do it the first thing in the morning, so as to have it over with.

John D. Rockefeller gave orders to bore for water under his big office building in Cleveland in the expectation of saving a few dollars on water rents. Instead of water he struck gas and oil. Is John D. a sort of modern Midas, that he cannot bore a hole in the ground anywhere without striking oil?

A youth who thought it was fun to alarm his companions swam round the boat in which they were fishing and sank under water several times, pretending that he was drowning. At last he went down with a shout for help, and no attention was paid to him. This time he did not reappear on the surface, and searchers were unable to find his body. This is the old story of the boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" so often that when a wolf finally did attack him, he was left to his fate.

While it is true that our public lands have been recklessly wasted and that the area and productiveness of our wheat lands have been greatly reduced, we do not think the situation at all alarming. The public lands granted to railroads and sold to grazers and ranchmen have not been split up. They are all here, as fertile as nature made them, and before many years they will all be owned, occupied and cultivated by private owners. As for lands whose productivity has diminished through unscientific farming, they can easily be brought up again by proper fertilizing. The so-called "worn-out" lands for wheat purposes are not dead; they are only overworked and tired.

When does a girl become an old maid? This question, blunt and shorn of delicate intendo, is now figuring in the discussion of Philadelphia society. One might say that a girl becomes an old maid when she fails to marry betimes, but that is not the point. What is the exact year that ushers in splinterhood and closes forever the gates of youth? Of course this is not a matter in which man has any word to say. No rational wearer of trousers would tempt fate and the scorn of femininity by attempting a suggestion, for any arbitrary dead line would necessarily bring down upon the luckless masculine head a storm of reprobation. It has been left to the women themselves to brave the peril. And they have placed the age at 40 years. Under this ruling a woman is a tender bud until two score years have counted their gloomy litany of days and the hair near the scalp begins to whiten.

It is not often that one man cares so much for another as to desire to end his own life when his friend is taken away. The account of such a case, which was printed a few days ago, only emphasizes the rarity of such attach-

ments. For the love of women there has been no limit to which men have not gone. Murder and suicide, home-breaking and life-wrecking, and every single act in the long catalogue of crime have attended the relationships which man's love for woman has produced. But in actual experience men seldom love one another devotedly. There are stories which have come down from remote ages telling of the devotion of Jonathan to David or of the sweet and lasting friendship of Damon for Pythias, but, even when used as examples worthy of emulation, these tales have had little influence in bringing men of to-day into relationships of special or unusual personal closeness. The days of chivalry were often marked by the devotion of one to the interest of another, a devotion in which intense admiration and willingness to serve came pretty close to worship, but as the romance of such an era faded away in the advent of the stern and practical life of a commercial age, and the notions of personal independence came into violent conflict with the idea of service under a feudal lord, the finer sense of real admiration disappeared, lest such a feeling should be counted a sign of dependence and inferiority. In the same way, in American political life, it has been no uncommon thing to see men so devoted to the interests of a party leader as to be willing to make sacrifice of all sorts in order to have that leader win—time, money, strength, and enthusiasm being given without stint. Clay, or Blaine, or Jackson could count many such admirers, but such interest in a leader rarely approximates real love. Men trust their fellows in business. They have every confidence in them when matters of moment are to be considered in secret or when financial interests are involved. They enjoy their companionship in clubroom or lodge, or on outings for health or pleasure. They will use all honorable efforts for promoting the welfare of one another. They will risk life to save another from danger or death, but when it comes to the deeper feeling it is surprising how few the cases have been where one man has cared much for the affectionate regard of another. The exception is the more noteworthy because of the ordinary rule of life.

Every fresh collapse of a plantation company, every new scheme for fleecing ill-advised poor folks out of their little savings by rosy promises of wealth that they cannot possibly gain, every shakedown in Wall street, and, indeed, every collapse of a savings bank in which small depositors have placed their money gives new impetus to the demand that safe opportunities for safe investments be in some way provided those citizens who do not know how rightly to safeguard themselves. The movement for the postal savings bank is one result of this demand. The movement for publicity in corporation affairs is another. The movements for municipal and government ownership of public utilities also gather a certain amount of strength from this quarter. In general the need for safe investment of small savings seems bound to play a prominent place among the factors which will determine our future industrial tendencies. In England the government has undertaken to make investment in certain safe securities easy to all citizens, and, strangely enough, the extent of the facilities it offers are very little known outside the ranks of those who utilize them. It is through the postoffice that these investments are made; the formalities are no greater than in the purchase of an ordinary money order, and the government charges for its service as a broker an exceedingly moderate fee. Four stocks may be bought in this way—namely, consols, 2½ per cent annuities, 2½ per cent annuities and local loans. Not more than \$1,000 may be invested in this way in a single year, nor more than \$2,500 altogether by any one person. But from these limits at the top to a 25-cent limit at the bottom the investor has free scope. If only a shilling or two is to be invested the depositor receives a document called an "investment certificate." When he has invested £100 he can get a certificate to bearer with coupons attached. So long as he has less invested than the lowest denomination of the securities issued he is dependent on a transfer of his account on the books of the postoffice for purchase and sale. As he gets more money invested he can take his securities himself in the ordinary way. By this device, however small a sum the investor may have, he can place it in the safe investments mentioned at current prices and sell out whenever he wishes at prices current at the time of sale. The government no doubt established this system mainly to widen the market for its own securities, but the advantages are manifest, and the system may well be capable of future elaboration.

Old Graveyard Inscriptions.
At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed auctioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill Cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Balls of All Seasons.
Thou hast all seasons for taine own, O ball. In the autumn we have football, in the winter the social ball, in the spring baseball, and in the summer the moth ball.—Four-Track News.
Every mother pats herself on the back when her daughter marries the man she selected.

SEVENTH YEAR OF FAT FOR KANSAS.



Topeka.—"This is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, years in Kansas' history," said Secretary Coburn, the famous score keeper for the State's prosperity, to a Topeka correspondent the other day. "The farmers are getting the best of it. No mortals on earth anywhere are so well prepared for happiness."

He had just completed his estimate of practically 100,000,000 bushels of high grade wheat as the crop of the State this year. And this great crop—the greatest raised by any State in the nation—comes not after famine, but as the climax of seven prosperous years in which debts have been paid, mortgages canceled, improvements of every sort added.

They are saving their wheat money. Much of it is going into banks. The State has a bank to every 1,834 people, more than any other State. Hundreds of them have farmers for shareholders chiefly. Their only difficulty is to find places to loan the deposits.

One country bank with \$10,000 capital recently had \$100,000 deposits, and three-fourths of this in cash, because no one in the neighborhood wanted to borrow it. It was in the heart of the wheat belt where 20 new banks have been chartered in the past 90 days.

But they are getting good things out of life, too. Why not with \$60,000,000 in cash for a single crop?

Ten years ago a house furnace was rare in Kansas. Now the hardware and plumbing wagons are scattered through the country setting up furnaces in farmers' houses. Same way with bath tubs, same way with telephones, rubber-tired buggies, pianos (not organs as of old), and all the multitude of things that go to make up prosperity.

In one little town 300 phonographs have been sold in the past year, at \$20 to \$50 each. In that county are 2,000 farmers' telephones—two of the 25 rural mail carriers make their trips daily in automobiles. Every farm has daily mail; covered wagons take children to union schools.

Wheat money is "velvet" more than any other the Kansas farmer receives. Only 1,650,000 people live in Kansas—though more are coming rapidly because of the promise of competency. This is about the same as Philadelphia has. They have put \$120,000,000 in the banks and are adding to the amount regularly. Think what it means to dump \$20,000,000 in cash into the State from one crop alone.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Prepared either to conquer or to die for the sake of his country," is the translation of the inscription upon the medal which Congress ordered struck as a commemoration of the bravery of Commodore Lewis Warrington.



Upon the 29th of April, 1814, during the course of the second naval war with England, the British brig Eperleur was engaged in battle with the American ship Peacock, of which Commodore Warrington was then in command. At the very beginning of the conflict, the foreyard of the Peacock was totally disabled. Nevertheless, within a space of forty-two minutes after the engagement had begun, the Peacock was the victor and the Eperleur almost totally disabled. The forces had been nearly equal; if anything, the British had enjoyed a slight advantage. Therefore, the masterly conduct of the battle had been entirely due to the magnificent courage and laudable skill of Commodore Warrington.

No higher tribute could have been paid to the patriotism of Warrington than the inscription upon the medal, for it was a recognition not only of ability, but even more of a nobility of character than is the basis of real greatness.

Surely no higher compliment can be given to a man than that his country should say of him that he was "prepared either to conquer or to die" for her sake.

Quite Regular.
"The last time I saw Gayley he wasn't very—er—regular in his habits."
"Oh, he's very regular now."
"Well, well, I didn't think he'd ever reform."
"He hasn't. His habits are all bad now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A woman's idea of something particularly good to eat is any old thing served on a tray.

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