

# ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

Raise a big family and uphold t. President's hands.

There are two sides to every question. Your side and the wrong side.

Numerous financial rubbernecks are making anxious inquiries as to this proposed elastic currency.

It is extremely doubtful whether Count Boni would prove a success as a head waiter if the job calls for any head work.

The London writers have started a movement to put a stop to the practice of tipping. The fear of dying rich must be spreading rapidly.

Spain is building a new navy. As Spain has no more colonies on her hands the chances are that the new navy will prove a durable one.

Mr. Eckels has hit the nail fairly on the head. What we all need is a "responsive currency," one that will come when we whistle or call it by name.

A Connecticut judge has decided that a turtle is not an animal. The Treasury Department would probably rule, for purposes of duty, that it is canned salmon.

The scramble among Oklahoma towns to become county seats promises to equal the mad rush for claims when the territory was thrown open to settlement.

A woman's magazine asks: "What implement can equal a hairpin in the deft hands of woman?" Well, in some cases a hairpin in the deft hands of another woman.

"There are some things," notes the Richmond Times-Democrat, "that you can't say even to a Pittsburgher." For instance, you can't ask him to be proud of his idle millionaires.

An English astronomer, after years of careful work, ventures the opinion that there are 64,184,757 stars. Some people are sure they saw more than that the first time they put on roller skates.

Andrew Carnegie wishes to have it understood that Skibo, the name of his place in Scotland, is pronounced Skeebow. If Andrew doesn't watch out now irrevocable people may get to calling it Skidoo.

At Dresden, Germany, a public bathing house for dogs has been opened. If Dresden is one of the places where dogs are utilized in the sausage business, it is no more than right that they should be kept as clean as possible.

The number of women who kill men unfortunate enough to have incurred their displeasure and then invoke the unwritten law is getting uncomfortably large. Perhaps there may yet be necessity for going to the extreme of seeing if the other kind of law doesn't fit.

In view of the trouble in Europe the people of this country may well congratulate themselves that the fathers settled the relations of church and state at the very beginning of our existence as a nation, and settled it for all time, for no one wishes to interfere with the conclusion reached.

Happily the horse has a faculty for upsetting the gloomy predictions that he is fated to be put out of business by the automobile. The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in a similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of some classes of them is inadequate. The prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch, but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse, as there will always be a field for the automobile.

Reports from places which used voting machines in the recent State elections show the superiority of the machine over the lead-pencil-and-ballot method. In no place where the machines were used were returns later than one-half hour after the closing of the polls. In most places where the old-fashioned way of voting prevailed there was seldom a complete and accurate return within twenty-four hours. Machines are now in use in more than 600 cities, towns and villages in the United States. Buffalo, Syracuse, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Omaha are among the larger cities where they have been adopted.

It is not sufficiently recognized that agriculture is a scientific pursuit and that in order to get the very best returns out of it a man could to advantage utilize a special scientific education as truly as does the doctor or lawyer or the engineer. It is not merely because of the increased material return that such education for the farmer is of value. The intellectual and moral dividends would be means of such training be equally increased. It is a great loss in human power and happiness that thousands of men engaged in one of the most scientific of pursuits should go about it without get-

ting the same moral and intellectual satisfaction that comes to men in other callings in which the professional element has been more consciously recognized.

Herculaneum, the rich and splendid city that was buried, along with Pompeii and Stabia, by the eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, is to be dug from the mass of tufa which covered it, and its buildings are to be disclosed to view. Professor Waldstein of Cambridge University has induced the Italian government to consent to the work, on condition that it be officially directed by Italians, and that the assistance of foreigners, financially and otherwise, shall be unofficial. Should the enterprise be carried out, we shall soon have much light thrown on the manner of life of the Romans of the first century. Herculaneum, far more than Pompeii, was the residence of wealthy and cultivated citizens. Their houses were filled with artistic objects and their libraries contained the best literature of the period. In a partial excavation nearly two thousand manuscript rolls were found in one house. Pompeii was covered with small stones and soft ashes from the volcano. Herculaneum was buried beneath a torrent of mud to the depth of from thirty to a hundred and twenty feet. On top of it two large modern villages have been built. General excavation has not been undertaken, lest the stability of the villages should be threatened. Plans now making provide for tearing down these villages, so far as necessary, to get at the city beneath. In the comparatively near future we may expect to hear reports of the uncovering of fine bronze and marble statuary, of beautiful mansions, of libraries filled with ancient books, some of them for centuries known by tradition only. In short, it will be as if we were taken back more than eighteen hundred years, and were able to look upon the city as its inhabitants suddenly left it when Vesuvius poured forth the flood of mud, molten rock and scalding water upon the towns of its seaward slope.

The present period is distinguished for two things—prosperity and discontent. Despite many glaring inequalities or inequities in the distribution of its results, great prosperity has prevailed in the United States for eight or nine years, and there are no visible signs of its interruption. Yet it is a matter of common remark that only in a few trying times of great industrial depression, when millions of working people were deprived of opportunities to earn a living, has there been so much discontent as is seen and heard and felt in these times of amazing prosperity. Never before were attacks on the great trusts made with such determination and effect. Never before were the people so united and so zealous in warfare upon political graft in all sections. The discontent of the period is not mere grumbling. It is enlightened desire for better conditions. Such discontent is the parent of all progress. If the American people were more content with a full stomach they would be less energetic and progressive. To an individual, a tribe, or a people who are contented, who have all their desire, progress is impossible. But for those whose ideals are higher than any present attainment, the longing for better things, who have shown up here and there in all the ages and who have become more numerous and more insistent as one after another their aims and longings have been gratified, the progress of the human family would never have advanced beyond naked barbarism. We are a discontented people—there's no denying it, and no reason for trying to deny it. Because we are discontented we hustle and "get there." The discontent is not at all due to the prosperity, but the prosperity is very largely due to the discontent. We have not reached perfection yet, and the fact that we know it and kick about it is the best possible assurance that affairs will steadily grow better.

### Historic Ship House Sold.

The historic ship house and a part of the Johnson homestead on Germantown avenue north of Washington lane have been sold to James J. Allen, a builder. Workmen will start to raze the once famous hostelry, which has stood for more than a century. Mr. Allen will preserve the old stone carving of a ship which was built in the gable end of the house and gave the place its name. This will be presented to one of the historical societies.

These properties bear marks of bullets fired during the revolutionary war, the battle of Germantown having been fought there. The Johnson homestead has been in the family possession since the time of William Penn, from whom they hold the original grant. The ship house has seen many changes of ownership. One of the earliest owners was Captain Darlen, an old skipper, who placed the carving of the ship in position. When Captain Darlen died the heirs sold the place to Jacob Peters, who conducted a line of stage coaches and made this a stopping place. When Peters died the place was sold to Jas. Ford, who opened a private school there. He died and the heirs contemplated selling it for use as an insane asylum. The Bockius family owned the adjoining property and objected, so were compelled to buy the place. It was again turned into a hotel and remained so until the elder Bockius was killed by a horse about sixty years ago. Mr. Allen will build sixty-eight houses on the site.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not even a professor of mathematics is competent to solve the woman problem.



Burglar—Have I gotten everything? Dimpleton—Do you expect me to tell that? Burglar—I think you ought, as a matter of honor.—Judge.

Castleton—About how much does it cost to run a steam yacht? Highblower—If it makes any difference to you, you can't afford it.—Judge.

Her Father—What are you and young Shortleigh going to live on in case you marry? His Daughter—Well, if you must know, papa, look in the mirror.—Tit-Bits.

"Do you believe in marrying for love alone?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the bright little lady who had just returned from South Dakota; "I always do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I believe old Grabbittson would give his soul for money." "Yes, and he'd probably get more than it was worth, no matter how small the amount happened to be."—Chicago Record Herald.

Old Boozer—No, passon; I tell 'e I never could swaller that yarn about Samson and them 'ere Philistines. Parson—Really? Well, it's about the only thing you couldn't swallow.—Scraps.

"Bobbie, I hope you didn't tell your mother that you saw me kissing sister last night." "Nope, I didn't have to. Sis waked us all up at midnight when you went home and told it herself."—Minneapolis Journal.

"Do you approve of spelling reform?" "Yes," answered the adaptable citizen. "The only objection is that it consumes more time remembering to spell the new way than it does to put in the extra letters."—Washington Star.

She—I can't bear actors; they're so conceited! He—But I'm an actor, and you don't think I'm conceited, do you? She (seeking to recover herself)—Oh, of course not! I mean the big ones; the little ones don't count.—Sacred Heart Review.

He—I don't like your friend, Miss Knox. She told an acquaintance of mine that I was a perfect idiot. She—Oh, I'm sure she didn't mean it. She knows as well as anyone else that no human being is absolutely perfect.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Wigg—The last I saw of you Young-pop was talking you to death about his baby. How did you get rid of him? Wagg—Oh, some fellow came along who had just bought an automobile, so I introduced them and made my escape.—Philadelphia Record.

Small Girl (with smaller brother)—How much is it to Shepherd's Bush? Box Office Clerk—Tuppence. I've told you that five times already. Small Girl—Yes, I know; but little Willy likes to see you come to the window; it reminds him of the zoo.—Sketch.

Tom—Well, darling, I have seen your father and he has given his consent. Grace—He approves of love in a cottage, then? "No, but he says that a girl who spends as much time golfing and motoring as you do really has not much need of a home."—Sketch.

"Where was he struck by the automobile?" asked the coroner. "At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," answered the surgeon. "Will you please point that out on the map?" asked the coroner, indicating a spot that hung on the wall.—Chicago Tribune.

"Mr. Merchant," said the new clerk, preparing to ask for more pay, "I think I understand the business pretty well now, and—" "Yes?" interrupted his employer. "Well, keep at it four or five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now."—Philadelphia Press.

In a trolley accident in New England an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked if he intended to sue the company for damages. "Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his bandages. "Sure, I have them already. I'd like to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av ye'll take the case."—Youth's Companion.

### Something of a Psychologist.

When Jenkins received an autograph copy of his friend Clement's latest book on the "Genetic Theory of Knowledge," he immediately sat down and acknowledged the gift, saying that he "anticipated great pleasure in its perusal."

"Why didn't you read it first?" asked his wife. "Then you could have said something much nicer than that." "Ethel," said Jenkins, as he gave Clement's book a conspicuous place on the library table, "I have a feeling that this is one of the times when my forethought would be better than my hind-thought."

A Similar Misfortune. "Why is that bridge considered unsafe?" "For the same reason that the English parliament is not thought to be giving popular legislation proper support."

"What reason is that?" "The general weakness of its peers."—Baltimore American.

Bare-Headed Children in Rain. In Germany during May hundreds of children run about the streets without hats on when it rains, as it is generally believed that May rain is most healthy and that when it falls on their bare heads the children will grow quicker and gain in strength.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, and too much often unfits a man for making an honest living.

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