

# ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

It is much easier to spend than it is to save.

Even an optimist is apt to backslide when he has a boll on the back of his neck.

The Pulajanes have been "almost subjugated." Evidently a few of them are still alive.

There recently died in Germany a man who knew fifty-two languages. He probably couldn't outtalk his wife, at that.

The sugar trust has paid its fines of \$168,000. For a while now its disposition will be sadly in need of sweetening.

In giving the President the Noble peace prize, credit must be allowed the donors for slipping it in while there still was peace.

According to a London physician, music will cure alcoholism. Fling it to the tune of \$50 and costs has been known to help some.

That woman who says she will have to go and find the North Pole talks as if she thought it had been left in the back yard somewhere.

A forty-six-story building is being erected in New York. The people who have offices on the top floor will have to be good to the elevator man.

Land frauds have been discovered in Western Kansas. There was a time when a man would have been sent to the insane asylum for stealing Kansas land.

Attempts by modern writers to cheapen and belittle Shakespeare have but one effect, and that is to cheapen the world's opinion of the modern writers.

An Alabama bank teller who skipped out with \$100,000 has been declared insane. When it was found that he could have taken twice that sum, no further evidence was needed.

Many a man, it may as well be confessed, has achieved a fair degree of success in life by the simple process of being born into a rich family, inheriting a fortune, and holding on to it.

Even President Roosevelt has his limitations. He can settle fights between nations and do other things that are worth talking about, but he can't make Congress spell according to Andrew Carnegie.

Japan has quit buying British locomotives and is now making her purchases from Germany and the United States. Some of the joints in the Anglo-Japanese alliance are likely to be severely strained now.

"There are," says the Indianapolis Star, "thousands of happy homes for which the trial marriage possesses no charm. Turn the husband and wife loose, and they would marry twice as quick as before." Still it would perhaps be best not to take any needless risk by turning them loose while groceries are high.

Every small boy in the country has built a "scooter" by nailing an upright stick to a barrel stave, and then used it for coasting. As a young lady who used to ride on one remarked, "They go like a whiz-button." An enterprising manufacturer has put on the market an elaborate scooter which he calls a "snow-bike," but it is not likely that it will go any faster than the home-made article.

After all is said it must be conceded that the apparent disregard for human life in the United States is largely a tribute to progress and to the industries that constitute prosperity. Even fatal railroad accidents, the largest item in the list, can not be wholly eliminated, though they can and ought to be greatly reduced in number. But railroad accidents are only one item in the list of annual fatalities. There are fatal accidents in mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture. They all claim their victims as a sort of tribute to progress, though a very costly one. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the five great industries of railroading, mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture no less than 530,165 persons are annually killed or injured in the United States. This is at the rate of over one a minute, and it includes only a few of the largest industries.

A characteristic piece of evidence which goes to sustain the contention that the average American, at least, is on honorable and upright man comes from San Francisco. The railroads, appreciating the dire distress of the people in the city following the dreadful earthquake, sold tickets to points outside of San Francisco to all who asked, simply requiring those who had no money to give the ticket agent some sort of acknowledgment that the ticket had been furnished and containing a promise to pay for the same just as soon as holder's financial condition would permit. More than \$60,000 worth of this kind of transportation was furnished by the railroads, and over \$33,000 worth of scrip containing the prom-

ises to pay has been redeemed. We read a great deal these days about the unfeeling robbery of "widows and orphans" by the big corporations; we read of railroads grabbed and unwaranted advances in the necessities of life, but of the plain, everyday, good old American citizen, who sees his name in print perhaps half a dozen times in his life, and then in nonpareil type, we hear very little. And yet he is the finest product of this great republic.

A retired field officer has expressed his belief that four-fifths of the field officers of the line would retire to-day if they could "because of the unrest and unhappiness in the army." Such general unhappiness and unrest would seem to argue a variety of causes; no special reason can be given why the life of the officer in the army has lost its attractiveness to so great a majority of those who lead it. In a time of peace, with not a speck of war cloud anywhere in sight, when promotions are slow and advancement is apparently hopeless; in a time of great commercial prosperity when fortunes seem to be easily made and when millionaires are as abundant as the well to do men of a few years ago, it is perhaps not surprising that the officer on small pay is dissatisfied with his lot and believes that all he needs is the opportunity to jump into a fortune. It is true also that an officer with social qualities has many friends among the civilians who are ready to assist him in any business longings and to encourage him to change his life. More than this, there are not a few men in the army whose training and qualifications attract the attention of corporations and business men, and whose services are eagerly snapped up whenever an opportunity to profit by this training presents itself. Such men seem, therefore, to have an incentive to leave the army. On the other hand, there are those who should wisely let well enough alone. If there are hundreds or thousands of millionaires and men who are apparently on the safe road to wealth, there are also thousands of those who have fallen miserably by the wayside. Though a man may serve faithfully and creditably in the army, it does not follow that he may leave at any time and acquire millions. Indeed, the converse of the proposition is more likely to be the truer. The army has its advantages even in time of peace. The living is assured and the pay is regular. Further than this, the officer who conforms to regulations knows that he has no worry for the future, and that his reasonably grateful country will support him though he lives many years after the period of retirement. If his pay is not large it is at least adequate for his support, and an officer of the army, who is also a gentleman, has a dignified standing in society that is not without its compensatory value. Doubtless the wave of commercial prosperity and the continued assertion of so many "business chances" have not a little to do with such unrest and unhappiness as have been specified. But it is probable that the retired officer quoted has overstated his case and that no such general dissatisfaction prevails. Uncle Sam is not a grinding taskmaster, and his servants are always sure of their money.

Treats Them as Children.

A New York police justice has discovered a sure method of dealing with big schoolboys and young college fellows who create trouble in public places and then plead "fun" and the baby act when apprehended. He takes them at their word and treats them as babies.

A lot of young fellows attending the City College engaged in a series of annoying stunts on a subway platform. When arrested they took the usual stand of youthful innocence, with the usual youthful plea.

"All right," said Justice Olmsted. "If you are young children who know no better I will treat you as such. You are remanded in care of the Children's Society."

There was some lively kicking from the husky young fellows, but an officer took them to the rooms of the society, where for several days they were penned in with real children and fed on childish diet. When again brought into court they were fined \$3 each. At the college they are now known as "the baby squad."—Cleveland Leader.

The Family Honor.

"Bobby," asked the teacher of the class in arithmetic, addressing the question to one of the younger pupils, "how many pints are there in a gallon?" "I've forgot it again, ma'am," said Bobby, who found it hard to commit to memory the tables of weights and measures.

Thinking that perhaps by turning from the abstract to the concrete she might succeed better in stimulating his power of recollection, the teacher tried another trick.

"Bobby," she said, "your father is a milkman, isn't he?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, now, think as hard as you can. He sometimes sells a gallon can full of milk, doesn't he? Just so. Well, when he does, how many pints of milk are there in that gallon can?" "It's all milk, ma'am," indignantly exclaimed Bobby.

Making Butter in Armenia.

Butter in Armenia is made in churns suspended by ropes from the rafters and shaken from side to side by the women.

When a man is particularly disagreeable, there are those who say: "He has great strength of character."

## GOOD Short Stories

Oliver Herford, who is equally famous as a poet, illustrator and brilliant wit, was entertaining four magazine editors at luncheon when the bell rang, and a maid entered with the mail. "Ah," said an editor, "an epistle." "No," said Mr. Herford, tearing open the envelope—"not an epistle, a collect."

Walking about his estate Mr. Dives halted a laborer who was digging a drain, and solemnly inquired if he were ready to die. The man admitted that he hadn't thought of passing away just yet. "But every time I breathe, a man dies," solemnly remarked the millionaire in tones of terrible warning. "Gee!" cried the unmoved laborer, "why don't you chew a few cloves?"

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?" "Certainly," said the judge. "And hear all the handwriting experts?" "Of course." "And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?" "Very probably," said the judge. "Well, then, Judge, I will enter my plea." "What is it?" asked the judge. "GUILTY!"

M. Deverne was waiting at a station in Ireland for his train. Two Irishmen entered and engaged in the following conversation: "Sure, Pat, it's down to Kilmory I've been, on me way back now to Kil-Patrick." "Arrah, musha, Mike, it's meself that's just after coming from being down to Kil-Kenny, stopped a bit before I go down to Kil-Moore." "I say, Pat, let us take the day and go down to Kil-Maule." "Ye gods," exclaimed the Frenchman, "what assassins. Would that I were back in France."

A yellow-haired descendant of the Vikings walked into the office of a prominent attorney the other day and said: "Ay want you to make some papers out. Ay buy a farm in Powell Valley, and ay tank ay want a mortgage." "Why do you want a mortgage," exclaimed the lawyer, "if you bought the farm? Don't you want a deed?" "No, ay tank not. Six years ago ay buy a farm and getta deed and neder fellar come along with a mortgage and tak da farm. Ay tank ay tak a mortgage."

Henry Arthur Jones, the noted English playwright, was giving the students of Yale an address on the drama. "Yur American vernacular is picturesque," he said, "and it should help your playwrights to build strong, racy plays. But neither vernacular nor anything else is of moment if perseverance is lacking. No playwright can succeed who is like a man I know. I said to this man, one New Year's Day: 'Do you keep a diary, Philip?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years.'"

A record-breaker in absent-mindedness is certainly a Paris citizen, who appeared the other day before a magistrate to ask for a marriage license. He answered correctly and without hesitation all the questions as to his name, age and occupation, but when asked for the name of his fiancée he became embarrassed, and finally replied dejectedly that he had entirely forgotten to ask her for it. This, remarks a Boulevard paper, recalls the distraction of the famous fabulist, La Fontaine. Meeting one day in a salon a young man, he was so favorably impressed by his conversation that he expressed his admiration for him in the most flattering terms. "But he is your own son!" exclaimed a guest, in astonishment. "Is it so?" replied the poet; "then I am the more delighted to make his acquaintance."

A Queer Play in Baseball.

Here is a play in baseball that happened long ago. Perhaps it never will happen again. Did any one ever hear of a base runner scoring from first base on a line drive that was caught by a third baseman and when the ball never left the third baseman's hand? The play happened in this way: Andy Moynihan was playing third base for the Pastimes of Chicago in 1863 when a tournament was held. The Occidentals of Peoria were the opposing team. In the first inning, with a runner on first, the batter drove a liner straight over third. Moynihan shoved up his hand, the ball struck it and stuck fast in the hand. The crowd cheered. An instant later they saw something was wrong. Moynihan, writhing with pain, was running around third base. The base runner at first saw something was the matter and ran down to second. Then he ran to third and finally trotted home unmolested.

The trouble was that the ball, striking Moynihan's hand, paralyzed the nerves. The ball was stuck tight in his hand. It was five minutes before his fellow players could pry his fingers open and get the ball out.—Chicago Tribune.

Stout Fighters.

The kind of men who don't know when they're whipped are very much like postage stamps.

"In what respect?" "They stick the better for a licking."—Baltimore American.

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12:30 p. m.	Walla Walla - Pendleton Mixed	
4:53 p. m.	Fast Mail for Pendleton, LaGrande, Baker City, and all points east via Huntington, Ore. Also for Umatilla, Heppner, The Dalles, Portland, Astoria, Willamette Valley Points, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	4:53 p. m.
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