

# ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

It is unfortunate that the Ohio River has no Salton Sink to spill over into about once a year.

Everybody knows how to be good, but a large number of people are unable to see that it pays.

Is the boy of 19 who thinks he knows more than his father ever can hope to know a victim of adolescent insanity?

When a woman will travel 10,000 or 15,000 miles to marry or to fight a divorce the matrimonial institution is far from desuetude.

A hen pecked a Manitoba man in the face, and he is dying of blood poisoning. Most henpecked men get it in the neck and survive.

The late Stanford White's signature, which has been reproduced recently, looks like a gooseberry bush that has been struck by lightning.

One of the queerest things about a woman is the way she thinks you couldn't help liking certain things she cooks if you really loved her.

A Western undertaker advertises cut rates in coffins and concludes with the cheerful advice: "Now is the time to die." Isn't this humor just killing?

If those scientific persons can't agree what kind of fruit was Eve gave Adam, would they consider a suggestion that it might have been a Ben Davis apple?

The Bishop of London says married men are braver than bachelors. Of course they are. There wouldn't be any bachelors if every man had a proper amount of grit.

A New Haven (Conn.) robber has stolen the original manuscripts of sixty of the most famous operas and songs. Some one must be preparing to write a new musical comedy.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to have been the greatest philanthropist the world has ever known. Wait, however, till Hetty Green gets ready to give away money. Then we shall see some record breaking.

Emperor William rode in an automobile through the streets of Berlin, the other day, permitting people to rush up from all sides and shake his hand. The Czar will regard this as an exaggerated case of reckless daring.

Sir Oliver Lodge says the human race is still in its infancy. He must then regard the digging of the Panama Canal, the settlement of the Chicago traction question and the merging of the railroads under the control of Mr. Hartman as mere child's play.

An English critic takes Longfellow to task for advising us to leave footprints on the sands of time. "Sands of time," says the critic, "are those in an hour glass, and it would not be reasonable to expect us to leave our footprints there." Perhaps Longfellow was thinking of them before they were gathered up and put in the glass. A poet has the right to see his sands first.

Not long ago in one of our medical societies a distinguished bacteriologist gave a learned dissertation on the simple and homely topic—dust. He maintained that the ordinary housewife did not understand how to dust her rooms properly. She merely scattered it with the feather duster, but did not remove it. It was simply stirred for the time being only, in due time to settle in another place. In some of our larger hospitals this difficulty is obviated by dampened cloths and brooms, which take up the dust directly and prevent it being scattered. It may be well to bear in mind that in one of the test wards where the dampened process was thoroughly tried the patients never suffered from "colds" and were free from all other catarrhal affections, even in the most inclement seasons.

An illustration of the broad-minded view which scientific men take of their duties toward the public is afforded by the action of Dr. M. Dorset of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture. Dr. Dorset has obtained a patent for a process of protecting swine from hog cholera; but instead of trying to make money from the patent, he has given it to the United States government. The money value of hogs which die annually from cholera is estimated at fifteen million dollars. Any cure, therefore, is of great importance. The method used heretofore has been the injection of the cholera virus, but about twenty per cent of the treated animals have died. The new method is the injection of serum from the blood of an immune hog which has been made immune by treatment with the serum of hogs afflicted with the disease. It is a preventive rather than a curative measure. The invention may be used by any citizen of the United States without payment of royalty. The reason for patenting it is that in that way it becomes possible to prevent greedy individuals or firms from exacting a price for the use of it.

A change has come over country life and over the attitude toward rural education. State school superintendents consider it their duty to minister to the

welfare and progress of rural schools, state legislatures are providing special normal schools for country teachers, old normal schools are offering courses in country life subjects; state agricultural colleges are aiding normal schools by short courses for teachers and experts are preparing text-books, bulletins and reading matter on nature study and agriculture; teachers' associations and farmers' organizations discuss these matters and school journals and agricultural papers are almost unanimous in support of the movement for better rural schools and more instruction related to their environment. Secretary Wilson is enthusiastic over a solution of how to keep the boy on the farm. His proposal is to give better training in agriculture, which brings with it love of country life. He proposes the agricultural high school as a preliminary to the agricultural college. Economic forces are already encouraging life on the farm. Its product sells at good figures and isolation is giving way under the rural free delivery of mail, the rural telephone and better roads, while large areas have been brought into touch with the world by the trolley. Increasing interest of the city people, absorbing as they have the abandoned farms, is having a wholesome effect upon residents of the rural districts.

Thomas Jefferson never spoke a truer word than that the art of government consists in being honest. If one gives a little thought to the subject he will be surprised to discover that nearly all failures in government can be traced to dishonesty of one kind or another. Either the politicians seeking office have not been honest with the people in appealing for votes, or the men in office have sought their personal profit rather than the general good. The recent indictments of public officers in different parts of the country have called renewed attention to the evils that follow betrayal of trust. Men have used their official influence for their private gain. They have regarded the power put in their hands not as a trust to be administered for the good of all, but as an opportunity to enrich themselves, or to advance their political fortunes at the expense of the public. This sort of conduct is what John C. Calhoun once called an attack on the "very essence of a free government." One of the gravest evils of the present time lies in the general glorification of financial success. There are many who admire the "smart" man who carries through what he undertakes, and they do not care whether his methods are honorable or not. The man who enters upon office poor and leaves it rich is envied by these persons. They applaud his ability, and forget the moral shipwreck that he has made of his life. They forget that in the long run a man reaps what he sows; that unfaithfulness in early life means contempt in old age. What more pathetic and moving sight is there than a gray head, once honored, bowed in disgrace over the disclosure of a life of indifference to the finer moral standards! The great mass of the people are honest; they abhor fraud and deceit; but they have great patience with the vagaries of any public servant in whose honesty of purpose they have confidence. The unfaithful servant may prosper for a while, but the day of reckoning surely comes.

### LEADS AS A PAPER MAKER.

This Country the Greatest Producer, with Germany Following. Consul William C. Telchmann, of Elberstock, advises that the Revue Scientifique recently discussed the consumption of paper by the principal nations of the world as reflecting modern progress of civilization because of its extensive use for printing purposes. It places the United States in the front rank as the greatest paper-producing country of the world, with an annual output of 639,734 tons (avoirdupois). Germany follows with a production of 393,683 tons; England, 246,051; France, 196,942; Austria, 147,708; Italy, 123,026.

One American corporation is declared to be the greatest paper manufacturing enterprise in the world, possessing thirty-one factories, with ninety-six continuously running machines, the company using almost as many machines as are operated in Italy and the Netherlands together, and its annual production exceeds that of all the paper factories in Austria-Hungary and almost equals that of all the British ones. Its capital amounts to more than \$110,000,000.

While America leads in production, Germany has become the largest exporter of this article, with 51,000 tons annually, England following with 49,210, the United States 16,880 and France 13,090. The United States' export goes principally to South America, but also to Canada and Australia. Notwithstanding its large production, England remains a good buyer, having imported 147,708 tons last year.

Regarding the direct consumption of paper, it is an interesting fact that the United States leads with an annual figure of 38.6 pounds per capita, England coming next with 34.3; Germany, 20.98; France, 20.5; Austria, 19; Italy, 15.4; Serbia showing the lowest European figure, 1.1; India shows only 0.22 and China 1.1 per capita. Nearly half of the paper manufactured in the world is used for printing purposes. Twenty per cent is absorbed in the trades and industries. Almost an equal proportion is applied for official and school purposes. The remaining 10 per cent serves the demand for private use.

### TALK WINS OVER THE INDIANS.

Indian Agent Tells How He Once Averted a General Massacre. Colonel John D. Miles, for twenty years an Indian agent, talked to the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. the other day of Indian matters. Among other things he told of a narrow escape he had. Following the Indian outbreak in 1874, Colonel Miles, in common with all the whites at the agency, nearly lost his life, a speech of which he made to the Indians in their own tongue being so well received by the Indians as to placate them and turn their murderous intentions. One big Indian who came to the agency to draw his beef demanded his allowance for the preceding week, which he had failed to come for at the proper time. The regulations of the agency forbade delivering back supplies and the Indian was refused his meat. Later he came back, drew a revolver on the clerk and compelled him to deliver the extra beef.

A troop of soldiers which was sent out to arrest the thief was surrounded by 500 armed braves and given minutes to get back to the fort. They got back. Then the Indians came on to the agency, determined to kill all the whites there. Colonel Miles was lined up with others to be shot, but he asked permission to make a speech and was given leave. He used their own tongue with such skill that they released not only him but all the others.

"A few months ago," said he in his speech, "your old men sent you braves out to slay and to burn. You went and you did as you were told. Had you come back without scalps your squaws would have laughed at you, called you squaws and hated you. You had to do what you were sent to do. The great father has sent us here and told us what to do. He says to issue no back rations. See, here is my instruction." He displayed his written orders from Washington. "I must do as the great father tells me or I cannot go back. The general from the fort will show you his orders. He, too, must do as he is told by the great father to do. Now tell me, what else could I have done?"

The Indians saw the logic and heeded the appeal to fair play. It was over a year from that time until Colonel Miles was again given trouble by his wards of the government.

### HUNTING A PANTHER.

Hunting big game in India should be preceded by some training of the eye to see things where they are. The author of "Thirty Years of Shikar" tells how he received this training rather late in his course. Shikar is the East-Indian word for sport, and sport in that part of the world begins with panthers and ends with tigers.

When I reached the ground the panther was still there, and a keen-eyed native pointed it out to me. "Hitherward is its head," said the man, "hitherward its tail. Doesn't the sahib see it? There, there!" and he pointed to a spot about three yards off.

But I didn't see the panther—either its head or tail or anything that was its. I saw only a mass of light and shade under a dense overgrowth of greenery, dead leaves and grass, that were yellowish where the pencils of light broke in upon the gloom, and, otherwise, they were mysterious shadow that told nothing to my unaccustomed eye.

All that I looked upon in that greenwood tangle was equally panther. I could pick out no particular patch as being any more pantherish than the rest. Of head or tail I made out nothing where all was equally one or the other—and still that native of keenest vision besought me to see the panther's head and tail and right forefoot, and many other details of its anatomy.

Then there came a roar out of the thicket, and a rush which was like the volcanic upheaval of the ground at my feet, and, as it seemed, several tons of upheaved matter hit me on the chest, and I was bowled over on to the broad of my back a yard or two from where I had stood.

That upheaval was the panther. The brute had not had the patience to wait until I saw him, or the modesty to take himself off peaceably in some other direction. He had resented my staring his way, even though I saw him not, and so had emerged from his lair like an animal rocket, and had knocked me down in his flight.

As he failed to claw me, I came off, scatheless; but not so my attendant, who foolishly embraced the panther with a view to arresting his flight. He got himself rather badly mauled, and did not come out of the hospital for some weeks.

That was my disastrous commencement with panthers.

The Danger. A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive. "My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."—Nos Loisirs.

An Explosion Imminent. Jigley—Yes, Dubley is up for president of the club. He's got an idea he can be elected, so he's up—Wise—Well, he's not up as far as he will be when that idea is exploded.—Philadelphia Press.

As we understand it, "sanitary" coaches are those where bedbugs have no place to hide.

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