

## ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

The octopus is represented as having no neck, but no one disputes that it has wind.

A Boston man, 62 years of age, says he never told a lie in his life. But, then, he isn't married.

Simplified spelling will make a great mistake if ever it tries to invade Mr. Cleveland's vocabulary.

By close application in some other field of effort Dr. Wiley may live down his past as an insanity expert.

One can't help wondering what would have happened to Gov. Swettenham if it had been "Fighting Bob" whom he insulted.

A woman is suing for divorce because her husband is a baseball crank. Let us hope there may be no foul tips in the testimony.

The report that Japan consumed 500 tons of whale meat every month may be true, but it looks like a fish story at this distance.

At the marriage altar he agrees to endow her with all his worldly goods and she promises to love, honor and obey—but do they make good?

Your friends think that you are right and your enemies think that you are wrong, but you have to show the rest of the cold, unsympathetic crowd.

It is said that Canada could put 500,000 men in the field in the case of war. That would leave about 1,500,000 to sit around at home and criticize the men in charge of the job.

Mark Twain entertained an audience a few evenings ago by reading selections from the works of Shelley and Browning. Mark Twain simply cannot resist the temptation to be funny.

Neurologists say that insanity is very contagious. It has often been noticed that one crazy man in the house may make it difficult for the rest of the family to maintain a mental balance.

Some genius has invented a new kind of paper that will crumble and go to pieces a short time after it has been written on. It is especially recommended to people with the love-letter habit who dread breach of promise suits.

A Kansas editor asks this fool question: "How would you like to be a country editor in Persia and have to publish the card of thanks signed by the 800 widows of the late lamented Shah?" Have the 800 widows anything to be thankful for?

It is a little difficult to discover where the advantage lies in Mark Twain's white dress suit—that is, when it is worn by an old man. Of course, if one were in the habit of pressing a soft cheek against one's breast a white coat would help some in hiding the powder marks.

Certain of the high-sounding terms employed by insanity experts are calculated to confuse the layman, but when they come to be explained they denote very ordinary conditions. Thus the term "systematized delusion" reduces itself to the equivalent of a common expression in which the patient is described as "having a bug" and the patient himself is designated as a fool with a prefixed adjective. The impressive expert terms are the instruments by which the expert demonstrates his learning and fixes his fees.

It is only necessary to read the history of the various nations—and not necessary to read as far back into the past as the days of the Caesars—to be assured that the morals of the United States are rather healthy as a whole and that the morals of the civilized world are of a finer grain to-day than they were in the past. This is due partly to a better sort of civilization, partly to the spread of the Christian religion and partly to the fact that decency has hedged vice about with laws that draw the line where personal liberty infringes upon the liberty of persons.

A case is known to us, says Collier's Weekly, of a young man, residing near an army post, who had studied for the West Point examination, but failed of appointment owing to adverse political influence brought to bear on his Congressman, as he believed. Much depressed, he told his troubles to the commandant at Fort Thomas, who advised him to enlist and fight his way up. His father and older brother were clergymen, another brother held a good place in the civil service, and all were opposed to the suggestion, but he persisted. Within a year he was a corporal; a little skirmish in the Philippines gave him another lift, and he received his commission as second lieutenant in less time than if he had gone to West Point. Such facts seem likely to make the work of our recruiting officers less disheartening.

Popular attention for several years has been concentrated upon the "coming woman." Now it is time to inquire what is to become of the "coming man." How shall he earn his living? Who shall protect his rights? What rewards shall stimulate his sluggish ambition?

For, behold! the woman who is no longer "coming," but who has "come," is usurping his functions. Not only in the cities, where she has long been elbowing her brothers out of schools and shops and offices, but even in the villages she is getting the upper hand. From Ohio comes the report of a town where the hotel, the postoffice and the Sunday school are all—shall we say—manned by women? The superintendent of schools is a woman, and she does not employ a man in the schools. The church choir is composed of female voices, and the doctors are all women. But a Maine village goes even farther than that. Its justice of the peace, its two chief storekeepers and the town physician are women. The most popular minister is a woman—famous for the number of weddings and funerals to which she is called. The editor and proprietor of the local paper wears a bonnet; so do the photographer, the cashier of the bank, the insurance agent and the undertaker. The men of the town have a nominal choice between going West and taking what is left in the way of occupation. But many of them have not been able to save from their scant allowances the money to emigrate, and must make the best of the situation. There are seven blacksmiths in the town, and twice as many plumbers and carpenters as can find work. The grocery steps are overcrowded with occupants on pleasant days, and there is sharp competition in winter for the chairs round the office stove of the one lawyer. The final resource of the men is likely to be the kitchen sink. The more delicate processes of the household will not be surrendered by the enterprising wives. But the three-times-a-day dish-washing may be confined to the husbands and brothers; and extra large invoices of stone china have been recently ordered by the feminine dealer in crockery.

Educational circles are warmly aroused in Los Angeles over the question as to the respectful terms that children shall use in responding to their elders. The teachers of the public schools wish the children to include in their speech the old-fashioned "sir" and "ma'am" when addressed by their instructors. The parents of the boys and girls who attend the public schools of that Californian city, however, object, probably thinking that it takes on too servile or humble a sound. In so-called smart circles in this country, in these very modern days, servants are the only ones who add these small verbal expressions of respect. The Western parent may unwisely argue that a teacher and pupil are on a widely different footing than mistress and cook, or coachman and the master who is driven. But are they? Is not the one who teaches, or performs the service, really superior? Although the scholar may be a prince of the blood, and the teacher be of the most obscure origin, is not the pupil the lowly one. There does not seem to be anything particularly vulgar about a small boy or girl adding the little word "sir" when replying to an adult. In the early American days it was as much of a sign of good breeding to thus respond as to rise to the feet when an older person entered the room, and every child was then polite enough to thus observe the entrance of a newcomer. But, alas, many of the good old manners are too rapidly vanishing. If parents feel a decided repugnance to the old-time "sir" and "ma'am" of our great-grandmother's day, then do have the children, when replying to their teachers and elders, do it with a "Yes, Miss So-and-so," and "No, Mr. Etceetera," always giving them the courtesy of their names. Not with the "Nope" and "Yep" that are too often the careless answers that are made. We have cast off many fine old customs that we might with beneficial propriety have retained, and with them seem to have shed all courteous titles formerly extended to our seniors.

### Only Slight Mistakes.

Mrs. Lombard is a zealous and loyal friend, and she means withal to avoid exaggeration. "It's perfectly wonderful to see the way Cousin Henry counts bills at the bank," she said to a patient friend. "Why, I think they are so lucky to have him? He'll take a great pile of five-and-ten-and-twenty-dollar bills, and make his fingers fly just like lightning, and never make a mistake!"

"Never?" said the friend, who knew Mrs. Lombard's weakness, and could not forbear the question.

"Why—no—at least—why, perhaps he might get five or ten cents out of the way, but not any more, ever," and Mrs. Lombard spoke with an air of one who has taken a stand and refuses all chances to retreat.

### He Had "Power" Enough.

The colored minister was tall and powerful of frame, and as he preached he whacked the pulpit cushion with hammer-like strokes of his massive fist. But his preaching, according to a southwestern bishop of the Episcopal Church, consisted mostly of the repetition of one phrase: "May the Lord give us more power. More power, O Lord!" At last a small colored man got up in the back of the church, a disgruntled expression on his face, and called out in piping tones:

"What you-all need, Bruddah Robbina, is not moah powah, but moah ideas!"

### Bibles for the World.

The new warehouse of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London contains 1,250,000 Bibles.

Fortune smiles on some people and laughs at many.

## SAW THE MOTOR CAR.

It Was a Great Curiosity to the Farmer's Family.

It was the turn of the motor car tourist and he told this story, says the Kansas City Star.

"I was on the way to a small town about thirty miles distant and had stopped for luncheon in a little village. At the same table in the small hotel sat a countryman, a red handkerchief around his neck and his slouch hat on the floor beside his chair.

"How far is it to Billville? I asked of him.

"The man to whom I addressed the question looked incredulous.

"Don't you know?" he replied.

"I admitted my ignorance of the country and its distances.

"It's about twenty-five miles," he said.

"What's the best road to take?"

"The man laid down his knife and fork and a smile passed over his face as he looked at me in silence, then his face took on a look of indecision, which at length was succeeded by a look of satisfied determination.

"Don't you know?" he asked by way of reassurance.

"I again admitted my ignorance.

"I'll show you," he said, and from his pocket he drew a pencil and an old envelope. Then he drew a diagram of the route I was to follow to reach the town for which I had set out in my motor car. No sooner had he delivered me the diagram and the instructions as to how many miles I was to go this way and that than he picked up his hat and suddenly left the table. I could not account at that time for his quick departure, but an explanation came to me later. After eating luncheon leisurely and smoking a cigar which consumed about an hour of my time, I climbed into my machine and resumed my journey.

"For five miles I followed the countryman's diagram and then came to a piece of road that was atrocious. For two miles I climbed over boulders and stumps and in and out of ruts and gullies. At last I saw ahead a little house in the edge of the woods. I was sure that I was off the regular road and I made for the house to ask for my bearings. Imagine my surprise upon drawing up in front of the house to find my friend, the countryman, his wife and children out in the road to meet me. They all looked at the machine with wondrous eyes, and the smallest child hung to his mother's skirt and cried from fright. The other children fled to the house and peered out of the window. My friend who had been so kind in drawing the diagram and giving directions said:

"Neighbor, I most run my horse to death to get here afore you did. I wanted my old woman and the kids to be sure and see one of them critters. They never seen one afore. I'm much obliged to you, but if you want to get to Billville you'll have to pull back two miles to the road where you turned in and go straight ahead."

### INDIAN OF MEXICO DOCTILE.

Essentially a Man of Peace, He Wants to Be Let Alone.

The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He cannot see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas to-day some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed to-morrow.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. Their greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with hat in hand, it is always "your servant," and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight with never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight.

The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked. It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms and, holding the child's face between both his hands, deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unaffected manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.—Modern Mexico.

### Long Lived Goldfinch.

The longevity of ravens, geese and several other birds is well known, but it does not often fall to the lot of a cage bird to live to a great age. A goldfinch belonging to W. Godwin of Victoria Park, Dorchester, furnished the exception to the usual rule by living until it was over 22 years old. The bird died recently from old age.—London Standard.

### Value of Antiseptics.

Before Lister's antiseptic inventions the death rate in amputations of the thigh was 41 per cent. It is now about 6.

### One Year's Canned Tomatoes.

The total pack of the United States of canned tomatoes in 1906 is given as 9,074,935 cases.

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| ARRIVE Daily. | TIME SCHEDULES ATHENA, ORE.                                                                                                                                                                                                   | DEPART Daily. |
|---------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 11:55 a. m.   | Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Lewiston, Coifex, Pullman, Moscow, the Corner of Alene district, Spokane and all points north.                                                                                                  | 11:55 a. m.   |
| 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, Polite, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points. | 4:53 p. m.    |
|               | Pendleton - Walla Walla Mixed                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 6:30 p. m.    |

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