

ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

A complaining woman and an empty pocketbook make few friends.

"Everybody hates a successful man," says Mr. Harriman. And everybody knocks a failure. So what's the use?

Venezuela's latest revolution lasted eight days and is reported to have been almost as serious as scarlet fever.

"Dreadnought — except — herself" seems to be the fitting title of England's monster battle ship after her dangerous trial trip.

A 10-year-old boy is reported to have made \$40,000 speculating in Wall street recently. How he will cry when they get it back.

J. G. Phelps Stokes thinks there should be public ownership of the earth. He, too, must have some reason for wanting to make Chancellor Day mad.

Even the anti-suicide bureaus will be unable to do much for the people who are in the habit of taking medicine in the dark.

Ex-President Cleveland has no use for old bachelors. If his wife had always felt that way he might still be one of the detested things.

Prince Henry of Holland has turned out to be a hero. Perhaps Queen Wilhelmina knew what she was doing when she selected him, after all.

It begins to look as if Mr. Rockefeller had been converted to the Carnegie theory that it is disgraceful to die rich. His zeal resembles that of the new convert.

H. O. Havemeyer, president of the sugar trust, has been sued for \$40,000,000. If the plaintiff gets it we may look for a sharp advance in the price of sugar.

It is when we order a porterhouse steak and are served with a slab of sole leather that we realize how important the pure food law is to ameliorate the sufferings of people who eat.

The Rev. Dr. Gladden persists in talking about the "tainted wealth" of Rockefeller. He coined the phrase, and he clings to it with greater tenacity than Mr. Rockefeller clings to his wealth.

General Booth of the Salvation Army makes the announcement that he is willing to receive all the tainted money which may be offered. He thinks he knows of a way to remove the taints, and he probably does.

And still another Russian coachman has been blown up by mistake for his illustrious employer. Controlling the destinies of a humble hack seems to be just about as dangerous as driving a 100-horse power motor.

James Bryce, the new British ambassador to this country, will receive a salary of \$50,000 a year, as much as is received by the President of the United States. Perhaps Mr. Bull has been reading about the prices of groceries and things over here.

According to some curious investigations conducted by English scientists eldest sons tend to be criminals and youngest sons paupers. A great many thousand school children and many family histories have been examined to yield these results. First-born children were found to be, as a rule, taller and heavier, with greater ability and endurance than the others. This is in accordance with the popular feeling in many countries that the oldest child is superior to the others and deserving of special privileges. It is a well-established fact that among men of genius an undue proportion are eldest sons.

Nature designed men and women to live out of doors the most of the time where the sun can strike their faces, where the pure air can get to their lungs. Just take the rose and see what it will do when kept away from the sunlight. It may blossom after a long time, but the petals will be half grown and the color will be faded. Then take that rose and place it in the sunshine. It will open and bloom in all its glory. Well, boys and girls and old boys and girls are much more finely organized structures than the rose bush which gives us these wonderful blossoms. They grow plucked and puny when dally cooped up in the shade. Even the chickens teach the value of sunlight. The hen does not know a single thing, so far as intelligence goes, except to lay eggs, but she kicks on her job unless the coop is supplied with windows.

It is frequently remarked that the sense of vision is by no means as keen in the civilized man as it is in the savage. The same is claimed to be true of the senses of hearing and of smell. The Indian can distinguish objects at a remote distance which are invisible to his more highly evolved companion. He can detect sounds which the scholar recognizes only in slight degree and after closest attention. The difference is not so marked in regard to odors, but it is said that comparing ourselves with the ancient Romans the sense of smell is also degenerating. On the other hand it may be claimed that civilized man can see tints which the sav-

age cannot distinguish. He may not bear the sound of a remote footstep in the forest, but he can detect the fine harmonies of a Beethoven sonata which the savage cannot. His sense of touch is far more exquisite and so too is the sense of taste. The extremes of difference are doubtless due not to any natural superiority or inferiority but to the necessity for cultivation in some particular direction. To secure his food the primitive man must give attention to distant sounds and sights to which the man who has his food set before him is indifferent. The Boers in the late war were noted for their keenness of vision. Their security had depended on it for generations. So long as it is in the power of an individual to cultivate any of his senses still further should occasion demand, it can hardly be said his senses are degenerating, even though the present stage of development is less than that of an inferior race. It is not to be expected that one's faculties should always be on the extreme degree of tension, since it would doubtless mean a corresponding loss of power in another and more important direction.

Considering the number and opulence of our American millionaires, it must be deemed strange that the steamship managers have been so slow in providing for them exclusive and high-priced accommodations on the ocean "flyers." Until very recently the best cabin that money could secure differed very little from the ordinary first-class quarters except perhaps in location. The richest man in the world went to Europe last summer in a suite of two staterooms that were no better than the accommodations enjoyed by 200 or 300 poorer people. The possibilities in the way of exclusiveness and correspondingly high prices were not appreciated by the steamship designers. This omission is in a fair way of being repaired by the construction of what might be called "sea flats" on the ships of one trans-Atlantic line. On the steamship Minnetonka, which arrived at New York from London the other day, the first of these apartments was exhibited. The "sea flats" are located on "Saloon square," which is a broad corridor amidships. The "flats" flank either side. No. 1 has a drawing room, sitting room, two bedrooms, smoking room and bath. In No. 2 the drawing room and smoking room are omitted. Of course, they are ground floor flats and there is no elevator, no stairs and no janitor. The exposure changes frequently and the air is excellent. These "flats" are the latest development in ship designing and they are for people who can afford them. They offer every homelike advantage that is possible on shipboard. The servant girl question is, of course, eliminated. It costs a pretty penny to occupy one of these "flats," but the landlord does not require a lease for a year. People who have plenty of money and a desire to escape the society of their fellow men will be glad to pay whatever the price may be. It is pretty safe to predict, however, that the very richest people will not patronize the "sea flats." Such people are ordinarily satisfied with the same accommodations that ordinary folks enjoy.

OIL AND GAS FOR MEXICO.

Denuding of Forests Causes Diaz to Grant Concessions. Gradually Mexico is becoming Americanized, due to the foresight of President Diaz. For years gas was not allowed to be manufactured in the republic. A few years ago a small plant was installed in Merida, the capital of Yucatan. Because the Mexicans considered gas dangerous it was impossible to get a concession to manufacture it. Another reason was the great scarcity of fuel. It has caused the government much worry.

Wood for domestic purposes is sold in the City of Mexico by "stick" and the forests of any extent are hundreds of miles distant from the capital. The universal material for domestic consumption is charcoal and the manufacture of the product is rapidly denuding the forests which exist within a reasonable radius of the City of Mexico. It was to preserve these forests and solve the fuel question that President Diaz granted the concession for the erection of gas plants all over the republic. So high has the price of wood been within late years that a short time ago the railroads found it profitable to import their ties from Japan. It is proposed now to build an oil pipe line from the recently discovered wells of the gulf coast, near Tampico, to the City of Mexico, an immense undertaking, for the liquid will have to be raised from the sea level to a height of over 7,000 feet, from where it will be distributed to various towns and cities on the plateau.

The men to whom have been granted the concession have issued instructions to commence the installation of a gas plant to supply the City of Mexico and the suburban towns of Tacabua, Mixcoac, San Angel, Cherubusco, Tacuba, Atzacapotzaco, Coyoacan and Tlalpam.

The contract is made under the law of "new industries" between the executive of the new republic and Edward Doheny, Charles A. Canfield and Norman Bridge, which grants to these men a concession to erect and operate in any city or town within the republic of Mexico gas plants for the manufacture and distribution of crude oil gas. Incredible as it may seem, there is not in the City of Mexico with nearly 500,000 people a single bit of gas burned, so that the capital has come to be known as the electric city, for it is one of the most brilliantly lighted municipalities in the world.



"Mamma, is Uncle Jake very wealthy?" "Enormously so, my dear." "What is he guilty of?"—Life.

Elsie—What did he do when you told him he must not see you any more? Ada—He turned down the light.—Ally Sloper.

She—That Mr. Scarey is the most chicken-hearted fellow I ever met. He—Possibly he was an incubator baby.—Boston Record.

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I guess they do, if all my wife tells about her first husband is true."—Houston Post.

Madame (to her newly arrived maid servant)—What is that you are bringing in your hand? Maid—Oh, that is nothing but a little crockery cement.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Are you related to the bride or groom-elect?" inquired the busy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."—Courier-Journal.

"What a well informed woman that Mrs. Wadleigh is, isn't she?" "Why shouldn't she be? Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Mister!" "Well?" said the druggist. "Maw wants to know if she tries a porous plaster for a week an' don't like it, will you exchange it for a tooth brush?"—Minneapolis Tribune.

Mistress (engaging new servant)—And I hope you're not too friendly with the policemen. Servant—For, no, ma'am. I 'ate 'em. My father was a Hanarchist, mum.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mistress (to colored house boy)—Don't your new shoes hurt you, Sam? Sam—Yaas'm, dey do hurt me considerable; sometimes I has ter get up in de middle of de night 'n' tek'm off.—Smart Set.

Polite Floorwalker—What can we show you to-day, lady? Mrs. Flincky—For goodness sake, my man, don't call me "lady!" Polite Floorwalker—Excuse me—I see now that I was mistaken.—Clipped.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Jellus. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?" "Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."—Washington Herald.

"Speaking of idle curiosity," said the typewriter boarder, "men have more of it than women." "Naturally," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor. "The curiosity of women is anything but idle; it works overtime."—Chicago News.

Madge—I don't know whether to be mad or not. Kitty—What's the matter? Madge—I just met Charlie Brown and he said this veil was very becoming. You know it's so thick I can't see through it at all.—Detroit Free Press.

"Have you any request to make?" asked the sheriff of the erstwhile society man who was to be hanged on the morrow. "Yes, one," replied the condemned man. "Let me tie the noose myself. I never yet wore a ready-made tie."—Philadelphia Press.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher. "Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet five or ten thousand dollars on a horse race without caring whether he loses it or not."—Washington Star.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? (The caddy takes no notice.) Golfer (in his loudest voice)—I say, I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? Caddy—I heard ver-r-r wheel what ye said the first time. I'm just thinkin' about it.—The Sketch.

Counsel (defending prisoner)—I am a follower of Lombroso and believe that my client was predestined to perform the deed, therefore he should not be punished, but should be acquitted. Judge—I also am a follower of Lombroso, and believe that I was predestined to pronounce judgment upon the prisoner. I therefore sentence him to two years imprisonment.—Lustige Blaetter.

Veronese's Big Painting. Veronese loved to represent festive gatherings on a colossal scale. His "Marriage of Cana" is thirty feet long and twenty feet high and contains 130 figures. The most remarkable feature of the painting is the group of musicians in front around a table. Among this party Veronese represents Titian, Tintoretto, himself and other celebrated painters.

Collision—Not Collision. The Judge—In this divorce suit there seems to be some collision between the man and his wife.

The Wife—Collision? No, it's been collision ever since the ceremony!—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Twilight. In carmine cloak the gypsy day Knocked at eve's monastery bars; Now comes he, novice cowed in gray, To light the candles of the stars.—Smart Set.

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11:55 a. m.	Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Lewiston, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow, the Couer d'Alene district, Spokane and all points north.	11:55 a. m.
12:30 p. m.	Walla Walla - Pendleton Mixed	
4:58 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.	4:58 p. m.
	Pendleton - Walla Walla Mixed	6:30 p. m.

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