

ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD, Publisher

There will always be plenty to do in the uplift line.

A combination of dyeing concerns is talked of. Can't they, when independent, make a living dyeing?

After long study Mrs. Russell Sage has hit upon a sage way in which to expend a \$10,000,000 charity fund.

A scientist declares that in a few more centuries the red-headed girl will disappear. What will become of the white horses?

There's one good thing about egg-shell cars. Passengers who are not pinned down can generally find plenty of holes to crawl through.

Professor Jenks of Cornell says it is possible for an honest man to get rich. Still, it is to be feared that the short cut will continue popular.

Brander Matthews has been honored by France, besides having a Carnegie hero medal coming to him for starting the new peekaboo style of spelling.

A man gave hunger as an excuse for stealing forty loaves of bread. Naturally the court did not understand how a man could be as hungry as that.

The man who was jilted by a woman who spent \$20,000 a year on her dresses should swallow his grief and make his fortune by marrying her dressmaker.

In a recent raid on a gambling den a man named Plymuvzallaskivitch managed to escape. It is supposed he hung his name out of the window and slid down.

A French colonel declares that "suicide is desertion." The two acts are certainly equally effective when a man can't bear to live with his wife any longer.

A statistician asserts that the average woman carries from forty to sixty miles of hair on her head. But that isn't a circumstance to the notions she carries in her head.

The Czar is advocating an income tax for Russia, although, as far as can be learned, the only people with incomes in Russia are the bomb manufacturers and undertakers.

The Rev. Herbert R. Bigelow says that men who deny women the right to vote are barbarians. We have heard that they are even worse than that, being nothing short of nasty, mean things.

In New Mexico an alleged gold mine has turned out to be nothing more than a natural cave, with no gold in it. Still, that's some better than the gold mine that exists only on stock certificates.

The King of Italy and John D. Rockefeller are said to be the world's greatest coin collectors. But the former is collecting only the rarest kind, while the latter collects all he can get his hands on.

It is said "the most talkative woman in the world lives in Chicago." But perhaps you have in mind some woman who could give her a close race for the championship and two-thirds of the gate receipts.

Mr. Rockefeller considers himself "a trustee to God for all his great wealth." Let's see, it is Baer who represents Providence in the coal fields, and Harry Thaw claims to have had a divine mission to kill Stanford White. Most of us should be thankful if our mission is simply to be good.

A woman in a typewriting contest in Paris recently won a victory by writing sixteen thousand five hundred words in four hours. A man wrote seventeen thousand words, but he made so many mistakes that he was ruled out. An American woman has surpassed the Frenchwoman's record, for in the ordinary course of business she once wrote ten thousand five hundred words in two and a half hours, and made three copies as she went along.

Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many men with more brains and better education worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of such men and if you don't quit complaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push it out of your path get over it, under it or around it any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The second obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

The problem of poverty has been pretty thoroughly studied in this generation. Without pretending to intimate that all is known that can be known or that wisdom will die with us, yet it appears pretty clear that one of the worst possible means of attacking the poverty problem is to give great sums of money to the poor. The right aim of society is justice and not charity. Charity is always to be regarded as a palliative, as an attempt to ren-

der some measure of equity where the ordinary processes—that is to say, the system of society at that time in vogue—have failed. The Socialists and dreamers imagine vainly that the only factor in the failure to distribute the benefits of society is the thing called a frame of government or the collective thing called the fabric of society, whereas the greatest factor contributing to the failure is human nature and the inherent defects of individuals.

On the so-called "race suicide" question there is a good deal of loose talk and generalizing without knowledge. Professor E. A. Ross' article on civilization and the birth rate in a recent issue of a sociological periodical is one of the many illustrations of how not to treat the question. It is apparently based on a few facts and cavalier disregard of all facts that are adverse to the theory held by the author. It is easy, on the one hand, to say that the restriction of the size of the family is due to selfishness, love of pleasure, shirking of the duties and responsibilities of life, lack of moral courage. It is equally easy, on the other hand, to argue that restriction is both a symptom of progress, material and physical, and a cause of it. Professor Ross cheerfully assumes that all those who hate famine, vice, ignorance, pauperism and disease hate the decline of the birth rate, while those who deplore it he consigns to such categories as "mystics, clerics, sentimentalists, militarists, capitalists." Now any man of average experience and intelligence is aware that the restriction of the size of the family is neither necessarily a blessing nor necessarily a curse to society. He knows of instances where the restriction is undoubtedly the result of unworthy motives, and he also knows of cases where there is too little rather than too much thought of restriction. In England two attempts have been made to get at the facts—all the facts—of the birth rate in a really scientific manner. A report on the subject was issued some time ago by the mathematical department of the London University. That report showed that the restriction was practiced "at the wrong end." The rate is low for the superior, the thrifty, the educated and prosperous; it is not low for the morally and socially inferior classes. The evidence showed, according to the report, that "the birth rate of the more capable stocks was decreasing relatively to the mentally and physically feeble stocks." The families were largest where the conditions of life were least favorable, and smallest where the opportunities for healthy growth were ample. The London Fabian Society made a careful inquiry into the same subject and reported that, while the rich boroughs of London showed for a given year 2,004 births per 10,000 of population, the intermediate boroughs showed rates between 2,362 and 2,490, while the poorest boroughs had a rate of 3,078, or 50 per cent more than in the rich quarters. Professor Ross puts the cart before the horse when he assumes that restriction will give us healthier and better offspring, and that economic pressure is responsible for it. He forgets to ask where the restriction is practiced as a rule.

Dreyfus' Heroic Wife.
Oh, that poor dream of the wife who should meet him with outstretched arms. She was there, indeed, in that somber old city, Rennes; but as she suffered, she, too, was to suffer. If, among all the personages of this tragic drama, one was worthy of all respect, that one was Lucie Dreyfus. During five years she had borne her suffering with noble dignity; her faith had never wavered; she had hidden from her children all knowledge of the awful tragedy; you had thought there could go out to her only pity and admiration. Ah, you do not know how fierce a hatred burned in France, in those days. Madame Dreyfus was turned away from every hotel in Rennes. Not one would take this poor wife in—her name was Dreyfus. The old woman who finally gave her house-room was stoned and hooted in the streets. And all this night of the "traitors" return a mob hung round her doors or drank in a tavern over the way, shouting the while a song of "Death to the Jews!"—Success Magazine.

Noon Really Ninth Hour.
"Not many people know that what is celebrated as noon was originally at 3 p. m. The reason for the change is interesting," said a Columbia university philologist the other day. "Noon, or 'noones,' as it was then known, was the hour at which the monks said their 'noones,' which were prayers at the ninth hour, or 3 o'clock. The monks reckoned time from the time of eating breakfast at 6 o'clock a. m. That was the beginning of their day. The monks were not permitted to eat their dinner until after they had said their 'noones.' This was a long time for men who had so much time to think of eating. They were all very hungry at 3 o'clock. By and by some of them cut the time a little short—prayed a little earlier. As time went on they clipped off enough time to bring the eating hour in its proper place, at midday, and 'noones' became 12 o'clock instead of 3, even though it meant the ninth hour."

Drowning the Music.
"Miss Chatterton says it's her proud boast that she has never heard an opera in her life."
"Oh, you must be mistaken. She's a society girl and she frequently attends the opera during the season."
"Oh, yes, but she never goes except as one of a box party."—Philadelphia Press.

THE EXPIATORY DEAD.

Inexplicable Fate that Overtook Enemies of Dreyfus Revision.
"Always the dead!" Reimach cried bitterly; "whenever we find a forgery, a crime, always it is set to the account of a dead man!"

And he drew up a list, horrible in its eloquence, of the dead who strewed the dark path of this monstrous case of crime and cruelty and infamy. Yet there had fallen so many of the enemies of truth and justice, that he might have called them the Expiatory Dead.

Three I have told you of—that poor wretch, Lemercler-Picard, "found dead" in his room in the Rue de Sevres; Henry, "found dead," with a closed razor near by; Felix Faurse, "found dead," and smuggled into his palace.

There are many others. Captain D'Attel, who claimed to have heard Dreyfus avow his guilt to Lebrun-Benault the day of his degradation, was "found dead" in a railway train, his corpse blue and already on the way to decomposition, though his journey had lasted but an hour. This pretended confession, which Dreyfus never made, D'Attel confided to his friend, Chaillu-Serviniere, a member of the Chamber of Deputies; now the Deputy took train one day to visit his home; an hour later he was "found dead" on the railway tracks between two stations. And

Rocher, of the prison guards, who also claimed to have heard Dreyfus say: "I am guilty, but I am not the only one!" died, and to this day no one knows where or how. It was as though Eternal Truth had reached down and slain this lie wherever it lifted its evil head. The prefect Barreme was summoned to Paris by his government chief; he was found "dead" in his compartment when the train arrived at the Gare St. Lazare. Laurenceau, prefect of the North, was called to Paris to give evidence regarding the spy system on the German frontier; there was no accident on the journey; the next day he was "found dead" in his room at the Hotel Terminus.

Lorimier, one of Henry's most tireless agents of forgery and crime, was "found dead"—hanged in a lonely barn; another, Gueuse, was "found dead" on the floor of his room in Paris. Then there was Munier; his part in the conspiracy had been to falsify the meaning of a cryptic telegram sent by Panizzardi to the Italian government, so that it affirmed the guilt of Dreyfus; and Munier was "found dead" in a railway train. Was it any wonder the martyr's friends began to see in these mysterious and opportune deaths, the work of an avenging destiny? With "Decidement, la Fatalite est Dreyfusarde!"—the very stars in their courses fought against the lie.—Vance Thompson, in Success Magazine.

Told in English Schools.

From an English paper is gathered a bunch of schoolroom stories, some of which are so good as to have their genuineness doubted, as, for example, the definition of a lie: "An abomination in the sight of the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble."

To be received with equal skepticism is perhaps the boy's answer to the question why David preferred to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord: "Because if he was a doorkeeper he could walk outside while the sermon was being preached." More natural, however, is what a child said of Elijah: "As Elijah went up to heaven he dropped his mantle and Queen Elizabeth walked over it."

It need hardly be explained that it was an Irish boy who gave the text: "He that humbly himself shall be exalted and he that exalteth himself shall be a baste." It was a small boy of 8 who, asked why Moses took off his shoes in the presence of the burning bush, gave the novel explanation: "Please, sir, to warm 'ee feet."

How He Got a Warmer Seat.

One bitter cold night recently a solemn-faced man drove up to a tavern near Westchester and made his way to the sitting room after seeing that his horse was taken to the stable. There was a large crowd of guests huddled around the stove and he had to take a distant seat where it was not much warmer than outside. As soon as a waiter appeared the man said:

"Get two dozen oysters on the half shell and take them out to my horse." When the waiter passed through the room on his way to the stable everybody but the new guest followed him to see the remarkable horse feed on raw oysters. In a few moments the disgusted crowd, headed by the waiter, returned to the room to find the owner of the horse comfortably seated by the stove.

"The horse won't look at the oysters," said the waiter.
"I didn't think he would," replied the man. "Hand them to me."—New York Press.

The Real Sages.
Howells—After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion.
Growells—Ah, but the really wise men simply can't do it.
Howells—Why not?
Growells—Because they've been dead for years.—Philadelphia Press.

Hard to Locate.
"Do my thoughts elude you?" tantalizingly asked the subject.
"Not your thoughts," replied the great mind reader, "but your mind."—Houston Post.

His Idea of It.
"Say, paw, what is an exaggerated ego?"
"I'm not sure, son, but I think it's that new hat your mother is wearing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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11:55 a. m.	Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Lewiston, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow, the Gouer d'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 Points, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	4:53 p. m.
	Pendleton - Walla Walla Mixed	6:30 p. m.

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