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ATHENA, ORE., JULY 7, 1911

The whole truth of the matter is, that the ninth inning rally at Pendleton Sunday was too much for Pendleton sportsmanship, and the usual Pendleton spirit dropped out—the spirit of going out and getting it, no matter what the manner, method or means employed—just get it. The method by which Pendleton grabbed the game is the rottenest in base ball history. It is the first game on record wherein the scorer, usurping the authority of the umpire, renders a decision that carries victory with it. And that is not all. In this instance, the umpire claims to have not seen the play in question, but was so spineless and weak-kneed that he permitted the scorer, who, according to a Pendleton paper, "was backed in his decision unanimously by the Pendleton fans who had seen the play at the plate." And this is organized(?) base ball, in a league presided over by no less a personage than L. G. Frazier, premier advocate of clean sports and, if you please, a resident of Pendleton. To cap the climax, the Pendleton Live Wire smears this placating lubricant over the report of the game: "Athena made a loud yell, but, considering the excitement and the closeness of the decision, they had one coming and, with one or two exceptions, accepted the outcome like true sports." True sports! Athena sportsmen would like the fellow who wrote that to publish a definition of the term he handles so recklessly and so at variance with the truth. Every person from Athena, and dozens of impartial visitors at the game, including traveling men, declare the game was palpably and brazenly stolen. When it comes to base ball, true sportsmanship prevails in Athena, where more money and interest is expended on the national game than in any other town of its size on the Pacific slope. Good losers, every mother's son of them, they know the game and they know when they are being robbed. They look upon the outcome of Sunday's game with such disfavor that they feel the esoutheon upon the pennant won by their team has been tarnished, and the honor of winning it descends to barren mockery.

That the government means business in settling the controversies with regard to the Alaska coal fields is indicated by the fact that a small army of special agents has been in Seattle for some time gathering information. The most of them will go North next month to gather information. Secretary of the Interior Fisher has said that the matter will not be held up any longer than is absolutely necessary. Alaskans all want something done. If there is fraud in connection with any coal filing, they want it wiped out; but those that are regular, they say, should be passed to patent. Should the coal lands be opened the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad is ready to embark upon large improvements and important extensions.

In a Washington state case, the supreme court holds that when a manager employs a boy under 14 years of age contrary to law, that he assumes all the risk even if the father does say that the boy is over sixteen. The supreme court in awarding damages in the sum of \$8500 for the loss of the boy's right hand, lays down the principal that the employer of labor must assume all responsibility for the age of his workers the same as liquor dealers must assume all responsibility when they sell intoxicants to a minor.

From newspaper accounts, the Athena band filled its engagements at Pendleton and Walla Walla with credit. At Pendleton the members of the band were uniformed in shaps and cowboy hats, and appropriate to the Roundup town, a bucking broncho and rider was to be seen painted on the bass drum.

With the Fourth over and the pennant won in the Blue Mountain league we may now pursue the even tenor of our way.

Mrs. Walter G. Monroe of Washington D. C. who has been the guest of her uncle W. W. Jacobs for the past two weeks, left Tuesday morning for Los Angeles. Mrs. Monroe is a talented musician and made many friends during her brief visit in Athena.

AN UNEASY SKELETON.

It Had a Lively Time Until Its Final Burial Ceremony.

"Speaking of final resting places," said like Purcell the other day, "an Indian buried at Wakeeney has earned his. He was the first Indian killed in the last Indian raid in Kansas. The raid was pulled off by 150 Sioux Indians, and a good many settlers were killed, considerable property was burned and hundreds of horses and cattle were stampeded. The Indians came within a few miles of Wakeeney, when a part of a cavalry regiment from old Fort Hayes met them. The Indians fled, but were forced to a stand over in the edge of Rush county.

"The history of the chase is interesting. Every Indian in the band was killed. The subject of this item tumbled off his pony near Wakeeney and rolled into a ditch. His body was not found for several months, and by that time nothing was left but a skeleton. The men who found the skeleton wired the bones together and tied it to a post on the public road, with a label telling that it was the first Indian killed in the last raid, etc. Complaint was made about the greysome spectacle, so the county board ordered the skeleton buried in the cemetery. To celebrate the fact that civilization had come to stay speeches were made at the grave of this first Indian killed in the last raid, etc.

"Later some 'fellows' got full, dug up the skeleton, dressed it in store clothes and had fun with it. They hired a liveryman to take their 'friend' home, and when the driver found what he had in the seat with him he yelled mightily and jumped out of the buggy. The team ran away, spilling the Indian in a park where an ice cream festival was in progress. The skeleton was again buried with ceremony, being the first Indian killed in the last raid, etc. He was permitted to repose about a year, when another bunch of rascals disinterred the skeleton, redressed it and shocked sensitive citizens with a moonlight lynching, shooting at the dangling figure and all that sort of thing. Officers cut the 'corpse' down, and then the gang that was wise to the joke indulged in a merry ha-ha. For the third time the skeleton was buried with more speechifying. After that the skeleton was not disturbed, and the good people of Wakeeney hope that it has found its final resting place."—Kansas City Journal.

Stage Steeds.

The steed is always a difficulty in staging "Don Quixote." At the Theatre de la Gaite, in Paris, the Rosinante in Massenet's opera grew so fat under the light work and good food that it was found necessary to "paint protruding ribs on his rotund sides every night."

Irving's difficulty in London was in the other direction. He had engaged a peculiarly decrepit animal, the property of a baker, for the part, but on the morning of the rehearsal he found that it had been taken by an officer of the S. P. C. A. to Bow street, where the magistrate ordered it to be killed.

Wild Onion Place.

In a bulletin issued by the United States geological survey service giving derivations of local names in the United States is this entry: "Chicago, city and river in Illinois; the Ojibwa Indian form, 'She-Kag-Onz,' signifies 'wild onion place,' from a root form implying 'bad smell.' Several derivations were dug up, but the definition of the word Chicago was generally admitted to be the most unpleasantly outspoken of them all, according to the Chicago Tribune.

Two Fatal Mistakes.

Marie Antoinette, escaping from the Tuilleries, turned to the right instead of to the left after passing the inner arch. She lost her way, lost time and by this means lost her own head and the head of Louis XIV. So the story of Carlyle runs.

Queen Draga of Servia meant to leave Belgrade, but waited for a going away gown, being anxious that as a fugitive she should appear in becoming attire. It was a fatal delay.

An Inexpensive Amusement.

"Did you ever," said Belinda, "try standing cents on edge? It can be done if the cents are not worn. They can most easily be made to stand on blotting paper, but they will stand on a smooth, polished table. Try it some time when other amusements flag."—New York Sun.

Economy.

Wife—Dearie, I started today to economize on our household expenses. Hubby—Good! How did you do it? Wife—I went to all the bakeries for blocks around, and then I bought a dozen doughnuts at the bakery that puts the smallest holes in them.—Judge.

What Would Happen.

"What would your father do if I told him I loved you?" "He'd refer the matter to me." "And what would you do?" "I'd refer you to the young man who proposed and was accepted by me while you were trying to make up your mind."

His Mean Comment.

Mrs. Doty (reprovingly)—Mrs. Enpeck told me today that her husband always keeps her photograph on his office desk. Mr. Doty—I guess that explains why he's always late getting home to dinner.—Puck.

Truth often suffers more from the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers.—Petru

BOGUS ANTIQUES.

Tricks of the Crafty Italian Forgers of Old Curios.

There are dealers in curios, a crafty set of tradesmen, all over Europe, but it is in Italy that they have carried the art of deceit and forgery, the substitution of modern pretenses for ancient, to the degree of perfection. Verona, Venice, Siena and Rome swarm with dealers in which seek those dealers in the markets and they are keen to spot any American that may pass their way. Next to the American in guile Italy is the Englishman, but he does not so freely give up his money.

Mr. James Vaxall, the English connoisseur, thus describes one of these dealers: "He knows how to crack new porcelains by heating them in the oven, how to make a picture in the oven, how to substitute a print and how to green new porcelains with bits of potash stain. It was so amusing to see the Englishman in a mood. He would bring a new earthenware dish out of the oven, burning hot, and plunge it into cold water, the result contraction, chilling and cracking, so to speak, and the enamel all cracked into the wrinkles of age. And then he would rub the surface upon a dirty paving stone in signs of wear and so appeared that might out-wit anybody."

"As for pictures, it was easy to find an old canvas or an old panel for a Lorenzo. It was when the artist's work was over that the real science and art began first of all, a wash of varnish that had been colored with sepia; next, on the more raised portions, rubbings with borax and water to attract the flies. He could even imitate fly marks with India ink. A few drops of salty water left on the canvas would produce moldiness and mildew. A needle deftly used would crack the picture with a network of cracks."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Classed as a Tavern and Has the Right to Retail Beer.

In the census records of the city of London the Bank of England is classed as a tavern.

This is because it has the right in common with some other old established city businesses to sell beer by retail. The power to do this was granted it by charter under the great seal in 1594, and it has never been taken away from it.

The bank could therefore, if it chose, start in business as a public house to-morrow, or it could send round a specimen "Bank of England brand" of, say, bottled stout, delivered in its own drays at your door, with a facsimile of the chief cashier's signature on the label of each bottle as a guarantee of purity.

The dean and chapter of St. Paul's cathedral can also say much to a similar privilege, with the right, in addition, to brew their own beer. Paul's brew house formerly stood at the corner of the entrance to Doctor's commons from the churchyard, and an average of between 60,000 and 70,000 gallons of "strong ale" were brewed there every year.

The sale of this, however, was confined to the cathedral precincts. They must have been thirsty souls, those old time ecclesiastics. But, then, it must be remembered that in those days tea and coffee were unknown and beer was drunk at every meal. Even very little children had their allowance, two quarts a day, sent to the nursery regularly each morning from the but-tery below.—Pearson's Weekly.

Trade In Skeletons.

The principal center for the distribution of articulated skeletons for purposes of study by the medical profession is in Paris, from which point they are shipped to every part of the globe. The price of a well mounted articulated skeleton varies from \$50 to \$300. This difference has little to do with the condition of the subject while alive. In the cheap skeletons only the barest framework is offered, but in the expensive specimens every detail is worked out with sedulous care, and often both the nervous and the circulatory systems are shown. Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Preference.

"After all," said Mrs. Oldenstie as they were returning from the picture gallery to the drawing room, "I think my preference is for Botticelli."

"Well," replied her hostess, "I can't say that mine is. For me it doesn't seem that there's anything to beat good old-fashioned raspberry jam."—Chicago Record Herald.

Quick Work.

"That editor is terribly slow at reading manuscript."

"Think so? Why, I know the time he went through twelve stories in less than a minute."

"Gracious! When was that?"

"When the elevator broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Appropriate to the Occasion.

"Mr. tailor always has a touch of the appropriate in his work."

"Yes; I've known him to press mourning suits with sadlrons."—Baltimore American.

Fitting Procedure.

If you want money, go to strangers. If you want advice go to friends. If you want nothing go to relations.—Lippincott's.

Where He Went.

"Did the prisoner go beyond well defined ethical bounds in his defense?"

"Nope. He just went to jail."—Exchange.

In perfect health there is always a fine feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration, of strength and conscious power. The reverse is the case when the liver is torpid. It is a dead weight that hampers every organ in the body and fills the system with impurities that undermine the constitutional strength.

In All Such Cases the Remedy is

HERBINE

THE GREAT TONIC AND INVIGORANT
For Torpid Liver and Constipated Bowels.

When the Liver gets Torpid, it brings with it a long train of symptoms. The most prominent are: bad digestion, dizziness, constipation, vertigo—which means spells of blindness on stooping or rising suddenly, sallow complexion, flatulence or wind in the bowels, intolerable lassitude which the victim is ashamed of but cannot overcome. Great discouragement, a feeling that everything and everybody is against him. The fine cleansing and rejuvenating influence of Herbine is just the thing needed in this condition. It acts at once on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. The Liver responds promptly to this stimulating effect. The Bowels are emptied and purified through its excellent cathartic properties. The digestion is strengthened and the whole system renovated. As a result the patient feels better. He begins to improve with the first dose and a few days use puts him in fine vigorous condition. Try it.

Sold Everywhere at 50c per Bottle.

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CURES ALL THROAT AND LUNG
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My son Rex was taken down a year ago with lung trouble. We doctored some months without improvement. Then I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed a change for the better. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks and now my son is perfectly well and works every day.

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PNEUMONIA

follows a cold, but never follows the use of

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

It stops the cough and heals the lungs and prevents a cold from settling on your lungs and resulting in Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or Consumption.

You are in no danger of serious results if FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is taken, as it soothes and heals the inflamed air passages and the cough disappears.

Be sure and get FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, as preparations containing opiates stop the cough temporarily by paralyzing the nerves in the throat and leave the germs of serious lung trouble and you get one cold on another because the first one was not cured perfectly.

Saved Her Life From Pneumonia.

"My wife had a severe attack of Pneumonia which followed a severe attack of La Grippe and I believe that FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR saved her life," writes James Coffey, of Raymond, Missouri.

Dr. C. J. Bishop, Agnew, Mich., writes: "I have used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR in three very severe cases of Pneumonia with good results in every case."

Cured When Very Low With Pneumonia.

J. W. Bryan, of Lowder, Ill., writes: "My little boy was very low with Pneumonia. Unknown to the doctor we gave him FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered."

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00

The 50-cent size contains 2 1-2 times as much as the small size, and the \$1.00 size almost 6 times as much.