

**AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER**  
**F. B. BOYD, PUBLISHER.**

Published Every Friday. Office, Corner Third and Jefferson Streets.

Entered in the Postoffice at Athena, Oregon, as Second Class Mail Matter.

**Subscription Rates.**  
 One copy, one year.....\$1.50  
 One copy, six months..... .75  
 One copy, three months..... .50  
 When paid in Advance, (otherwise, \$2.00)

**Advertising Rates.**  
 Display, transient, running less than one month, first insertion, per inch..... 25c  
 Subsequent insertion..... 12 1/2c  
 Display regular, per inch..... 12 1/2c  
 Local readers, first insertion, per line, 10c  
 Subsequent insertions, per line..... 5c  
 Lodge resolutions, per line..... 5c  
 Church notices, admission, per line..... 5c

ATHENA, ORE., AUGUST 11, 1911

**SMILE WHEN YOU LOSE.**

Then Brace Up and Start Right in to Become a Winner.

Be as good a loser as you are a winner—a hard task to set a man, but not an impossible one. Many have met it. Those who have are those who win more than they lose, for nothing inspires success or victory like calmness in defeat or coolness under stress. It is true in business, in politics, in sports, in any sphere of competitive endeavor.

Not only that, but nothing is quite as disconcerting to one's opponent in one of life's contests as the ability to lose with a smile and well directed effort to regain the lost. Any man who has run a foot race or boxed or wrestled or played ball knows that.

But nobody has any time for the man who is forever lamenting his own loss or defeat. The world simply credits him with being what it terms a "grouch," which means a poor loser, and passes him by for a more agreeable man. Any one can be a good winner, but it takes a man to be a good loser.

The philosophy of life itself teaches that in all of its precepts. Some one has to lose. It may as well be you, perhaps, so far as the good of the world goes, as your neighbor. It makes for selfishness to keep that in mind.—Omaha Bee.

**FREEDOM OF THE CITY.**

An Honor Which Had Its Birth in the Middle Ages.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom of the city as an honor arose in the middle ages, when such right was not acquired by mere domicile. No stranger could move into a medieval town and go into business, his own lawful occupation or the civic activities. First he must become enrolled in the guild of his trade, then he had to undergo an apprenticeship of full seven years before he could be admitted to its livery. Then only and thus only could he arrive at the freedom of his city.

As a reward for high deeds these medieval city republics sometimes conferred on such strangers as had served them well the freedom of the city by solemn act of the burghesses and liveryes without the apprenticeship of servitude. Every such recipient of a city's freedom became at once a burghess, free to dwell, free to engage in trade, free to vote for the civic rulers and to aspire to the civic chair. The key was the visible sign of this freedom—the city gates, closed at sunset against the stranger and the foe, opened to the burgher's key at all hours, as the door of his own home.—Argonaut.

**Wit "In Extreme."**

Of the men of letters who lost their lives on the scaffold two at least died debonairly.

There was Montrose, poet and king's man in Scotland's king versus kirk business. On the morning of his execution Warristown, the covenantor, went to his cell, doubtless to make himself unpleasant. Montrose was coming out of his cell.

"Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?"

Montrose smiled and made answer: "So long as my head is my own I mean to see to it. When Warristown gets it he may deal with it as he likes."

At the scaffold Sir Thomas More asked the lieutenant of the tower to see him safe up the steps.

"I'll shift for myself coming down," the poet promised.—Mumfords' Companion.

**Cecil Rhodes' Grave.**

Cecil Rhodes, the "diamond king" and famous South African statesman, is buried in Africa, in obedience to his own wish, as expressed in the following words left in his will: "I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matopias, in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matopias, on the hill which I used to call the 'View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon: 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.'" Rhodes died March 26, 1902, at the age of forty-seven.

**Windows of the Soul.**

Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages; they wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!—Emerson.

**Remarkable Case.**

"How much your little boy resembles your husband?" said the cunning politician.

"I've always heard," she replied, "that people grow to look like those they are much with, but this is quite a remarkable case. We only adopted the little fellow last week."

**SPANISH LAW.**

**The Snub It Gave a British Consul in Cuba Some Years Ago.**

The harsh character of Spanish law is well illustrated by the following case: Some years ago a young English sailor, accompanied by an American and an Irish sailor, went on shore at Havana. When returning to their ships they were attacked by Chinamen. The American struck one of the Chinamen on the head with a stick, and the man died. The Spanish authorities did not trouble to discriminate, but sentenced the three men to two years' imprisonment.

The British consul, being unaccustomed to Spanish ways, took up the case of the Englishman very strongly. The authorities thereupon, possibly to teach him a lesson, tried the men over again and gave them twenty years each.

The Englishman after three years in a Cuban prison, during which time his companions died of yellow fever, was transferred to Ceuta to serve the remainder of his time. After some years he and a fellow prisoner, a Spaniard, escaped, but they were recaptured. The food provided in the convict prison of Ceuta consisted of two meals a day of garbanos—chick peas—occasionally flavored with a tiny bit of salt pork, a remarkably healthy if not appetizing diet, and the Englishman came out of prison in particularly good health. After his twenty years' unjust imprisonment he married a Spanish woman.—London Family Herald.

**HE SAW THE POINT.**

And For That Very Reason He Didn't Join in the Laugh.

"They" were chatting in the smoking room of a little Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij coaster, on a two months' run among the islands below the equator, when some one speaking of the Malay peninsula some one else said, "My impression of the Straits Settlements can be summed up in a single picture—a strong black man, standing in the center of a muddy stream, trying to split a rock with a shirt."

Now this always provokes a laugh; it is venerable and infallible. But to my surprise, said Frederick S. Isham, the novelist, one of the smoking room contingent, on this occasion it partially failed. What was the trouble? The delinquent, the one man out of seven who didn't laugh, was sallow, saturnine and English.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked the novelist. "Don't you see the point or are you waiting until tomorrow to wake up to it?"

The other man turned his head wearily. "See the point?" he said sadly. "I should think I did. I ought to, I," tragically, "nam the man who owned the shirt."

Then we, knowing he had lived twenty-five years in the orient, became silent; our laughter ceased. A sympathetic melancholy descended upon us. Englishman or not, we took him to our heart of hearts and made a brother of him.—Baltimore American.

**Jokable Relatives.**

One of the curious social customs practiced by the Crow as well as by many other Indian tribes is the "mother-in-law taboo"—that is to say, a man is under no circumstances permitted to hold conversation with his wife's mother. Another strange regulation is that relating to the playing of practical jokes. A man is not permitted to jest with any one he pleases, but is limited to the individuals whose fathers belonged to the same clan as his own father. Within this group, however, practically any liberty is allowable. If a man discovers that a "jokable relative" has committed some foolish or disgraceful act he can publicly tell him with it, and the person derided must not get angry, but bide his time for some favorable opportunity to retaliate.—American Museum Journal.

**Fissures in the Rockies.**

In some of the high plateaus or mesas of the Rocky mountains there are to be found a short distance from the edge cracks or fissures not more than four feet wide and often as much as eighty feet deep. During the terrific blizzards that rage in the winter these crevices are filled to the level, and cattle and horses which are not acquainted with the country frequently drop into them, their struggles only causing them to sink deeper and deeper. The cracks, into which the sun never penetrates, are like refrigerators, and the hapless brutes, when death has come to their relief, become to all intents and purposes mummies.

**A Close Student.**

The late Goldwin Smith, writing for the Nineteenth Century, recalls that Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrooke, was so nearsighted that when he was reading his nose literally touched his book.

He took high honors at Oxford, but it was said of him:

"Lowe would have taken higher honors at Oxford if he had not rubbed out with his nose what he had written with his pen."

**Dodged His Duty.**

Cholly—While I was calling on your daughter last evening, Mr. Butts, your dog growled at me. Old Butts—Did he bite you? Cholly—Oh, no—only growled. Old Butts—I'll have to get rid of him and get another.—Chicago News.

**Social Lemonade.**

"She is noted for her social lemonade."

"What's that?"

"Saying sour things in a sweet way."—Toledo Blade.

**In His Interest.**

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles, and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me? Cousin Belle—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply intimidated Mabel that I was after you myself.

How shall I be able to rule over others that have not full power and command over myself?—Rabelais.

**Strict School Rules.**

John Wesley held that school children should do without holidays altogether. When he opened Kingswood school in 1748 he announced that "the children of tender parents, so called, have no business here, for the rules will not be broken in favor of any person whatsoever. Nor is any child received unless his parents agree that he shall observe all the rules of the house and that they will not take him from school, no, not for a day, till they take him for good and all." Further, no play days were permitted, and no time was ever allowed for play on the ground that he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man. Every Friday the children had to work till 3 in the afternoon without breaking their fast.—London Chronicle.

**A Faith Cure.**

Dr. Josiah Oldfield relates a story of his student days at St. Bartholomew's hospital. A man came to him with an injury to his hand. The doctor did not know what the ailment was, but he prescribed an ointment which was practically laid. The man returned to the hospital the following week.

"Ah, sir," he said, "I begin to recognize why it is that St. Bartholomew's hospital has such a great reputation; I come from Leicester and have been to all the doctors in Leicester. Your ointment has done me more good in one week than all the ointment of the doctors of Leicester in many months."

That result, added the doctor, was owing to the fact that the man came to St. Bartholomew's believing that he could be cured there.—London Graphic.

"I have crossed the Atlantic twenty times," boasted the man from New York.

"Have you?" replied the man from Chicago. "My record beats that."

"Oh, really? How many times have you been over?"

"I've never been over at all, but I've set foot in every state of the Union."

"Quite remarkable. By the way, old chap, how many states are there now?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Good Scheme.**

Hicks—You keep duplicates of all your old love letters? What an ideal Wicks—Yes; when I have done something particularly foolish I just read over one of those letters. It is quite encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.—Exchange.

**Not Easily Caught.**

Wife—I see you're putting on your new coat. It makes my old hat look awfully shabby. Husband—Is that so? Well, that's soon mended. I'll put on my old coat.—Flegende Blatter.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug poisons the body and just as surely.

**NORTH BEACH**

is the pleasure haunt in this part of the country this summer. Its devotees rejoice to learn that they can now go and come on a regular schedule, independent of tides. The popular excursion steamer.

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**He Liked the Life.**

William — was said to be the ugliest though the most lovable man in Louisiana. On returning to the plantation after a short absence his brother said:

"Willie, I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester, who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the brilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial beauty which charmed and delighted her."

"Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, but tell it to me again!"—Everybody's.

**Willing to Tune It.**

"John, that man next door came over here today and offered to tune little Lucy's piano."

"Great! Did you let him do it?"

"No, dear. He wanted to tune it with an ax!"—Baltimore Sun.

**What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?—George Elliot.**

**Administratrix Notice.**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Umatilla.

In the matter of the Estate of Charles Wilson, Deceased:

Notice is hereby given that Maggie Wilson of Athena, Oregon, was on the 1st day of June, 1911, appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles Wilson, deceased, by the above entitled court, and that all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present said claims with proper vouchers thereto, to said administratrix or to her attorney, Homer I. Watts, at his office in Athena Oregon.

Maggie Wilson,  
 Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Wilson, deceased.

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**HERBINE**

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