

# The Athena Press

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ATHENA, ORE., NOV. 15, 1912

A painfully significant report from Richmond, Virginia, appeared in the news dispatches of last week. It related to the case of Floyd Allen and Claude Allen, both under sentence of death for border-ruffian murder in a court house. Of the guilt of these men there may be no doubt, and the question of capital punishment may be put aside for all the purposes we have now in mind, as may all considerations of mercy. The point to which The Public wishes attention directed appears in these words in the press dispatch: "Floyd Allen's wife issued a public appeal for money to aid the effort to save them from death." Whether that money was needed to secure a commutation of sentence, or to carry the case to the highest courts, the dispatch doesn't make clear. If for the former purpose, it would probably be useless; yet the very appeal for it implies that money is regarded as legitimately useful and as not always ineffective. More probably, however, the money was wanted to enable the condemned men to secure a hearing of their case in the upper courts—in other words, to prevent a miscarriage of justice. Now, observe that the question is not a Virginia question. There is probably no state in the union in which some such appeal is not necessary to secure full attention from the courts in case of convicts without a cent more. Neither is the question at this point a Floyd Allen question or even a question of guilt or innocence in a particular case. It is a question of the barter and sale of justice. If one convict may carry his case to the highest courts regardless of apparent guilt and merely because he is rich enough to pay the expense, but another, regardless of apparent guilt, cannot carry his case there because he is not rich enough to pay the expense then justice is for sale. When a person is accused of crime, every facility of legal machinery designed to convict the guilty and to acquit the innocent should be at his service as freely as the same machinery is at the service of the prosecution.

Every season belongs more or less to Cupid, but as the autumn is one in which he harvests a large proportion of his annual crop of bliss, it may be apropos to ask you, sentimental sir, how would you like an "ethical" bride? One was described in a recent issue of the Baltimore Sun, whose "ethical" wedding four months ago attracted attention even in this era of rapidly succeeding sensations. This ethical bride took her newly made husband to a physical culture resort, where the lady fasted for 40 days on water and fruit juice, and the wedding and outfit groom gave in to his stomach after only 17 days of this spiritual life. Now this ethical bride starts for England, where during the winter "while resting" from her fast, she will take a course at the London School of Economics, a correspondence course in ethics and philosophy, a training at some medical school, singing lessons, a course in dietetics and cookery, paint two large pictures for the Royal Academy, attend lectures on socialism, suffrage, race regeneration, vegetarianism and Christian social science and write for magazines on food reform, dress, marriage and morality, besides dipping a little in poetry and studying the latest fashion style. The irrefutable and back-sliding groom, we note, is to be left behind. May he grow strong enough for his responsibilities in time! But would you, my dear sir, who are on marriage bent, like to have an "ethical bride"? As for ourselves, we confess we like the old style better, the Mother Eve style, even if she does sometimes foistly nibble at things that modern hygiene and philosophy condemn, and get herself and us into trouble. The ethical bride may be a most admirable and wonderful product, and we leave her without regret to the ethical bridegroom, if such a male miracle can anywhere be found.

"I'm a crook. It is true. But I'm a crook simply because circumstances made me so. I was in the hands of a band of swindlers, apparently respectable, society swindlers, and I had to do their bidding in order to live." The remarkable statement was made by Geraldine Wingate, suffragist, author-playwright, and daughter of the late Commodore George Wingate, U. S. N., when she was discovered in a New York hotel after disappearing

from Atlantic City, where her landlady demanded that she pay her board bill. Miss Wingate alleges that she has been the innocent tool of a band of outwardly refined society women, who in reality are promoters of all sorts of swindling enterprises. Miss Wingate declares these women induced her to organize an Authors' club in Chicago and to pass worthless checks which she thought were good. This is but one of many revelations in freak criminology that ooze from day to day to public discovery and knowledge. We read that when the Olympic games were held in Athens in 1896, no pickpockets operated in the crowds. When it became evident that the games would draw large numbers of foreigners to Athens the pickpockets held a meeting and pledged themselves, one and all, to suspend business as long as the games lasted in order to protect the reputation of their country. And they kept their word.

In the post-bellum period only Grover Cleveland made anything like the spectacular rise of Woodrow Wilson, but Grover Cleveland had had more experience than the president elect. He had been the sheriff of his county, the mayor of his city, the governor of his state. He had been a lawyer who mingled politics with his practice. Woodrow Wilson had led the secluded life of a scholar, until events at Princeton university precipitated his resignation as its president and projected him into the arena of politics as his party candidate for governor of his state.

Whether he win or lose, the true Progressive of whatever party will keep his face steadfastly set to the goal of national righteousness.

**Resurrection of the Pig.**  
Boys' and girls' essays are so remarkable sometimes as to suggest the conscious cleverness of the adult. Here is one pure and unadulterated, sent in for the children's essay competition in connection with the Darwin agricultural show. Probably you think you know something of the pig already. It will be instructive exercise to fill out your knowledge of this animal from this essay "For the pig to die" (we are informed) "is to be born again to a sphere of greater utility. When we get out of bed in the morning we brush our hair and clothes with its bristles; for our breakfast we have a crisp, savory piece of bacon. When we arrive home for our dinner we find some tender chops awaiting us, and when we go back to work we feel as strong as Jack Johnson. On our arrival home to tea we find some pork sausages frizzling in the pan, and we have our supper of cold sausages, which perhaps disturbs our sleep. And we dream of bacon, pork chops and sausages, and the cause of all this is the pig."—Dundee Advertiser.

**The Hotel Hoodoo Room.**  
"We used to have a room in the old Fifth Avenue hotel that was known as the 'suicide room,' said a former clerk. "Of course the name was an office secret, but whenever one of us rented that room to a stranger we never felt quite comfortable about him until after he had left the hotel. Now that the old hotel is gone there can be no harm in mentioning that the number of the room was 569. I don't see how even the most superstitious person could get a hoodoo out of that number, and nobody ever refused to take it so far as I know, but it is a fact that in the twenty-five suicides that took place in the Fifth Avenue hotel during fifty years, seventeen occurred in room 569. The last that took place was that of a young woman, who drowned herself in a bathtub. You will find that in any big hotel that has been running for any length of time there is a room 'that has a hoodoo of some kind on it.'—New York Sun.

**Filing an Alibi.**  
Parson White's precautionary measure of protecting his chicken coop with chilled steel bars was futile, for that very night four more of his choice Leghorns disappeared, leaving the severed bars as the only visible evidence of the theft. However, his suspicions pointed toward his next door neighbor, whom he had seen prowling around his yard that day, and accordingly he had this suspect up in the police court the next morning. "If the prisoner can file an alibi I'll let him off with a suspended sentence," announced the judge at the end of the evidence. "Can you file an alibi, Han?" "I guess I can," eagerly rejoined the suspect. "If it ain't my harder den Parson White's chicken coop bars."—San Francisco Star.

**Grace Knives.**  
There is a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century the blades of which have engraved on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other the grace after meat. These knives usually went in sets of four, representing a four part harmony of bass, tenor, alto and treble. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather and were placed before the singers according to the adaptation of each one to his particular part. As may be supposed, the inscription was usually in Latin. The following specimen is taken from actual knives of the period: "Pro tua beneficia Deus, gratias agimus tibi" (For thy good gifts, O God, we thank thee).

**A Witty Reply.**  
It was during one of the recent strikes. An old man, evidently a striker, who looked rather seedy and down at the heel, went up to a trio of young strikers who were standing at the corner of the street and asked if one of them could lend him a match. One of the young men, thinking he would have a joke at the old man's expense, handed him a match and with a serious face said to him: "But when will I get it back?" "After the strike," was the quick though unexpected reply.

**Fear Conjurer's Presents.**  
"Just once at every performance I regret my skill as a magician," said the conjurer. "That is when the little folk I call up on the stage to assist me in a certain turn are afraid to accept the bona fide presents I offer them for fear they will go off. At a certain point in the performance I request a girl and a boy of ten or thereabout to step up. After an interchange of confidences, in which they tell me their first names, and I tell them mine, we get along swimmingly together until they leave the stage, when I present each with an appropriate present. Their gingerly way of handling it twinks my heart-strings painfully. It would please me to possess those youngsters' trust and confidence, but my success as a magician precludes that. With looks and candy held at arm's length they uptoo down the aisle, and, no doubt, every chocolate is nibbled and every page turned in constant terror lest some new trick be sprung on them."—New York Times.

**The Making of Paper.**  
The fineness to which the rags are ground has no direct influence on the durability of the paper, for even broken cells of linen and hemp remain unchanged for thousands of years in favorable conditions. The employment of strong alkalis and of starch size appears to be the cause of rag paper becoming yellow and brittle, while neutral or mildly alkaline treatment and animal size favor durability. Air drying favors the durability of paper. Even the best rag papers are injured if not destroyed by soaking or excessive dampness. It is impossible to speak with certainty of the durability of modern papers containing few or no rags, as the ultimate effect of the new process of making, sizing, loading and calendaring cannot be foreseen. Many new papers have already proved their lack of permanence.—Exchange.

**Gunpowder.**  
The explosive nature of gunpowder, which is made of charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter, is due to the fact that when fired the charcoal and sulphur are burned at the expense of the oxygen in the saltpeter, much heat is developed and large quantities of gas are produced. This gas exerts great pressure on the sides of the gun; hence its disruptive or propulsive effects. When gunpowder is fired in a gun the explosion is not instantaneous. The expansive force of the gases produced acts on the shot all the time it is moving along the barrel and gradually increases its velocity. If the explosion were so sudden as to be practically instantaneous the greater part of the force would be exerted mainly on the sides of the chamber containing the powder and not, as is actually the case, on the shot.

**A Prisoner of St. Kilda.**  
A romance of St. Kilda is the story of Lady Grange, wife of an eighteenth century Scottish lord of session. She was for some mysterious reason seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and conveyed by night journeys to the highland coast, and thence by sea to St. Kilda. There, amidst the few inhabitants she remained for several years a prisoner, provided, however, with a constant supply of food and a woman to wait upon her. No inquiry was made for her, but at last she conveyed a letter to a friend by the daughter of a catechist, who hid it in a cleft of yarn. A ship was sent to rescue her, but her jailers got wind of it and transferred her to the island of Herries, where she died.

**Glass Flowers.**  
In the University Museum of Harvard is a collection of plants modeled in glass. It is a wonderful collection both in size and in the beauty and accuracy of the work. It includes flowering plants, from the simplest to the most elaborate and complex, being done in the natural color of the particular flower modeled, with buds, leaves and stems. This is known as the Ware collection. The plants were modeled by Leopold Blaschka, founder of the art of modeling specimens in glass. He was born May 27, 1822, in Aicha, a town in northern Bohemia.—Boston Post.

**Practical Results.**  
"There may be something in this theory of telepathy," said the mystical person. "You mean thought concentration that enables you to impress your ideas on others?" Inquired Senator Sorghum. "Yes." "Well, there may be something in it, but don't depend on it. For practical results in impressing people telepathy will never compare with a brass band and a parade."—Washington Star.

**As to Success.**  
Griggs—I should say that the two keys to success are luck and pluck. Briggs—Sure! Luck in finding some one to pluck.—Boston Transcript.

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**Called His Bluff.**  
"Sarah," said Mr. Jolliboy to his wife as he finished his breakfast, "I shall not be home to dinner tonight. My old friend Bill Peters is in town." "Good!" said Mrs. Jolliboy. "That suits me to a T. I'm not going to be home to dinner myself. My old friend George Watkins telephoned me yesterday." "But I dined at home."—Harper's Weekly.

**Quickly Settled.**  
Mamma, on hearing that her sister had received a new little girl, said to Lillian, her young daughter, "Lillian, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle and you are her little cousin." "Well," said Lillian wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

**Noisy.**  
Lawyer—Now, sir, tell me, are you well acquainted with the prisoner? Witness—I've known him for twenty years. Lawyer—Have you, I must now ask, ever known him to be a disturber of the public peace? Witness—Well—er—he used to belong to a fife and drum corps.

**One Thing Lacking.**  
"She has violet eyes, rosy cheeks and a lily white throat." "Yes. She'd be all right if she didn't have a voice like a raspberry bush."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Judging by the Effect.**  
She—What was it the choir just sang? He—From the appearance of the congregation I think it must have been some kind of a lullaby.—Laughter.

I hold that one to be the best dressed whose dress no one observes.—Thackeray.

**Force and Perseverance.**  
There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.—Mme. Swetchine.

**Wary.**  
Percy—Her father said if he caught me in the house again he would kick me out. Harold—Have you called since? Percy—Do I look as if I had been kicked?—Exchange.

**Sarcasm.**  
He—Has our new laundress melancholia, my dear? She—I'm sure I don't know. Why do you ask? He—Nothing. Only I noticed the clothes are so blue.—Exchange.

Wipe out the past, trust the future and live in a glorious now.—Towne.

**FOR SALE**  
At a bargain: 560 acres of choice farm land near Athens. Well improved, with plenty of good water. One of the best wheat farms in the country. A rare chance at only \$65.00 per acre. Ten or eleven thousand dollars down handles it in place, balance on terms to suit the purchaser. For further particulars, see B. P. Richards.

**For Sale.**  
South half of Lot 7 and 8, block 1, Kirk 1st addition. 6-room house. Exchange same and make as a bid; any reasonable cash offer will be carefully considered. Mullin Bros. Land Co. 1205, 3rd Ave. Seattle, Wash.

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

**Good Results in Every Case**  
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."

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**Cured of Terrible Cough on Lungs**  
N. Jackson, of Danville, Ill., writes: "My daughter had a severe attack of La Grippe and a terrible cough on her lungs. We tried a great many remedies without relief. She tried FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since."

**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."