

The Athena Press

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ATHENA, ORE., NOV. 22, 1912

In announcing the plans for the school children's industrial contest next year, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Alderman uncovers an ideal and original proposal which has for its purpose the embodiment of practical industry on the part of the school children of the state in the directing of their energy to poultry raising. Prof. Alderman says: "While it is not the intention to slight any of the other lines of activity taken up this year it is the plan to make poultry raising the leading feature of the school children's contest coming year. There is scarcely a boy or girl in city, village or country, but what could take care of a few chickens or ducks without interference with their school or other work. It costs the state about \$9.60 a pupil each year to carry on our public school system, and it is our ambition to have the school children increase the production of poultry and eggs enough to cover that expense. Children, wouldn't you be proud to be able to say 'It doesn't cost the State anything to educate us. We pay the bill with our chickens and eggs.' The result is easily possible and to reach it each school boy and girl would only have to keep a few fowls. I do not know of anything that would attract more favorable attention to Oregon than the fact that all her school children are raising poultry and producing thereby more than enough wealth to meet the expense of the public school system. Since 1899 there has been a large increase in the production of poultry and eggs, but there has also been a big increase in consumption, and last year there was about a million dollars' worth of poultry and eggs shipped into Portland from the east. That million dollars might just as well go into the pockets of the school boys and girls of Oregon as to the farmers of the east, and while you are earning it you will be occupying part of your time in healthful and interesting pastime and be learning how to do something worth while—how to do business, to depend upon your efforts and to be an important factor in society."

The parcels post, which goes into effect January 1, offers a wide range of transportation of both manufactured and farm products. The limit of weight of parcel post packages is 11 pounds. The cost of city or rural route delivery is five cents for the first pound, one cent for each additional pound and 15 cents for 11 pounds. The scheduled rates for transportation of packages are embraced in a radius of 50 to over 1800 miles at the following rates:

	For	Each	11
	1st lb.	add. lb.	lbs.
50 miles	.05	.03	.35
51 to 150 miles	.06	.04	.46
151 to 600 miles	.07	.05	.57
601 to 1000 miles	.08	.06	.68
1001 to 1400 miles	.09	.07	.79
1401 to 1800 miles	.10	.09	.90
Over 1800 miles	.11	.10	1.11
	.12	.12	1.32

If you are a resident of town or city, it is possible for you to make arrangements with your farmer friend to mail you a couple of dressed chickens, a pound of butter, a gallon of milk or cream, 11 pounds of potatoes, a dozen eggs, in fact anything raised on the farm that does not exceed in shipping by post more than 11 pounds. Post-offices hereafter are expected to present the appearance of city markets. Rosy cheeked girls and husky lads appeared in white aprons may be seen, frisking between the cold storage department to the delivery window, delivering choice roasts, steaks and etc. to waiting consignees. Shipments of vinegar and prunes, cider and sausage, molasses and wire, nails and cheese, and thousand and one other staples and perishable articles perhaps may be found among parcels in the post after January 1, which reminds us that if Jonathan Jr., did nothing, he set the postoffice department to doing something.

There is nothing like burlesque to give public relaxation from the steady humdrum of every day reality. This is evident from the success achieved by the High School country fair given by the faculty and pupils at the opera house last Saturday evening. A success financially which insures the liquidation of the indebtedness of the school athletic association, the event was a most pleasing one socially and mirthfully. The success of the fair is the crowning result of the hard work

of those who gave their time unostentatiously to the details of the exhibition.

A Chinese cook and a Japanese waiter served Father Vaughn at an Alaska dinner with caribou steak, moose tenderloin, leg of mountain sheep, grouse, wild duck, salmon, crabs and brook trout. After that and a few other things, he decided the United States drove a good business when it purchased Alaska for \$7,000,000.

There is reason to rejoice, observes the Pittsburg Gazette, that if the new executive is a democrat he is a man of refined instincts and of dignified demeanor, to whom the word "bully" is not the most expressive term in the English language and in whom the attitude of a bully is impossible.

The ruling which exempts a Canadian toy, attending a New Jersey school, from being forced to swear allegiance to the American flag is an eminently proper one. What could be said if an American were forced to swear allegiance to the union jack at a Canadian school?

A stranger leaving Chicago was arrested in the union station because he exhibited \$320. It has always been considered a high crime to have anything left after a visit to Chicago.

FOR SALE

At a bargain: 660 acres of choice farm land near Athena. 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. B. Richards.

For Sale.

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

Origin of the New York Yacht Club.
Shortly after the Revolution Colonel Stevens purchased Hoboken, which was then an island of swamps and rocky hills, and established the family on Castle point, a beautiful promontory overlooking the Hudson and New York city. John C. Stevens, the father of American yachting, was born there in 1785. There were no ferries in those days, and the Stevens boys of necessity became expert boatmen. At fourteen John C. owned a sailboat of twenty feet length named Diver. As the years passed by he had the schooner Glimcrack built for him by William Capes in Hoboken. This boat is one of the most historic craft of American yachting, since she was the cradle of the New York Yacht club, the organization being accomplished in her cabin only July 30, 1844, the year in which so many of the world's greatest achievements occurred. On that day John C. Stevens called a meeting of yachtsmen, which assembled aboard the Glimcrack, anchored off the Battery, New York, and here the constitution of the New York Yacht club was drawn up—Strand Magazine.

Real Literary Crumbs.

The librarian opened the book wide and shook it hard.
"Looking for possible love letters and mementoes?" a visitor asked.
"No; breadcrumbs," said the librarian. "Subsequent readers do not mind love letters, but they do object to breadcrumbs. Half the books brought back have crumbs ticked away between the leaves. That shows what a studious town we are. Our people are so enamored of literature that they can't stop reading long enough to eat; also it shows what a lonely town we are. Only people who live alone a great deal read anything except the newspaper at mealtime. And it shows what a slovenly town we are. In the interests of hygiene and aesthetics those voracious readers who cram their heads and their stomachs at the same time ought to clean their books of crumbs, but they never do."

Wanted to Be Exclusive.

P. V. Daniel, "Virginia gentleman," was one of the general officers of the old Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad.
Even in those days before the war the road was prosperous, and at a meeting of the board of directors some progressive introduced a resolution to reduce the rate for passengers from 17 to 11 cents a mile.
Instantly Daniel, who was chairman, declared the motion "out of order."
"Why?" protested its patron.
"Why?" thundered Daniel. "If you do that you will have every ragtag and bobtail in the state of Virginia riding on our road. That's why."
The resolution was unanimously tabled—Everybody's.

A Perplexing Question.

The funny man in the party said: "Can you name an animal that has eyes that cannot see, legs that cannot walk, but can jump as high as the Eiffel tower?"
Everybody racked his brains, and there was deep silence for awhile, and then they all gave it up.
"The answer," said the funny man, "is a wooden horse. It has eyes and cannot see and legs and cannot walk."
"Yes; but how does it jump as high as the Eiffel tower?" asked one.
"The Eiffel tower," said the funny man, as he made preparations for hurried departure, "can't jump!"

Clever Deduction.

"My son," explained the new client, "had a dog named Crimson. This dog was taught to growl when anybody mentioned Yale."
"One minute," interrupted Sherlock Holmes. "I deduce from this that your son went to Harvard."
"So he did!" exclaimed the new client.
"Marvelous!" cried Dr. Watson.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Old Nassau."
In the history of Princeton university is found the following entry after it had been decided to seat the college in Princeton:
"It was the desire of the trustees to name the new building after the patron and benefactor of the college, Governor Belcher, but with rare modesty he declined the honor, requesting the board to call the edifice Nassau Hall as expressing 'the Honour we retain, in this remote Part of the Globe, to the immortal Memory of the Glorious King William the 3d, who was a branch of the illustrious House of Nassau.' This request was complied with in the following terms:
"Whereas his Excellency Govr. Belcher has signified to us his declining to have the Edifice we have lately erected at Princeton for the Use and Service of New Jersey College to be called after his Name, and has desired for Good Reasons that it should be called after the Name of the illustrious House of Nassau: It is therefore voted, and it is hereby ordered that the sd. Edifice be in all time to come called and be known by the name of Nassau Hall."

Easily Reconstructed.
The professor in the exaltedly platitudinous mood that sometimes masters the wisest of men. As between alternate sips of morning coffee and bites of bacon he read the editorial articles in his newspaper, he remarked to his wife that if he "knew what our forefathers talked about at the breakfast table we could make history live."
Now, Mrs. Professor is a plain, practical woman, with a sense of humor and much experience with professional moods. She thought to herself that it is rather fortunate on the whole that history does not depend for its existence on breakfast table topics. But she said demurely:
"It would be something like this, I think: 'Where's my newspaper? This coffee is cold. The toast is burned. This is a bad egg. Where do you keep this butter? For goodness sake, keep these children quiet! Well, now I must be off!'—Youth's Companion.

The Connoisseur's Surprise.
An amusing story at the expense of a certain high French official is told by a Paris contemporary. He was showing one of his friends the magnum opus of his collection of pictures, a landscape of the environs of Paris, and depicting the city as it was in Courbet's time. There could be no doubt as to the authenticity of the picture, for it bore the signature of Courbet in red. The visitor pointed out that the horizon was dirty and would be improved by the application of a cleansing liquid. A bottle was requisitioned and some of the chemical gently applied with a brush. Then was seen a delightful little sketch of the Eiffel tower. It may be observed that Courbet, who was associated in the destruction of the Vendome column, died about a dozen years before the tower was built.

Wages No Object.
"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of the tramp who had applied at the back door for food.
"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house."
"That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?"
"He wanted me to get up at 4 in the morning, milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work."
"What did he want to pay?"
"I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."—Youth's Companion.

Won, but Not Held.
A learned English judge asked a woman to marry him because she, knowing his weakness, had mixed a salad so artistically that he declared he could not live without eating another. The judge soon repented of his folly. The lady had a foolish nature and a temper which so tormented her husband that he would prolong the sessions of his court far into the night. "Gentlemen," he was accustomed to say when counsel or jury murmured at the lateness of the hour, "as we must be somewhere, we cannot be better anywhere than we are here."

Praise For the Growlers.
"The growlers," says a Georgia philosopher, "are the boys that keep the world moving, for when folks are growling all the time the world stops to ask the reason and straightway finds a remedy for the trouble. If the world paid any attention to the optimists things would be at a standstill. Taking it for granted that everything's O. K. is the end of progress."—Atlanta Constitution.

He Owns Up to It.
Once upon a time an Irishman was walking through a lonely cemetery and stopped before an imposing looking monument bearing the following inscription: "I Still Live."
Pat reflected soberly for a moment and then said, "Well, if I was dead, begorra, O'd own up to it!"—Exchange.

A Grand Army Score.
A golfer playing his first game of the season reported downtown the next day that he had made a Grand Army score—he went out in 61 and came back in 65.—Chicago Post.

Would Feel Easier.
Caddie Master—What sort of caddie do you want, sir? Nervous Novice—Well—er—I'd like a boy who knows very little about the game.—London Sketch.

Bow Legged Man.
Do not revile the bow legged man, for he plays an important part in the world. It is estimated that 40 per cent of mankind are bow legged, so numerically (his class is entitled to great respect. Bow legs invariably accompany a robust physique. We find them one of the conspicuous features of athletes. Comedians are almost always bow legged. Of the bow legged geniuses to which humanity points with pride the most illustrious examples are Caesar, Horace, Napoleon, Wellington, Schopenhauer and Cavour, the celebrated Italian statesman.—

Writing to Trade.
Uncle Mose was a chronic thief, who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.
"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.
"No, sah."
"Well, to be perfectly fair I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."
"What's dat?"
"Act as your lawyers. Consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."
"Yes, sah."
Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the several times repeated word alibi. Then Mose rose, scratched his head and addressed the court.
"Jedge, yoh honah," he said, "cou'se I's only an Ign'ant niggah an' Ah don't want to bothay yoh honah, but Ah would suttinly like to trade, yoh yonah, one ob dese yeah lawyars foh a witness."—Kansas City Journal.

The Church of Gold.
There is no structure just like St. Mark's in Venice in the world. Its bulb shaped domes and minaret like belfries remind the visitor of the orient. It seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian temple. In the facade are scores of variously colored marble columns, each one a monolith and all possessing an eventful history. Some are from Ephesus, others from Smyrna, others from Constantinople and more than one even from Jerusalem. St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, a place of pride as well as prayer. The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for five centuries, and each generation tried to outdo all that had preceded it. The walls and roof are so profusely covered with mosaics and precious marbles that it is easy to understand why St. Mark's has been called the "Church of Gold."

The Lion and the Lamb.
The hardest thing to train a wild beast to do is to perform with a weak, defenseless animal. In one of the big circuses some years ago an effort was made to persuade a very docile old lion to lie down with a lamb. The idea was certainly a good one, but it took several lambs and also several months before the lion, which was willing to do any kind of trick, would allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity. Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer, and once he nearly killed the trainer, who tried to pull away the carcass. Finally the lion would tolerate the lamb in the den just so long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar. But the performance was so evidently forced and so lacking in smoothness and interest that it was abandoned after two or three attempts.

Bird's Nest of Steel.
In the Museum of Natural History at Solerue, in Switzerland, there is a bird's nest made entirely of steel. There are a number of clockmaking shops at Solerue, and in the yards of these shops there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks. One day a clockmaker noticed in a tree in his yard a bird's nest of peculiar appearance. Examining it he found that a pair of wagtails had built a nest entirely of clocks springs. It was more than four inches across and perfectly comfortable for the birds. After the feathered architects had reared their brood the nest was taken to the museum, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to advantage in building their nests.

Mozart and Bretzner.
When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music for Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From Seraglio") at the request of the Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipziger Zeitung: "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedures. (Signed) Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, author of 'Tauschenchen.'"

The Mystery of Love.
If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him I find it could not otherwise be expressed than by making answer, because it was he; because it was I. There is beyond all that I am able to say. I know not what inexplicable and fated power that brought on this nation.—Montaigne.

Up Early.
"The boss asked me what made me look so tired," said Galley, the clerk, "and I told him I was up early this morning."
"Hub!" snorted the bookkeeper. "You never got up early in your life."
"I didn't say that I got up. I said I was up."

A Sure Sign.
"Old Titewad is a mighty sick man, but the doctor says that if he can just keep him from giving up he has a chance of winning out."
"Then he'll win. Old Titewad never gave up anything since I have known him."—Houston Post.

In Anticipation.
Howell—Howell is always borrowing trouble. Powell—Yes; he's the kind of fellow who, if he thought he was going to get fat would go out and walk off the weight before he got it.

Quite Familiar.
"There is not much in a name's per se," said a young Sunday school teacher. "Still it did give me a turn last Sunday when I asked a boy in my class how many apostles there were to have him look up and reply carelessly, 'Oh, a dozen or so!'"

Tribute.
Knicker—So Jones is a famous crank? Bocker—Yes. When he dies they will stop the wheels in everybody's head for five minutes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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"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 Coffey, of Raymond, Missouri.

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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."

Pneumonia follows a Cold, but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Stops the Cough and heals the lungs.

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."