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ATHENA, ORE., OCT. 3 1913

Alfalfa, corn and silos beget hogs, beef cattle and dairies, is the slogan brought to Athena Wednesday by Professor Holden of Iowa Agricultural College and other experts on the all-absorbing issue of practical diversified farming. The slogan was listened to by a comparatively small number of farmers—more's the pity. Holden delivered one of the most able addresses ever heard here and his argument for more and better results from the soil bristled with fact and logic. His discourse of an hour and a-half developed the one-crop farmer as he stands in regard to constributing to the breadbasket of the world. And to take Holden for it, the one-crop farmer is not toting his part of the load when the undeveloped productive possibilities of his land is considered. Viewing the question from Professor Holden's standpoint and along the line of his lecture, it is up to the farmer to put more in the breadbasket than he is now doing by leaving half of his land lie idle each year. In other words, with the passing of the great western ranges, Holden puts it squarely up to the farmer to produce the beef; that it is an obligation he owes to humanity as a producer of foodstuffs to get all he possibly can from the soil and the logical way to get it is to diversify production. In addition to beef, the silo calls for the swine herd and the dairy, the products from which fill up the basket and swells the bank roll.

Mr. C. C. Moore, of the United States Department of Chemistry, has been in Oregon for two weeks studying the adaptability of Oregon potatoes as a raw product for the manufacture of starch. He has declared his faith in the possibility of establishing factories for the manufacture of starch and glucose from potatoes and has had a meeting with prominent Portland business men with this end in view. It is stated that the Pacific Northwest at present consumes about 10,000 tons of starch per year, practically all of which is shipped from the east. The establishment of a starch mill in Oregon would supply this annual demand and would also provide an outlet for surplus spuds during seasons of low prices.

Up-to-The-Times Magazine, always good, is better for October than ever. "Experiences of a Pioneer," "Schools and Colleges," and "Great Opportunities of the Blue Mountain Country," are articles up to the leaders in the big magazines of the day. There's a bare spot on the reading table of every home in the Northwest country that does not have a monthly visit from Up-to-The-Times.

It has been predicted that beef will go to a dollar a pound by 1923 unless farmers raise more cattle. Americans are great beef-eaters. They like to live well. High living is a fad with them. Farmers will make no mistake—in fact they will make beefsteak—by going into stockraising more extensively. It is their bonanza, their gold mine. Will they work it? Sure, they will.

Wm. Travers Jerome told the Canadian court that poker wasn't a game of chance; meaning, perhaps, that the man playing against him had no chance of winning. It was, to some extent at least, a chance if you got off with your life, back in the old Centervillan days.

A New York factory proprietor convicted of carelessness in the death of 140 employes was fined $20. It often costs more than that to blacken a neighbr's eye, remarks a paragrapher.

Newspapermen do not worry over the income tax nor lie awake o' nights thinking of the rotation of crops. Oh, the craft has much to be thankful for.

Emperor William of Germany has climbed upon the water wagon and it will not be necessary to tie him on, for he is a man of iron will.

The cold storage people recently held a big meeting in Chicago and the next day a cold wave struck the country.

An exchange remarks that "one of our citizens has gone to California to become a native of that state."

We are not proud of the way California is dealing out justice to her millionaire white slavers.

DID YOU EVER EAT POI?

Maybe You Wouldn't Care to the Way They Do It In Hawaii.

Poi is the national dish of the Hawaiians, and a poi supper is an event long to be remembered by foreigners admitted to participation therein. Poi is made from taro, a big, coarse, dark skinned vegetable grown under water, the size and shape of a large sweet potato. The taro is pounded until it becomes a coarse, moist mass and is then left to ferment.

When poi is served each guest bathes and dries the right hand and then proceeds to dip the index finger of that hand into the mass. There is quite a knack in the operation, and it is always necessary to instruct the novice that there is absolutely no need to move his arm, but simply the wrist.

One removes his finger at the same time that his neighbor does. On the finger of the skilful operator there will be a pear shaped ball of poi, but the clumsy one's fingers will simply be thinly veneered with the substance. Then, if the stranger ask what was the matter with his movement, he will be told that he held his finger too straight. He must crook it a little and turn his hand not too fast, with a wrist movement only.—Harper's Weekly.

Woman's Wit.

An emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emperor determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women. Therefore he sent a proclamation into the town saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all. Even the city itself was left untouched.

Of Course.

A New York dramatic writer tells of an actress of great popularity who is just beginning to be obsessed with the notion that the public holds her to be older than she really is.

The writer was assigned to interview this player. He wished to obtain her views with reference to the state of the drama, a topic whereon the actress did not seem particularly anxious to descant.

"It does not seem to me," gently suggested the interviewer with a smile, "that I am really ascertaining your opinion. You ought to be frank, since your eyes are gray and"—

"Prematurely so, my dear boy, prematurely so," the actress hastened to assure him.—Judge.

Delicious Supper Dish.

For Swiss eggs, a delicious supper dish, spread the bottom of a baking dish with two ounces of butter. Cover this with thin slices of American cheese. Place four eggs over the cheese, taking care that the yolks are not broken. Season with pepper and salt, pour around the eggs two tablespoonfuls of rich cream and cover the top with grated cheese. Bake it for ten minutes, garnish with parsley and serve with fingers of dried toast.

To Her Credit.

Miss Diggs—Yes, he said you didn't show your age. Miss Passay—The idea! The impudence of him! Miss Diggs—Why, I'd call that a compliment. It simply proves how skillful you've been in concealing it.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Hopes.

Hostess—Oh, I hope your dog won't go into the kitchen. The fish for baby's dinner is on the table.

Caller—I hope not, indeed. He isn't allowed to have fish.—London Punch.

Grief makes one hour ten.—Shakespeare

Notice.

Beginning Monday, Oct. 6th, we will close at 6 p. m., Saturdays excepted. Mosgrove Mercantile Co.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.
First National Bank of Athena, a Corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
Harry Brown, Defendant.

To Harry Brown, above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons against you, and if you fail to appear and answer and plead, the plaintiff, for want thereof, will demand from the above entitled court the relief demanded in its complaint, towit: For a judgment against you in the sum of $825.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from September 1st, 1913, together with its costs and disbursements in this action.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Honorable G. W. Phelps, judge of the above entitled court, made on the 25th day of September, 1913, and the first publication thereof is on the 3rd day of October, 1913. Homer I. Watts, Attorney for Plaintiff.

RAMBLINGS OF A CHECK.

Something on the Style of the House That Jack Built.

A man down south made a bet with his wife—which was indiscreet.

The wife won—which was foreordained.

The man wrote the wife a check for $5 in payment of the bet—which was sad.

The wife cashed the check at the grocery, but forgot to indorse it—which was natural.

The grocer, despite the lack of endorsement, paid it to a packing house collector—which was careless.

The packing house collector turned it in—which was all in a day's work.

The packing house office man discovered the lack of indorsement—which was good work.

He handed it back to the driver and docked the driver's salary—which was system.

The driver placed the check in his white duck coat and sent it to the laundry—which was unwise.

The laundry mutilated the check beyond recognition—which was to be expected.

Which is why the driver asked the cashier to ask the grocer to ask the man's wife to ask her husband to write a duplicate check. Which is why the man feels like he is paying that bet twice.—Kansas City Star.

NAMES FOR THE KNIVES.

The Small Boy Had Them All Down Pat For the Preacher.

The small boy of today is often credited with a predilection for saying the wrong thing in the presence of an honored guest. The following true incident shows that he also had to be reckoned with more than seventy years ago.

In the pioneer days of Michigan Deacon Brewster was noted for his large family and his hospitality. One day Elder Allen, the circuit rider, young, good looking and, moreover, a bachelor, arrived at the deacon's in time for dinner. Presently a bounteous meal appeared upon a board rather scantily furnished, it must be owned, with certain necessaries in the way of tableware. After all were seated and the elder had asked the blessing Miss Betsy, the eldest daughter, thinking to apologize, blushingly began:

"I'm sorry I couldn't find a better knife for you, Mr. Allen. The children carry them out to dig with, you see, and forget to bring them back."

"Why-y, sister," piped Johnny's shrill voice, "they're all here! The elder's got No Handle, dad hez Butcher and mammy Stub! He'll jest have to take turns eating with the rest of us."—Woman's Home Companion.

Toward the Pole.

Ice eight feet thick on the ocean and snow falling even in summer—such is the weather experienced in the polar regions. When the air is dry and still it is remarkable how low a temperature can be borne with ease. One explorer tells us that with the thermometer at 9 degrees it was too warm for skating. The summer weather in this region is, moreover, in some respects pleasant and healthful. Within the arctic zone there are wonderfully colorded sunrises and sunsets to be seen. They are both brilliant and impressive. But the nights—the nights are monotonous and repelling. A rigid world buried in everlasting snow, silent save for the cracking of the ice or the wail of the wind. Travelers in these regions experience many discomforts. The keen air causes their skin to burn and blister, while their lips swell and crack. Thirst, again, has been much complained of, arising from the action of the low temperature on the warm body.

How Zulu Servants Are Fed.

Zulu servants live in a detached house in the yard, and each receives the following rations: A half loaf of bread per day, one can condensed milk per week, one-quarter pound of tea per week, two pounds of sugar per week, two pounds of corn meal per week, fresh meat once a week. This meat consists of a shilling's worth of "boy's meat," probably a pound and a half of beef, which is boiled with vegetables, usually carrots, which the Zulus love. The black servants are known as "boys," and the butchers sell a special kind of meat for them, which is called "boy's meat."—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Home Manners.

Mr. Pester—Mr. Pleasanton has such delightfully agreeable manners. I suppose he acquired them while living at home.

Mrs. Pester—Hardly! Men as a general rule seem to regard home as a place where they don't have to be polite.—Boston Record.

Generally the Case.

"I wish you would mention this to Jinks. It is highly important."

"I'll mention it to him today."

"But how do you know you will see him today?"

"I'm bound to bump into him. I owe him money."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Their Aim.

"I suppose," said the husband, "I suppose that you women want to vote just like men do?"

"Oh, no," replied the wife, "that isn't the point at all. We want to vote a great deal better than the men do."—Chicago Journal.

Turning the Tables.

"How about references?" inquired the mistress.

"Oh, I judge your looks, mum," said the applicant for the position of housemaid, "an' I won't ask yer for references."—Philadelphia Record.

NO SENSE IN EITHER.

Two Ways of Telling a Story, One of Which Pointed a Moral.

Two men entered a train at a small station out west and took seats facing an elderly gentleman. They fell to telling hunting stories with great animation and many, many oaths.

Nothing that the old gentleman was an interested listener, one of the men spoke to him and asked whether he, too, was not a hunter, with a story or two worth hearing.

The told gentleman thought he could tell one, and this is what he said:

"One day I thought I would go hunting, so I took my tin pan tinder box gun and went up into tin pan tinder box woods on the side of a tin pan tinder box mountain, and I waited a tin pan tinder box long time; and then I saw a tin pan tinder box fine buck coming toward me, so I put my tin pan tinder box gun to my shoulder and fired. And that tin pan tinder box buck fell right in its tin pan tinder box tracks, and it was the finest tin pan tinder box buck I ever killed." After a pause he said, "How do you like my story?"

"Oh, the story is all right, but I don't see what all that 'tin pan tinder box' has to do with it."

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "that is just my way of swearing."

"I don't see much sense in swearing that way," said the other, with manifest disgust.

To which the old gentleman responded, "There is as much sense in my way of swearing as there is in yours, young man."—Youth's Companion.

A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

Tragic Story of the Origin of the Familiar Expression.

"A skeleton in the cupboard" is a familiar expression which has a tragic origin. The story is that a certain widow in England had a son in India, but owing to his failing health his mother became very anxious for his return. One day she received a letter from him containing the strange request that she should find some one who had no care or trouble and ask her to make six shirts for him.

Anxious to accede to his wishes, the mother hunted long and finally found a lady who apparently fulfilled the condition. The lady listened in silence to the request and then invited the widow into her bedroom, and there she opened a cupboard, which contained a human skeleton.

"Madam," she said, "I endeavor to keep my trouble to myself, but every night my husband compels me to kiss that skeleton, which was once his rival, whom he killed in a duel many years ago. Think you that I am happy?"

Then the mother wrote to her son of the fruitless errand, and his reply was:

"I knew when I gave you the commission that every one had his cares, and you, mother, must have yours. Know, then, that I am condemned to death and can never return to England. Mother, mother, there is a skeleton in every house!"

Ysaye's Lost "Strad."

Of fiddles lost, stolen or strayed the most notable instance within recent times is the disappearance of the violin belonging to the great player Ysaye. It was a Stradivarius, made in 1732, and one of the violins shown in the loan collection of musical instruments at South Kensington in 1885. It was the practice of Ysaye, as of every other great player, to carry with him two violins, so that in case of accident he might have one to fall back upon. The stolen one was left unattended in the artist's room below the orchestra. It vanished, and in consequence of the hue and cry that resulted the instrument has never come to light again. Nor can the possessor of such a violin bring it to light while the present generation of experts is alive, for infallibly it would be recognized.—St. James' Gazette.

The Aged Hare.

About 500 years ago there lived in Agshelin, a little town in Asia Minor, an imam, or village parson, the Khoja Nasr-ed-Din Effendi. Harry Charles Lukach says that one day a camel passed along the street in which the Khoja lived, and one of the Khoja's neighbors who had never seen a camel before ran to ask him what this strange beast might be.

"Don't you know what this is?" said the Khoja, who also had never seen a camel, but would not betray his ignorance. "That is a hare a thousand years old."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Bitter Disappointment.

"What's wrong with that melancholy man you were talking to just now?"

"He has been disapointed in love."

"Too bad! Did some other fellow get the girl?"

"No; he got the girl, but she won't support him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Nearness.

"I came very near doing what I set out to accomplish," said the man, with great self confidence.

"Yes," replied the cruel cynic. "But that's what the man said when he put the paste brush in the ink bottle."—Washington Star.

Appropriate.

"What do you think would be a nice present to give a lawyer friend?"

"Why not a new suit?"—Baltimore American.

The important thing in life is to have a great aim and to possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain it.—Goethe.

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