

The Athens Press

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F. B. Boyd, Publisher

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ATHENA, ORE., JAN. 9, 1914

Evidently, it is not to be all roses in the path of Mr. Booth's senatorial aspirations, notwithstanding he has the endorsement of Zoeth Houser and the Umatilla county legislators. Listen to this from the Pilot Rock Record, the only recognized Republican paper in the county: "The Eugene millionaire lumber man who after 'urgent solicitation' on the part of his 'friends' has consented to run for Senator is no doubt a good man, and we do not mean to intimate that the Booth Kelly Lumber Company ever got hold of an acre of timber land dishonestly but the fact that great lumber companies are not without suspicion, Mr. Booth's candidacy will require a good deal of explanation. This is not a good time to run men for important positions who in no way have shown their superior gifts except as money makers. While there is no objection to a man being rich it does make some difference as to how he got his wealth. Those who buy lumber today, despite the Underwood bill, will feel about as much like voting for a representative member of the biggest lumber company in this state, as he would for a member of an ice trust on the fourth of July."

The fact that Governor West adheres to his determination to retire from the governorship has caused the Democrats to cast about for a candidate of the required calibre to make the race for the office, and from every indication, Dr. C. J. Smith, formerly of this county, now a prominent resident of Portland, will be the preferred candidate to enter the approaching primary election. So far as Eastern Oregon is concerned, no man the Democrats could put out for Governor could poll a larger vote than could Dr. Smith. As a member of the Senate, he represented his county and state with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents. So great was the strength he developed in the State Senate that his ability as a statesman and his tireless endeavors for the advancement of good government place him in the groove that slides easily to the nomination for Governor. The Press will be pleased to support him for Governor.

We have seen him dissected, bisected and otherwise hacked up for analysis, but the following from an exchange is some deflation, "believe me": "After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire. He had some awful substance left with which He made the knocker. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a waterlogged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where other people have hearts he has a tumor of rotten principles. When the knocker comes down the street honest men turn their backs, the angels in heaven take precipitate refuge behind their harps and the devil harlocks the gates of his dominion."

Experts found the accounts of the Pendleton water commissioners to be on the right side of the ledger with an overplus of \$1.14; but Dr. Best, the odd member on the commission, still contends the board falls short some \$35,000 or thereabouts. Some discrepancy, to say the least. From a distance it seems a scrap within a scrap wherein personal feeling has the ascendancy. Good water is needed in Pendleton more than anything, and if the water board is in a position to bring it to the town, its members should have the backing of the citizens in their efforts to do so.

Wood crawled out of Hodgson's silo, where we stuffed him a couple of weeks ago, long enough to print a detailed revision in the Leader of Uncle Sam's parents post schedule, which appeared in the columns of the Press in its issue of December 12th. In common with its esteemed contemporaries, the New York World and the Helix Advocate, this paper glories in a scoop, but it never glazes over a cripple—the oculist cannot be expected to cover his newspaper field and become part and parcel of Hodgson's silo, too.

John P. McManus, veteran editor of the Pilot Rock Record, has accumulated sufficient acres in his silo box to enable him to take a vacation. He proposes to enjoy a cougar hunt in the Blue Mountains and a visit to old friends in California. Lucky "Mac." He has earned it, and we hope that he will enjoy every minute of his hike to new scenes.

WORK OF THE OCEANS.

They Do More Than Merely Separate Acres of Dry Land.
Oceans are found in various parts of the world, where they spend their time in lapping shores, infringing upon the rights of continents and swallowing up islands, ships and people.

Oceans are salty to the taste and are used by yachtsmen to get away from their wives, also to cover up cabled newspaper stories about kings and queens and to float navies and other debts.

An ocean spends its time in having storms and making surf. It delights in making innocent people sick and in playing with children's legs. Without oceans there would be no steamships and gambling would decline.

Every ocean has a set of fish which do not even pay ground rent, but spend their time like people who live on land—namely, in devouring each other. Besides ordinary fish, oceans have whales, lobsters and mermaids. The mermaids live on rocks just as girls on dry land do. The lobsters also live shellfish lives in lobster palaces. The whales lie around and wait for the happy time when they can perform useful work supplying bones for corsets.

Some oceans employ professional sea serpents, which they use during the summer for advertising purposes. Oceans also have zones, seaweed and sponges. When an ocean has been out all night it likes to take a sponge bath; hence it always keeps on hand a constant supply of these useful toilet articles.—Life.

FARMS THAT FAIL.
The Way Food Making Crops Rob the Soil of its Fertility.
An acre of wheat deprives the soil of forty-five pounds of nitrogen, twenty-three pounds of phosphoric acid and thirty pounds of potash. On the market nitrogen is worth 17 cents a pound, phosphoric acid 7 cents and potash 4 cents. Therefore the actual money value of the nitrogen removed from the soil by an acre of wheat is \$7.65; of phosphoric acid, \$1.61, and of potash \$1.20, making a total loss of \$10.46 an acre a year. If the farmer raises twenty-five acres of wheat a year for twenty-five years the loss will be \$5,230.

Each acre of oats consumes fifty pounds of nitrogen, twenty pounds of phosphoric acid and forty pounds of potash. In the same way an acre of corn will take from the soil \$18.50 worth of fertility, provided both the grain and fodder are removed. If you have fifty acres in corn \$925 worth of fertility is removed each year. In twenty years you will have taken out \$18,500 worth of the elements necessary to produce a good crop.

Should you raise fifty acres of wheat, fifty acres of oats and fifty acres of corn for twenty years on your farm the money value of the elements removed from the soil would be more than \$40,000. Is it any wonder, then, that the farms begin to wear out when you fail to return these elements to the soil which are necessary to produce a crop?—Farm and Fireside.

Lincoln's History of Himself.
When Abraham Lincoln was elected to congress Charles Latham, then editor of the Congressional Record, according to the regular custom, forwarded to Mr. Lincoln as well as to all other members elect a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the directory. Mr. Lincoln's blank was returned promptly, filled up in his own handwriting with the following information:

"Born Feb. 12, 1800, in Hardin county, Ky.
"Education, defective.
"Profession, lawyer.
"Military service, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.
"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office, four times a member of the Illinois legislature and elected to the lower house of the next congress."

London's Dullest Job.
The dullest job in London may become an absorbing occupation in time. There is a clerk at the law courts whose sole duty is to take papers, one by one, from a pile on the left side of his table, bang a stamp down on them and place them in the same order on his right. He has been doing this job for about thirty-five years and recently confessed that it has become such a part of his nature that, if the supply of documents dried up he would have a nervous breakdown. Fortunately, the block of litigation at the courts will prevent such a catastrophe for some time.—London Standard.

Ear For Music.
"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"
"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Cum-rux. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, and if it's the younger one it's Exercise 27."—Washington Star.

AN ARTFUL ELEPHANT.

He Deserved the Dinner He Got With So Much Cunning.
Here is an amusing tale of an elephant's artfulness told by Mrs. A. M. Handley in "Roughing It in Southern India."

"One very bright moonlight evening while camping on the Brahmagiris we were sitting out in the cool air after dinner when one of the elephants somehow contrived to unobtrusively himself and walked away from his own quarters into ours. We saw him go up to a sleeping native, snuff at his pillow and then ever so gently draw it away with his trunk. At the same time he edged his own foot under the man's head and shoulders that no jerk might be felt.

"The pillow was a bag of rice, put there for safety against pilferers. Although tied up in a knot, the bag was deftly opened and its contents devoured to the very last grain, the thief looking watchfully round him the while.

"We were not likely to disappoint him of his clericaly won feast, as he seemed to know, for, just letting his tiny eyes rest on us unconcernedly for a second or two, he fell to considering his next move.

"He drew a stone toward him with the ever handy trunk and got it under the empty sack. Then he worked both together under the man's head. Finally he stealthily withdrew his own foot, and, having waited no longer than was necessary to make sure he had left all safe, he moved off."

ON THE BRINK OF NIAGARA.
Three Hours of Peril, but He Still Clutched His Knife.
On the afternoon of June 1, 1872, an old painter named William McCullough while painting the bridge above Niagara falls between the first and second Sister Islands fell into the rapids. Instantly he was swept furiously toward the cataract, but whirled into lesser waves, so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink.

Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but ignorant what to do. Among them was Thomas Colroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore and with the other end in his hand waded out as far as he could and occasionally swam, the water being from eighteen inches to six feet deep. He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely.

When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the falls.

Down in the Depths.
The mermaid was ill. She sat leaning against a rock, unsmiling of the sand that was settling on her beautiful tail. In fact, she was too far gone to care about anything.

Later, when Father Neptune came along to inquire how she felt, she cheered up a little.

"Oh, Father Neptune," she cried, "could you not slip up and ask the people on the beach if there is a doctor amongst them?"

Neptune, only too glad to be of use, departed and was seen returning with a young man of professional appearance.

The young man presented his card; the mermaid smiled, read it and—
He was a chiropodist—London Answers.

What He Wanted.
"Is this a secondhand shop?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I want one for my watch."—Smart Set.

Notice to Creditors.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County. In the Matter of the Estate of Madison Jones, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that George W. Jones, the executor of the last will and testament of Madison Jones, deceased, has resigned and that his resignation has been accepted by the above entitled court; that John M. Jones was, on the 13th day of December, 1913 appointed administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of the said estate. All persons having any claims against the estate, or unfinished business connected with the administration of the estate, will present their claims to, and take up their unfinished business with, the said administrator at the office of Will M. Peterson, his attorney, in the Smith-Crawford Building at Pendleton, Oregon.

Dated this 26th day of December, 1913. John M. Jones, Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Madison Jones, deceased. Will M. Peterson, His Attorney.

Executor's Notice.
In the County Court for Umatilla County, State of Oregon. In the Matter of the Estate of William Pinkerton, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed executors of the last will and testament of William Pinkerton, deceased, and as such the above entitled Court has made and entered an order in the above matter appointing the undersigned executors of the estate herein, and they have qualified as the law directs; all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned executors at Milton, Umatilla County Oregon, or to Homer I. Watts, their attorney at his office at Athens, Umatilla County Oregon, with proper vouchers within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 9th day of January, A. D. 1914. James W. Pinkerton, David A. Pinkerton, Homer I. Watts, Attorneys.

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Homer I. Watts
Attorney-at-Law
Athens, Oregon.

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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.

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."

PNEUMONIA
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."