

IN THE ATHENS OF THE SOUTH

From the rock of the famed Acropolis, near the storied Aegean sea, to the delightful southern city of Nashville, Tennessee, is a long leap for the imagination, historic and otherwise. And yet Nashville, called the Athens of the South for its many colleges of many sorts, has another claim to the name in its splendid reproduction of that glory of ancient Athens, the Parthenon. This is without doubt the only complete reproduction and restoration existing of the temple of Athene Parthenos (the virgin), and was built as the crowning beauty of the Tennessee centennial in 1897 to be used as an art gallery. It copies the original faithfully, not only in size and form, but so far as known in the color decorations, which were part of the scheme of ornament of the Parthenon. The material used was stucco since reinforced the total cost being over \$75,000. It is to be kept permanently as an art gallery and has a fine situation, in the center of Centennial park, one of the noblest public demesnes of the South. Major E. C. Lewis was chief promoter of this unique monument to the taste and fostering culture of his state. W. C. Smith was the architect, Edward Laurent a supervisor of the work.

In this connection some account of the original temple is of interest. It was the official temple of Pallas at Athens (she was Minerva to the Romans, goddess of wisdom) as protectress of the city. The Century dictionary, in describing the beginnings of the Athenian hegemony (450 B. C.) or its rule over certain cities, has the significant fact that the political direction of the federation was under Pericles, while Phidias held "the artistic presidency." This gives a glimpse of what art meant in the Greece of those days.

This temple held the famous colossal statue of Pallas Athene, by Phidias. She stands holding her spear and a Victory, a serpent at her feet. The outside frieze of the temple which is Doric in style, represents an idealized festival procession of all Athens, magistrates, young horsemen, girls carrying utensils, chariots, spectators, etc. These figures are in low relief, 3 1/4 feet high. In the pediments, or the two end spaces under the roof, are groups of sculpture in the round. One represents the contest of Athene with Poseidon, ruler of the sea, for possession of Athens. The remaining fragments of these wonderful figures, the greatest sculpture in existence as the artists hold, are among the famous Elgin marbles in the British museum. It is said that in refinement of design and perfection of execution this temple has never been paralleled. The marbles were brought to the British museum by James Bruce, Earl of Elgin, between 1801 and 1803. These sculptures were executed under the direction of Phidias about 440 B. C. Among the chief of the pediment figures in the Elgin collection is the reclining figure of Theseus, Iris, messenger of the gods, with wind-blown drapery and the group of one reclining and two seated figures called the Three Fates.

Something That Has Not Advanced in Price.

Appropos of the animated controversy on the price of novels, the London correspondent of the Scotsman points out that the fashion, established only within recent years, of charging 6s. (\$1.50) for a new novel is a recurrence to ancient custom. In the library at the British Museum is a slim volume published in 1786, containing a list of publications since the year Queen Anne came to the throne, with their price. It was then the custom to publish novels in three volumes, and works were priced per volume. Thus Fanny Burney's "Evelina," published in 1778 in three volumes, sold for 7s. 6d. The volumes of "Tristram Shandy," published in 1759, were

priced at 5s. "The Vicar of Wakefield," seven years later, came out in two volumes, selling at 5s. sewn, 6s. bound. The original edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was priced 1s. 6d. A copy of it recently sold at Sotheby's for \$1475.

It was, the same correspondent adds, Walter Scott whose abounding popularity put up the price of novels. To begin with the advance was moderate. "Waverley" and "Guy Rannering" sold at 7s. a volume. As an odd volume was obviously of no use, it meant that the purchaser paid a guinea for the book. Scott's price was next put up to 24s. (\$6). For "Ivanhoe," 30s. was charged, while "Quentin Durward" and later novels were priced at a guinea and a half, a charge maintained for eight decades. Mrs. Gaskell's novels were issued at that price. A short time ago her old publishers, Smith, Elder & Co., issued a new edition of her works, beautifully printed on fine paper, handy in size, with a specially written introduction to each volume, the whole eight costing little more than the guinea and a half which our forebears paid for a single novel.

The Note Book.

There is no more ruthless disturber of the peace than the coal cart. Not alone the tumultuous thunder of the empty cart along the paved ways, but more especially the coal cart disgorging its merciless maw. No doubt it was held an improvement when the chutes for delivering coal were made of iron instead of the faster wearing wood; but as one remembers there was almost a million, soothing quality to the tone evolved from the fall of the coal in the old-fashioned shaft compared with the stridor of the modern appliance.

Of all the unnecessary noises this seems both the most unnecessary and the severest tax on the patience of the cliff dwellers—one would say the flat dwellers, flats being chiefly notable for mounting indefinitely skyward—when cart after cart sets the echoes of the brick-bound street rattling to the avalanche of coal. An observer, whose ears and teeth have never grown quite inured to the gritty sound of anthracite (soft coal has twice a saving quality), jumped for joy one day recently when a coal cart approached the office building with huge bags that bulged with the dusty treasure. Here at last was a humane coal dealer. The bags were plainly meant to be carried one by one to the bin and dumped on the unresonant pile instead of being cascaded across the long reach of the sounding slides. But no; the coal heaver with grim and grimy determination, plants his iron chute as usual, and at ease in his cart empties bag after bag down over uproarious metal.

Here was a crushed indeed a justifiable hope. Will none join a crusade for the suppression of cruelty in coal heaving? With men crying everywhere for work, the added labor of transportation would be a boon, and would not pay for an extra half hour of work with every ton—if the delivery bags involves so much time?

Hunt the Squirrel.

A circle is formed. One runs around on the outside, tags one on the back and continues running. The one touched turns the other way. When the two meet they must stop and bow three times and, continuing running, each in his own direction, see who can first reach the starting point.

You are disappointed. Do you remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost; that the good of every deed remains, and all that falls and is lost is the outside shell of the thing; which, perhaps, might have been better done, but, better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts, for which God will surely repay you in his own way and time. —Charles Kingsley.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES—

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UP OR DOWN STREAM FOR BASS

Having read a good deal pro and con about fishing up and down stream as pertaining to trout fishing with the fly, I am in a quandry to know if the authorities who advocate up-stream fishing believe in doing so when fishing for bass and casting an artificial bait. I have read magazine articles by men who were evidently authorities who still did not seem to have any positive views concerning this matter. One of them confesses inability to handle his lure properly or hook his fish if bait-casting up-stream, saying he prefers to cast down-stream, "as the current contributes to the control of your bait."

I do all my bass fishing in the Delaware river and invariably wade, getting most of my fish in the rifts and in pools just below them. I have had good success in casting up-stream when fishing a pool but not in fishing a rift. In fishing the rifts I do best in casting across the stream and always find it pays to fish every likely pocket or eddy just as carefully as I would if I were trout fishing with the fly. Moreover, I find that it pays to make several casts for the same fish—not all in exactly the same place but each cast being made with a view to attracting a fish which may be lying in a certain spot. I have time and again proved to my satisfaction that it often takes a variety of casts to rouse a bass to action. And I have also found that to hook a bass, while casting up-stream, you have to watch your lure very sharply, as he is liable to seize it when the line is not taut and unless it is one of the many hooked monstrosities to which Dr. Henshall so strenuously objects he will get off before you can strike him. I generally fish with a single hook with a spinner on the shank and a piece of fat pork cut in the shape of a minnow or a frog as a bait. Once in a while I use a single hook phantom minnow.—J. E. D. Wakeley, in Recreation for August.

Letter From Ancient Athens.

A little leaden tablet, tarnished, ugly and otherwise trivial in appearance, was sent a few years ago from Athens to the Imperial Museum of Berlin, says an exchange. On one side of it is some writing which only recently was deciphered with precise correctness by Adolph Wilhelm, an Austrian savant who lives in Athens. The tablet is the original of a private letter that was written about the time of the orator Demosthenes.

The writer of the letter lived in a rural neighborhood and wished to send a commercial order to a town. The form of the address was: "To be taken to the pottery market and to be handed to Nausias, or to Thrasykles, or to the son" (perhaps the son of the writer was meant). The weekly market, to which the Attic countrymen had gone to offer their produce and wares for sale, may be imagined as in progress. There the boy who was bearer of the letter was to find the stand or booth of one of the three persons to whom it was addressed and deliver it to him. The text of the letter says: "Mnestergoes greets you cordially, he greets your family with the same esteem. * * * Please be so kind as to send me a mantle, either of sheepskin or of goatskin, and let it be as cheap as possible, for it does not need to be trimmed with fur. Send with it a pair of heavy soles also. As soon as I have an opportunity I will pay you."

Charm of Manner.

By Elbert Hubbard.

Once in tramping along a country lane in England, I stopped to admire some very wonderful roses that grew in clusters over the door of a little stone cottage.

As I stood there a woman came out of the cottage carrying a baby, and there were two other babies tugging at her dress. And this woman said to me in the sweetest and gentlest manner, "Would you mind if I should give you one of the roses?" and she clipped off one with her scissors and handed it to me.

The action of the woman was so gentle, generous and gracious that I was surprised, and when I tried to express my thanks I only stammered and said it was a fine day and looked like rain.

Then I bethought me I was in the land of tips and I felt in my pocket for silver. But the woman stopped me and said, "Oh, I would never take money for a rose—but you are an American and my brother lives in America and perhaps you will see him and tell him that you saw me and the children."

I promised to hunt up her brother. Then we shook hands and I patted her three babies on the head and went away.

I've forgotten the woman's name and the name of her brother, but the incident of meeting her and the big red rose with the morning dew upon

it I will never forget. Why? Because she had Charm of Manner, and that is the rarest and finest thing in the world.

To have Charm of Manner you do not have to be rich, educated nor handsome—for certainly this woman I have just mentioned was neither. But she was just honest, gracious and considerate and so natural in her actions that she was impressive.

Once in Wanamaker's I wished to buy a cake of soap. The saleswoman showed me a kind at fifteen cents a cake, that I rather liked. She told me the price and then said, "But here is a kind that we can sell two cakes for a quarter—you see it is a little larger cake, and while not certain, I believe you will like it better or just as well—I am sure that you want the best."

"Give me four cakes of that last," I said, and slapped down a half dollar.

I really only wanted one cake of soap, because I had forgotten to put a cake in my valise, and I would be back home in two days anyway, but that girl's Charm of Manner caught me. She was so gracious, so kindly and so interested in pleasing me and worked in such a delicate little compliment that, in some way, I felt as though she had taken her scissors and snipped off a big red rose, the dew still on it, and handed it to me.

Not all the people in Wanamaker's have Charm of Manner—this charm that is born of concentration and consideration.

To have Charm of Manner you must have both respect for yourself and for the other person. Had that Wanamaker girl been in the slightest degree bold, it would have dissipated her charm—she was simply natural, earnest, easy, smiling, kind.

At another time in Wanamaker's I was waited on by a young man who was chewing gum and talking with a girl across the aisle about where he had been the night before, and how he had had such a lovely time. He looked it.

The secret of successful salesmanship lies in Charm of Manner. The person who has it is in possession of a key that will unlock all hearts—and pocketbooks.

If you have Charm of Manner, you can't keep it secret—you will not have to ask for a "raise"—it will gravitate to you every little while.

PENSIONS FOR AGED PEOPLE.

(Continued from Page 9.)

The general plan there is about as follows: Men over 65 and women over 60 are pensioned at the rate of \$2.50 and \$2 a week, respectively. Restrictions pertaining to income, residence and character surround the application of the law most effectively. I am in receipt of a letter from the American Consul at Newcastle, New South Wales, in which he says: "It is the general opinion that these pensions are a very good thing and that these laws are working out satisfactorily. In order to see for myself the people receive their pensions, I was present the first of this month and saw a large number of them paid. They appeared to be a most respectful lot of old people, and I feel certain the money allowed them each month by the government is judiciously expended."

"After years of consideration England adopted an old-age pension law in 1908. Under its provisions all persons over 70 years of age are pensionable, if they meet the requirements of regulations as to income, habits and character. The amounts paid run from 25 cents to \$1.25 weekly.

"Canada passed an annuity law in 1908. Under it people beyond the age of 55 years may draw from \$50 to \$600 annually. It is a government insurance proposition pure and simple, and dependent upon premiums; but as a step, is encouraging to every believer in the humane policy of making provision for old age a matter of governmental regulation."

Free Tuition in Music.

An arrangement has just been made between the education committee of the London County council and the London Academy of Music for special free tuition in music to be given to a small selected class of children who are leaving the elementary schools at the end of the present year. Boys or girls in higher elementary schools who are under 14 years of age on September 30, 1910, are eligible to apply through their head masters and mistresses. They must naturally have some musical ability, either vocal or instrumental. From the number recommended, the authorities of the academy will select eight, who are to attend advanced classes on Wednesday mornings for a year. At the end of the year—i. e., in September, 1911—any of the pupils considered worthy of further instruction will proceed to the higher academy courses. The work will be counted as part of the secondary education of those selected and their registration and supervision are to be arranged for by the educational authority.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary and nothing but what is necessary.—La Rochefoucauld.

NAME WANTED FOR AIR NAVIGATORS

What shall we call the men who launch themselves into the ocean of air and become fellow voyagers with the birds? asks an exchange. At present there is a multiplicity of names to choose from—acropianists, aeronauts, aviators, birdmen, sky-men, sky pilots, etc., but it remains to be seen whether one of these or some happier word coinage not as yet indicated, will come into general and popular use. Judging from the American press, the word aviator, veiling in its Latin garb the birdlike semblance of the new invader of the air, seems to be the favorite.

An Englishman has proposed that, following the analogy of seamen and landmen, the term aviator would be most appropriate for the pioneers in the new form of transit. If the reference to the bird rather than to the air be preferred, birdmen would seem to meet the requirements, while sky-men might be offered as another equivalent for aviator.

As to the machine for flying, airboat is naturally recommended, following the analogy of sea vessels, but as motorboat is already appropriated to water craft, a suitable parallel to steamboat is as yet lacking. Perhaps air motor, air motorist and air motoring may also be considered as candidates for honor in the new names demanded by a new art and science.

In the case of the word velocipede, familiar a few decades ago, the mouth-filling name soon gave way to bicycle, bike and wheel, the tendency to simplicity and brevity being conspicuously evident in this case. The evolution of words applicable to air transit will probably show a like tendency in response to the demand for brevity and convenience.

UNITED STATES PAYS.
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steadfastly refused to rob towns in their states of the prestige of having customs houses and, besides, they afford something in the way of patronage.

These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine

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