

THE ATHENS REPORTER GOOD AND BAD MANNERS.

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

What is the matter—no measles yet?

Those long lines of street lights are hard to believe. But "facts is facts"—there they are.

Whether or not prohibition had anything to do with it, the first tanks of Athens are now marked with special signs—"Tank" in black letters on a white ground.

Speaking of signs, autoists tell us that the speed-limit boards at the boundaries of the village can not be read at a glance. They are a first class idea, and should be made efficient.

It is to be hoped that the municipality will make a great toward the new Charleston wharf. Most Athens people will use it. If they do not, they miss half the joy of life.

Street name plates will do away with the brain fog and mental contortions incident to directing strangers around beautiful Athens. The fact that strangers seldom lose their way and land up in pastures green has always been a source of wonder. Little things like name plates are conducive of a goodly amount of town pride, of which there is much need.

The world held its breath as long as it could watching the bubble of U-boatism. But the beautiful bubble is being banged about so unmercifully by the British navy that its about due to burst. The United States liners with quick-firers and naval gunners will aid in the puncturing.

Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission, made a strong attack on the McKenzie and Mann and other interests, last week in the legislature. He declared, "there is a blight upon the public men and public life of this country which we must remove. Sir William Mackenzie and his associates are responsible. I say it absolutely. I have been threatened with libel. I seek no protection from this house. I am prepared to face these men in the courts and on the platform, to discredit the men who should be discredited, even at the sacrifice of my public life." Sir Adam has the entire confidence of the people of Ontario, and his public life will not be endangered if he flays right earnestly the interests that have long been viewed with disfavor.

READING HISTORY.

The One Way to Acquire a Real Knowledge of the World.

Henry James once told me that the only reading of which he never tired was history. "The least significant footnote of history," he said, "stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction. Nothing that has ever happened to the world finds me indifferent."

I used to think that ignorance of history meant only a lack of cultivation and a loss of pleasure. Now I am sure that such ignorance impairs our judgment by impairing our understanding, by depriving us of standards, of the power to contrast and the right to estimate. We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history, and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations.

The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimilate. Consider only this brief sentence of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch, "In Carthage no one is blamed however he may have gained his wealth." A pleasant place, no doubt, for business enterprise, a place where young men were taught how to get on and extravagance kept pace with shrewd finance; a self-satisfied, self-confident, money getting, money loving people, honoring success and hugging its fancied security, while in faroff Rome Cato pronounced its doom.—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

And the Brand Used in the Privacy of the Home Circle.

There are three sorts of manners—good, bad and the sort that are used in the privacy of the home circle. The last named sort are usually the worst.

Good manners seldom come naturally to any male. This is proved by the fact that they must generally be hammered into small boys with a large, roasting cane, the flat of the hand or the rear side of a hairbrush. As the boy grows to manhood he displays his native bad manners by telling his wife what he'd like to say to the tiresome folk who come to call and the people who give parties which he is expected to attend. His early training, however, prevents him from exhibiting his bad manners in public. Occasionally a male child is blessed with good manners from birth, but he usually expires with exceptional thoroughness shortly before or immediately after his fifth birthday.

Men with bad manners are generally very successful in life because their competitors and opponents lose their tempers, thus making it easy for the persons with the bad manners to defeat them. Before a bad mannered person becomes wealthy he is known as a selfish boor. Afterward he is said to be eccentric.

There is grave danger that while a bad mannered person is still in the boor class some strong minded and strong muscled individual may resent his bad manners and spread his features hither and yon over his face with a few brisk and well directed blows of a pair of No. 11 lists. If one cares to run the risk, bad manners are great things on which to gamble.—Kenneth L. Roberts in Life.

HIS SMUGGLING TRICK.

A Mexican Trader's Way of Evading the Customs Inspectors.

There are ways of evading duty down on the Rio Grande impossible to the port of New York. The Mexican found a way. He was a merchant just on the other side of the Mexican border. He had two vases which had caught the fancy of an American customer, but they were dear, and with the duty added—not to be thought of. The customer told the Mexican so. The Mexican fell \$5. But the price was still too dear. The Mexican fell again. But still there was the duty staring the customer in the face. Then suddenly, without explaining how, the Mexican guaranteed that the vases should be delivered free of duty on the other side of the Rio Grande—next morning at breakfast time.

"And," the Mexican said in a characteristic manner, "I will be there to collect."

At breakfast next morning, as the customer was eating leisurely, the Mexican appeared.

"Where are the vases?" the customer inquired.

"In the next room, señor," replied the Mexican, smiling blandly.

"And the duty?"

"There is no duty, señor."

"How in thunder did you manage it?" asked the American, amazed.

"I paid a greaser a dollar, señor. With the vases strapped to his back, he swam the Rio Grande. See, señor—hurrying to bring in a vase from the next room and touching it gently with his fingers—"they are whole, perfect."

Courtesy and Work.

When I want to find fault with my men I say nothing when I go through their departments. If I were satisfied I would praise them. My silence hurts them more than anything else in the world, and it doesn't give offense. It makes them think and work harder.

Many men fall because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to the men under them. Kindness to everybody always pays for itself. And, besides, it is a pleasure to be kind. I have seen men lose important positions, or their reputations—which are more important than any position—by little careless discourtesies to men whom they did not think it was worth while to be kind to.—Charles M. Schwab in American Magazine.

The Land of the Kurds.

Kurdistan appeals to the archaeologist. It was ruled successively by the Persians, Macedonians, Parthians, Sassanians and Romans and is exceedingly rich in antiquarian remains, most of which are still unexamined. The Kurds are a wild, pastoral, partly nomadic people, are mostly Mohammedans and are very hostile to Christians, their cruel massacre of the Armenians being only too well known. Kurdistan belongs to both the Turkish and the Persian monarchies, though chiefly to the former.—London Chronicle.

Object of the Visit.

"Did the titled foreigner call on you to ask your consent to his marriage with your daughter?"

"I don't think so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My impression is that he came to look me over and decide whether I was sufficiently good form to be invited to the wedding."—Washington Star.

He Got the Job.

"I understand that you told my clerk you were seeking employment?"

"Your clerk misinformed you. I told him I was looking for work."

"Take off your coat."—Houston Post.

Stewards Must Live.

Knicker-Smith regards himself as the steward of his wealth. Bocker—that's just the trouble; he expects tips.—New York Sun.

It is well to value people for what they are without expecting perfection.

Watchful Waiting

It Proved Effective In Time.

By OSCAR COX

Miss Imogene Danforth, believing in the equality between women and men, was one day expressing her opinions to her cousin, Jack Fearing.

"Tut!" he said. "That's all well enough for women who can't get husbands. It's no use for those who can."

"Do you mean to assert that I can't get a husband?" she demanded, bristling.

"Not at all, being well aware that I have proposed to you six times."

"And I have as many times told you that woman must choose between independence and marriage. I choose independence. I have leased an island on the New England coast, which I propose to colonize with girls of strong character. There I shall prepare them for the propaganda for woman's rights and send them forth to teach their sisters."

"I presume you will pick out the homeliest girls you can find."

Imogene was ruffled. She declared that in order to show him that the cause of woman's rights was not limited to the support of unattractive women she would select comely girls. Jack, the scamp, in this way introduced the cankerworm that was to eat into her apple.

Imogene located her colony on the 1st of June with twelve girls, all fair to look upon. She did not organize her school for those who had been converted to the cause. She expected to train them to that end. There was a house on the island large enough to contain them all, so no great preparation was needed. No man being allowed on the island, the servants were women.

One morning soon after their arrival Imogene convened her flock in a wood near the water and, arranging them in a semicircle, proceeded to lay down the causes that had rendered woman subordinate to man. She opened with woman's primal condition as a servant to fighting man and was proceeding to trace her career in eastern nations when she paused and looked down on a patch of water revealed between the trees. A yacht that had been luffed up into the wind was moving slowly toward the landing near by.

The girls, turning, saw the yacht and a dozen young fellows, not counting Jack Fearing, the owner, on her deck, each man made more handsome by a becoming yachting costume.

Imogene frowned; the girls looked pleased. But it must be remembered that they were novices and had not yet been trained to consider man their enemy. The fellows secured the yacht to the landing and advanced to the lecturer and her class, each man with cap in his hand and all resembling rather slaves to the women than women's masters.

"We have come," said Fearing, "not to interfere with your course of instruction, but to invite you to take a cruise with us when the present lecture is concluded."

"Thank you for your invitation," replied Imogene, "but it is declined. May I beg that you will depart?"

"Most assuredly, since you wish it," replied Fearing. "Your commands shall be obeyed."

He led his men back to the landing. They all got aboard, unloosed the painter and, raising a jib, withdrew for a few hundred yards from the shore, where they dropped anchor.

"How obedient!"

"What handsome fellows!"

"Surely, Miss Danforth, these young men seem ready to serve us instead of to oppress us."

These were some of the remarks made by the young ladies. Imogene disdained to reply. Instead she resumed her lecture. But she might as well have lectured to the trees, for it was evident that the girls' minds were on the yacht, and under the circumstances man's tyranny did not interest them. Seeing this, Imogene brought her discourse to a close and, looking down on the anchored vessel herself, wondered what the men meant by remaining where they were.

"I think," said one young lady, "that they're showing their obedience."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Imogene.

"Perhaps," said a little miss with a soft voice, "they're going in for watchful waiting."

"You've hit the nail on the head, Susie," said Imogene.

"There are just as many of them as there are of us," remarked another young lady. "If we were to pair off there would be a fellow for each girl."

"Gwendolen!" said Imogene sternly.

"If you and the others harbor such thoughts our school will be broken up!"

"How long, Miss Imogene," asked Susie, "will we have to withstand the watchful waiting?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the meek reply, "I'm afraid I can't stand it very long."

"Girls," said Imogene, "in order to help you to get your minds off this contemptible effort to break up our school will call your attention to the impossibility of our going on a cruise. Is there one among you who would do an improper act?"

"No!" cried every girl at once.

"Very well. We could not go with them without a chaperon, and we haven't a chaperon."

"Why wouldn't Mrs. Markham do?" asked the gentle Susie. Mrs. Markham was the housekeeper.

Imogene looked troubled. Elements of weakness were popping up among her flock, and it was beginning to appear to her as impossible to keep them down as to hold corsets under water. One thing was apparent—she must get the girls away from a view of the yacht. She ordered them to the house. She was obeyed, but while on the way they were continually turning their heads for one more look.

Between 12 and 3 p. m. was the period for dinner and rest. At 3 o'clock there was a study period of an hour, during which the girls were expected to prepare themselves from books that had been provided on arguments in favor of woman's emancipation, with a recitation at 4. At 5 the girls were allowed to wander about the island at will. This period till supper time was a matter of deep concern to Imogene. She could not well deprive the girls of their outing, and she feared the yachtsmen.

"Young ladies," she said after the recitation, "I shall have to ask you this afternoon to avoid going near the landing where the yacht is anchored. Indeed, it would be immodest for you to do so."

"We won't," said all the girls at once, though in a faint voice.

"Very well. I'll trust you."

The girls straightway proceeded to scatter over the island and, true to their promise, avoided that part of the shore off which the yacht was anchored. Imogene herself remained within doors. Suddenly she heard a sound that filled her with hope. The young men on the yacht were getting up the anchor. Were they going to abandon the siege? Imogene went to a cupola on the roof of the house, where she could see all over the island and the waters beyond. The sails were hoisted, there was a fair breeze, and the yacht instead of sailing away began to make the circuit of the island.

Imogene's heart sank. Her scattered flock preferred the shore and everywhere were amusing themselves throwing stones or sticks into the water, and some of them had discarded their shoes and stockings and were wading in shallow places. Round and round sailed the boys, keeping near the shore, and every now and again Imogene saw them toss a package. These packages were picked up by the girls, the wrappers torn off, revealing pasteboard boxes, and several fair hands were at once thrust within and removed to as many pairs of rosy lips.

"Candy!" groaned Imogene. "We are lost!"

Running downstairs, she seized a trumpet that had been provided for transmitting orders and sounded a recall.

The girls came in, but very slowly, every girl munching sweets. Imogene thought it prudent to say nothing about the yachtsmen or the ammunition they had used. She kept the girls indoors till supper time, then instead of letting them out again in the long June twilight she proposed that they spend the evening dancing, for which purpose a piano had been provided.

Meanwhile the yacht had come to anchor again, and the watchful waiting was resumed. After supper the yachtsmen sat on deck and after a smoke began to sing, accompanied by a couple of mandolins and a guitar. Imogene sent one of the girls to the piano. The chorus from the yacht, rich and strong, came up in competition with the tinkling piano. Several of the girls started in to dance together.

Now, it must be admitted that a dozen girls dancing with one another to the music of a poorly tuned piano while listening to the songs of as many young men who would be glad to dance with them made but a sorry sight. There was no elasticity in the girls' steps. The musician played without heart.

Then came Jack Fearing with a mandolin in his hand and very subserviently offered the services of the stringed instruments of the yachtsmen to furnish music for the young ladies' dancing. Imogene cast her eyes over the girls standing about and saw mutiny in every girl.

"It's no use for me, Jack," she said, "to carry on this struggle any longer. Bring up your instruments and your yachting party too. The girls are crazy for a real dance, and I suppose they must have it."

Jack poked his head out of a window and yelled, "Come up, fellows!"

The men jumped into the small boats like frogs plunging off a log, pulled to the shore and in a jiffy were in the dancing room. The musicians struck up a tango, and in another moment couples were whirling like mad. Jack went up to Imogene and asked her to dance. Pouting, she tapped him on the cheek with her fan, and they sailed away among the others.

After a couple of hours' dancing refreshments, which Jack had provided especially for such a purpose, were ordered up from the yacht, and the evening or, rather, the morning was finished with a supper. Then Jack led Imogene out on to the porch and said to her:

"Tomorrow we sail away and leave you to continue uninterrupted your instructions on the tyranny of man."

"I shall do no such thing," was the reply. "The heads of these girls have been turned by this visit, and they will not listen to me. I shall continue the camp for pleasure only, and I hope that you and your crew will remain as long as you like."

The crew accepted the invitation, and before the season was over seven of the twelve girls were engaged to as many yachtsmen. Imogene and Jack were married on the island before the party broke up.

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