

THE  
Athens Reporter  
ISSUED DAILY  
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

BY—  
B. LOVERIN  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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\$1.25 NOT PAID IN TIME MONTH  
\$1.00 Nopape will stop until a bill is  
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A person to whom a note is not  
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## ADVERTISING

Businessmen in local or news columns 100  
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Legal advertising and 50 per cent for each  
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advertisements for contract advertisements.

Advertisements will be inserted until forbidded  
and charged full time.

All dimensions to be measured by a scale of  
solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

## A FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?  
It is a flower garden place,  
With blossoms and leaves, where such grace  
That all is work and nowhere space.  
It is a sweet, delicious morn,  
Where day is breeding, never born  
It is the heaven's bright robes,  
With gels to dazzling and to wax.  
It is the idea of her sex,  
Every where of both worlds perplex.  
It is a face of death that smiles,  
Where death and love in pretty wiles  
Each other mutually beguile.

It is fair beauty's blushes youth,  
The springing that winter'd hearts renew'n,  
And the singing that soul's purest.  
—Thomas Campion, my seventeenth Century.

## AT THE PLAY.

"How funny to be here with y' all!" said she.  
He started. The phrase jarred him. It was at once inappropriate and undignified. He turned to her with a pained expression. "What a delight!" "perfect," "entertaining"—she could have condemned expressions such as these, common place as they would undoubtedly have been. A man may be tender toward a woman's rhapsodies about her lover when that lover is himself. But—"Funny oh, oh!" She clutched his arm. "What funny people!" The fatal adjective again! This time he winced, winced twice deliberately, lest she should mistake the first signal of distress as a mere physical infirmity.

"She can't speak!" "Don't mind what she reminds me, but it does; force of habit, perhaps, because he hates badly turned out women so—Don is up in town tonight. Did you know? I wonder if we shall come across him?"

"You mean Lord Kilmar's younger son?"

"You remember Don?"

Her glance, meeting his full, showed some surprise at his obvious ill temper. She put her hand out hurriedly, with a pretty, unfeigned look of sympathy.

"You're not ill?"

Nothing irritates a man whose life is out of order so much as being reminded of the fact. The deepening curves at Chinook's mouth grew positively rigid with irritation.

"Of course not, anything over the water with me? How your imagination runs away with you—dearest!" The "dearest" was a dutiful concession to the situation; but, somehow, she shrank from it, her ardor chilled, the keenness of her enjoyment dimmed.

"We have still ten minutes to wait before the curtain rises," he said. He regretted his customary after dinner coffee. "If I took the opportunity of explaining to you the profit of the play? It is a trifling little field."

"I would be fond of you," she said, with a little smile, but, notwithstanding her eyes showed some disappointment as she scanned the house. She was longing to speak the sweet banalities to which most lovers are prone to listen; to hear her bright little coming and butterfly criticisms; to sip it for the evening's cup of evanescent enjoyment; to be, in a word, herself—the creature of the moment, and his own.

She had looked forward to tonight—the first of her recompensation—with a certain apprehension.

"It will be almost as good as being his wife," she had confided to the married sister, under whose chaperonage she was spending the 24 hours in town, which broke her journey between her home in Chicago and her new residence farther north. "To think all myself for a whole evening! To feel that I really belong to him, as he belongs to me! Can you imagine anything more perfect?"

Lady Guthrie could, easily, but she did not say so. She had only met Chinook, and he impressed her as a prig and a boor, and Margot's angry disclaimers could not alter her sister's opinion.

"You have to marry him, not I," she said comfortably. "What does a master do for his wife?"

"I'll be well off, while you are in something. At least you can patronize your self so far. No one can patronize you, your women friends won't be able to pass you on their unbecoming last year's clothing or their husbands' stale tobacco."

"You're right," Margot replied.

"All sisters are." Which in a sense was true, for Lady Guthrie's sympathy was openly enlisted on behalf of the scraggape of the Kilmars family, young Don Garrick, who had been a friend since she had been barely an infant in the Kilmars deer forest as a little child. But Margot, having systematically dominated him for 15 years, already felt the pleasure might pall if long continued. "He has been so much to me all my life, I don't care for him to become more still during the rest of it. I know him so well—so well," she said, in excuse for her cold heartlessness.

But at objections such as these Lady Guthrie shook her head in stern disclaimers.

"Wait," she said sadly, "wait."

And Margot waited.

Tonight for the first time she saw something of the reverse side of her new picture, the canvas back. Was it disloyal to wish that Mr. Chinook had moved to a corner, a favor to be bestowed in public, that he should show some sort of open pride of possession, of glad proprietorship? In the row immediately in front of them there was a gay, absorbed young couple, chattering, laughing, looking over their shoulders into the next room, meanings into the next room, meanings into the evening.

Margot watched them fascinated in spite of herself. How differently they behaved from herself and her lover! The man leaned slightly forward, and got it badly. "I would have said."

Every now and then his coat sleeve

coupled the little immovable white

gloved hand next his and lingered for a moment curiously. Margot's eyes grew tender, abstracted. It was so pretty, so natural. It was a silent little feeling of some tenderness, almost unconsciously she herself moved a little closer.

"Are you attending?" Margot, I don't believe you've heard a word I've said."

Margot started, her cheeks aflame, and turned to him in general alarm, but it was to me, you see, I'm a bit scatter brained. Such intelligence as I have is limited to only taking in one thing at a time. Tell me all about it again. I'll listen, truly. Do forgive me, Richard, please.

The pleading broke down even Chinook's indignation. But his skin flushed extraordinarily stiff and starched and white, rather like polished marble, she thought, it was only polished marble. And Margot moved instinctively a little farther from him as he continued:

"Foremost in the ranks of our latest day satirists James Lee Hox stands unequalled. She was who first founded the new school. She stands alone in discipline, having labored in her brilliant dialogue, her scintillating epigram."

"Her?" the girl repeated vaguely. "Her? Why do you speak of her as her? Surely he is a man."

"Is he a living person exists who does not recognize the supreme fact that one of our greatest writers—I had almost said our own great writer—honored her sex by belonging to it?"

"I never realized that it belonged to women," Margot said quietly. "I did not know that James Lee Hox stands a woman, and what is more, I am not especially proud of the fact. I don't mind her. She is cynical and bold and morbid. I like her. I brought her for better. I love her, in fact, she's so human—Mrs. Hungerford, and dear Mrs. Clifford and Beatrice Harassed and heaps of others."

She choked a little in her excitement trying to keep back her tears. It was as though she had been potted and made much of all through her happy 18 years, her criticism asked, her opinion deferred to, and—now—Repelled, hurt, suffering, she shrank away from him. His kind eyes had been cast on her, and of course the girl might reasonably be expected to be frightened.

She sat in outward quietude, her head averted, her thoughts tumultuous. If this was the beginning, what, oh, what would that end be? When she tain rose at least, it was in relief, but the hour of his was so trying, what would a lifetime prove? At the second he left her to have a cigarette in the foyer. She was listlessly. What a fool she had been! What a mistake she had made! What a terrible life she had led, what a life of misery he would be opposite me to the following effect:

"That will be easy to break him of the habit."

The girl will not suffer, despite the fact that he has tried to break off previously, has not been on account of the discomfort ensuing.

That he is not a hero or a being to be pitied or sympathized with, because he will not be able to display any heroic qualities.

That if he follows directions he will not suffer from nervousness or "sinkings" at the pit of the stomach.

That he will begin at once to gain in weight; that his memory is failing, but he is more and more forgetful, and that his digestion seems will repair tone; that his nerves will be as steel, his muscles as iron and his complexion will lose the muddy hue which mars its cleanliness.

That the habit is unbroken—in fact, degrading and bad for his digestion.

That if he follows directions he will not suffer from nervousness or "sinkings" at the pit of the stomach.

That, then, I prepare the patient's mind for the light, the bright, the happy, for him, laying special stress upon the fact that he need not consider himself an object of compassion or pity, for if he believes himself to be performing a deed of small heroism he will suffer agonies, whereas if his abrogation is ignored, he is the master of himself, with respect accordingly.

Now, as to the physical symptoms, that will be but slight if the above preparation of the mind is properly done and will show themselves in occasional pains about the region of the heart, shooting at the top of the stomach, causing uneasiness and accelerated pulse and muscular twitches. Nervousness, jumping at a sudden noise and trepidation of temper will be evident, but will be greatly modified by suggestion.

Prescription, to be eaten daily, one spoonful of tea, followed by a glass of milk.

She sprang to her feet gladly, triumphantly, catching her two hands at the firm, protecting fingers which gripped her wrists.

"Oh," she said brokenly, "take me back to home before he comes again, dear. I can't stand him any more. Talk nonsense. Tell me I'm 'ripping' and 'a brick'—jolly, in all the rest of the world, I am a fool, a simpleton, a dotard, a donkey. If you love me, make love to me, real love, for always! Don't ever, ever, be cultured or superior."

"If I love you!" he said.

And before the look of his eyes her own fell. But it did not matter, for he took her home.—Lady's Field.

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## THE TOBACCO HABIT.

HAVE YOU GOT IT, AND DO YOU WANT TO LOSE IT?

A Chicago Specialist says that a Cure Cure For "My Lady Moxie" Can Be Found in the Pleasant Use of the Humble Peanut.

However fantastic my particular method of dealing with the tobacco habit may seem on paper it will effectually rid you of it.

In the first place be sure that your patient is really desirous to break the habit of using tobacco. In the second place, remember that your patient will rest according to the impression your manner makes upon him.

For instance, if he is a gambler, then tell him that he is a gambler, and if he is a drunkard, then tell him that he is a drunkard.

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