

A LOST MANUSCRIPT
By JOHN Y. LARNED
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I became a theatrical manager when I was still very young. I was not at all systematic and was consequently always in trouble. I finally received a lesson that made me change my habits. One day I left the theater and had entered a cab just about to start away when a girl's face appeared at the window.

"Beg pardon for stopping you," she said. "Are you Mr. Closser, the manager?"

"I am."

"Would you be so kind as to read a play for me?"

I had more plays than I could put on the boards for two years, but the girl had such a winning smile that I consented. I took a roll of manuscript from her, told her to call at my office in a week and I would give her an answer.

In a week she called.

"Have you read my play?" she asked, with that same winning smile I had seen before.

"No; I have been very busy. I'm sorry. Could you give me another week?"

"Certainly. I'm in no great hurry."

"Well, come on this day week."

I went to my rooms and ransacked every corner for that manuscript. It was nowhere to be found. I must have left it in the cab. But I had picked the cab up on the street and couldn't possibly know it from other cabs. I should have admitted the loss and taken the consequences. But I was young and prided myself on my ability to get out of such scrapes. I would first win the girl's good will, then confess and compromise the matter as best I could.

When she called again I put her off by offering her two excellent seats for the evening's performance. She said they would be of no use to her since she had no escort. She smiled at me so sweetly when she said this that I told her I would escort her myself. I not only did so, but said several nice things to her about the opening of her play, a few passages of which I professed to have read. I regretted doing so, however, because she asked me a lot of questions about it which I couldn't answer. I got all mixed up over it and was obliged to tell her that I thought I had got hold of the wrong manuscript. When I left her I told her that three days should not elapse before I had read the play, and I would be sure that it was her play and not some other author's play.

I put the poor girl off for three months. She was very nice to me about it all this time, but the further I proceeded with my deception the further I sank in the mire. The worst part of the matter was that when a week passed without my seeing her I found myself like a toper without his glass of grog.

One day the girl came into my office and told me that she had given the scenario of her play (its skeleton) to a rival manager, and he had assured her that if the dialogue was filled in effectively he would put it on the boards at once. When I tried to put her off some more a beautiful bright tear stood in her eye.

When a man is tilting between indifference and love for a woman he may be easily unbalanced on the side of love by one of those little globules. At any rate, I lost my balance. I confessed to have lost her manuscript, but told her not to mind a little thing like that since I loved her and had quite enough for both of us. If she would marry me it would be all right. I kissed away the tear, and her smile was like the sun peeping from the other side of an April cloud.

From that moment I heard no more of the missing manuscript. After a few months' engagement we were married and after a brief wedding trip settled down to the humdrum of life. One evening when I went home my wife told me that she had received "first night" tickets to a new play that was to be put on the boards and asked me to go with her to see the performance. I tried to beg off, saying that I was needed at my own theater, but she insisted, and I yielded.

Our seats were a proscenium box on a level with the stage. My wife pulled a curtain before her so that she could not be seen except from the stage. The play opened so well that I exclaimed, "By Jove, why didn't I get hold of this?" As the performance proceeded it was evident that a hit was being made. I ground my teeth in vexation at having missed getting on what promised to be a money maker. At the climax in the third act the audience came down in a thunder of applause. Calls were made for the author, but the author did not appear. The manager came before the curtain and announced that he would appear at the end of the play. This satisfied them, and the performance went on.

When the curtain went down on the last act not one of the audience rose to go. The manager came to our box and, offering his hand to my wife, assisted her on to the stage and placed her before the footlights, where she stood bowing till the applause subsided, when she made a very graceful little speech.

"What the Dickens is the meaning of all this?" I asked when she returned.

"Oh, this is the play you lost. You left the manuscript in the cab, and my address being on it, the driver kindly sent it to me the next day."

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

Woman's World
Senator La Follette's Wife Investigates Servant Girls.



MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, wife of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, is vice president of the Housekeepers Alliance of Washington. This organization for the last two years has been conducting an investigation into domestic problems, and Mrs. La Follette has reached some definite conclusions as to how these problems can be best solved.

She says: "When housekeepers cooperate to elevate household standards, systematize housework and put it on a scientific basis vast good can be accomplished. The servant girl problem is a great economic question caused by the complexity of our American life.

"The housekeeper who has learned the dignity of household labor has more sympathy with all those who perform it, and she can teach them the best methods based on science.

"In-training young women for domestic labor and elevating it to a profession, thereby making it attractive and profitable to them, lies much of the solution of the problem.

"The American girl cannot bear to be looked down upon, and the American woman is at fault in allowing domestic labor to fall under the ban of social stigma."

Mrs. La Follette believes housekeepers should see to it that laundries, bakeries and other commercial concerns which do part of the work of the present day household should be held up to the highest standards of cleanliness and efficiency.

There must be plenty of sunshine, soap and rinsing with the family washing. Few of us know anything of the conditions in the laundry to which we send our clothes.

"We may want bread of the sort, grandmother made," she says, "but we think little of the handling it gets in the bakery. As a concession to our ideas of cleanliness the baker may wrap it before he hands it in our door, but through how many pairs of grimy hands has it passed before the paper is put around it?"

"Much of the housework of the future must be done by these commercial concerns outside of the family, and it behooves each of us to see that it is done as nearly as possible with the same cleanliness that it is done in our homes."

Matchmaking
By LUCY M. ROE
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"Tom," said Mrs. Vandevere to her husband, "we need more recreation—I don't mean going out in the evening after you have come home all tired out, but some one to come in and chat with us or play cards."

"Well, my dear, all I have to say is that I'm content as it is, but if you care to invite any person or persons in here so that I won't have to go out and see them I don't object."

"I have a plan all laid out. There's Ralph Eldridge. He's thirty-five, and it is time he was married. Now, my old school friend Margaret Shaw would be just the woman for Ralph. She's twenty-six. What do you say to getting them in occasionally to dinner, with a game of bridge or five hundred in the evening. It may be a great favor to them to bring them together. They may make a match."

"Do anything you like, my dear, provided you don't put me to any trouble."

So Mr. Eldridge and Miss Shaw were invited to dinner, with cards in the evening. Mr. Eldridge of course played with Mrs. Vandevere, Mr. Vandevere playing with Miss Shaw. It is singular what a little thing will start persons on a different track. It was all in the cards. Mr. Vandevere and Miss Shaw held all the court cards in the pack from 9 o'clock, when they sat down, till 11; when they arose. This made Mrs. Vandevere a trifle irritable. It produced a corresponding exhilaration in Miss Shaw. Furthermore, seeing that Mrs. Vandevere was irritated, Miss Shaw, moved by perversity, became very enthusiastic in her expressions to her partner, giving him glances that his wife, being in an ill humor, construed unfavorably. This led the hostess to say a number of nice things to Mr. Eldridge.

When the evening was over and the guests had departed Mr. and Mrs. Vandevere went to bed without a word. Mrs. Vandevere suspected that in introducing Miss Shaw into her house she had warmed a serpent in her bosom. Mr. Vandevere, for the first time in his married life, felt a spark of jealousy of Mr. Eldridge, who was an extremely good looking and attractive man.

The next week when Mr. Vandevere came home one afternoon from business his wife told him that Miss Shaw had invited the party to dinner and for cards in the evening. Mr. Vandevere, fearing that if he declined to accept his wife would think he wished to keep her from again meeting Mr. Eldridge, consented. His wife was much surprised and set down his willingness to a desire to again meet Miss Shaw.

At this meeting the cards ran more evenly, but Miss Shaw seemed to be even more in rapport with Mr. Vandevere than before, while Mr. Eldridge treated Mrs. Vandevere with a deference that was, to say the least, extremely noticeable. Not for the world would Mr. Vandevere show that he noticed certain glances with which Mr. Eldridge favored his wife, but within him he was burning with a smothered fury, and a part of his irritation was for his wife that she did not resent such treatment instead of seeming to be pleased with it.

The four continued to meet once a week at the house of one or the other. Mr. Vandevere would have been glad to give up the meetings, and his wife made no objections to doing so, but Mr. Eldridge and Miss Shaw were so urgent when it came their turn to do the entertaining that the Vandeveres felt obliged to yield. Mrs. Vandevere attributed Miss Shaw's persistence to a desire to meet her husband, and Mr. Vandevere attributed Mr. Eldridge's persistence to a desire to meet his wife.

"Your plan, my dear," said Mr. Vandevere one evening before one of these meetings, "for making a match between Eldridge and Miss Shaw doesn't seem to work."

"It isn't," was the retort. "Miss Shaw seems to be predisposed in another direction."

"I don't know anything about that," snarled the husband, "but it's very plain that Eldridge is preoccupied."

"The next time I attempt to make a match," rejoined the wife, "I'll see that there is no one about to lead the lady in the case from her suit."

Half an hour later the party was at Mr. Eldridge's bachelor quarters, where the meeting was to take place. When the game commenced for the first time Mr. Eldridge and Miss Shaw refrained from any jealousy inspiring glances at the Vandeveres. Mrs. Vandevere, who was more observant than her husband, detected a tender look passing between the unmarried couple. When the cards were put aside Mr. Eldridge got out a light luncheon and a bottle of ice champagne was brought into the room. There was a cork salute, and the host filled the glasses and said to his guests:

"Many thanks for giving me the loveliest woman in the world. Miss Shaw has consented to be my wife."

When the Vandeveres returned to their home the husband embraced his wife and said:

"My dear, I think you and I can get along without any more couples to come in and spend our evenings with us. And I'm not interested in match-making. These two have been making catspaws of me."

"I expect you're right, dear. They were playing us for the purpose of piquing each other."

FROM THE EMERALD ISLE
Irish Celts Come to Teach Us How to Make Lace and Rugs.



COLLEENS RIGHT FROM IRELAND.

Here are four pretty Irish colleens who have come to America to teach us how to make real Irish lace, how to weave rugs and to do other useful things that have been done in the Emerald Isle for ages. They will visit all the large cities in the country and show specimens of their handwork both completed and in the process of making.

Miss Marian J. O'Shea is in charge of the party, her companions being Colleen Eileen Noone, Bridget Quinn and Bridget McLaughlin. Only one of the girls expressed any desire to vote, and she denied that she was a suffragette. "I don't believe the women would make any worse mess of politics than the men have," explained Colleen Noone, who is a skilled leather carver and who also paints landscapes when she has the time.

The girls came to America under the auspices of the Gaelic league. It is believed that through the exhibition of the laces, rugs and embroidered Irish Americans may be stimulated to help revive the Celtic arts on this side of the water.

"It would be so much better for our girls to make these beautiful things than to wear out their young lives over machines in dingy factories," explained one of the representatives of the league.

Frock Trimmed With Beads.
It is evident that this is one of the very newest frocks for the coming season for the reason that the waist is a one piece affair embroidered in an



artistic manner with porcelain beads. The skirt, a shallow plaited model, has a deep hem of Russian lace and is also trimmed with beads. Black velvet is used to finish the gown at the neck and belt.

Do You Get Your "Beauty" Sleep?
As a race we sleep too little. An infant's life is nearly all sleep. Gradually as the child grows older the hours of sleep are shortened to half the day, or about eight hours.

Youth until the age of twenty is reached requires fully ten hours' sleep. Although nature demands fewer hours of sleep in summer than in winter, it has been proved that eight hours of sleep are required for the average adult in good health.

By this is meant not simply eight hours in bed, but that amount of good, sound, restful sleep night after night.

Our power to work is intimately related to our ability to sleep, and there is no more reliable indication of sound health than the capacity to sleep naturally, and the more active and energetic the waking life the deeper the sleep.

Change Color.
New Helen pink, the papers say, is Washington's new hue. Well, if the shade has come to stay that must make Allice blue!

—New York Times

Read the Morning Enterprise.

OWEN G. THOMAS
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THE SECOND ANNUAL W.F.M.S. CONVENTION
TO BE HELD IN OREGON CITY M. E. CHURCH ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12—THREE SESSIONS

The second annual convention of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Salem district, will be held at the Methodist Episcopal church in Oregon City, Wednesday, April 12, and an excellent program has been arranged, which is as follows:

Wednesday, April 12, 9 a. m.
Devotions.....Mrs. W. B. Moore
Address of Welcome, Mrs. Mary Morse
Response.....Mrs. Thos. Yarns
Minutes of 1910.....
Appointment of committees.....
Introduction of visitors.....
Reports of local organizations.....
Reports of district work.....
Miscellaneous business.....
Song.....
Tithing.....Mrs. G. F. Hopkins
Membership contest, Mrs. J. M. Brown
"The Aim".....Mrs. Doughty
Five Minutes with Our Literature.....
Nootide.....Mrs. Dickey
Mrs. Cornelius
Wednesday, 2 p. m.
Devotional.....Mrs. Susan Bryant
Minutes.....
Report of committee on nominations
Election of officers.....
Reading of constitution and charge to newly elected officers.....
Mrs. Maclean
Song.....
"Open Parliament".....Mrs. M. C. Wire
Solo.....Mrs. B. C. Brackenbury
"Forward Movement".....Mrs. Uri Seely
"The Young People Making Good".....Mrs. O. M. Gardner
Minutes of Afternoon Session.....
Song.....
Wednesday 8 p. m.
Organ Voluntary.....
Devotional.....Rev. E. F. Zimmerman
Anthem.....Oregon City Choir
Address.....Mrs. S. W. Eddy
Music.....
Report of resolutions committee.....
Offering.....
Rally Song.....
Consecration service.....

JACOB A. RIIS HERE WEDNESDAY EVENING

HIS ADDRESS WILL BE ON "THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN."

Wednesday evening, April 12, is the date announced for the appearance in this city of Jacob A. Riis, the great New York sociologist, reformer, philanthropist and friend of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. The address advertised for the occasion is "The Making of an American." This is one of Mr. Riis' famous lectures and should be heard by all.

This lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon slides of scenes in the old Danish town where Mr. Riis was born, and scenes of the fight for social, political and economic justice in the great Metropolis of America.

It is Mr. Riis' fight in this wonderful struggle and his subsequent service to city and Nation that has made him known throughout the world. Every one is especially invited to hear him. He is one of America's great men, and must be heard to be understood and appreciated. Everyone who believes in Mr. Riis and his work is invited to attend this lecture Wednesday evening to do honor to him in our own home city.

He will lecture in Shively Opera House.

WAR IN BALKANS.

Turkey Fighting Mad Over Outside Assistance to Rebels.

VIENNA, April 11.—War in the Balkans, in which it is not impossible that all Europe may become embroiled, is sensibly nearer if a report current here today that Turkey has delivered an ultimatum to Montenegro, be true. It is said the Turks have warned King Nicholas that unless the Montenegrins cease aiding the rebelling Albanians, the porte will consider their action a cause for war.

The Albanians, whose rebellion is growing daily in strength, today sacked and burned the Turkish town of Kouplik. They have recently inflicted several severe defeats on the Turkish forces sent to crush the revolt.

SNOW AT ASTORIA.

ASTORIA, Or., April 11.—(Special.)—There was an inch of snow this morning and it was soon turned to slush. It was a nasty day throughout and is weather more appropriate to January than April. The snow in the hills was several inches deep.

BEAVERS GET THEIRS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11.—(Special.)—The Beavers went into the ball field against the Oakland and were trimmed in a score of 2 to 1. They were outfielded, outhit and outpitched the game through, and the score tells the story.

When Husband Comes. Greet him with a smile when he comes home tired out from his day's work.

Kiss and pet him at other times than when you desire a new dress or more pin money.

Give him more than one book in the closet and the smallest drawer in the dresser for his very own.

Don't knock his stories just because he has practiced them on you before he springs them on company.

Refrain from hiding his belongings. Leave them in the place where he expects to find them.

Sympathize with him when things have gone wrong all day and he comes home blue.

Don't tell him how becomingly Mrs. B. is gowned when he is striving in every way he knows how to keep his family and his credit good.

If he scrapes cigar ashes on the floor don't act as though he has committed a mortal sin. They keep the moths out of the carpet.

Are You a Subscriber to the New Daily?

If the Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for the work.

Will You Help Boost your own Interests?

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The Morning Enterprise

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