

Her Husband's Letters

By HELOISE BRAYTON

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Edward Ballinger and his bride had just returned from their honeymoon and settled back into ordinary life. Though it was ordinary life, it was changed life. There was the difference between the single and the married state, which is a very great difference. Instead of remaining two individuals, they were to begin fusing into one double person. Those matters in which a married couple must be welded are innumerable. This story illustrates but one of them.

On returning from his office at evening on the day after his return from his wedding trip the young husband found that the postman had left several letters for him, all of which had been opened by his wife. He repressed any expression of the slight shock he felt and, taking up the letters, read them. They were mostly from old chums, who, knowing of his arrival, welcomed him back, some waxing facetious on his altered condition. One was from Mortimer Smith, Mr. Ballinger's most intimate married friend.

"Ned," said Mrs. Ballinger, "I don't see why your chum, Mr. Smith, should attack me in that way."

"What way?"

"Why," he says, "your deaf ear will come in handy. When she gives you a curtain lecture in bed all you have to do is to bury your well ear on the pillow and you won't hear her."

Mr. Ballinger was puzzled. He understood the pleasantness of his friend's remark perfectly. Mrs. Ballinger understood only its unpleasantness. He knew that an explanation would be hopeless. He didn't attempt one. He concluded rather to use the incident to break up in the beginning his wife's opening his letters.

"The remark was not intended for you," he said, "and you should not have seen it. Old friends, especially men, understand each other and what they say should be held in confidence. If you had not opened his letter you would not have read what he said and would not have been irritated by it."

Mrs. Ballinger thought a bit before replying: "Don't you think that a wife has a right to know what her husband's friends think of her?"

Nothing is so irritating as to be obliged to argue with one who starts with an incorrect assumption. Though Mr. Ballinger controlled himself, he erred in being led into an attempted explanation. After ten or fifteen years of married life he would have taken his friend's advice and covered his well ear.

"You see, my dear, that Smith, who is a good deal of a joker, has had a long experience in married life and knows—"

"Is Mrs. Smith a vixen?"

"Not at all. Mrs. Smith is a very lovely woman."

"Oh! Then it is Mr. Smith who makes all the trouble in the family?"

"There is no trouble in the family."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is no trouble in a family when the husband is obliged to cover up his well ear to escape what his wife has to say to him?"

"But, my dear, you don't understand. I don't know a more united couple than Mort Smith and his wife."

"Hm! I don't see how a couple can be united when the husband has to cover up the only ear by which he can hear to escape what his wife has to say to him. I suppose he irritated her beyond endurance."

"You are attaching an importance to a witticism that does not belong to it, putting a matter of fact construction upon it. Mort was not referring to you especially, but to women generally."

"Oh, I suppose he's one of those men called women haters who think that everything bad comes from women. I have no patience with such men."

Mr. Ballinger's self control began to give way. "You haven't it in you to understand this matter," he said, "and

it shouldn't have come up before you. It's your own fault. Had you respected my correspondence you would not have read that which you can't fathom. In future you will oblige me by leaving my mail untouched."

These were the first harsh words Mr. Ballinger had ever spoken to his newly made wife. He had scarcely uttered them when he saw a tear gathering in her eye. She said nothing more. Indeed, it was all she could do to pen up her feelings. Ballinger tore up the letters viciously and threw them into the wastebasket. His wife went out of the room, putting her handkerchief to her eyes at the same time.

The newly made husband had learned his first lesson in married life. He had learned that the logic laid down by Bishop Whately and more recent writers on the science would not do for home use. He followed his wife, put his arms around her and kissed away her tears.

"You have been very unkind," she said.

"Forgive me. I'll never do it again."

And the first matrimonial quarrel was over.

But the wife's opening of her husband's letters continued.

Here are two letters she never saw, one from her husband to his friend Smith and its reply:

"Mort, you are a fool to send such a letter to my house as the one just received. One would suppose a married man would have more sense."

"Ned, I admit the impeachment. I'll never do it again. Lunch with me to-morrow."

Points for Mothers

Message For Naughtiness.
Almost invariably when a child is cross or naughty it is not feeling quite well.

This fact appears to be recognized in Japan. There if a child is naughty or sulky its parent does not scold it or whip it, but sends it out to be massaged. And in a short time the child comes back in the best of humor.

A well known worker, whose experience both of Japan and of matters of education is very wide, told a newspaper representative that she is convinced of the efficacy of the Japanese treatment. "It may seem funny on the face of it," she stated, "to massage a child for naughtiness. But, then, if the causes of naughtiness are physical suitable remedies must be applied. Very often the irritability of children arises from the fact that their stomachs are disordered."

And really the Japanese plan is worth a trial. Parents would probably be surprised at the result. One can imagine the conversations at breakfast and lunch between husband and wife. At breakfast the wife observes: "Johnny is very naughty this morning, my dear. I think you must punish him severely." The husband: "Oh, no; that is out of date. His little stomach is upset. He must be massaged." At lunch, the husband, "And how is Johnny now?" The wife, "Oh, he was massaged, and in half an hour he had an angel temper."

But could not the idea be applied to grownups as well as children?

About School Lunches.
If there is one thing more than another which is apt to grow monotonous it is the school lunch. Invariably it consists of a sandwich or two, some cake and a piece of fruit.

This is wholesome and sensible as far as it goes, but too many mothers forget to widen the scope of this trio. The sandwich, for instance, may be most temptingly made and new ideas be called upon to make it more attractive. Instead of one good sized sandwich try making two or three smaller ones of thin bread cut in round, square or diamond shapes. One may use chopped nuts, peanut butter, celery and mayonnaise, chopped olives, dates

figs or prunes, finely minced cress or lettuce as well as the more prosaic roast beef, cold chicken, lamb, tongue or ham. Cheese, too, is nourishing and delicious. One might include a cheese sandwich, for instance, with one of meat or lettuce. Then when they are made and ready to be packed don't forget that a covering of tissue or oiled paper will keep the bread fresher and the sandwich daintier.

Vary the bread too. Use the whole wheat or brown bread or even rye bread occasionally if the child likes it. Butter thins or biscuits make a pleasant change from the plain white-bread.

Crisp little cookies or small cakes are often easier to carry and carry better than layer cakes.

Right Tools For Schools.
Remember when you were a "little shaver" and first started to school? Remember how important was that first copybook and how enormous your first lead pencil looked, and the delights of a fresh pen and penholder, brand new and all your very own? It was nice to have new belongings and have them for your very own self, wasn't it?

Well, if your small son or daughter is starting out this term for the first time see that he or she is equipped with the proper utensils and good ones.

A shiny new lead pencil is inductive to good writing and better efforts. A new tablet and fresh copybook will be taken care of and kept freer from smudges because of their newness.

Most mothers know the pleasure of good lead pencils, erasers, copybooks, rulers and such things, so let them make the juvenile path of learning just a bit easier and perhaps more attractive by supplying their small hopefuls with the proper tools.

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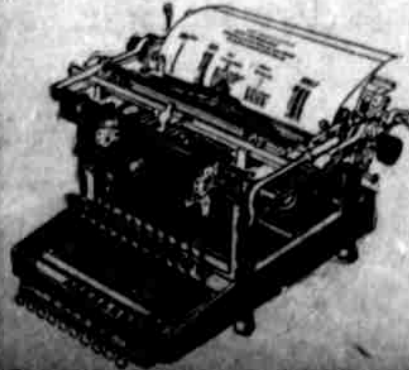
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E. M. and Sadie Mae Buechel to John Jost, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, block 87, lots 33, 34, 35, 36, 27, 38, block 82, Minthorn Springs Addition to Oregon City; \$1,500.
E. P. and Z. M. Wallace to R. H. Snodgrass, land in section 7, township 5 south, range 2 east; \$400.
Josiah E. and Mary Ann Batson to F. M. Buechel, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, block 87; lots 33, 34, 35, 36, 27, 38, block 82, Minthorn Springs Addition to Portland; \$1,500.
Lons E. Armstrong and Mattie Armstrong to A. H. Miley, lots 3, 4, 5, block 98, Second Subdivision of Oak Grove; \$10.
East Side Bank of Portland to Beatrice West, lots 57, 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, Rosewood; \$100.
Christ and Dollie Joose to Edwin L. and Lottie Moore, 40 acres of section 19, township 4 south, range 2 east; \$10.
Per and K. Westberg to J. W. Carlson, 3.4 acre of section 11, township 5 south, range 2 east; \$1.
WOODSAWER IS HURT.
J. Kirk, of Canemah, was seriously injured Tuesday while sawing wood on Seventh street. While brushing sawdust from under the saw he fell and his foot came in contact with the saw. A long gash was cut in his ankle. Dr. Stuart attended him.
Disolution to prevent anti-trust prosecution is one of the latest wrinkles of high finance.
A Kansas City judge says there is no such thing as a perfect wife. Maybe, in his case, but why does he start trouble in other homes?
Etna is spouting; likewise the reciprocities.

The Baby's Sleep.
Teach the baby to sleep at night. The child's habits will be in a great part what the mother or person in charge makes them. For the first three months the infant should sleep from eighteen to twenty hours out of twenty-four. Have crib and do not take him to bed with one or two others, where he cannot breathe the air that has not been deprived of its oxygen. If the infant sleeps alone he will keep cool, grow rapidly, his food digests better and there will be little danger of tuberculosis.
If the child is restless at night improper food may very likely be the cause of it. Again, it may be clothing. One of the best methods of managing the baby at night is to make a large bag with a drawstring at the top, undress the little fellow, slip him into this bag and draw the string comfortably about his neck, leaving no ends to dangle in his face. Use light weight of gingham in the summer; in the winter a heavy outing cloth.
Hint to Mothers.
The most important points in preparing cereals for the little folks are that they are properly cooked and not used to excess. The ready to eat cereals should not often be given to children.
Arcadia.
Arcadia is the central state of the ancient Peloponnese, Greece. It derived its name from Arcas, the son of Callisto. The inhabitants considered themselves the most ancient in Greece. They lived in a state of peace and innocence, and hence the word "Arcadia" has come to denote rustic simplicity and content.

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