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AT THE WEEK END

Eugene is abloom with brides. An epidemic of marrying has seized upon the town and any girl of marriageable years is apt suddenly to appear a resplendent bride. From the east they have come, from the north, the south, the middle west, like a flock of birds of brilliant plumage.

I stood in a doorway on the street this afternoon and watched them pass and though they are most fair to look upon, the emotions were not those of pleasure unalloyed. I somehow began to feel lonesome. It is not entirely a cheerful prospect for a man to face a long rainy winter without a girl that he can call upon.

I left the doorway and stopped before a magazine rack, turning my back to the procession. I picked up an October magazine and it fell open at "Famous Affinities." Turning the leaves hastily my eyes were caught by this paragraph:

"She was the nicest wife that ever was—a regular little Dora of a wife, and Edwin loved her more and more every day. She could not cook, she made sad work with her needle, and accounts bothered her so much that they made her head ache; but she looked so pretty, and was always so glad to see Edwin when he came home from business. She was always so ready to accompany him to the theatre or to card-parties and caused so many other men to murmur admiring things about her appearance that Edwin felt that he had drawn a real prize in the lottery of life."

"Shades of Dido," I thought. Is the whole world mating? And am I to be left out of the scheme of universal honeymoon?

However, there is one compensation. I shall escape the consequence resulting from the fond delusion that two can live as cheaply as one.

I turn to the newspaper. The first editorial is on the evils produced by the modern trousseau. There is no escape. A succumb to the inevitable.

The picture outlined is pathetic. The father, a bent-shouldered working man has five young daughters. The eldest, a pretty, flighty thing, becomes engaged to an energetic young man. The mother, who has not known a moment's rest in years, embraces the daughter, sheds some tears, dries her eyes and says cheerily, "Now dearie, we must get right to work at your things." They begin to purchase and to sew and to sew and to purchase until the bent father is pushed into hopeless debt with four other daughters soon to demand trousseaus. The overworked mother suffers permanent injury to her health, while the daughter on her wedding day is a fit subject for the rest-cure.

When the penniless girl marries the penniless young man, she has such clothes as she never had dreamed of possessing, so like the little Dora of a wife they go to many places where otherwise they would not have gone. After a time the young wife needed some new things and hated to buy cheaper than she had been wearing, and the young husband declared that his wife should go no shabbier than when she came to him, so she took the things she could not afford. Soon the dogged look came into his eyes and the discontented look into hers. Then there was a little scene in the divorce court in which he became an "eligible", and she was a "divorcee."

That editorial fascinates me. Who was to blame for the tragedy? The girl, the man, the mother, or custom?

Suppose then when that daughter confided in her mother, the mother had said: "Well, my dear, your play days are over. You are voluntarily taking up serious responsibilities. We will make some plain, unpretentious clothes suitable to the wife of a poor young man. I will begin at once to let you share the work of the kitchen that you may be able to do your part in making a home."

Then suppose, the young man's father had said, "Bless you, my boy. You must now make your home take the place of other pleasures. I want you to get on and be happy. Cut out the theatre, give up cigars, stick to business and save money while you are young."

Suppose the father had said this, and the mother had said this, there probably would have been no tragedy, but—would there have been a wedding?

Amid perplexing problems there is one consolation. In spite of sarcasm, in spite of editorials, in spite of divorce courts, there always has been, and to the end of time will be many a little Dora who will persuade her husband that he has drawn a prize in the lottery of life.

and they took a great pleasure in doing the rest.

October is from the Latin, Octo, meaning eight, and it was formerly the eighth month of the year. This brought the football season around at a time when there was grave danger of being suffocated before the ball was even put into play, and there was a great deal of dissatisfaction at the old Greek and Roman universities. A change was frequently talked of, but it remained for Numa Pompilius, who was one of the early friends of education, to do anything about it. In 713 B. C. he moved October along to its present place in the calendar, and now the quarterback on a football team always says before snapping the ball, Numa, Numa.

Come, even, One, three! After which the rooters, who reached a very high state of proficiency in the latter days of Numa, recite, or whatever the name of the school is, as you may hear them doing any

time this month, by following the riot wagon when it passes.

Numa, Numa,
Boomaloora!
Come, seven,
One, three,
B. C.
Whoopie!
Siwash!

Until the 23d of the month October will be under the influence of Libra, the Balance, which is the seventh sign of the zodiac. This will enable everybody running for office to keep on the fence pretty well as to the real issues of the campaign, but when the sun passes out of that constellation on the following day they will begin dropping on one side or the other, and it will be easier to make out who the true friends of the people. After the 23d we will be influenced by Scorpio, the Scorpion, which is almost meaningless now, but in the early times typified the manner in which the north wind stung the old Greeks, who were in the habit of going until very late in the season without having on any wear to speak of, either over or under.

A bit of Fall is as nice a thing As I know anything about— When the pumpkin pie is ripening, And the time is opportune for kraut.

When the hunter gets his trappings out, Awakened by the time of year, And the farmer, furious without, And hot within, begins to shout,

"Get on-u-u-u-u-t of here!"

"Get on-u-u-u-u-t of her—dabblame your skin!"

Ab, there's the proper time to sigh When the squirrel gets his goodies in

Against the winter by-and-by, When the bending reaches of the sky

Are very soft and very near, And the farmer, with a watchful eye,

Begins to hop around and cry, "Get on-u-u-u-u-t of here!"

blanky-blank!"

Ah, that's the season of them still— When winter hangs upon the flank

Of the wild goose passing in the fall,

When the plaintive quail begins to call

And the farmer, bursting from the stall,

Across the golden fields and sere, With leaps and bounds, begins to bawl:

"Get on-u-u-u-u-t of here!"

The melancholy days will come, and the peasant will intone his drum upon the sad and drowsy wind in the solemn manner of his kind. The booming frog will sniff the breeze and fall to digging on his knees, and the buckwheat cake will take a crack at this fool thing coming back.

It may be Jeffries and his strain are never quite themselves again, but the pickled pig's foot and the rest, are always equal to the test. They never dissipate a bit, but spend the summer prime and fit, and let the frost succeed the dew, and there they are, as good as new.

The doughty oyster on his shell, the chitlin looking strong and well, and clear and resolute of eye, the hardy brands of winter pie. The applebutter, juice and flake, the same that mother used to make, and the crackling of our youthful lot, the cock and captain of the lot.

The football season will revert, and center rush will paw the dirt. He'll wake the natives with his roar, and bawl for victory and gore. The piled-up dying and the dead will mass against his butting head, and he'll spin the panel in his rage just like a squirrel in his cage.

Alas for those who calmly sit devising to denature it, and all the college renegades who thing to temper it for maids! The students and the teachers howl, and the rooters and the bleachers yowl and damned be he who does not rise and kill somebody twice his size.

The aeroplanes will cruise the air above the old-time county fair, and the lucky winner will be he who wins the best two falls in three. The farmer in his limousine will tool around upon the green, and the hired man will seize the chance to wear his other pair of pants.

The softer weather will defy.

The blandishments of June.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

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