

# HONEYMOON SHOULD BE SWEET AND BRIEF

Among the numerous things that have been revised by society is the old-fashioned honeymoon. It used to consist of four or more or less happy weeks spent in a dual solitude and bridging the time between the wedding day and the installment in the new home. Now it means anything from a couple of days to a couple of years. This last is exceptional, the tendency being rather towards abridgment. Only the other day the bride of Monday turned up at the marriage of a bride of Thursday and no one was surprised. Commenting on this, some one remarked: "Who should turn up this morning but Angelina! She and Edwin have been three days wed and already are bored with each other's society. Their plan is to stop at an out of the way hotel and make a round of the theaters, sitting in the upper boxes to avoid detection. Edwin sneaks past his club in the seclusion of a four wheeler."

Many happy pairs saub the honeymoon even more than this. They pretend that they are going away, but do nothing of the kind. They simply go home and amuse themselves with arranging their wedding presents to their liking. Or, if home is not quite ready, they go to a big hotel for a

few days and secrete themselves there. It is easily done. They have their meals in a private sitting room. Their names are unknown to any one but the manager, and they enjoy privacy.

One reads in the accounts of fashionable weddings: "The bride and bridegroom left later in the afternoon amidst a shower of rice and old satin slippers for the beautiful country home lent by some one for the honeymoon." The servants at the country house ask each other: "Who are they?" as the hours of the wedding day roll by. Perhaps some one thinks of sending the housekeeper a telegram. Perhaps not. But this is the case of the newly wedded pair. It is out of the question, they think, to drive up to the station with rice and confetti sheathing itself from them every time they move. Why not do as the Lovewells did—go to a hotel? They are both so tired that the idea of a railway journey exhausts them, even if they could get rid of the rice or the too significant confetti. So the brougham is dismissed, the coachman tipped, and a cab conveys the couple to a hotel. A day or two later they are supposed to take possession of the country house or proceed "to Niagara Falls or the Italian lakes, via Paris," as announced.

The middle classes are more orthodox about the honey moon, but even with them it is dwindling even from the fortnight to which it has long been reduced. There seems to be no medium between a few days at some hotel at a lake resort and a voyage to South Africa, a visit to Cairo, a journey up the Nile, or a trip to Japan. A honeymoon tour of the world is not uncommon. In these busy days the bridegroom never may have had his opportunity for making the modern equivalent of the "grand tour," which used

to mean a visit to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Vienna, and to Rome. That has now shrunk by comparison to a mere excursion. To share one's wanderjahr with a charming bride might be a project with a flavor of tameness in it, but this depends on temperament. To some men the plan strongly recommends itself.

The lakes have been in great favor as honeymoon resorts of late, though the European trip is more up to date. "Via Paris" legislates the bride. New Paris has its dangers for the husband, and it may be remarked that young couples do not always return via Paris. The shops there are so tempting that even the bride whose trousseau is of the most complete and sumptuous description cannot always refrain from coveting supplementary articles of dress. The bridegroom is but too eager to indulge her; and here is one reason that the honeymoon occasionally has to be abbreviated, though reluctantly. Even those agreeable checks that it is now the fashion for relatives to give as wedding presents are like all other money in falling to do half what one expects of it. "Money melts!" And its melting mood particularly is observable when the owner is traveling. What wonder that anemic purses often cause the happy pair to wend their homeward way a week or two before their friends expect them?

Sometimes a premature return is due to one of those little tiffs which often free the first few months of married life from anything approaching monotony. The honeymoon in such a case is like one of those Italian dishes in which the flavor is compounded of agro dolce. The sweet is too sweet, the bitter is most bitter, though the general effect is not unpleasant. But

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In the bitter temporarily is predominant the bride longs for a talk with mother—the worst thing she could have, by the way. And it is more than likely that by the time the return journey is over the sweet will have surged up and conquered the bitter.

So varied is temperament and so freely is it allowed to rule us nowadays, that there is excellent reason for elasticity in the duration of the honeymoon. While some could enjoy a double honeymoon of bliss, there are others to whom a single fortnight of uninterrupted companionship is wearing. Let such by all means cut it short. Three days are long enough when two have dragged unduly. Then it is time to pack the portmanteaux and away. The month of honey was devised for happy lovers. What of the loveless, the May and December couples? The "mated not mated?" The partners in a marriage of convenience? The tete-a-tete is but a weary business to such as these and the honeymoon is sweet in name only. Let it be brief.

**Pendleton Is Secure.**  
This editorial is being written at 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, May 30, Decoration Day, and at this time a boat is seen speeding down Main street between the First National Bank and the Main street bridge, in Pendleton.

It is the highest water in the history of the city since the terrible flood of 1882, when the entire city was under water for a time, and the wisdom of the men who designed and constructed the levee was never appreciated as much as this morning.

At this time it is thought the worst is over, and the city feels secure. But the upper end of the levee must be strengthened. It withstood the storm this morning, but it was dangerously near the limit of its capacity, and the city must take precautions against a more dangerous flood in future.

There has been a splendid, buoyant spirit among Pendleton business men this morning. Many of them remained up all night watching the gradual rise of the river, and making preparations for the worst. When the water reached their doors and trickled over the floors, and into the basements they stood on the sidewalks in their hip boots, hopeful and thankful that it was no worse. One man, John Baker, of the furniture firm of Baker & Folsom, gave an example of the western spirit by bringing a rocking chair to the sidewalk in front of his place, and complacently smoking a cigar, while the water was pouring into his basement and covering the floor of his store.

There was energy, activity, movement everywhere, but no tears, no complaints. The great heart of the West was seen and felt everywhere.

If the worst is not over at this time, and the city is flooded by a break in the levee, even in that extremity, the foundations of Pendleton are secure. She is built upon a commercial basis which cannot be swept away by flood nor burned up by fire. Her resources, her stability are assured.

And when the water subsides and the flooded buildings are vacated by the muddy stream, the resurrection will be swift and magical. Before the close of the first day after the flood, everything will be moving as usual. The splendid energy of the people is seen everywhere. The keen spirit of the West is felt in the very air, and those who have been damaged will lend a helping hand.

All praise and blessings are due to the pioneers of the city who built the levee. We of the late day must add to it. Another such storm may tax it too severely. It will not do to take the risk. There is too much at stake. The consequences of a break would be appalling, and no pains should be spared to make the city doubly secure, now while the subject is fresh in the minds of the council.—East Oregonian.

**Following the Flag.**  
When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired commissary sergeant, U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at J. C. Perry's drug store. Price, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

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How a Salem Citizen Found Complete Freedom from Kidney Troubles.  
If you suffer from backache—From urinary disorders—From any disease of the kidneys, Be cured to stay cured. Doan's Kidney Pills make lasting cures. Salem people testify. Here's one case of it: G. S. Cooper, farmer, living three miles northeast of Salem, Or., on R. F. D. No. 7, says: "I just as emphatically recommend Doan's Kidney Pills today as I did three years ago. At that time I procured the remedy at Dr. Stone's drug store and used it with the result that the backache as banished and the other annoyances caused by a derangement of the kidney disappeared. The trouble started from too heavy lifting resulting in my back being strained, and ever after that there was a dull aching over my kidneys and through the loins. I got prompt relief from Doan's Kidney Pills. I also know of some of my neighbors who have used your remedy and found it most reliable." For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.



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Frys—16@18c.  
Ducks—19c.  
**Poultry, Eggs, Etc.**  
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Butter—Retail—Country, 20@25¢; creamery, 25c.  
Hens—10c.  
Frys—14c.  
Geese—7@8c.  
Ducks—9c.  
**Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.**  
Potatoes—25@30c.  
Onions—2½ to 3c.  
**Tropical Fruits.**  
Bananas—5½c per pound.  
Oranges—\$3.00@4.00.  
Lemons—5c.  
**Live Stock Market.**  
Steers—3@3½c.  
Cows—3c.  
Sheep—3c.  
Dressed Veal—5½c.  
Fat Hogs—6@6½c.  
**Grain and Feed.**  
Baled Clover—\$7.  
Cheat—\$7.00.  
Timothy—\$9@10.  
Oats—45@46c.  
Bran—42c.  
Shorts—\$22.  
**Salem Flouring Mill.**  
Wheat—60c.  
Flour—\$3.60.  
**Portland Market.**  
Wheat—Club—73c.  
Valley—72c.  
Bluestem—75c.  
Oats—Choice white, 43c.  
Millstuf—Bran—\$17.  
Hay—Timothy, \$12@13.  
Potatoes—50@60c.  
**Poultry—Average old hens, 12@13c; mixed chickens, 12@12½c; young roosters, 10c; chickens, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 15@16c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 22@23c; geese, live, 9@10c; geese, dressed, per pound, 10c; ducks, 14@15c; pigeons, \$1@1½; squabs, \$2@3.  
Pork—Dressed, 7@8c.  
Beef—Dressed, 4½@5½c.  
Mutton—Dressed, 5@6c.  
Hops—Oregon—1905, 12½c.  
Wool—1905 clip, valley, coarse to medium, 23@23½c; Eastern Oregon, 18@21½c.**

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