

# OREGON CITY COURIER

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GENERAL OFFICES  
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BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

## LEGS AND BRAINS

"Blind indeed is the boy, or girl, or man, or woman who, in this age of progress of moving pictures, does not know the graceful curve of a woman's ankle or the sickening details of the so-called modern problems."

Last week Portland papers circulated in Oregon City, had a picture of a woman's leg, naked from the toe to the waist.

So remarks the holier-than-thou Enterprise, and holds its timorous hands before its blushing face as it copies the prudery of the Portland Telegram.

Just think of it! Things have come to such a pass now that we are all familiar with "the graceful curves of a woman's ankle." Gosh! And in this age of short skirts and fur-topped boots, too.

And then think of that picture that made such an impression on the Enterprise—"a woman's leg, naked from the toe to the waist." Such a leg must have been an anatomical curiosity, and been well worth seeing.

Personally we have never seen legs that extend to the "waist," even though we have been at Oak Grove and Columbia Beach in summer time.

What can be the matter with the old lady over Barlow's store, that it shudders so at the fact that human anatomy is now being demonstrated on the movie screens? And why shouldn't "the so-called modern problems" be discussed in the silent drama? Why shouldn't this be an age of progress?

Does the poor old Enterprise want to return to hoop-skirts and pantallettes, or would it prefer to go even further back, and have all women veiled and kept behind stone walls? Or is it just trying to cater to a certain class of frumps, who are so evil-minded themselves that they can see filth and dirt in the handiworks of the Creator himself.

If this is an immoral age, as some people allege, the way to cure the condition is not through a prudish draping of the human form in fit-leaves. The way to cure any immorality that may exist is through education; education of the most liberal variety. There is nothing the matter with the human form, nothing immodest in "the graceful curve of a woman's ankle." We see them every day, everywhere. God made them, just as He made legs and arms and shoulders and feet and hands and faces and the boney cages called skulls that are supposed to hold brains.

Lewdness there may be, but using draping cloths will not cure lewdness. And there is not half as much lewdness in the movies as the dear press-agents would have us believe. The national board of censors—which is endowed with brains, as well as with morals—takes care of that. Most of the lewdness that is exciting gullible papers like the Enterprise and the Portland Telegram lies in the minds of the readers of those papers, who swallow whole the bait of the press-agent, who declares a show "daring," and thereby draws a crowd. If these prudish moralists didn't like to see pictures that they vainly imagine are rotten, and didn't flock to the theatres showing them, the theatre managers wouldn't advertise pictures as being of that variety.

When it comes to efforts to bettering the morale of the community the Courier will not yield to any paper that sees legs that reach from the toe to the waist, or that is shocked at the graceful curve of a woman's ankle. The Courier has never had prudish fits of this sort—but it has asked, begged and implored, repeatedly, that something ACTUALLY BE DONE to better life for the boys and girls of this community. The Courier has wearied its readers with appeals for some line of concerted effort to establish a public playground in the county seat, to provide some meeting place for the young people during our long rainy season—a meeting place where healthful exercise may be had and where boys and girls may just be natural. And has the Enterprise ever uttered a peep in this line?

You bet it hasn't. To provide healthful recreation for the young

citizens and citizenesses of Oregon City might cost money; to give the boys and girls chance to develop their bodies into the full bloom of health, so that they will be better men and women, would require an outlay of a fraction of a cent on the part of every taxpayer in this community—including the Enterprise. And it is far cheaper to prattle about the shocking possibilities of the graceful curve of a woman's ankle than it is to DO SOMETHING to help our boys and girls.

Ignorance, block-headedness, blindness to the results of having our boys and girls run up and down the streets, staring longingly in the store windows at "modes and gowns" and wondering how they can get the price to bedeck themselves like peacocks; and then, in all to many instances finding "the easiest way"—that is the idea of the Enterprise when it comes to bettering the morals of our future citizens. Truly, the poor sheet that emits its daily squawks from its lair over Barlow's store is a pretty poor medium through which to prate of "modern problems."

Prudery is not modesty, ignorance is not mental safety, and being "a perfect lady" is not necessarily being a good citizen. The Enterprise, and people who like its "high moral tone," ought to forget ankles and legs for a while, and turn their attention to the other end of the human body—the end where the brains are supposed to be.

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made public in a long time. And the best thing that the new administration can do is to live up to it—live up to it in the same manner in which it started.

The council is not to be blamed for making the regular January meeting a Kilkenny cat-fight. It was not the council's fault. It was the fault of the "spoils system," and the "spoils system" has no place in modern day municipal government.

## TWO PAPERS

Recently the Courier received two newspapers. Both of them were annual editions. One was the Sellwood Bee, and the other was the Oregonian. The Oregonian was about the same as last year's annual, only it didn't have as much advertising, and it wasn't as interesting reading. Maybe this is because Mr. Thomas, who used to "get up" the Oregonian annual, has been elevated to the job of city editor. But at that the Oregonian annual was a nice souvenir of Portland, showed the Oregon metropolis to be progressing, and to have some very nice scenery near it.

The Sellwood Bee's annual was bigger than any previous number, and had a wonderful variety and amount of advertising. It contained a lot of newsy reading about Sellwood and the southern part of Portland, and it showed on every page that the people of Sellwood, and of other parts of Portland, too, think the paper is worthy of a lot of support. For a paper the size of the Sellwood Bee, and printed in a plant as small as the Bee's, it was a wonderful production, and reflects the greatest credit possible on the Bee's staff. The Sellwood Bee is an institution in Sellwood that has the hearty support of the com-

road is going to traverse the state of Washington.

Central Oregon will be opened up by an east-and-west railroad this year.

Bankers on the Federal Reserve board, who are not given to groundless enthusiasm, say that prosperity is everywhere in evidence in the West.

All this is very, very sad, indeed—for Jonathan Bourne and the Enterprise and the other calamity howlers. It is sad because all this is happening BEFORE election, while the Wilson administration is still in the saddle, and while the country is under democratic rule.

Isn't it just too mean for anything the way facts have been knocked the props out from under the lies that have been sprung to discredit Woodrow Wilson and his policies?

## THE NEW ALLIES

Reaching across the political gulf of Brownellism, the Honorable Christian Schuebel and the Honorable Bill Stone now shake hands.

It was the Hon. Bill Stone who conceived in his mighty brain that wonderful amendment to the charter of Oregon City which provided that hereafter the city prosecutor and the city recorder should be elected by a vote of the people, and should not be appointed by the council.

It was the Hon. Bill Stone who made it possible for The Honorable Christian Schuebel to hang onto his job, even though he be unwelcome to the administration.

It was the Hon. Bill Stone who forgot the historic enmity between his legal god-father, George C. Brownell, and Christian Schuebel; it was the Hon. Bill Stone who buried the hatchet, and who handed the Honorable

tons were invented—to prevent embarrassing disasters.

It is a good button.

## NEXT WEEK

Next week has been declared "letter writing week," and all good Oregonians have been asked to write to "the folks back East" and inform them what they are missing by not coming to the Coast. It is a good idea, and everybody ought to pile in and help.

The East needs educating in regard to the West, and the West can stand it. If the right kind of letters are written, some Easterners may come West to live, and so get a taste of a heavenly existence before they die.

The letters don't have to be gushing affairs, and they don't have to be lies. You can tell the truth about the West, about Oregon, and still make it seem attractive to the folks at home. In fact the more truthful the letters are, the more will they accomplish.

Writing home about the place in which you are living is a good idea, and it ought to have some cheery news about this country in it, and ought to help make the people on the other side of the mountains wish they'd come out with us. The West is a great country, it has hundreds of advantages, and there is lots of room here for more people. Make a point of writing to the Eastern folks you know next week, and tell them about the place where you live, and why you like it. And if they answer your letter write again—writing letters is a pleasant occupation for almost any evening on Sunday, and aside from the good it will do back East, it may even cheer you up a bit yourself.

## TRUCE IS CALLED

County Seat Elevator Jobs Not at Present Political Plums

S. McDonald, the well-known prohibitionist, who, it is claimed, formerly worked at juggling beer kegs in the county seat agency of the Weinhard brewery, will not run the municipal elevator. That is, he went to it just yet. He didn't do it the first of this week, when he expected to do it. It is true that his former partner in a real estate venture, Councilman E. D. Van Auken, told him that he could go to work, and told Ellerd Bailey to quit the job—but after the preliminaries had been gone over the scheme fell through.

Mayor Hackett denies that he had anything to do with the mix-up over the elevator jobs. He says the matter of employing elevator operators is entirely up to the members of the street committee, of which Mr. Van Auken is chairman—but it was Mayor Hackett who told Bailey and Shockley that they could continue on the job. It was Mr. Van Auken who told Bailey that the new mayor had given orders that he quit his post, but Mr. Hackett says Van Auken had no right to use his name.

In spite of all these denials, somebody last week tried to hand the two elevator jobs to S. McDonald and John Confer. When the move was first sprung the elevator men called up Councilman Albright, chairman of the old elevator committee, and Mr. Albright and Mr. Templeton got busy. Assisting them in their efforts were Messrs. Metzner, who with Templeton and Albright is a member of the old "solid five" in the council, and Messrs. Andrews and Cox. Mr. Andrews is the councilman whom Mayor Hackett "accidentally" left off the committee, and Mr. Cox joined the insurgents because one of the elevator men whose jobs were threatened goes to the same church that Cox does.

After the new "solid five" had laid plans for a dynamite session of the city council for Monday evening, at which time the elevator tangle was due for an explosion, Mayor Hackett squashed the dream of Councilman Van Auken, and also the hopes of S. McDonald, the well known prohibitionist, who admits he has "helped put down whiskey, rum and gin," and of Mr. Confer.

This little episode, briefly detailed here, is all that appeared on the surface over the week-end of the "harmony" that prevails in the present county seat administration.

If you are sick and have tried everything else and did not receive help, try Chiropractic Spinal adjustments and get well. Hoyer & Stone, Chiropractors.

## STINGY MAN, SAYS WIFE

Though Hubby Was Worth \$40,000, He Made Her Work in Hop Yards

Berthold Fleischhauer, who was married in Portland in 1903, has been sued in the Clackamas county circuit court for divorce by Mrs. Marie Fleischhauer, who alleges in her complaint that her married life was far from a happy one. Her husband, she avers, is worth upwards of \$40,000, yet she charges that he denied her the necessities of life, refused to buy her decent clothes, and even forced her to work in the hop yards when she wanted "pin money."

The Fleischhauers have one child, a girl, eleven years old.

Forged Worked Here?  
County seat police officials believe that Terrill Pope, who was arrested this week in Portland for passing bogus checks on grocery stores and meat markets is the same man who sometime ago passed a worthless cheque on H. P. Brightbill, a local grocer. Terrill's scheme was to step into a store, order a small amount of groceries sent to an imaginary address, and tender in payment a cheque ranging from \$10 to \$25, and keep the change. That was the scheme worked at the Brightbill store, and the description of the man who did it tallies with the description of Terrill.

Let us send you a sample of the Classic Letter Heads you ever saw. Write us for prices.

## WHAT CATARRH IS

It has been said that every third person has catarrh in some form. Science has shown that nasal catarrh often indicates a general weakness of the body; and local treatments in the form of snuffs and vapors do little, if any good.

To correct catarrh you should treat its cause by enriching your blood with the oil-food in Scott's Emulsion which is a medicinal food and a building-tonic, free from alcohol or any harmful drugs. Try it.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

munity, it has done much for the Sellwood district, and it evidently intends to keep on being of service.

If the people of Portland in general gave the same kind of support to the Oregonian that the people of Sellwood have given to the Bee, what a wonderful paper the Oregonian would be. And if the Oregonian did as much for Portland as the Bee does for Sellwood, consistently year in and year out, maybe the Oregonian would be a wonderful paper.

The moral seems to be: as ye do unto others, so will others do unto you. Our congratulations to the Bee—and we mean them.

## VERY SAD INDEED

Even the Oregonian says business is improving. Congress declares that Roosevelt's charges against the Wilson administration were groundless.

The Great Northern Railroad has established a new record for profits. Northwestern lumbermen expect the biggest season of all this year.

The Carver line is soon to issue bonds to the extent of \$10,000 a mile and do much extension work.

Even the Oswego cement plant is again declared to be on the verge of doing business.

American shipyards have more work on hand than they can do.

Wheat prices threaten to establish a new record this spring.

Another transcontinental rail-

Christian Schuebel a goodly lease on seventy-five dollars a month of the city's money.

The Hon. Bill Stone has shown that he is a great legislator, a great lawmaker, even as is his new-found friend and ally, the Honorable Christian Schuebel. It was the Hon. Bill Stone who did all this, and thus makes himself the lesser member of a new pair of alphabetical twins, the Hon. C. S. and the Hon. B. S. Between them we don't know which is the funnier, but we suspect that it is the Hon. B. S.

## A GOOD BUTTON

Buttons are designed to hold things together.

The first campaign button of the coming presidential campaign has made its appearance in Clackamas county. Ex-sheriff E. T. Mass has it, and wears it. The button is a simple little affair, not so very decorative; but it is designed to hold things together—and it ought to do it.

It has just two things upon its face—a picture of President Wilson, and the popular American slogan "Safety First."

It is a good button, and it ought to be a popular one with Americans. It is a good button with which to hold things together, a good button to wear on one's coat, as near the heart as is possible.

In short it is a button that just about fills the-purpose for which but-

Write some letters next week—and then keep on writing them.

## JUDGE CLEETON SPEAKS

Portland Juvenile Head Discusses Problems of Crime Among Young

Judge T. J. Cleeton, of Multnomah county, spoke on juvenile court work Tuesday in the county seat, and was listened to by a large and attentive audience, among the members of which were local people interested in welfare work and County Juvenile Officer D. E. Frost. Judge Cleeton told of the work the juvenile court is doing in Portland, and advocated a greater sympathy with children on the part of law officers.

In the course of his talk Judge Cleeton said that he believed the work of the juvenile court should be more corrective than punitive, and gave it as his opinion that the best way to deal with young delinquents was to appeal to the individual pride of the children brought before the bar, and urge them to do better mainly for the sake of feeling better. Hearty applause greeted the judge's remarks.

With ten inches of snow reported at Seattle, we have yet another cause to congratulate ourselves on living in Oregon. Here we have just enough of the "beautiful" to make things cheery.

# A Prosperous 1916

May Father Time deal kindly with you and yours during the new year.

May he bring brightness into your home and may his foot prints be upon the right side of your bank book

May he often incline your feet in our direction and may your business be of such a nature that when the new year has grown old we will both look back and say "A very good year indeed."

## W. J. Wilson & Company

10th and MAIN STREETS, OREGON CITY, ORE.

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It's a very simple matter to open an account by mail. Send us the checks you have received, or a money order, draft or personal check for the amount you wish to deposit and state in what name you want the account to stand. We will do the rest.

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Oldest Bank in Clackamas County

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Sand, Gravel, Cement, Lime, Plaster, Common Brick, Face Brick, Fire Brick

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Leave Southbound	Arrive Northbound
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10:00 A.M.	10:55 A.M.
2:30 P.M.	2:20 P.M.
6:55 P.M.	5:20 P.M.

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