

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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THIS WAR OF SCIENCE

Of all the many military projects that our government has undertaken since the fateful April day when we declared war, the most interesting and appealing to the popular mind is the development of the air fleet. This fleet has three functions: 1. Scout work, location of enemy defenses and direction of artillery fire. 2. Fighting and driving back the enemy planes that undertake the same purposes over our lines. 3. Bombing attacks in the rear.

The first two purposes are necessary but auxiliary to other forces. The third undertaking is new and promises to reach heights of effectiveness scarcely touched as yet. The past summer has seen these attacks on a small scale, but we should be able to increase their power and range tremendously.

The trouble with these attacks as now carried on by the English and French, is the limit of the freight carrying capacity of the ordinary type airplane. Three hundred pounds is a common limit of weight that can be carried in the form of bombs, or about 1-1/2 pounds per horse power.

Airplanes are now being built up to 600 horse power. A much greater freight carrying capacity is secured in these, estimated at 10 pounds per horse power. Such a plane therefore should be able to carry three tons of explosives and to accomplish 20 times the destruction possible from one of the ordinary craft now in use.

Such a plane should be able to deliver an explosive to any point near or far from the trench line, with an accuracy and destructiveness greater than that of any gun yet invented. When these big fellows begin to get busy, the Boche will think twice about the power of Uncle Sam's despised "wooden sword." The big munition works and the fleet at Kiel ought to be within reach of such attack.

SPIES AND PLOTS.

When the historians write the history of this war, and its causes they will lay great emphasis on the part spies and plots had in dragging us in.

The German plot and spy system is an amazing scheme covering the entire world. The plans were laid to control by unseen means the affairs of all nations in a way to work German ends. In Russia perfidious ministers sent munitions to the Caucasus when they were wanted in Galicia. Kings married to German princesses double crossed their peoples. Spies were everywhere, fomenting home uprisings, laying plans for German invasion, buying up means for swaying public opinion.

It was working over here too. Munition plants exploded, crops and grain and potato elevators burned, from natural causes of course. Labor troubles were fomented and industries tied up. Mexico and Japan were treacherously approached with the preposterous plan of seizing Texas and Mexico.

Gullible pacifists were financed in their plans for influencing congress. Newspapers printed stuff handed out by the system. Politicians fearful of all this machine made agitation misunderstood the temper of the people. Mysterious information about sailings of ships and soldiers got through. The far reaching character of this underground organization is beyond belief and it must have cost a lot of money.

The American people will manage their own affairs without outside interference. Had the German government not attempted this stupendous campaign of duplicity and interference, it is possible that we would never have entered the war.

But it produced exactly the opposite effect from that intended. It made it clear that no government is safe so long as any nation attempts to control the world by such nefarious and insidious means.

SAVING SUGAR

Noting Mr. Hoover's request that the American people save sugar, many conscientious people will cut down from two lumps to one for their morning coffee. Even a lump a day from everyone would make a big difference. Where we consume over four ounces a day each, the French have now less than one, and are not likely to get that for long. But as usual, probably the people who use sugar the most freely, will be the last to heed the call for economy.

The people who should listen to the appeal are those who pile sugar in their coffee until the lumps reach up even with the edge. Still more, people who keep boxes of candy on their tables and munch it incessantly, should heed this call. There are some who take candy to bed with them and tuck in a few lumps before they go off to sleep. They keep it within reach, and take more in the morning to dispel the bad taste that comes from what they ate the night before.

Also the crowds of chattering people who jam into the soda fountains and ice cream parlors and gulp down no end of sweet stuff, aren't doing much to help win the war. Too much sugar stifles the distinctive taste of any food product. Many people have acquired the sensible habit of eating cereals and drinking coffee without sugar, and like them all the better.

In the desire to popularize corn meal products, many producers are loading corn cakes and corn bread so heavily with sugar that it is practically cake. We use too much sweet for our physical good in peace times and too much for the good of our allies in war time.

Candy makers will no doubt worry lest their business be cut off by this economy move. They need have no fear that the American people will not use all that is good for them. More than that they ought not to wish to sell.

COUNTRY BILL BOARDS.

Some people's ideas about advertising are might queer. For instance, take all the money spent to erect great starting signs along the leading motor thoroughfares. These signs relate largely to automobiles and automobile supplies, hotels along the route, etc. The purpose of these signs is to attract the motor travelling public and sell goods to them.

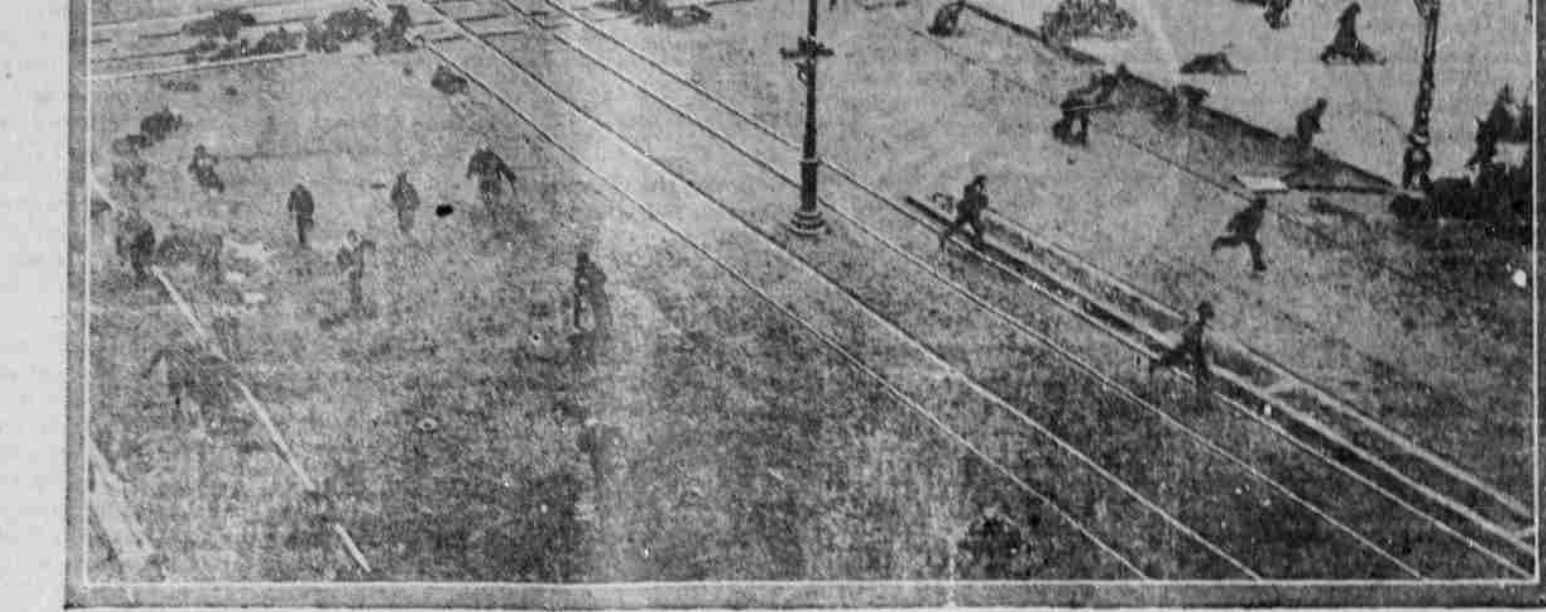
Do they have this effect on the motoring public? Let it be remembered that when a man gets out his machine for a pleasure run, his purpose is to get away from the scenes of business life and enjoy the beauty of outdoors. He does not want to be reminded of buying or selling anything of a commercial nature. He has left that all behind, or wants to.

The practical result is that when his eye is confronted by the great starting signs that decorate the leading thoroughfares, his resentment is aroused. It spoils the beauty of nature, disfigures the landscape, and detracts from the pleasure of his trip.

If the motorists in buying their supplies could have the issue clearly presented to them, that one concern used rural billboard advertising, and the other did not, they would patronize the concern that did not, assuming that the two companies had an equally good reputation. That being the case, it seems perfect folly for the big advertisers to spend their money in ways that must arouse resentment among the very people to whom they are trying to sell goods.

PRIMARY AFFORDS FAIR COUNT.

The recount of votes cast in the recent primary in Greater New York showed many discrepancies between the result as declared and the ballots which were found in the boxes. The election board announced Mayor Mitchell's victory over ex-Senator Bennett; the recount showed that Bennett was the real winner. Opponents of the direct primary have hailed the incident as proof of the weakness of the



This startling photograph of the Russian revolution was taken during the uprising in July when a machine gun planted on the roof of the public library, the building showing in the photograph, was turned on the crowd in Novski Prospect. The dead and wounded may be seen on the plaza, while other hundreds of men and women are madly rushing for safety. The gun mowed down men, women and children without regard.

primary system. In fact, it is proof of the essential justice of the method of making direct nominations. Had Mayor Mitchell been renominated in a convention or by a committee, it would have been final. His place upon the ticket would have been beyond attack, no matter how flagrant the error might have been nor how patent the fraud. When the convention or the committee had adjourned, the nomination would have been made beyond recall. With the direct primary, however, a calm and deliberate review of the balloting is possible; and Mr. Bennett has been able to demonstrate and to secure his rights. The direct primary system is by no means perfect, but it gives every man his chance and all his chances.

There are plenty of ways in which the big national advertisers, local hotels, etc., can attract attention without resorting to this offensive method of disfiguring scenery, a method that in a number of instances has been stopped by law. They can hit the local travellers from a distance by judicious distribution of booklets at hotels and places of resort. These ways of advertising please rather than offend.

The American consul at Moscow cables the news that Russia is hopeless. It might be worse. Suppose Russia was hopeless, for instance.

FOOD CONSERVATION DRIVE IS POSTPONED TO TWENTY EIGHTH

Upon the request of President Wilson the Food Conservation pledge campaign is to be deferred one week, that is during the week commencing October 28th and ending November 4th. County Superintendent Calavan stated that this would in no way delay or interfere with the Food Conservation drive which has been planned for October 20th. On that day a number of people prominently identified with the state work of food conservation will appear in the program which is planned for the people of Oregon City. The general committee will hold a round table at the Commercial club, also an address will be given at the high school in the morning by O. M. Plummer followed by a public meeting at the Commercial club in the evening when other speakers will also be heard.

importance of their plans and work. I ask them not to allow this alternation in program to dampen their fine enthusiasm but rather to reboult their energies in their very great branch of the national service.

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It will merely delay the dates on which the pledge cards will be distributed to the school children and through them signed by the parents, also the time of taking the census of the families signing and failing to sign will be in the week of October 28th.

Fifty Years Ago

Taken from Enterprise Oct. 12, 1867. Died.—John Rae, late of this city.

died in Portland on Sunday last, and was buried on Tuesday with military honors by Company B. O. V. M., of which he was a life member.

Fire.—On Monday night last the dry house of B. Jennings, a short distance below this city, was destroyed by fire, together with a lot of farm tools.

Let On.—The gates at the reservoir of the Oregon City water works company were hoisted on Saturday evening last; and water was coursing through the street mains on Sunday. On Monday one or more of the hydrants were tested, and the perfect success of the works was established.

County Taxes.—The county commissioners' court was in session during the week. The assessor made his final return of all taxable property of the county, exclusive of debt, which amounts to \$1,724,955. In 1865 the amount was \$1,605,594; in 1866, \$1,619,599.

HEIRS ISAAC LANE FILE A PETITION PROBATE COURT

A petition for letters of administration was filed in the probate court today in the estate of Isaac Lane, the Clackamas county farmer who was killed by falling from an auto truck at Oak Grove some two weeks ago. The petition asks that Harriet L. Richards, a daughter of the deceased residing

in Portland, be appointed administratrix of the estate, which is valued at \$2000, \$2100 of which consists of real estate in Clackamas county, the balance of \$500, real estate in the state of Washington.

The heirs of the estate are John H. Lane, of Camas, Wash., A. J. Lane, of Milwaukie, Harriet L. Richards of Portland, Minnie J. Lane of Jennings Lodge and Marie E. Hopkins of San Francisco, Cal.

LOCAL CITIZENS AND MOLALLA JOIN IN PATRIOTIC RALLY

CROWD INCLUDING COMMERCIAL CLUB ESCORTS MILLER AND BOWERMAN, SPEAKERS

Patriotic citizens, members of the Oregon City Commercial club and the Live Wires, professional and business men, laboring men, farmers and men in every walk of life boarded a special train of the Willamette Valley Southern railway Wednesday night and escorted Hon. Milton A. Miller, United States collector of internal revenue, and ex-Governor Jay Bowerman to Molalla, where they spoke at an enthusiastic meeting for the Liberty Bond campaign. Judge Grant B. Dimick, president of the railroad, donated the train. The Molalla band furnished fine music and all along the line there was a spirit of cooperation.

Mr. Bowerman explained in detail the character of the Liberty bonds and urged his hearers to buy as many securities as they could afford. Mr. Miller praised the spirit of the people of Clackamas county. He told his audience what the government proposed to do with the money derived from the sale of the bonds, and said the more money poured into the treasury and the harder the United States strikes at its enemy, the sooner the war will end, and the number of American lives lost will be correspondingly less. He explained that Oregon has more volunteer soldiers, in proportion to its population, than has any other state in the union and insisted that the people who stay at home should make some sacrifices for the boys at the front.

Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Miller, with Bruce Dennis, held a big meeting Tuesday night at Canby, where nearly 500 people crowded the hall. Farmers from the adjoining country were out in force and \$2500 worth of Liberty Bonds were taken at the meeting. Canby and vicinity had previously taken \$700 of the bonds, and will probably subscribe to \$20,000 before the end of the campaign. The banks at Canby are loaning money for the bonds at 5 per cent interest. The Canby band furnished music for the meeting, which was one of the largest ever held in the town.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

MYRTLE and TURNIPS

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Myrtle, who was the kind of child that always ate her cake first and kept the icing for afterwards. You know the kind I mean. Once she had a box of candy all her own. She passed it around and passed it around—as she should, you know—and then she ate all the uninteresting pieces (it took her most a week); then last of all she ate the exciting chocolate drops with all kinds of nuts and surprises inside, and oh! they did taste good!

Well, Myrtle was a polite little girl too. She knew how to behave for her mother told her. She was especially polite at the table. Her big sister made up a rhyme to help her

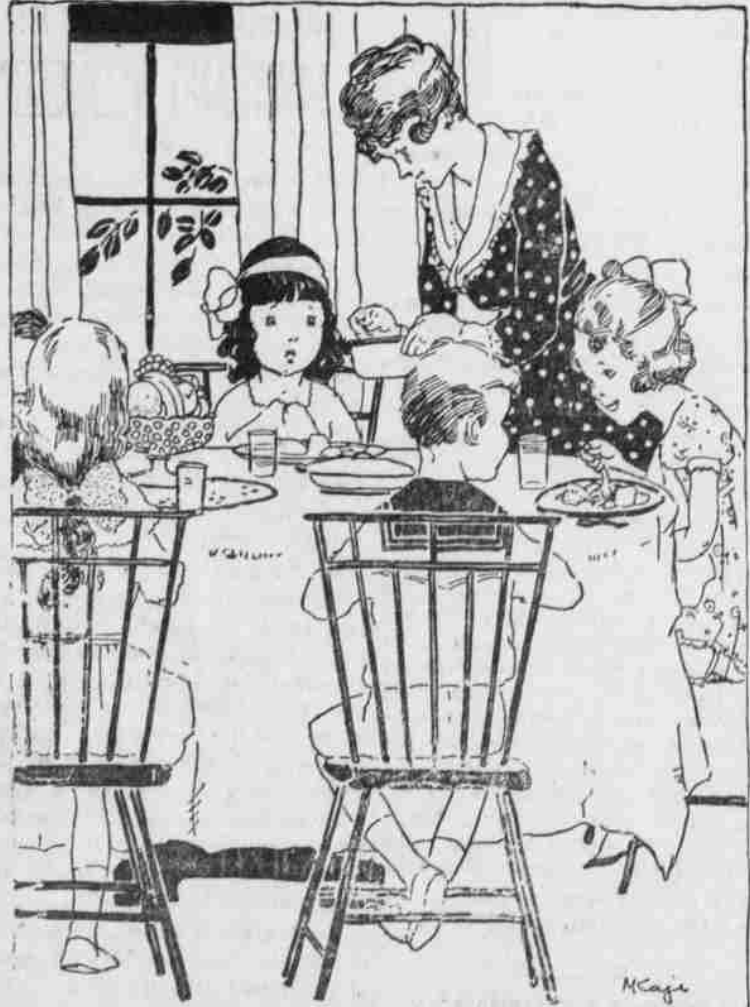
that everyone liked to have Myrtle around. She was invited here and there and to this and that. Mothers would say:

"Let's invite that dear little Myrtle to our children's party. Myrtle is so well behaved!"

Well, you know, people can't—they just can't—be perfect, and once, oh dearie me! Myrtle did act just terrible!

It happened like this. You see Myrtle had been taught to eat what was set before her, but she didn't like turnips. Whenever they had turnips at her house she would say "Please, Mother-kin, 'scuse me from eating turnips. I'll learn to eat them some other time."

Some other time, is like the middle



"And Piled TWO Great, Heaping Spoonfuls Of Turnips On Myrtle's Plate." remember how to act at the table. It went like this:

Nice children do not chatter, no! Or lo! when at the table; They eat what's set before them, so! They do not grab or gobble. The Golden Rule they try to go by, Which is the best that one can abide by.

The consequence was, my dears, of next week—always just around the corner, but never quite comes. So Myrtle never had to eat turnips and never learned to eat them.

One day Myrtle was invited to a children's dinner party at Margaret's house. Margaret lived on a fine, big farm and my goodness! her dinner parties were worth coming to. Chicken with stuffing, vegetables and jelly and jam and pies and cakes and can-

SCHOOL DAYS

SCHOOL DAYS -- SCHOOL DAYS

HERE THEY COME AGAIN

HERE'S AN END TO HOLIDAYS

FOR BESSIE, JACK AND JANE

dies and grape juice to drink! Mother dressed Myrtle in her prettiest white dress with a flowered sash and pink bows in her hair, and her curls as glossy as glossy can be.

"Now, remember, darling," said Mother, "don't forget to make me feel proud of my little girl. No matter if the other children are loud and rude, you know better!"

Myrtle went to the party saying her rhyme over to herself:

"Nice children do not chatter, no! Or lo! when at the table; They eat what's set before them, so! They do not grab or gobble."

Soon Myrtle was sitting at the table with the other children—there were seven or so many sitting at a long, long table all spread with a beautiful, white tablecloth and decorated with pink roses and ferns. Some of the children had awful manners, but, poor things, perhaps they didn't know any better.

Myrtle was behaving just beautifully. She put rice white meat of the chicken on her plate and mashed potatoes and—oh, dear—could it be more mashed potatoes they heaped up close to the current jelly on her plate? Myrtle tasted it—just a tiny bit. It was TURNIPS! Dear, dear!

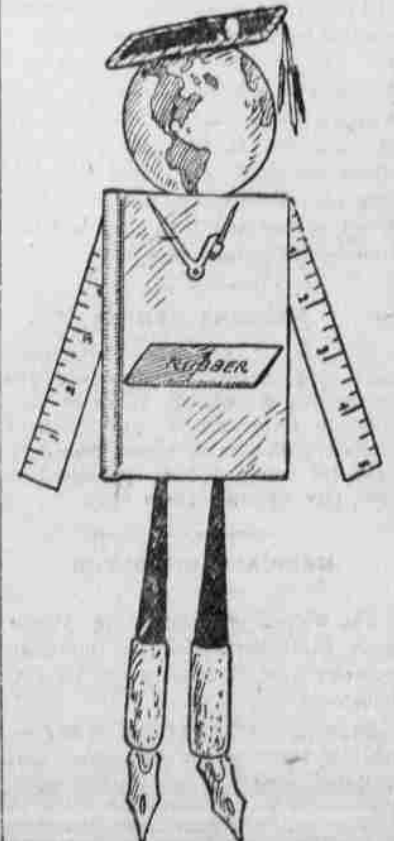
"Oh well," thought Myrtle, "I'll swallow them down quick and hardly taste them, and then I can enjoy the rest of the goodies."

So one, two, three! Just as quick as quick, she gobbled up the hateful turnips, for it would never do not to eat what was set before her.

Margaret's Mamma came around to see that each little guest was well supplied. She looked at Myrtle's dish. "Have you plenty of everything, dearie?" she asked. "Why, the darling child likes turnips! Mollie, bring the dish of turnips. Dear, little Myrtle when she has all the turnips she can eat!"

Yes, they brought the dish and piled TWO great, heaping spoonfuls of turnips on Myrtle's plate! Myrtle went to be polite. She wanted to be good. But, sakes alive! A body can't be perfect! The sight of all those turnips was too much for little Myrtle. She screwed up her eyes

SCHOLARLY PREPAREDNESS



and wrinkled her nose and opened her mouth WIDE—and—yes, she HOWLED!

What do you think of that? But they didn't send her home in disgrace. Mercy, no! Margaret's Mamma took her out and talked nicely to her and found out just what the trouble was. "Poor little lamb!" she exclaimed. "Well, no wonder you cried! You shall have no more turnips and I think you've been very nice and polite to eat the first helping, quite polite enough, I'm sure!"

"I'm sorry I cried," said little Myrtle.

"Never mind, now. Tut, tut!" said Margaret's Mamma.

"But I'm not a polite child any more, am I?" asked Myrtle.

"Oh, quite polite enough," replied Margaret's Mamma. "We don't want our children to be Saints! You tell your mother all about it and see what she has to say!"

So Myrtle had a good time any way. She went back to the table and finished her dinner and afterwards they all played games with grown-ups to help play—you know, sometimes it is lots more fun to have big brother and auntie and jolly mother and merry daddy help with games.

Afterwards Myrtle told her mother all about the turnips and Mother laughed awful hard. That was the way with Myrtle's Mother, she always could see the funny side of things.

"But let's just get used to turnips," she said. "Shall we? If we eat a tiny bit every so often, we'll soon get so we won't mind them at all!"

"A teaspoonful at first, then a pinch or two more and then a pinch or two more," replied Myrtle. "I could pretend they are mashed potatoes!"

Well, so Myrtle made up her mind to get used to turnips, and she did, you know! But she was careful after that not to gobble them up too fast—oh, ever so careful!

IN THE YEAR 1792

WILLIE was fond of books in general, but in particular he liked history best. He never missed an opportunity of reading history, and he never missed an opportunity of asking his teacher questions about the things he was reading. The other day he was reading, after school and opened his book with this remark: "I came across the word 'September' in my French Revolution story, and I'd like to know whether it is a person or thing?"

Teacher smiled fondly on Willie, for she liked the children to ask her questions. Her favorite saying was: "Only by asking questions can you grow wise," and now she drew the boy to her and began to explain:

"It isn't a thing, Willie, but it is the name applied to a group of French Revolutionists, who, fired by the thought that only by killing the men and women in sympathy with the King and Queen could the right kind of liberty be attained, ruthlessly put an end to many lives. The massacre took place between the 2nd and 6th of September in the year 1792, and is known in history as the 'September Massacre,' and those who took part in it were known as the 'Septemberers.' During those days France was the scene of frightful slaughter. These Septemberers stopped neither night nor day counting, trying and putting to death hundreds of noble ladies and gentlemen of France, whom they suspected of aiding the King and Queen. It was perhaps the most bloody time in the French Revolution, and even the most enthusiastic fighters for freedom were staggered at the atrocities that were being enacted by this self appointed body. For many years after that the month of September and the term Septemberer were detested by every right-minded Frenchman."

When teacher stopped talking Willie shuddered and said: "U-gh! How could men be so cruel; and then when he remembered the price—on his feet he stood squarely up and said: "When I'm big enough to fight I'll be a soldier, but I will do like all American soldier boys, I'll fight on the level!"

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