

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE EDITORIAL PAGE

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GIVE IT A MEANING WHEN IN DOUBT, vote no. This once was sound advice to the voter who went to the polls ignorant of the ramifications of any particular measure.

The ballot has become too complex, especially where measures are concerned. Witness Oregon City. To decide on the location of the city hall, two ordinances were referred to the people.

The recall directed against the county judge presented complications to some voters. Under the law there are two things to be voted on; the recall and the candidates.

The theory of the great American ballot is that it expresses the untrammeled will of the people. But it must first be provided that the people know what their will is to be expressed on.

TOYS AND TRIFF

GERMAN-MADE TOYS, manufactured to meet the requirements of the American holiday season, make up a large part of the cargo which the Orduna of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is bringing to port.

It was the New York Journal of Commerce that was most persistent in its assertions that the new Republican tariff law would prohibit the importation of foreign wares.

A laundry mark forms the latest clue to Portland's newest "beast man" mystery. The fact that it has proven of little value to the police ought to give them the hunch that the "beast" probably wouldn't have occasion to obtain such an identifying mark.

The defeat of the women's candidates over the nation is attributed to the fact that the women didn't hang together. They haven't much more sense than the men after all.

It is highly probable that the toy-makers of the United States are not getting as much protection now as they were in 1914, even though the

rate is doubled. If such is found to be the case within the next few months, the President is authorized to apply the flexible provision of the tariff, and in view of the fearful depreciation of German exchange this may be found necessary.

The repeated assertions of the anti-protectionists that the present law would prohibit importations have already been proved unsound as Treasury men state the prospects for increased trade with Europe are big. But the opportunity for underselling American producers has been greatly curtailed.

THE INVESTMENT INDEX I N DISCUSSING the financial situation over the country, Will T. Wright of the Bank of Oregon City who recently returned from the east, makes the declaration that there is adequate capital available for investment and that this year, as has not been possible at least during the years of 1920 and 1921, funds are being placed in industrial and commercial fields upon long time as well as short term security.

Up to this writing, nobody has suggested that the murder mystery at New Brunswick, N. J., was caused by the movies or booze.—Columbia Record. Milwaukee girl, according to headline, "Found a Husband on the Golf Links." Nothing strange. That's where most of them are.—New York American.

Manuel, exiled King of Portugal, says he is a democrat at heart and in practice. He must confess, though, the practice was forced on him.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger. M. Clemenceau has decided to postpone his visit to America until their elections are over. Having seen the horrors of the Great War he is taking no risks.—Punch (London).

Where are we going to put the village smithy, now that all the chestnut trees have been cut down to make room for filling stations?—Oregon Journal. "Turkey price is lower for the holidays," the papers say. Which means that they're still out of sight.—Oregon Journal.

Those who think America can prevent massacres in Turkey forget that we can't even prevent massacres in Illinois.—Virginian-Pilot. The Democrats are talking about abandoning the mule as a party symbol. What's the matter, has the mule been kicking?—Detroit Free Press.

Maybe one reason Germany hates to pay out that reparations money is that she needs it to prepare for her next war.—New York Tribune. A psychologist objects to what he calls "herd thinking," but what a majority of people think is always what they've heard.—Washington Post.

The Allies could handle the Turk more effectively if they didn't have to watch each other so closely.—Dallas News. When they vote on the projected bill to legalize beer and wine, there won't be a dry eye in the House.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The three R's of the American school of diplomacy seem to be Rescue, Relieve and Relinquish.—Sacramento Bee. The Christian powers have discovered that there is still something of a slant left in Islam.—Western Leader. Oil is said to be the dominant factor in world politics, but it is not used for lubrication.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The fifteen year old girl who is already singing for the metropolitan opera, should, as the saying goes, be good when she grows up.

Borrowed Comment. What Editors of State and National Papers Have to Say.

Well, we see the Republicans have already cut down the number of Government employees from 438,057 at the end of the last fiscal year before we entered the war to 560,863 at present.—Ohio State Journal.

The French are trying out a new fuel composed of a mixture of alcohol and gasoline. We predict now it won't work. Experiments in this country have proved it is too dangerous.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The rapidity with which divorce follows marriage with the movie folk suggests that marriage licenses and divorce decrees should be issued on a detachable form similar to round-trip railroad tickets.—Astoria Budget.

The Harvard astronomers who have located a new universe six hundred thousand trillion miles from the earth will be needed later to figure the total issues of marks and rubles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Judging from the description of it that follows, the geometric rule best fitting the case would be to rush the artists by straight line to the nearest police station.—Oregonian.

The gem of the collection is "A Country New Jigge between Simon and Susan to be sung in merry pastime by Bachelors and Maydens"; though before coming to it we must pay attention to what the editor has to say about the jig as a species of composition. He regards as "the most important single ballad in the volume" "Francis' New Jig," of the date 1595; and the most important it may well be, on several grounds, though for daintiness we prefer Simon and Susan. The jig was a miniature comedy or farce, written in ballad measure, which at the end of a play was sung and danced on the stage to ballad tunes. There were at least two performers; and by 1590, we are told, jigs were thoroughly established in London theaters as the usual conclusions to plays.

They were not always of the utmost delicacy, but Simon and Susan is beyond all reproach, and with its pretty refrains is in its way as sweet as the ballad of the "Nut Brown Maid."

On mine owne sweet heart And when wilt thou be true: Or when will the time come That I shall marry you, That I may give you kisses One, two or three, More sweeter than the hunny That comes from the bee.

My father is unwilling That I should marry thee, Yet I could wish in heart That so the same might be: For now methinks thou seemst More lovely unto me, And fresher than the Blossomes That bloomes on the tree.

But her mother is "most willing" and they decide to approach his father, and tell her mother so, who gives her consent: For young-thout are as blossoms That bloom upon the tree In the old man's presence Susan begs him not to say nay, for she has found a "husband kinde," and "will evermore agree": Which is more sweet than honey That comes from the Bee. Her mother, too, and Simon plead on the same ground, until at last: SIMON Then let's unto the Parson And Clerke to say Amen: SUSAN With all my heart good Simon we are concluded then, My father and my mother both doe willingly agree My Simon's sweet as honey that comes from the Bee. —Douglas Reynolds.

Viscount French, the Earl of Ypres, is one of the very few peers who use the name of a place outside the limits of the British Empire for their title. The name of Ypres will forever be associated with the glorious achievements of the British army he commanded in the first terrible years of the war. A suggestion has been made in America that the Earl should identify the pronunciation of his title with the British Tommy's light hearted "wipers" and that, as Earl of Wipers Lord French should perpetuate the historic mispronunciation.

There was a shooting affair on another lower Columbia highway stage the other day. It keeps up, the railroads will get their passenger business back.—Eugene Register.

Three sets of triplets and two sets of twins in ten years is the record of an Indiana couple. What a pity Teddy couldn't have lived to see that family!—Eugene Register.

A Chicago woman poisoned her husband because she was jealous of him. She would have got farther in the long run by feeding him.—Eugene Register.

Somebody else's wife and a minister were found murdered in Montana yesterday. That's a custom that is spreading too fast.—Eugene Register.

The Book Corner. By C. E. G.

THE BALLAD OF 1595 From the Pepsysian Library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Dr. Hyder E. Rollins of New York University has unearthed a rich collection of ballads published between 1595 and 1638, the golden age of the ballad, which came to an end in the Commonwealth, when ballad singing was prohibited by law, street ballad singers became liable to be flogged and the beginnings of journalism proper in the shape of news sheets and pamphlets superseded the more primitive art of the riming minstrel.

Ballads combined the functions of music halls and newspapers. Some are sentimental or take the form of social comment and satire; others are pure journalism—the latest being, the latest wonder—but the crime is the subject it is handled in a moralizing strain. A recalls the manner of the Newgate Calendar rather than our current reports on proceedings at the police court or Old Bailey. Other ballads possess a strong religious flavor and point to the fundamentally religious frame of mind of London three hundred years ago, full of prophecy and fears of imminent judgment. A few are definitely historical, one or two are derived from ancient sources and several have come to London from the country; but London, somehow or other, seems to have set its seal on them all; London as it was lived by the common people, husbands and wives, young men and maidens, tradesmen, hawkers, peddlers, tippers, thieves, apprentices and servants.

THE GREAT FINANCIER. Smitsen: "Do you know that Noah was the greatest financier who ever lived?" Dibbs: "How do you make that out?" Smitsen: "Well, he was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation."

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The Office Cat. By Junius.

REVOLUTIONARY Dancing instructor—"Next, I'll show you how to do the Russian Bolsha." "She—"How does that go?" "Just one revolution after another."

STILL FAR AWAY The millennium will have arrived when little Georgie is willing to take a bath without any promise of a reward.

SECOND HAND Doctor: Now that you have a car you must not neglect your daily exercise. She: "Oh, he won't. It's a second hand car."

HERE'S ONE Wife (at breakfast): "Could I have a little money for shopping today, dear?" Husband: "Certainly. Would you rather have an old five or a new one?" Wife: "New one, of course." Husband: "Here's the one—and I'm four dollars to the good."

WHAT EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS When a woman goes away from home the first thing she talks about on returning is not her trip, but the awful condition the house is in.

GOOD, TOO "Our stage villains no longer roll their r's." "Well, the telephone girls have taken it up."

SUSPICIOUS "Why do you close my place? You ain't never caught me doing nothing." "To what argument in here for near-beer?"

SAME IN EVERYTHING No matter how carefully you pick apples off a tree there's a fine one away up there at the top that you missed. In life, it's about the same way.

SETTLING THE BET. "Will you settle a bet for me?" ask Jinks. "Sure," replied Blinks. "What's the bet?" "I made a bet with Winks and lost \$50," replied Jinks. "Mail him a check for the amount, will you?"

YEP! There are a lot of saving folks And I will say they're sly ones— They used to save for rainy days And now they save for dry ones.

Barnum is famous for his one born a minute statement, Ford turns out a flivver every seven seconds. There is still lots of prospects for sales.

No one can feel more virtuous than a man who goes without a cigarette all Sunday morning because he ran out of them the night before.

Few girls are as bad as they are painted, or as "white" as they are powdered.

About the only thing that limits the cost of living in this country is the pay envelope.

The Poets' Corner. Songs and Sonnets From the Pens of Modern Writers.

WHITENESS By Isobel Hume The little betrothed has washed her linen— And hung it out to dry; It puffs and blows into mists and cloudlets Under the April sky.

Her arms are white as the white pear-blossom— Her throat is as white as may; And her heart, like a song on a sunny morning, Newborn and sweet as they.

She will walk in white to church on Sunday Through orchards where birds sing; And the bridegroom, taking her home at evening— Will think he weds the Spring.

DESSERT SAGE By Edith Osborne My feet are treading the city streets, But my heart is far astray, Over the distant desert hills Where the sage grows cool and grey.

Where the scent of the sage is keen and sweet That flies on the wind away. I hear the noise of the busy town And the crowds that pass me by; But my thoughts are away to the distant hills As wild birds homeward fly.

I am one with the hills and the fragrant sage, The wind, and the autumn sky. And ever the western winds do blow, From the Land of Yesterday, Where the silvery plumes of desert sage

Fragrantly bend and sway; (Oh, my feet are treading the city streets— But my heart is far away!) —Lyric West.

HARVEST By Robert Haven Schauflier They heard that she was dying, and they came, The reticent New England village folk, And wrestled with their tongues and, stammering, spoke Their very hearts, torn betwixt love and shame.

The wheelwright brought a crock of flowers aflame And, with moist eyes, said: "Madam of a stroke O' the axe could save ye—(and this ain't no joke)— I'd cut my right hand off to do that same!"

When her white soul had sped the fisherman rowed A fare of fish—his parting gift— ashore, And choked, and simply said: "I never knewed No one I liked so well as her afore." And the charwoman sobbed: "Twas me she showed How not to be down-hearted any more."—Contemporary Verse.

EBB TIDE OF THE YEAR By Edith M. Thomas Do you not see and hear Already is the ebb tide of the year, Though it should seem no more Than a first wave retreating down the shore? "No, no," you say, "for still Noon empties his hot arrows on the hill; And many are the flowers And ardent hues to mark the sun's bright hours!"

I answer: Though the moon Flames on the hill, when has night brought such boon Of cooling drink outpoured— Deep Sleep—the oldest vintage ever stored; While the tree creaks, plays, Moving his slender wings of chryso-phraze, And searching is the sigh Of the low wind through leaves grown crisp and dry!

And, as for many flowers, Look how—like ladies from their windowed towers, The bloom creeps ever higher On foxglove and on evening primrose sple

Until the last flower-bell With kisses tells aloft its world farewell! No birds in nests: they fare in flocks afar—no mated loves are Silver you stubble fields Where her swift shuttle the graw weaver weaves. Red gold, the great orb'd sun, Leans yearningly toward earth, day being done. Some beauty—past all guards, Each evening will be slipping heavenwards!

The Woman's Column. By Florence Riddick-Boys.

THE KNIFE RACK I have never seen a knife rack so convenient as the one my mother originated for her own kitchen and which my husband has made for me in each several house we have occupied. I wonder that kitchen cabinets do not attach some such contrivance. We have put two of them on each end of ours and could not think of living happily ever afterward without them.

Think how much trouble it is to open a drawer to find a certain knife or fork or spoon. You see everything in that drawer except the article in demand. In fact that drawer is "a place for everything" and apparently everything is in it, exactly as the old adage says it should be. You take out all the contents and perhaps last of all find what you were after, or perhaps it was right there on top, but the confusion of so many utensils jumbled together dazed you and you couldn't see it, though it was right before your nose. Now, you are convinced of the advantage of the knife rack and want to learn how to make one.

Here are the specifications: Take two narrow strips of wood the length you want your knife rack to be. Insert a small chip between them at each end and screw the whole business to the wall, or kitchen cabinet. A knife blade, or fork prong, or spoon handle will slip down into the crevice between the strips, which are held apart by the chip at each end, and each tool will stand up in its place in the row as nicely as can be.

It took me a long time to wake up to a further advantage: to have a particular location in the row for each article, so that I wouldn't have to look the whole row over for the desired one. Now each spoon, and each fork, and the bread knife, and the paring knife, have their own private quarters and I could lay my hand on any one of them in the dark.

FASHIONS, FADS AND FOIBLES Skirts are not growing longer. In Paris they have already begun to grow shorter again. They are now all the way from eight to twelve inches from the floor.

Uneven lengths are more popular than ever. The dipping scallop on each side or the panels longer than the skirt are frequent styles. Long, straight lines are the latest, outvoting the drape and the blouse. Bell-sleeves are "going strong." Quite frequently they are of a different material from the gown. If this is dark wool, the bell or lower half of the sleeve may be lighter colored silk. A bell of the goods is likely to be lined with a gay colored satin or velvet.

This year's dresses favor the economical habit of making over half worn gowns. The two-toned garments persist, allowing a make-over of two old dresses or a piecing out of a worn dress with new material. The circular skirt is drawing cuts with the slim, straight model to see which is the favorite.

For this several season we have been decorating our garments with beads and fringes in true Indian style. These ornaments are in evidence this year more than ever. Coats do not come quite to the skirt hem. They are an inch or two shorter. Rough novelty goods for coats, after the English sport model, are more in style now than the gentle, matching, dark coat to go with the suit skirt.

Belts may be worn or omitted from the suit coat. Coat collars are large and capable of bundling up the neck in cold weather. Little folks are still "plain clothes citizens." The simpler the lines in their garments, the more stunning is the effect. The children are so charming of themselves, they need little decoration. Kiddie clothes are made for service and play. Bloomer knees show below the dresses.

SMILES Right! "Please, what is an optimist, Mother?" "Twas Johnnie who asked the question." "An optimist," replied Mother. "Is a man with a good digestion."

YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH Teachers have a better opportunity than so have mothers for teaching health as so much may be accomplished by the community spirit, the rivalry and competition. These are the things which handicap the child and which both mothers and teachers should be on the look out for: malnutrition, slowness in growth, anemia, chronic indigestion, extreme nervousness, want of concentration, and poor work in school. How does your child check up on these? Are you lax in overseeing them? Is health being taught your child in school? HAPPY THOUGHT Go-To-It. Lose the day loitering, 'twill be the same story Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory. For indecision brings its own de'ays, And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute! What you can do, or think you can, begin it! Only engage, and then the mind grows heated; Begin it, and the work will be completed.