

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE EDITORIAL PAGE

**OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE**  
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### A MILLION AND A HALF

**THE FORMAL** announcement of the Hawley Pulp and Paper mills to the effect that more than a million and a half is soon to be expended in the installation of new machinery with the idea of practically doubling the effect in aiding the determining of whether or not business is on the way to a normal basis.

There are always fluctuations in stocks and money markets. Slight changes, at a time when the financial condition is stringent, appear to be very material. The best index, however, is the rate at which new investment is being made.

Millions are being spent over the entire country by the railroads in extensions and in the purchase of new equipment. With a difficult financial situation pending, these expenditures would not be contemplated. Big business cannot proceed upon the basis of forced optimism.

Since the war there has been a constant cry for a return to that mythical condition of "normalcy." It is probably true that prices will never go back to the pre war level. But they will become relatively adjusted to wages and costs of production, and when the ration is similar, normalcy will have been attained.

The American public generally has become chary of "signs" and "indications," because of the long stories of improvement which have come ceaselessly from the press and the lips of economists. But the facts today are showing that these forecasts did not go amiss. Those with the vision and who were in a position to assess the trend of economic affairs, were right in their judgment that there was to be no setback, and that no matter how close financial disaster came, the nation would weather the storm. The slowness of the improvement has dimmed the confidence of many in these prognostications. The current facts should be sufficient.

Oregon City is perhaps as good a condition as any city in the nation. We are told that the salvation of readjustment lies in more building and increased manufacturing activity. In the same breath comes the assurance that nowhere in the country is there more building, and more progress than in this particular district, bounded by a circle of fifty miles.

A transatlantic glance gives America the vision of much to be happy for. A look over the national situation can give Oregon City cause to rejoice. It is no super-optimism, this, but calm statistical assurance of an upward trend in business.

### UNETHICAL

**THERE ARE PEOPLE** who shun publicity. There are certain persons who dislike to have their identity become patent. And yet, it is axiomatic in the journalistic world that the most appealing feature about any newspaper is the picture story with your own name—the picture which shows your own face. If this be true, F. J. Tooze, publisher, editor, chief reporter, manager and copy reader of the Banner-Courier, should have no complaint about his own edition of November 9.

The Banner-Courier is a weekly publication issued at Oregon City every Thursday or Friday. In the above cited issue, on its first page, among other things it contained: five one column three inch cuts of the newly elected representatives, the county judge and commissioner elect and a two column six inch cut of Ye Editor himself, the latter gracing the top of the page while the others are scattered in the lower parts of the columns.

### THE CANCELLATIONISTS

**IT SEEMS LIKELY** that too much public attention has been given to the subject of repayment of the debts due from European countries to the United States. This has probably been due to the fact that on this side of the Atlantic a number of prominent men have been making speeches advocating some kind of cancellation of the debts in whole or in part. Naturally, when such a policy is advocated by Americans, a vigorous protest is aroused, and the subject receives more or less animated discussion.

Every utterance from high official sources in those countries owing large amounts to the United States contains an assurance that there is no intention to try to evade payment of one cent of the debt. The latest declaration on that subject has come from the new chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain who asserts that "our first duty will be to settle our debt to America. . . . To the last

penny we are going to pay it." Several months ago similar assertions were made by French officials concerning the debt of France to the United States.

Those assurances ought to be accepted by Americans at full face value and there should be an end of discussion of cancellation. It is exceedingly poor taste for an American to direct insinuations at the honor of European nations when they have repeatedly given assurance of their intention to pay every dollar they have borrowed, together with the same rate of interest as the United States had to pay in raising the money to loan to them.

There is not an ever has been any reasonable doubt of the ultimate ability of any of the leading nations to pay. Even Russia will be able to pay if her national policies ever again get into the control of men of sound economic principles. Great Britain's trade balance has already returned to the right side of the ledger and her good financial position is evidenced by the fact that sterling exchange is but slightly below normal. None of the nations is able to pay immediately, and no one expects that immediate payment will be made. No one asks it. Undoubtedly however, the debts incident to the World War will be liquidated as rapidly as other war debts have been.

In official circles in this country there is nothing to justify raising any question concerning the collection of the debts. The Harding administration has declared itself unequivocally on that subject. No member of Congress has ever advocated cancellation and no member can advocate it and secure re-election. The United States has many important problems pressing for solution. To these we can very properly give our earnest attention instead of devoting so much time to the discussion of an issue that has never existed outside the minds of a few politicians in Europe and a few internationalists here.

### HEADS TOGETHER

**COOPERATE WITH YOUR** dollars. The thought on credit is advanced by S. W. Straus, president of the American Society for Thrift, in which he keenly points out the value of accumulation of savings, however small.

"A squandered dollar," he says, "is lost and gone forever. Whatever of value it may have possessed for its owner has ceased for all time. When it passed from his hand there went with it endless opportunities for development and happiness.

"Saving a dollar constitutes merely the beginning of a helpful process. An enthusiasm for thrift is aroused which makes it doubly easy to save never again, and so the good work continues until in less time often than had been considered possible, a substantial sum has been accumulated.

"If you are among those who unfortunately have never become savers of money, do not feel that the start is not worth while because the amount of your first savings must be limited. A mistake is made by many who insist on waiting until such a time as they think they can put away a comfortable amount of money. In most cases of this kind such a day never dawns. The way to make the start in thrift is to begin saving at once, regardless of how small the amount may be. Once you have started you will find the pathway of thrift is by no means a difficult one to travel. No matter how slow your progress may seem at first and how many of the so-called pleasures of the world you appear to be giving up through self-denial, you will find that, in the end, the path of thrift leads to success.

"Save that first dollar. Put it to work for you. Not next week or next year, but now."

### FABIAN FALLACY AMENDMENT

**THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT** comes "perilously near" to being a law which it is not only the right but the "sound duty" of every god citizen to ignore declares Fabian Franklin. The gentleman believes that he is attacking prohibition. He is not, but he is assailing the constitution and the entire legal structure upon which the nation rests.

Whatever the merits or faults of prohibition may be, and we are not so sure but its merits hold the majority, the legal phase of the situation is one which cannot be overlooked. It is no basis of sound citizenship to advocate the ignoring of any law on the statute books. The obedience of the law is incumbent upon every one who desires the name of a citizen.

The fact that prohibition may be unpopular is no excuse. If it is not a just law, the remedy lies in repealing or modifying it, and not in making it a laughing stock and a mockery. The enforcement of the prohibition amendment is one of the difficult problems facing the nation. Cooperation of its citizenry is the patriotic and the just thing to ask. Those who would attack the purport of the amendment would do well to refrain from attempting to erode an established principle on which our nationalism is founded.

Ismet Pasha declares that the Allied governments are assuming a grave responsibility in their conduct of the Near East negotiations. It is a mark of westernization when the Turk learns to pass the buck.

The beginnings of the shoe industry in America have been traced to Lynn, Mass. Presumably shoe lachings with frayed tips come from East Lynn.

McAdoo favors the payment of the soldier's bonus by a tariff impost, industrial and political protection in one fell swoop.

A new version of Oliver Twist has been filmed. Trust it to the movies to twist a novel.

### Borrowed Comment.

What Editors of State and National Papers Have to Say.

Since Padewski is returning to the ivories, he has evidently come to the conclusion that he can get more harmony out of the piano than he can get out of politics.—Salem Capital Journal.

If people could be induced to put a common pep and enthusiasm into a community-building program as they do into an election, what a world this would be!—Astoria Budget.

Seven women are now on trial throughout the land, and all went crazy simultaneously with the pulling of the trigger.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

Women's rights and likewise "lefts" were impressed Tuesday upon a New York merchant who exclaimed at the polls that feminine voters "made him sick." He will recover.

News advices forecast a great storm to have reached the coast Tuesday. It has come and "went"—it was a hurricane of ballots which claimed many victims.

A Chicago woman seeks divorce on the allegation that her husband threw a dog at her. Thus ends a romance that undoubtedly began with throwing the ball.—Oregon Journal.

Steinmetz thinks a four-hour work-day long enough. Young John D. thinks a 12-hour day too long. And thus the labor question is brought no nearer to solution.—Oregon Journal.

In this getting back to the land, it makes a lot of difference whether you are getting back with a hoe or a bunch of golf tools.—Oregon Journal.

"Kills Bear in Pajamas"—Headline. What business had the bear to be in pajamas? Isn't the old-fashioned nightshirt good enough for a bear?—Oregon Journal.

The ancient time limit on the marriage compact—"till death do us part"—might, for some couples, as well be changed to "till the coroner is summoned."—Oregon Journal.

Another thing we've never been able to understand is why most men attribute their success to brains and their failures to bad luck.—Crane American.

We are a golf enthusiast ourselves but laying all jokes aside, did you ever see anything funnier than the average golfer in golf pants?—Roseburg News-Review.

American tourists spent \$200,000,000 in Europe this summer. The Europeans need never become "dollar chasers." We will always take it to them.—Salem Capital Journal.

If the government ever imposes a tax on the air, we hope the people will all eat onions and make it as disagreeable for the tax gatherers as possible.—Union Republican.

With an epidemic of minister murders in the country it is hardly safe for a pastor to appear on the main drag these days.—Roseburg News-Review.

The meek may inherit the earth, but at the rate they are now paying rent it looks like they were buying it on the installment plan.—Vernonia Eagle.

"What has become of the old-fashioned family doctor?" asks an ex-chance. What we want to know is what has become of the old-fashioned family.—Lebanon Express.

There are 1425 lawyers in Oregon. No wonder there are never enough political jobs to go around.—Eugene Guard.

A working majority that will not be working the people is about the crying need of the times.—Oregon Journal.

Since Constantine says he has a lot of money tied up in this country, we can easily understand why he backing all those Greek fruit stands.—Salem

The old-fashioned religious revival depended on faith. And so does a business revival.—Fresno Republican.

If the nations are too poor to pay their debts, where do they get the money to pay for cancellation propaganda?—Brockville Recorder.

The nations are so sick of war that to avoid it they are willing to do almost anything except be reasonable.—San Jose News.

What surprises a man raking his lawn is how a tree ever found accommodations for so many leaves.—Eugene Guard.

Years ago they got the buggy and went sparking. Now they get the auto and go parking.—Albany Democrat.

Shakespeare was no broker, but he furnished a great many stock quotations.—Princeton Tiger.

Those who are at the Bosphorus are certainly in serious straits.—Detroit Free Press.

When England drops a pilot she retains the chart.—Wall Street Journal.

The boys would stay down on the farm if prices wouldn't.—Associated Editors.

### The Poets' Corner.

Songs and Sonnets From the Pens of Modern Writers.

#### LOVE SONGS

By Helen Fraser-Bower.

I shall hear a low wind  
Blowing in the night,  
I shall see a white star  
Beckoning with light.

They will say, "The wind blows,  
Stars are getting few."  
I shall smile to hear them,  
And turn and follow you.

I HAVE MADE A SILENT WORD  
I have made a silent word  
Dreaming here to-day,  
Not an ear has ever heard  
What I mean to say.

Spoken words, like fledging wings,  
Flutter to the ground;  
I have made a word that sings  
Half the world around.

But the singing wonder lies  
Captive in my heart.  
When he looks into my eyes  
It will wake and start.

TRANSIENT  
Two things there be that live a day:  
The wonder in the eyes  
When love is born, and after that  
The pain when wonder dies.

The first too breathless is and brief,  
More stabbing sweet the pain—  
But both will pass and hearts that  
Loved

Will live and love again.  
—American Poetry Magazine.

#### ILLUMINATION

By H. L. Hubbard

Love called my soul to tread a winding path  
Through light and dark, where pleasures blend  
Over the rough-hewn road my wounded feet,  
Ever obedient to the call of love,  
Have stumbled, weary, bleeding, in the night;

Till at the solemn silence o the dawn  
My fading soul has passed from death to life.  
Behind her as she stands she sees  
The road

Whereon she learnt to taste, to drink,  
To love  
Purgations' Holy Grail of blood-red wine,  
Beyond her stretch the lofty mountains-tops,  
The goal of all her travail—Love's abode.

Light spreads its golden carpet at her feet,  
On all the common clay of daily life  
Setting the seal of Heaven; beauty-tinged  
The symbol-world of nature stands unveiled  
To eyes new-washed from the dust of earth.

Old things made new; old voices heard again  
Set to the deepest thunder-tones of God,  
Chanting the melody of earth renewed;  
Now plunging to the depths of human pain,  
Now straining to the viewless heights of love.

Old scenes transformed; life's mystery made plain,  
Its arrows of experience tipped with gold  
Shot from the bow of life, now winging swift  
Straight to the target in the heart of God.

All this and more my eager soul has known  
Standing amazed in the silent dawn.  
Wonder of Wonders!—God Himself draws near,  
Stoops to my cross-marked brow;  
And deeper still

My cross-pressed spirit, knows His tender kiss,  
Hears His sweet voice and yields herself anew  
To those strong hands scarred with His passion-wounds,  
Eager she casts aside those garments stained.

That wrap her still, and all-desireless stands,  
Waiting the mystic marriage with her God,  
The royal bridegroom with the beggar-maid.

The silent dawn of wonderment has passed;  
My naked soul steps out upon the way  
That leads her to the lonely mountain-peaks  
Where Love awaits her coming at the last.

Each step she takes she knows a fearful joy,  
Winning a trembling foothold on the slopes,  
Changing the very fashion of herself,  
Slowly she feels her naked body clothed

With vestments fair and glistening in the sun;  
Till chancing on some clear-lit mountain pool  
She views her mirrored image in its deeps  
And lo!—the miracle has come to pass.

She sees no more herself, but only God.  
Illumination passed, they twain are one.  
—London Quest.

THE SEEKER  
By Antoinette De Coursey Patterson  
Your life seemed consecrated to a yow—  
To seek for truth, even though the seeking led  
Through solitary frozen ways. And now  
You've found it—yet they speak of you as dead.  
—Poetry.

### The Office Cat.

By Junius.

Why can't dishwashing be sent out like laundry bundles? asks a lady who also seems to wield an industrial dishrag. What a picnic the laundry shirt-mangler would have in a set of expensive dinner china!

"Whenever you're angry Pretend you're a bird, And sing just a little but don't say a word."

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

EVEN AS YOU AND I  
Apropos of the remark of an anonymous cynic, "Man is the only animal that you can skin more than once," a recent bulletin of the Tacoma Better Business Bureau contained the following:

"A fool there was and he saved some rocks,  
Even as you and I;  
But he took them out of the old strong-box  
When a salesman called with some wildcat stocks,  
And the fool was stripped right down to his socks.  
Even as you and I"

Those who believed the people would eventually catch up with their riding were just mistaken.

Joe the Plodder says that the stingiest man he knows put extra bars on his fence so the birds couldn't sit down.

Another good thing about telling the truth is you don't have to remember what you say.

A young lady was visiting friends in the East and attended a little party one evening, in the course of which bon bons were passed by the negro waiter. The girl sipped a nice, plump chocolate on the plate, which she started to take, but it seemed to adhere to the dish. Another pull failed to dislodge it, then the darky gazed humoredly remarked: "Beg pardon miss, but that's mar-kum-thumb."

Maudie—"What's wrong with the car, it squeaks dreadfully."  
Jimmy—"Can't be helped—there's pig iron in the axles."

It is not the direction you take in seeking success but the spirit in which you set out on the journey.

Every time some men see a near-beer sign, they cuss.

EVIDENTLY  
"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."  
"Gonna peddle gasoline?"

A LITTLE RIDDLE  
What is it? If you have saved all you earn, you're a miser, if you spend all you earn, you're a fool. If you lose it, you're out. If you owe it, they're always after you. If you lend it, you're always after them. It's the cause of evil. It's the cause of good. It's the cause of sorrow. It's the cause of happiness. If the government make it, it's all right. If you make it, it's wrong. As a rule, when you get it, but it's pretty soft when you get it. It talks! To some it says, "I've come to stay." To others it whispers, "Goodbye."

One of the mysteries is how the two words "political" and "economy" ever got hooked up together.

When in doubt whether to kiss the young lady good night, give yourself the benefit of the doubt.

Even if a driver is not superstitious, he shows good sense in believing in and observing the signs at railroad crossings.

"Mary had a little skirt;  
It was in style, no doubt;  
But when she was in it  
She was half way out."

Just why Uncle Sam's ambassador to Great Britain should be concerning himself with the spiritual caliber of women must be puzzling to those who had supposed that George Harvey was sent to the court of St. James as the material representative of our country.—The Dallas Chronicle.

A statistician has just figured it out that if the Administration had taken all the steps it has been on the point of taking in the last two years it would have circled the globe seven times.—Detroit News.

Friday has been designated as Navy day for the state. Too bad it couldn't have been set for next Wednesday, so we could float our troubles in a sea of November 1 bills.—Portland Journal.

Mrs. Clara Phillips is to plead "psychic epilepsy" as a defense for beating her rival to death with a hammer. It took some hard work with the dictionary to evolve that plea.—Eugene Register.

Some experts claim that Russia is too poor to aid the Turks, but it occurs to us that an Angora government might thrive on paper rables.—Columbia Record.

Secretary of State Hughes has quit using tobacco. The wonder is how he ever got started without a conflagration in that brush he wears.—Portland Journal.

Wonder if it would be possible to slow down a phonograph to where it could play The Congressional Record?—Detroit News.

### The Book Corner.

By C. E. G.

#### ODDS AGAINST YOUTH

PIERRE AND LUCE: by Romain Rolland. Translated by Charles DeKay. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

A somewhat brutal sketch of glowing, sensitive youth fighting a losing battle with death is the novel, "Pierre and Luce," by Romain Rolland, translated from the French by Charles DeKay. The story is not that of particular characters, but of all young things in love, with "Pierre" and "Luce" mere puppets, running here and there. How skillfully the author pulls the strings is a matter for conjecture.

The young French lad, "Pierre" finds horror, love and death all in six short months while he is waiting to enter the war. He knows none of that high faith in a just cause which carried many young men into the trenches; for him war is a nightmare of killing, cutting, driving, choking.

The boy's life in the comfortable home of his people, is an even current, but at each new bond of the channel the roaring rapids grow louder—each day brings the time of his service nearer. Thoughts come crowding, rushing down upon "Pierre" and his life, why this conflict and pain—why death; in nothing can be seen any sequence, any reason.

Then one night harmony came to his thoughts, he saw that life had some sense—and all because he had seen Love—in the subway, the girl, "Luce." The young "dauber" who makes copies of famous masterpieces holds a wordless fascination for "Pierre," and because the time is short the affair whirls on. The two spend all their time together, searching out the unknown in each other, and waiting until every hint of what is to come to "Pierre" at the end.

"Luce" cares for her young lover with a combination of maternal tenderness and raw passion. Neither of them know a law of right or wrong, or have any faith in the future, so they burn the candle at both ends—until, suddenly—pouf—it goes out.

Parts of the tale are beautiful and moving—and then by a turn of phrase or twist of meaning the author plunges once more into a dark depth, dank with sorrow and dripping with the mould of years of misery. The conclusion might be called merciful, but it did not force his characters through a long time of suffering—but it rather takes away from the meaning of the story.

THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION by the method of Emile Coue. Revised Edition by Harry Brockway. Dodd Mead and Company, New York.

The lad wished for a million dollars. "But a whole million," his father objected, "is a lot of money." And the young chap of twelve with sagacity somewhat in advance of his years made the terse reply: "Well, Daddy, if you're gonna wish, wish big. Then if you get it, you've got something."

Thus with the formula of Emile Coue. "Every day in every way, I grow better and better," is his shibboleth for good health, sound morality and the destruction of every form of physical distress. It is a big order, but why evolve a system that presents only a partial cure. The courage of his convictions must be granted when he offers his method of auto suggestion as the panacea sought since the serpent first smiled.

From Nancy, France, Coue has for several years presented his theory, based upon the so-called psychological fact that the conscious mind can be made the mentor of the unconscious and thus control the body. Imagination is his key. He declares "When the will and the imagination are antagonistic, the imagination always wins. In the conflict between the will and the imagination, the force of the imagination is in direct ratio to the square of the will. When the will and the imagination are in agreement, one is multiplied by the other. The imagination can be directed."

Coue is meeting with considerable criticism from physicians (and by the way he is an apothecary rather than an M. D.) because he overlooks so-called physiological facts. Yet the power of thought as a force is not to be denied. In Coue can be seen another of the many who would harness it. He falls short in that he presents no fundamental principle as a basis for his conclusions. His psychology is to some extent a denial of the accepted teachings in that field, and it is certain that the correction of bodily ailments, whether in truth they be real or fictitious, must be based upon something of a more tangible nature than mere imagination. Interesting though it may be, it is no wonder that the journal of the American Medical Association characterizes his theories as "cloudy stuff."

By the repetition of his formula, the patient is presumed auto intoxicated with the idea of health, security, carelessness, or whatever the desirable state of mind may be. The results sought after are then presumed to follow. The potentiality for this control, is held by Coue to be an inherent characteristic, overlooked to-day and uncaptialized.

He is right, perhaps, in the assumption that there will some day obtain more of a mental control of life and destiny than is generally current at present. But it must be based upon sounder principles than a shaky study of psychology. Coue is still applying a material means of meeting a material condition, at present far better left to the more accepted systems of medical treatment.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SPECIES  
Statistics have discovered that the college girl of today is a more splendid creature than her mother—physically. She is an inch and a half taller, six and a half pounds heavier, and larger around the waist, which indicates vitality—or perhaps the lack of corsets.

This is due to more intelligent habits of diet, and also to the athletic accomplishments of the daughters. Whereas Mother lolled in the hammock and read romance and kept "pale and interesting," considering it a virtue to appear delicate and dainty, and to faint or "burst into tears" at the slightest shock. Daughter delights in being rosy and robust, and ready for whatever comes.

There are fewer break-downs in the approved college to-day. Not that the girls do not accomplish as much intellectually, but they build up their endurance to be equal to the hard study, and they balance the brain effort with physical training. One can send a girl to college to-day with the almost certain assurance that she will be turned back stronger and more fit physically than she went in.

### The Woman's Column.

By Florence Riddick-Boys.

#### LOOKING FORWARD TO WINTER

It was the habit of some good old fashioned mothers, in the foreign districts of the cities to sew up their children for winter, when the first cold wave came. That meant that Johnie or Susan would not get a bath and a change of underwear until spring called those hibernating out in spring called those hibernating out in her balmy world. Health nurses have taught the most ignorant mothers better than that now.

But we still have some things to learn about packing our houses airtight, to weather through "Winter's chilling blast." We no more stuff the cracks and box ourselves in as hermetically as formerly. Some braver spirits even sleep on the sleeping porch throughout the winter.

In cold northern climates, people overcome the fear of cold weather; and games out-of-doors are more popular than in warmer climates. Skiing, ice-boating, tobogganing, skating, and sleighing keep the hardy north-ers rolling in the open when the thermometer flirts with twenty below.

It is said of the elephant that he was a one-time frigid zone animal but as the species began to deteriorate, he moved southward into the torrid zone. It is characteristic of old and retrograding animals to run from the cold. They do this because they are cowardly and lack stamina, and their yielding to this makes them all the more tender.

If we would keep ourselves hardy and toned up, it behooves us to laze ourselves to the cold. To pamper ourselves and to shut ourselves indoors with the first chilly blast is to become soft and tender and a fit subject for every grip germ which comes our way.

If we are chilly and cannot get warm, the very best stimulant is to take a run in the fresh air and fill our lungs with oxygen, which makes the first of our body-furnace burn more brightly and warm us. This is build up our resistance so that we the time to begin to toughen up and build up our resistance to that we can stand theout-door life for winter. Do not begin now shutting yourself in.

Suppose the hundred women in homes right around you should save an hour a day out of their working time! What would it be worth—one hundred hours of mature woman-time?

Turned in charity channels, it would scatter sunshine in the whole community. Reading